

# MISSIONARY READINGS FOR MISSIONARY PROGRAMS



BELLE M. BRUNN

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**MISSIONARY READINGS  
FOR  
MISSIONARY PROGRAMS**

By BELLE M. BRAIN

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# MISSIONARY READINGS

*for*

# MISSIONARY PROGRAMS

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY  
BELL M. BRAIN

AUTHOR OF "FUEL FOR MISSIONARY FIRES,"  
"TRANSFORMATION OF HAWAII," ETC.



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## FOREWORD

MODERN missionary literature abounds in thrilling incident, graphically told. Nowhere can be found better material for the missionary elocutionist than in the books which record the heroic deeds of those new apostles of the faith, whose achievements might well form added chapters to the Book of Acts.

In their original setting, however, the stories of missionary experience are, as a rule, much too long for practical use; hence the present volume in which the selections have been condensed sufficiently to bring them within the time limit necessary for the ordinary missionary gathering.

The twenty-five readings herewith given cover a wide range of topics, including tragedy and comedy, pathos and humor. Not all of them are suitable for use on the Lord's day; some are only appropriate for the social missionary hour. All, however, have their mission, being profitable for inspiration, instruction or entertainment.

With a single exception the selections

have been culled from the publications of the Fleming H. Revell Company. "The Pentecost on the Congo" from the *New Acts of the Apostles*, has been included by the kind permission of The Baker and Taylor Company.

BELLE M. BRAIN.

*Springfield, Ohio, July, 1901.*

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# MISSIONARY READINGS

FOR

## MISSIONARY PROGRAMS

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### OUR COTTAGE HOME

From "John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides", an autobiography edited by his brother.

OUR cottage home in the ancient village of Torthorwald, about four and a quarter miles from Dumfries, consisted of a "but" and a "ben" and a "mid room" or chamber, called the "closet." The one end was my mother's domain, and served all the purposes of dining-room and kitchen and parlour, besides containing two large wooden erections, called by our Scotch peasantry "box-beds;" not holes in the walls as in cities, but grand, big, airy beds, adorned with many-coloured counterpanes, and hung with natty curtains, showing the skill of the mistress of the house.

The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six "stocking frames," whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet, and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants at Hawick and Dumfries.

The "closet" was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene. This was the Sanctuary of that cottage home. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and "shut to the door;" and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the High Priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice, pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know, but we knew, whence came that happy light as of a new-born smile that always was dawning on my father's face; it was a reflection from the Divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived.

Never, in temple or cathedral, on moun-

tain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattles. Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once again in that Sanctuary Closet, and, hearing still the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal, "He walked with God, why may not I?"

Our mother, Janet Jardine Rogerson, was a bright-hearted, high-spirited, patient-toiling, and altogether heroic little woman; who for about forty-three years, made such a wholesome, independent, God-fearing, and self-reliant life for her family of five sons and six daughters, as constrains me, when I look back upon it, almost to worship her memory.

In her girlhood she had gone, with her high spirits and breezy disposition to gladden the quiet abode of some grand, or great-grand-uncle and aunt, familiarly named, in all that Dalswinton neighborhood, "Old Adam and Eve." Their home was in the outskirts of the moor and life for the young

girl had there not probably too much excitement. But one thing had arrested her attention. She had noticed that a young stocking maker, James Paton, son of William and Janet, was in the habit of stealing alone into the quiet wood, book in hand, day after day, at certain hours, as if for private study and meditation. It was a very excusable curiosity that led the bright young heart of the girl to watch him devoutly reading and hear him reverently reciting; and finally that curiosity awed itself into a holy respect, when she saw him lay aside his broad Scotch bonnet, kneel down under the sheltering wings of some tree, and pour out all his soul in daily prayers to God.

As yet they had never spoken. What spirit moved her, let lovers tell—was it all devotion, or was it a touch of unconscious love kindling in her toward the yellow-haired and thoughtful youth? Anyhow, one day she slipped in quietly, stole away his bonnet, and hung it on a branch near by, while his trance of devotion made him oblivious of all around; then, from a safe retreat she watched and enjoyed his searching for and finding it! A second day this was repeated; but his manifest disturbance of mind, and his long pondering with the bonnet in hand, as if almost alarmed, seemed

to touch another chord in her heart—that chord of pity which is so often the prelude of love, that finer pity that grieves to wound anything nobler or tenderer than ourselves.

Next day, when he came to his accustomed place of prayer, a little card was pinned against the tree just where he knelt, and on it were these words: “She who stole away your bonnet is ashamed of what she did; she has a great respect for you, and asks you to pray for her, that she may become as good a Christian as you.”

Staring long at the writing, he forgot his reading for one day; taking down the card, and wondering who the writer could be, he was abusing himself for his stupidity in not suspecting that some one had discovered his retreat, and removed his bonnet, instead of wondering whether angels had been there during his prayer,—when, suddenly raising his eyes, he saw in front of old Adam’s cottage, the passing of another kind of angel, swinging a milk-pail in her hand, and merrily singing some snatch of old Scotch song. He knew, in that moment, by a Divine instinct, as infallible as any voice that ever came to seer of old, that she was the angel visitor that had stolen in upon his retreat—that bright-faced, clever-witted

niece of old Adam and Eve, to whom he had never yet spoken, but whose praises he had often heard said and sung—"Wee Jen." I am afraid he did pray "for her," in more senses than one, that afternoon; at any rate, more than a Scotch bonnet was very effectually stolen; a good heart and true was there bestowed; and the trust was never regretted on either side, and never betrayed.

Often and often, in the genial and beautiful hours of the autumntide of their long life, have I heard my dear father tease "Jen" about her maidenly intentions in the stealing of that bonnet; and often with quick mother wit have heard her happy retort, that had his motives for coming to that retreat been altogether and exclusively pious, he would probably have found his way to the other side of the wood; but that men who prowled about the Garden of Eden ran the risk of meeting some day with a daughter of Eve!

Somewhere in or about his seventeenth year, my father had passed through a crisis of religious experience, and from that day he openly and very decidedly followed the Lord Jesus. Family worship had heretofore been held only on Sabbath day in his father's house; but the young Christian, entering into conference with his sympathising

mother, managed to get the household persuaded that there ought to be daily morning and evening prayer, and reading of the Bible and holy singing. And thus began, in his seventeenth year, that blessed custom of Family Prayer, morning and evening, which my father practised probably without one single omission till he lay on his death-bed, seventy-seven years of age; when even to the last day of his life, a portion of Scripture was read, and his voice heard softly joining in the Psalm, and his lips breathed the morning and evening Prayer,—falling in sweet benediction on the heads of all his children, far away many of them over all the earth, but all meeting him at the Throne of Grace. None of us can remember that any day passed unhallowed thus; no hurry for market, no rush to business, no arrival of guests, no trouble or sorrow, no joy or excitement, ever prevented at least our kneeling around the family altar, while the High Priest led our prayers to God, and offered himself and his children there.

Our place of worship was the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Dumfries, fully four miles from our Torthorwald home; but the tradition is that during forty years my father was only thrice prevented from at-

tending the worship of God—once by snow so deep that he was baffled and had to return; once by ice on the road, so dangerous that he was forced to crawl back on his hands and knees; and once by a terrible outbreak of cholera at Dumfries. All intercourse betwixt the town and the surrounding villages was publicly prohibited; and the farmers and villagers, suspecting that no cholera would make my father stay at home on the Sabbath, sent a deputation to my mother on the Saturday evening, and urged her to restrain his devotions for once! That, however, was needless; as where the life of others was at stake, his very devotion came to their aid.

Each of us, from very early days, considered it no penalty, but a great joy, to go with our father to the church; the four miles were a treat to our young spirits, and occasionally some of the wonders of city life rewarded our eager eyes. A few other pious men and women from the same parish went to one or another favourite minister at Dumfries; and when the God-fearing peasants foregathered in the way to or from the House of God, we youngsters had sometimes rare glimpses of what Christian talk may be and ought to be.

We had special Bible Readings on the

Lord's Day evening, and the Shorter Catechism was gone through regularly. Oh, I can remember those happy Sabbath evenings; no blinds drawn and shutters up, to keep out the sun from us, as some scandalously affirm; but a holy, happy, entirely human day, for a Christian father, mother, and children to spend.

There were eleven of us brought up in a house like that; and never one of the eleven, boy or girl, man or woman, has been heard, or ever will be heard, saying that the Sabbath was dull or wearisome to us. But God help the homes where these things are due by force and not by love! The very discipline through which our father passed us was a kind of religion in itself. If anything really serious required to be punished he retired first to his closet for prayer, and we boys got to understand that he was laying the whole matter before God; and that was the severest part of the punishment for me to bear! I could have defied any amount of mere penalty, but this spoke to my conscience like a message from God. We loved him all the more, when we saw how much it cost him to punish us; and, in truth, he had never very much of that kind of work to do upon any one of all the eleven —we were ruled far more by love than fear.

His long and upright life made him a great favourite in all religious circles far and near within the neighbourhood. At sick-beds and funerals he was constantly sent for and much appreciated; and this appreciation greatly increased, instead of diminishing, when the years whitened his long flowing locks, and gave him apostolic beauty. His happy partner, "Wee Jen," died in 1865, and he himself in 1868,—an altogether beautiful and noble episode of human existence having been enacted, amid the humblest surroundings of a Scottish peasant's home, through the influence of their united love by the grace of God; and in this world, or in any world, all their children will rise up at mention of their names and call them blessed!

## II

### THE MAGICAL EFFECT OF AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR

From "John G. Paton", Vol. I.

MISSIONARY work among the savages of Tanna<sup>1</sup> was uphill, weary and trying work. For one thing, the people were terribly dishonest; and when there was any special sickness, or excitement from any cause, their bad feelings toward the Worship was displayed by the more insolent way in which they carried off whatever they could seize. When I opposed them, the club or tomahawk, the musket or *kawas* (i. e., killing stone), being instantly raised, intimated that my life would be taken, if I resisted them.

Their skill in stealing was phenomenal! If an article fell, a Tannaman would neatly cover it with his foot, while looking you frankly in the face, and having fixed it by his toes, would walk off with it, assuming the most innocent look in the world. In this way, a knife, a pair of scissors, or any smaller article, would at once disappear.

<sup>1</sup> An island of the New Hebrides group.

Another fellow would deftly stick something out of sight amongst the whip-cord plaits of his hair; another would conceal it under his naked arm; while yet another would shamelessly lift what he coveted, and openly carry it away.

With most of them, however, the shame was not in the theft, but in doing it so clumsily that they were discovered! Once, after continuous rain and a hot, dry atmosphere, when the sun shone out, I put my bed-clothes on a rope to dry. I stood at hand watching, as also the wives of two Teachers, for things were mysteriously disappearing almost under our very eyes. Suddenly, Miaki,<sup>1</sup> who with his war-companions had been watching us unobserved, came rushing to me crying,—

“Missi,<sup>2</sup> come in, quick, quick! I want to tell you something and to get your advice!”

He ran into my house, and I followed; but before he got into his story, we heard the two women crying out,—

“Missi, missi, come quick! Miaki’s men are stealing your sheets and blankets!”

I ran at once, but all were gone into the bush, and with them my bed-clothes. Miaki

<sup>1</sup> A Tannese chief.

<sup>2</sup> An abbreviation of missionary.

for a moment looked abashed, as I charged him with deceiving me just to give his men their opportunity. But he soon rose to the occasion. He wrought himself into a towering rage at them, flourished his huge club, and smashed the bushes all around, shouting to me,—

“ Thus will I smash these fellows, and compel them to return your clothes.”

One dark night I heard them amongst my fowls. These I had purchased from them for knives and calico; and they now stole them all away, dead or alive. Had I interfered, they would have gloried in the chance to club or shoot me in the dark, when no one could exactly say who had done the deed. Several of the goats, which I had for milk, were also killed or driven away; indeed, all the injury that was possible was done to me, short of taking away my life, and that was now frequently attempted.

Having no fires or fire-places in my Mission House, such not being required there, we had a house near by in which all our food was cooked, and there, under lock and key we secured all our cooking utensils, pots, dishes, etc. One night, that too was broken into, and everything stolen. In consternation, I appealed to the Chief, telling him what had been done. He also flew into

a great rage, and vowed vengeance on the thieves, saying that he would compel them to return everything. But, of course, nothing was returned; the thief could not be found!

I, unable to live without something in which to boil water, at length offered a blanket to anyone that would bring back my kettle. Miaki himself, after much professed difficulty, returned it *minus* the lid—that, he said could not be got at any price, being at the other side of the island in a tribe over which he had no control!

Having no means of redress, we strove to make as little of our trials as possible; indeed we bore them all gladly for Jesus' sake. All through these sorrows, our assurance deepened, rather than faded, that if God only spared us to lead them to love the Lord Jesus, they would soon learn to trust us as their friend. That, however, did not do away with the hard facts of my life—being now entirely alone amongst them, opposed by their cruelty at every turn, and deceived by their unfailing lies.

One morning, the Tannese, rushing toward me in great excitement, cried, “Missi, missi, there is a God, or a ship on fire, or something of fear, coming over the sea! We see no flames, but it smokes like a vol-

cano. Is it a Spirit, a God, or a ship on fire? What is it? What is it?"

One party after another followed in quick succession, shouting the same questions in great alarm. I replied, "I cannot go at once; I must dress in my best clothes; it will likely be one of Queen Victoria's Men-of-War, coming to ask me if your conduct is good or bad, if you are stealing my property, or threatening my life."

They pled with me to go and see it; but I made much fuss about dressing and getting ready to meet the great Chief on the vessel, and would not go with them. The two principal chiefs now came running and asked, "Missi, will it be a ship of war?"

I called to them, "I think it will; but I have no time to speak to you now, I must get on my best clothes."

They said, "Missi, only tell us, will he ask you if we have been stealing your things?"

I answered, "I expect he will."

They asked, "And will you tell him?"

I said, "I must tell him the truth. If he asks, I must tell him."

They then cried out, "Oh, Missi, tell him not! Everything shall be brought back to you at once, and no one will be allowed again to steal from you."

Then said I, "Be quick! Everything

must be returned before he comes. Away, away! and let me get ready to meet the great chief on the Man-of-war."

Hitherto no thief could ever be found, and no Chief had power to cause anything to be restored to me; but now in an incredibly short space of time, one came running to the Mission House with a pot, another with a pan, another with a blanket, others with knives, forks, plates, and all sorts of stolen property. The Chiefs called me to receive these things, but I replied, "Lay them all down at the door, bring everything together quickly; I have no time to speak with you."

I delayed my toilet, enjoying mischievously the magical effect of an approaching vessel that might bring penalty to thieves. At last one of the Chiefs, running in breathless haste, called out to me, "Missi, missi, do tell us, is the stolen property all here?"

Of course I could not tell, but, running out, I looked on the promiscuous heap of my belongings, and said, "I don't see the lid of the kettle there yet!"

"No, Missi," said one Chief, "for it is on the other side of the island; but tell him not, I have sent for it, and it will be here to-morrow."

I answered, "I am glad you have brought back so much ; and now if you Chiefs do not run away when he comes, he will not likely punish you ; but, if you and your people run away, he will ask me why you are afraid, and I will be forced to tell him ! Keep near me and you are safe ; only there must be no more stealing from me."

They said, "We are in black fear, but we will keep near you, and our bad conduct to you is done."

The charm and joy of that morning are fresh to me still, when H. M. S. *Cordelia*, Captain Vernon, steamed into our lovely Harbour. The Commander, having heard rumour of my dangers on Tanna, came on shore as soon as his ship cast anchor, and was extremely kind, offering to do anything in his power for me, left thus alone on the island amongst the savages.

At his suggestion I sent a general invitation to all the Chiefs to meet the Captain next morning at my house. True to their instincts of fear and suspicion, they dispatched all their women and children to the beach on the opposite side of the island beyond reach of danger, and next morning my house was crowded with armed men, manifestly much afraid. Punctually at 10 A. M., the Captain came on shore and soon

thereafter twenty Chiefs were seated with him in my house. He gave them wise counsels and warned them against outrages on strangers, all calculated to secure our safety, and advance the interests of our Mission.

He then invited all the Chiefs to go on board and see his vessel. They were taken to see the Armoury, and the sight of the big guns vastly astonished them. He then showed them two shells discharged towards the Ocean, at which as they burst and fell off, splashing into the water, the terror of the natives visibly increased. But, when he sent a large ball crashing through a cocoanut grove, breaking the trees like straws and cutting its way clear and swift, they were quite dumb-founded and pled to be again set safely on shore. After each receiving a small gift, however, they were reconciled to the situation, and returned immensely interested in all that they had seen.

Doubtless many a wild romance was spun by these savage heads, in trying to describe and hand down to others the wonders of the fire-god of the sea, and the Captain of the great white Queen. How easily it all lends itself to the service of poetry and myth!

### III

## A SLIDE IN THE DARK

From "John G. Paton", Vol. I.

ON the southwest side of Tanna<sup>1</sup> there was another Mission Station that I had to visit from time to time, as the missionaries there were both in a poor state of health. On one occasion, a message reached me that they were without European food, and a request to send them a little flour if possible. A war was raging on the island, making the journey overland impossible, while a strong wind and a high sea round the coast rendered it impracticable for my boat to go.

The danger to life from the enemy was so great, that I could not hire a crew. I pled, therefore, with a few leading men to take one of their best canoes, and themselves to accompany me. I had a large flat-bottomed pot, with a close-fitting lid, and that I pressed full of flour; and, tying the lid firmly down, I fastened it right in the centre of the canoe, as far above the water-mark as possible. All else that was

<sup>1</sup> An island of the New Hebrides group.

required we tied around our persons. Sea and land being as they were, it was a perilous undertaking, which only dire necessity could have justified.

Creeping around near the shore all the way, we had to keep just outside the great breakers on the coral reef, and were all drenched through and through with the foam of an angry surf. We narrowly escaped death in the dangerous sea, but at length with great difficulty we made our port in safety. Singing in my heart unto God, I hired a man to carry the pot of flour, and soon arrived at the Mission Station.

Supplying the wants of our dear friends whom we found as well as could be expected, I had to prepare to return to my own Station by walking overland through the night. My companions resolved to await a favourable wind and tide to return to their homes, but I durst not remain longer away lest my house should be broken into and plundered.

Before I had gone far on my return journey the sun went down, and no Native could be hired to accompany me. They all told me that I would for certain be killed by the way. But I knew that it would be quite dark before I reached the hostile districts, and that the Heathen are great

cowards in the dark, and never leave their villages at night, except in companies for fishing and such-like tasks. I skirted along the sea-shore as fast as I could, walking and running alternately; and, when I got within hearing of voices, I slunk back into the bush until they had safely passed, and then groped my way back near the shore, that being my only guide to find a path.

Having made half the journey, I came to a dangerous path, almost perpendicular, up a great rock around the base of which the sea roared deep. With my heart lifted up to Jesus, I succeeded in climbing it, cautiously grasping roots, and resting by bushes, till I reached safely to the top. There, to avoid a village, I had to keep crawling slowly along the bush near the sea, on the top of that great ledge of rock, a feat I could never have accomplished even in daylight without excitement, but I felt that I was supported and guided in all that life or death journey by my dear Lord Jesus.

I had to leave the shore, and follow up the bank of a very deep ravine to a place shallow enough for me to cross, and then through the bush away for the shore again. By holding too much to the right, I missed the point where I intended to reach it.

Small fires were now visible through the bush, I heard the voices of people talking in one of our most heathen villages. Quietly drawing back, I now knew where I was, and easily found my way towards the shore; but on reaching the Great Rock, I could not in the darkness, find the path down again. I groped about till I was tired. I feared that I might stumble over and be killed; or if I delayed till daylight, that the savages would kill me.

I knew that one part of the rock was steep-sloping, with little growth or none thereon, and I searched about to find it, resolved to commend myself to Jesus and slide down thereby that I might again reach the shore and escape for my life. Thinking I had found this spot, I hurled down several stones and listened for their splash that I might judge whether it would be safe. But the distance was too far for me to hear or judge. At high tide the sea there was deep; but at low tide I could wade out of it and be safe. The darkness made it impossible to see anything. I let go my umbrella, shoving it down with considerable force, but neither did it send me back any news.

Feeling sure, however, that this was the place I sought, and knowing that to await

the daylight would be certain death, I prayed to my Lord Jesus for help and protection, and resolved to let myself go. First, I fastened all my clothes as tightly as I could, so as not to catch on anything; then I lay down at the top on my back, feet foremost, holding my head downwards on my breast to keep it from striking on the rock; then, after one cry to my Saviour, having let myself down as far as possible by a branch, I at last let go, throwing my arms forward and trying to keep my feet well up. A giddy swirl, as if flying through the air, took possession of me; a few moments seemed an age; I rushed quickly down, and felt no obstruction till my feet struck into the sea below.

Adoring and praising my dear Lord Jesus, who had ordered it so, I regained my feet; it was low tide, I had received no injury, I found my umbrella, and, wading through, I found the shore path easier and lighter than the bush had been. The very darkness was my safety, preventing the Natives from rambling about. I saw no person to speak to, till I reached a village quite near to my own house, fifteen or twenty miles from where I started; here I left the sea path and promised young men some fishhooks to guide me the nearest way

through the bush to my Mission Station, which they gladly and heartily did. I ran a narrow risk in approaching them; they thought me an enemy, and I arrested their muskets only by a loud cry,—

“I am Missi! Don’t shoot; my love to you, my friends!”

Praising God for His preserving care, I reached home and had a long refreshing sleep. The Natives, on hearing next day how I came all the way in the dark, exclaimed,—

“Surely any of us would have been killed! Your Jehovah God alone thus protects you and brings you safely home.”

With all my heart, I said, “Yes! and He will be your protector and helper too, if only you will obey and trust in Him.”

Certainly that night put my faith to the test. Had it not been for the assurance that I was engaged in His service, and that in every path of duty He would carry me through, or dispose of me therein for His glory, I could never have undertaken this journey. St. Paul’s words are true to-day and forever,—“I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

## IV

### A TWENTY-MILE RIDE THROUGH THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

From "John G. Paton", Vol. II.

THE crowning adventure of my tour in Australia when I was travelling over the length and breadth of the land telling the story of our Mission, came about in the following manner: I was advertised to conduct services at Narracoort on Sabbath, and at a Station on the way on Saturday evening. But how to get from Penola was a terrible perplexity. On Saturday morning, however, a young lady offered me, out of gratitude for blessings received, the use of her riding horse for the journey.

"Garibaldi" was his name; and, though bred for a racehorse, I was assured that if I kept him firmly in hand, he would easily carry me over the two-and-twenty miles. He was to be left at the journey's end, and the lady herself would fetch him back. I shrank from the undertaking, knowing little of horses, and having vague recollections of being dreadfully punished for more

than a week after my last and almost only ride. But every one in that country is quite at ease on the back of a horse. They saw no risk; and, as there appeared to be no other way of getting there to fulfil my engagements, I, for my part, began to think that God had unexpectedly provided the means, and that He would carry me safely through.

I accepted the lady's kind offer, and started on my pilgrimage. A friend showed me the road, and gave me ample directions. In the bush, I was to keep my eyes on the notches in the trees, and follow them. He agreed kindly to bring my luggage to the Station, and leave it there for me by-and-bye. After I had walked very quietly for some distance, three gentlemen on horseback overtook me. We entered into conversation. They inquired how far I was going, and advised me to set a little "freer" in the saddle, as it would be so much easier for me. They seemed greatly amused at my awkward riding!

Dark clouds were now gathering ahead, and the atmosphere prophesied a severe storm; therefore they urged that I should ride a little faster, as they, for a considerable distance, could guide me in the right way. I explained to them my plight through inexperience, said that I could only

creep on slowly with safety, and bade them good-bye. As the sky was getting darker every minute, they consented, wishing me a safe journey, and started off at a smart pace.

