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 THE STORY OF YELLOWFACE

 By President Glen G. Fisher

In February 1950, while attending conference in Calgary, Alberta, I received word that a band of Cree Indians near Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, desired to see a representative of the Mormon Church.

Having heard of this band many years ago, and knowing them to be a descendant of Yellowface, a noted Chief, who, with his band, visited the Church Ranch near Cardston, Alberta, in the year 1908 for the purpose of obtaining a Book of Mormon, I was extremely anxious to contact them.

As spring approached, I found myself thinking of these Indians and wondering what they wanted. I became rather impatient of the backward and wet spring which rendered the roads impassible. Finally, in the early part of May, 1950, after having received a road report which was favorable, I wrote President G. Gordon Whyte of Regina, Saskatchewan, my first counselor, and asked him to come into Edmonton. Within a few days he arrived and preparations were made for the journey. We checked road maps for location and also interviewed Elder Vi Wood, an employee of the Alberta Government, who had visited the Reservation a few times in the interest of his department.

Elder Wood supplied us with some valuable information which proved very helpful in locating the band. He advised us to contact a man by the name of Henry Stelfox, an old timer living in the town of Rocky Mountain House, who he said knew more about the Indians than any man in Canada. We found this to be the case, and the afternoon we spent with this gentleman proved extremely interesting and educational.

The day of our departure was a typical spring day, the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly, casting its warm rays through the windows of our car as we sped along the beautiful highway between Edmonton and Red Deer. The road branches at Red Deer about 100 miles south of Edmonton, going west to rocky Mountain House, and as we turned in the direction of the setting sun, we felt the impact and importance of our mission. A feeling of humility came over us and as we proceeded along the road President Whyte suggested that we stop and have a word of prayer. The prayer offered was direct and simple, a petition to the Lord to guide us safely to our destination and wisdom to do the task at hand.

On arrival at Rocky Mountain House, we decided to call on Mr. Stelfox, who we found to be of English origin and extremely interested in the affairs of the Indian. We had no idea how we would be received and to our delight this very fine gentleman treated us with the utmost cordiality. For three hours we sat in his pleasant and comfortable home and listened to the story of this little band of Cree Indians who were as well known to Mr. Stelfox as his own family.

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He related many marvelous experiences and we came to realize that here was a man who was a real friend to the Indian. His sincerity was beyond question, and as he spoke of Yellowface, a friend of many years, his voice was full of emotion.

He recalled a number of visits made to the tepee of this fine old chief before his death, and , although time and space will permit only a very brief account, I will endeavor to give a summary of what was said using the words and expressions of Mr. Stelfox as nearly as I can remember them.

 Mr. Stelfox:

"Imprinted in my memory is a picture of Chief Yellowface during a Christmas celebration at the Nordegg River many years ago. When he offered thanks to God and asked God to bless the food which he, his people, and myself, were about to partake of; then later on, before he retired for the night, I heard him ask God to watch over his people during the coming night and to guide their feet from going astray, and in his supplication he asked God to bless the white people who now occupy and govern Canada.

"This grand old Indian, with his heart overflowing with love and kind thoughts, asked God to bless those who had despoiled him and his people. In your mind's eye just try to see this grand picturesque old Indian Chief, living in the foothills on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and standing outside his tepee as the day draws to a close and the light is waning. He looks around at the many wonders of nature, then, with hand upraised, his heart filled with love and thankfulness, he asks God to bless those who usurped his God-given heritage, and who crowded him and his people from good productive lands to a scene of desolation in the foothills of the Rockies, a land of muskegs , Jack pine ridges, and hills and mosquitoes. And even that has been overrun by white hunters, trappers and lumbermen who have sheared the forests and kill off most of the wild life.

"How many white people are there who offer help to these same Indians who have been polluted with every disease known to the white race? It would appear to me that they have been robbed of practically everything except their belief in God.

"The white people of this country, since coming to it, have wrested millions of dollars worth of goods from the wonderful resources of it and have lavishly given to the people of other countries. Bt they pass by the Indians whose country they took by superior force and they appear to be quite content to see the same Indians destitute and their features contorted with grief because their children's little bellies are empty and they cry for food.

"We would do well, as Christians, to fill our hearts with that love so characteristic of that late Chief Yellowface."

