

Great Lives
Around the World

MONTH TWELVE

SELECTED AUTHORS

Great Lives
Around the World

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Great Lives Around the World

Great Lives Series: Month Twelve

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Latin America
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Captain Allen Gardiner
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Great Lives Around the World

Month 12

The Relay-Race

The Prologue from *Stories of Great Humanitarians and Missionaries*

The shining blue waters of two wonderful gulfs were busy with fishing boats and little ships. The vessels came under their square sails and were driven by galley-slaves with great oars.

A Greek boy standing, two thousand years ago, on the wonderful mountain of the Acro-Corinth that leaps suddenly from the plain above Corinth to a pinnacle over a thousand feet high, could see the boats come sailing from the east, where they hailed from the Piræus and Ephesus and the marble islands of the Ægean Sea. Turning round he could watch them also coming from the West up the Gulf of Corinth from the harbours of the Gulf and even from the Adriatic Sea and Brundusium.

In between the two gulfs lay the Isthmus of Corinth to which the men on the ships were sailing and rowing.

The people were all in holiday dress for the great athletic sports were to be held on that day and the next—the sports that drew, in those ancient days, over thirty thousand Greeks from all the country round; from the towns on the shores of the two gulfs and from the mountain-lands of Greece—from Parnassus and Helicon and Delphi, from Athens and the villages on the slopes of Hymettus and even from Sparta.

These sports, which were some of the finest ever held in the whole world, were called—because they were held on this isthmus—the Isthmian Games.

The athletes wrestled. They boxed with iron-studded leather straps over their knuckles. They fought lions brought

across the Mediterranean (the Great Sea as they called it) from Africa, and tigers carried up the Khyber Pass across Persia from India. They flung spears, threw quoits and ran foot-races. Amid the wild cheering of thirty thousand throats the charioteers drove their frenzied horses, lathered with foam, around the roaring stadium.

One of the most beautiful of these races has a strange hold on the imagination. It was a relay-race. This is how it was run.

Men bearing torches stood in a line at the starting point. Each man belonged to a separate team. Away in the distance stood another row of men waiting. Each of these was the comrade of one of those men at the starting point. Farther on still, out of sight, stood another row and then another and another.

At the word "Go" the men at the starting point leapt forward, their torches burning. They ran at top speed towards the waiting men and then gasping for breath, each passed his torch to his comrade in the next row. He, in turn, seizing the flaming torch, leapt forward and dashed along the course toward the next relay, who again raced on and on till at last one man dashed past the winning post with his torch burning ahead of all the others, amid the applauding cheers of the multitude.

The Greeks, who were very fond of this race, coined a proverbial phrase from it. Translated it runs:

"Let the torch-bearers hand on the flame to the others" or "Let those who have the light pass it on."

That relay-race of torch-bearers is a living picture of the wonderful relay-race of heroes who, right through the centuries, have, with dauntless courage and a scorn of danger and difficulty, passed through thrilling adventures in order to carry the Light across the continents and oceans of the world.

The torch-bearers! The long race of those who have borne, and still carry the torches, passing them on from hand

to hand, runs before us. A little ship puts out from Seleucia, bearing a man who had caught the fire in a blinding blaze of light on the road to Damascus. Paul crosses the sea and then threads his way through the cities of Cyprus and Asia Minor, passes over the blue Ægean to answer the call from Macedonia. We see the light quicken, flicker and glow to a steady blaze in centre after centre of life, till at last the torch-bearer reaches his goal in Rome.

"Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water
Pass I in patience till the work be done."

Centuries pass and men of another age, taking the light that Paul had brought, carry the torch over Apennine and Alp, through dense forests where wild beasts and wilder savages roam, till they cross the North Sea and the light reaches the fair-haired Angles of Britain, on whose name Augustine had exercised his punning humour, when he said, "Not Angles, but Angels." From North and South, through Columba and Aidan, Wilfred of Sussex and Bertha of Kent, the light came to Britain.

"Is not our life," said the aged seer to the Mercian heathen king as the Missionary waited for permission to lead them to Christ, "like a sparrow that flies from the darkness through the open window into this hall and flutters about in the torchlight for a few moments to fly out again into the darkness of the night. Even so we know not whence our life comes nor whither it goes. This man can tell us. Shall we not receive his teaching?" So the English, through these torch-bearers, come into the light.

The centuries pass by and in 1620 the little Mayflower, bearing Christian descendants of those heathen Angles—new torch-bearers, struggles through frightful tempests to plant on the American Continent the New England that was indeed

to become the forerunner of a New World.

A century and a half passes and down the estuary of the Thames creeps another sailing ship.

The Government officer shouts his challenge:

"What ship is that and what is her cargo?"

"The Duff," rings back the answer, "under Captain Wilson, bearing Missionaries to the South Sea."

The puzzled official has never heard of such beings! But the little ship passes on and after adventures and tempests in many seas at last reaches the far Pacific. There the torch-bearers pass from island to island and the light flames like a beacon fire across many a blue lagoon and coral reef.

One after another the great heroes sail out across strange seas and penetrate hidden continents each with a torch in his hand.

Livingstone, the lion-hearted pathfinder in Africa, goes out as the fearless explorer, the dauntless and resourceful missionary, faced by poisoned arrows and the guns of Arabs and marched with only his black companions for thousands of miles through marsh and forest, over mountain pass and across river swamps, in loneliness and hunger, often with bleeding feet, on and on to the little hut in old Chitambo's village in Ilala, where he crossed the river. Livingstone is the Cœur-de-Lion of our Great Crusade.

John Williams, who, in his own words, could "never be content with the limits of a single reef," built with his own hands and almost without any tools on a cannibal island the wonderful little ship The Messenger of Peace in which he sailed many thousands of miles from island to island across the Pacific Ocean.

These are only two examples of the men whose adventures are more thrilling than those of our story books and yet are absolutely true, and we find them in every country and in each of the centuries. So—as we look across the ages we

"See the race of hero-spirits
Pass the torch from hand to hand."

In this book the stories of a few of them are told as yarns to boys and girls round a camp-fire. Every one of the tales is historically true, and is accurate in detail.

In that ancient Greek relay-race the prize to each winner was simply a wreath of leaves cut by a priest with a golden knife from trees in the sacred grove near the Sea—the grove where the Temple of Neptune, the god of the Ocean, stood. It was just a crown of wild olive that would wither away. Yet no man would have changed it for its weight in gold.

For when the proud winner in the race went back to his little city, set among the hills, with his already withering wreath, all the people would come and hail him a victor and wave ribbons in the air. A great sculptor would carve a statue of him in imperishable marble and it would be set up in the city. And on the head of the statue of the young athlete was carved a wreath.

In the great relay-race of the world many athletes—men and women—have won great fame by the speed and skill and daring with which they carried forward the torch and, themselves dropping in their tracks, have passed the flame on to the next runner; Paul, Francis, Penn, Livingstone, Mackay, Florence Nightingale, and a host of others. And many who have run just as bravely and swiftly have won no fame at all though their work was just as great. But the fame or the forgetting really does not matter. The fact is that the race is still running; it has not yet been won. Whose team will win? That is what matters.

The world is the stadium. Teams of evil run rapidly and teams of good too.

The great heroes and heroines whose story is told in this book have run across the centuries over the world to us. Some of them are alive to-day, as heroic as those who have gone.

But all of them say the same thing to us of the new world who are coming after them:

"Take the torch."

The greatest of them all, when he came to the very end of his days, as he fell and passed on the Torch to others, said:

"I have run my course."

But to us who are coming on as Torch-bearers after him he spoke in urgent words—written to the people at Corinth where the Isthmian races were run:

> *"Do you not know that they which run in a race all run, but one wins the prize? So run, that ye may be victors."*

To Stand Where Others Stand…

[Publisher's note: This is the Introduction from Marcus Bach's *Had You Been Born in Another Faith*.]

I remember, almost to the hour, when this book was conceived. It was ten years ago on a spring morning, just before sunrise in Chichicastenango. I had arrived in this enchanted Guatemalan town late on a Wednesday night, but wakened early the next morning, for Thursday is market day when the little village springs to life. This is when the wiry, bare-footed *cargadores* trudge in from the hills bearing crushing burdens on their bony backs, when the patient women vendors set out their various wares—ceramics, vegetables, grains—and when the peasant people from the hills and the valleys, each colorfully dressed in the costume of his clan, transform the ghost city of Chichi into a thriving metropolis.

Curiosity about the religious practices of these people, the Maya-Quichés, brought me before dawn to the market square. Here in the mystic light between night and day, I watched the Mayan priests, short, lithe men in black knee pants, embroidered jackets, and red tasseled headgear, fan the sacrificial fires on the pyramid-like steps of aging Santo Tomás church. As the charcoal mist rose from the braziers, the priests, swinging their censers, chanting to whatever gods they knew, moved back and forth and up and down the steps in a setting as mysterious as something out of the legends of Montezuma.

The church, although once Roman Catholic, had reverted to the primitive practices of the people it had tried in vain to convert. In fact, the Catholic clergy had moved out and the animistic Mayans, in a pageantry of incense, smoke, and

the incessant beating of muffled drums, were re-instating their own immortal deities.

As I watched, the Maya-Quiché worshipers climbed the steps, pausing to buy a candle from a vendor, which the Mayan priests blessed with a swish of the censer. Then the worshiper bowed and passed through the huge black doors.

Drawn by the mystery of worship, I, too, bough a candle and climbed the steps through the blue smoke curling against the church's whitewashed walls. As a colorful, bare-legged Mayan cleric, with a red cap placed almost jauntily on his head, waved the smoking censer in front of me, he said something I could not understand, but when he graciously bowed as if to say I should enter, I followed the worshipers inside.

Now I was behind the massive doors. In a spacious, vaulted sanctum without pews, where a few statues of Christian saints gazed down in wonder from their niches in the walls and where a votive light still burned, the natives sat on the floor amidst pools of burning candles. It was a garden of flickering lights. Huddled figures crouched guardedly over their tapers. There a mother nursed her child and her a father guided his small son's hand as he lit his white ritual candle.

It struck me then that these people, most of whom had nothing in the world save a mountain shack on a plot of rocky ground, or a herd of goats, or yard to weave, or clay for fashioning pottery, were now suddenly rich in life and spirit. They had passed through the mist and the forbidding doors and were now, by way of incantations and the offerings of their faith, identified with something beyond themselves. The hopeless disorder around me took on a semblance of order. The tallow-splattered floor and the disarray were part of the ritual. Watching these devotees and hearing their murmured, "*Ahau Ah Tohil… Ahau Ah Gucumata…*" I sensed that they devoutly believed their God or gods were good.

I knelt beside an old man and, by means of an inquiring glance, asked him if I might light my candle from his. As he

nodded and turned toward me, I could see the secret pride in his eyes and together we watched the flicker of his candle as it lighted mine. Turning away again, he closed his eyes tightly, as if to resume his prayer.

As I fixed my candle to the floor and gazed into its light, something within me said, "What if you have been born in this man's faith?"

And that is when this book was conceived.

The years of gestation were nourished by visits to the temples of other people in other cultures and in other lands. Some little-known. Some well-known. I was admitted to a Parsi's temple in Calcutta where non-Parsis are commonly forbidden. I knelt in the oldest Moslem mosque in Damascus. I visited synagogues in Israel, Shinto shrines in Japan, Buddhist stupas and pagodas in Asia, and walked among Confucian graves in the hills beyond Hong Kong. I meditated in Hindu ashrams in India and at the holy ghats along the sacred Ganges. I stood in the Sikh's Golden Temple at Amritsar, and joined the people in Eastern Catholic cathedrals in the Kremlin and in Roman Catholicism's St. Peter's in Rome. I worshiped in the churches of Europe which memorialized the Reformation. I took part in the meetings in Voodoo *hounforts* and was allowed inside a *morada* of the Penitentes.

It was not only the variety of beliefs that intrigued me. It was, rather, the worshiper himself, and what he found or felt that he had found that aroused my interest and response.

Most of all, I was impressed by my own realization that we understand others best when we understand what they believe, and that we can never truly enter into their belief until we stand for a little while where these people stand.

Of course, this requires a bit of doing. To live, for a little while, in the orbit of the other person's deepest convictions means that we must momentarily leave the spot where years of stubborn indoctrination have rooted us. We must move

into the spiritual habitue of another's mind and heart; we must become, for a time at least, one with those whose way of life and type of worship and even whose physical makeup we have viewed, up to now, only through the fixed focus of our own cherished points of view. To change, for one enchanted moment, the bent of our soul, the set our mind, and, where necessary, even the colour of our skin, is quite an assignment.

But since we must learn to live together or none of us will live, what else is there to do? And since we have tried every other known avenue for understand, why not try this? And inasmuch as we are all mortal immortals, living for a little while in our impermanent world, and then going on to live again, why should we not embark on this greatest of all adventures?

And when we have one this and identified ourselves with the major religions of the world, what happens to us? What happens to our faith, whatever our faith may be?

What do we learn?

What do we find?

Where do we go from here?

It was not only to answer questions of this kind that this book was written, but to answer another question that you, too, perhaps have often asked yourself, "Had I been born in another faith, what would my faith—and I—be like?"

Conquests of Invention

The story of the development of civilization is one with the story of man's conquests through invention. It is only in the power of mind that man is first among the creatures of earth. Puny in strength compared with the beasts of the jungle, he has reinforced his arm with weapons sharper than the tiger's tooth and surer than the lion's spring. His sight is weak compared with that of the hawk or the eagle, but he has made for himself magic glasses to bring the stars near and to reveal the marvels of the world invisible to the naked eye. Less fleet of foot than the dog or the deer, he has harnessed steam and electricity to carry him over land and sea and to send his thought and spoken word across the world with the speed of lightning.

Everywhere he has conquered through mind—through applying reason and ingenuity to the problems that nature presents. The world challenged his powers at every turn, and as he met the challenge fairly and squarely, he rose step by step in the scale of existence, winning through struggle a fuller and freer life.

First, living by hunting and fishing, he was the prey of famine when game was scarce or when rival tribes invaded his hunting-grounds. This hard life of uncertainty and warfare was greatly improved when the hunter learned to tame animals and to live by the milk, the meat, the wool, and the skins, of his flocks and herds. The change brought about by the domestication of sheep and cattle marks a distinct advance in civilization. It was not, however, until with agriculture a supply of food was assured which made a wandering life in search of fresh fields unnecessary, that permanent homes

were built, and a new step in civilization reached. With this new stage came the desire for beautiful possessions, and the handicrafts were developed. Men became masters of the arts of weaving, of painting, and of wood-carving, and in working out their fancies in leather and in metals.

Then, as cities grew, the demand for quicker and cheaper ways of making things led to improvement after improvement in labor-saving tools and devices, until finally a new age—the age of machinery—had dawned when "iron men" did in a moment the tasks that had formerly required weary days. The scythe yielded place to the harvester that cut, bound and threshed the grain. As the sharpened stick of the first farmer had been succeeded by the steel plow, so this in turn gave way to the steam plow and the tractor which made possible the cultivation of thousands of acres with less expenditure of man-power than had been required by a hundred acres under more primitive methods. The spinning-wheel and hand-loom were replaced by cotton and woolen mills; the hand-made garments fashioned by the mother of the family were replaced by machine-made clothes from great factories. Cities were lighted by gas and electricity. Rapid transportation could now bring the fruits of the tropics to those who "never felt the blazing sun that brought them forth"; and all peoples into closer relation one with another. The paper that we read at our breakfast-table gives us news of all the world.

These are some of the conquests of invention. But let us remember that conquests do not always lead to a golden age of prosperity and peace. Let us not dream that the greatness of our country can be measured by the size of our cities or the power of our big machines. Unless these things help to make people better and happier, unless they give fuller life and liberty, they have not really added to our civilization. For the chief wealth of a nation is to be found in the content of its people; and civilization depends upon the understanding, the industry, and the generous spirit with which all work together

shoulder to shoulder. Let us not put our faith in the bigness of our machines but in the strength and courage of the men who labor.