I struggled to hold in my horse; but seizing the bit with his teeth, laying back his ears, and stretching out his eager neck, he manifestly felt that his honor was at stake; and in less time than I take to write it, the three friends cleared a way for us, and he tore past them at an appalling speed. They tried for a time to keep within reach of us, but that sound only put fire into his blood; and in an incredibly short time, I heard them not; nor, from the moment that he bore me swinging past them, durst I turn my head by one inch to look for them again. In vain I tried to hold him in; he tore on, with what appeared to me the speed of the wind. Then the thunderstorm broke around us, with flash of lightning and flood of rain, and at every fresh peal my "Garibaldi" dashed more wildly onward.

To me, it was a vast surprise to discover that I could sit more easily on this wild flying thing, than when at a canter or a trot. At every turn I expected that he would dash himself or me against the great forest

trees; but instinct rather than my hand guided him miraculously. Sometimes I had a glimpse of the road, but as for the "notches," I never saw one of them; we passed them with lightning speed. Indeed I durst not lift my eyes for one moment from watching the horse's head and the trees on our track. My high-crowned hat was now drenched, and battered out of shape; for whenever we came to a rather clear space, I seized the chance, and gave it another knock down over my head. I was spattered and covered with mud and mire.

Crash, crash, went the thunder, and on, on, went "*Garibaldi*" through the gloom of the forest, emerging at length upon a clearer ground with a more visible pathway. Reaching the top of the slope, a large house stood far out in front of us to the left; and the horse had apparently determined to make straight for that, as if it were his home. He skirted along the hill, and took the track as his own familiar ground, all my effort to hold him in or guide him having no more effect than that of a child. By this time, I suspect, I had really lost all power. "*Garibaldi*" had been at that house, probably frequently before; he knew

those stables; and my fate seemed to be instant death against door or wall.

Some members of the family, on the outlook for the Missionary, saw us come tearing along as if mad or drunk; and now all rushed to the verandah, expecting some dread catastrophe. A tall and stout young groom, amazed at our wild career, throwing wide open the gate, seized the bridle at great risk to himself, and ran full speed, yet holding back with all his might, and shouting at me to do the same. We succeeded,—“Garibaldi” having probably attained his purpose,—in bringing him to a halt within a few paces of the door. Staring at me with open mouth, the man exclaimed, “I have saved your life. What madness to ride like that!” Thanking him, though I could scarcely by this time articulate a word, I told him that the horse had run away, and that I had lost all control.

Truly I was in a sorry plight, drenched, covered with mud, and my hat battered down over my ears; little wonder they thought me drunk or mad! Finally, as if to confirm every suspicion, and amuse them all,—for master, mistress, governess and the children now looked on from the verandah —when I was helped off the horse, I could

not stand on my feet! My head still went rushing on in the race; I staggered, and down I fell into the mud, feeling chagrin and mortification; yet there I had to sit for some time before I recovered myself, so as either to rise or to speak a word. When I did get to my feet, I had to stand holding by the verandah for some time, my head still rushing on in the race. At length the master said, "Will you not come in?"

I knew that he was treating me for a drunken man; and the giddiness was so dreadful still, that my attempts at speech seemed even more drunken than my gait.

As soon as I could stand, I went into the house, and drew near to an excellent fire in my dripping clothes. The squatter sat opposite to me in silence, reading the newspapers, and taking a look at me now and again over his spectacles. By-and-bye he remarked, "Wouldn't it be worth while to change your clothes?"

Speech was now returning to me. I replied, "Yes, but my bag is coming on in the cart, and may not be here to-night."

He began to relent. He took me into a room, and laid out for me a suit of his own. I being then very slender, and he a big-framed farmer, my new dress, though

greatly adding to my comfort, enhanced the singularity of my appearance.

Returning to him, washed and dressed, I inquired if he had arranged for a meeting? My tongue, I fear, was still unsteady, for the squatter looked at me rather reproachfully, and said, "Do you really consider yourself fit to appear before a meeting to-night?"

I assured him that he was quite wrong in his suspicions, that I was a life-long abstainer, and that my nerves had been so unhinged by the terrible ride and the runaway horse. He smiled rather suggestively, and said we would see how I felt after tea.

We went to the table. All that had occurred was now consummated by my appearing in the lusty farmer's clothes; and the lady and other friends had infinite difficulty in keeping their amusement within decent bounds. I again took speech in hand, but I suspect my words had still the thickness of the tippler's utterance, for they seemed not to carry much conviction—"Dear friends, I quite understand your feelings; appearances are so against me. But I am not drunken, as ye suppose. I have tasted no intoxicating drink, I am a life-long Total Abstainer!"

This fairly broke down their reserve.

They laughed aloud, looking at each other and at me, as if to say, "Man, you're drunk at this very moment."

Before tea was over they appeared, however, to begin to entertain the idea that I *might* address the meeting; and so I was informed of the arrangements that had been made. At the meeting, my incredulous friends became deeply interested. Manifestly their better thoughts were gaining ascendency. And they heaped thereafter every kindness upon me, as if to make amends for harder suspicions.

Next morning the master drove me about ten miles further to the church. A groom rode the race-horse, who took no scathe from his thundering gallop of the day before. It left deeper traces upon me. I got through the services, however, and with good returns for the Mission. Twice since on my Mission tours, I have found myself at that same memorable house; and on each occasion a large company of friends was being regaled by the good lady there with very comical descriptions of my first arrival at her door.

# V

## NELWANG'S ELOPEMENT

From "John G. Paton", Vol. I.

SOME most absurd experiences were forced upon us by the habits and notions of the people. Amongst these I recall very vividly the story of Nelwang's elopement. I had begun to lay the foundation of two additional rooms for our house, and felt rather uneasy to see a well-known savage hanging around with his tomahawk, and eagerly watching me at work. He had killed a man before our arrival on Aniwa,<sup>1</sup> and he had startled my wife by suddenly appearing from among our boxes, and causing her to run for her life.

On seeing him hovering so alarmingly near, tomahawk in hand, I saluted him, "Nelwang, do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, Missi," he replied; "if you will help me now I will be your friend forever."

I answered: "I am your friend. That brought me here. How can I help you?"

<sup>1</sup> An island of the New Hebrides group.

He answered quickly, "I want to get married."

I protested: "Nelwang, you know that marriages here are all made in infancy, by children being bought and betrothed to their future husbands. How can I interfere? You don't want to bring evil on me and my wife and child? It might cost us our lives."

"No! no! Missi," earnestly retorted Nelwang. "No one hears of this. Only help me now. You tell me, if you were in my circumstances, how would you act?"

"That's surely very simple," I answered. "Every man knows how to go about the business! Find out if your intended loves you, and the rest will follow naturally—you will marry her."

"Yes," argued Nelwang, "But just there my trouble comes in!"

"Do you know the woman you would like to get," I asked.

"Yes," he replied very frankly, "I want to marry Yakin, the chief widow up at the inland village, and that will break no infant betrothals."

"But," I persevered, "Do you know if she loves you?"

"Yes," replied Nelwang; "One day I met her on the path and told her I would

like to have her for my wife. She took out her earrings and gave them to me, and I know thereby that she loves me. I was one of her late husband's men; and if she had loved any of them more than me, she would have given them to another. With the earrings she gave me her heart."

"Then why don't you go and marry her?"

"There begins my difficulty," said Nelwang gravely. "In her village there are thirty young men for whom there are no wives. Each of them wants her, but no one has the courage to take her, for the other nine-and-twenty will shoot him."

"And if you take her," I suggested, "the disappointed thirty will shoot you."

"That's exactly what I see, Missi," continued Nelwang; "But I want you to just think you are in my place, and tell me how you would carry her off. You white men can always succeed. Missi, hear my plans and advise me."

With as serious a face as I could command, I had to enter into his love affair, and to make suggestions, with a view to avoiding bloodshed. The result of the deliberations was that Nelwang was to secure the confidence of two friends, place one at each end of the corral above the vil-

lage as watchmen, cut down with his American tomahawk a passage through the fence at the back, and carry off his bride at dead of night into the safety and seclusion of the bush!

Nelwang's eyes flashed as he struck his tomahawk into a tree, and cried, "I see it now, Missi! I shall win her from them all. Yakin and I will be strong for you all our days!"

Next morning Yakin's house was found deserted. They sent to all the villages around, but no one had seen her. The hole in the fence was then discovered, and the thirty whispered to each other that Yakin had been wooed and won by some daring lover. Messengers were despatched to all the villages, and Nelwang was found to have disappeared on the same night as the widow, and neither could anywhere be found.

The usual revenge was taken. The houses of the offenders were burned, their fences broken down, and all their property either destroyed or distributed. Work was suspended, and the disappointed thirty solaced themselves by feasting at Yakin's expense. Three weeks passed. The runaways were nowhere to be found. It was generally believed that they had gone in a canoe to

Tanna or Erromanga. But one morning, as I began my work on my house alone, the brave Nelwang appeared at my side!

"Hello!" I said, "Where have you come from? and where is Yakin?"

"I must not tell you yet," he replied. "We are hid. We have lived on cocoa-nuts gathered at night. Yakin is well and happy. I come now to fulfil my promise: I will help you, and Yakin will help Missi Paton, the woman. I have ground to be built upon, whenever we dare; but we will come and live with you until peace is secured. Will you let us come to-morrow morning?"

"All right," I said, "Come to-morrow!" And trembling with delight, he disappeared into the bush.

Thus strangely God provided us with wonderful assistance. Yakin soon learned to wash and dress and clean everything, and Nelwang served me like a faithful disciple. They clung to us like our very shadow, partly through fear of attack, partly from affection; but as each of them could handle freely both musket and tomahawk, which, though laid aside, were never far away, it was not every enemy that cared to try issues with Nelwang and his bride.

After a few weeks had thus passed by, and both of them were really showing an

interest in things pertaining to Jesus and His Gospel, I urged them strongly to appear publicly at the Church on Sabbath, to show that they were determined to stand their ground together as true husband and wife. Delay now could gain no purpose, and I wished the strife and uncertainty to be put to an end.

Nelwang knew our customs. Every worshipper has to be seated, when our little bell ceases ringing. Aniwans would be ashamed to enter after the Service had actually begun. As the bell ceased, Nelwang marched in, dressed in shirt and kilt, and grasping very determinedly his tomahawk! He sat down as near to me as he could conveniently get, trying hard to conceal his manifest agitation. Slightly smiling towards me, he then turned and looked eagerly at the door through which the women entered the Church, as if to say, "Yakin is coming!" But his tomahawk was poised ominously on his shoulder, and his courage gave him a defiant and almost impudent air. He was evidently quite ready to sell his life at a high price, if any one was prepared to risk the consequences.

In a few seconds Yakin appeared; and if Nelwang's bearing and appearance were rather inconsistent with the feeling of wor-

ship—what on earth was I to do when the figure and costume of Yakin began to reveal itself marching in? The first visible difference betwixt a Heathen and a Christian is—that the Christian wears some clothing, the Heathen wears none. Yakin determined to show the extent of her Christianity by the amount of clothing she could carry upon her person. Being a Chief's widow before she became Nelwang's bride, she had some idea of state occasions, and appeared dressed in every article of European apparel, mostly portions of male attire, that she could beg or borrow about the premises!

Her bridal gown was a man's drab-coloured great-coat, put on above her Native grass skirts, and sweeping down to her heels, buttoned tight. Over this she had hung on a vest, and above that again, most amazing of all, she had superinduced a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, and leaving a leg dangling gracefully over each of her shoulders, and streaming down her back. Fastened to the one shoulder also there was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, waving about her like wings as she sailed along. Around her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her notions of art demanded that

a sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears! She seemed to be a moving monster, loaded with a mass of rags. The day was excessively hot, and the perspiration poured over her face in streams. She, too, sat as near to me as she could get on the woman's side of the Church.

Nelwang looked at me, and then at her, smiling quietly, as if to say, "You never saw, in all your white world, a bride so grandly dressed!"

I little thought what I was bringing on myself when I urged them to come to Church. The sight of that poor creature sweltering before me constrained me for once to make the service very short—perhaps the shortest I ever conducted in all my life! The day ended in peace. The two souls were extremely happy; and I praised God that what might have been a scene of bloodshed had closed thus, even though it were in a kind of wild grotesquerie!

## VI

### THE SINKING OF THE WELL

From "John G. Paton", Vol. II.

It was the Sinking of the Well that broke the back of Heathenism on Aniwa.<sup>1</sup> Being a flat coral island, with no hills to attract the clouds, rain is scarce there as compared with the adjoining mountainous islands; and even when it does fall heavily, with tropical profusion, it disappears through the light soil and porous rock, and drains itself directly into the sea. Aniwa had, therefore, no permanent supply of fresh water, in spring or stream or lake.

My own household felt the want of it sadly, and I resolved by the help of God to sink a well near the Mission Premises, hoping that a wisdom higher than my own would guide me to the source of some blessed spring. Of the scientific conditions of such an experiment I was completely ignorant; but I counted on having to dig through the earth and coral above thirty feet, and my constant fear was, that owing

<sup>1</sup> An island of the New Hebrides group.

to our environment, the water, if water I found, could only be salt water after all my toils! Still I resolved to sink that shaft in hope, and in faith that the Son of God would be glorified thereby.

One morning I said to the old Chief and his fellow-Chief, both now earnestly inquiring about the religion of Jehovah and of Jesus, "I am going to sink a well deep down into the earth, to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below."

They looked at me with astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy approaching to pity, "O Missi! Wait till the rain come down, and we will save all we possibly can for you."

I replied, "We may all die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be got, we may be forced to leave you."

The old Chief looked imploringly and said: "O Missi! you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our Island to send up showers from below?"

I told him: "Fresh water does come up springing from the earth in my Land at home, and I hope to see it here also."

The old Chief grew more tender in his tones, and cried: "O Missi! your head is going wrong, or you would not talk wild

like that! Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word, or believe you again."

But I started upon my hazardous job, selecting a spot near the Mission Station, and close to the public path, that my prospective well might be useful to all. When I began to dig, the good old Chief told off his men in relays to watch me, lest I should attempt to take my own life, or do anything outrageous, saying, "Poor Missi! that's the way with all who go mad. There's no driving of a notion out of their heads. We must watch him now. He will find it harder to work with pick and spade than with his pen, and when he's tired we'll persuade him to give it up."

I did get exhausted sooner than I expected, toiling under the tropical sun; but we never own before the natives that we are beaten, so I went into the house and filled my vest pocket with large, beautiful, English-made fish-hooks. These are very tempting to the young men, though their own, skilfully made out of shell, serve their purpose wonderfully. Holding up a large hook, I cried, "One of these to every man who fills and turns over three buckets out of this hole!"

A rush was made to get the first turn, and bucket after bucket was filled and emptied rapidly. Still the shaft seemed to lower very slowly, while my fish-hooks were disappearing very quickly. I took the heavy share of everything, and was thankful one evening to find that we had cleared more than twelve feet deep,—when lo! next morning, one side had caved in, and our work was all undone.

The old Chief and his best men now came around me more earnestly than ever. He remonstrated with me very gravely. He assured me for the fiftieth time that rain would never be seen coming up through the earth on Aniwa!

“Now,” he said, “had you been in that hole last night, you would have been buried, and a Man-of-war would have come from Queen ‘Toria to ask for the Missi that lived here. We would say, ‘Down in that hole.’ The Captain would ask, ‘Who put him down there?’ We would have to say, ‘He went down there himself!’ The Captain would answer, ‘Nonsense! who ever heard of a white man going down into the earth to bury himself? You killed him, you put him there; don’t hide your bad conduct with lies!’ Then he would bring out his big guns and shoot us in revenge.

You are making your own grave, Missi, and you will make ours too. Give up this mad freak, for no rain will be found by going downwards on Aniwa. Besides, all your fish-hooks cannot tempt my men again to enter that hole; they don't want to be buried with you. Will you not give it up now?"

I said all I could to quiet his fears, explained to them that this falling in had happened by my own neglect of precautions, and finally made known that by the help of my God, even without all other help, I meant to persevere.

Steeping my poor brains over the problem, I became an extemporized engineer. Two trees were searched for, with branches on opposite sides. I sank these on each side firmly into the ground, and passed a beam across them, over the centre of the shafts, fastened there on a rude, home-made pully and block, passed a rope over the wheel, and swung my largest bucket to the end of it. Thus equipped I began once more to sink the well.

Not a native, however, would enter the hole, and I had to dig away till I was utterly exhausted. But a Teacher, in whom I had confidence, took charge above, managing to hire them with knives, axes, etc., to seize the end of rope and walk along

pulling it till the bucket rose to the surface, and then he himself swung it aside, emptied it, and lowered it down again. Thus I toiled on from day to day, my heart almost sinking sometimes with the sinking of the well, till we reached a depth of about thirty feet. And the phrase, "Living water," "Living water," kept chiming through my soul like music from God!

At this depth the earth and coral began to be soaked with damp. I felt that we were nearing water. My soul had a faith that God would open a spring for us; but side by side with this faith was a strange terror that the water would be salt. So perplexing and mixed are even the highest experiences of the soul; the rose-flower of a perfect faith, set round and round with prickly thorns.

One evening I said to the old Chief, "I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!"

The Chief said, "No, Missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop into the sea, and the sharks will eat

you! That will be the end of it; death to you, and danger to us all."

I still answered, "Come to-morrow. I believe that Jehovah God will send us the rain water up through the earth." I knew I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given; but I had faith that God was leading me on, and I knew that I sought His glory, not my own.

Next morning, I went down again at daybreak, and sank a narrow hole in the center about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole! Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little "tinny" dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! True, it was a little brackish, but nothing to speak of; and no spring in the desert, cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim, ever appeared more worthy of being called a Well of God than did that water to me!

The Chiefs had assembled with their men

near by. They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal, in a small way, of the Israelites coming around, while Moses struck the rock and called for water. By-and-bye, when I had praised the Lord, and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly settled, I filled a jug which I had taken down empty in the sight of them all, and ascending to the top called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed around me in haste, and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old Chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it and shouted, "Rain! Rain! Yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?"

I repeated, "Jehovah, my God, gave it out of his own Earth, in answer to our labours and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves!"

Now, though every man could climb the highest tree as swiftly and fearlessly as a squirrel, not one of them had courage to walk to the side and gaze down into that well. To them this was miraculous! But they were not without a resource that met

the emergency. They agreed to take firm hold of each other by the hand, to place themselves in a long line, the foremost man to lean cautiously forward, gaze into the well, and then pass to the rear, and so on till all had seen "Jehovah's rain" far below. It was somewhat comical, yet far more pathetic, to stand by and watch their faces, as man after man peered down into the mystery, and then looked up at me in blank bewilderment!

When all had seen it with their own eyes and were "weak with wonder," the old Chief exclaimed, "Missi, wonderful, wonderful, is the work of your Jehovah God! No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way. But, Missi," continued he, after a pause that looked like silent worship, "Will it always rain up through the earth? or will it come and go like the rain from the clouds?"

I told them that I believed it would always continue there for our use, as a good gift from Jehovah.

"Well, but, Missi," replied the Chief, some glimmering of self-interest beginning to strike his brain, "Will your family drink it all, or shall we also have some?"

"You and all the people of the Island may come and drink and carry away as

much of it as you wish," I answered. "I believe there will always be plenty for us all, and the more of it we can use the fresher it will be. That is the way with many of our Jehovah's best gifts to men, and for it we praise His name!"

The Chief looked at me eagerly, fully convinced at last that the well contained a treasure, and exclaimed, "Missi, what can we do to help you now?"

I was thankful indeed to accept of his assistance, and said, "You have seen it fall in once already. In order to preserve it we must build it round and round with great blocks of coral from the bottom to the very top."

With all their heart and will they started on the job, till the wall rose like magic. Women, boys and all wished to have a hand in building it, and it remains to this day one of the greatest material blessings the Lord has given to Aniwa. Very strangely, though the Natives themselves have since tried to sink six or seven wells in the most likely places near their villages, they have either come to coral rock which they could not pierce, or found only water that was salt. And they say among themselves, "Missi, not only used pick and spade, but he prayed and cried to his God.

We have learned to dig, but not how to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us rain from below!"

When the well was finished, the old Chief said, "Missi, I think I could help you next Sabbath. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?"

"Yes," I replied, "If you will bring all the people to hear you."

Sabbath came around. Aniwa assembled in what was, for that island, a great crowd. I conducted short opening devotions, and then called upon the old Chief. He rose at once, with eye flashing wildly, and his limbs twitching with emotion. He spoke with powerful effect, swinging his tomahawk to enforce every eloquent gesticulation.

This address and the Sinking of the Well, broke the back of Heathenism on Aniwa. That very afternoon the old Chief and several of his people brought their idols and cast them down at my feet. Oh, the intense excitement of the weeks that followed! Company after company came loaded with their gods of wood and stone. What could be burned we cast into the flames; others we buried in pits twelve or fifteen feet deep; and some few, more likely to feed or awaken superstition, we sank far out into the deep sea.

Heathen worship was gradually extinguished and though no one was compelled to come to church, every person on Aniwa, without exception, became an avowed worshipper of Jehovah God. Again, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

## VII

### THE PENTECOST ON THE CONGO

From "The New Acts of the Apostles" by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. Reprinted by the kind permission of The Baker and Taylor Company, publishers.

FEW tales of missionary experience surpass for thrilling interest that of the work at Banza Manteke. In 1879, Rev. Henry Richards went from England as missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission, and, at Banza Manteke, one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Congo, established a mission station, afterwards transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Union.

The people there believed in a great Creator, who made all things, but they did not worship him because they did not think him a good God, worthy of praise and adoration. He did not concern himself about them; he was too far away. They had little images cut out of wood—some like themselves, only with birds' heads, beaks and claws; others like animals. They trusted in these idols to save them from sickness, death and disaster, but expected no direct

blessings from them. They also believed in witchcraft, to which they attributed all evils and misfortunes, and which they counteracted by charms. If any one was sick, they sent for the witch-doctors, who with many incantations, drove out the demon, or pointed out some person as the witch.

Mr. Richards sought to show them that sickness, death and other calamities, are not due to witchcraft, but to sin. He gave them the Bible account of creation, the fall, etc., and tried to show that God is not only a great, all powerful Creator, but a kind and loving Father. For four years he pursued this course, thinking it necessary to give them some idea of the Old Testament before beginning with the New. But at the end of this time they were just as rank heathen as when he first went among them. There was no evidence of any change. They did not even feel themselves to be sinners.

Then Mr. Richards went home for a season of rest, and while there, spoke to one who had had much experience in mission work, seeking a clew to his maze of difficulty. He was advised to go back and *preach the law*—for that convinces of sin. On reaching Banza Manteke again, the first

thing he did was to translate the *Ten Commandments* and expound them to the people. They said the commandments were very good, and claimed that they had kept them; but the plainest and most personal applications of the decalogue made no apparent impression.

Two years more passed, and the people were no better. Mr. Richards began to be hopeless of doing them any good. He had gained their respect, and they were kind to him, but that was all. At last in his discouragement, he began to study the Scriptures anew for himself, feeling that there must be some mistake in his preaching, or lack in his living. In the Apostolic days, souls were converted, why not now? Surely the Gospel had not lost its power. If in the days of the Acts of the Apostles, heathen turned from idols to serve the living God, why should not these heathen in Banza Manteke?

He studied the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, and began to see that the commission is not, "Go ye into all the world and preach *the Law*," but "*preach the Gospel*." That was the turning point in the work of this lonely and disheartened missionary! He determined simply to preach the Gospel. Again he noticed that the dis-

ciples were bidden to wait until they were endued *with power from on high*. He returned to his work, determined not only to preach the Gospel, but cry to God for the promised enduement.

It was needful to decide just what "Preaching the Gospel" means. If he preached Jesus crucified, the people would want to know who Jesus was. He decided to take Luke's Gospel as the most complete and suitable for Gentiles. He began translating ten or twelve verses a day, and then read and expounded them, asking God to bless His own word. At once his dark hearers proved more interested than when he preached the law, and he was more and more encouraged.

When he came to the sixth chapter of Luke, thirtieth verse, a new difficulty arose—"Give to every man that asketh of thee." But these people were notorious beggars; they would ask for anything that pleased their eye—his blanket, his knife, his plate—and when he would say he could not give these things to them they would reply, "You can get more."