Mr. Stelfox continues: "I have lived amongst these Indians for the last 42 years. They refer to me as their brother and I am pleased when they visit at my office and at my home. They make me welcome when I visit them and I have no knowledge of any of them being convicted of any offence whatever."

Many other things Mr. Stelfox told us which were most interesting and it seemed but a few minutes when I looked at my watch and found to my surprise that we had been listening to these experiences for three hours.

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As we arose to leave, Mr. Stelfox said: "Gentlemen, I can see that you are sincerely interested in my friends and i will be pleased to go with you to the reservation and show you the way." We had hardly hoped for such good fortune, and we accepted readily his kind offer.

As we proceeded on our journey with Mr. Stelfox as our guide, I felt that the Lord had surely answered our prayers thus far.

It is about 40 miles from Rocky Mountain House to the Reservation and the roads were extremely hazardous and difficult. Although the roads were bad and traveling slow, nature was in full bloom and very beautiful. Mr. Stelfox proved to be a lover of nature and his explanation of the various trees and plant life that we viewed along the way, together with additional experiences that certain land marks brought to his memory, was extremely interesting.

I recall vividly one experience, which to me was outstanding, and, as it concerns Chief Yellowface, I would like to relate it, using again the words of Mr. Stelfox:

"A few weeks ago I visited the grave of my old friend and brother, Yellowface (Koosavale-kwan) which is on a high spur of ground on the north bank of Prairie Creek, overlooking the valley. (He pointed in the direction of the sacred spot.) It is a lovely spot which the old Chief chose for his last resting place and is situated in a poplar grove commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

"As I stood at the foot of the grave of my old friend I recalled the many pleasant hours I had spent with him. His last parting words to me a very short time before his death were, Kekway weivayani takki kishisi kye manitou ka pimaty-ihisk meaning: In all which you do think of God who gives you life.)"

As we neared the reservation we observed some activity. We passed a truckload of lumber and an Indian family who were traveling by team and wagon to visit relatives on another Reserve. We also passed a few farm houses and learned that some Mennonite missionaries had purchased some land and were farming it. They were also doing some missionary work among the Indians, both in a spiritual and practical way. We stopped and talked with one of these bearded gentlemen and were treated very cordially.

About a mile from the east border of the Reservation we passed a large sawmill. This sawmill, we learned, was owned and operated by a Mr. Carlson and his wife. Mr. Stelfox accredited them as being very fine people and real friends of the Indians. The mill was supplied by timber off the Reserve and practically all the help were Indians.

The main source of livelihood for this Cree band is the Carlson sawmill, and since it began operation, much of the suffering which was prevalent for so many years, has, to a degree at least, been alleviated.

It was 6:00PM when we finally reached the crossing of the river that borders the Reserve and, to our dismay, we found that it was too high to cross with the car. A few Indians were camped on the east side of the river and, after some discussion, we decided to ask one who owned a horse to take a message to Chief Yelloweyes, the 60 year old Chief of the band. This fine Cree Indian was very kind and immediately set out on horseback with our message.

We decided not to tell who we were and so our message read: "We have come a long way to see the chief of the Cree Indians. The river is high and we cannot cross. Would you please come to meet us."

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The rider returned stating that the Chief was ill in bed and would be pleased to meet us in his cabin. This was rather discouraging news and , in addition, the hour was getting late, so it was suggested that we return home. I felt, however, that we should make one more effort and proposed that I borrow a horse and continue on alone. This was agreeable to President Whyte and Mr. Stelfox as neither one of them rode and so, in a very short time, I was on my way.

As I neared the cabin of Chief Yelloweyes, I noticed a considerable number of men and women moving slowly in the direction that I was going. I rode up to a neat and attractive cabin which had been previously described to me. I found that my coming had already been announced. As I dismounted, I could see that the cabin was fast filling to capacity.

I had hardly expected this and, as I left my horse tied firmly to a tree and walked toward the house, I felt a thrill that is difficult to describe. Within those walls was a people who many years ago had traveled some 300 miles , facing untold dangers and hardships to obtain the history of their people, the Book of Mormon. The story of this trek led by Yellowface was as familiar to me as the story of Lehi leaving Jerusalem. I had heard it many times as a boy and in later years my good friends, Brother and Sister Ole Olson, related the experience in my hearing on numerous occasions, and so, it was with mixed feelings that I knocked on the door and awaited an invitation to enter.

