

Sunlight Mission

SOUGHT—FOUND—OPENED

I am the Light of the World
JESUS

Ye are the Light of the World
JESUS



MOKI SNAKE DANCE

SUNLIGHT MISSION.

MARY G. BURDETTE.

Sunlight Mission is the name appropriately given to the new mission among the Hopi Indians of Arizona, as it is the outshining from "God's Light on the Mountain," the Kiowa Missionary Society at Saddle Mountain. These Indians have usually been name Moqui, Moki; but they name given to mies and meaning to call them Hopi, do so, for the name like hope, and this lished in hope that and beautiful *life* The story is told pages. Read it and God will give great tact and love to who go to these friendly, but igno- that they who now see a great light, sit in the region



MARY MCLEAN.

The First Jesus Woman to go to Sunlight Mission.

death, light may spring up. . May the Sun of Righteousness flood their mesas with the shining of His presence, and in His Light may they see light, and of them may it soon be said, "Ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord," and may they learn to walk as children of light.

Enlist the girls and boys in your homes, Sunday-schools and churches in contributing toward the support of this mission.

known by the sometimes spelled object to this as a them by their ene- *death*; they ask us and we are glad to sounds so much mission is estab- it may mean a new to these people. in the following earnestly pray that wisdom, patience, the missionaries people, gentle and rant of Christ, so sit in darkness may and to them who and shadow of



SADDLE MOUNTAIN, O. T.

BEGINNING AT SADDLE MOUNTAIN.

Fully satisfied that my labors were no longer needed at Elk Creek, owing to the small number of Indians in the camps there, and persuaded that the Lord had need of me at Saddle Mountain, about thirty miles to the eastward, where there were many more Indians, and having ascertained that it would be safe for me to go there alone, accompanied by an Indian man and his wife, and seated on a high load of stuff, I left Elk Creek on the 8th of April, 1896, and a little later took up my abode at the base of Saddle Mountain near the home of Lucius Aitsan and his wife Mabel.

So wrote Miss Isabel Crawford in April, 1896. In the same letter she thus tells of her reception by the Indians:

As the news of our arrival spread, Indians rode in from all directions to see if it could really be true that a white woman had come alone to live among them. These are some of the things they said: "We like you for coming this way; you trust us." "No white Jesus man ever sat down with us. You one white woman all alone among Indians and no scared! This is good. White people afraid we scalp them. They not know our hearts. The Great Father knows our hearts better than white men. The Great Father told you we would be good to you, and He came over with you. We give you our hands and our hearts are open for you to see. We have no one to help us about Jesus over here and we will listen with all our hearts, and pretty soon some of us will be Christians."

And so the work began. Lucius Aitsan, who had spent three years in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., was employed as interpreter and helper, and in November, 1897, Miss Mary McLean was, at Miss Crawford's request, sent to labor as her associate.

GOD'S LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Passing over intervening months, we call attention to the following letter written in August, 1898, a little more than two years after Miss Crawford "sat down" at Saddle Mountain:

DEAR WHITE WOMAN CHIEF:

You will be glad to hear what I have to tell you. The Kiowa Christians at Saddle Mountain are working on two roads, because we want a church for ourselves, and we also want other Indians to hear about the Jesus road.

We got red Jesus barrels, and we put in them some of our grass money, and when it was all counted it came to \$34.57. We send you \$17.26, and want you to send a Jesus woman to another tribe. The rest of the money, \$17.31, we are going to put in the bank for our church, for we want to build it ourselves if we can.

This is good news to us, and we hope it will be to you. Our Jesus barrels are all empty now, but we will try and put some more in them when we get our next grass money.

◇ (Amanthy's brand),

Treasurer of Daw-Ke-boum-gee-Kop Society.

LUCIUS AIT-SAN.

Secretary of Daw-Ke-boum-gee-Kop Society.

[Daw-Ke-boum-gee-Kop is the Kiowa for "God's Light on the Mountain."]