Henry Richards was greatly perplexed as to *what to do with that verse*. He let his helper in translation go, and went to his room to pray over the matter. The time

for daily service was drawing near. What should he do? *Why not pass over that verse?* But conscience replied that this would not be honest dealing with God's word. The preaching hour came; instead of advancing, he went back to the beginning of the Gospel, reviewing the earlier part, to gain time for fuller consideration of that perplexing text. Still, on further study, he could not find that it *meant anything but just what it said.* The commentators said, Jesus was giving general principles, and we must use common sense in interpreting His words. But this did not satisfy him. If he interpreted one text this way, why not all others? "Common sense" seemed a very unsafe commentator.

A fortnight of prayer and consideration drove him to the wall: *The Lord meant just what He said.* And so he read to the people that verse, "Give to every man that asketh of thee," and told them this was a very high standard, but he meant *to live what he preached.* After the address the natives began to ask him for this and that, and he gave them whatever they asked for, wondering whereunto this thing would grow; but he told the Lord he could see no other meaning in His words. The people were evidently deeply impressed by his

course. One day he overheard one say: "I got this from the white man." Then another said that he was going to ask him for such a thing. But a third said, "No, buy it if you want it." Another said, "This must be God's man, we never saw any other man do so. Don't you think if he is God's man we ought to stop robbing him?" Grace was working in their hearts. After that they rarely asked him for anything, and even brought back what they had taken!

The missionary went on translating and expounding Luke's Gospel, and the interest continually grew. The climax was reached as he came to the account of the crucifixion of Christ. A large congregation confronted him that day. He reminded the people of the kindness and goodness of Jesus, and of His works of mercy; and, pointing to Him as nailed upon the cross between thieves, he said: "Jesus never would have died if we had not been sinners; it was because of your sins and mine that he died." The impression was very deep. The Holy Ghost seemed to have fallen upon the people!

He continued preaching the Gospel and seeking Holy Ghost power. One day as they were returning from a service, Lutale, who helped him in translation, began to sing one of the Congo hymns. His face

shone with joy, and he said: "I do believe these words; I do believe Jesus has taken away my sins; I do believe He has saved me." Seven years of toil, weary waiting, and suffering had passed, and now the first convert was found at Banza Manteke!

At once, Lutale began testifying what the Lord had done for him. But the people became his enemies and tried to poison him; so he left his town and lived with Mr. Richards for safety. For a time there were no more converts, but the people were stirred. By and by the King's son became a Christian. Shortly after, another man came with his idols, and placing them on a table said, with savage determination, "I want to become a Christian," and he soon began to preach.

The work went until ten were converted, but all had to leave their homes as they were threatened with death. The missionary now shut up his house, and taking these men with him, went from town to town preaching the Gospel. The whole community was greatly moved; one after another came over to Christ's side. The work continued and was blest until *all the people immediately around Banza Manteke had abandoned their heathenism!* More than a thousand names were enrolled in a

book of those who gave evidence of real conversion.

After years had passed, Mr. Richards found the converts holding on their way. Those who had been thieves and liars, now became honest, truthful, industrious and cleanly. Witchcraft, poison-giving, and all such heathen practices had been put away. They brought their idols, and at the first baptism had a bonfire of images destroying every vestige of idolatry!

## VIII

### THE POWER OF PRAYER: HOW LI HUNG CHANG BECAME AN AD- VOCATE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS

From "John Kenneth Mackenzie, Medical Missionary to China", by Mrs. Bryson, London Mission, Tien-tsin.

WHEN Dr. Mackenzie reached Tien-tsin in 1879 the prospect, from a Medical Mission point of view, looked by no means bright.

In the year 1860 the surgeons attached to the British forces quartered in that city had conducted an hospital for native practice, which was the means of extensive usefulness. On the departure of the troops, however, the institution which they had originated was closed, and though several attempts were made to supply its place, nothing was effected until the year 1869.

At that time Mr. Lees, senior member of the mission was enabled, by the kind contributions of the Tien-tsin foreign community, to rent a house in one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, and engage Mr. Pai,

a Christian Chinese dispenser from the Peking hospital, to take charge of it.

Much good work had been accomplished, but when Dr. Mackenzie arrived he found the institution destitute of funds for carrying on its benevolent work. In a letter to a friend he describes the state of things.

“Mr. Pai had no money to buy foreign drugs, and was treating his patients pretty much after the native fashion. The annual collection taken in January among the foreign residents in aid of the dispensary, failed to pay off the outstanding debt up to the end of 1878, leaving the expenses of 1879 totally unprovided for. Such was the state of things when I arrived—no money and no foreign drugs. At our committee meeting held in Peking at the end of April, a resolution was passed asking the directors to grant me money for drugs; but this could not reach me for at least five months. What was I to do in the interval? We prayed much about it—not ourselves alone, but Mr. Lees and the other brethren. It was a time of great spiritual blessing to me personally; I was brought to feel there was no help in man, but that God would open a way.

“In thinking over many plans it was suggested that we should draw up a petition

to the Viceroy; setting forth the advantages of establishing an hospital for the benefit of the Chinese, telling him what had been done elsewhere in medical missionary enterprise, and soliciting his aid.

"We hoped that by clearly showing him the terribly neglected state of the city, with its numerous accidents, and prevalent sickness, we might move him, or rather God might move him, and incline his heart to help us with funds."

A memorial was drawn up in Chinese, and through the courtesy of a consular friend, was presented directly to His Excellency Li Hung Chang, the well-known ruler of the metropolitan province. It was sent in to this great statesman about the middle of May, but was set aside with the comment that the object was a good one and he would consider it.

The next two months was a time of great anxiety. Dr. Mackenzie says: "June passed away and July came to a close, and yet not a word of reply came from the Viceroy, until we began to think that truly the matter had been shelved, and we were to hear nothing more about it. We were more than ever thrown back upon God. I had meanwhile commenced to dispense a few foreign drugs, obtained at our own cost

at Shanghai, but very few patients came. I never had more than twenty in a day. Why I hardly know except the general belief that the Tien-tsin people are so anti-foreign."

At last the weary time of waiting came to an end. By another reference to what Tennyson calls "Those fallen leaves that keep their green, the noble letters of the dead," we find the Doctor gratefully relating how God, in His loving kindness, answered in a wonderful and totally unexpected fashion, His servants' continued prayers.

"It was August 1st, the day of our weekly prayer-meeting, when the missionaries and native helpers meet for prayer and consultation. Our subject that morning was, 'Ask, and it SHALL be given you.' Again we pleaded for an answer to the memorial, and that God would remember our Medical Mission needs. While we were praying, the Lord was already answering. That very morning, a member of the English Legation, closeted with the Viceroy observed that he was very sad. On asking the reason, the reply was, 'My wife is seriously ill—dying; the doctors have told me this morning that she cannot live.' 'Well,'

said the Englishman, 'why don't you get the help of the foreign doctors in Tientsin? they might be able to do something even yet.' At first the Viceroy objected that it would be quite impossible for a Chinese lady of rank to be attended by a foreigner; but by-and-bye his own good sense, led by God's Spirit, triumphed, and he sent a courier to the foreign settlement for Dr. Irwin and me. It was just as our prayer-meeting was breaking up that the courier arrived with his message. Here was the answer to our prayers!"

The doctors rode up at once to the yamen of the Viceroy. After an interview with His Excellency, who is deeply attached to his wife, and in her serious illness had practically suspended all public business, they were conducted to the inner apartments, and there saw the sick lady. According to Chinese notions this was a very extraordinary proceeding.

"Three years ago," wrote Dr. MacKenzie, "while in Hankow I was called to attend the wife of a merchant, but was not allowed to see her face. A hole was made in a curtain, through which her arm was protruded, that I might examine her pulse and so diagnose the disease. But now, two

foreign doctors had free permission to examine and question our patient, the wife of the leading Viceroy of the Empire!"

They found the lady very ill—in a most critical condition, and at first do not seem to have been hopeful of a successful issue.

When Dr. Mackenzie came down to the settlement for medicines, he found a number of Christian natives, earnestly talking over the wonderful event. "What chance is there of Lady Li's recovery?" was the eager inquiry; but the Doctor could not give a very hopeful reply. "She is very ill; I fear there is not much hope," he said, "But you must just keep on praying."

He returned to his illustrious patient, and remained in the yamen all night, to enable the Viceroy, whose anxiety was somewhat allayed, to get some sleep.

"We were in close attendance, seeing our patient twice a day for six days," writes the Doctor, "When by the mercy of God, the lady was, humanly speaking, out of danger. But it was necessary for her complete restoration to health to adopt a line of treatment which, according to Chinese etiquette, could only be carried out by a lady. We therefore informed the Viceroy that at Peking (two days' journey off) there was an American lady doctor, Miss

Howard, M.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and inquired if there would be any objection to her carrying out this treatment. ‘None whatever!’ was his reply.”

That day a special messenger was dispatched for Miss Howard, the Viceroy sending his own steam launch to convey her from Tung-chow. On her arrival she took up her abode in apartments prepared for her in the Chinese palace, remaining for a month and rendering invaluable assistance in the case.

“When a great potentate in an eastern city takes you by the hand,” writes Dr. Mackenzie, “the land is all before you.” In our daily visits to our noble patient our steps were thronged with eager suppliants, who, hearing that the Viceroy’s wife was undergoing treatment, sought relief from the same source. A story often grows as it spreads, and in this case the cure was being magnified into a miracle of healing.

“To reach the family apartments we had to pass through numerous courts, and here we were beset with patients, the friends of soldiers, door-keepers, secretaries and attendants who had succeeded in gaining an entrance. The poor also besieged us as we entered and left the yamen. It was truly a strange gathering we found daily.

collected around the outer gates—the halt, the blind, and the deaf were all there waiting to be healed; indeed the whole city seemed to be moved. High officials sought introduction to us through the Viceroy himself.

“One day we proposed that the Viceroy should see a surgical operation. Upon his consenting we laid our patient on a table in the centre of a court. He had a tumour, as large as a child’s head, growing on the back of his neck. We administered chloroform and removed the tumour, of course without the man feeling any pain during the process.

“Two other cases were also operated upon. All three did well; wherein we again see that the hand of God helped us. The effect upon the Viceroy and other officials was marked. It was evident to them that the crowds of people were waiting to be healed, and that in Western medicine there were possibilities beyond the reach of the Chinese faculty.

“This led to the Viceroy setting apart the entire quadrangle of the temple to Tseng Kwoh-fan, one of the finest buildings in Tien-tsin, for dispensary work, and if necessary, for the reception of in-patients. Shortly after the work was started in the

temple, His Excellency put up a tablet over the entrance, with his three titles inscribed upon it, and beneath them the words, 'Free Hospital.' At the same time he handed me tls.<sup>1</sup> 200 to purchase drugs for immediate use, and gave me a commission, appointing me, with Dr. Irwin, medical attendant upon his family and yamen. In thus giving me the use of his name and taking upon himself the support of the work, His Excellency knew that I was a Christian missionary, and would make use of every opportunity for the furtherance of the Gospel.

"From the very commencement I have been unable to compass the work, so many have applied for treatment. Every help has been given me; a handsome pony and English saddlery, with ma-fu, have been provided, and a military official comes daily to conduct me to and from the temple, or to the various yamens of the city.

"The opening here for Medical Missions is so remarkable, all classes and both sexes eagerly seeking aid, that with her consent, I urged the transfer of Miss Howard to Tien-tsin, to take up the splendid opening

<sup>1</sup> Probably "taels". A tael is a Chinese ounce of silver, worth about \$1.40.

for work amongst the women there. She has therefore come down to Tien-tsin with her Chinese women, and commenced work, taking the female department at the temple, the entire support of which is borne by Lady Li."

Thus wonderfully did the Heavenly Father answer prayer, giving the needed funds for medical work, and opening the door to the people of Tien-tsin. In due time he gave also a permanent hospital, a large and commodious building, completely furnished with all needful appliances. Well indeed might John Kenneth Mackenzie say, in speaking of his experiences, "I do indeed believe in prayer. I am forced to believe in it, and to say, from practical experience, I am sure that God does hear and answer prayers."

## IX

### HOW BANG-KAH WAS TAKEN

From "From Far Formosa" by George Leslie Mackay, D.D., twenty-three years a missionary in Formosa.

BANG-KAH was the Gibraltar of heathenism in North Formosa. It is the largest and most important city, thoroughly Chinese, and intensely anti-foreign in all its interests and sympathies. In my journal of 1875 I find the following entry:

"The citizens of Bang-kah, old and young, are daily toiling for money, money—*cash, cash*. They are materialistic, superstitious dollar-seekers. At every visit, when passing through their streets, we are maligned, jeered at, and abused. Hundreds of children run ahead, yelling derisive shouts; others follow, pelting us with orange-peel, mud and rotten eggs. For hatred to foreigners, for pride, swaggering ignorance, and conceit, for superstitious, sensual, haughty, double-faced wickedness, Bang-kah takes the palm. But remember, O haughty city, even these eyes will yet see

thee humbled in the dust. Thou art mighty now, proud and full of malice; but thy power shall fall, and thou shalt be brought low. Thy filthy streets are indicative of thy moral rottenness; thy low houses show thy baseness in the face of heaven. Repent, O Bang-kah, thou wicked city, or the trumpet shall blow and thy tears be in vain!"

Three large clans, through their head men, ruled this stronghold of heathenism. All others had to acquiesce in every proposal. Foreign merchants had never succeeded in establishing themselves there. Attempts had been made, but their Chinese agents were dragged out of the city and narrowly escaped death. We had established mission churches north, south, east and west, but the authorities of Bang-kah issued proclamations calling on citizens, on pain of imprisonment or death, not to rent, lease or sell property to the barbarian missionary. In December, 1877, however, the time came for establishing a mission there, and in spite of all their attempts to prevent our entrance, I succeeded in renting a low hovel on the eastern side.

On getting possession, I placed a paper tablet above the door, with this inscription, "Jesus' Holy Temple." Shortly after, several soldiers returning to their encamp-

ment near by, read the inscription and threatened me with violence. Then they reported to the general, who dispatched officers to order me out of the place, stating that the site belonged to the military authorities. I demanded proof of this. It was produced, and it was at once evident I could not maintain my position there. We must respect Chinese law, and act wisely, if we would successfully carry on the Lord's work, so I admitted their claim, but stated that, as I had rented from a citizen, I would not leave that night.

Till long past midnight angry soldiers paraded the streets. At times they were at the point of smashing in the door, and disposing of me with their weapons. Again and again it seemed in that dark, damp place, as if my end were at hand. On leaving the place in the morning, great crowds surrounded me, jostling and sneering; and many viewed me from their low-roofed houses, and flung down filth and missiles. It took me several hours to make my way a short distance to the river's bank. Entering a boat, I went down to the chapel, three miles away, to find my students. We spent the rest of the day there, and in the evening, after preaching in the chapel, we entered the little room and prayed to the God of

heaven to give us an entrance into the city of Bang-kah.

Rising from prayer, we returned immediately to the city. It was dark, but some lights were visible. Not knowing exactly where we were going, we met an old man, and inquired if he knew anyone who would rent a small house for mission work. "Yes," he replied, "I will rent you mine." We accompanied him, and, passing through dark streets, came to a small back door opening into a dirty room with mud-floor. We entered and began to write a rental paper. To be particular I said, "Do you own the site?" "Oh, no," said he, "but I can secure the owner this very night." In half an hour the owner was with us, another paper prepared, and both contracts signed and stamped. By midnight I was in full possession, and that according to Chinese law.

In the morning I put up a tablet over the door with the same inscription as before: "Jesus' Holy Temple." In less than an hour crowds filled the street, and the open space in front of a large temple was thronged with angry citizens. People came and went the whole day long. The second day the whole city was in an uproar, and the hubbub made by their thousand voices fell most

unpleasantly upon our ears. Still I walked the streets among them, now and again extracting teeth;<sup>1</sup> for there were friends seen among so many enemies. On the third day lepers and beggars, hired to molest us, pressed around with their swollen ears and disgusting features. They tried to rub against us, expecting us soon to quit the premises. About four or five o'clock, the excitement grew to a white heat. Hundreds had their queues tied around their necks, and blue cloth about their loins, to signify that they were ready for the fray. One picked up a stone and hurled it against the building. In a moment, with deafening screams, they were on the roof and the house was literally torn to pieces and carried away. Nothing was left. They dug up the stones of the foundation with their hands, and stood spitting upon the site. We moved across the street to an inn. No sooner had we done this than scores were on the roof, and many more climbing the walls. The clash of the tiles could be heard

<sup>1</sup> Dentistry is an important department of medical missionary work in Formosa. Toothache, resulting from severe malaria, and from betelnut chewing, cigar-smoking, and other filthy habits, is the abiding torment of tens of thousands of the people.

as they attempted to force an entrance. The shouts and yells were inhuman. One who has never heard the fiendish yells of a murderous Chinese mob can have no conception of their hideousness. The inn-keeper came to us with the key of the door in his hand and begged us to leave, lest his house be destroyed.

Then there came a lull. The Chinese mandarin, in his large sedan-chair, with his body-guard around him, and with soldiers following, was at the door. Just then, too, Mr. Scott, British consul at Tamsui put in an appearance. We sat down together. The Chinese official told the consul to order the missionary away from the city. The consul quickly retorted. "I have no authority to give such an order; on the other hand you must protect him as a British subject." I love British officials of that calibre. When he left I accompanied him to the outskirts of the city. On my return the mandarin was literally on his knees, beseeching me to leave the city. I showed him my forceps and my Bible, and told him I would not quit the city, but would extract teeth and preach the Gospel.

In two or three days the excitement subsided. In a week I was offered a site outside the city, and the promise of help from

the Chinese authorities to erect a building there. I refused point-blank. As I was lawfully in possession of the site as well as of the building that had been destroyed, I was determined to have our mission chapel in Bang-kah, and on that spot. The officials said I could not build there again because it was within a few feet of the examination hall, although, in fact, the hall was a mile and a half away. Having exhausted their whole stock of excuses and subterfuges, they yielded. I erected a small building on the original site—not one inch one way or another—and opened it with soldiers parading the street to keep the peace. Still the three strong clans continued to be bitterly opposed to us. Every citizen who dared to become a hearer was boycotted. The former owner of the site had to flee for his life. In time a few became friendly. We purchased a larger site and erected a good, commodious place of worship roofed with tiles. During the French invasion in 1884 that building was destroyed by the looters and the materials carried away. But within three months after the cessation of French hostilities, it was replaced by a solid, handsome, substantial structure of stone, with spire seventy feet high, and lightning-rod three feet higher.

In 1879, with six students on foot, and my wife in a sedan-chair, I was on my way to the chapel after dark. It was the tenth day of a heathen feast and the devotees were wrought up to the highest pitch of fury and agitation. There were thousands of them in a procession, leaping and yelling as if under the afflatus of evil spirits. We were recognized. There was a pause, and a torch was thrust into the face of my wife, nearly destroying her eyes. Two students were dragged by their queues, while a third was tumbled on the stone pavement. Wilder and wilder grew the infuriated mob. Louder and louder sounded their gongs and yells. Things looked dangerous, when an old man rushed up and said: "This is Kai Bok-su, the barbarian teacher. Do not interfere with him or his company. Take my advice and go on in your procession." Fortunately there was a narrow lane at right angles to the street. Into this he hurried us out of danger. We went directly to the chapel, and I preached on the words of the psalm, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever."

Many changes have taken place in that once proud city. In 1887 I was there during the time of idolatrous rites. Perhaps

there was never such a gathering of people in Bang-kah before. A native pastor and myself took our position purposely at various places near the temple, on the cross-streets, by the wayside, on the city wall. Once we were right above the gateway through which the procession passed, but we were not molested. The people went along with smiling faces. That evening we sat in front of the temple where years before the mob met to kill us. The Bang-kah head-men who had been so bitter, were in the procession. As they came near us they halted and greeted us kindly. Before dark I extracted five hundred and thirteen teeth and addressed an immense throng. What a change! Who ever dreamed of such a change! But idolatry is far from being dead. Hard battles must yet be fought before heathen hearts will yield to Jesus and follow Him.

But it was on the eve of our departure to Canada in 1893 that Bang-kah gave best evidence of the greatness of the change. In the chapel, on the occasion of our last visit, two marriage ceremonies were performed in the presence of a large assembly. The head-men of the city sent their visiting-cards, with a message to ask if I was willing to sit in a sedan-chair and be carried in

honor through their streets. I begged some time to consider, and decided that, as in times past they had acted toward us as they chose, so now I would allow them to do the same. A procession was formed near the same old temple. Eight bands of music, with cymbals, drums, gongs, pipes, guitars, mandolins, tambourines, and clarionets, took the lead. Men and boys, with flags, streamers and banners, followed; scores with squibs and fire-crackers set off after the manner of Chinese celebrations. Five headmen came next in order; and then three large "umbrellas of honor," with three flounces each, presented by the people, with their names inscribed, were carried in front of me, as I sat in a handsome silk-lined sedan chair. Following the chair were six men on horseback, twenty-six sedan chairs, three hundred footmen in regular order, and various other parties behind. Thus we passed through the streets of Bang-kah, receiving on all hands tokens of honor and respect.

On arriving at Bang-kah "jetty", where the steam-launch was waiting, our Christians stood and sang, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." Heathen and Christian alike cheered us as we went aboard. Two bands of music accompanied us all the way to Tamsui, and from the launch right up to

our dwelling-house. In front of the door was the climax of the demonstration. And all this was from the head-men and citizens of Bang-kah, the erstwhile Gibraltar of heathenism. Thus was Bang-kah taken. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy holy name, be the glory!

## X

### DOES GOD HEAR PRAYER? A THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN A TIGER JUNGLE

From "In the Tiger Jungle", by Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, forty years a missionary of the Reformed Church in America at Madanapalle, India.

IT was in September, 1863. I was taking a long exploring, preaching and Bible-distributing tour up through the native Kingdom of Hyderabad and on into Central India where no missionary had ever before worked. It was a journey of twelve hundred miles on horseback and was regarded as exceedingly dangerous. Indeed before starting I had received many messages and letters begging me not to throw away my life and end disastrously a missionary career so near its beginning.

I had measured the obstacles, and counted the cost, and considering none of them sufficient to cancel the command, "Go ye into all the world," I had covenanted for the journey with the "I am with you al-

ways," and started on my way. I was accompanied by four native assistants, and we took with us two cart-loads of Scriptures and tracts.

Of the dangers promised we had experienced some, but the "I am with you always" had all the way forefended us from harm. We had now, however, come to the greatest strait in our journey. We were to find a government steamer when we struck the Pranhita River, an affluent of the great Godávery, but the heavy torrents of the monsoon had come on unexpectedly early and were unprecedentedly severe. The Godávery became three miles wide and village after village on its shores was swept away.

We watched on the banks for a week. A messenger then succeeded in getting through to tell us that the steamer had broken its machinery and could not come to us. We must, therefore, march through seventy-five miles of fever jungle to reach another steamer, which was to meet us at the foot of the second cataract.

I need not stop to recount the exciting episode of our desertion by a whole party of coolies whom the government commissioner of the central provinces had kindly furnished to convey our tents, baggage, medicine-chests and books down to the

steamer, nor of our desperate attempts, finally successful, to cross the Godávery's three miles' flood in order to reach a large town of the Nizam's dominions, the headquarters of a high native official from whom I hoped to obtain help.

When I appeared at the door of this magnate and politely presented my appeal to him for coolies to take my party down the river, he as politely told me it was an utter impossibility. At this season of the year the fever was so deadly in the jungle, and the man-eating tigers so ravenous, that no coolies could be induced to go through.

I told him I must have the coolies. I took from my pocket and slowly unrolled a long parchment document, a *hookam*, or firman, from the Nizam, which the British minister at that court had kindly pressed upon me, saying he would sleep better if he knew I had it in my possession. I had not thus far opened it, but the need had now come. In it the Nizam, at the request of the British minister, authorized my journey and ordered his officials to render any assistance I should call for, at the shortest notice and under the highest penalties for non-performance.

