

triumph would be the conversion of these Indians to his particular form of Christianity.

He began, as all sincere and devoted missionaries do, by learning the language and also studying the philosophy of the people he hoped to influence.

When I first saw him he had ceased to call them "benighted heathens" and was already admitting that they were a noble race with high standards of religion and ethics.

Not long afterwards he admitted to me that the Medicine Lodge of the Sioux Nation was "a true Church of God, and we have no right to stamp it out."

When I went to Standing Rock (Fort Yates, N.D.) with a dozen of my students in 1927, I sought for Father Beede, but found him not. Instead I found him as "Lawyer Beede" and heard the story of a noble and sincere messenger.

"Yes," he said, "I realized that the Sioux were worshippers of the one true God, and their religion was one of truth and kindness. They do not need a missionary, but they do need a lawyer to defend them in the Courts.

"So I abandoned my role as missionary and studied law. After some years I was admitted to the bar of North Dakota, and now I am their permanent official advocate in all cases involving Indians that come into Court.

"Of course the missionaries have unfrocked me, and the Indian agents hate me. The Indians can pay me little or nothing for my services. I live in a little cabin built by myself and cook my own meals.

"But I glory in the fact that I am devoting the last of my days and my strength to the service of this noble, downtrodden Race."