Miss McLean thus tells the story, which explains Aitsan's letter:

DEAR MISS BURDETTE:

I know you will be interested in our Kiowa Mission Circle. Although we have held but three meetings, we are more than satisfied with results. The first meeting was held May 10th, and some Indians came and camped near us for two days, so as to be on time.

All the forenoon men and women sewed. About two o'clock the meeting was called

money to Jesus." After grass payment, this man, telling me how he put some money in the barrel, said: "As soon as we got our money I sat down with the Jesus barrel in my two hands, and my family all sat around me. Then I talked to Jesus, and afterwards my family came, one by one, and put some money in the barrel for Jesus."

After talking together about a name for the society, the interpreter (Lucius Ait-san)



ISABEL A. H. CRAWFORD.

to order, and after prayer and singing, Miss Crawford gave a strong talk on what the Bible says about giving. For three hours she had the most interested audience I ever saw. This was a new road—"giving money to Jesus." Some could scarcely wait for the little money barrels to be given to them.

One man said in signs: "Hurry and give me a Jesus barrel, so I can put fifty cents in it."

One man made a talk and said: "This is the first time we have ever heard about the 'money road' for Jesus, and our hearts are glad that you have told us about it. We all want to go in this road and give some

said: "Because we are Kiowa Indians and live near Saddle Mountain, and a lot of us have found the Jesus road and we want the other tribes to find it, we want to be like a light on a mountain, so we think the best name for this society will be, 'A Light on a Mountain.'"

It is very interesting to see how anxious some of the parents are to start their little children on a good road; so now they think the giving to Jesus is good, and they want their children to begin right away to give to Jesus, so that when they grow up they will be away ahead of their parents. They say: "It is hard for us to give up all the old

roads that our fathers and mothers gave us, but we want our children to 'ketch' all the good roads." And so they have the little ones drop their own money into the Jesus barrel. Sometimes the little baby fingers do not know how to open, and the father or mother loosens them from around the money, just as God's fingers are opening the hearts and hands of the parents.

After one of our meetings, Lucius said: "For a long time the Kiowa people have been blind; they have been walking in the dark, but they are getting their eyes opened bigger and bigger. Soon they will see the Jesus light strong, and they will all walk strong on the Jesus road, and turn their backs on all the other bad roads."

Does it not look as if these people, who have walked so long in the dark, will indeed become a "Light on a Mountain" that will shine more and more until the perfect day?

This Missionary Society, composed of Kiowa men, women, and children, have continued to meet, listen to lessons from the "Jesus Book," pray, work, and give, until (October, 1901) their gifts for their church building amount to \$425.94, and they have sent to the treasurer of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society nearly \$200 toward sending a missionary woman to a tribe ignorant of Christ. Lucius Aitsan has written pleadingly on behalf of these Saddle Mountain Indians, "We are anxious to have the Jesus woman sent to the other tribe. When is she going?"

Now we know that, do the best they can, it is impossible for the members of "God's Light on the Mountain" Missionary Society to support a woman, and bear the expense of opening and sustaining a new mission among Indians. And when the question was asked, "How can it be done?" a voice seemed to say, "Let the boys and girls of junior age add their gifts to those of these Indians." We remembered how promptly and cheerfully the boys and girls had sent money to build Chapel Immanuel at Rainy Mountain, when Aim-day-co (Miss Reeside) and Miss Ballew first went to the Kiowas. No sooner was this plan suggested than it was adopted, and so sure were we that our boys and girls would do it that we proceeded to have boxes made, in which they might collect their money, and adopt a name for the mission; and what more appropriate than

SUNLIGHT MISSION,

as it is in a beautiful sense the outshining of "God's Light on the Mountain"?

It may seem strange that all this time no one could answer the question, Where shall Sunlight Mission be located? To which of the tribes without gospel teachers shall the Jesus woman be sent? In order to decide the question it seemed necessary to have some one take a trip among some of these



LUCIUS AITSAN AND MABEL, HIS WIFE.

Indian tribes, and so on August 15, 1901, the Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society left Chicago in search of Sunlight Mission, praying that she might be led by God to the right place and be given wisdom to discern it.