And, since "men are square," our faith will not be in vain if they are given an equal chance and a square deal. The triumphs of invention and the increase of wealth will then mean not new difficulties and dangers but a true conquest.

Early Inventors

An imposing ceremony took place not long ago in the ancient historic city of Syracuse, in the Island of Sicily. A tardy statue was raised by the Syracusans to their most famous man, who has been two thousand years in his grave.

The statue looks out upon the purple waters of the beautiful bay, which, nearly two centuries before Christ, witnessed some of those signal triumphs of science, which have rendered the name of Archimedes forever illustrious.

In the authentic history of invention, indeed, the name of Archimedes stands earliest and first. No doubt there were many inventors, and great inventors, before his time; but Archimedes is the first known inventor whose astonishing labors have come down to us in clear and trustworthy narrative. He is, therefore, entitled to be called the patriarch of science.

And the more we learn of this wonderful Syracusan, the more we marvel at the ingenuity of his genius, and the creative power of his intellect. He is declared to have been equally skilled in all the sciences; in astronomy and geometry, in hydrostatics, dynamics, and optics. He was the parent of the art of civil engineering. He was the author of a great number of precious inventions. He established the modern system of measuring curved surfaces and solids.

He was the first to prove the important fact "that a body plunged into a fluid loses as much of its weight as is equal to the weight of an equal volume of the fluid." The way in which he discovered this principle is curious and interesting.

His cousin, Hiero, King of Syracuse, wishing to make an offering to the gods of a golden crown, ordered a certain

goldsmith to make one for him. It was soon found, however, that the goldsmith had dishonestly made part of the crown of silver. Hiero called upon Archimedes to find out how much silver had been inserted in the crown.

The philosopher was perplexed; but one day, while taking a brimming bath, Archimedes observed that the quantity of water which overflowed was just equal to the bulk of his own body. Leaping out of the bath, he ran homeward, exultantly crying: "Eureka! I have found it!"

He now made two masses, one of gold and one of silver. Filling a vessel brim full of water, he alternately inserted in it the gold and the silver mass. He thus found the measures of water which answered to a certain quantity of each of the two metals; thereby proved the comparative weight of gold and of silver; and was able to show just how much of the baser metal had been inserted in the golden crown.

The whole life of Archimedes was romantic. His scientific triumphs were striking and brilliant, and the influence of his absorbing labors was marked and enduring upon the progress of the human race. His most noted achievement, perhaps, was the part he took in defending his native Syracuse from the assault of the Romans under Marcellus.

The city was sore besieged by the Roman galleys. It seemed as if nothing could avert its doom.

"The vigorous attempts made by Marcellus to carry Syracuse by storm," says Livy, the Roman historian, "had certainly sooner succeeded but for the interposition of one man, Archimedes; famous for his skill in astronomy, but still more so for his surprising invention of warlike machines. By these, in an instant, he destroyed what had cost his enemy vast labor to construct. Against the Roman vessels, which came up close to the city, he contrived a kind of crow or crane, projected above the battlements, with an iron grapple attached to a strong chain. This was let down on the prow of a ship, and, by means of the weight of a heavy counterpoise of lead, it

raised up the prow, and set the vessel upright on her end."

Another story, the truth of which was long doubted by philosophers, but the probability of which has been shown by the later discoveries of science, is, that Archimedes set the Roman ships on fire by means of mirrors. When the ships were within bow-shot of the shore, Archimedes placed some hexagonal and smaller mirrors, each at a proper distance, opposite the sun, and moved them by means of hinges and metal plates. Directed upon the ships, these were set on fire, and were burned as if by the operation of magic.

The possibility of this remarkable feat of science has since been many times shown. It is asserted that in the sixth century a famous man of science, Proclus, set fire to the Thracian fleet in the harbor of Constantinople, by means of mirrors made of brass. In the last century, the great French naturalist, Buffon, repeated with success the exploit attributed to Archimedes at Syracuse. Buffon, with his apparatus of mirrors, set fire to planks at a distance of two hundred feet, and melted metals and minerals at a distance of forty feet.

In our own day, the problem how to use the heat of the sun by mechanical agency is one of the most absorbing objects of the search of natural philosophers. One of these has recently been bold enough to assert that on any space in the United States, twenty by thirty miles square, enough of the heat of the sun is wasted to drive all the steam engines in the world.

In spite of the well-nigh superhuman efforts of Archimedes in behalf of the proud and lovely city of his birth, it was at length carried by surprise by the Roman legions. As the exultant victors swarmed through the streets, they found Archimedes quietly seated in the public square.

His head was bent, and he was deeply studying a series of geometrical figures, which he had just traced in the sand. He did not seem to be conscious that the city had been captured, or that the Romans had invaded its streets. A Roman soldier, not knowing who he was, ran up to the absorbed philosopher

with a drawn sword. Archimedes perceived his murderous intent.

"Hold your hand a little," said he quietly, glancing at the figures in the sand; "only spare my life until I have solved this problem."

But the petition fell on heedless ears; and this greatest man of his age perished by the hand of the rude barbarian. Archimedes was buried with imposing funeral pomp.

Upon his tombstone, in accordance with his own desire, was engraved a cylinder bearing a sphere; a device which represented his discovery of the proportion between a cylinder and a sphere of the same diameter.

But in the hurly-burly of the time he was soon, and for long, forgotten. A hundred and fifty years later, Cicero, wandering in Syracuse, found the tombstone, neglected, lost sight of, and overgrown with weeds and thistles.

And now, at last, in the nineteenth century, Syracuse has remembered her illustrious ancient citizen, and has fittingly reared a statue to his memory.

In his great lecture on "The Lost Arts," Wendell Phillips described many inventions the knowledge of which had become extinct, though the products of those lost inventions still survive. He told of others which, having become extinct, had been again revived in later ages.

The re-discovery of ancient and once lost arts, indeed, is a striking phase of the history of mediæval and modern invention. Many of the most signal scientific triumphs of later times were known at periods concerning which only dim traditions remain.

Some of the uses of steam were known to the ancients, who employed it to grind drugs, to turn spits, and to amuse and to terrify the common people. It is stated by antiquaries that the Romans knew the art of printing; but opposed the practice of it, because it deprived the scribes of their avocation. Certain it is that the Romans made imprints upon

their pottery by means of stereotypes.

Printing was known to the Chinese in remote antiquity; and lithography had been a familiar German art three centuries before its re-discovery less than a hundred years ago. The Romans quite understood the properties of gunpowder; but rather played and trifled with it, as they did with steam, than put it to any useful service. As they made steam a bugbear, so they used gunpowder mainly for fireworks.

It is certain that Colt's revolver is only a re-discovery of an ancient weapon; for in the Arsenal of Venice you may see not only revolvers, but rifled muskets and breech-loading cannon, which were made and used in the fifteenth century.

Locomotion by steam was attempted by Blasco da Garay, in the harbor of Barcelona, two centuries and a half before Robert Fulton guided the famous "Clermont" up the Hudson. Dr. Darwin predicted the locomotive and the steamboat, a quarter of a century before Fulton's memorable trip, in the oft-quoted lines—

> *"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car!"*

When the tunnel was built beneath the Thames, it was believed to be indeed a new thing under the sun; a marvel of modern engineering skill. But it was afterwards found that tunnels had been laid beneath the waters of the Euphrates at ancient Babylon. The Romans built excellent macadamized roads. The idea of the Congreve rocket was borrowed by its re-inventor from the ingenious arsenals of Hindostan. The Chinese, ages ago, lit their houses with coal-gas.

If there is any modern discovery to which we should be most strongly tempted to attribute absolute originality, it would be that of the anæsthetic properties and uses of ether. But in the works of Albertus Magnus, who lived in the thirteenth century—in the midst of the hurly-burly of the Crusades—you will find a good practical recipe for preparing

ether as an anæsthetic. The same principle, indeed, was known to many ancient peoples. In the far East, *nepenthe* and *mandragora* were used to deaden pain. To a similar purpose the Chinese put mayo, and the Egyptians their soothing and seductive hasheesh.

It was supposed that glass was a discovery of mediæval times, until specimens of it were found in the more elegant of the lava-buried villas of Pompeii.

We must abandon, too, the proud and cherished belief that the electric telegraph was the original device of an illustrious American of the nineteenth century. "The invention of the telegraph," says a recent English scientific writer, "was clearly indicated by Schwenter in 1636. He then pointed out how two persons could communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle." A century later, in 1746, Le Mounier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire nine hundred fathoms in length.

But a real electric telegraph was actually set to work, in 1774, by Le Sage of Geneva. His instrument comprised twenty-four metallic wires, separated and enclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk, mounted with a little ball of elderwood, suspended by a silk thread. A slight stream of electricity was sent through the wire; the elder ball at the other end was repelled; and this repulsion indicated a letter of the alphabet.

A device very much like that of Le Sage was invented a few years later by Lomond of Paris.

The discovery that the sun can paint pictures on a plate prepared with certain chemicals, can by no means be justly claimed by Monsieur Daguerre, although he gave his name to the daguerreotype. To the renowned artist who, four centuries ago, decorated the walls of the stately Refectory at Milan with his splendid picture of "The Last Supper," who contended with Michael Angelo for the artistic sceptre of

Florence, and who was not only a painter and sculptor of the highest genius, but was also a noted chemist, a successful engineer, a melodious poet, a graceful musician, and an ardent astronomer; to Leonardo da Vinci the world perhaps owes the great idea of photography, which has given so much aid to science, and so much pleasure, instruction, and delight to all mankind.

Six hundred years ago, old Friar Bacon taught his countrymen that many of the wonders which, in their ignorance, they attributed to sorcery, to the machinations of the Evil One, to the weird agency of ghosts and witches, were really works of nature, or of skilful human art.

It is almost startling, indeed, to see how this learned and far-seeing English monk, of an almost barbaric period, imagined and clearly foreshadowed some of the greatest inventions of modern times. "Instruments may be made," he says, "by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater swiftness than if they were full of sailors. Chariots may be built that will move with incredible rapidity, without the help of animals. Instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease, may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. A small instrument may be made to raise and depress the greatest weights. An instrument may be devised by which a man may draw a thousand men to him by force, and against their will. Machines can be constructed which will enable men to walk at the bottom of seas or rivers without danger."

So it was that this bright morning star, rising in the dim dawn of modern science, shot its penetrating ray far athwart the shadows of the future; and discerned, almost clearly, locomotion by steam, the perfection of the principle of the lever, the sounding of the mysterious ocean depths by the diving-bell, and the successful navigation of the air.

Mothers of Antiquity

The theory that mothers were the ruling influence on the characteristics of their children is not a new one, having been held by the ancients as an indisputable truth. To the mothers they looked as the source of the improvement or degeneracy of the race. Plutarch, alluding to the training and position of woman under the laws of Lycurgus, remarks: "Hence they were furnished with sentiments and language such as Gergo, the wife of Leonidas, is said to have made use of. When a woman of another country said to her, "You of Lacedemon are the only women in the world that rule the men," she answered, "We are the only women that bring forth men."

Of many of the mothers of antiquity, even of those who are known to have moulded the character of their children, very little is known, and for them there is only material for general classification.

Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, as is finely indicated by Shakespeare, had a powerful influence on the qualities and actions of her son. Thus, when she is urging Coriolanus to adopt a conciliatory policy toward the people, she pleads to him:

> "I prithee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
> My praises made thee first a soldier: so,
> To have my praise for this, perform a part
> Thou hast not done before."

And, again, when she is lamenting his banishment, Coriolanus cries:

"Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat."

His wife, on the other hand, is little better than a lay figure in the scene where he consents to withdraw his troops, and it is holding his mother by both hands that he exclaims:

"O mother, mother!
You have a happy victory for Rome,
But for your son—"

Nothing is known of the mothers of many of the greatest orators and writers of antiquity. All that we know, for example, of the mother of Julius Caesar is that her name was Aurelia, and even that fact is not mentioned by Plutarch. She carefully watched over the education of her children, and Caesar always treated her with the greatest affection and respect.

All that is known of Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great, strongly confirms the theory of maternal influence; for the intemperance and bursts of passion which sullied his greatness can be traced to her, as well as the restless and discontented nature which made him weep because there were no more worlds to conquer. "In violence of temper," says Grote, "in jealous, cruel, vindictive disposition, she forms almost a parallel to the Persian Queens Amestris and Parysatis." Alexander quarrelled with Philip of Macedon, his father, for denouncing her, and always treated her with the greatest respect, although she gave him so much trouble by her intrigues, during his absence in Asia, that he "was wont to say that his mother exacted from him a heavy house-rent for his domicile of ten months." After his death she usurped the supreme authority in Macedonia, and caused more than

one hundred of the party opposed to her to be put to death; but within a few months she was deserted by her adherents, and brought as a criminal before a popular assembly, when sentence of death was passed upon her; yet such was the awe and reverence inspired by the mother of Alexander, that the sentence would have remained inoperative if the sons of her victims had not volunteered to execute it."

Octavia, the sister of Augustus Caesar, was one of the most illustrious women of ancient Rome. Her second husband, Antony, treated her so contemptuously, under the influence of Cleopatra, that the people of Rome were indignant, and while expressing hatred and contempt for him, they showed Octavia every honor. Antony was her second husband, and her household consisted of one son by her first husband, her daughters by Antony, and several children of Antony's by his first wife. She was an admirable mother and stepmother. Her son was a lad of great genius, whom her brother married to his daughter, and declared him heir to the throne. He died shortly afterward, and was believed to have been poisoned by his mother-in-law, who was also his aunt. Few women of antiquity are more admirable in character than Octavia, who, as woman, wife, and mother, was a shining example to her sex.

One of the most remarkable of the early Christian women was the Mother of Symphorian, whose son, in the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, was condemned to die because he was a Christian. It is related that on his way to execution, his mother, unable to see him while in prison, mounted the wall in order to bid him farewell, and instead of wails of lamentation she greeted him with these words: "My son, my son Symphorian, cleave to the living God! Resume your courage, my child! We cannot fear death, for it surely leads to life. Lift up your heart, my son! Behold Him who reigneth in the heavens! Your life is not taken away today; you go to life above!" Surely, such courage is not surpassed in any age or by any

mother.

The mother of St. Ambrose conducted his education, and when it became necessary for him to seek other teachers than herself, she accompanied him to Rome and became the companion of his studies. Years later, when acknowledged the foremost prelate of his time, in his own account of his sister, a lovely Christian woman, he paid earnest tribute to the influence exerted by this mother upon his youth and early manhood, as a preparation for the service to which he afterward consecrated his life. Indeed it was to a bevy of Christian mothers that the movement against imperial oppression, in the reign of Julian the Apostate, owed its greatest leaders. Under the eye of their mother Emmelia and their grandmother, Basil and Caesarius learned the law of liberty, which became the law of their lives. Under the guidance of their mother, Gregory, their friend and companion, dedicated before his birth to the service of the Master, was educated from his childhood, like the infant Samuel, as an offering to the Highest.

Jerome speaks in his writings of his mother and his maternal grandmother as the teachers of his infancy, and gives testimony to the fact that to his mother he owed his religious training. From the arms of his grandmother, he says, he had to be taken by force when he was sent away to a master.

Helena, the wife of Constantius and the mother of Constantine, was one of the most eminent of the early Christians. Her husband divorced her on his elevation to the rank of Caesar, but when Constantine ascended the throne she was proclaimed the Empress Mother. She was paid every honor, and was dearly beloved by the religious sect whose cause she had espoused. When nearly fourscore years old she set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine, then, as now, the Holy Land of the Christians. All along the rout her charities and sumptuous devotions were most marked, and her presence was everywhere hailed with delight. She caused several

churches to be erected and her later years were devoted to the observance of her religious duties.