When the deputy governor saw the great royal seal his whole appearance changed,

and shouting in imperious tones, he ordered his attendants to run with all speed to the surrounding villages and bring in the forty-four stalwart men I had called for. In an incredibly short time they appeared, and at once went down to the river and brought up all our goods. Asking what the highest pay was, I placed that sum in the hands of each man with the magistrate as witness; and when each of the forty-four had grasped it in his palm I told them that now they were sealed to accompany me through, and that any one who attempted to desert would bring the consequences on his own head. The magistrate also told them that they would be publicly whipped and put in prison if they appeared back at their homes without taking me through. To make still more sure, I separated them into four squads of eleven men each, placing one of the native preachers in charge of each party.

We struck into the jungle. We had to go single file. Foot-paths there had been, but these were now grown over. The pouring rain would drench us for half an hour, and then the sun, blazing forth between the clouds, would broil us. The country was flooded and reeking, the bushes loaded and dripping, but get through we must, or the steamer might not wait for us.

In spite of all my precautions I felt suspicious that an effort would be made to desert us, and was on the constant watch.

About 4 P. M., I fancied I saw an uneasiness among the coolies, and rode back and forth constantly along the line. Three bands passed me, and the fourth was filing by. There was a sharp bend in the path; the last two coolies had not appeared. Quick as thought, I dashed across the hypotenuse of the triangle, and jumped my little pony into the path again just as the two coolies had put down their burden and were springing into the jungle.

"What are you doing?" said I, with the muzzle of my pistol at one man's ear. Trembling with fear they seized their burdens and ran on, overtaking the others. They reported what had taken place, and word was passed along the line to look out how they attempted to desert, for they, too, had tried it when the white foreigner, the *dhora*, was nowhere near, and as they sprang into the bushes, he dropped down from the clouds between them, with his six-eyed gun in his hand, and it was a wonder their brains were not scattered. From the way they looked at me as I rode by again, I knew that superstition was now my ally.

But now a new difficulty confronted us.

We met two fleet-footed huntsmen who had been down to inspect their traps, and halted to inquire about the region ahead. We knew that some two miles in front was an affluent of the Godávery which we expected to ford, pitching our camp for the night on an open knoll just beyond it. From these hunters we learned that the flood had made this affluent absolutely unfordable.

The guides knew the country well, and seemed dazed by the news. In an hour it would be sunset; dense clouds even now made it seem dark. Already we could hear the occasional fierce, hungry roar of the tigers in the jungle at our right. I said not a word to my assistants, but I spoke to God. As my horse tramped on, my heart went up and claimed the promised presence.

"Master, was it not for Thy sake that we came here? Did we not covenant with Thee for the journey through? Have we not faithfully preached Thy name the whole long way? Have we shirked any danger, have we quailed before any foe? Didst Thou not promise, 'I will be with Thee?' Now we need Thee, we are in the blackest danger for this night. Only Thou canst save us from this jungle, these tigers, this flood. O Master! Master! show me what to do!"

An answer came; not audible, but distinct as though spoken in my ear by human voice: "Turn to the left, to the Godávery, and you will find rescue."

Riding rapidly forward, I overtook the guides. "How far is it to the Godávery?"

"A good mile."

"Is there no village on its banks?"

"No, none within many miles, and the banks are all overflowed."

I drew apart and prayed again as we still plodded on. Again came the answer, "Turn to the left, to the Godávery, and you will find rescue." Again I questioned the guides: "Is there no rising ground by the river where we can pitch our tents for the night?"

"None whatever."

"Is there no dry timber of which we could make a raft?"

"If there were it would all be washed away by this flood."

"Is there no boat of any sort on the river?"

"None nearer than the cataract."

"How long would it take us to reach the Godávery by the nearest path?"

"Half an hour, but it would be so much time lost, for we would have to come back here again."

"What shall we do for to-night?"

"God knows," and they looked the despair they felt.

I drew aside again and prayed as I rode on. "Turn to the left, to the Godávery, and you will find rescue," came the response the third time. It was not audible; none of those near by heard it. I cannot explain it, but to me it was as distinct as though spoken by a voice in my ear; it thrilled me. "God's answer to my prayer," I said. "I cannot doubt. I must act, and that instantly."

Going to the head of the column I cried, "Halt!" in a voice to be heard by all. "Turn sharp to the left. Guides, show us the shortest way to the Godávery. Quick!"

They remonstrated that we should be in a worse plight there than here, for the river might rise higher and wash us away in the darkness of the night.

"Obey!" I said. "March sharp or night will come. I am master here. Show the way to the river." They glanced at the fourteen-inch revolver I had ready for any beast that might spring upon us, and started on.

My four native preachers looked up inquiringly into my awed face. "There is rescue at the river," was all I could say.

"The *dhora* has heard of help at the river," I overheard the coolies say one to another. I had heard of help, but what it was I knew not. My anxiety was gone; there was an intense state of expectancy in its place.

Half a mile from the river, I spurred forward past the guides, and cantered out from the bushes to the bank, keenly observant. There, right under my feet, was a large flat boat tied to a tree at the shore! Two men were upon it trying to keep it afloat in the rising and falling current.

"How did this boat get here?" said I.

"Oh, sir, please don't be angry with us," said the boatmen, taking me to be an officer of the British India government to whom the boat belonged. "We tried our best to keep it from coming here, but, sir, it seemed as though it was possessed. This morning a huge wave came rushing down the river, and snapped the cables, and swept the boat into the current. We did our utmost to get it back to the bank, but it would go farther and farther out into the current. The more we pulled for the British bank, the more it would work out toward the Nizam's. We have fought all day to keep it from coming here, but it seemed as though a supernatural power were shoving the boat,

and an hour ago we gave up, and let it float in here, and tied it up for safety to this tree. Don't have us punished for letting it come here; we could not help it."

"All right, my men," said I. "I take command of this boat; I have authority to use government property on this journey. I will reward you well and give you a letter that will clear you of all blame."

The boat, a large flatboat with strong railings along both sides, had been built by the British military authorities in the troublous time following the mutiny in these regions, and the men were paid monthly wages to keep it at its station in case of sudden need.

Who had ordered the tidal wave in the morning of that day, and had torn the boat from its moorings, and driven it so many miles down the river, that had thwarted every endeavour of the frightened boatmen to force it to the north shore, and had brought it to the little cove-like recess just where we would strike the river? Who but Him on whose orders we had come; He who had said, "I will be with you;" He who knew beforehand the dire straits in which we would be in that very place, on that very day, that very hour; He who had told us so distinctly, "Turn to the left, to

the Godávery, and you will find rescue?" I bowed my head, and in amazed reverence I thanked my God for this signal answer to our pleading prayer.

The guides now came into sight, and looked dazed as they saw me arranging to put our whole party on the boat. I heard some say to the others, "How did the *dhora* know of this boat? None of us knew of it or could have found it."

To my native preachers I simply said, "God heard our prayers, and this is the answer;" for I knew that they had been praying on foot while I was praying on horseback. "Yes," they said reverently; "He has heard our prayers and delivered us. We will never doubt Him again."

We pitched our tent upon the boat, and it exactly covered it, making a secure abode for the night, and within it the whole party was able to gather with all the baggage. I sat watching at the shore end of the boat, pistol in hand, through the night, lest, in spite of a bright camp-fire we had built, a tiger should try to spring on. They had scented us and were eager for the prey. We could hear their roaring, and once I fancied I saw the glaring eyes of a royal tiger peering at us between the two nearest bushes. But "He shall give His angels

charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," kept running through my mind after we had, as we settled down for the night, read the Ninety-first Psalm in the beautiful Telugu language, and offered up prayers of thanksgiving and praise to the Most High, under the shadow of whose wings we were abiding. Nothing could equal the vivid consciousness we had during all that long day and night, of the presence of the Master; nothing can surpass the vividness of the certitude that God did intervene and save us.

Some who have not tested it may sneer and doubt; *but we five know that God hears prayer.*

## XI

### AN ENCOUNTER WITH A TEN-FOOT SERPENT

From "In the Tiger Jungle", by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.

WHILE on a preaching tour in the native Kingdom of Hyderabad, in India, an incident occurred which at first threatened to be damaging, but which proved helpful.

We were in a great teak-wood forest, with trees towering one hundred and fifty feet above the woodman's path, up which we were wending our way to the great Godávery River. We had that morning taken a long march, preaching and disposing of Gospels and tracts in every village and hamlet we passed. At ten o'clock learning from our guide that about a mile ahead was a large village or town, I rode on in advance to find a place in which to pitch our tent.

As I came near, I saw the elders of the city coming out of the city gates—for it was an old walled town—to meet me. Passing the salutations of the day, I asked them where there was a shady place where I could pitch my tent for the day and night.

" You need not pitch your tent," they replied; " here is a new thatched building just erected for our cattle. That will be fully as comfortable as your tent and save the trouble of pitching; please accept the use of that."

Close by us, just outside the gates of the town, was this new building, with roof and walls made of palm-leaves, and with an open doorway, but no door. The floor was the virgin sod, still green, for it had not been used.

I accepted their hospitality, and as soon as my cart came up I took out my campcot, and put it in the middle of the hut, and threw myself down to rest while my servant was preparing my breakfast. My native assistants had not yet come up, as they had found another little hamlet after I left them, and had stopped to preach in that.

I was lying on my back on my cot, reading my Greek Testament, which had been my daily companion from a boy. I was holding it up over me, reading a little, and shutting my eyes and thinking a little. This continued for near half an hour. At length the passage I was reading was finished, and I let the arm that was holding the book fall.

Then, and not until then, did I become

aware that a huge serpent was coiled around one of the bamboo rafters, with some four feet of his body hanging down directly over my head, with his eyes flashing and his tongue darting out, just above where my book had been, and had concealed him. He had evidently been asleep in the roof; the putting in of my cot had awakened him. While I was reading he had let down one-third of his body, or more, and was looking to see what this leprous-looking white man was about, for he had probably never seen a white man before.

His darting tongue was almost within an arm's-length of my face when I caught sight of him. I remembered that during my course at the medical college, in the skylight dissecting-room of the old College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, I once looked attentively over the muscles of the human frame, and wondered whether a person lying down could jump horizontally without first erecting himself. I found it could be done with proper incentives, for off that cot I came at one bound to my feet without first raising my head, for that serpent was too near it.

Running to the door, I seized an iron spit some five or six feet long, with a sharp point, used for roasting purposes in the jun-

gle, and which was in the cart. Using that as a spear, I was successful at the first thrust in piercing the body of the serpent where it was coiled around the rafter.

But then I found myself in another difficulty. I caught hold of the spear to keep it from falling out and releasing the serpent, but the serpent would draw back, and with a tremendous hiss strike at my hand that held the spear, and came conspicuously near hitting it with his tremendous extended fangs. If I should let go, the spit would fall out and the serpent get away, and he and I could not sleep in that hut together that night, especially after he had been wounded by me. If I held on, his body might slide down the spit until he could reach my hand, which might be fatal to me instead of to him.

However, in answer to my lusty calls, my servant soon appeared with a bamboo club. Holding the spit with my left hand and taking the club in my right, I administered to the serpent a headache, from which he died. As I took him down and held him up by the middle, on the spit, to the level of my shoulder both head and tail touched the floor, showing that he was about ten feet long.

Just as I was holding him in this position

one of the village watchmen passed the door of the hut, and saw what I had done. It occurred to me at once that now I should find myself in a "bad box," for the people revere serpents as demigods. They dare not kill them or harm them, and will always beg for the life of a serpent if they see anyone else killing one. They think that if you harm a deadly serpent, it or its kin will wage war on you and your kin and descendants until your kin are exterminated. I, a missionary, had come there to preach; how would they hear me when I had killed one of their gods?

Knowing that the news had gone into the town to the elders, I began to prepare my line of defense, for I thought that they would soon come to call me to account. I remembered a verse in one of their Telugu poets commanding the killing of venomous reptiles, and having a copy of that poet with me, I opened my book-box, and took it out, but had not found the verse when I saw the chief men coming out toward the hut.

To my astonishment, they had native brass trays in their hands, with sweetmeats, cocoanuts, limes, and burning incense-sticks on them; and as they came to the door of the hut they prostrated themselves

before me, and then presented these offerings; for they said I had rid them of their most dangerous enemy, that that serpent had been the bane of the village for several years. It had bitten and killed some of their kine, and, I think, also a child. They had made every effort to drive it away from the village by burning straw closer and closer to it to make it go farther and farther away, but it would always return. They had tried to coax it away by putting little cups, each holding half a teaspoonful of milk, every two yards or so out into the jungle; but as soon as it had drunk all the milk it wanted, it would turn round and crawl back into the village and into some house, and then the people of that house would have to vacate until it chose to leave. It had become the terror of the village.

But now I, a stranger and a foreigner, had killed it without their knowledge or consent. That was their safety; for had they seen me doing it they would have begged for its life, lest they be taken as accomplices. Now it was dead, and they were guiltless. It could harm them and theirs no more. Would I please accept these sweets? They had sent to the flock in the fields to have a fat sheep brought me

as an offering. Would I please accept the sheep? Now whatever I had to say they would listen to me gladly, for was I not their deliverer? The sheep was brought; myself, associates, and attendants made a sumptuous dinner from it. The serpent was not a cobra,—cobras never grow so large,—but it was said to be equally venomous.

When the heat of the day was over, we all went into the town to preach. At the gate was the village crier with his tom-tom, or small drum; and as soon as we appeared he went through all the streets beating the tom-tom and crying, "Come, all ye people; come and hear what the serpent-destroyer has to say to us." A royal audience we had, while we spoke to them of the "old serpent" and his deeds, and Christ, Who bruised the serpent's head. The killing of the serpent, instead of proving a bar, had opened a door of access to the gospel.

## XII

### THE SPOTTED TIGER FOILED

From "The Cobra's Den", by Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.

My camp was pitched in a valley between mountains towering up 4,000 feet above the sea, and 1,700 feet above my tent. I had been visiting, instructing and encouraging the little Christian congregation there, and preaching in all the surrounding towns and villages for several days. It was necessary to move camp that day to another cluster of Christian villages on the other side of the mountain, many miles around by a tortuous route through the valleys. I had much writing to do, and did not wish to spare the time for a circuitous journey, so despatched my tent and camp equipage in the early morning, to be pitched in the new place, and sent word to the people in that cluster of villages that I would hold a meeting in the central village that evening at dusk. My pony was to meet me at the east foot of the mountain to take me three miles to my new camp.

Spending a good part of the day in the little village schoolhouse, quietly writing letters, I walked up the mountain side in the afternoon by a footpath that I knew. Half way up I stopped to rest under a banyan-tree, or jungle-fig tree, where, a year before, a native farmer, running down the path, had come upon an old she-bear and her cub, under this tree, eating the wild figs. The old bear, thinking he was rushing for her cub, sprang upon him, hugged him, and badly mangled his right arm until her cub had vanished in the bushes, when she left him and followed her cub. The man was brought into my hospital, and for many weeks it was a question whether he would ever regain the use of his right arm. He finally did, however, and when the English judge of the district organized a hunt for the bear, in which I joined, he was there to show us where the tussle had taken place, and help us find his old enemy.

There are many wild beasts inhabiting these mountain jungles; wild boar, deer, Indian elk, hyenas, jackals, wolves, an occasional striped tiger, and more spotted tigers.

The spotted tigers have spots like a leopard, but are not leopards, for they have claws like a tiger and cannot climb trees as a leopard can. In size they are between

a royal tiger and a leopard. In disposition and habits they are tigers and they have a tiger's strength. A friend of mine, from an opposite hill, saw one of them spring upon a small horse, kill it, suck its blood, and then drag it to its lair in the mountain recess. The spotted tigers do much more damage in our region than the striped, as they are much more numerous. If one gets a taste of human blood nothing else will satisfy it.

The government pays a reward for the killing of all ravenous beasts, and especially for those that are known to have killed human beings. The skins are delivered to the government official who pays the reward, and were at that time periodically sold at auction. At such a sale, which I attended and made some purchases, the skin of a spotted tiger was sold which was certified to have killed and eaten nine men, women and children. Another had killed seven; another five; another four, and another two.

We usually carry arms through these mountain jungles, but that day I had none. I had made the ascent of 1,700 feet and, walking along the west slope of the summit for a quarter of a mile, I had crossed over to the east side of the rocky crest.

It was not one hour before sundown, of

a cloudy, drizzly afternoon. I had my double umbrella, black inside and white outside, for fending off both sun and rain, but had closed it over my hand, without clasping it, to go through a narrow opening in the bushes. I had crossed a little open grass-plot of a few rods, and was just entering a narrow footpath through the mountain jungle, that would take me down to the east foot of the mountain, where I was to meet my pony.

Suddenly a spotted tiger sprang into the path, between the bushes, and disputed passage. I saw at once what he wanted; only great hunger impels these tigers to come out during the day; he had no breakfast, and wanted missionary meat for supper. I did not wish him to have it; I had an appointment for that evening with the people of three villages, and wished to keep it. He stood in the only path through that dense mountain jungle, glaring at me. I eyed him equally intently, and gaining his eye, held it while I formed my plan.

It is always best if a scrimmage is to take place to be the attacking party. My grandmother used to teach me that everything would come in use within seven years, if you only kept it. When I was a boy I had gone out among an Indian tribe in

Michigan, and learned their war-whoop. I had kept it for thrice seven years, but it had proved trebly serviceable then. When my plan of attack was formed, springing forward toward the tiger I raised this war-whoop, and at the same time suddenly raised my double umbrella.

What it was that could so suddenly change a perpendicular dark figure into a circular white object, and at the same time emit such an unearthly yell, the tiger did not know. He stood his ground, however, until I dashed forward and, suddenly shutting my umbrella, raised it to strike him over the head. It seemed instantly to occur to him that I was the more dangerous animal of the two, and that one of us had better run; as I did not, he did. Springing aside, over a bush, into the open ground, he made for the crest of the hill which I had just passed. The crest consisted of granite slabs and masses, thrown up perpendicularly by some convulsion of nature. From a crevice of these there had grown a banyan-tree whose branches spread out over their tops. Between the leaves and the rocks, in one place, I could see the sky through, in a circle as large as a bicycle wheel.

For this the tiger made. His spring was

the neatest specimen of animal motion I had ever seen. His fore-paws were stretched straight out and he had his nose between them. His hind feet were stretched equally straight, and between them his tail. Straight as an arrow he went through that opening. I knew that about twenty feet down on the other side he would strike on grassy ground, and that that slope led down to a little stream, which my path again crossed less than a quarter of a mile below. Wishing to make the subjugation complete, I scrambled up to this open place and, looking through the leaves at the side of the opening, I saw the tiger trotting down the slope, but looking around every now and then, evidently wondering whether he had done a wise thing in running away.

Putting my head with its big, white sun hat into the opening I once more raised the war-whoop. Down he dashed again with impetuosity. Withdrawing my head until he slackened his pace, I repeated the operation and on he dashed, and so continued, until I had seen him cross the stream, and go up into the woods on the opposite side of the valley. Then, feeling sure that I would see no more of him that day, I turned and wended my way down three miles to the

foot of the hill, mounted my pony and kept my appointment.

I am thankful to say that such incidents are not common in our preaching tours. I have never known of a missionary being seriously injured by ravenous beasts or venomous reptiles. But such an incident forcibly reminds us of the protection promised in the last few verses of the gospels of Matthew and Mark in connection with the giving of the Great Commission, and that promise is wonderfully fulfilled.

## XIII

### THE ANGRY MOB AND THE STORY OF THE CROSS

From "The Cobra's Den", by Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D

"SWING shut the city gates; run and tell the sentinels to stand guard and let no one pass in or out till we have made way with these preachers of other Gods. No news shall ever go out of the city as to what has become of them."

It was in a walled city of the Kingdom of Hyderabad, and we were on a gospel preaching tour, the first ever made in the dominions of the Nizam, in August, 1863. We had been traveling since early morning, preaching in all the towns and villages on the way, and arrived before the gates of the city during the heat of the day, and camped outside of its walls. We had heard of it as the wickedest city of the realm.

About 3 P. M., my four native assistants went into the city to offer Scriptures and tracts for sale. After half or three-quarters of an hour I went through the iron gates, the largest and strongest city gates I

had up to that time seen. The city, with its high granite walls, lay four square, with a gate in the middle of each side, and the main streets running from gate to gate, crossing each other at right angles at the market-place.

Just after entering I met my native assistants returning, with a hooting rabble following them. They told me that it was not safe to do any work within the city. They had sold a few gospels and tracts to both Mohammedans and Hindus. The Mohammedan zealots and Brahman priests had been diligently examining the gospels and saw that their systems must go if these Scriptures were believed, and they were joining in an effort to stop the people buying and drive the catechists out of the city. Herod and Pilate became friends for this purpose.

Some of the gospels were bound in yellowish buff bookbinder's muslin. The Mohammedans sent messengers running through the streets saying that they were bound in hog skin, and warning the faithful not to touch them. The Brahmans sent messengers to tell the Hindus that they were bound in calf skin, the skin of the sacred cow, and telling them not to be polluted by them.

"Have you proclaimed the gospel message to the people?" I asked the catechists.

"No, sir; we have only sold a few books and tracts."

"Then we must do so now. Did we not make a solemn vow that we would not pass a single town or village without proclaiming the Master's message, and have we not His covenant, 'Lo, I am with you?' I at least must go to the market-place and preach. You need not accompany me unless you think best."

"We did make that vow. We will go with you," they said.

We walked with slow and firm step up the street to the market. The crowd followed, increasing by the way. Seeing a foreigner with the catechists boldly walking up the street, the Brahman and Mohammedian zealots joined the throng.

We reached the centre of the town where the streets crossed, and where was the market-place, with a roof supported upon large masonry pillars. Stepping up the steps I said to the catechists: "Place your backs against these pillars, so that no one can attack you from behind, and keep a sharp watch on all, but show no sign of fear. The Master is with us; His promise is good."

As we stood there we could see three of the city gates standing open with the armed gate-keepers sitting under the arch of the gateways. Turning to the people I spoke politely to them in Telugu, which was understood by all.

“Leave this place at once,” was the angry response.

I complimented them on the polite reception they gave to visitors, telling them I had visited more than a thousand towns in the Telugu country, but it had been reserved for them to show the most polite reception that I had thus far received. A few smiled, but the rest only scowled the more.

“Friends,” said I, “I have come from far to tell you some good news. I will tell it to you and then we will go.”

“No,” said some, who were evidently leaders, “we will not hear you. You have come to proclaim another God. You do so at your peril. You see this angry mob. One word from us and you are dead. Leave the city instantly and we will see you safely out of the gates. Dare to say a word against our gods and we will loose this mob upon you.”

We had seen the angry mob tearing up

the cobble paving-stones and gathering them in the skirts of their garments to stone us with.

"We have no desire to abuse your gods," I said, "but have come to deliver a message. We will not go until we have proclaimed it."

Then came the order, "Swing shut the gates."

I saw one nudge another, saying, "You throw the first stone and I will throw the second." But all who had stones to throw were within my vision. They quailed a little under my keen glance, and hesitated. I seemed to feel the presence of the Master as though He were standing by my side with His hand on my shoulder, saying, "I am with you. I will tell you what to say." I was not conscious of any anxiety about my personal safety. My whole soul was wrapped up in the thought, "How shall I get my Master's offer of salvation before these people?"

"Brothers," said I, "it is not to revile your gods that I have come this long way; far from it. I have come with a royal message from a King far higher than your Nizam; I have come to tell a story sweeter than mortal ear has ever heard. But it is evident this multitude does not wish to

hear it." They thought I was weakening and quieted down to see what would happen.

"But," I said "I see five men before me who do wish to hear my story. Will you all please step back a little? I will tell these five why I came here, and then you may stone me." I had been carefully scanning the crowd and had seen five honest countenances, men who had shown no sympathy with the abuse that had been heaped upon us.

"Brother with the red-bordered turban," said I, addressing a venerable Brahman who stood at the right; "you would like to hear my wonderful story before they stone me, would you not? Be frank, for there are four others who wish to hear."

"Yes, sir; I would like to hear what your story is," said he, speaking up courageously and kindly.