She was greatly interested in what she saw of the Navajo Indians as she traveled through their country, saw them herding their sheep, cultivating their little fields, weaving blankets in the hogans (huts built of poles and covered with mud) and learned of their superstitions and need of the gospel. There are more than 20,000 of them, but they are very much scattered and nomadic, going from place to place to find food and



NAVAJO WOMAN WEAVING A BLANKET.

water for their flocks and herds. Much of their country is desert.

They believe in a Supreme Power, and reverence the sun as the greatest power they know; they believe in a future state; but they are deeply superstitious. All disease is attributed to an evil spirit, to whom they make offerings and secure the services of a Ha-ta-le (singing doctor), whom they pay in horses, sheep or blankets; if they look into the face of their mother-in-law they will go blind; if they eat chickens or eggs, they will crow like a rooster in the night; if a death occurs in a hogan (hut), it is at once and forever abandoned, for Chen-de, an evil spirit, has taken possession of it, and no portion of it can ever be used again, not even for fuel.

We longed to give them the truth concerning God and the salvation He gives through Jesus Christ, and hope that the day is not far away when we will have missionaries among them, but the Spirit urged us farther in our journey until we had reached Fort Defiance, Arizona. And here for a time our way seemed hedged up. It was in our plan to go on to the second mesa in the Hopi (or Moqui, sometimes spelled Moki) country, but there was difficulty in securing transportation. And when told of the long, hard, six days' wagon travel over mountains and desert plains, and the fact that if taken it would have to be with the companionship only of an Indian driver, who was as ignorant of English as the writer was of Navajo, with the probability of having to camp out one night going and coming, you will not think us utterly lacking in courage if we confess to a little shrinking, and almost a sense of relief, when it seemed as if God himself had barred the way, and did not will that we should proceed in that direction. That hitherto he had led us we felt sure. We had prayed constantly and earnestly that He would open the way before us and lead us whithersoever He would have us go.

When we had almost decided to relinquish the plan for a visit to the Hopis, an Indian appeared, in response to the efforts of Major Hayzlett the United States agent, saying that he had a good team and would drive us to Keam's cañon, ninety miles distant, and back. His charge was reasonable, Major Hayzlett furnishing a light buckboard for the trip. The way was open.

At ten o'clock the morning of August 30th, Hausteen Tso-sa, the Indian, was on hand with his team, and with waterproof blankets, a canteen of water and a lunch, the Secretary took her seat by the side of the Indian and was off for Keam's Cañon and the second mesa. Hausteen had a fine team and proved a splendid driver, and by half past four in the afternoon we had completed the first stage of our journey, crossing the mountains to Gunada, the trading store and home of J. L. Hubbell, to whom we carried a letter of introduction from Major Hayzlett.

A brother could not have received us more kindly or done more to administer to our comfort, freely providing lodging and board, not only for ourselves, but for our driver and his team, and sending us on our long drive of fifty miles the next day with additional blankets and a lunch of canned fruit, sardines, bread, crackers, coffee and sugar, so bountiful as to provide against all contingencies, if we were unable to get through in one day and obliged to camp out at night.

Crossing the mountains to this point, we had noticed several varieties of cacti, and large quantities of the Yucca and Spanish dagger loaded with fruit, which is utilized as food by the Indians; the leaves are used in weaving baskets.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

Within a half hour after our arrival at Gunada, an electric storm burst over the place, frequent and vivid flashes of forked lightning rent the clouds, peal after peal of thunder reverberated through the heavens, and the rain fell in heavy sheets, while the water rushed and roared through the swollen arroyo (watercourse). The short-lived fury of the storm abates, and lo, spanning the wondrous dome of the sky, from horizon to horizon, the most beautiful rainbow on which our eyes ever rested, with possibly one exception years ago, in Montana. Slowly it fades, but it had come to us as the very symbol of the presence and promise of God. Through it He seemed to say, as we stood there, the only white woman in many miles, "Lo, I am with you all the way."

Soon after we go to our room and before retiring open the Book and read:

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High



From Photograph by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.