Chrysostom owed to his mother, Anthusa, the widow of an imperial general, the tenderest care, and he gave in return the sincerest affection. When her son had made up his mind to retire to a convent and spend his life apart from the world, as his nearest friend had done, his mother prevented such a step, believing that his usefulness to the world would be more marked outside than within the convent walls. He tells us how she influenced his decision. Taking him by the hand, she led him into her chamber, where she broke into tears and "into words more moving than any tears." She told him of her grief over the death of his father soon after his birth, and spoke of the efforts she had made to provide for his education and preserve to him her husband's property. Her request to him was that he would not leave her in a second widowhood, or renew a sorrow that had been partly assuaged. "Wait, at least," she said, "until I am dead; and that will not be long."

Obeying his mother, Chrysostom attained to a dignity and usefulness that would not have been reached by him perhaps within the cloister.

So potent and beneficent had been his mother's influence over him that he honored all women, and entertained an exalted idea of the power, of a Christian mother. The position he accorded a Christian woman in he fourth century is more advanced than that granted her in many denominations in this nineteenth century. In a letter to a noble Roman lady, he thus expressed his views on the subject:

"In the order of affairs of this world, as in that of nature, each sex has its particular sphere of action: to the woman, household affairs; to the man, public business, the government of the city, discussions in the agora. But in the work which has the service of God for its object, these distinctions are effaced, and it often happens that the woman excels the man in the courage with which she supports her opinions, and

in her holy zeal… Do not consider as unbecoming to your sex that earnest work which in any way promotes the welfare of the faithful. On the contrary, I urge you to use every effort to calm, either by your own influence or by that of others whom you can convince, the fearful storm which has burst upon the Eastern churches. This is the great work which I beg you to undertake with the utmost diligence; the more frightful the tempest, the more precious the recompense for your share in calming it."

Among the beautiful pictures of the mothers of olden times, what more touching than that of Rachel, daughter of Laban, wife of Jacob, and mother of Joseph and Benjamin. How faithful the affection of the husband, who served seven long years for the dear reward of Rachel's hand, "and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he bore her." And yet another seven years he served the cunning Laban, who deceived him in giving the eldest, instead of the youngest daughter, to the patient lover. That she was exceedingly lovely in character as well as in person must be the case, since the affection of his manhood continued undimmed until his latest breath, and he passionately cherished the memory of the one chosen out of all the world, and ever her grave was kept precious.

Among the most celebrated of the statues to be found in Rome is one of Faustina, the daughter of Antoninus Verus, prefect of the Imperial city, and the wife of the great and good Titus Antoninus Pius. She was also the mother of Annia Faustina, who married the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. These beautiful women shared the throne with the noblest, wisest, and most revered of all who came to the highest honors of the City of the Seven Hills. History has been terribly unjust to these beautiful wives and mothers, for one account renders them dissolute and unscrupulous. That, however, is incredible, nor is it impossible to guess at the source of the calumnies which have been circulated about them, since ancient history

is too often only common rumor transfixed by the art of the writer.

We are sure that the noble Antoninus built temples to the honor of his empress, and coins have been found bearing her beautiful effigy, and that he loved her with tenderness and constancy words written by his own hand attest. After her death temples were dedicated to the memory of the woman so lovely and beloved. And there is still extant a medal representing Antoninus Pius on one side, and on the other Faustina ascending heavenward under the figure of Diana. Her daughter inherited her virtues with her name, Faustina. And Marcus Aurelius, whose meditations and maxims have been the admiration of all time, gives thanks to the gods for a consort so lovely and so loving. Yet she, like her mother, was slandered by the envious. The elder Faustina died about the year 140; the younger died A.D. 175.

Albrecht Durer and His City

1471-1528 A.D.

> "Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the master-pieces of art constantly before him."
>
> --Raphael.

> "Hardly any master has scattered with so lavish a hand all that the soul has conceived of fervid feeling or pathos, all that thought has grasped of what is strong or sublime, all that the imagination has conceived of poetic wealth; in no one has the depth and power of the German genius been so gloriously revealed as in him."
>
> --Lubke.

> "He was content to be a precious corner-stone in the edifice of German Art, the future grandeur of which he could only foresee."
>
> --Richard Ford Heath.

In our study of the great artists so far, we have found that each glorified some particular city and that, whatever other treasures that city may have had in the past, it is the recollections of its great artist that hallow it most deeply today. Thus, to think of Antwerp is to think instantly of Rubens. Leyden and Amsterdam as quickly recall to our minds the name of Rembrandt. Seville without Murillo would lose its chief charm, while Urbino *is* Raphael and, without the revered name of the painter, would seldom draw the visitor to

its secluded precincts.

To the quaintest of European cities the name of Albrecht Durer instinctively carries us—to Nuremberg.

"That Ancient, free, imperial town,
Forever fair and young."

Were we to study Durer without first viewing his venerable city which he so deeply loved all his life that no promise of gain from gorgeous Venetian court or from wealthy Antwerp burgers could detain him long from home, we should leave untouched a delightful subject and one deeply inwoven in the life and thought of the artist. Were we to omit a brief consideration of his time and the way the German mind looked at things and naturally represented them in words and in pictures, we should come away from Durer impressed only with his great homely figures and faces and wondering why, in every list of the great artists of the world, Durer's name should stand so high.

Having these things in mind, it will not then seem so far away to speak of Nuremberg and Luther before we rehearse the things which make up the life of Albrecht Durer.

Nuremberg does not boast a very early date, for she began her existence just after the year one thousand when men, finding out surely that the end of the world was not come, took as it were a new lease of life. The thing she does boast is that her character as a mediæval town has been almost perfectly preserved up to the present day.

There were many things which made Nuremberg an important city in early times. She was conveniently located for traders who shipped vast amounts of merchandise from Venice to the great trade centers in the Netherlands. For many years she was a favorite city of the Emperor and here were kept the crown jewels which were displayed with great pomp once a year.

The country immediately about Nuremberg was sandy but

carefully cultivated. There were also large banks of clay very useful to the citizens in the manufacture of pottery. Like the salt of Venice, it was a natural source of wealth to the citizens. Very early we find a paper mill here, and here, too, were set up some of the earliest printing presses. Perhaps the most interesting of the early wares of this enterprising city were the watches. The first made in the world were manufactured here and from their shape they were called "Nuremberg Eggs." We have a story that Charles V had a watchmaker brought in a sedan chair all the way from Nuremberg that he might have his watch repaired. Here was manufactured the first gun-lock, and here was invented the valued metallic compound known as brass.

From all these sources the citizens grew rich, but their wealth did not make them forget their city. A little more than fifty years before Durer's birth, the Emperor being very much in need of money, they bought their freedom. For this they paid what would be, in our money, about a million of dollars. It was a goodly price, but they gave it freely. Then they destroyed the house where their governor or Burgrave had lived and they were henceforth ruled by a council selected from their own number.

The city lies on both sides of the river Pegnitz which divides it into two almost equal parts. The northern side is named from its great church, St. Sebald's, and the southern for that of St. Lawrence. Originally the city was enclosed by splendid ramparts. Three hundred and sixty-five towers broke the monotony of the extensive walls. Of these one hundred are still standing today. In days gone by, a moat thirty-five feet wide encircled the wall, but since peace has taken the place of war and security has come instead of hourly danger, the moat has been drained and thrifty kitchen gardens fill the space.

Within the city are some of the most beautiful buildings both private and public. Here, too, sculpture, which the

Germans cultivated before they did painting, has left rare monuments. Among these last we must notice the wonderful shrine of St. Sebald in the church of the same name. For thirteen years Peter Vischer and his five sons labored on this work. Long it was to toil and vexing were the questions which arose in the progress of the work; but the result was a masterpiece which stands alone among the art works of the world. Nor can we forget the foamy ciborium of the Church of St Lawrence. For sixty-five feet this miracle of snowy marble rises in the air, growing more lacey at every step until, in its terminal portions, so delicate does it become that it seems like the very clouds in fleeciness.

Church doorways are carved with beautiful and fantastic forms by men whose names were long ago forgotten. Common dwellings are adorned with picturesque dormer windows. Even the narrow crooked streets hold their share of beauty, for here are fountains so exquisite in their workmanship that their like is not to be found elsewhere. Here it is the Beautiful Fountain, gay with sculptures of heroes and saints, and there it is the Little Gooseman's Fountain where humor is added to beauty. Through all the years stands the little man with a goose under either arm, patiently receiving his daily drenching. Still two other fountains known to fame send up their crystal waters to greet the light.

If we seek for more modern things we are also rewarded, for here in Durer Square stands Rauch's great statue of the artist, copied from Durer's portrait of himself in Vienna. We note the custom house, one of the oldest buildings, the town hall and the burg or castle, which for many years was the favorite residence of the Emperor.

Here, too, are many fine old houses which used to belong to noblemen of the city. It is not these residences that we seek, however, if we are visiting Nuremberg. We ask rather for the house of Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, of John Palm, the fearless patriot, who gave his life for the privilege of

beating Napoleon, and above all we seek that quaint house where Durer lived and worked. In choosing these as objects of our special attention we feel like Charles I, who said, when he compelled a reluctant courtier to hold Durer's ladder, "Man can make a nobleman, but only God can make an artist."

In our search for interesting things in old Nuremberg, we come suddenly upon a house bearing a tablet on which are these words, "Pilate's House." At first we are mystified, for was not Pilate's house in Jerusalem? But at once we recall that this is the house of the pious Jacob Ketzet who twice visited the Holy Land that he might measure exactly the distance from Pilate's house to Calvary. When he was satisfied with his measurements he returned to Nuremberg and commissioned the great sculptor, Adam Kraft, to carve "stations," as he called them, between his home and St. John's Cemetery to the northwest of the city. These "stations," which are merely stone pillars on which are carved in relief scenes from the sufferings of our Lord just before his death, are still standing, and if we go to Durer's grave, as I am sure we should wish to do, we shall pass them on our way.

The Nurembergers have long taken pride in the quaint appearance of their city, so that many of the newer houses are built in the old style with their gables to the street. As we note the patriotic spirit of the people and recount the beauties of the old city, we feel that Durer was warranted "in the deep love and affection that I have borne that venerable city, my fatherland," as he expressed it.

As to the time when Durer came into the world, it was truly a wonderful age in which to live! Less than twenty-five years after his birth, Columbus found a vast new world. People were already much agitated over the evil practices in the old established church. Durer knew and loved Luther and Melancthon but he was quite as much attached to the scholarly Erasmus, who wished not to break away from the old

church, but merely to correct its abuses. In short Durer belonged to the Conservative class which found it possible to accept the food in the new doctrines and retain the pure from the old without revolution. Such were the citizens of Nuremberg and thus did the ancient city as easily accept the new doctrines as she did the morning-sunshine pouring in at her storied windows. Thus, too, were preserved the ancient buildings and institutions, which, through the wisdom of her citizens, were not called upon to withstand sieges and other military attacks.

Durer was above everything a true representative of the German people, and so we ought to take note of some of the qualities of the German mind. As Goethe, their greatest poet, says, one of their strongest characteristics is that of wishing to learn and to do rather than to enjoy. The Germans love truth and they do not stop short in their imaginings when they wish to drive it home. So in German art, the toiling man or woman is often accompanied by angels and demons, the equal of which were never pictured by any other people. The greatest extremes of beauty and ugliness have these people given in their art. In either extreme, however, thoughts on the deepest questions of human life are at the foundation.

On a summer's day in 1455, there wandered into the far-famed city of Nuremberg a young goldsmith from Hungary. The ramparts of the city with their towers and gateways, the splendid buildings enclosed, were like miracles to the youth. It was a fête day in celebration of the marriage of the son of a prominent citizen, Pirkheimer by name. Albrecht Durer, for that was the youth's name, long studied the gay throng, little thinking how in the future the name of his son and that of the bridegroom there would together be known to fame, the one as the greatest artist, the other as the most learned man of Nuremberg. The wandering youth was the father of our artist and the bridegroom was the father of Wilibald Pirkheimer, Durer's life long friend and companion.

The young goldsmith loved the city at once and, encouraged by the business activity of the place, he made it his permanent abode. He found employment with Hieronymus Holper, and soon married his master's comely daughter, Barbara. They resided in a little house which was a sort of appendage to the great house of Pirkheimer. A few months after a much longed for son came to bless the Pirkheimers, a little boy was born in the goldsmith's house whom they named, for his father, Albrecht Durer. As the years went by, seventeen other children came to the Durer home. Three only of all these children grew to maturity.

With such a family to support we can easily imagine that the father's life was a hard one. He was a pious and industrious man whom his illustrious son never tires of praising. In one place he says of him, "He had a great reputation with many who knew him, for he led an honorable Christian life, was a patient man, gentle, in peace with everyone and always thankful to God. He had no desire for worldly pleasures, was of few words, did not go into society and was a God-fearing man. Thus my dear father was most anxious to bring up his children to honor God. His highest wish was that his children should be pleasing to God and man; therefore he used to tell us every day that we should love God and be true to our neighbors."

Durer sorrowed deeply when his father died in 1502. On his death-bed he commended the mother to her son. Durer was faithful to his trust and cared tenderly for his mother until her death, several years later. Never did boy or man more faithfully keep the command, "Honor thy father and mother," than did our artist.

For many reasons Albrecht seemed to be his father's favorite child. We find him, in spite of numerous other cares, taking great pains with the boy's education. He taught him to read and write well and must have given him instruction in Latin. These were years when thirst for learning was abroad

in the land. Free Latin schools were established to meet the needs. Durer's father was filled with this spirit and he communicated it to his son.

As was customary at the time, the son was trained to follow his father's trade and so he learned the goldsmith's art in his father's shop. It is said that in his tender years he engraved, on silver, events from Christ's passage to Calvary. Albrecht's drawing was superior to that usually done in a goldsmith's shop. In his free hours he drew to entertain his companions. After a while he began to feel that he might paint pictures instead of merely drawing designs for metal work. He loved the work and so had the courage to tell his father of his wish to become a painter. The elder Durer was patient with the boy, regretting only that he had lost so much time learning the goldsmith's trade. Albrecht, then only sixteen, was surely young enough to begin his life work! His father put him to study with Wolgemut, the foremost painter of the city, which is not high praise, for the art of painting was then new in the prosperous city of the Pegnitz. Wolgemut was, however, a good engraver on wood and so perhaps was able to direct the young apprentice in quite as valuable a line as painting.

Here Durer remained for three years, until 1490. He was now but nineteen, full of hope and perhaps conscious, to a certain extent, that his was no ordinary skill of hand. He was now ready, according to the custom of his countrymen, for his "wanderschaft" or journeyman period, when he should complete his art education by going abroad to other towns to see their ways and thus improve his own method. For four years he traveled among neighboring towns. The evidence is strong that the last year was spent in Venice. We have little certain knowledge of where he spent these years but we feel quite sure that one of the places he visited was Colmar, where he became acquainted with the artist, Martin Schougauer.

He was called home rather suddenly in 1494 by his father,

who had arranged what he thought was an acceptable marriage for his son. A short time before Durer had sent his father a portrait of himself in which he figured as a remarkably handsome and well-dressed young man. It is supposed that the father sent for this portrait to help him along in his arrangements for the marriage of his son. However Albrecht may have felt about the matter of making his marriage merely a business affair, he never expressed himself, but was married shortly after his return to Nuremberg.

Agnes Frey, the woman selected by Durer's father, was a handsome woman of good family with a small fortune of her own. She has come down to us with a most unenviable record as a scold who made life almost unendurable for her husband. It is now quite certain, however, that for all these years she has been grossly misrepresented, simply because her husband's friend Pirkheimer, for small reason, became offended with her. It seems that in his lifetime Durer, who had collected many curious and valuable things, had gathered together some remarkably fine stag-horns. One pair of these especially pleased Pirkheimer. The widow, without knowing Pirkheimer's desire for these, sold them for a small sum and thus brought upon herself the anger of her husband's choleric friend, who wrote a most unkind letter concerning her which has been quoted from that day to this to show how Albrecht Durer suffered in his home. The truth seems really to be that Agnes Durer was as sweet-tempered as the average woman, fond of her husband and a good housekeeper.