"Brother with the gold-bordered turban at my left, you, too, would like to hear, and you with the yellow turban, and you with the brown-bordered, and you with the pink."

I had rightly judged these men, for each assented. They were curious to know what I had to say.

"Now, will you five men please come

forward, and I will tell you alone. All you others step back; step back; when I have told these five the story you may come forward and throw your stones."

The five stepped forward; the rest reluctantly stepped back a little. "Brothers," said I, in a subdued tone, "what is it you chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? Is it not this?" I chanted it in Sanskrit, adding in Telugu, "And is not this its meaning: 'I am a sinner, my actions are sinful. My soul is sinful. All that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do Thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek Thy Refuge, do Thou take away my sin.'"

These five Brahmans at once became my friends. One who correctly chants their Védas and their *mantras* they always look up to with respect.

"Now, do you know *how* God can do what you ask? How can He take away the burden of our sin and give us relief?"

"No, sir; we do not know. Would that we did."

"I know; shall I tell you the secret?"

"Yes, sir; please tell us."

The multitude, seeing the Brahmans conversing with the foreigner with evident re-

spect, quieted still more and pressed forward to listen.

"Step back, step back," said I, "It is only these five to whom I am to tell my story. Step back and let me tell it to them alone." This only increased their desire to hear, as I went on:

"Brothers, is it possible for us by our own acts to expiate our sins? Can we by painful journeys to the holiest of all your holy places change those sinful natures that you bemoan? Does not your own Telugu poet, Vémania, say:

"'The Muslim who to Tirupati goes, on pilgrimage,  
Does not thereby become a saint of Siva's house.  
Becomes a dog, a lion, when he bathes in  
Ganges' stream?  
Benares turns not harlot into true and trusted wife.'"

Hearing their own language chanted, the people pressed forward still more intently. "Nay, brothers, it is not by these outward acts that we can attain to harmony with God. Does not your beloved Vémania again say:

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing  
at the sky;  
‘ Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine;  
But thine own heart must make thee pure, and  
then, and then alone,  
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt  
thou behold thy King.’ ”

“ Now, how can our hearts be made pure,  
so that we may see God? I have learned  
the secret, and will tell you.”

Then I told the story of stories; and as I recounted the love of God the Father, who “ so loved the world; ” the birth of the Lord of Life in the manger of Bethlehem when He took on human form; His wonderful life, His blessed words, His marvelous deeds of mercy and healing, the mob became an audience. Gradually and imperceptibly I had raised my voice until all down those three streets the multitude could hear, and as I pictured the scene on Calvary in the graphic words the Master Himself gave me that day, and told them that it was for them, too, far away here in India, that He had suffered the agony and shed His blood, down the cheeks of those who had been clamouring for our life, I saw tears coursing and dropping upon the pavements they had torn up to stone us with. Far

earlier in the story I had seen them stealthily dropping their armfuls of stones into the gutter.

How they did listen as I went on to tell them of the resurrection and of the ascension from Mt. Olivet, when Jesus passed up through the clouds to be with His Father and our Father, and that now all we had to do was to repent and forsake our sins, and that when our time would come to die, He would take our souls to heaven to dwell with Him in eternal bliss.

"Now," said I, folding my arms, and standing before them, "I have finished my story, and you may come and stone me."

"No, no," they said, "we don't want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had come to tell us. Do your books tell more about this wonderful Redeemer?"

"Yes," said I, "this is the history of His life on earth;" and taking up a Gospel of Luke I read brief portions here and there, adding, "I have not told you half of His gracious words and deeds. We are going on our way in the early morning. Would you not like to buy some of these histories of the Redeemer Jesus, so that you may learn all about Him, even though we have gone our way?"

With that their wallets were produced and they purchased all the gospels and tracts we had with us, and appointed a deputation of their best men to escort us to our camp, begging us to forgive them for the insults they had heaped upon us, for they knew not whose messengers we were.

Verily, the story of the cross has not lost its power. It still reaches the ear and touches the heart of men of every tongue, in every clime. Happy are we if we have a part in making it known, here and in all the world.

## XIV

# THE STORY OF AN INDIA FAMINE

(In Two Parts)

From "While Sewing Sandals, Tales of a Telugu Pariah Tribe", by Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough, Ph.D., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

### PART I. A GREAT CALAMITY.

THERE were many who anxiously watched the clouds in the year 1876, for if another monsoon season passed by with cloudless sky a famine was inevitable.

Various ways and means were used of predicting the evil days that seemed to be near, but the old gardener in the mission compound had a way all his own, and confidently asserted to every one that without doubt a famine was coming.

"Every day," he said, "the Dora<sup>1</sup> came out on the verandah and looked at a little board with a thin glass bottle on it, and in the bottle there was a little mud. And he looked carefully and said, 'Gardener,

<sup>1</sup> Gentleman, or white foreigner.

there is going to be a famine,' and I said surely it would come."

I did not grasp his meaning. "What sort of board and glass bottle and mud was it?" I asked.

"Is there not one on the verandah now?" he answered and pointed to the barometer.

I knew many who lived through the famine of 1876-78. Those who were children during those years were stunted in growth, and some had a look of premature age on their faces. But old men and women remembered a famine which must have had unusual horrors, for they said: "Men ate men in that famine." I was slow to believe them, for I had heard my husband say that though thousands died in 1876-78, and men were fierce with the pangs of hunger, he had never seen a trace of cannibalism. When, therefore, some one told me of the famine of 1836, that "men ate men," I always asked if they knew of any one who had seen it. A woman did tell me that her mother was told by a neighbour that she saw a woman put her child into a pot and boil it. Her voice sank to a whisper as she told me. It seemed too horrible to tell.

A large proportion of the Madigas live so close to the starvation point all the year round that the first failure of the crops

brought hunger to their door. When another rainy season passed without bringing sufficient moisture to help the seed to sprout, there was great distress. The cattle were dying of hunger and thirst, and the people found an occasional meal by picking the morsel of meat off the bones of the starved animals. Many began to eat leaves, seeds and weeds.

The Ongole Missionary's<sup>1</sup> daily visits to the "board, thin bottle, and mud inside," showed the anxiety which he felt. Ten years had passed since he came to Ongole. He counted as his flock 3,269 Christians, nearly all from the Madigas. He knew they were destitute and poor even when harvests were plentiful. The emaciated figures of men and women were haunting the compound in ever-increasing numbers, calling to him whenever he appeared in the verandah, "We're dying! we're dying!" Something must be done.

The native preachers came and went with careworn faces. They knew something of the activity in the mission bungalow, of the correspondence with the Government at Madras. Ere long they were sent out with a message that all could earn enough to eat

<sup>1</sup> Rev. J. E. Clough, D.D., of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

if they came to Razupallem, where the Missionary had taken a contract for digging three miles of the Buckingham Canal.

One of the preachers, with twenty coolies, was sent ahead to prepare the camp. The Missionary came and showed him where to put up the rows of huts, forming little streets. Several wells had to be dug, not deep, for water was near the surface. The potters in the surrounding villages were given an order for pots, that the starving crowd might buy for a copper, and boil their meal over a fire of dry leaves and sticks.

At the appointed time the preachers came into Ongole from far and near with a multitude of starving people. The Missionary had sent Komatis ahead to Razupallem with bags of grain to sell. He sent word to the preacher who was there to be ready, for a great crowd would come in the afternoon. At two o'clock they began to arrive, and as the preacher and his helpers looked over the plain towards Ongole, the advancing multitude seemed to them like a huge ocean-wave rolling upon them. The huts were soon filled. Those who found no room had to lie under the trees.

But the tumult and contentions of that night! The Missionary tried to establish order; but who can reason with hungry

men? There was bargaining for pots; there was wrangling over grain. So eager for food were they that three preachers had to walk up and down among the huts to see that they were not used for fuel, or that they were not set on fire by carelessness as the food was boiling in the pots.

In the morning the digging began. Thirty preachers were made overseers. Crude picks and shovels were supplied. The men did the digging; the women filled baskets with earth, and carried them away on their heads. During those first few days the Missionary insisted that the preachers, too, must dig. "After you come and show me your hands full of blisters I shall be certain you know how it feels to dig, and you will not be hard on any one." He feared that some might assume a harsh attitude when urging the starving people to work.

Wages were good. Those who had worked awhile went home and sent friends and relatives. The sick were brought in litters. Those who were too weak to work were given an allowance. But there was danger lurking near in the abundance at the camp. Some who came were too hungry to wait; they ate the half-boiled grain out of the pot—then lay down and died. Many a time the preachers tried to keep these half-

starved arrivals from eating, but the remonstrance only angered them. There were others so emaciated, no matter how much they ate they were always hungry. They ate more and oftener than their starved bodies could endure. Soon they were found lying somewhere, dead.

The death-rate was large. No one knew how many died each day. The living were so full of trouble they could not dig graves for the dead; all they could do was to carry them outside into the cactus hedge. Every one in the camp was sad at heart, and many were full of fear. Cholera was abroad in the camp, and death stared every one in the face. There were women there without husband or brother to care for them; there were orphans who were now to learn that Christianity is kind to the fatherless. The road sides every where were lined with the bleaching bones of those who had lain down on the road to die. The heat was intense, and there was no shade where they were digging. "Our hearts were very heavy," the preachers told me, "and our Dora's hair turned white during that year."

Each preacher had about one hundred people working under him. With these he became acquainted, even though there was much coming and going. Often during the

day the diggers would sit down for a short rest, and then the preacher would hear them tell, in broken words, with a look of utter misery, of scattered families, and those who died; and there was always the wail, "We are all dying." Then was the time to say comforting words. Distress was so great, no one thought of the demons that have their eyes ever directed to this earth, thirsting for blood. The terrors of the famine were greater than the terrors inspired by demons, and who could stop, in the search for a morsel to eat, to propitiate them all?

As the preachers sat with an occasional group of those who wanted rest, they said, "Our God does not send trouble because He is thirsting for the lives of men. He has let this come upon us because He saw that men were going wrong—they were doing puja to gods in whom there is no salvation. Jesus Christ, by dying for us, has taken all our troubles on Himself." Then they took their New Testaments, which they ever had with them, and read to the people verses that seemed like balm on their sore hearts and troubled minds—especially, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And they went back to work. After a time they said, "Read us that verse again out of your holy

book." Never had they heard such words! As they were digging, the memory of their old cults grew faint. In their misery they turned to Jesus Christ.

The contract was finished after eight months' work. Rain came. The seed was sown, but it rotted in the ground. The crowds that came to the mission bungalow in Ongole were so great that though the Dora stood on the east verandah and gave relief to the men to carry hence, and the Dorasani stood on the west verandah daily giving grain to women who had come with starving children, it was not enough. When the servants carried the noon meal the few yards from the cook-house to the bungalow, they had to hold the dishes high above their heads, and start on a run, for there were starved creatures everywhere ready to snatch it from their hands.

The preachers came in from the field, reporting great distress. The Christians were dying, especially the aged and the children. The Missionary could not journey here and there bringing relief. His presence was imperative at headquarters. So he sent his preachers, all over the country, with money to give to the Christians. But they had orders not to refuse any starving one who asked for enough to buy a meal.

Again rain came. Bullocks and buffaloes had died; men harnessed themselves to the ploughs. A crop was growing, but a plague of locusts came and destroyed it. Ships came into the harbour at Madras laden with grain, for Government did its utmost to save the people. For the third time, seed-corn was given out plentifully to all who asked. For ten rupees they carried away bags of seed-corn worth thirty rupees. In the years that followed, they remembered what had been done for them. The activity at Ongole, the ceaseless readiness to save from starvation even the lowest stratum of society, was a display of the power of Christianity that was a wonder in the eyes of thousands. "It is a good religion," they said, one and all.

A crop of millet, maturing quickly, tided the people over several months, and then a substantial crop of rice was harvested. A great calamity was over. What were the effects?

## PART II. A MODERN PENTECOST

As the native preachers went about on their fields toward the close of the famine, they saw that hundreds were ready for baptism. In villages where heretofore they had been received in a half-hearted kind of

way, they now found an open door. Those early Ongole preachers were a remarkable group of men. People said, "They have faith; when they pray to their God He hears them." Their preaching was characterized neither by profound thinking nor by brilliant oratory. It was just the story of Christ and Him crucified told over and over again. Much as, in the days of primitive Christianity, simple but earnest men told the sublime story of the life and death of Christ to every one, so these men went about making Christ the centre of their thoughts and words.

And now these preachers came to the Missionary to talk with him about the hundreds, even thousands, who were ready for baptism. But he always said, "Wait till the famine is over." Word had gone out some time ago that no more famine-money would be issued in Ongole; still he feared that the hope of further help might form a motive in the minds of some. During fifteen months there had not been a single baptism. But he knew his field; he had refused large companies who came and asked for baptism. When once the flood-gates were opened, none would be able to stay the tide. A letter came from the Mission Secretary in Boston: "What is this I

hear of your refusing to baptize those who sincerely ask for the ordinance? Who has given you a right to do this?"

In June, 1878, the Missionary wrote to his assistants to come to Vellumpilly, ten miles north of Ongole, where there was a traveller's rest-house by the side of the Gundlacumma River, and a grove of tamarind trees. He asked them to bring with them only those Christians who had urgent matters to lay before him, and to leave the converts behind. Contrary to orders, the converts followed the preachers, and when the Missionary came to Vellumpilly, he was met by a multitude asking for baptism.

He mounted a wall where he could look into their faces, and told them he had no further help to give them, and they must return home. They cried: "We do not want help. By the blisters on our hands, we can prove to you that we have worked and will continue to work. If the next crop fail we shall die. We want to die as Christians. Baptize us therefore!" He hesitated—again the same cry. Then he withdrew and talked with the preachers, who, as spokesmen of the people, repeated their request. He dared not refuse longer those who begged to be received into the Church of Christ.

On the first day all gathered under a large banyan-tree, sitting close together on the sand. Many voices tried to join in the hymns that had become general favourites. The sound was discordant, but it gave evidence that the men were very much in earnest. Then the Missionary preached on the words all had learned during the famine —“Come unto Me, all ye that labour.” For an hour and a half he talked, and none grew weary; he had borne their trouble with them, and now he could talk out of the fullness of an experience in which all had a part.

Early next morning an inquiry meeting on a large scale began. The Missionary told the preachers to separate the people, each taking those who belonged to his special field under one of the trees. There were many such groups; some counted hundreds, some only a few. There was not a man or woman who was not called upon to give evidence that they had entered upon a new life.

I asked the old preachers many questions about those days at Vellumpilly. “How could you tell that a man or woman was a Christian?” They answered: “We had many ways of telling. When men and

women prayed and sang hymns, we knew that divine life was in them. But we knew too, when they stopped drinking sarai, and fighting, and eating carrion, and working on Sundays, there was a change in them, and we could tell." Most of those who were baptized at Vellumpilly were really believers before the famine, but for some reason they had held back. The preachers could tell by the attitude of responsiveness, what a change had been wrought.

On the first day, July 2nd, 1878, a beginning was made—614 were baptized; on the next day 2,222 followed; on the third day there were 700 more,—3,536 in three days. The multitude gathered on the bank of the Gundlacumma River, where the water at this season of the year is fairly deep. The six ordained preachers took turns, two officiating at a time. The names of the candidates were read. Without delay, and without confusion, one followed the other. As one preacher pronounced the formula: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," the other preacher had a candidate before him, ready again to speak those words, sacred in the history of the church. And thus it was possible to immerse 2,222 in one day. The

Missionary stood by, helping and directing, but he did not baptize any one during those days.

More were coming. Before the year was over, 9,606 members had been added to the church at Ongole, making a total membership of 13,000. And the years that followed were but a continuation of those years. Once again, in 1890, there was a similar event, when 1,671 were baptized in one day.

Every degree of spiritual life and energy was represented in the years that followed. There were high courage, persecutions unflinchingly borne, and noble examples set. But there was also spiritual apathy, mental and moral stagnation. I was out on a tour among the villages with my husband some years ago. In the shade of a tamarind grove he was preaching to a crowd of Madigas sitting before him. Twenty Christians from a village where nearly all had reverted to heathenism were before him. He had been in their village in the morning, had seen the swamis<sup>1</sup> to which they were again making puja.<sup>2</sup> The men had let their "juttus"<sup>3</sup> grow. The women went about dirty and uncombed, quarreling and using evil words

<sup>1</sup> Gods. <sup>2</sup> Worship. <sup>3</sup> Locks of hair on top of the head to afford a dwelling place for a god.

to each other. Carrion had been brought into the village. There was filth and squalor beyond telling.

The Missionary described the condition in which he had found them, and then broke into an appeal: "Oh, men! I am not ashamed to be the Guru<sup>1</sup> of poor people, for Christ said He had come that the sick might be healed and the poor have the gospel preached to them. But when I sometimes see you in your villages, where you are weak Christians, then I have a pain in my mind, and I ask myself: 'Why has God chosen me to be the Guru of such *dirty* people?'" The men looked at each other, and the women involuntarily stroked down their unkempt hair.

But I could see, as I watched the faces of these lowest specimens of an Indian Pariah tribe, that blunt as they were to any kind of teaching, they were not without responsiveness. I could see the shame in their faces. They were willing to listen, and this responsiveness proved that the spark of divine life was there, for the spiritually dead cannot hear. But alas for the steep road out of many centuries of almost brute existence!

<sup>1</sup> Religious teacher.

While the Missionary comes to one village of this kind, he comes to many where he can be proud of his people. Clean and tidy in their appearance and in their houses, they come out to meet him, the heads of households coming forward to do the honours of the occasion. A school-house, and children proudly holding slates under their arms, give the status of the village. The Munsiff<sup>1</sup> and Karnam<sup>2</sup> come over to say a respectful salaam to the Dora, because the conduct of the Christians has taught them to honour this Dora and his religion. Crowds come to hear him preach, and Sudras among them, sitting attentively on one side, saying, "It is a good religion. Let us listen."

There is an atmosphere of spiritual life and energy abroad in such a village. And the question comes: "Is there any power on earth, save Christianity, that could thus uplift a community within the short space of one generation?"

<sup>1</sup> Head man of the village. <sup>2</sup> Second head man.

## XV

### TOPSYTURVYDOM

From "The Gist of Japan", by the Rev. R. B. Peery, A.M., Ph.D., of the Lutheran Mission, Saga, Japan.

ONE of the most striking facts in connection with Japanese customs is that many of them are exactly opposed to those which prevail in the West. Occidentals who have been accustomed to doing certain things one way all their lives are shocked to find them done in precisely the opposite way. This is true to such an extent that Japan has been called "Topsyturvydom." But to those who are acquainted with the customs of both East and West it is a question which one is topsyturvy. After one has become used to them, many of the customs appear just as sensible and convenient as those of Europe and America. Why these differences we do not know, but perhaps the fact that the Japanese are antipodal to us makes it fitting that their customs should be antipodal also.

An Occidental has an idea that something

inherent in things necessitates that a book begin at the left side and the idea of beginning at the other side appears ridiculous to him. But in reality it is every whit as convenient, fitting and sensible to begin at one side as the other, and all Japanese books begin at what the people of the West call the end, *i. e.*, at the right side and read toward the left. While English books are printed across the page in lines from left to right, Japanese books are printed from right to left in columns. An Occidental generally turns the leaves of his book from the top with his right hand; an Oriental turns them from the bottom with his left hand. In Western libraries the books are placed on their ends in rows; in Japan they are laid flat down on their sides and piled up in columns.

If we see several good dictionaries or encyclopedias in a man's study we are apt to infer that he is a man of studious habits; the Japanese of olden times inferred just the opposite. According to their idea a scholar would have the meaning and use of all words in his head and not need to refer to a dictionary. A Japanese friend who came into my study one day expressed great surprise at seeing several large dictionaries there. "You have certainly had better edu-

cational advantages than I," he said, "and yet I can get along with a very small dictionary, why cannot you?" Upon inquiry I learned that many Japanese keep their dictionaries concealed, because they do not want it said that they must refer to them often.

The manner of addressing letters in Japan is exactly opposed to ours. We write:

MR. FRANK JONES,\*  
110 Gay Street,  
Knoxville,  
Tennessee.

A Japanese would write it:

Tennessee,  
Knoxville,  
Gay Street, 110,  
JONES, FRANK, MR.

The latter is certainly the most sensible method, because what the postmaster needs to see is not the name of the man to whom the letter is addressed, but the place to which it is to go.

<sup>1</sup> In reading this selection before an audience, it will add greatly to the interest to use a black-board and to substitute the name and address of some well-known person present.

In matters of dress there are some customs quite opposed to our own. The American lady goes to a ball with her neck and arms bare, but would be shocked at the very mention of having her feet exposed. The Japanese lady covers her neck and arms, but does not at all mind being seen with bare feet and ankles. Many of the ladies do not wear foot-gear at all in the house, but they could hardly be induced to expose their arms and necks as Western women do.

A Western woman is anxious to have a thin, narrow waist, her Japanese sister wants a broad one. In the West, curly hair is prized; in the East it is considered an abomination. If a little Japanese girl is told that her hair is curly, she considers it a disgrace and cries bitterly. The most striking difference in dress, however, is in regard to mourning. Whereas in the West it is always black, in Japan it is always white.

Another remarkable contrast is found in the relation of the sexes. In America the woman is given the precedence in everything. Her husband and all other men who come within her influence, must serve and honour her. In Japan the man takes precedence everywhere, and the woman must serve him. At meals the woman must first

wait on her husband and then she herself may eat. When guests come, the husband is the chief entertainer, and the wife takes a back seat. When walking together on the street, she does not walk by his side, but comes along behind. The men do not intend to mistreat the women; they simply take what they regard their due as head of the family.

Among the customs most peculiar in the eyes of the Westerner and most squarely opposed to their own, are those relating to marriage. In Japan the young people have nothing whatever to do with the match-making, except to give their consent to the arrangements of their parents, and frequently even this is not asked. Thus it often happens that the man has never seen his bride until the wedding-day. The young people, however, seldom object, and marriages made in this way seem to work well.

In the West a wedding often takes place in a church, and as a rule a minister officiates; in Japan the temples are studiously avoided at such times, and they are very careful to exclude priests. The wedding is to be joyous, and priests are known best as officiators at funerals, so that ideas of sadness and misfortune are associated with them. In the West, if the wedding does

not take place in church, it will probably be held in the house of the bride; in the East it is always held in the house of the groom. Here the bride's household prepares the feast; there the groom's prepares it. Here the groom must come to get his bride; there she must go to him. Whether she lives in the same city or a distant province, she must go to the groom, not he to her.

Customs in regard to houses are quite different. In America the front rooms of houses are most desirable; in Japan back rooms are preferred. Here the parlors, sitting-rooms, etc., are in front and the kitchen and store-rooms are relegated to the rear; there the kitchen and store-rooms are in front, and the parlor and sitting-rooms behind. Here the front yards are kept clean, but the back-yards are proverbially dirty; there all sorts of dirt and trash may be lying around in the front yard, while the back yard is a perfect little garden of beauty.

Japanese carpenters saw by pulling the saw toward them instead of pushing it from them; the planes act in the same way; and screws are put in by turning them to the left instead of to the right.

Even in the nursery we find customs directly antipodal. The American nurse takes

a child up in her arms; the Japanese nurse carries it on her back.

These are some of the customs squarely opposed to our own. The first thought on learning of them will probably be, how ridiculous and inconvenient! And yet they are just as convenient and sensible as our own, and some of them much more so. There is nothing in the nature of things why most customs should be either this way or that.

## XVI

### A MODERN ELIJAH

From "The Transformation of Hawaii", by  
Belle M. Brain.

THE most famous of all Hawaiian converts was the high chieftess, Kapiolani, the descendant of a long line of kings, and ruler in her own right of a large district in southern Hawaii. Notwithstanding her royal lineage and exalted rank, she had been an ignorant, superstitious savage. She was addicted to the use of liquor, and, according to Hawaiian custom, had several husbands.

But when the Gospel message touched her heart, she at once set about reforming her life. She gave up her intemperate habits and dismissed all her husbands except Naihe, the powerful national orator who promised to assist her in promoting the new religion. So ladylike in deportment and so loving in disposition did she become that she won the respect and admiration of natives and foreigners alike.