The invitation came in the form of one word, "Come" and as I entered I was quick to observe my surroundings. The room was large and almost entirely bare of furniture. The room was filled almost to capacity with Indians, (men, the ladies were on the outside) some were seated on the floor, others leaned against the wall while others sat on the window sills and on the table.

I hesitated in the doorway and the old Chief, with an expressive gesture, motioned me to a chair which apparently had been left vacant for me. I walked across the room and sat down. Not a word had been spoken since my entrance and the silence, together with the feeling that I was being watched and measured very carefully, made me a little nervous. As I sat waiting. a young Indian arose from his seat in a far corner and walked across the room and stood at the foot of the bed. (I later learned that he was a son-in-law of Chief Yelloweyes and the tribe's official interpreter). finally the old chief spoke to him in Cree at some length and I wondered what he was saying as I knew that he was entirely ignorant of my mission.

After the Chief had given quite a lengthy oration the young interpreter turned to me and , in a few well chosen words, said: "Word has reached us that you are an oil man from the great city of the north. (meaning Edmonton) What is your business with the Cree Indian?"

How and through whom they received this false information I was not able to find out, however, I hastened to assure them that I was not an oil man, and then in a few words I explained that I was a Mormon missionary and had come in answer to a message that I had received from a member of their band. I was not prepared for what followed, and as long as life lasts I will not forget the expression of joy and welcome that passed over the countenance of these bronzed descendants of Laman. As soon as I said MORMON MISSIONARY Chief Yelloweyes arose swiftly from his bed and, with a smile of real welcome, walked to where I was sitting and held out his hand. Most of the Indians who had sat so silently before, now stood and crowded around me and my heart was full of thanksgiving as I shook their hands and greeted them in true missionary fashion.

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The hour that followed was truly a wonderful experience. Seldom if ever have I been treated with such sincere respect. Chief Yelloweyes did most of the talking for the Indians and , in true native fashion, he came right to the point.

He said: "FOR MANY YEARS WE WAIT FOR MORMONS TO COME AND HELP OUR PEOPLE. CHIEF YELLOWFACE TOLD US TO WAIT, FOR SAID HE, THE MORMONS HAVE TRUE RELIGION AND THEY CAN BE TRUSTED."

It seemed that Chief Yellowface was revered by these Indians almost as a God. His sayings and counsel had become their law. His influence was a real factor in their lives and as we talked, I thought: "Surely, this fine old Chief was a modern Moses."

I realized the real reason behind the welcome I had received dated back forty years to the trek made by a part of this band to southern Alberta and which has already been mentioned and so I was not surprised when Chief Yelloweyes referred to this experience.

He seemed very proud of the fact that he, as a young man, was among this group, and , although only eighteen years old, the impressions that he received at that time had remained with him and, as he told me the story, I was thrilled beyond words of expression with the accuracy of his account as compared with my own knowledge of this oft-repeated experience. I questioned him carefully on numerous details and his sincerity and directness left no doubt in my mind whatever as to the actuality of the story that follows.

The story, or perhaps I should say experience, has great significance; first, because it bears witness to the divine origin of the Book of Mormon and, second, because it is additional proof that the Indian is the remnant spoken of in the Book of Mormon. It is also a great spiritual and faith promoting experience.

Before beginning, I would like to acknowledge, with gratitude, the source of my information. Mrs. Ole Olson, now living in Picture Butte, Alberta, the late Bishop James S. Parker of Salt Lake City , and Chief Yelloweyes, chief of the Cree Indians located near Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. Much of the story will be told in their own words.

Nestled in the foothills of the Rockies in southwestern Alberta is a large ranch owned and operated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This ranch is from three to seven miles wide, and some thirty miles in length, in all 66,000 acres.

In late September, 1908, a band of Cree Indians pitched their tepees on the banks of the Belly River a few miles below the ranch buildings. They were tired and anxious for they had journeyed far, and had met with much abuse from the white settlers who had driven them from camping grounds with curses, and with insults to their wives and daughters. Three hundred miles they had traveled from the north in search of a people whom the Great Spirit had shown in a vision to one of their young men. A people who had a book that would tell them of their forefathers and of the Great White Spirit.

There was only a part of the tribe camped on the river, about thirty teepees and possibly two hundred souls. The rest of the tribe were back in their camping grounds in the north, a little over one hundred miles east of Edmonton.