The earlier works of Durer are largely wood-cuts, the art which more than any other was the artist's very own. The discussions of the times regarding religious matters made a demand for books even at great cost. It was a time when written and spoken words held people's attention, but when, in addition, the text was illustrated by strong pictures the power and reach of the books were increased ten-fold. A place thus seemed waiting for Albrecht Durer, the master wood-

engraver.

His first great series was the *Apocalypse*—pictures to illustrate the book of Revelations. Such a subject gave Durer ample scope for the use of his imagination. Then came the story of Christ's agony twice engraved in small and large size. These were followed by still another series illustrating the life of Mary. This series was especially popular, for it glorified family life—the family life of the Germans, so worthy, so respected. To be sure, Mary is represented as a German woman tending a dear German child. The kings who come to adore could be found any day on the streets of Nuremberg. The castles and churches that figure in the backgrounds are those of mediæval and renaissance Germany. But this was Durer's method of truth speaking and it appealed strongly to the people of his time as it must to us of to-day.

In 1506, when the last series was not quite completed, Durer went to Venice, perhaps to look after the sale of some of his prints, but more likely because the artist wished to work in the sunshine and art atmosphere of the island city. While away he wrote regularly to his friend Pirkheimer. His letters are exceedingly interesting, as we learn from them much about the art society of the time. Durer was looked upon with favor by the Venetian government but most of the native artists were jealous of the foreigner and not friendly. They complained that his art was like nothing set down as "correct" or "classical" but still they admired it and copied it, too, on the sly.

Gentile Bellini, the founder of the Venetian School, was then a very old man. He was fond of Durer and showed him many kindnesses, not the least of which was praising him to the Venetian nobles. There is a charming story told of Bellini's admiration of Durer's skill in painting hair: One day, after examining carefully the beard of one of the saints in a picture by Durer, he begged him to allow him to use the brush that had done such wonderful work. Durer gladly laid his

brushes before Bellini and indicated the one he had used. The Venetian picked it up, made the attempt to use it but failed to produce anything unusual, whereupon Durer took the brush wet with Bellini's own color and painted a lock of woman's hair in so marvelous a way that the old artist declared he would not believe it had he not seen it done.

The most important picture Durer painted while in Venice was the "*Madonna of the Rose Garlands*." It was painted for the artist's countrymen and is now in a monastery near Prague. Durer evidently valued it highly himself for he writes of it to Pirkheimer, "My panel would give a ducat for you to see it; it is good and beautiful in color. I have got much praise and little profit by it. I have silenced all the painters who said that I was good at engraving but could not manage color. Now everyone says that they have never seen better coloring."

After little more than a year's sojourn in Venice, he returned to Nuremberg. He had been sorely tempted by an offer from the Venetian Council of a permanent pension if he would but remain in their city. But the ties of affection which bound him to his home city drew him back to Nuremberg, even though he had written while in Venice, "How cold I shall be after this sun! Here I am a gentleman," referring indirectly to the smaller place he would occupy at home.

Although Durer studied and enjoyed the works of the Italian masters, there is hardly a trace of the influence of this study in his own works. His mind was too strongly bent in its own direction to be easily turned even by so powerful an influence as Venetian painting. We are grateful indeed for the steadfast purpose of Durer that kept his art pure German instead of diluting it with Italian style so little adapted to harmonize with German thought and method.

On Durer's return to Nuremberg he did some of his best work. He painted one of his greatest pictures at this time, "*All Saints*." It is crowded with richly dressed figures, while the air above is filled with an angelic host which no one can count.

In the center is the Cross on which hangs our suffering Lord. Below, in one corner, is Durer's unmistakable signature, which in this case consists of a full length miniature of himself holding up a tablet on which is this inscription, "Albertus Durer of Nuremberg did it in 1511." After this follows the renowned monogram used by the artist in signing his works after 1496, the "D" enclosed in a large "A" something after this style. He then designed a very beautiful and elaborate frame for this picture to be carved from wood. It was adorned with figures in relief, beautiful vine traceries and architectural ornaments which showed our artist master of still another national art—wood-carving.

It is interesting, too, to know that about this time Durer, finding painting not so lucrative as he had hoped, turned his attention to engraving on all sorts of hard materials, such as ivory and hone-stone. To this period belongs that tiny triumph of his art, the "*Degennoph*," or gold plate, which contains in a circle of little more than an inch in diameter the whole scene of the Crucifixion carefully represented.

Through his indefatigable labors Durer's circumstances were now greatly improved and so he planned to publish his works, a matter of large expense. Instead of going to some large publishing house, as we to-day do, Durer had a press set up in his own house. We delight in illustrated books to-day, indeed we will hardly have a book without pictures. Imagine then the joy that must have been felt in this time of the scarcity of even printed books to have those that were illustrated. There was ready sale for all the books Durer could print.

Some prints came into Raphael's hands. He wrote a friendly letter to the artist and sent him several of his own drawings. In return Durer sent his own portrait, life size, which Raphael greatly prized and at his death bequeathed to his favorite pupil, Julio Romano.

Durer's prosperity continuing, he purchased the house

now known to fame as "Albrecht Durer's House." It is still very much as it was in the artist's lifetime. Here one may study at his leisure the kitchen and living-room which seem as if Durer had just left them.

The artist's reputation was now fully established. In 1509, he was made a member of the Council that governed the city and he was granted the important commission of painting two pictures for the relic chamber in Nuremberg. In this room, which was in a citizen's house, the crown jewels were kept on Easter night, the time of their annual exhibition to the public. *Sigismund* and *Charlemagne* were the subjects selected, the former probably because it was he who first gave to Nuremberg the custody of the precious jewels, and the latter because Charlemagne was a favorite hero with the Germans. In wonderful jeweled coronation robes, with the coat of arms of France on one side and that of Germany on the other, he is a fine figure well suited to make us feel Durer's power as a painter.

In 1512, there came to Nuremberg a royal visitor, no less a personage than the Emperor Maximilian. This was of greatest importance to Durer to whom two important commissions came as the result of this visit. The Emperor had no settled abode, so his travels were important, at least to himself. He was fond of dictating poems and descriptions of these travels. Durer was asked to make wood-cuts for a book of the Emperor's travels to consist of two parts, the one called *The Triumphal Arch* and the other *The Triumphal Car*.

The wood-cuts for the first were made on ninety-two separate blocks which, when put together, formed one immense cut ten and a half feet high by nine feet wide. For this Durer made all the designs which were cut by a skilled workman of the city, Hieronymus Andræ. It was while this work was going forward that the well-known saying, "A cat may look at a king," arose. The Emperor was often at the workshop watching the progress of the work and he was

frequently entertained by the pet cats of the wood-cutter who would come in to be with their master.

The designs for *The Triumphal Car* were of the same general style. In these Durer was assisted by other engravers of the city. One expression of Durer's regarding the ornamentation of the car shows him skilled in the language of the courtier as well as in that of the citizen. He says, "It is adorned, not with gold and precious stones, which are the property of the good and bad alike, but with the virtues which only the really noble possess."

The noted *Prayer Book of Maximilian* was the other work done for the Emperor. Only three of these are in existence and of course they are almost priceless in value. The text was illustrated by Durer on the margin in pen and ink drawings in different colored inks. Sometimes the artist's fancy is expressed in twining vines and flying birds and butterflies, again it is the kneeling Psalmist listening in rapt attention to some heavenly harpist, or it may be that the crafty fox beguiles the unsuspecting fowls with music from a stolen flute. Thus through almost endless variety of subjects stray the artist's thought and hand.

We have also a fine likeness of Maximilian drawn in strong free lines by Durer at this same time. Seeing how deft the artist was with his crayons, Maximilian took up some pieces which broke in his hand. When asked why it did not do so in the fingers of the artist, Durer made the well-known reply, "Gracious Emperor, I would not have your majesty draw as well as myself. I have practised the art and it is my kingdom. Your majesty has other and more difficult work to do."

For all this wonderful work Durer's compensation was little more than the remission of certain taxes by the Nuremberg Council and the promise of a small annual pension. Maximilian's death made it doubtful whether the pension would be paid. Durer in common with others sought out the new Emperor, Charles V, to have the favors granted by his

predecessor confirmed.

With this in view, in 1520, the artist with his wife and maid set out for the Netherlands. They were gone something more than a year and a half, during which time Durer kept a strict account of his expenses and of his experiences and impressions throughout the journey. Everywhere he was received with the most marked attention. He was invited to splendid feasts, and was the recipient of all sorts of gifts. In return he gave freely of his own precious works.

He made his headquarters at Antwerp and here he witnessed the entry of the new monarch. The magnificence of the four hundred two-storied arches erected for the occasion impressed Durer deeply. Of the many and varied experiences of the Nuremberger, not the least interesting was his attempt to see a whale that had been cast ashore in Zealand. He made all haste to see this unusual sight and was nearly shipwrecked in the attempt. The exposure, too, to which he was subjected gave rise to ills which eventually caused his death.

After all his trouble he was disappointed at his journey's end for the whale had been washed away before he arrived. He finally accomplished the object for which he went to the Netherlands. His pension was confirmed and in addition he was named court painter. Ladened with all sorts of curious things which he had collected and with a generous supply of presents for his friends and their wives, he started home where he arrived in due time.

There were but seven years of life left to our painter and these were burdened with broken health. To this period, however, belong some of his most wonderful and characteristic works. The very year of his return he engraved that marvellous "*Head of an Old Man*," now in Vienna. Never were the striking qualities of age more beautifully put together than in this head.

With about the same time we associate "*The Praying Hands*," now also in Vienna. How an artist can make hands

express the inmost wish of the soul as these do will always remain a mystery even to the most acute. We have the story that they were the clasped hands of Durer's boyhood friend who toiled for years to equal or rival his friend in their chosen work. When, in a test agreed upon, to Durer was given the prize, then Hans, for that was the friend's name, prayed fervently to be resigned to a second place. Durer caught sight of the clasped hands and drew them so well that wherever the name and fame of Albrecht goes there also must go the praying hands of his friend. Whether the story be true we cannot say, but in the hands we have a master work to love.

At this time the new religious doctrine formed the subject of thought everywhere. There was the most minute searching for truth that the world has ever known. Durer, deeply moved by the thought of the time, put its very essence into his works. He was a philosopher and a student of men. He saw how the varied temperaments of men led them to think differently on the great questions of the time. Feeling this keenly, he set to work to represent these various temperaments in pictured forms, a most difficult thing to do as we can easily imagine. Perhaps his own diseased condition led him to select as the first of these "*Melancholy*," that great brooding shadow that hovers constantly above man, waiting only for the moment when discouragement comes to fall upon and destroy its victim.

How does Durer represent this insidious and fatal enemy? A powerful winged woman sits in despair in the midst of the useless implements of the art of Science. The compass in her nerveless fingers can no longer measure, nor even time in his ceaseless flow explain, the mysteries which crowd upon this well-nigh distraught woman, who it seems must stand for human reason. The sun itself is darkened by the uncanny bat which possibly may stand for doubt and unbelief. Perhaps no one can explain accurately the meaning of this great engraving and therein lies the greatness, which allows each person

to interpret it to please himself.

In painting he attempted the same difficult subject of the temperaments, in his four apostles, St. Paul and Mark, St. John and Peter. He painted these without charge as a sort of memorial of himself in his native town. Two saints are painted on each panel. No figures in art are more beautiful than the leading one on each panel, the St. Paul on the one and the St. John on the other. If we interpret these as regards temperament, John is the type of the melancholy, Peter of the phlegmatic, Paul of the choleric and Mark of the sanguine.

In 1526, Durer sent these pictures as a gift to the Council of Nuremberg. It was the artist's wish that they should always remain in the Council hall. Notwithstanding this, only copies are now to be seen in Nuremberg, while the originals are in Munich, carried there by the Elector of Bavaria, who paid a good price for them.

One other of Durer's pictures should be spoken of, though it hardly belongs last in order of time. It is really the summing up of much that he had done from time to time all through his busy life time. This picture, called "*The Knight, Death and the Devil*," is an engraving on copper. The stern, intelligent men of the time, who were ready to face any danger in order to bear themselves according to their notions of right, are well represented in this splendid mounted knight. What though Death reminds him by the uplifted hourglass that his life is nearly ended? or that Satan himself stands ready to claim the Knight's soul? There is that in this grand horseman's face that tells of unflinching purpose and indomitable courage to carry it out against the odds of earth and the dark regions besides. One of our greatest art critics says of this work, "I believe I do not exaggerate when I particularize this point as the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German Art has produced." A reading of Fouqué's "Sintram" inspires us anew with the true spirit of Durer's great work.

The gift to his natal city was Durer's last work of note.

The sickness that had been growing upon him, which was none other than consumption, gradually absorbed his energies and in April, 1528, he died. He was buried in St. John's Cemetery in the lot belonging to the Frey family. On the flat gravestone was let in a little bronze tablet on which was a simple inscription written by his friend Pirkheimer. A century and a half later Sandrart, the historian of German painters, visited the tomb, then in ruins. He caused it to be repaired and added another inscription which has been translated into English:

"Rest here, thou Prince of Painters! thou who wast better than great,
In many arts unequaled in the old time or the late.
Earth thou didst paint and garnish, and now in thy new abode
Thou paintest the holy things overhead in the city of God.
And we, as our patron saint, look up to thee, ever will.
And crown with laurel the dust here left with us still."

Durer's character was one of the purest to be found on the honor-list of the world. He bore heavy burdens with patience and was true to his country and to himself in the most distracting of times. He was the father of popular illustration and the originator of illustrated books. He was as many-sided in his genius as Da Vinci and as prolific as Raphael, though along a different line. That he was architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, author and civil engineer proves the former point, while the fact that he left a great number of signed works satisfies us regarding the latter comparison. One who knew him wrote of him in these words—"If there were in this man anything approaching to a fault it was simply the endless industry and self-criticism which he indulged in, often even to injustice."

In closing this sketch, nothing can so delightfully summarize the beauty of the old town of Nuremberg and the character of its great artist as a part of Longfellow's poem, *Nuremberg*:

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad
meadowlands,
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg
the ancient stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town
of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks
that round them throng;

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the Emperors,
rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time defying,
centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their
uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand
thro' every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an
iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen
Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic
days,
Sat the poet Melchoir singing Kaiser Maximilian's
praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous
world of art;

Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing
in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops
carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our
own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his
holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age
to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of
sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the
painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple,
reverent heart
Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist
of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with
busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered seeking for the
Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone
where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never
dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city and the sunshine
seems more fair.
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once
has breathed its air!

Carl Linnaeus and the Story of the Flowers

1707-1778 A.D.

In the days when all things in nature were symbols to man of some force for good or evil, trees and flowers played an important part in his belief, and the old poems of those times are full of allusions to certain plants which were supposed to typify some hidden power. And the effect of his belief was seen not only in the concerns of daily life, but in things that were held most solemn and sacred, and flowers were fathered and cherished not only for their beauty and fragrance, but because their presence was felt to be a bond between man and those strange secrets of nature which were to him such a great mystery.

All the nations of antiquity shared this belief alike, and we find that flowers and fruits were constantly used in all religious ceremonials and in the decoration of the temples. Solomon's temple had doors and pillars of fir and cedar and olive wood, while around the walls were carved opening flowers and drooping palms; the curving brim of its molten sea was wrought with lilywork, and the tops of the pillars were circled with golden pomegranates, while cherubim, carved of olive wood and covered with gold, stretched their mighty wings across the holy place until they met above the sacred ark; and during their solemn festivals the priests, clad in the sacred robes the hems of which were wrought in blue and purple and scarlet pomegranates, and hung with golden bells, passed to and fro before the altar, waving boughs of palm and boughs of willow and sheaves of grain, and offered the first-

fruits of the harvest in thanksgiving.