It was, however, one great act of Kapiolani's life that made her famous above all other converts of her race—she defied the

fire-gods of Kilauea, and broke their despotic power. It was a brave and courageous deed that won for her a glowing tribute from Thomas Carlyle, and placed her name forever in the list of the world's great heroines.

Kilauea, the famous volcano of Hawaii, where this event took place, is the largest active crater in existence. It lies 4,400 feet above the sea, in a level plain on the eastern slope of the great snow-capped peak, Mauna Loa, and is a vast, sunken pit about eight miles in circumference. Within the crater is a lake of molten lava in which the fires never die out, appropriately called Halemaumau, the House of Everlasting Burning.

The crater wall is a steep precipice down which it is possible to descend by means of a rocky, zigzag pathway. Though the volcano is incessantly active, and the relentless fires of Halemaumau never cease, it is perfectly safe, except in times of great eruptions, to cross the bed of the crater almost to the edge of the burning lake and watch the play of its eternal fires. Some faint conception of the awful grandeur of the sight may be gained from the words of Isabella Bird Bishop who thus describes her emotions on first beholding it:

"I think we all screamed, I know we all wept, but we were all speechless, for a new glory and a new terror had been added to the earth. It is the most unutterable of all wonderful things. The words of common speech are quite useless. It is unimaginable, indescribable, a sight to remember forever, a sight which at once took possession of every faculty of sense and soul, removing one altogether out of the range of ordinary life.

"Here was the real 'bottomless pit'—the 'fire which is not quenched'—the 'place of hell'—the 'lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'—the 'everlasting burnings'—the fiery sea whose waves are never weary. \* \* \* I feel as if the terrors of Kilauea would haunt me all my life."

In the minds of the superstitious islanders, the volcano was peopled with innumerable gods and goddesses, supreme among them being Pele, the goddess of fire who was supposed to dwell in Halemaumau, from whence she sent forth thunders and lightnings, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The Hawaiians stood in the greatest awe of the cruel goddess and much of their worship was directed to propitiate her. On a high rock near the crater wall, a temple was erected for her priests and priestesses,

and votive offerings of a costly character were continually presented to her.

Long after idolatry had been overthrown in the islands, many of the Hawaiians still believed in Pele, and dared not violate her *tabus*. In December, 1824, Kapiolani resolved to free her people from the thraldom of this superstition by defying the fire goddess in her own domains.

Her plan was to visit the missionaries at Hilo where a mission station had recently been opened, taking the track across the mountain on which the crater lies—a difficult and dangerous journey of one hundred miles across rough lava beds. Since there were at that time neither horses nor mules in Hawaii, she was obliged to travel the entire distance on foot.

Her people were dismayed and gathered from far and near to plead with her to give up so dangerous an exploit. Even Naihe sought to dissuade her. But strong in faith, believing that her heavenly Father would protect her, she said to them: "The *tabus* are abolished. There is but one Great God; He will keep me from all harm." When her people found that she could not be induced to abandon the project, eighty of them decided to accompany her.

As they journeyed toward the volcano,

Kapiolani was stopped again and again, by men and women along the way, who implored her to return home and not risk Pele's anger. With heroic faith she pushed bravely on, simply answering: "If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God."

Near the crater they were met by a priestess of Pele who claimed authority from the goddess herself. She warned Kapiolani not to enter the sacred precincts of the volcano with a spirit of unbelief and opposition in her heart, and threatened her with the penalty of death if she persisted in doing so. Nothing daunted by her terrible predictions, Kapiolani sat down beside the poor deluded creature and, taking out her Testament, taught her of the one true God in the heavens.

Growing in great profusion along the mountain path were the flame-colored *ohelo* berries sacred to the fire goddess on account of their brilliant hue. These are very refreshing to thirsty travellers, but no Hawaiian dared eat them without first climbing to the edge of the crater and throwing in a branch of them, saying as he did so: "Pele, here are your *ohelos*. I offer some to you; some I also eat." Determined to

break every *tabu*, Kapiolani ate freely of these berries without making the customary offering to the goddess, but her companions dared not do so.

Arriving at the crater, she led the way down the steep rocky path, across the hot lava beds, the ground trembling under her feet, and steam issuing from every crevice. On she went until she reached the edge of Halemaumau. Then, knowing that nothing could be more disrespectful and displeasing to the goddess, she gathered a handful of stones, and deliberately hurled them, one after another, into the great lake of fire.

Only those who have watched the awful fires of Kilauea, and "know with what awful terrors pagan deities are clothed in the common mind, and with what tenacity these superstitions continue to hold even professed converts, can imagine what holy courage and faith must have been begotten in this Hawaiian heroine."

Turning to her terrified people she said: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires, I fear not Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may all fear her power; but if Jehovah save me in breaking her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve Jehovah. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending mis-

sionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God."

At her direction, the whole company then knelt, prayer was offered, and the crater rang with the music of a Christian hymn. Above the roaring and crackling of the flames could it be heard, echoing and re-echoing to the praise of Jehovah. Thus were the fire palaces of Pele consecrated as a temple of the living God.

Returning as they came, across the bed of the crater, we may imagine the terror of Kapiolani's companions. No doubt they fully expected the thin crust to give way beneath their feet, precipitating them into the fires below; or to be overtaken by showers of lava and stone, hurled upon them from the rear. But the cruel fire-goddess failed to avenge herself; they reached the edge of the crater in safety and continued their peaceful journey to Hilo unmolested.

It was a brave and heroic deed that has been likened to that of Elijah on Mt. Carmel, challenging the priests of Baal, and to Boniface in Germany felling the sacred oak of Thor. But Kapiolani displayed a faith more heroic, and a courage more indomitable, than either of these. They had never been under the power of the gods they destroyed, while less than four years pre-

vious, she had not even heard of Jehovah in whom she now trusted to save her when defying the gods she had worshipped since childhood. Then too, Elijah stood on the peaceful slopes of Mt. Carmel, and Boniface on the quiet plain of Upper Hesse, while she stood in the presence of real danger, before those awful fires that strike terror to the stoutest hearts.

Arriving in Hilo, with feet swollen from the long hard journey, and mind and body utterly weary from her exciting experience, Kapiolani refused to rest until she had secured lodgings for her entire company, and gathered them together for evening worship. During her visit she rendered valuable assistance to the missionaries, her benign influence being felt long after her return to her home.

Her beautiful and fruitful life was ended in May, 1841, when she passed away fully trusting in the Saviour she had served so long and faithfully. She was deeply mourned, not only by her own people, but by the missionaries who realized that they had lost a valued helper and a faithful friend.

## XVII

### HOW A UNITED STATES CITIZEN WAS RESCUED FROM MARQUE- SAS CANNIBALS

From "The Transformation of Hawaii", by  
Belle M. Brain.

THE Rev. James Kekela, native Hawaiian missionary to the Marquesas Islands, was in many respects a remarkable man. So deep was his piety, and so widespread his influence, that, in 1852, while serving as pastor of a church on Oahu,<sup>1</sup> he was asked to accompany a band of pioneer missionaries to Micronesia and assist them in starting a new mission there.

In 1853, shortly after his return to Oahu, a call for missionaries came to the Hawaiian Christians from the Marquesas Islands, an exceedingly beautiful archipelago lying directly east of Peru, peopled by a race of savages noted for being the most ferocious and blood-thirsty cannibals found anywhere in the Pacific. Many attempts had been made by English and American

<sup>1</sup> One of the Hawaiian islands.

missionaries, and native Christians from the Society Islands, to live among them and give them the Gospel, but each little company of workers had been glad to escape with their lives.

Nevertheless, when a Marquesas chief arrived at Hawaii pleading for teachers for his people, great enthusiasm was aroused. Though the Hawaiians knew full well the character of the Marquesans, they promptly responded to the call. Among those who volunteered for this difficult and dangerous work was Kekela. Resigning his pleasant pastorate on Oahu, he and his faithful wife Naomi returned with the Marquesas chief to his home.

For many years they were stationed at the village of Paumau, in a beautiful valley on the island of Hivaoa, where they laboured with rare devotion for the uplifting of the cruel and degraded savages around them. Near their home was an immense *heiau*, or sacred place, where the most revolting rites and ceremonies took place. It consisted of a series of walled terraces built of great stones, surmounted by a paved platform on which cannibal feasts and heathen dances were held.

At this terrible place there occurred, in 1864, an event that revealed not only the

character of the Marquesas people, but also the indomitable courage of the brave, true-hearted missionary that worked among them. At the risk of his own life, he rescued Lieutenant Whalon, an officer of the United States whale-ship *Congress* from an awful death.

Shortly before this time, the sailors of a Peruvian vessel had stolen a number of Marquesan youths from Hivaoa, carrying them away to be sold as slaves. Among them was the son of a chief. In his rage and grief over the loss of his boy, the father made a solemn vow that he would kill and eat the first white man caught on the island.

Ere long he had an opportunity for carrying out his awful threat. The *Congress*, being in need of supplies, stopped at Hivaoa soon after, and Lieutenant Whalon went on shore to trade for pigs, fowls and other produce of the island. Unsuspicious of the terrible fate awaiting him, he allowed himself to be decoyed farther and farther inland until he reached the woods, out of sight of the vessel. Then, suddenly, at a given signal, a fierce crowd of savages rushed upon him, stripped him of his clothing, bound him hand and foot, and carried him to the *heiau* to be killed and eaten!

The crew of the *Congress* would have shared the fate of their lieutenant had it not been for a young Marquesan servant employed in the family of Kekela. She saw what was about to happen, and by making signs warned them of their danger. Motioning them back to their ships she cried out, "Pull away! Pull away!"

At the *heiau* the unfortunate man was surrounded by a great company of grinning savages. With elaborately tatoored faces and hair tied in two bunches on the top of the head, they looked more like demons than men. Dancing about their victim in fiendish glee, they tortured him frightfully. They pulled his nose and ears, bent his thumbs backward and forward, and flourished their long knives and spears as if about to kill him.

Unfortunately Kekela was absent from home at the time. A German who lived on the island endeavoured to rescue the poor prisoner, but his efforts were in vain. The father of the abducted boy declared that the day of vengeance had come, and he would now perform his vow. Besides a feast on white man's flesh was too delightful a treat to be given up so easily.

All night long the terrible torture continued. In the morning Kekela returned.

On hearing what had occurred, he went at once to the *heiau* to plead for Lieutenant Whalon's life. At first the savages positively refused to listen; but by and by they began to talk about a ransom. A fine new six-oared boat had recently been sent to Kekela from Boston; perhaps here was an opportunity to get possession of it!

Would the missionary give his boat for the white man's life? they asked. Yes; though it was greatly prized and almost indispensable to his work, the missionary would give even that.

The transaction was about to be closed when the chief of a hostile clan suddenly remembered that he had found it convenient to make trips with the missionary in this boat; if it passed into the hands of his enemy, he could no longer have this privilege. On second thought, he positively refused to allow it to be given up.

After much discussion, the cannibals finally agreed to accept a small ransom—a gun and various other articles—and Mr. Whalon, weak and ill from his frightful experience, was at last released. Kekela took him to his own home, where he was tenderly cared for by the good Naomi. As soon as he was able, he was put on board the *Congress*, which had anchored far out

at sea, waiting to learn the fate of her unfortunate officer.

When Abraham Lincoln, who was at that time president of the United States, heard the story, he sent Kekela, by the captain of the *Morning Star*, guns, watches, a medal, and other gifts to the value of five hundred dollars, together with a letter of congratulation, expressing the thanks of the nation for his important service in saving the life of a United States citizen.

Kekela's answer to the president was very beautiful. It read in part as follows:

*"Greetings to you, great and good Friend!"*

"My mind is stirred up to address you in friendship. I greatly respect you for holding converse with such humble ones. Such you well know us to be.

"When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation, ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to deliver him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people.

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I

brought it to plant in this land, and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true. \* \* \*

"How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment,—that which I have received of the Lord,—*aloha*.<sup>1</sup> May the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you until the end of this terrible war in your land."

The great-hearted president never received this touching letter. It reached Washington shortly after his tragic death, when the whole land was mourning her irreparable loss.

The world little realizes the debt she owes to foreign missionaries. Darwin, the great naturalist says: "Dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is base ingratitude, for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

<sup>1</sup> Love.

## XVIII

### HOW CYRUS HAMLIN CAME OUT OF A MISSIONARY BOX

From "My Life and Times", by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., missionary of the American Board in Turkey.

OUR family was a reading family. On winter evenings one of us always read aloud, while some of the family industries, as sewing and knitting, were going on. There is a bright glow of social happiness over those evenings, as they recur to me in memory. To my brother and myself the family training of reading and discussion was of more value than the common school.

Two or three of Scott's novels were read, *Quentin Durward* the first; but our reading was mainly historical and biographical. The Bible was read before retiring to rest, and each child had a system of reading the Bible through, one chapter every day and five on Sunday.

Our Sundays were carefully guarded from all unnecessary labor, and the reading was in harmony with the sacredness of the

day. The Panoplist, and afterward its successor, The Missionary Herald, was read aloud, and especially every item of missionary news, for some of our neighbors did not believe in missions. The missions were then so few that a close acquaintance with them was easily cultivated, and we believed in them with all our might.

About the year 1820 or 1821 a proposal was made to the church to respond to the call for aid to educate heathen boys in Christian schools in India. Twelve dollars a year would educate a boy. A penny contribution box was offered to the Sunday audience by the door, as they passed in and out. The cent was the limit in one direction against half cents, but in the other there was no limit. The object was to raise a dollar a month.

It was proposed and voted to name the boy Lincoln Ripley, after our sainted and excellent pastor. All the boys and girls were invited to try for a cent a week. There was little money in the country, and the trade was largely barter. But there was a potash factory in the place, and ashes commanded a good price. The boys could cultivate a potato patch. Good potatoes were ten cents a bushel. Girls could braid straw for hats and bonnets, or knit woolen under-

wear. By hook and by crook the box collected its dollar a month, adults putting in the larger contributions. Much interest was excited in the work, and we thought we were doing something great. It was more difficult then for a boy to earn a cent than it is now to earn a nickel.

We had four great days in the year—first of all, Thanksgiving Day. That has been written into the ground, but I love to recall its household joy and evening sports.

Then the Fourth of July, “the glorious Fourth.” The reading of the Declaration of Independence was arranged beforehand, and everybody knew who was to have the honour. That occasion always fired our souls. We wondered that George III. had been allowed to live. We have lost the Fourth of July. It is still worth keeping with more patriotism and less powder.

Election day was a holiday, and we always had election cake and some boyish sports.

But the annual muster was the great day. Then a regiment turned out, and this was all “the pomp and circumstance of war” our eyes were privileged to see. Everybody went to it. When there was a sham fight with the Indians in war paint and feathers, it was to us intensely exciting.

I remember well one morning when—I suppose I was about ten or eleven years old—I was to start off alone, my brother being ill; and as I was delayed by chores, the boys of the neighbourhood had all gone; but I didn't care.

When I had got myself in order, my dear mother gave me seven cents spending money, for gingerbread, buns, etc. A cent then was a more puissant coin than it is now in such purchases. In giving it to me she said to me, “Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into the contribution box at Mrs. Farrar's.”<sup>1</sup>

As I trudged along I began to question. Shall I drop in one cent or two? I wish mother hadn't said one *or* two. I finally decided on two and felt satisfied. Five cents would furnish all I could eat, and more too; but after a time conscience began to torment me: “Five for yourself and two for the heathen! Five for gingerbread, and two for souls!” So I said four for gingerbread and three for souls. I couldn't take a firm stand there very long, and I said three for gingerbread and four for the souls

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Farrar was the handsomest woman in town, and it may be the contribution box profited by that fact. Week days she kept it where everyone saw it.

of the heathen. I would have drawn the line there but for my foolish pride. The boys would find out that I had only three cents! But I was at Mrs. Farrar's open door, and there was the contribution box, and I had the seven cents in my hand. I said "Hang it all! I'll dump them all in and have no more bother about it." So I did and went away contented.

I played shy of the refreshment stands; and by three or four o'clock I had sated myself with military glory and made for home. I had been on my feet from early dawn, with absolutely nothing after my early breakfast. I was just as tired as a little boy could be who had never fasted that way before.

I burst into the house and cried out, "Mother, I'm as hungry as a bear! I haven't had a mouthful to eat to-day."

"Why, Cyrus, have you lost the money I gave you?"

"No, mother; but you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me eight cents, or six cents, I would have divided it half and half. But you gave me seven. I couldn't divide it, and so I dropped it all into the box together."

"You poor boy!" she said, smiling in tears. And soon I had a bowl of bread and

milk such as I had never eaten, and no monarch ever ate. What was the meaning of mother's tears? I think it was the thought, "This, my little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus."

Years afterwards, when I told my dear mother of my decision to give my life to missionary work, she broke down and wept as I had never seen her before. But her emotion was transient. She recovered herself and said with a tremulous voice, "Cyrus, I have always expected it and I have not a word to say, although I would have been so happy if I could have had my youngest son with me."

<sup>1</sup> If you don't want your children to go into missionary work, don't go fooling around with missionary boxes. I have often thought, in looking back over my boyhood that out of that one box came six missionaries, who have done long and good work. One of them is Dr. Jewett who saved the Telugu Mission when the Baptist Board thought of giving it up. When we were boys we used to attend the same church and look at each other through the

<sup>1</sup> This closing paragraph is added from an address delivered by Dr. Hamlin, before the Inter-denominational Missionary Union at Clifton Springs.

loop-holes in the high pews. I have always felt as if he came out of that missionary box. I am sure I did; but I didn't know it at the time.

## XIX

### THE KOREAN PONY

From "Korean Sketches", by Rev. James S. Gale, B.A., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Wönsan, Korea.

AMONG the creatures that have crossed my path, the one that has had the most influence on my personal character is the Korean pony. It would be impossible to recount the varied experiences through which he has led me. Instead of lifting my hand and pointing to some noted professor or eminent divine, as the master spirit of my life, I stand a safe distance off, point to the Korean pony, and say, "He has brought more out of me than all of the others combined." In his company I have been surprised at the amount of concentrated evil I have found in my heart; again, as he has carried me safely along the dizziest edge, I could have turned angel and taken him upon my back.

My usual pony has been, not one of your well-groomed steeds from the palace stables, but a long-haired, hide-bound one, for which your whole heart goes out in pity.

"Weak creature," you say, "how easy it would be for him to expire." But after a little experience of his company you change your mind; for you find his heels are charged with the vitality of forked lightning, and that upon slight provocation he could bite through six inch armour-plate. Experience has taught me to treat him carefully, as you would an old fowling-piece loaded to kill, and in danger of going off at any moment.

Twice each year, in the breeding districts, a certain number of ponies are lassoed, and sent to the palace. There they pass their palmy days. When their hair grows long and they take on a sheep-like look, they are turned out through the back gate and become pack-ponies, carrying goods along the four main roads of Korea. They keep this up until they develop ringbone, spavin, raw-back, windgalls and heaves. Then they are bought by a Korean living near the "New Gate," and for the remainder of their mortal existence are used specially to carry foreigners. The fact that the animal is dangerously ill, and the risk so much the greater, accounts for the double charge made to all foreigners by the man at the "New Gate."

The Korean pony figures in literary and

scientific ways as well. He is the animal of the twenty-fifth constellation, and appears specially as the symbolical creature of the seventh Korean hour (11 A. M. to 1 P. M.). This doubtless refers to the fact that he eats his *chook* at that time, though 11 to 2 would have been a more correct division. We read also that his compass point is south. Probably the inventor of the Horary Table was on his way north at the time, and finding that his pony naturally gravitated the other way, marked it south. His poetical name is *tonchang* (honest sheep). While the noun here is well chosen, the adjective is purely fictitious, as we say, " honest injun."

In size, when alongside a western horse, he looks like a ten-year-old boy accompanying his grandfather or like an ordinary Japanese walking out with Li Hung Chang.

His gait is a peculiar pitter-patter, and rides very nicely until he reaches the raw-backed, spavin age, when he stumbles every few paces, calling forth remarks from the foreigner. The so-called Chinese ponies are rough, awkward creatures. A pack on one of them heaves up and down like an old-fashioned walking-beam; while a Korean pony, in good condition, glides along like a palace Pullman.

Their sure-footedness is a marvel. If you have been fortunate enough to have really secured a good pony, then give him his way over all dangers of ice and precipice that you may chance to pass. Sit perfectly cool on your pack, for the danger is less in trusting in him than to your own feet. How my heart has risen to the occasion, and taken up its quarters in my mouth, as I have felt him glide along an eight-inch path, overlooking a chasm with twelve feet of green cold water below. But never a failure, never once a slip. At such times, had I been in search of a joss to crack my head to, I should have enshrined my Korean pony.

And yet, in spite of these excellences, my opening remarks are true, for in heart and soul he is a perfect fiend. Obstinacy is one of his commonest characteristics. He will have his own way as surely as any Korean coolie will have his. When the notion takes him, his neck is of brass, and his ideas fixed as the King's ell.

His diet is *chook* and chopped millet straw. *Chook* is boiled beans and rice chaff, and is fed to the pony in a trough of water. The beans are very few, the water very deep. The long lips and nose of the Korean pony is an evolution of nature in order to

capture that bean in the bottom of a trough of water: he has been after it for generations. Another result is, he can breathe through his eyes while his nose is a foot deep in water hunting beans.

The water is always coloured. This leaves it uncertain as to the number of beans put in. On one of my journeys I had a groom whose disposition seemed to be to get into disputes and difficulties along the way. The pony I rode was a long-nosed, dejected creature that required three hours to feed. On one occasion I went out to hurry it up, and found it eye-deep in the trough, apparently having an extra good time. The inn-keeper happening to pass by, saw the twinkle in the pony's eye, and concluded that the groom had "squeezed" his beans. Immediately a most interesting drama was enacted, passing rapidly through the various acts of a tragedy.

"To perdition, you and your beans," cried the groom, meanwhile currying his pony.

With that, in a burst of tragic frenzy, the innkeeper, seizing the brimming trough of *chook*, poised it in the air and let fly at the groom. With all the centrifugal force of a projectile, the trough grazed the pony's back, and shot by the groom; the

water taking the centripetal route, showered down over the head and shoulders of the innkeeper himself, the beans gliding gently down his neck. People speak of a horse-laugh, but a pony's smile is something that in watery richness of expression surpasses everything. That dejected looking pony smiled, and we resumed our journey.

They never allow the pony to drink cold water, "It is sure death," they say; neither do they allow him to lie down at night, but keep him strung up to a pole overhead by ropes, so that the creature is perfectly helpless, and all the roosters of the village warm their feet on his back and crow the place into a perfect pandemonium.

By way of poetic justice, I love to see the pony shod—see him pinioned tooth and nail, bound head, feet and tail in one hard knot, lying on his back under the spreading chestnut tree, with the village smithy putting tacks into him that bring tears to his eyes. But seasons like this are all too short to square up with him for the sins of his everyday existence.

To conclude by way of illustration: I was on a journey through the South, when my pony took sick, and not being able to find one for hire, I asked one of the mayor of the city. He sent me a perfect whirl-

wind! This was one of a courier service, which necessitated changing horses every five miles. In the fourteen or fifteen animals that I enjoyed for the next three days, I had an excellent demonstration of the merits and defects of the Korean pony. As mentioned, the first was a great success, the next was also in good condition. On mounting, however, I found he had a peculiar gait. A limp that defied all my efforts to locate seemed in fact to possess his entire being; a jerking that left one's inmost soul in shreds. Glad was I to hand him over at the next post-house. Pony number three carried me out of the yard brilliantly. The road skirted the bank of a river. A magnificent view, thought I, and a pleasant pony to ride; when suddenly he stopped, reversed all his ideas, and began backing at a dangerous pace directly for the edge.