ENTRANCE TO NATURAL STAIRWAY BY WHICH THE MESA MAY BE REACHED.

Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;

My God in whom I trust,

For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,

And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with His pinions, And under His wing shalt thou trust.

Then with the assurance that we were following His leading, we committed ourselves and loved ones far away, to His keeping; and slept as securely as in our own room at home.

TO KEAM'S CANON.

Breakfast at seven, and three-quarters of an hour later we are off for the longest and

hardest day's drive on the whole trip; but our story is getting too long and we will take space for the mention of a single but significant incident en route. From the hour we set out from Defiance, with our Indian driver, we felt that we had a thoroughly competent and trustworthy guide, and this conviction grew upon us until he returned us safely to Fort Defiance, nearly a week later. A little after noon the first day, we reached an arroyo where the road was entirely washed away. A gulch about ten feet wide and eight or ten feet deep lay before us, and extended apparently miles in either direction. Haus-teen left the wagon and walked up and down for some distance, and finally drove to a place where on one side the earth had



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From Photograph by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.

MA-SHONG-NA-VI. A HOPI VILLAGE ON THE SECOND MESA.

caved in so as to make a place about as wide as the buckboard. He took off his moccasins, and waded to the other side, climbing an almost precipitous bank, and further divesting himself of coat, belt and his outer trousers, a portion of his policeman's uniform. Under these he wore the light cotton Navajo pants, slit from knee to ankle. Then he came back, unhitched the horses and led them through the water and up the opposite bank. Next he motioned me to follow him down the bank to a place where the water flowed over a great rock through a depression about two and a half feet wide. He preceded me, and extending his hand helped me over the water and led the way up the opposite bank. Then he waded back, and with marvelous strength and skill succeeded in getting the buckboard down the embankment and into proper position in the narrow stream. This done, he got the horses down the bank, hitched them to the wagon and guided them as they literally jumped it up the steep bank, without the loss of an article. Then the Secretary said, "Coffee?" which the Indian understood. She had gathered together dry roots and branches of the sage brush, all that grew on the dreary waste. Hausteen unloaded the lunch box and while he dressed himself and fed the horses, she made the coffee and spread the lunch, to which both she and her Navajo companion did ample justice. You will remember that he did not speak a word of English, and understood but few, while our Navajo vocabulary was restricted to, perhaps, a half dozen words picked up en route. Conversation was not fluent, but we could not complain of lack of opportunity for observation and meditation.

As we approach Keam's Cañon, although we are on the Hopi reservation, Navajos are still in evidence, and we pass by several of their hogans and through a number of their queer little cornfields and melon patches. Now we enter the cañon, and after a short drive between its rocky walls, rein up at sunset, at the door of the home of Mr. Charles E. Burton, superintendent, not only of the government boarding school at this place, but also of the Hopi reservation. Our first acquaintance is with the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Burton, who are at the gate, but in a minute or two the mamma comes out to greet us while one of the children runs to notify her father of

our arrival, who comes quickly and welcomes us cordially. We are shown to our room, Mrs. Dandridge, the matron, gives us our supper, and we retire early, very weary in body, but oh, so grateful to the Father who has protected us and led us to this safe shelter and these kind friends.

At breakfast we meet the remaining members of the school faculty, and as soon as we have eaten, Superintendent Burton is ready with his top buggy and fine team to take us thirty miles farther on to the second mesa. This is the only time during our journeyings, after leaving the railroad at Durango, Col., until we reached it again at Gallup, N. M., that we enjoyed the luxury of a top buggy, and we knew better afterward, than at the time, at how much inconvenience to himself Mr. Burton had rendered us this service.

THE HOPI, OR MOKI, INDIANS.

