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His First Sermon.

A young Indian at our Northern California mission who wished to be a missionary among his people and who requested to go with Mr. Johnson on a round of mission work, on being asked at a regular service if there were anything he would like to say, answered "yes," then stepped in front of the pulpit and said:

"Well! Jesus loves us all, every one of us, and He wants us to love him. He sees everything we do all the time. He knows what we are thinking about all the time. His eyes are always watching us when we are playing just the same. One girl said to me one time, 'when I die they put my body in the ground, it don't go to heaven, and that's the last of me.' But that's not true. Your soul is going somewhere; your soul lives on and on and if you live right your soul is going to heaven. God wants us to serve Him and ask Him to help us, and if you do He will stay wid' you.

"One time I was far away from God, but since I came here to this mission I found out about God, and now I am trying to do His will, and I thank God

for it. I thank God for all he has done for me and I do hope that all you children will give your hearts to God and you'll never be sorry, for He'll stay wid' you, and some day we will all go to heaven."

This boy has been in school for three years. Is it not worth while spending time and money instructing Indians? Another young man who wished to become a missionary said, "One day I heard white ladies say they didn't care anything about church or about God, and it made me feel so ashamed to hear white ladies talk that way."

When Rev. Edw. Conner and Mr. Kash Kash, Nez Perce Indians, sang the hymn "Holy, Holy," at the Zayante Conference, at the same time giving it in the sign language known to many tribes, one felt thanksgivings for one more, and a very impressive method of preaching the Gospel.—
The Indian's Friend.

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