The Crees are a tribe of Indians of higher intelligence and moral character than the average in northern Alberta. During the signing of treaties by the various tribes with the Government of Canada, they

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maintained their independence and refused to accept the dole and be confined to a reserve. Their Chief and wise counselor, "Yellowface", a man of rare ability and spiritual inclinations, having complete respect of his people, replied to the many offers made by the Government, "We are a free people, our liberty is not for sale." When offered treaty money by the Government he said, "Anytime you get something for nothing you surrender your freedom or a part of your liberty."

They maintained their independence until only a few years ago when the Government finally forced them to accept a tract of country or lose their hunting grounds.

The year 1908 was a difficult year for this little band. (Alberta became a province in 1905). Because of their refusal to sign a treaty they were forced back into the foothills. Hunting was scarce and, as winter approached, Yellowface and his band spent much of their time in search of wild game to be cured for the long months of winter.

It was during one of these hunts that a very miraculous experience occurred. Yellowface had taken a number of his braves, leaving his young son in charge of the camp. A few days after Yellowface had left, this young man took suddenly ill and seemed to grow steadily worse. He told the people who waited upon him that he knew he was going to die, and begged them not to bury him until his father returned, or until every spot on his body was cold.

He apparently died and they kept him in his tent for three days. There was still a spot of warmth over his heart and under his left arm. At the close of the third day chief Yellowface returned. He viewed his son's body and felt of the warmth over his heart. He then took a vessel of oil and moistened the boy's lips, letting a few drops pass between the lips. He offered a prayer and, as he stood and watched his son, the nerves in his face began to twitch and he gradually regained consciousness. The old Chief raised him up, putting blankets under his head; they fed him some broth and finally he was able to speak to his father.

He told him that he had been to the Happy Hunting Ground and , as he was walking along, a man came toward him carrying a book in his hand. He held the book up and said, "This book is a record of your forefathers. Tell your father to take some of his people and travel south until they find the people who have this book." The boy asked how they would know when they had found the right people and the messenger replied: "They will allow you to camp, fish and hunt on their land; they will not seek to destroy the virtue of your wives and daughters; they will invite you to their homes and make you welcome, and treat you as sisters and brothers; they will give you food and clothing." The messenger then gave a description of the man to whom they must go and to none other, and cautioned the young boy to tell all of these things to his father. Soon after the boy delivered this message he died and was buried.

Chief Yellowface wasted no time. He called his people together and plans were made to go in search of the people who had a history of their forefathers.

And so it was not by chance that this little band finally reached the church Ranch, and camped on the Belly River within a short distance of the Ranch House. They were guided by the Lord and their great faith was soon to be rewarded. For on the following morning, four cowboys riding from the ranch spied the camp and out of curiosity, rode down among them. The Indians at first were afraid that they had come to order them to move on, but to their surprise these men were unusually friendly. They bought

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some moccasins, gloves, etc, from the Indians and paid no undue attention to the women, and on leaving invited them to come up to the house.

Here, with joy, Yellowface witnessed a partial fulfillment of the signs. Had not these young men manifest a spirit of kindness and honor? Their faith was renewed, a council was held, and two of the women were sent over to the Ranch House, apparently on a friendly visit, but possibly to further make sure that the sign was certain.

The Ranch Foreman at this time was Bishop James S. Parker of Mountain View who, because of his ward duties and other interests, was absent from the ranch a great deal of the time. A man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Olaf A. Olson, were living on the ranch and had charge while Bishop Parker was absent.

When the two squaws arrived at the house, Mrs. Olson made them welcome. In her own words she tells of the incident: "I was very pleased to see them, and I had been taught as a child to be good to them, and we had many good Indian friends among the Indians on the Blood Reservation. And so I prepared a lunch for them as I knew this would please them very much. Before they left, without really knowing why, I fixed some parcels of food for them, bread, beans, sugar and dried fruit. Perhaps it was because my heart went out to them. They seemed so tired and lost and poor.

"The next morning the same two women came to the Ranch House, this time they had a very old lady with them. This old lady had a very young baby in her arms. I think it would be about three weeks old, she was its grandmother. The child's mother had died, and they wanted milk for the baby.