The Hopis live in villages, built somewhat after the fashion of apartment houses, although in Indian style, on the flat top of rocky mesas or table-lands of solid rock. These villages are reached by steep, narrow trails and on foot, burro, or pony. No conveyance could possibly be drawn to the top. We may have more to say of this custom in a future article, but pass it here with a mention. While the Navajos are widely scattered over a very large territory, the Hopis live on three mesas, in villages of from one hundred to several hundred inhabitants, a custom which has its advantages and disadvantages in the effort to Christianize and civilize them. We pass the first mesa and, six miles beyond, reach the mission cottage at the foot of the second mesa, a little before noon, and are warmly welcomed by Miss Ritter, the government field matron for the Hopis on the second mesa, and by a kind and wise providence we are permitted to meet Miss Abbott, who holds a similar position on the first mesa, and who is spending the day with Miss Ritter. Mr. Burton has been giving us valuable information during the drive over, and Miss Ritter and Miss Abbott add to our store from their experience. Mr. Burton drives on to the government school at Toreva, about two miles from the mission. This is a day school for the smaller children and others who do not attend the boarding school in Keam's Cañon. The pupils come from the

three villages in the morning and remain until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a lunch being given them at the noon recess.

After dinner the Secretary, in Miss Abbott's denim skirt, mounts a pony after the fashion of the country and accompanies Miss Ritter for a visit to Ma-shong-na-vi, the nearest and largest of three Hopi villages on the second mesa. Here, having tied our ponies to a post, we spend several hours, visiting homes on the ground floor, in the second tier and the third tier of apartments, climbing, sometimes the ladders, and sometimes the narrow stone steps which may be seen in the picture. Most of the men are away in their cornfields and melon patches in the valley at the foot of the mesa, but we find many women and children. Some of the women are weaving baskets, of which they sell many, some are grinding meal in a stone trough, over which they rub a heavy stone, thus crushing the grain, and some are mak-

ing *piki*, a kind of bread made of a batter of blue corn meal, with which they mix ashes; they spread this batter with their hands in very thin layers over the surface of a hot, flat stone, deftly removing each layer by lifting it by one corner and rolling it off the stone. They place layer on layer in successive sheets until the batter is all baked and then fold each layer four or five times and pile it up for family consumption.

In one place we found a party of eight or ten women making baskets, something after the manner of our sewing bees. All the baskets made on this occasion will belong to the women in whose house the party is held. We understand that these social Hopi women are accustomed to spend hours together in this way. We reflect, What an opportunity for an earnest, tactful missionary!

We would like to tell you about the children we saw, the babes in swaddling clothes in their queer little cradles, but when out of



From Photograph by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.

HOPI WOMAN ON SECOND MESA MAKING BASKET.



From Photograph by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.

HOPI WOMAN ON FIRST MESA MAKING POTTERY.

swaddling clothes they wear no raiment whatever until quite good sized boys and girls, and then only a single abbreviated garment. Indeed, it is not uncommon to see large boys and even men whose sole garment is a shirt. Girls are better covered and the characteristic dress of the women is a simple but appropriate one woven by men on their own rude looms.

The Hopis are not beggars, they are self-supporting. Men and women both work. The division of labor is somewhat curious; the men plant and care for corn and melons; the women plant beans, carry water, grind the meal, care for the children and do the cooking; the men herd the sheep, and do the weaving and sewing. They are a docile, friendly people, but they have no knowledge of Christ. They are in the darkness of heathenism, and have many and degrading superstitions. We saw in their homes many *Kat-chee-nas*, or representations of evil spirits, which they are careful to treat well and propitiate. These are the people who observe the revolting snake dance. Miss

Ritter urges the need of a missionary who can give herself to gospel work among them, and Miss Abbott says, "Can you not send one also to the first mesa?" Both ladies promise to co-operate to the extent of their ability, and Superintendent Burton emphasizes the need and says we may count on his co-operation and help.

SUNLIGHT MISSION.

All day long the sun had bathed the earth in light, and returning from our visit on the mesa, we watched Miss Abbott as she rode away to her lonely home on the first mesa, and then we looked at the deep blue sky; lower and lower sank the sun, until the plains lay in shadow, but still the rays lit up the villages on the mesa; now he disappears from sight below the horizon, but, as by a magic touch, the clouds reflecting his beams, are seen to glow as burnished gold, while the whole dome of the heaven throws back the light in wondrous shadings of crimson and purple, and, responding to what seemed a revelation from the heavens, our soul exclaims, "Sunlight Mission!"