I managed to get off just in time to save myself, and then, thinking to teach him a lesson, attempted to assist him over the side. But no! he skillfully grazed the edge at an angle sufficient to have dumped anything from his back, and righted himself again as neatly as though he had done it a thousand times. Evidently it was a scheme on his part to take my life. I decided to walk till the landscape was a little less pictur-

esque. When we left the river, and gained the open fields, I decided to try him again. But it was not long till the old sensations took him, and he was once more backing up at terrific speed. As there was no immediate danger, I thought to let him back, which he did until he had run me into a bristling shrub, that lifted my hat off, combed me up generally, and marked my face. I gave him up and footed it for the remainder of the distance.

Then came three indifferent animals that just managed to make their five miles. After the next post-house keeper had professed to have gotten us an excellent pony we moved on again. When the creature was far enough away from the stable to protect his master from any assault on our part, he lay down peacefully in the middle of the road. There he remained until lifted bodily by tail and ears, and then he refused to stand squarely on the ground, my native assistant and the two pony boys straining themselves to the utmost to hold him erect.

The last one that I felt particularly incensed against, was a ragged looking beast that was troubled with a weakness in its fore quarters. Without the slightest provocation he was all the time going down on his nose. If his strength could have been

equally divided fore and aft, he might have made a passable pony; but as it was, no forelegs at all would have been the only honest turnout. The creature hobbled along, kept me in a state of constant suspense, played on my hopes and fears most cruelly, and at last, in an utter collapse, pitched me clear over his head, to the total destruction of my personal appearance.

## XX

### THE KOREAN BOY.

From "Korean Sketches", by the Rev. James S. Gale, B.A.

THE boy<sup>1</sup> may be anything from fifteen to fifty-five years of age. He may be married or unmarried. He may even be male or female. He is the ever-present shadow, as visible in cloudy weather as in sunshine. He occupies the central place in the existence and history of all Western life in the Far East. As well expect a state to stand without a capital, or a temple to flourish without a god as to find a foreigner and no boy. The boy is in fact the moving principle of his life.

Nothing is done without the sanction of the boy, and nothing that the boy vetoes can ever come to pass. Like every other attending spirit, if you give the boy offense he leaves at once, and the crack of doom settles down over the head of his unlucky victim. Usually he comes back on increased

<sup>1</sup> The head-servant in the Far East is called "the boy".

pay, and with less mercy than ever in his soul, and life moves on.

The Western wife is the one who reads deepest into the mysteries of the boy. He reveals himself to her because her demands give scope and variety for his attainments. My wife was once involved in the preparation of a dinner to be given to the distinguished Western population of the city of Seoul, in the days when the whole company numbered less than the Knights of the Round Table.

All the courses were safely under way and the kitchen was spread with the choicest dishes those early days permitted. Canned vegetables, too, not so common there as in America, were called into requisition.

"Open this can carefully, boy," said my wife, "and then heat the peas on the stove."

"Heat the peas and then open the can," says the boy to himself, by way of touching off the order.

My wife withdrew to the dining-room in the satisfaction of being at last ready for the guests. An Oriental bungalow is pretty; the brown woodwork and rafters, with light paper between, afford a pleasing combination when set with flowers and napkins and lighted tapers. Bang! went the kitchen, as though struck by a torpedo.

There was a skirmish, and lo! dense darkness enshrouded the whole cooking paraphernalia. When the steam and particles of exploded peas had sufficiently settled to admit of entrance, the top-knot of the boy was discovered issuing from behind the stove, while these words were heard, "Chosön boy no savez."

There were canned peas in every course that evening, to the confusion of my poor wife, but the story of their presence was accepted by the guests as more than compensation. The boy was burned by the exploding can, and to this day cannot understand why it blew up, unless the devils were in it.

So the boy takes matters into his own hands. "I know," is his favourite motto. He walks by faith in himself, and not by the sight of any mortal demonstration. He has unbounded confidence in his power to pilot a way through culinary complications. My wife had a kettle of catsup almost at a finish, the boy was plucking a chicken in readiness for dinner.

"What is the red sauce for, madam?" asked the boy.

"To be used with meat," said my wife; "for example, chicken."

"Oh," said the boy, "I know."

My wife returned to the kitchen a half hour later, and there was the chicken, submerged in the pot of catsup, languidly boiling, while the boy sat and expatiated to his dirty-faced satellites on the art of Western cooking.

The boy is full of resource; a situation that will baffle him is hard to imagine. The commissioner of customs made us an afternoon call, and we prevailed on him to remain for dinner. When my wife informed the boy that we would have him for our guest, he said, "We have nothing in the world for the great man; not bread enough, and no roast; we shall all die."

My wife told him she would take no bread, and that canned meat would suffice for "potluck;" and as the commissioner was a considerate gentleman, there really was no occasion for any one to expire.

"We shall all die," said he, "and go to perdition"—meaning that the honour of our house would fall.

Dinner was served, the boy came sweeping in with the soup as though there were an abundant supply. Later we were awaiting the modest remnants of bread and canned meat, when the door swung on its hinges, and the boy with an expression of oily radiance peculiar to the East, burst

into the room with a roast of beef fit for Confucius! There was also bread enough and to spare. My wife sat asphyxiated. What could she do but accept a choice piece for herself, and express the hope that the commissioner would be helped a second time!

It was an eminent success as a dinner, but the question of where the roast was procured in a city destitute of Christian beef, and bread, where there are no bakers, was bearing hard upon her; yet it was not curiosity, but fear that filled her soul. When we withdrew for coffee, she asked in breathless suspense:

“Kamyongi, where did you get the roast and the bread?”

“Just sent to the commissioner’s and said, ‘The great man will dine here, bring along anything you have cooked.’”

With a look of mortification that was pitiful, my wife confessed then and there to the commissioner. He was an old hand in the East, and the light of past days twinkled in his eye as he enjoyed to the full the joke of that most excellent dinner.

It is only fair to say that the average boy is trustworthy. He takes his “squeeze,” which is as legitimate an operation in the Far East as the drawing of a salary at

home. He expects to share in the good fortune of his master without any thought of being dishonest. There are, of course, questionable boys as there are questionable people in every walk of life, and the following case is cited to show the methods they adopt in deceiving their employer.

The most afflicted person I have ever known in this respect was a Scotchman who came East on a matter of business. He hired a boy to do his work, cook and care for him. This boy was to come every night, render an account of the day's expenses, and receive orders for the day following. Nothing palls on an impatient foreigner more than these visits of the boy with his book of Chinese characters. So the Scotchman would say, "Oh never mind, I'm tired to-night, come to-morrow." Several days would pass by, and then would come an evening of dire tussle in a vain effort to straighten out accounts.

"But," says the Scotchman, "I never ate forty eggs a day."

"Oh, yes! makee blead puddin', must have plenty egg," says the boy.

The Scotchman was silenced, though not convinced. This matter of accounts grew more and more aggravated. There was

heaped up against him a tremendous list of provisions—quantities of beef, mutton chop, ham, fruit, flour and eggs. Small portions of these to be sure he had eaten, but the meagre remnants that appeared for breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, were entirely out of proportion to the extravagant lists of the evening. Resolved to investigate, the Scotchman dropped in about eleven o'clock from the office, to see what the supply looked like uncooked. He called the boy and asked what he had bought.

"Me buy good loast, one chicken, plenty thing."

"Bring them in to me," he said.

The boy disappeared, the Scotchman waited long and patiently. "Boy!" he shouted, but no answer. Determined to make an end once for all, he went into the kitchen and out to the back yard. There was the boy plucking one of his favorite chickens in a desperate effort to make the supply tally with his account! He had meanwhile borrowed a piece of meat from a neighbour, and piled a few scraps on a plate to which he called attention.

The angry Scot caught the plate, and let fly, scraps, roast and all, straight at the boy's head. The concussion sent him spin-

ning through the back gate, where he disappeared into a kind of nirvana, carrying the Scotchman's anathemas with him.

The boy is the guardian spirit of the pale-face, notwithstanding the fact that he keeps him in torment. Yield him your confidence and his devotion and executive skill will more than repay you. His unwearied feet will cover long miles of distance in your behalf; his tongue will tell the wondering listeners your praises—how great you are, how wise, how generous, how rich, how glorious a master to serve. We have heard it from others, and sometimes ourselves have said, "Bless the boy!"

He will fight a whole town that calls you "barbarian"—as my own Yöngchuni did once when we entered a miserable raft of a place after nightfall. The people, through the mouthpiece of a lanky mountaineer, said they had no room to stable savages. Quick as lightning Yöngchuni smacked him on the cheek for his insolence. It was the touch of a button that piled all the loose population onto the prey like so many woolly dogs. Poor Yöngchuni, he was the prey, buried out of sight, overwhelmed by violence, and all on my account. I was compelled to turn in and help him. How we survived is still a mystery. As we moved

ignominiously out of the place, I lectured him on keeping his temper.

"But, master, they insulted you, how could I?" he asked.

"But we must not fight," I replied.

This reproof brought the tears, where the violence of the mob had but whetted him into anger. I told him I prized his faithfulness, pummelled as he had been. After thinking it over carefully, and weighing the motives, I drew from it a profitable lesson for myself, and concluded that I would rather have fought like that on behalf of another, than have kept my temper for years.

## XXI

### THE KOREAN NEW YEAR.

From "Korean Sketches", by the Rev. James S. Gale, B.A.

IN their division of the year, Koreans, like the Chinese, prefer to follow the moon rather than the sun. The most noted moon of the year is the crescent that shines on the first night of the first month.

Every native in the land feels that with its coming old things have passed away and that all things have become new. He pays his debts, puts on a new suit of clothes, bows his congratulations to the old men of the village, and has the younger men bow to him; and yet after it all, there is a lack and an aching void. He acts not unlike Job when he said: "Though I wash me with snow water and make my hands never so clean, yet wilt thou plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall abhor me." Something dogs his footsteps of which he tries very hard to be rid; he calls in sorcerers, and fortune men, and during prolonged seances seeks their advice.

A cook whom we left at Korea, had many times fallen a victim to a quarrelsome disposition, though he fought hard against it. We told him of the Christian way of combating such a foe, but it did not appeal to him. He said Koreans had a way too, but he would have to await the New Year for its trial. When the New Year came, late at night we found him in the courtyard flying a kite on which he had written, "Evil disposition, impatience, bad words, street fights, etc." It was so dark that no kite could be seen; but when he had run the string out to its full length, he cut it and let it go, imagining that so he had rid himself of his enemies and could begin the year with new courage.

Another regenerating method commonly practised is to prepare a straw image which contains in its inmost being a written statement of one's sins and shortcomings, together with a few cash. On New Year's night beggars who play the part of scapegoat, come by asking for the image. It is passed out to them, and they become possessed of the evil, selling their peace of soul for the cash within.

Another method of finding peace, is by making offerings before a mountain shrine. We had one such in front of our gate, to

which, among others, came an old woman to rid herself of her sorrows and burdens, carrying a chicken and a bowl of rice. It was a *live* offering, for she left the chicken tied by its foot to the tree. Its peepings brought our cook upon the scene. He cut the string, gave the bird shelter, and when the old woman came by again, said, "Mother! here's your chicken." But Grandma lifted up her hands in horror, refused to take it, and warned him against what he would inherit—terrors worse than he had dispossessed himself of when he flew his kite.

The Korean is a marvel for mathematical calculations. His reckoning of age is most peculiar. It is not based upon the revolutions of sun or moon, but upon the number of New Year's dinners partaken of, with an extra year thrown in, for what reason I have never been able to understand. Thus if a child is born in December, and on New Year's day joins the family circle for refreshments, it is said to be two years old, though its actual existence may number only five or six days.

Though defective in mathematics, the Korean has other compensating excellencies. We have had a parliament of Religions, at which we are glad he took no

part; but when we shall have a Parliament of National Amusements, we hope to have him there flying his Korean kite. At the New Year season the upper air is alive with kites, dancing nimbly in groups or moving mysteriously here and there. His kite is small and square without wings or tail, and its evolutions are marvellous. In fairly calm weather a skillful flyer can command an arc of some ninety degrees with his kite. By a turn of the wrist and a sweep of the hand it goes straight up into mid-air, like a rocket. Another turn, and it makes a somersault like a tumbler pigeon, repeating it over and over.

Each New Year season there are contests in kite flying, the object being to cut the enemy's string and let his kite go. In preparation for this, a string is twisted of silk and coated with ground glass and porcelain mixed with glue. As it flies singing off the reel you feel toward it much as a bird might toward a wall capped with broken bottles.

These contests are quite as exciting as anything seen on an American baseball field. The old men in thickly padded suits are seated on mats at some point where the view is unobstructed, while ordinary spectators fill the streets. The most tried and skill-

ful man of the district has the kite in hand. Little boys in red jackets and white pantaloons are everywhere on tiptoe of expectation for fallen string or stray kite.

One tournament in the capital we still remember vividly. Different wards of the city had entered the lists, and even the coolies were excited. After due ceremony the kites rose slowly from the chosen centres. They were far apart and seemed as little in danger of attacking each other as the extreme ends of the Dipper. They drew apart until sufficient string was off the reel, and then gradually pulled together until the distance was spanned. Now they were face to face, nodding politely, schottisching back and forth, growing more animated till their motion assumed something of the form of a highland fling. Then they swooped at each other—passed and repassed—shot by at hot speed—struck—one kite spun for a moment; then dived underneath—the spectators held their breath. Now strings were crossed, and the fight began. A moment later one kite remained riding triumphantly in the sky, while the other, with tipsy motion floated off into the azure blue, the broken string falling over the roof-tops.

A little lad with radiant face and red

coat caught the string, and, in his haste, took a grip of it and ran toward home, forgetful of the glass filings and glue. Some one caught the other end and drew it through his hand. At once he dropped it and looked, and there a line oozed out of his chubby fingers as red as his New Year's jacket. His features suddenly reversed, and in bitterness and woe he went home to tell his mother of the sorrows and defeats of New Year's day. But over in the other ward there was feasting and music, and the mothers there said there had never been such kite-flying since the founding of the dynasty.

In the evening the Korean closes his doors to keep out Santa Claus, whom he calls Angwangi. Angwangi is an old man who lives in the upper air and collects material for New Year's gifts. As is customary in the East, the Korean leaves his shoes outside the door, and Angwangi comes down on New Year's eve, and tries them on, leaving a memento of his visit. He is not the genial Santa Claus we know, however, but a villainous old fiend, whose gifts consist of typhus fever, cholera, leprosy and the like.

There is no joyful anticipation, but the most dismal fear of Angwangi. When a

child cries, Korean mothers say, "Hush, or Angwangi will catch you." Yet, as against other common evils of the Orient, the natives have a protection provided. One way is to bring all the shoes inside and keep a light burning for the night; but in certain cases bringing the shoes indoors exposes the inmates to other misfortunes, so it has taken much thoughtful study to meet the case of Angwangi. After baiting him with this and that, and attempting in vain to propitiate him, it was found that a common flour sieve left at the door would attract his attention and render him oblivious to all the shoes of the capital, for he has a mania for counting the meshes of the sieve. He counts and counts, and before he is aware, the night has fled, and his opportunity to scatter New Year's pestilence is gone. So a sieve is always left beside the shoe mat on New Year's eve.

At the close of the New Year's season, that is, on the night of the fifteenth of the first month, the Korean spreads his mat on the nearest bridge and bows three times to the moon, asking him for his light and guidance during the coming year.

## XXII

### GOD ON THE ROCK: HOW THE INDIANS ARE TAUGHT TO READ THE BOOK

From "On the Indian Trail", by Egerton R. Young, missionary to the Cree and Salteaux Indians.

ONE of the most signal triumphs in giving the Bible to a people in their own language is that of the translation and printing of the Book in the syllabic characters invented by the Rev. James Evans, one of the early Methodist missionaries to the scattered tribes of Indians in what was then known as the Hudson River Territories.

These people were fishermen and hunters, ever on the go, so that it was almost an impossibility to teach them to read in the ordinary way. By using syllabic characters, however, the Bible was printed in so simple a manner as to be easily acquired by them. Each character represents a syllable, so that all the difficulties of learning to spell are done away with.

In working out his invention, Mr. Evans had to labor under many disadvantages.

Living in a land so remote from civilization, he had but little material on which to experiment and but few facilities to aid him. From the fur-traders he begged a few sheets of the lead that lines the interior of tea chests. This he melted into suitable pieces, out of which he carved his first type. For paper he was obliged at first to use birch bark. His ink was manufactured out of the soot from his chimney and sturgeon oil. Yet with these rude appliances he succeeded in printing portions of the Scriptures and some hymns in the language of the Crees.

When the story of his marvellous invention reached England, friends came to his assistance. From some of his types, as models, a generous supply was cast; these with a good hand printing press and all necessary supplies of paper, ink and other essentials were shipped to him by the Hudson Bay Co., to Norway House. For years the work of printing portions of the Word of God was prosecuted there until the British and Foreign Bible Society took up the work and cheerfully furnished all the Bibles the people required.

The missionary ever finds among all classes of pagan people that the Book is always considered a mysterious and won-

derful volume. Its marvellous incidents ever attract. They never tire of the services where it has a prominent place. Sermons, even though hours in duration, if full of its truths will be attentively listened to.

One day when I was holding some extended services, I said to the friendly Indians around me: "Would you not like to read the book for yourselves?" A chorus of hearty affirmative answers was the quick response. It did not take us long to organize our school, for it was indeed a primitive affair. I was fortunate in having a goodly number of syllabic Bibles, which, at a great deal of trouble we had brought with us in our canoe. Not a person in the audience, except my boatmen knew a letter or syllabic character. We had no primary books considered so essential in organizing a school that has to begin at first principles. We had not even a slate, pencil, paper or blackboard. However, "necessity is the mother of invention," and it was so here.

Near at hand was a huge rock that towered up like a house, one side of it being as smooth as a wall. This constituted an admirable substitute for a blackboard. Burnt sticks from the camp-fire, where our

fish and bear's meat had been cooked, were used as substitutes for chalk.

## ALPHABET<sup>1</sup>

### (a) SYLLABICS.

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▽ a	△ ē	▷ ǒ	◁ ä*
▽ pā	△ pē	▷ pō	◁ pää
▽ tā	△ tē	▷ tō	◁ tää
▽ chā	△ chē	▷ chō	◁ chää
▽ kā	ρ kō	▷ kō	◁ kää
▽ nā	σ nē	▷ nō	◁ nää
▽ mā	Γ mē	▷ mō	◁ mää
▽ sā	▷ sē	▷ sō	◁ sää
▽ yā	▷ yē	▷ yō	◁ yää

\* a, as in far.

After a few words of explanation the work of memorizing the characters began. A, E, OO, AH. It was just like a lot of little children in a primary school beginning with A, B, C. Over and over again,

<sup>1</sup> In reading this selection before an audience it will add greatly to the interest to reproduce this alphabet on the blackboard or a large sheet of manila paper.

we repeated them until my mixed audience became familiar with the sounds. Thus we studied for hours. At first the interest in the work was very great, and from old men of eighty, to the boys and girls of six or eight, the best of attention was paid.

After a time the interest flagged considerably, especially among the older men to whom these characters were as yet unmeaning sounds. Some of them got up and lit their pipes, and moving around, divided their time between the lesson and the smoking. Of course I had to let them smoke. I might have found it a difficult matter to have stopped them if I had been so foolish as to have tried. So I told them some pleasant stories and we toiled away at our lesson. It was not many hours before many of my undisciplined pupils had a fairly good idea of the names of the characters.

Then, knowing that I could arouse the interest of the most apathetic among them I began to combine the characters into words, and asked for their most earnest attention. I marked out some simple words such as: < < (pa-pa), and L L (ma-ma). Thus I showed them how to combine these signs into words. This interested them very much; but the climax came, when, with the burnt stick I marked

L 6 D<sup>1</sup> (Maneto, their name for God, or the Great Spirit). Great indeed was the excitement. They could hardly believe their own eyes, that before them was Maneto, the Great Spirit. He whom they had heard in the thunder and the storm, whose power they had seen in the lightning flash, about whom they had talked in their wigwams, and at their camp-fires—"Maneto!" Here, made by a burnt stick on a rock, visible to their eyes, was that name: GOD ON THE ROCK! It was indeed a revelation. Something that filled, and thrilled them, as I have never before or since seen Indians thrilled.

For a time I could only keep quiet and look on and rejoice. Some of them in their amazement were doubtful of their own senses. They acted as though they could not believe their own eyes; so they appealed to those nearest to them and said:

"Is it MANETO to you?"

Others rubbed their eyes, as though they feared that by some witchery bad medicine had been thrown in them, and, in their In-

<sup>1</sup>If a blackboard is used as suggested, draw these characters on it without giving their meaning, and call on the audience to translate them by referring to the alphabet.

dian phraseology, they were "seeing double."

There was no more inattention. Every pipe went out, and every eye followed me, as in these syllabics I wrote on the rock, GOD IS LOVE. After talking about this a little, I then wrote, GOD LOVES You. This we followed with other short sentences full of blessed Gospel truths. Thus passed some hours in this delightful way, and before they were ended many of my pupils had become quite familiar with the formation of words out of these characters.

Then we opened our bundles of Bibles, and, passing them around as far as they would go, I had them all turn to the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, and we began the study of it. Of course our progress at first was slow. It could not be otherwise under such circumstances. But we patiently persevered, and it was not very long ere they were able to read in their own language: "MAWACHE NISTUM KAESAMANETO KEOOSETOU KESIK MENA ASKEE (In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth)."

When they had acquired the ability to read this verse for themselves, and had grasped a little of its meaning, there was

another outburst of delight. That first verse of Genesis is very suggestive and full of meaning to any one who studies it. It is in itself the first chapter of God's revelation of Himself to man, and has long occupied the attention and study of the most godly and profound. Here, for the first time, it was being read by a company of poor Indians, just emerging from paganism. But they were sharp and keen and able to grasp a new truth; and so when the verse was first opened before them with its wondrous meaning, great was their delight and amazement.

"Now we know all about it!" some of them shouted. "The Kaesa-Maneto (the great God), made all these things, the heaven and the earth."

Others said:

"Our fathers talked about it in their wigwams, and wondered how all these things came as they are; but they had to confess they were in darkness, and knew nothing. But now we know it! We know it!"

Over and over again they read the verse until they had thoroughly committed it to memory. And in after days, at many a camp-fire, and in many a hunting lodge, it was repeated to others who had not heard

it, but who, on hearing it, were also filled with gratification and delight at the answer it gave to what had long been a subject of perplexity and awe.

Day after day before that rock the study of other verses followed. Slowly of course at first, but gradually increasing as they became better acquainted with the syllabics. These eager, interested Indians, applied themselves with such earnestness to the work, that although they had never been to school a day in their lives, some of them in ten days or two weeks, were able to read with fluency, the Word of God in their own language. No wonder the great Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, said to me:

"The man who invented that syllabic alphabet, was one of the great benefactors of humanity, and more richly deserved a pension, a title, and a resting place in Westminster Abbey, than many who were buried there."

All the churches carrying on mission work in these vast northern regions have availed themselves of Mr. Evans' invention. Among other tribes than the Cree, where there are different sounds in the language, some few extra characters have been added. Even in Labrador and Greenland, the de-

voted Moravian missionaries are successfully using the syllabic characters to teach the poor wandering Esquimaux how to read the Word of God in their own uncouth language.

## XXIII

### THE VICTORY OF THE SABBATH-KEEPING INDIANS.

From "On the Indian Trail", by Egerton R. Young.

To the Indians, before the arrival of the missionary, the Sabbath was utterly unknown. The preaching of it at first filled them with perplexity and trouble. They thought it would bring them to absolute want. They were very poor, even though working and fishing every day; and to give up one day out of every seven, and not fire a gun or set a net—what would become of them!

Faithfully and lovingly the missionaries set before them the commands of God, adding the promises of blessings to the obedient. The Book itself was diligently searched, and at last the Christian Indians resolved to take it for their guide, and to keep the Sabbath Day. At once the guns and bows and arrows were put aside, and the fish-nets were left hanging in the breeze for that day. No traps were visited, neither were the axes lifted up against the trees.

Their simple meals were cooked and eaten, and all who could attend, were found in the house of God three times each Sabbath.