On the pillars of temples in Chaldea and Egypt we find carved the lotos, the flower of the resurrection, and in the oldest religious song of the Hindoos we read that sheaves of grain were offered to the God above all gods, the Beautiful-winged, who upheld the spheres. In Persia, the king sat upon a golden throne under a canopy of grape-vines whose leaves were of gold and fruit of priceless gems, while the priests offered grain and fruits to Ormuzd, the Spiritual One, of whom Zoroaster—golden splendor—was the interpreter. In Greece the worship of nature was carried to a still greater extent. At the great religious festivals the altars were twined with roses, and every feast was deemed incomplete till the guests had been crowned with wreaths of flowers. In the spring there were special songs sung in honor of the awakening earth, and in the autumn, at the grape-harvest, a dirge was chanted for the falling leaves and dying flowers.

And we find that the study of plants has interested mankind from the earliest times, and in the oldest histories are recorded the works of those who spent their lives in learning something of the beauty and mystery of the vegetable world.

Kings, philosophers, and priests alike devoted themselves to this study, and every country had its wise men, who sought good to the race and honor to the nation by the discovery of some secret of nature as shown in the laws of plant-life.

At first these researches were carried on chiefly as an aid to the study of medicine, which was practised principally by the priests, who mixed with their discoveries many crude theories of vegetable life, and the change of plants into animals. But later on, great attention was given to the subject by men who were interested in knowledge of all kinds, and the priestly caste ceased to be alone the interpreters of the mysteries of the vegetable world.

Aristotle, the greatest naturalist of antiquity, was familiar with the laws of plant-life, and his pupil, Theophrastus, wrote

a history of plants in which he described five hundred kinds; and three hundred years later was born Pliny (23 A.D.), the great Roman naturalist, who devoted seventeen books of his history to botany.

In these books Pliny gives an account of all the trees, shrubs, and plants that were then known, and describes their cultivation and their uses in medicine and the arts. The products of the East, incense, spices, gems, and perfumes, were all noted, and fruit-trees of all kinds, the sugar-cane, the vine and the different kinds of wine made from its purple clusters, flowers, herbs, vegetables, shrubs and trees of every kind, are described with great care, and their medicinal value noticed.

But although the study of botany thus received the attention of the wise of all ages, it was long before any successful attempt was made by which plants could be arranged into different classes, and until this was done botany could never take its proper place among the sciences.

Occasionally a naturalist would suggest some plan of classification, but it would be lacking in so many necessary particulars that it could only fail; to be followed by another that would also fail, and so on, until at last the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, succeeded in solving the question which had perplexed the minds of all preceding botanists, and offered a plan which, if not perfect, was at least complete enough to enable naturalists to follow their studies with much greater ease than had ever been possible before.

Linnæus, so called from the Latinized form of the family name, Linné, was born at Râshult, in the Province of Smâland in Sweden, in the year 1707. His father was the pastor of the village, and had a fine taste for flowers, which he cultivated successfully, introducing so many rare exotics in his collection that the little garden soon became famous even far beyond the limits of the parish. All the Linné family were passionately fond of botany, taking their name, even, from the great linden-tree which towered far above the houses of their

native village; and Carl, the minister's little son, was no exception to the rule, and the little garden sloping down to the lake, stocked with rare and beautiful plants, and visited by admiring friends who listened respectfully while the pastor talked learnedly about this flower or that, was one of the boy's first recollections.

Later on he had a garden of his own given him, and then, besides the collection from the home plot, all the neighboring country was laid under contribution, and wood and meadow and hill-side had all to give up their treasures to the brown-eyed boy who sought them with such untiring zeal. Very strange things found their way into the little garden, the commonest wild-flowers and poisonous weeds being alike cherished with the roses and lilies, and, had it not been for the father's intervention, even colonies of wild bees and wasps would have been domiciled there; but, as these threatened the safety of the hive-bees, Carl was forced to allow them to depart to their wild haunts again.

The boy studied the secrets of bud and leaf and perfect flower with such eagerness that, before he was eight years old, all the four hundred different plants in his father's collection were perfectly familiar to him, and he could understand the interesting talks about their nature and properties; and the father took care that the knowledge thus gained should be of the most accurate and practical character; Carl had memory-exercises given him in which he was required to describe the composition and properties of certain plants, and this careful training of eye and ear was no doubt the foundation of that wonderful power of observation for which he was so celebrated later on.

At first this intelligent love for flowers brought only pleasure to his parents, who looked with pride upon a son so likely to keep up the traditions of the Linné family, but, as time passed, they became anxious that he should show an equal interest in other branches of knowledge.

But this Carl refused to do, and the first trouble of his life began with his school-days, when he was forced to learn weary lessons in arithmetic and grammar, instead of roaming through the woods and meadows of Stenbrohult gathering specimens for his herbarium and learning fresh secrets of the great world of nature around him.

But his father and mother were ambitious for Carl; they wished him to become a famous minister and succeed his father in the rectorship, or even perhaps be greater still and gain a name that would resound through Sweden. And so his dislike for his school-studies was frowned down by both parents, and, when the boy was ten years of age, it was decided that he should be sent to the Latin school at Wexio, to begin the usual course of study necessary for the training of a clergyman.

It cost some denial on the part of the pastor to furnish the money for the boy's outfit, but in time all things were ready, and, one pleasant spring morning, just as the Stenbrohult meadows were turning green again, and the buds were swelling with the rich life of the new year, Carl and his father started for Wexio, where great things were expected.

And to the boy the whole world seemed as full of promise as the opening year, and he did not doubt that at Wexio he should unravel all the mysteries that had ever puzzled him, and that all the secrets that had hitherto lain hidden in the hearts of his loved flowers would disclose themselves to his eyes, just as the lilies in his little garden unfolded their dazzling petals and showed their golden hearts when warmed by the June sun.

But great was the disappointment of the Linné family when it became known that Carl was not showing himself such a clever boy, after all, and that grammar and theology and Latin were still odious to him, and that he preferred a ramble through the country-lanes to all the books in the school-library, unless they were books on botany. Other boys

were praised, and delighted their friends by winning honors in their classes, but Carl had only censure, and the highest honor he ever received was that of being called the "Little Botanist" by his good-natured companions; and so poor was his record at Wexio that, when he was seventeen, his father decided to apprentice him to a shoemaker; for he thought him a hopeless dunce, and that all his self-denying efforts to give him an education had been made in vain.

But, in spite of his stupidity in regard to Latin grammar, Carl had made one friend in Wexio in the person of Dr. Rothman, the principal physician of the town, who had been attracted to the boy by his love of botany, and who now offered to take Carl into his house while he finished his course at Wexio, provided he should be allowed to study medicine instead of theology.

The discouraged father readily agreed to this, and thus Carl was saved from being a shoemaker, a calling he would doubtless have disliked as much as the ministry, and happier days began at once, for he was allowed to follow his favorite pursuits without offending his father, and received encouragement and advice where before he had only met with disapproval or ridicule.

This was the decisive period in the boy's career, and it was while he was with this kind friend that his life-work was decided upon, for here he came across the writings of Tournefort, the greatest botanist of his time, and was so impressed by these works that he decided to devote his life to the study of botany. All his energies, therefore, were bent in this direction, and he studied to such good purpose that when he left Wexio, at the end of three years from the time he entered Dr. Rothman's house, he had already laid the foundations of that vast knowledge for which he afterward became famous.

But his studies in other directions had been so unsatisfactory to his teachers that, in place of the usual certificate

from the school, he bore one which stated that he was regarded as an unpromising plant which had not flourished in Wexio but which might possibly blossom and bear fruit in some more congenial soil.

But notwithstanding this discouragement, Linnæus entered the University of Upsala a year afterward, with his hopes higher than ever, for the magnificent library and fine botanic garden presented unusual advantages for his favorite study. But now began troublesome times for Linnæus. He had entered Upsala with very little money, hoping to obtain private pupils, which would help him meet his expenses; but without influence or friends, what could be expected for a young student who scorned the regular course of study and threw his whole soul into the fascinating subject of natural history? His money rapidly disappeared, and no friend came to offer a helping hand. The professors in the university did not particularly notice the poorly dressed young man who plainly showed that he thought more of the commonest plant in the botanical garden than of all their learned lectures; and, had it not been for the society and encouragement of his friend Artedi, a fellow-student, who like him was poor and unknown, the brave heart of Linnæus might have failed him at this critical period.

Artedi, like Linnæus, was devoted to natural science, and was consequently very unpopular at Upsala, where the study of the classics was considered of more consequence than anything else, and the two friends were thus drawn together by something more than the ordinary bonds of friendship. And so the two unknown students joined their forces against poverty and unpopularity, and even then found the battle going against them.

They wore the poorest clothing, patched and darned with their own hands, and were hungry and cold many a time as they sat in their humble rooms, for which at last they could not even pay the rent. Linnæus mended his shoes with paper,

and Artedi picked berries for their breakfast when they went botanizing, and their only comfort lay in the hope that Celsius, a professor who was then absent, might return and take notice of them because of his own love for natural history.

But nearly two years passed before this hope was realized, and the friends suffered all the discomforts of poverty, and Linnæus was just on the point of leaving Upsala in despair when Celsius did at last come back, and bring hope with him. Linnæus saw him first in the same botanical garden which had been the means of bringing him into such disgrace with the professors, and from the first moment of their meeting a new life began for the poor and obscure young student. Celsius was surprised and delighted with his unusual knowledge of botany, and, finding out his poverty readily enough, took him into his own house to live.

And then Upsala awoke at last and found out that Linnæus was there, for Celsius was one of the most celebrated men in Sweden, and did not hesitate to show his opinion of his protégé's talents. He gave Linnæus every possible opportunity for study, and it was while he was at Celsius' house, assisting him in preparing a work on the plants mentioned in the Bible, that the idea of his own great system first came into his mind.

The modern world had improved very little upon the plan of the old Greeks for the study of botany, and up to the time of Linnæus no system had been successfully introduced by which new and strange plants could be classified. One naturalist offered a system based upon the nature of the fruit; another separated the whole vegetable world into flowering and flowerless plants; a third declared that the flower and the fruit must both be considered; and a fourth classified according to the form of the flower.

Each system had something to recommend it, and yet all were sadly deficient, and botanists were far from satisfied.

At the time of Linnæus the system in vogue was that of Tournefort, who established his principles according to the form of the flower or blossom. But although this system was generally accepted throughout Europe as being as perfect as any that had been offered, it did not by any means fully satisfy the scientific world. New plants were being constantly brought from abroad, owing to the better travelling facilities, and many of these foreign specimens found no place in the system of Tournefort.

It seemed that the time had come when a new basis of classification must be found which would not only dispose more satisfactorily of the families of plants then known, but also include those strange blossoms that began to find their way from remote places in Asia, and from America and the islands of the sea.

And just at this time Linnæus appeared with a theory that revolutionized botanical science, and was destined in a few years to make his name renowned over the civilized world.

At first it did not seem possible to the professors at Upsala that they had been mistaken in the abilities of the young student from Stenbrohult, whose poverty and lack of friends had kept him in the greatest obscurity, and whose stubborn pursuit of botany had offended them; but Celsius soon showed them their error, and Linnæus proved worthy the faith of his good friend. He was but twenty-three years old when the idea which formed the basis of his new system flashed upon him, and his youth, and obscurity might have stood greatly in his way but for the high opinion that Celsius held of his talents.

But, sure of the favor and appreciation of his new friend, Linnæus went on developing his new thought and bringing it to perfection until it was perfectly clear and distinct in his own mind, and he was furnished with sufficient proofs to make it plain to others. Then he prepared a paper stating his views, which met with the warmest approval from Celsius. A

public discussion was just then being carried on in the university, and Linnæus took this opportunity of reading his paper and bringing his new theory into notice. Upsala was at first astounded, and then delighted, and before long all Sweden was ringing with the name of the young student whose talent was to confer immortal honor upon his country.

He was appointed Assistant Professor of Botany in the university, and his lectures at once became famous and attracted large numbers of students to Upsala, and thus, in less than three years from his entrance to the university, he had been advanced to a position and received honors that were undreamed of when he first entered its inhospitable walls.

The Linnæan system, which made such progress as to rapidly supersede all others, is founded upon the number, situation, and proportion of the stamens and pistils of flowers. It divides the vegetable world into twenty-four classes, distinguished by their stamens, and these classes are again divided into orders, which are generally marked by the number of pistils.

This system was the most perfect that had yet been offered, and the surprise and delight of naturalists who found classification thus easily simplified at once brought it into popular favor. It had, of course, many imperfections, which were regretted by none more than by Linnæus himself, and he never spoke of it as a perfected system but always considered it only as a leading toward truer ways of classification.

The idea which Linnæus made use of was not original with him, for it was hinted at by more than one old Greek, and had lain dormant in the minds of naturalists for centuries, but Linnæus was the first to think of using it as a basis for a system of classification, and it must thus be forever associated with his name.

This system is called the artificial system, because it merely furnished a convenient method of finding the name and

place of a plant, without regard to its relationship.

The natural system, which is based upon the relationship of one family of plants with another, in time superseded the Linnæan system, which owes its chief interest now to the fact that it was the first classification which made it possible to reduce the study of botany to a science, and that its establishment led to the development of the natural system, which Linnæus himself declared to be the only true way of classifying, and which his system only embraced in part.

After his appointment as professor at Upsala, other honors rapidly followed. The next year he was commissioned by the Royal Academy of Sciences to travel through Lapland and examine its natural curiosities and productions, and this trip was a source of great pleasure to him, though travelling was often dangerous in those remote regions, where rocks and marshes obstructed the way, and roads were almost unknown. It was while on this trip that he found a little unknown plant growing in shady places which he immortalized by giving it his own name, the *Linnæa borealis*, and which, he said, typified his own "neglected fate and early maturity."

The journey was a success, and raised him still higher in the estimation of Upsala, but his honors could not shield him from the jealousy of enemies who prevented his obtaining the position at the university that he expected to receive, and, disappointed in this, Linnæus left Upsala and undertook a journey into Norway under a commission from the Governor of Dalecarlia; and with this trip he began those extensive travels which lasted through so many years and in which he gained the experience that enabled him to go on with his work and add more and more to his fame.

From Dalecarlia he proceeded to Holland, where he wished to obtain his degree, going by the way of Hamburg, whose honest burghers he insulted by revealing the fact that their wonderful hydra, or seven-headed serpent, was nothing more than a clever fraud, with its seven heads all made of the

jaw-bones of weasels, and this made him so unpopular that some friends actually advised him to shorten his stay in the city.

He took his degree as Doctor of Medicine at Harderwyk (1735), and immediately after went to Leyden, where he formed the acquaintance of the celebrated naturalist Gronovius, who was so astonished when Linnæus showed him his Systema Naturæ that he offered to publish it at his own expense.

The publication of this work immediately brought Linnæus to the notice of all the eminent naturalists of Europe, and procured for him great attention wherever he appeared; and during the three years he spent in Holland, France, and England he received the most distinguished favors.

All this, however, could not prevent a longing for home, whither he returned in 1738, and four years after was appointed Professor of Botany at Upsala, a position he had long desired.

And now life, at last, seemed only pleasant to him. Occupying the proud position of the first naturalist in Europe, and with means at his hand to command whatever resources he desired, he devoted his time more diligently than ever to study, and gained new honors year by year. The number of students in the university increased from five hundred to fifteen hundred, all attracted by the fame of Linnæus, and the collection of plants in the botanical gardens soon became unrivalled.