BACK TO KEAM'S CAÑON.

We turn back now, but we do so with no regret for the hardness of the way, but with a joy unspeakable if through us the Master has helped the Saddle Mountain Kiowas to find a Christless tribe to whom Jesus women may be sent to carry the gospel of light, life and hope. These people are saying, "Call us not Moki, for that means death, and so our enemies call us; but call us Hopi."

Superintendent Burton was at the door

ished means for not only providing themselves with wood, but earning money by helping supply the school with the four hundred cords needed during the fall and winter. Some of the mothers received six yards of gingham each for a dress.

The cañon presented a picturesque scene in the evening as the parents camped in sheltered places in the ledges of the rocky sides, and especially as their campfires lit up the rocks here and there along the line. The hobbled burros seemed to enjoy brows-



NAVAJO MOTHER, HER SON, AND HIS BURRO.

with the buggy the next morning, and the return trip began. Among the things which interested us most on this day's journey were the groups and processions of Hopi parents taking their children to school, as this was the opening day. There was one wagon load, and two boys rode on the back of Mr. Burton's buggy, but by a very large majority they rode on burros, carrying melons and peaches that the children might enjoy them at school. We reached Keam's Cañon about the middle of the afternoon, and found that quite a number of children had arrived before us, and they continued to come until night. As an inducement to bring their children to school, each parent was given a new ax for one child and a little lamp for a second. These axes furn-

ing among the scanty vegetation. But by and by the campfires go out, the excitement of the day gives place to silence and slumber, and looking upward into the wonderful sky, the bright silvery moon, and the great glowing stars, away out here in an Arizona Cañon, we exclaim with David:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

In the morning between eighty and ninety Hopi boys and girls lined up and marched into breakfast, very different looking children from those we had seen the day before, and yet the same. All had had a good bath and donned their neat school clothing, including shoes and stockings, of which both

parents and children are very proud. The boys' long, unkempt hair had been cut and the girls' smoothly brushed and braided. The reader will notice in the picture the peculiar style of hair dressing; it is practically neglected until the girl is about ten years of age, when it is put up in odd little wheels, one on each side of the head; as the girl grows older the wheels grow larger until she is

making the trip from Durango, Col., where we left the railroad, to Gallup, N. M., where we again reached it, we had traveled 495 miles, in covered hack, open wagon, buckboard and buggy, and, there, with face homeward turned, raised a joyful Ebenezer, for certainly hitherto had the Lord helped us, and we believe that He who has led will lead from present hope to future fruition.



From Photograph by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena, Cal.

HOPI INDIAN GIRLS.

married, when the wheels disappear and the hair is bound up in two straight rolls which are drawn to the front and hang down over the shoulders, as seen in the cuts on pages 11 and 12.

IN CONCLUSION.

From Keam's Cañon we retraced the ninety miles to Fort Defiance, and thence journeyed thirty-five miles with the mail carrier to Gallup.

During the seventeen days required in

THE TRANSFER OF THE HOPI MISSION.

"The dim past that lies back of European history is to some extent brought to us in the red man, contemporary with us, and in a very deep sense America may be regarded as pre-eminently an old world, and its native inhabitants as an especially ancient people. The Pueblo (village) Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are surviving examples of this advanced aboriginal society," and "the Pueblos" (villages) least modified by contact with white men are those of the Moquis."



GOVERNMENT SCHOOL AT TOREVA, AMONG HOPI INDIANS ON THE SECOND MESA.