"Just a few months before this time, we had lost our beautiful baby boy with pneumonia. He was just nine months old. This was a great trial and heartbreak for us to go through, and so when I saw this little baby, and these people so poorly dressed and with winter so close, I could not help but think why did my little one have to be taken and this child left without a mother? At birth, the Cree Indians are very fair of complexion, and this was a lovely baby and the old lady let me take it in my arms. I held it to my heart, walking the floor, and turned and asked the old lady, in the language of the Blood Indians, how much she wanted for this papoose. The old lady waited for a second and then she pointed to Oliver, my son, who was then about 5 years old, and asked, "How much for your papoose?" I felt my face grow red to the roots of the hair. I thought of my baby's clothes that I had put away. I went and got some of them, and I will never forget how my heart yearned and ached for that baby while I put on a warm little shirt, pinned up the stockings and put on the warm little booties. Nor will I ever forget the look of thankfulness and happiness in their faces when I put on a little sweater and bonnet and wrapped it in a warm shawl and gave it back to them." End of Mrs. Olson's words.

Another sign was fulfilled.

Within a few days, Yellowface and some of his braves came over to the Ranch and asked for permission to hunt and trap. Ole Olson gave them permission, subject to the approval of the foremen, who as yet was not aware of the arrivals of the Indians. Still another sign was fulfilled and Yellowface and his band were satisfied that they had found the people they were looking for.

It was now necessary for them to find the man to whom they were to go, and so a young brave by the name of Johnny Bushy, who was the official interpreter, was sent to the Ranch House to tell Mrs. Olson of their mission. He related in detail all that had happened and when he finally gave a description of the man who they were seeking Mrs. Olson knew at once that their search was ended. There would be no

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mistake. Bishop Parker fit the description perfectly. Before leaving Johnny bushy swore her to secrecy.

When this news was taken back to camp the Indians rejoiced, for surely it would not be long until the Big Boss, as he was now called, would return to the Ranch. But disappointment was once more to try their faith and patience, for Bishop Parker's visits were always hurried ones. The ward and home were seven miles from the Ranch and the fastest means of going and coming was horseback, so, although he had been told the Indians were very anxious to see him, he had supposed they were only wanting permission to hunt and trap, or some other of the many favours that the other Indians were always asking, and he had made no special effort to see them. They had moved their camp up the river a mile away from the Ranch House, and when they came to the house he was not there, for, while at the ranch, he did not stay at the house but was out on the range with the cattle. At last they made known to Mrs. Olson that they had a very important message for him. Several weeks passed and it was November.

One day, there was a blizzard so severe that to ride the range was useless. The snow fell so thick and fast that only a few feet around could any object be discerned. Bishop Parker was at the ranch, and after lunch he proposed to Mr. Olson that they go, for he and Mrs. Olson had witnessed the anxiety of the Crees and had been curious to know what it could mean.

The two men arrived at the camp. Smoke was rising from the tepees. These people, too, were not venturing far from shelter. Outside one of the tepees, two fur buyers were bartering with Yellowface and the men for some furs and hides and no one noticed the approach of the visitors until Mr. Olson spoke, telling Yellowface that he had brought the Boss. Yellowface turned. An expression of joy covered his face and he shook hands with the men. He then gave two shrill yells which startled his visitors. He dismissed the fur buyers without ceremony and led the men to his own big tent in the center of the enclosure. they noticed as they went toward the tent, that everybody was hurrying in the same direction. At the tent door they noticed quite a commotion going on inside. Several dogs, which had been enjoying the shelter and warmth of the tent, were being driven out by the Chief's squaw with a big stick and so much force behind it that they were losing no time in making their get-away. The chief's two daughters were cleaning up the tent and they arranged the seat by spreading a robe on the floor and placing a box upon it, then spreading over this a beautiful robe of mountain lion skin. When all was ready, Yellowface took Bishop Parker by the arm and seated him upon the seat, placing his interpreter at one side of the tent, standing , and he himself standing opposite where he could see the faces of both. Mr. Olson squatted down by the side of Brother Parker, and, at a signal all the others crowded into the tent and sat upon the floor. The two daughters of Yellowface sat directly in front of Bishop Parker with their needle work. All was done with wonderful order, and then all was still.

Yellowface spoke, nodding to Brother Parker: "You talk," he said. Brother Parker had not dreamed of the nature of their mission and he had felt a peculiar feeling all during the time they had been gathering themselves about him. What did it mean? Why all this honor? Then he answered, "No, I came to hear you, to see what you want. They said you had a message for me."