Rare specimens were sent to him from the most distant places, and his pupils were soon scattered all over the globe, carrying his name and fame with them, and thinking themselves well repaid for all their trouble if they were able to bring some new or rare plant to their beloved master. Many important discoveries were made at this time by Linnæus, not the least interesting being that of the sleep of flowers, which was

first brought to his notice by the closing of the petals of a lotos in the evening.

From this circumstance he formed the theory, and proved that flowers have regular periods of sleep, and he made a little calendar in which the hours of the day were marked off by the closing of the different blossoms.

In these congenial pursuits time passed pleasantly enough, and Linnæus almost forgot the hardships and struggles of his early youth. Sweden, ever ready to do him honor, offered him one mark of distinction after another, until there seemed nothing left to offer. In 1761 the king made him a noble, and the family was thenceforth called Von Linné, an honor little dreamed of by its peasant-founder. And thus, with the years full of content, life went happily on, and when old age came to Linnæus he could reflect on years that had been well spent and full of good to his fellow-men.

During the last years of his life he suffered much from disease and mental weakness, but still kept his serene and cheerful spirit, and never lost his keen interest in his beloved studies.

And when death came to him at last one day as he lay quietly sleeping, it seemed but as the folding of the perfect flower which closes its petals when its time of expansion is over, and becomes a fragrant memory, full of a sweetness and grace as enduring as the immortal beauty of which it was a part.

The Story of Patrick Henry of Virginia

1736-1799 A.D.

"Patrick Henry disdained submission; by him Virginia rang the alarm bell for the continent."

--George Bancroft.

"A king, by annulling or disallowing acts of so salutary a measure, from being the father of his people degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to his subjects' obedience."

The young lawyer paused for an instant; but in that instant men had sprung to their feet. "Treason! Treason!" came the cry from different parts of the crowded court-room, and Mr. Lyons, the opposing counsel, appealed hotly to the bench where sat the young lawyer's own father as presiding justice. "Treason; the gentleman has spoken treason," he cried. "Will your worships listen to that without showing your disapproval?"

Their worships said nothing. Instead, they sat mute and spellbound under the surprising flow of eloquence from the lips of one whom they had considered neither orator, pleader, nor lawyer, but who now, at one bound and by a sudden burst of eloquence, sprang into popularity, fame, and leadership.

The place was the stuffy little court-house in the county-seat of Hanover, in the Colony of Virginia; the time was the first day of December, 1763; the man was Patrick Henry.

He was arguing on the wrong side of an important case, in which both law and precedent were absolutely against him. It was a case of taxes, in which the council of the king of England had deliberately and contemptuously set aside a law made by the colony. In this case the king's council was right

as to judgment, but wrong as to action. The law it "disallowed" was an unjust one; but the high-handed manner in which king and council overruled and annulled it was not to be borne by the liberty and justice loving colonists who had enacted it.

That was the way in which the matter appeared to Patrick Henry, when, as a forlorn hope, he took up a case which other lawyers would not touch. "The king of England has no right to meddle in the law-making of this colony. Virginia can look out for herself," he said, and in this spirit he defended a losing case and by his eloquence, earnestness, and argument overruled the judgment of the court, turned a defeat into victory, and won the case he had championed for his clients—the people.

This celebrated case—known in American history as "the Parson's Cause" made the name and established the fame of Patrick Henry as a resistless pleader and an impassioned orator. Up to that date he had not been a success. The son of a Virginia gentleman of small means, young Patrick Henry was left to himself for amusement and education, obtaining a good deal more of the first than of the second. He was a careless, happy-go-lucky country boy of the pleasant region of middle Virginia, loving hunting and fishing more than study and loafing more than books, never succeeding at anything, and sticking to nothing long. He failed as a farmer, failed in business, married a tavern-keeper's daughter when he had nothing on which to support her, and, failing at everything else, hastily concluded to try the law. He failed even in his examinations for that, and was only admitted to the bar through the good-nature of one of the examining lawyers and because of his own success at arguing the other out of a careless indifference. Such a man does not seem fitted to champion a great cause or teach new ideas to an energetic people. But something above the opportunity that lay beneath the Parson's Cause inspired and held young Henry; it gave him

an earnestness that surprised and an eloquence that electrified his hearers; and those who hung their heads for shame when Patrick Henry began to speak, lifted him from the floor as he proceeded, and bore him out on their shoulders when he had concluded.

From that day success and fame were his. He sprang into instant popularity as "the people's champion." Practice as a lawyer flowed in upon him; he gained advancement in his own colony and power as a politician. He turned over a new leaf. He was no longer shiftless or unsteady. Popularity brought him business, and business brought him money; as a result he became an influential country gentleman with an estate of his own, with admirers and supporters throughout Virginia, and with the ability to gratify his leanings towards political preferment that speedily gave him position and importance. He was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, or Legislature; he became a political leader in Virginia, was sent as a delegate to the first and second Continental Congresses, was the first commander of Virginia's Revolutionary army, and was three times governor of Virginia. His fame spread throughout the land, and any office in the gift of the new nation might have been his had he cared to accept it. But he wished for no office. He declined to serve as member of the Constitutional Convention, as United States senator, as secretary of state, as governor of Virginia for the fourth time, as chief-justice of the United States, as ambassador to France, and as vice-president of the United States. He declined, you see, even more than he accepted office.

You know what gave him his greatest fame and led the people of the United States to know, to honor, and to respect him. It was his famous oration in old St. John's Church in Richmond, an oration that has not yet ceased ringing in the ears of Americans, and which, in certain of its impetuous utterances, has become a part of the proverbs and maxims of

the Republic. Let me try to draw for you the picture of that remarkable speech in which he urged the arming of the Virginia militia in resistance to the British authorities; for, as Professor Tyler says, "it is chiefly the tradition of that one speech which to-day keeps alive, in millions of American homes, the name of Patrick Henry, and which lifts him, in the popular faith, almost to the rank of some mythical hero of romance."

It is a plain and unpretending little church today as it stands almost on the summit of one of beautiful Richmond's sightly hills—Church hill, it is called—at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street. Small as it is, the church is to-day much larger than it was on that day in 1775—Thursday, the twenty-third of March—when, rising to his feet, in the pew still shown to visitors and marked by a memorial tablet, Patrick Henry threw down the gauntlet to King George and declared war on the haughty prerogative of Great Britain.

The second Revolutionary convention of Virginia was assembled in that old church on the hill in Richmond. The first convention had met at Williamsburg the year before and had sent to the Continental Congress such representative Virginians as George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, and Patrick Henry, with others of equal ability, if of less prominence. There Patrick Henry, as pronounced an advocate of open resistance and organized protest as Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, had advocated a union of all the colonies for mutual protection and defence against the aggressions of England, with equal representation and equal interests for all, saying grandly, as he pled for unity, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American!"

And now the second Revolutionary congress of Virginia had met to debate upon the question whether Virginia should

declare for peace or war. Everywhere, throughout the colonies, the people were restless; everywhere there was talk of resistance, and from Massachusetts bay to Charleston harbor the local military companies were being organized for possible emergencies, and drilled to the use of arms. But prudence was keeping men back from act or speech that might be deemed aggressive; prudence was still holding men loyal to the king.

So, when the question of arming the militia of Virginia came up in the colonial convention, and Patrick Henry introduced a resolution "that this colony be immediately put into a posture of defence and a committee be appointed to prepare a plan for embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose," prudence interfered to prevent so menacing a move.

"The resolution is premature," objected some of the more conservative members. "War with Great Britain may come," they said; "but it may be prevented."

"May come?" exclaimed Patrick Henry; "may come? It has come!" And then, rising in his place, in that narrow pew in old St. John's, he broke out into that famous speech which now, as Professor Tyler remarks, "fills so great a space in the traditions of Revolutionary eloquence."

Tall and thin in figure, with stooping shoulders and sallow face, carelessly dressed in his suit of "parson's gray," Patrick Henry faced the president of the convention, who sat in the chancel of the church, and began calmly, courteously, and with dignity.

"No man, Mr. President," he said, "thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism as well as the abilities of the very honorable gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve."

Then he flung aside courtesy and calmness.

"This is no time for ceremony," he told them hotly. "The question before the house is one of awful moment to the country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery….

"Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself," he declared impressively, "as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty to the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings."

Then he begun his argument with that sentence which is still as a household word in the mouths of men: "Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope;" and, showing how under existing circumstances hope was but a false beacon, and experience was the only safe guide, he called attention to the armament of England, and demanded: "I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission?"

Impressively he showed them that England's display of might was meant for America, "sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging."

He demanded how his associates intended to oppose this British tyranny. Argument had failed, entreaty and supplication were of no avail, compromise was exhausted; petitions and remonstrances, supplications and prostrations, were alike disregarded—"we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne," he said.

"There is no longer," he declared, "any room for hope. If we wish to be free…if we wish not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged"—he paused, and then, as one of his hearers said, "with all the calm dignity of Cato addressing the senate; like a voice from heaven uttering the doom of fate," he added solemnly but decisively—"we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An

appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left to us."

Then, his calmness all gone, his voice deepening and his slender form swayed with the passion of his own determination, he flung himself into that fervent appeal for union in resistance that we all know so well:

"Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave… It is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat now but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come. I repeat it, sir—let it come!"

Can you not almost hear that wonderful voice as it makes that terrible invitation with all the force of confident faith and repressed enthusiasm? Can you not almost see that swaying form, those forcible gestures, that face stern with purpose? Old men there were, years after its utterance, who could not forget that tremendous speech nor how, with their eyes riveted on the speaker, they sat, as one of them expressed it, "sick with excitement."

And then came that ending—one of those immortal bursts of eloquence, a fitting climax to what had gone before:

"It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace, but there is no peace! The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death!"

That wonderful speech has lived in men's memories and

hearts for far over a hundred years. For other hundreds it will live as one of the trumpet calls leading men to fight for freedom or to die free men. To stand in that very pew in old St. John's, as I have done, and to recall that notable speech, thrills and inspires any true American. That speech has made Patrick Henry live forever as America's impassioned orator; but better still, it turned Virginia, as in a flash, for independence, and made her stand side by side with Massachusetts, leaders and coworkers in the fight for liberty.

How ready Patrick Henry was to live up to his grand principles of liberty or death we may discover in his story. From the convention he went speedily to the field. He was made commander-in-chief of Virginia's Revolutionary army, as George Washington was of the Continental forces, and almost the first overt act of the war in Virginia, so Thomas Jefferson declared, was committed by Patrick Henry. With five thousand hurriedly gathered minute-men he marched upon the king's governor, Lord Dunmore, at Williamsburg and demanded the stolen powder of the province or reparation for its loss; and the king's governor wisely judged discretion to be the better part of valor and sent his receiver-general with three hundred and thirty pounds to pay for the stolen powder. Then he issued a proclamation declaring "a certain Patrick Henry" an outlaw and rebel; but the people of Virginia hailed the "outlaw" as their leader, and heaped him with honors, in the way of thanks and addresses.

There are many points of resemblance in the careers of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. Both were "architects of ruin," opponents of prerogative, foes to kingly authority. Both led the attack of the people upon British tyranny and by their matchless labors, with voice or pen, organized revolt, set on foot revolution, and showed the way to liberty and independence. Then, their higher mission accomplished, their work fell into other hands, and they, who had been leaders, became onlookers and critics. Each one was governor of his native

State, and each felt alike the sun of popularity and the gloom of misrepresentation and defeat. Both enjoyed a well-merited old age, though Adams outlived his colleague alike in years and honors.

I have told you that Patrick Henry declined more honors than he accepted. One reason was, not that he could not march with the Republic, but because of continued ill-health, which so often dulls the edge of energy, makes a man critical, and keeps him dissatisfied. Alike the friend and critic of Washington, Patrick Henry was also friend and critic of the Republic he had helped to found, loving it for its liberty, but despairing, sometimes, of its future because things were not done as he would like to see them.

He retired from public life largely because of criticism; for, you see, there was a great deal of criticism in the air in those early days of the Republic, and criticism of his acts was one thing that Patrick Henry could not stand. Impetuous as James Otis, determined as Samuel Adams, like both those fervent patriots Patrick Henry chafed under restraint and hated to have his motives called in question. There are, after all, very few such superbly patient, gloriously self-governed men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

But impetuosity is sometimes inspiration. This, at least, was one cause of Patrick Henry's eloquence. As an orator he had remarkable powers; but as a leader he was often uncertain and sometimes headstrong, to his own detriment and his country's peril.

But after all, it is as one who moves by the magic of his words that Patrick Henry's claims to remembrance as an historic American chiefly rest. Above everything else he was an orator; and it is as the orator of resistance, of liberty, and of patriotism that he has our loving and grateful reverence and will be remembered by America forever and ever.

His later years were spent in peaceful pursuits upon his beautiful farm at Red hill near historic Appomattox; and

there he died on the sixth of June, 1799, surrounded by loving friends and mourned by America as its chief and most effective orator in the stormy days of protest and revolution.

Toussaint L'ouverture

Commander-in-Chief of an Army, President of Hayti

1743-1803 A.D.

Many years ago a keen-faced little boy with protruding lips, Toussaint by name, was busy, day by day, tending a great herd of cattle on the Island of Hayti in the West Indies. He started out early every morning, cracking his whip as loudly as he could and getting his cows in line. Often he ran upon one, gave her a cut and called out, "Gee, there, Sally; ha, ha, get in line there, Buck! Come on now! Get up, I say!"

That great herd of cattle marched out at his bidding and began to graze in the deep valleys or on the high mountains. Even the most unruly ones ate around and around in the high grass. All of them ate and ate, and many lay down about noon and chewed their cuds. Toussaint kept his eye on them and at the same time busied himself with other things.

One day he climbed an orange tree, sat in the fork of it and ate oranges until his stomach looked like a little stuffed pouch. Another day he sat lazily under a banana tree, reached up and pulled bananas and ate and ate, and pulled more and ate until he almost fell asleep. Still another day, he hammered away on a hard coconut shell trying to burst it with his fist. Later, he joined the natives for a few minutes as they washed gold from the sands of a stream of water.

While many of the cows were resting from the heat one day, Toussaint ran across to the two great hills of pure salt. "Oh, isn't that beautiful," he said in French. "And do we really eat that salt in our food? And is one of those salt hills two miles long? Well, there must be enough salt there to salt down everything and everybody on the island. I guess we'll be salting down the trees next," he added. The next day at noon

he ran away to the blue copper mines and the sulphur mines and gathered a handful of flowers along the way.

As the time passed, he settled down to get out his reading, arithmetic, geometry and Latin. Toussaint's teacher, who was an older slave, had in some way learned quite a little of these subjects and was teaching him secretly at night.

Years passed, and Toussaint continued to tend the cattle as though nothing terrible would ever happen to him. Cattle-tending days finally ceased, and he was promoted to the position of coachman and horse doctor.

Some of the boys eyed him jealously as his carriage dashed by them. They said, "Eh, Mr. Horse Doctor! Drenching old horses, ha, ha!"

Toussaint reared back and held the lines tightly with his arms outstretched. With his horses all sleek and his carriage polished like a looking-glass, he sat back like the grandson of an African king, as he was, and drove with a steady hand.

Apparently happy now in his new position, he married an African young woman whose parents, like his own, had been brought from Africa to Hayti many years before. Many other Africans had been brought over as slaves to this island to work the land because the natives of Hayti had died out. There were also on the island French men, Spaniards and free Negroes.

Trouble arose among these people and war broke out. For days fires raged, houses were burned and thousands of people fell dead and mortally wounded by bullets. Toussaint looked on, but took no part in the war at first. When his master's home was about to be burned to the ground he broke into it, rescued very valuable articles for his master, and helped his master's family to escape from the island. Then he became a free man, joined the army of slaves and soon rose to the rank of colonel. His army joined with the Spaniards, but when the French gave freedom to all the slaves, his army joined the French and drove the Spaniards from the island.