So wrote John Fiske, the historian. The Indians whom he calls Moquis, call themselves Hopituh, or as we say, Hopis, the peaceable people. "Their villages or pueblos were already ancient when the Spaniards visited them in the sixteenth century, bringing gifts of oxen, horses, and sheep, and leaving with them missionary priests or padres, who were so severe in their treatment that in 1680 all the village Indians, including the Moquis, joined in the massacre of the Spaniards. Being a timid people and fearing revenge, the Moquis soon after left the plains and built their homes on the tops of high, rocky mesas, which, three in number, are from 600 to 800 feet above the plain. Their small adobe or rock houses, in three tiers, one above another, as built generations ago, are in a more or less dilapidated condition, but under the care of the superintendents of the government school at Keam's Cañon, fourteen miles east of the first mesa, their condition has been improved during the past few years."

So we read in a leaflet issued in 1896 by the New Jersey Women's Indian Association, an auxiliary of the Women's National Indian Association.

From the government this Association re-

ceived a grant of 160 acres of land, to be used for educational and missionary work



HOPI GIRLS IN INDIAN SCHOOL, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

among these Indians. This land was located on the plain at the foot of the second mesa, and near two of the villages. The second mesa is about six miles west of the first mesa. During five years' occupancy of the land, the New Jersey Association erected a snug little three-room frame cottage a one-room building in the rear, known as the woman's house, which serves as a laundry and bath house, and a small corral for the pony. \$100 has also been raised by the Washington, D. C., auxiliary for a loom room—a sum which is found to be inadequate. This property became by legal transfer and with the full consent of all concerned, the possession of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, which gladly pledged itself to provide for the permanent carrying forward of work contemplated by the Women's Indian Association in its valuable pioneer service. Although but little distinctively and direct evangelistic work has been done, some seed has been sown and the way opened for our missionaries to go in and, we trust, possess these villages for Christ.

JESUS WOMEN FOR SUNLIGHT MISSION.

Miss Mary McLean, who was with Miss Crawford at Saddle Mountain when the missionary society, "God's Light on the Mountain," was organized, is one of the Jesus women appointed by the Executive Board of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society to go to Sunlight Mission. When Miss Bare was sent to Saddle Mountain, Miss McLean was transferred to the Rainy Mountain Mission to take, with Mrs. Clouse, the places left vacant by the illness of Miss Reeside and resignation of Miss Ballew to become government matron.

Miss McLean reached Sunlight Mission Nov. 17, 1901. Miss Maryetta Reeside, although not strong, joined her March 1, 1902, promising to give six months to the service if God should give her strength to remain until some one else could be sent. Miss Adella Williams reached the field August 25, 1902, thus releasing Miss Reeside.

For the story of the work at Sunlight Mission during the first two years of its occupancy by the Society, we refer the reader to two pamphlets entitled "*Sunlight Mission,*

Messages from Messengers," and "*Seed Sowing and Seed Growing.*" Price 10c each.

ENLARGEMENT.

In December, 1902, Sunlight Mission was enlarged by the opening of work on the *first mesa*. Miss Ida M. Schofield, who had labored a number of years among the Comanche Indians of Oklahoma, and Miss Abigail Johnson, who had had experience among the Cheyennes, were sent together to take charge of the work at this point.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

We are sure every boy and girl who hears of Sunlight Mission will want to have some share in providing money to sustain it. To help them save money for this purpose we have had made some very appropriate

MONEY SAFES.

They are pretty boxes with pictures of Indian teepees on the front to remind us of the homes in which the Kiowas lived when Miss Crawford went to Saddle Mountain. On other sides are pictures of Hopi mothers and children, and on the top the Bible texts, "Send forth thy light and thy Truth," and "In thy Light shall we see light."

The postage on these boxes is eight cents a dozen. This is all we will charge those who promise to save money in them for Sunlight Mission. How many boys and girls in your Sunday-school class, your Junior Society, your Mission Band, or in your home are using or will use them?

HOW TO GET THERE.

The direct route to Sunlight Mission is via the Santa Fe Railroad to Holbrook, Arizona, and thence by stage about one hundred miles to the first mesa, and six miles farther to the second mesa.

The address of missionaries on the *second mesa* for letters and other mail is Toreva, Ariz., for those on the *first mesa*, Polacca, Ariz. The *freight* address for all Holbrook, Ariz. For late news of the work, read *TRIBINGS*, the official organ of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. Price 25 cents a year.

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