"No," said Yellowface, "You have a message for us. Tell us about our forefathers."

Bishop Parker was so surprised and so thrilled at the experience that he hardly knew what to say or where to begin. His life and work had been in the frontier. he had never been a student of scripture nor given to study to a great extent of any books. He had read the Book of Mormon, knew its truthfulness and worth, and he studied it once in the classes in Sunday School; but, to tell it as he was now expected

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to do, he felt wholly unable. But, offering a silent prayer to his Heavenly Father for help he began the story of Lehi and his family leaving Jerusalem, speaking a few sentences, then waiting while the interpreter repeated the story to them in their own language. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight--those dusky faces upturned to him, watching every movement of his lips, drinking in with, oh, so much interest, every word he spoke! No one moved. They seemed like statues. For five hours they sat, listening to the story of their forefathers. Yellowface stood raised to his full height. He was tall and straight as an arrow, his arms folded across his breast. He did not move, only asking a question now and then, or offering an explanation as he did to tell why they had come and of their trials and the signs which they had received. His daughter, with her needle in one hand and bead in the other sat for the whole five hours without so much as moving a muscle of her face, it seemed.

The story progressed with wonderful success, for the Lord did indeed help with His spirit and power to bring to the memory of the relater things long forgotten; to give him power when he had waited for the interpreter to repeat his words to the Indians in their own tongue, and his interest had been diverted in watching their expressions and interest; to take up the story again without hesitation and to make the story impressive to the ones to whom it meant so much..who they were, where they came from and what the future held for them.

When Brother Parker had told his story, Yellowface turned to his people and, in their own tongue, talked for an hour in very serious tones, and , although Brother Parker could not understand the words, he felt the spirit and knew he was teaching them and exhorting them to live good lives. Then speaking again through the interpreter, he held his right hand up and said he knew what had been spoken was true. "For the Great Spirit has told me here." laying his hand upon his breast.

Then he told many things of the legends of his forefathers of the Great White Spirit ministering to his people. He also told of experiences his own father had had with visitations from the spirit world, things which he considered so sacred that he begged him not to repeat them for fear they might not be told as they really were. Brother Parker has never revealed these things to anyone.

Night comes early in that country in November and it was with regret that they had to stop and return to the routine of life. But they were happy, all of them, in the blessing of the day.

The Book of Mormon was placed in their hands and there were some among them who could read. Many of them, however, could not and so Mr. Olson invited them to the ranch and, during the long winter evenings, Mrs. Olson read to them.

Concerning this experience, Mrs. Olson said: "My husband invited them to the Ranch and many evenings I read to them the Book of Mormon. The living room was not too large, the furniture was meager, there not being enough chairs, but they would crowd into the living room as many as could and seemed happy to sit on the floor or wherever they could. I would sit at the end of the table with the Book of Mormon. Johnny Bushy would stand beside me. I would read a few sentences and then he would explain it in the Cree language. There was an old man I remember in particular, he was grey and bent and walked with a cane, he wanted to know how it was that his people had always been driven from their hunting grounds by the white people. When explaining over again how ruthless his forefathers had been, he made a strange moaning sound and tears ran down his face."

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Yellowface and his band camped for the winter months on the church property and in the spring returned to their camping grounds near Rocky Mountain House. The following fall they again made a trek to the south and were welcomed back on the Church Ranch.

President Glen G. Fisher's conclusion:

Chief Yelloweyes told me that during the second winter a number of the tribe, on occasion, visited ward services in Mountain View. He said they were made welcome both in the homes of the Saints and in ward functions, religious and social. Today, as I contemplate my personal experience with this band, and also the other experiences herein related, I am led to the conclusion that we, as a Church, have missed a great opportunity.

There are a number of obstacles that will have to be overcome, that did not exist thirty, twenty,ten or even five years ago. These obstacles are real and stopped us from doing active missionary work among this band last summer. The greatest problem perhaps is that the new generation has sprung up since the days of Yellowface. The extent of the faith these young people have in this venerable leader is a question for the future.

Regardless of obstacles, problems and conditions, it seems to me that our duty is clear. The Lord led them to our doors forty years ago and it is my faith that He will do it again if we do our part.

They have wandered, as it were, in the desert for forty years, even as the children of Israel. Who knows? Maybe they have a Joshua in their band. We intend to find out this coming summer.