Before the close of the war, the French made Toussaint brigadier-general. As brigadier-general he made charts of the island and studied them so closely that he knew the course of every stream and the location of every hill.

He fought the Spanish so hard that one after another of their towns fell into the hands of the French. One day a French soldier exclaimed, "*Cet homme fait ouverture partout*" (this man makes an opening everywhere). This saying was passed along by the soldiers, and ever after this Toussaint was called "Toussaint L' Ouverture" (Toussaint, the opening). 'Tis true he had been in battles and made openings, but nothing terrible had happened to him yet.

For a long time the French general seemed to have very little confidence in Toussaint, but once this general was thrown into prison on the island. Toussaint marched at the head of an army of 10,000 men, had him released and restored him to his office. For this act Toussaint was appointed lieutenant-governor of the island. Later on he became commander-in-chief of the French army in Santo Domingo. This was the most important position on the island where Toussaint had been a slave for nearly fifty years. Everywhere people gladly co-operated with him in his administration.

Now that things were going well, he sent his two sons to Paris to be educated. The French rulers publicly praised him and called him the deliverer of Santo Domingo. The French Government presented him with a richly embroidered dress and a suit of superb armor.

Finally Toussaint became president of Hayti for life. It is said that his generals were as obedient to him as children. His soldiers looked upon him as a wonder, and the people generally worshipped him as their deliverer. English officers who fought against him said that he never broke his word.

He was plain in his dress and in all his manners. His dinner often consisted of cakes, fruit and a glass of water. He often jumped on his horse and rode one hundred and fifty

miles without rest. Then he would rest for two hours and start out again.

During the last two years of Toussaint's life, a terrible thing happened to him. Napoleon Bonaparte, the ruler of France, because of jealousy, it is said, sent against Toussaint twenty-six war ships and a number of transports. On board these vessels there were twenty-five thousand French soldiers. When Toussaint looked out upon the ocean and caught a glimpse of this great fleet, he said in his native tongue, "All France is coming to Santo Domingo." The soldiers landed and began to slaughter the natives.

Toussaint's two sons, whom he had not seen for several years, were on one of the ships. When they saw their father they ran to meet him. Toussaint could not speak, but he and his sons threw themselves into each other's arms and wept bitterly. The French general, it is said, saw that he could not use these boys to play a trick on their father and thus make him yield to the French. He then said that the boys must be taken back to France. Toussaint stood before his sons with folded arms, saying in the French language, "My children, choose your duty; whatever it be, I shall always love and bless you."

One of the boys said, "I am done with France. I shall fight by your side, Father." The other boy left his father and returned to France. The cruel war continued. Toussaint and his generals with a small body of troops fortified themselves in a mountainous retreat. The French soldiers tried hard for a long time to dislodge them but they could not. Finally Toussaint sent two of his prisoners with a letter to the French General saying that he would make peace.

A few days later, when Toussaint came forth to greet the French general, guns were fired in Toussaint's honor and all heads were bowed as he passed by. Three hundred horsemen with their sabres drawn followed Toussaint to protect him. He and the French General agreed on a plan, but Napoleon

Bonaparte declared that Toussaint must be sent as a prisoner to France.

It was difficult to take him as a prisoner and so a trick was played on him. At the giving of a signal, French soldiers sprang upon his guards and disarmed them. Then they bade Toussaint give up his sword. He yielded it in silence and was taken to his own home. A band of French soldiers came during the night and forced him and his wife to go aboard a French vessel.

On their way to France Toussaint's cabin door was guarded by soldiers. His wrists were chained together. He was not even permitted to talk with his wife. When his vessel landed at Brest, France, a detachment of soldiers took him to Paris and placed him in prison. Winter soon came on and he was taken to an old castle away up in the Jura Mountains. In this old castle there was a cold, wet dungeon partly under ground. He was plunged into this and there he remained for ten months, neglected, humiliated and starved. On the 27th of April, 1803, he was found dead in his dungeon.

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den,
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee—thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

—William Wordsworth.

Rumford and the Relations of Motion and Heat

1753-1814 A.D.

Benjamin Thompson, known in the scientific world as Count Rumford, was born in North Woburn, Mass., in 1753. His family had been farmers for generations, and his relatives destined him for the same calling; but the boy showed such a distaste toward farming that this fact, in connection with some troubles in relation to the distribution of the property, led at last to the choice of another mode of life.

Up to his eleventh year young Thompson attended the village school, and learned reading, writing, and arithmetic for several hours in the day, devoting his play-hours to the more congenial employment of making drawings of his companions' faces, which he often caricatured unmercifully, constructing various mechanical toys, and in experimenting in a small way in natural philosophy.

These amusements did not meet the approval of his family, whose idea of life was quite different. The experiments and inventions showed a taste for something beyond the ordinary routine of a farmer's life, and Benjamin's fancy for exploring the unknown was not encouraged. Happily for him, he was sent in his eleventh year to an adjoining village in order to be under the care of a very excellent teacher, and as his interest in things outside of the usual line increased daily by contact with the mind of his teacher, it was decided by his friends to give up all hopes of making the boy a farmer, and apprentice him to some trade. When he was thirteen years old, therefore, he was sent to Salem to learn to be a merchant,

and here he met friends who encouraged his love for knowledge, and aided him in the most substantial way. His duties as clerk were faithfully performed, but they only seemed to him to be the necessary means toward something higher. All his leisure time was spent either in boyish frolicking, or in studying subjects quite unconnected with the mercantile life, and both these circumstances often caused some of his friends to shake their heads gravely over his refusal to regard trade as the most serious and respectable business of life.

Their disapproval, however, did not in the least affect the spirits of Benjamin, who was always ready for fun, sometimes even enlivening his dull business by playing on the violin, and at others busily engaged over the question of making fireworks which he and his friends were to send off at the first possible opportunity. A little note-book which he kept at this time shows a curious mixture of caricatures, drawings of boats, bottles, tomahawks, human bones, bars of music, and pistols, interspersed with recipes for making rockets, stars, serpents, and other fireworks, illustrated with drawings in ink.

These pursuits, however, did not prevent attention to more serious subjects, and during the first years of his apprenticeship Benjamin made such good use of his time, and of his opportunity of studying with an older friend, that before he was fifteen he had a fair knowledge of algebra and geometry, and had made such progress in astronomy as to be able to calculate an eclipse so accurately that it occurred within a few seconds of the computed time.

Trade could not long hold the attention of such a mind, and when he was eighteen Benjamin left his master and began the study of medicine, supporting himself in the meantime by teaching school. He made considerable progress in his new business, and was so successful as a teacher that he was invited to take charge of a school at Concord, then called Rumford.

And it was here that events happened which entirely

changed his life, and resulted in his devoting his great powers to science. Shortly after his arrival at Concord he married the daughter of one of the most prominent men of the place, coming by this means into the possession of a large estate; but hardly had he settled down to the business of managing his new property before he was compelled to leave the town as a fugitive. His marriage had taken place in October, 1774, and in November of the same year he was accused of sympathy with the English Government, and his life was threatened by his enraged townsmen, who were in the full tide of anger against the mother country.

Although at the trial afterward he was pronounced innocent of the charges laid against him, he never recovered the faith of his countrymen, and was always subject to their suspicions, which were perhaps not wholly unjust when it is considered that in 1776 he went to London and took service under the British Government.

He now began to make experiments in gunpowder, and on the making of cannon and the measurement of the velocities of bullets, and subsequently went on a cruise in order to give his theories a final test. He thus acquired a taste for military life, and after a short trip to America, he returned to Europe in 1783, hoping to serve in the Austrian campaign against the Turks. He was always so thoroughly in earnest that if Austria had begun the expected war it is probable that Thompson's career might have been wholly directed to military glory; but, fortunately for science, he met about this time an old lady, the wife of one of the Austrian generals, whose influence led him to take other views of life, and convinced him that a life devoted to the relief of mankind was of infinitely more value than any honor gained on the field of battle.

Soon after this he was invited to Munich by the Duke of Bavaria, who urged him to enter his service, and from this time his life was one of ceaseless activity. Munich, in common

with other European cities, was at that time subjected to the most incompetent public service, and the state of affairs in the capital was common throughout the country.

Thompson was appointed colonel of a cavalry regiment, and aide-de-camp to the duke, who also gave him a palace to live in, and a military staff and corps of servants. But his magnificent style of living, and the honor paid him as the friend and adviser of the duke, did not in the least interfere with the plans he had formed for the improvement of Bavaria. Thriftlessness, abuse of power by the priesthood, discontent in the army, and neglect of the resources which might bring comfort and wealth were among the evils that Thompson set about finding remedies for, and his practical mind and great executive ability soon brought about the needed reformation.

The discontent of the army had its source in real grievances. The soldiers were taken from their homes and scattered all over the country, leaving the fields untilled and the manufacturing industries destroyed while they were serving in the army, which had such a demoralizing effect upon them as to unfit them for useful labor when their time of service had expired. Their pay was miserable, their quarters uncomfortable, and the comfort of their families entirely overlooked.

Thompson's remedy for this evil was radical and prompt. He had permanent garrisons made, so that the soldiers from the different districts might remain near their homes; he reformed the drill and discipline, giving the soldiers much more time at their own disposal, and this time could either be employed in the public works, or in manufacturing different articles from the raw material furnished them, or in the cultivation of the little gardens which were the property of every soldier, every one of the different occupations being a source of added income to the privates, who had hitherto been looked upon only as the slaves of the officers.

Besides this, the barracks were made clean within and without, the soldiers were better clothed and better fed, there

were schools established for their children, and when it was absolutely necessary for the troops to be garrisoned at great distances from home, long furloughs were allowed, so that the men might attend to the agricultural and manufacturing inter-ests that had sprung up. The effect of the new system was magical. Discontent disappeared from the army, and the soldier was transformed from an indolent, fault-finding, and dissatisfied *attaché* of the officer, to a self-supporting and self-respecting citizen. Little gardens sprang up all over the country, where the soldier, clothed in the working suit furnished him by the State, might be seen planting seeds; and many vegetables, among them the potato, which had hitherto been almost unknown in Bavaria, from this time became staple articles of food. The reform of the army was followed by another improvement of equal value.

The evils of a standing army, the dearth of manufactures and the neglect of agriculture, had all combined to bring about a state of affairs among the working classes as demoralizing as the condition of the soldiers. The whole of Bavaria was overrun with people who had no trade, no home, no duties, and, worst of all, who considered that they had a right to demand a living of their more self-respecting and independent neighbors.

Beggars abounded everywhere, and society was divided into two factions, one representing the respectable element, and the other the disreputable hordes who roved about the country, feared on account of their numbers and defiant of all control. Not only did the natives take advantage of this condition, but beggars swarmed in from adjoining countries and found cordial welcome from the depraved vagabonds who had learned that numbers meant power.

Beggary was in fact but a kind of freebooting, and the beggars considered themselves members of a respectable and worthy fraternity whose rights must be maintained. And they found this an easy matter, as their crimes had made them a

terror to the country, and the civil authorities had come to look upon the case as almost hopeless. The highways were lined with beggars who demanded alms from all travellers; stores, houses, workshops, and churches were entered and money extorted by threats; and the husbandman and merchant had alike learned to consider the beggar's portion as a necessary detail in the year's expenditures.

In the cities things were even worse. In Munich the whole city was divided off into districts, each being under the control of certain bands, which were governed by a code of unwritten but not the less stringent laws. This nuisance was attacked by Thompson in the same spirit which had actuated him in his work for the army. He declared that the government owed not only protection to the honest classes, but moral responsibilities to the beggars themselves, and he proposed to rid the country of begging by turning the offenders into self-supporting citizens. Such a proposal from one less practical and less powerful would have met with no response. But Thompson's regeneration of the army had proved his administrative powers, and the authorities of Munich gladly promised him all the aid he could desire.

He ordered the city to be divided into districts, and every dwelling, from palace to hovel, to be numbered. Each district was furnished with a priest, a physician, a surgeon, an apothecary, and one prominent citizen whose duties were to consist in looking after the respectable poor. Then a large building in one of the suburbs was fitted up with kitchen, refectory, workshops, and machines suitable to the wants of the various trades. Over these were put master carpenters, smiths, turners, spinners, weavers, dyers, and so on, who were furnished with the necessary raw material for carrying on their different vocations. These were the teachers in the institution, which was called the Military School, and had for its object the reclaiming of the lowest orders to respectable modes of life. Besides the workshops, the building was fitted

up as attractively as possible, and was made thoroughly neat and comfortable.

As soon as the arrangements were completed, the work of reformation was begun. New Year's Day was the great annual holiday of the beggars, who paraded the streets from morning till night, demanding alms in the most offensive manner, and making the thoroughfares almost impassable for the respectable classes.

On the morning of this festival Thompson had soldiers stationed all over the city, and he, with the civil authorities, started out on the bold venture of capturing every beggar in the streets of Munich. They had hardly reached the street when a beggar approached Thompson and extended his hand for alms; the decisive moment had come, and with a firm but gentle denial, Thompson laid his hand on the man's shoulder and declared him under arrest. His example was immediately followed by his associates, and the raid was as thorough as unexpected. Every vagabond in the streets was carried to the town-hall, and his name and residence taken, and orders given for him to appear next day at the Military School.

The beggars were astounded, but showed a better spirit than had been hoped for; the plan succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of its originator, and within a week twenty-six hundred beggars had presented themselves at the work-house and had started on a career of useful labor. Nothing can better illustrate the esteem which their benefactor was held in than the fact that, some time afterward, when these reclaimed outcasts learned of the critical illness of Thompson, they assembled in large numbers and, forming in a procession of hundreds, marched to the cathedral and offered prayers for his recovery.

A year after the organization of the Military School, Thompson was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, in token of the inestimable services he had rendered to Bavaria; he took the name of Rumford, from the little village in

Massachusetts where he said that fortune first smiled upon him.

Count Rumford was constantly employed with some scheme to alleviate the condition of mankind, and Bavaria, under his guidance, was transformed as if by magic from a state of disorder and shiftlessness to prosperity and peace. In the world of science Count Rumford occupies a distinguished position. He made many valuable contributions to physics, but is chiefly known by his discoveries in heat.

Various theories had been held as to the origin and nature of heat, and the ancients had many curious ideas in regard to this subject.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century the most generally accepted theory of heat was that it was a kind of subtle fluid which could enter the pores of bodies, and then be squeezed out again by compression. This fluid was called caloric, and was supposed—by its capability of combining with certain substances—to explain by its actions all the phenomena of heat.

Count Rumford, in opposition to this theory, asserted that heat was a form of motion, and that all its phenomena could be accounted for on this supposition alone.

This belief, like many other scientific creeds, was partly arrived at by accident. While watching one day the boring of a large brass cannon in the arsenal, he was struck by the great quantity of heat that was produced by the pressure of the boring bar against the brass. He immediately began some simple experiments with the filings to see how the heat might be accounted for, and the results led him to the conjecture that the thing known as heat was really a form of motion.

He made a test-experiment in the presence of some of his friends, causing a brass cylinder to be placed inside a wooden machine which contained a quantity of water, and then having the cylinder revolve against a steel borer. At the end of two hours the spectators were astonished to see the water

boil, although there was no fire near.

It had been known from the earliest times that friction would produce heat; but it was also generally supposed that the friction brought out the caloric that was latent or hidden in the bodies that were rubbed together. Rumford claimed, on the contrary, that if this were so there would be a limit to the amount of heat that could be obtained by the friction of two bodies, just as it is impossible to squeeze more than a certain amount of water out of a sponge; and as he had shown by experiment that there was no limit to the amount of heat that could be obtained by friction, he concluded that heat was not a substance which bodies contain as a sponge holds water, but that it was itself simply a form of motion. According to this view a hot body differs from a cold one in that its particles are in more vigorous motion.