But now arose fierce opposition from an unexpected source. The great fur-trading company that held despotic power in the land, fearing a diminution in the returns of the fur, sneered at the action of the missionaries, and by bribes and threats, endeavoured to induce the Indians to ignore their teachings on the subject. When the summer tripping began this opposition developed into downright persecution. Some description of this "tripping" in that great wild northland is necessary in order that the position of the Sabbath-keeping Indians may be understood.

So remote from the seaboard are some of the interior posts of the Hudson Bay Company that seven years or more elapsed ere the furs could reach the London market. The bales of goods given in exchange for them were first shipped to York factory on the Hudson Bay. Then they were taken by the Indian trippers in strong boats that would hold from three to five tons. A number of these boats constituted a brigade. A captain of the whole was appointed and a good state of discipline maintained.

The first brigade would take the bales up

the rivers, some of which are full of falls and rapids that are impassable for boats. Here portages have to be made. The hardy boatmen row up to the rapids as close as it is safe, unload their cargoes and carry them on their backs to the selected spot above the obstruction in the river. Then the boats are hauled ashore and dragged overland to the same place; here they are again launched, and, with cargoes aboard, the journey is resumed. On some of these trips the number of portages runs up into the scores.

At Norway House,—which for many years was the great distributing centre for the interior—this first brigade would exchange its cargo of goods for the bales of rich furs which another brigade that had come from the further interior, perhaps from Athabasca or the Saskatchewan country, had brought down thus far on their way to the London market. Then this second brigade would return hundreds of miles into the interior; and meeting another brigade from regions still more remote, would again exchange cargoes. Thus it would go on until some of the bales of goods were more than three thousand miles from the seaboard where they were landed.

The one despotic command delivered to

these brigades by the company was, "push on!" They argued: The summer in these high latitudes is short; we must make the most of it. Every day tells, and there must be no lagging by the way. The result was that the men were worked to the last degree of endurance. Many failed at the oar, while others dropped under the heavy loads in making the portages. Fill up the ranks quickly and push on! was the order. It was all excitement, and rush, and high pressure, from the beginning of the tripping season until the close. There was no relaxation—no Sabbath—no rest.

It seemed utter folly for the missionary to come in where such a condition of things existed and say to the best men of the best brigades: "We know the summer is short, and it is essential for the welfare of the company and your own wages, that the goods should be taken in, and the furs brought out. But a Higher Power has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' so when Saturday night overtakes you, tie up your boats, lay aside your oars, and rest in quietness and devotion until God's day is over."

The company was astounded. To lose one-seventh of the short summer would never do! This fanaticism must be

stopped! They threatened—they persecuted the missionary and the Indians. But the missionary (the Rev. James Evans), was a wise and judicious man; standing at his post he endeavoured to show the company that no harm would come to them by their employees resting one day in seven. He declared that a man could do more work in six days by resting the seventh, than by working continuously; and he challenged them to the test.

At first the statement was laughed to scorn. However, as the missionary and his Christian Indians remained true, the company was obliged to yield so far as to send off a Sabbath-keeping brigade, which they did with many fears and misgivings. To their surprise, they did their work just as well, and returned in less time, with the men in better health than those who knew no Sabbath. The logic of actual success triumphed and all opposition ceased. Henceforth no one was found rash enough to question the ability of the Sabbath-keeping Indians to excel in work those who kept not the day of rest.

<sup>1</sup> I have asked the Christian boatmen to

<sup>1</sup> This account given by the Christian boatmen is added from "The Apostle of the North, James Evans", by Egerton R. Young.

give me in detail an account of their doings in contrast with the actions of the other brigades. Their story is something like this:

"When going up the height of land to meet the brigades from the north, perhaps three or four brigades would leave the old fort at the same time. We would push on, keeping much in company, until we would reach the portages, then we would separate. Our Christian men could hold their own with the best of these others, who were generally either pagans or Roman Catholics. Saturday we were usually ahead. We camped as usual Saturday night, sometimes near together, sometimes as much as ten miles ahead of any other brigade. As the next day was the Sabbath, we made everything as comfortable as possible. We covered our cargoes with the tarpaulins, and after supper and prayers, went to bed.

"The next day we arose as usual, had a good wash and put on our Sunday clothes which we carried with us. After breakfast, as we generally had some of our class-leaders or lay preachers among the men, we held a religious service. We always carried our Bibles and hymn books. After dinner we had a good sleep, then supper, then another religious service. Perhaps during the day the other brigades passed

us in the forenoon. They pushed on and on, but we never minded that. We were remembering the command, 'Keep holy the Sabbath day.' We were up very early on Monday morning. The day of rest had refreshed us, and so, while the wapunuclukoos, the morning star, was still visible, we were making ready for a long day's pull at the oars.

"About Wednesday we generally caught up to the other brigades that had no Sabbath. With a shout the struggle began, they to keep ahead, we to get ahead. Perhaps we could not do it that night, but we did it the next day. Then on we hurried until Saturday night came again. We do the same as we did last Saturday. The next day we sleep and eat and worship God. Perhaps about five o'clock, or maybe six, the brigades came along. They are now so tired they can hardly get up a cheer as they pass us and push on, perhaps five, or six, or ten miles further, when they camp for the night. They are very tired and so sleep long the next morning. But we have had our day of rest, and so feel strong again. So with the morning star still in the sky, we are up and off, and we get on so well that we pass the other brigades perhaps when they are just having their breakfast.

"With a cheer we push ahead. We travel some weeks over many rough places, but at length we reach the post we are travelling for that year. We find the brigades from Athabasca, or Mackenzie, or Peace Rivers, there with the furs. We exchange our loads of goods for packs of furs, and turn around and begin the homeward journey. Perhaps we get down five or six days before we meet the other brigades still going up.

"We push on day after day, having as usual our quiet Sabbath of rest and worship, and we generally arrived home about a week or ten days before the other brigades returned. When they did come back, they generally had some of their men about used up, and all of them were very tired, while we who kept the Sabbath were soon ready to start off for York Factory to meet the ship."

This was their uniform testimony, and has been for years; and it is in harmony with the experience in all lands where the test has been made. Looked at from the lowest standpoint, the Sabbath pays, for man as a creature of toil can do more and better work in six days, by resting on the seventh, than he can where he keeps no Sabbath.

## XXIV

### CAMPING IN THE SNOW BANK

From "The Apostle of the North, James Evans", by Egerton R. Young.

No full record of the long journeys taken by James Evans among the Indians of the far north has ever been written. The narrative of his travels by canoe in the short summer months, and by dog-train in the long cold winter, would have equalled, in intense interest, anything in modern literature.

To the Indians he was the ideal missionary, the matchless dog traveller, the fearless canoeist. Stoical old fellows who could not be induced to relate their personal experiences at the camp-fires, would kindle up, and talk by the hour of the thrilling adventures, the narrow escapes, and the Providential deliverances which entered into his career.

Dog-travelling is the only way that long winter journeys can be made in the cold regions of the north. As there is much that is fascinating and instructive about it, we

will, in imagination, go with Mr. Evans on one of his heroic trips and try to enter into its hardships and its triumphs.

The dogs generally used are the well-known Esquimaux or Huskie dogs of the country. They are solid, fine-looking creatures, with sharp, pointed ears, long and erect, and they have a warm, furry coat which enables them to stand the intense cold of the region. Four dogs are called a train, and are supposed to draw easily five or six hundred pounds weight. The dog-sleds are like the toboggans of Quebec, about ten feet long and from sixteen to eighteen inches wide.

On a long trip such as Mr. Evans would take, two dog-trains would be necessary, and three would be better. The Indian companions must be of the best, especially the guide. For the comfort of all, everything essential for the journey,—food, cooking utensils, bedding, etc.,—must be well packed on the sleds.

An important item of the load is a large supply of dog shoes. These are very essential, for a dog's foot is very liable to injury. Sometimes on rough, sharp ice, they cut their feet so that they bleed very much. At other times in the rough places they break off the nails or run sharp spikes through

the webbing between the toes. When thus injured, a little cotton wool, saturated with balsam gum is fastened over the wounded part, then the dog shoe which is like a long mitten without the thumb, is drawn on the foot and securely fastened with a piece of deer skin. The dogs get to be very fond of these shoes, and sometimes resort to queer expedients to get them on. They will pretend to be very footsore; and if the night is especially cold at the camp, they will howl and whine for them in a way that is pathetic, though at times very laughable. Mr. Evans' famous train of hybrids, half dog, half wolf, would lie down on their backs, and holding up their four feet would howl for him to put on their shoes.

When the day's journey is ended and a place possessing the requisites of a good camp has been found, a halt is called, and all at once set to work to prepare for the night. The dogs are unharnessed, axes are taken from the sleds and a general assault made on the dry trees near by. A dozen or so are cut down and chopped into suitable lengths. The big snow-shoes make capital shovels and with these the light, dry snow is speedily thrown out from a space about ten feet square, which is to be the abode of all the party for the night. The snow is

piled up in banks on three sides, while on the fourth it is scraped away, and there the logs of wood are piled up into a big heap, dry pieces and chips are placed underneath them, and the whole is speedily ignited, and soon there is a glorious blaze.

Kettles are then filled and refilled with snow and kept on the fire until they are full of water. In the larger one the meat is boiled. It may be venison, or bear's meat or half a beaver. The fatter it is the more it is craved by the missionary as well as his Indian companions.

While the meat is cooking the dogs are fed, their meal consisting of white fish. So severe is the frost, that these fish are as solid as stones, and so, ere they are fed to the dogs, a log is placed quite near to the fire, and there two fish for each dog are placed and thoroughly thawed out. Sometimes, in their nervous anxiety while waiting for their fish, fighting begins among them, and as one dog after another joins in, it becomes quite a battle. But it was always noticed that dogs that have toiled in the same trains very seldom quarrelled with each other. The battle was usually between the four of one train, and the four of another. When fed, they go and dig holes in the snow and there cuddle down and sleep,

shivering through the bitter cold night as best they can.

The dogs being thus disposed of, the missionary and his Indians have their own supper. Tin plates and cups are arranged on an old table-cloth, and then with knives and forks they attack the meat and flat cakes, if they have any, and drink a great deal of strong, well-sweetened tea.

Sometimes when the night was intensely cold, and this was generally the case, the meat would freeze up two or three times during the meal, and would have to be plunged for a minute or two into the boiling pot, kept ready for this emergency. When it was colder than forty below zero, the ice would form on a pint cup of tea in a few minutes after it was poured out of the boiling pot.

After supper they had prayers. The Indians were bright and joyous and full of pleasantry. Mr. Evans, himself one of the most joyous of men, would never take with him a dog-traveller or guide, no matter how capable, who was morose or sullen in disposition. Serving the Lord with gladness himself, he wanted that kind of men around him. But after supper, when the words were uttered, "Let us worship God," all talking and laughing ceased, and reverently,

with uncovered heads, they all seated themselves around their beloved missionary, who always led the service. A portion of the Word of God would be read, and a familiar hymn sung, then devoutly kneeling, first one and then another of these happy converted Indians would lead in prayer. Then Mr. Evans would offer the closing petitions and pronounce the benediction, and the precious devotions were at an end.

There they are, out in the dreary forest in that hole, scooped out in the snow, with the temperature ranging from forty to sixty degrees below zero. No roof have they above them but the starry heavens, no walls on three sides of them but the snow banks which their snow shoes have thrown up. The fire in front will soon go out, unless the wolves are threatening and it is constantly replenished. No wonder, if conscious of their need of the watchful care of the ever-loving Almighty Friend, they invoke His presence and protection.

As they arise from their devotions, the Indian attendants say: "Now missionary, if you will get ready, we will make your bed and tuck you in." No traveller ever had more loyal and devoted attendants than these loving, vigilant, Christian Indians.

The way they make the bed for the missionary is about as follows:

First they spread out a large buffalo skin on the ground. On this a large Hudson Bay blanket is laid. The pillow is then placed so that the feet will be toward the fire. While the men have been making the bed, the missionary has been preparing to occupy it. There is no disrobing before retiring to rest, in such a bedroom, and in such an atmosphere. On the contrary the missionary very gladly puts on additional clothing. Fur boots reaching up to the body, and large enough to be pulled on over the moccasins, leggins and pants, are very comfortable. A fur coat with well-lined hood to draw over the large fur cap is also essential, then fur mittens for the hands, and a heavy Scotch plaid wound round and round the body, generally completes the outfit.

When the missionary has lain down in the bed prepared for him, the Indians throw over him a couple of blankets and a large fur robe, and begin to tuck him in. No loving mother ever more tenderly tucked her child in his crib than these experienced Indians tuck in their beloved missionary. The operation is very satisfactory at first,

as they begin at the feet and work upward. When, however, the head is reached, they proceed to cover it up also.

This, of course, is very trying to an inexperienced white man, and the sense of suffocation is not entirely removed by the assuring words of the faithful Indians, who inform the sufferer that although he thinks he is going to die, yet he will manage to survive. Nevertheless he finds it extremely difficult to breathe packed in, as he is under this heavy covering. But trying as it is to sleep without the accustomed number of cubic feet of fresh air, there is no case on record of any missionary having been suffocated.

The experienced Indians, knowing the dangers of the winter camp, generally warn the missionary to keep as quiet as possible while thus almost buried beneath the heavy coverings. When questioned as to the reason for this solicitude, the answer is: "You may disarrange the clothing while you sleep, and so let in the cold air; and then you may freeze to death without awaking."

That this serious information means something is evident from the fact that one night a missionary unconsciously uncovered his face, doubtless on account of the instinc-

tive longing for fresh air. When a little later he fully awoke to consciousness, he found himself pulling away at something he at first thought was the end of an axe-handle, but which he soon discovered was his frozen nose!

Strange as it may appear, a fall of snow is like an additional blanket on a none too warm bed on a cold wintry night. The question has been asked, who tucks in the faithful Indians who have been so considerate and thoughtful about their missionary? Accustomed as they are to their primitive way of sleeping, from long practice they have become very skillful in so rolling themselves up, each in a single blanket, that it seems as though not a particle of air is able to reach them.

At times Mr. Evans and his companions were exposed to the attacks of the great northern gray wolves. When their howling was heard additional wood was put on the fire, which was kept burning as long as they were troublesome. It is a fortunate thing for travellers that these bloodthirsty brutes are afraid of fire. Still it was ever necessary to be on guard when their mournful, blood-curdling howlings were heard.

Mr. Evans had also some fierce encounters with blizzard storms, which came up

suddenly, and are as apt to occur at night as by day. Strange to say it was possible to comfortably lie still, and let the terrific storm howl and rage above them. The getting up in the morning, however, was not always comfortable, even if the storm had spent its fury. Everything was buried under the snow. Even the dogs had to be searched for and dug out. Fresh wood had to be cut and a new fire made. Snow-shoes, dog harness, sled, etc., had to be searched for and dug out from the drifts. Breakfast was quickly cooked and eaten by the half-frozen company, who found it hard work to keep from shivering. Prayers followed, then the dogs were harnessed, the loads tied on the sleds, and the journey resumed.

Thus day after day, week after week, this marvellous missionary pushed on. At his own fireside he was the loving and loyal husband, and the most affectionate of fathers. No one prized his home more than he; yet so great was his love for his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, and for the precious souls for whom his Saviour died, that he was willing to tear himself away, and in storm, blizzard and hurricane, to go out over an area of country larger than

many an empire, cheerfully exposing himself to "perils oft" in many forms, that he might fill up his life with usefulness, by winning as many as possible to the service of his Lord.

## XXV

### A LIFE FOR A LIFE

From "The Apostle of the North, James Evans", by Egerton R. Young.

ONE of the long journeys which the great missionary, James Evans, took into the far northland, was for the double purpose of winning precious souls to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ and of saving the Christian Indians from the false teachings of some emissaries of the Church of Rome, whom he heard were pushing up from the Saskatchewan country into the regions which formed the home of his Athabasca flock.

He took with him as canoemen, his interpreter, Thomas Hassel, and John Oig. Supplies of food and ammunition to equip him for his long journey were provided by his friends among the Indians; and so, bidding the loved ones in his happy home "Good-bye," and with cheery parting words to his helpers and Indian friends, the long journey was begun. For some days they pushed on with the greatest rapidity,

for Mr. Evans was anxious to be first in the field, and those who were striving to invade his fold had started a number of days ahead, and over a better route, ere he heard of their movements.

Awfully sad and abrupt was the end of that journey. From Oig long years after, I heard the story; so sad, so tragic, so dreadful. His words as I remember them were:

"We had pushed on for a number of days, and Mr. Evans was much pleased with our progress. We were well and strong, and there was plenty of game for us to shoot. We did not waste an hour, but kept rapidly pushing on.

"We had risen one morning very early, and after our breakfast and prayers had launched our canoe and were rapidly hurrying away. The morning mists hung low on the shores of the great lake-like river on which we were paddling. Thomas Hassel was in the front of the canoe. Mr. Evans was in the centre and I was in the stern.

"All at once Hassel whispered, 'I see ducks. Hand me the gun.' We generally kept the gun in the stern of the canoe, pointing backward for safety. I reached back, and lifting the gun, turned the muzzle around and pulled back the hammer. I

then reached it forward and handed it to Mr. Evans. He did not look back, but only reached his hand for the gun as he was earnestly looking forward to try and see the ducks through the mist.

"Somehow or other, I can hardly tell how, the gun went off just as Mr. Evans took it from my hands. As it was pointed directly toward Hassel in front, the whole charge went into his head just at the base of his skull. Poor Hassel! He just turned and gave one sad look at the missionary, and then fell over dead. It was an awful time. Mr. Evans was wild with grief, and so was I.

"We wept and mourned like little children. We were dazed and bewildered. There we were in the wilderness, far away on that lonely lake-like river, with no Indians or white people within many, many miles of us.

"But we had to do something, so we went ashore, and wept again as we laid our dear friend on the sand. For a time we sat in silence; then we tried to pray, but could only sob. But the Great Spirit heard our prayer and we were quieted and comforted, and brought back to ourselves, so that we could think what to do. We could not take the body back to our mission, nor

forward to the far-away land of his people; for they dwelt far beyond Lake Athabasca. So we buried our dead by the river-bank, and then, with sad, lonely hearts, started back for our homes.

"O! but it was a sad home-coming. Our eyes were so dim with weeping we could hardly see the trail. When at length we reached our village, the people came out to meet us, wondering why we had returned so soon, and that there were only two of us, where there had been three when the journey began. They wondered still more when they saw our sad faces, and observed that our tongues at first refused to speak. When at length the sad story was told, their hearts were filled with sorrow, and indeed it was a double sorrow. Sorrow at the sad death of such a useful, well-beloved man as Hassel; and deeper sorrow as they saw how prostrated with grief was their beloved missionary, who had been so unfortunate as to have caused the sad accident."

This is the substance of the account John Oig gave me long years afterward. Even then, strong Indian though he was, the recital of the terrible tragedy deeply affected him, and those of his family who heard it, as he related it at my request.

The effect on Mr. Evans himself was

terrible. He was never again just the same man. His appearance was that of one who had suddenly grown old. The sprightliness and vivacity of the man, which had, with divine grace, made him one of the most joyous and companionable of men, had gone forever. The awful tragedy seemed ever before him. His heart was full of sorrow, and his eyes were often dimmed with tears.

Sometime after his return home, he prepared to surrender himself to the tribe to which the dead man belonged. They were Chippewayans; and were as a tribe, nearly all pagans. In fact the only company of them who had accepted Christianity was connected with the little mission Mr. Evans had himself established, and which he was on the way to visit when the tragedy occurred. Hassel himself was a godly man, a genuine Christian, full of anxious zeal for the extension of the cause of Christ among his fellow-countrymen, but his family and relatives were all pagans, retaining all their old superstitions and cruel customs.

As a tribe they held some of the old severe beliefs in reference to blood-feuds and quarrels. Blood for blood, and life for life, was a part of their belief. To this people Mr. Evans resolved to give himself

up, to be treated by them in any way they pleased. Life's joys seemed to have left him, and he seemed not to care whether he lived or died.

Settling up all his affairs at home, and turning over the mission and school with the printing house and all its work, to men whom he had trained, he prepared for his departure. He kissed his beloved wife and daughter, and saying "farewell" to all, he left his weeping family and sorrowing people for the far-away country where were the wigwams of the relatives of Hassel. It was a long, lonesome journey; for he would not allow any of his people to accompany him.

When he reached the village he at once entered the wigwam of the dead man, and sitting down on the ground, he covered his face with his hands and burst out into a paroxysm of weeping. The inmates were astonished and perplexed at this. The news of Hassel's death had not yet reached them, and so the sight of a strong white man sitting in their wigwam, weeping like a woman, was indeed a mystery.

When the wild burst of sorrow was over, and Mr. Evans was able to control himself, he told the sad story of the death of their relative, and the part he had played in it.

Of course there was intense excitement. They had not been very friendly toward Hassel, when he had, as they expressed it, "left the religion of his forefathers." But they had been eager to appropriate the large portion of his wages which he had sent to them as often as possible. Now that he was dead, perhaps the fact of their loss, as well as their old pagan instincts, caused them to demand vengeance upon the one who had taken his life. Tomahawks were drawn and knives were unsheathed, and there was a cry for the satisfaction of blood. Strong words were uttered, and threatening were some of the actions of the young, hot-blooded ones among them.

Amidst the sharp controversy that raged around him as to what should be done, the broken-hearted missionary sat with bowed head and covered face. He was utterly indifferent as to their actions. He cared not what should become of him.

Noble womanhood, even if it was in the person of a poor old Indian mother, decided the question and turned the tide in his favor. Hassel's poor old mother was much shocked when she heard the story of her son's death. She had bowed herself down in her grief at her loss, but had listened attentively to all that was said. She had

heard the mutterings of vengeance on the part of her sons and others, and had observed the actions of those who would not have required much provocation to put the stranger to death. She had also noted the deep sorrow of the man who had accidentally taken the life of her son. With quick intuition she had observed the genuineness of his grief, and her womanly heart was moved in sympathy toward him, who in his sorrow, had thus voluntarily put himself in their power.

These had been her feelings and emotions during the discussion as to the penalty to be inflicted. When it seemed as though the avengers of blood would prevail, and Mr. Evans' life be taken, she sprang from her place in the wigwam, and going over to him, she put both her hands upon his head and said:

"He shall not die. There was no evil in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live, and shall be my son in the place of the one who is not now among the living."

There were some murmurings against this, but the mother strongly pleaded, and her plan was ultimately carried out.

When the days of mourning for the dead were ended, Mr. Evans was adopted into the tribe and family. For a time he re-

mained in the wigwam of his new father and mother, winning their love and admiration by his words and kindly deeds. He talked to them of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and of the blessed land beyond this into which their son had entered.

When the time came that according to the custom of the tribe he could leave to go out into the world again, he kissed them both and returned to his far-away family and work. He was ever a good son to his new parents. As Hassel had, since he had been a Christian, been very thoughtful of them, and had sent them many a present for their comfort, so also, and much more so, did James Evans.

Mrs. Evans and her daughter shared with him in the resolve to live with the closest economy, in order to help that aged Indian foster-father and mother, who now had a claim upon him. As long as he lived, they had their portion of his never very large salary.

Memory takes me back to the time when, as a little boy in my father's parsonage, I sat at the feet of the widow of James Evans, and listened with intensest interest as she talked of these thrilling and fascinating matters. Little dreamed I then that I should ever live in that distant land, and

have the joy of having in my Indian churches, many brought to God through her husband's instrumentality, and among them John Oig; then the sole survivor, and with Mr. Evans, the only witness, of the tragic death of the interpreter, Thomas Hassel.

THE END



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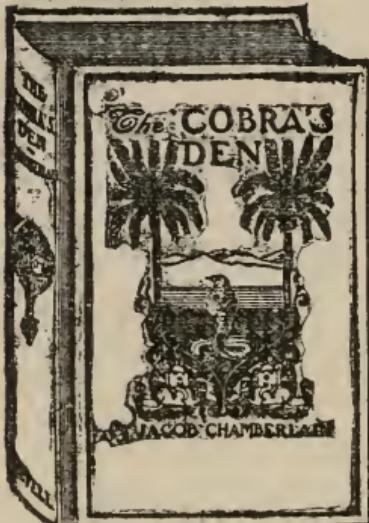
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