This is called the dynamic theory of heat, and it is this contribution to scientific discovery that has connected Count Rumford with other great physicists.

Jemima Johnson

1753-1814 A.D.

Of Jemima Johnson, pioneer and volunteer, I can tell you very little. Just this one incident has come down to us, but you are surely right in thinking that the rest of her life was in harmony with this day's heroism.

It happened in Kentucky, when the Revolutionary fighting was almost ended, but before peace had come to the frontier. Raid after raid on isolated settlements was made by the Indians, stirred up continually by the British in Canada. People were murdered and tortured with shocking barbarity, for once started the red men could not be controlled. Chief among them were the Wyandottes, a tribe that stood first for military skill and ferocious valor, and with them was the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, whose name was a byword and a hissing along the frontier.

Bryan's Station was a Kentucky settlement of forty cabins connected by strong palisades, set in a clearing with thick woods all around. One August day in 1782 messengers arrived, saying that the Indians were threatening to attack a neighboring fort and asking for aid. The men at Bryan's made ready to go and at dawn Captain Craig had finished his preparations when he discovered a group of savages in full view, just on the edge of the woods. There were only a few of them, and being out of rifle range they were exposing themselves carelessly and indifferently.

"They're trying to attract our attention," Craig immediately said to himself. "Do they think that because they're few we'll leave the fort and pursue them?"

Their actions made him suspicious, for he had been

trained in Indian fighting in the school of Daniel Boone. He ordered the relief party to wait while he called the principal men of the station to a council. They agreed that it was only a feint on the part of the savages to invite an attack, and that the main fight would come from the other side. They would meet one trick with another and beat the Indians at their own game.

But the siege would be severe, perhaps long. Nothing could be done until they had a supply of water—and the spring was not inside the palisade, as was the frontier custom, but a short distance away, near the very spot where the red men were hiding in the thick woods. The night before only the ordinary amount of water had been brought in. The buckets were empty, and it was a hot August day. Life inside the stockade, even though there were no battle, would be unendurable. Captain Craig thought a moment, then called up the women and children, and told them his plan.

"Will you, you women and you children who are large enough, go down to the spring, with every bucket you can carry, and bring back water? Our lives depend upon it. We think the Indians are hidden near the spring, waiting. Now if you'll go, just as you do every morning, I think they'll not molest you, for that would break up their plan. As far as we can we'll cover you with our rifles. You see, don't you, that this is our only hope? If we men go to the spring, it would be so unusual that it would rouse their suspicions at once; and if we were shot down, there would be no one to save the fort and you. Will you go?"

They were quick to appreciate the situation. Of course Captain Craig might be all wrong in his theory. The savages might capture the women and children, right under the eyes of the men in the fort. No one could tell what they might do. It was a terrible state of affairs. They knew what capture meant—death by torture. They had not lived on the frontier for nothing. A shudder of terror went through the group.

Water we must have.

The men can't go for it.

We women will.

Such were the steps Jemima Johnson's thoughts took, and instantly she volunteered. The Spartan daughter of a fearless pioneer, the sister of others, the wife of another, Jemima Suggett Johnson was also the mother of five little children, and her husband was away in Virginia. But she was the first to offer to go.

Quickly she gave her orders: Betsy, who was ten, was to go with her; Sally, to look after the two little boys as well as watch baby Richard, in his cradle. Now who would go with her for the water?

Armed with wooden dippers, the wives of the Craig brothers and their children volunteered. Others quickly offered. Captain Craig opened the gate and out they marched after Captain Johnson—twelve women and sixteen children—true helpmates of those sturdy frontiersmen. They were nearly overcome with terror, yet they laughed and chatted as they tramped down the hill some sixty yards to the spring. A few of the younger ones found it hard to hide their agitation, but Jemima Johnson's steadiness and cool composed manner reassured them and completely deceived the savages.

Within a stone's throw the Indians were concealed, and with eager covetous eyes watched the women filling their buckets. It took some time to dip up water for so many, but Captain Johnson had said each must wait until they were all ready to start back. Then deliberately they made their way up the hill to the fort, and not a shot was fired, for the Indians, in the hope of carrying out their original plan, did not betray their presence.

Some of the children, as they neared the gate, broke into a run and crowded into the door of the stockade, but only a little of the precious water was spilled. With sighs of relief the fifty men in the fort saw their wives and children safe again,

and the supply of water stored away.

Then Captain Craig began to carry out his part of the scheme. Thirteen of his men were sent to the front of the fort, to engage the Indians there, with as much noise and confusion as possible. This, he guessed, was the signal agreed upon for the main body of savages to attack at the back of the stockade. So at the loopholes there he posted the rest of his men, with strict orders to make no move, to fire not a gun, till he gave them word. Hearing the noise at the front of the fort, the Indians near the spring dashed from cover and up to the back wall, which they supposed was undefended. They shouted their savage war cries, expecting an easy victory. Then suddenly the stockade bristled with rifles, and a steady fire was poured into the Indians massed for the attack. With cries of terror they fled to the woods; but all day long the firing continued. Deaths in the fort were very few, but any Indian who exposed himself was sure to be killed by the unerring shot of a frontiersman. Two savages climbed a tree, to fire from there, but were quickly dislodged. They shot burning arrows up into the air, to fall on the roofs of the buildings, but the plucky children put out the fires as fast as they were started. Betsy Johnson even tossed one arrow off baby Richard's cradle. The women who had brought the water that made this long defense possible, molded bullets and loaded rifles, repaired breaches in the palisade, and sometimes took their places at the loopholes.

At last the Indians decided their efforts could not succeed, so they killed the cattle, burned the fields of grain, and made the country look like a desert. Then they stole away in the night.

Thus Bryan's Station was saved, due in large measure to Jemima Johnson and her party of women who brought in the water. Years later the baby Richard commanded the Kentucky regiment whose brilliant charge decided the battle of the Thames. He, it was believed, killed the Indian chief

Tecumseh. And this same son of Jemima Johnson became vice-president of the United States.

The Story of John Marshall of Richmond

"The Great Chief-Justice"

1755-1835 A.D.

"The Constitution, since its adoption, owes more to John Marshall than to any other single mind for its true interpretation and vindication."

--Joseph Story.

The young man in the blanket, standing with his back to the blazing logs, said cheerily as a knock resounded on the outer door of the hut, "Open up, Porterfield. You're butler to-day, and footman too. You've got the clothes of the whole mess."

The officer thus accosted flung open the door and a soldier entered, saluting.

"What is it, orderly?" inquired Porterfield.

"A note from the commander-in-chief, sir," replied the messenger, "for Lieutenant Marshall."

The figure wrapped in the blanket slipped from before the open fire and took the proffered note.

Opening it, he read it, reread it, rubbed his chin thoughtfully while a quizzical sort of smile played about his fine mouth, and then said to the messenger, "My compliments to the general, orderly. Pray say to him that I accept with pleasure."

The orderly saluted and withdrew. Again the lieutenant ran over the note and looked up with a smile of mingled pleasure and perplexity.

"It's my turn to-day, boys," he said. "Hear this: 'General Washington presents his compliments to Lieutenant Marshall

and will be glad to have his company to-day at dinner, at headquarters, at the usual hour.'"

"And you're going?" asked Porterfield.

Marshall nodded.

"In that rig?" queried Lieutenant Slaughter, from his home-made bench, where he was carefully tightening a cloth about a very ragged shoe.

"Well, hardly," Marshall replied. "The general likes full dress at dinner, you know, and this is"—

"Undress," suggested Porterfield.

"Precisely. Now, I'm not going to decline, as you fellows do when his Excellency honors you with an invite," Marshall, went on. "Some day you'll be proud to say that you dined with Washington, especially when one has such an appetite as I have, and the Goodevrow Onderdonk's last apple-pies were so hard that we played football with 'em. See here, boys, I'm going to levy on each one of you for contributions. You'll have to lend me a shirt, Slaughter."

"Can't do it, Jack," the lieutenant on the bench replied. "This one isn't fresh enough, and I gave my only other one this very morning to one of the Rhode Island boys who was mighty nigh frozen."

"Same here with stockings," Porterfield chimed in. "I'd let you have these, Marshall, but I can't go bare-legged in this weather."

"Johnson has a pair of stockings, I know," said Marshall. "I saw them in his kit yesterday. No shirt, eh? I reckon mine will be back from the wash in time. Nice state of affairs for the lieutenant of Taliafero's (he called it Tolliver's) shirt men to be in, isn't it? That's what Dunmore's Tories used to call us, you remember, Porterfield, when we chased 'em out of Suffolk in our green hunting-shirts, home spun, home woven, and home made."

"Oh! you were one of John Randolph's Virginia minute-men, eh?" queried Porterfield. "Raised in a minute, armed in

a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute, and vanquished in a minute—that's why they called you minute-men, he said."

"Well, I've got to be armed in a minute now, if I'm going to dine at headquarters," said Marshall. "Come, boys, you've just got to fix me up. John Marshall never breaks his word, you know."

So in that snow-covered hut of logs, scantily warmed by the log fire, and less scantily furnished with home-made necessities, the jolly mess of five shivering and scantily clothed but healthy and even-tempered young officers of the Continental army went to work to make Lieutenant Marshall presentable for the dinner-table of the commander-in-chief at headquarters in Valley Forge.

They had scarcely a complete suit among them; for what was not worn out they had given away to the freezing privates, like the generous-hearted boys they were. But, by careful selection, they managed at last to fit out for the "banquet" their comrade, John Marshall, of Fauquier county,—"the best-tempered fellow I ever knew," so one of them declared.

Captain Johnson's stockings, Captain Porterfield's breeches, Lieutenant Porterfield's waistcoat, with John Marshall's own coat, his own shirt hurried back from the wash, and adorned with the wristbands and collar which Lieutenant Slaughter had made for dress occasions from the bosom of his own well-worn shirt—these made the young soldier fairly presentable; and thus equipped in borrowed plumage, Lieut. John Marshall ploughed through the snow to headquarters—the old Potts house at Valley Forge—to dine with the commander-in-chief, and to receive his promotion as captain for gallant services at Germantown and Brandywine.

As John Marshall was at Valley Forge in that dark and distressing winter so he ever was as a young man. "Nothing discouraged him, nothing disturbed him," said his friend Slaughter, who lent him the collar and cuffs. "If he had only

bread to eat, it was just as well; if only meal, it made no difference. If any of the officers murmured at their deprivations he would shame them by good-natured raillery or encourage them by his own exuberance of spirits."

It is no wonder that the young soldier—he was only twenty-two—was liked by the officers, from Washington down, and by the soldiers in the camp. He was such a pleasant comrade that he made even that dreary camp lively with his fun, his stories, and his continual good-nature, and he was chosen, again and again, to arbitrate the disputes that, in a cramped and snow-bound winter camp, were often breaking out between less adaptable officers. His decisions were always abided by, and so wise and just were his counsels in these camp quarrels that he was, in time, appointed deputy judge-advocate of the army at Valley Forge.

This judicial fairness and ability to counsel and advise had characterized John Marshall from boyhood. His father was a veteran of the French war and a colonel in the Continental army, who, during that terrible winter at Valley Forge, shared all its hardships with three of his seven sons. Of these seven sons John Marshall was the eldest, born at the village of Germantown, in Virginia, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1755.

He was an active and energetic, if sometimes a careless and fun-loving boy, as ready for a game of quoits, a foot race, or a wrestling match as for a drill on the muster field or a tug at his Latin. Spite of his willingness to play he was a ready student, for at twelve years old he knew Pope by heart and could quote by the hour from Shakespeare, Dryden, or Milton, while at eighteen he was making ready for his own bread-winning by studying to become a lawyer.

But the American Revolution called him from his studies and sent him into the army, first as one of the blue-shirted Virginia minute-men and then as a lieutenant in the Virginia line. He fought under Washington at Germantown and

Monmouth; he was in the daring dash of Wayne at Stony Point; he helped drive the traitor Arnold from Virginia and then, the Revolution over, he went quietly back to his law studies to become in time a successful Richmond lawyer, a member of the Virginia Legislature, a member of the governor's council, a general in the State militia, a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, the best-liked Virginian of his day, a defender of the new Constitution of the United States, and an envoy to France, when France seemed bent on blackmailing the United States, but could only force from our envoys, Pinckney and Marshall, the famous declaration that America remembers with pride to this day: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

For the bold stand he then took against the artful Talleyrand the American people gave him great praise. "Of the three envoys to France," said President John Adams, "the conduct of Marshall alone has been entirely satisfactory and ought to be marked by the most decided approbation of the public. He has raised the American people in their own esteem; and if the influence of truth and justice, reason and argument, is not lost in Europe, he has raised the consideration of the United States in that quarter."

The president would at once have appointed him one of the judges of the Supreme Court, but Marshall declined; the people of Virginia desired to send him to Congress, and although he preferred to devote himself to his large practice as a lawyer he finally accepted the nomination and, in 1799, he was elected and took his seat as a representative from Virginia, in December of that year.

Almost the first duty that devolved upon the new congressman was to notify the House that his friend, and America's deliverer, George Washington, was dead.

It was on the nineteenth of December that Marshall conveyed to his colleagues this melancholy intelligence. Rising in his seat with a voice low and solemn, while his words almost

trembled into tears, he said: "The melancholy event, which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more! The hero, the patriot, the sage of America, the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people."

Then, in a few brief, eloquent words, heavy with sorrow and filled with reverent appreciation, Marshall pronounced his short eulogy on his old commander, leader, and friend, closing with the resolutions, prepared by "Light-horse Harry" Lee, but effectively read by John Marshall, and now known to all the world.

"Resolved," the resolution concluded, "that a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider the most suitable manner of paying honors to the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

President Adams, who held the abilities and services of Marshall in such high regard, again begged to be allowed to make use of him in the conduct of his own administration, and having secured, at last, a reluctant consent, he appointed John Marshall, upon the adjournment of Congress, in May, 1800, secretary of state.

But even this high honor did not fully satisfy the desires of the Massachusetts statesman, who held the Virginia statesman in such esteem; for, in less than a year after the appointment, President Adams, on the thirty-first of January, 1801, named John Marshall as chief-justice of the United States.

It was one of the last official acts of John Adams, and as has well been said of it, "never was a more correct appreciation of fitness shown."

"If President Adams," says Mr. Magruder, "had left no other claims on the grateful remembrance of his countrymen than in giving to the public service this great magistrate, so

pure and so wise, he would always have lived in that act as a great benefactor of his country. The aged patriot survived long enough to see abundant proof of the soundness of his choice, and to rejoice in it."

That this opinion is borne out by the facts every student of American history and American law must agree. "He was born to be chief-justice of any country in which he lived," one lawyer who heard Marshall's masterly decisions enthusiastically exclaimed, and Professor Channing declares that Marshall "proved to be the ablest legal luminary that America has yet produced."

For thirty-five years John Marshall remained at the head of the Supreme Court as chief-justice of the United States. Impartial, judicial, courageous, clear, discriminating, just, and wise, possessing alike what are called the judicial instinct and the constructive faculty, he taught, by his opinions and his decisions, the supreme power of the nation and the supreme position of the Constitution of the United States as the written law of the land. He did this so well, so forcibly, and so decisively that he established, as much as any other American statesman, the value of the Constitution as a permanent authority, and the position of the nation as the head and controller of the affairs of the Republic.

Through all the changes of parties and presidents he remained the head of the greatest legal body on earth, in a position which he appreciated so highly that he declared he preferred to be chief-justice to being president.

And yet, notwithstanding the dignity of his position and the greatness of the responsibilities it entailed, he remained throughout his long and priceless service the same simple, sweet-tempered, helpful, earnest character that he was when, amid the snow-covered huts of Valley Forge, he kept up the spirits and lightened the depression of his comrades. For more than forty years he was a member of the Richmond Quoit Club, and he was as keen and deft a hand at that athletic sport

as when, years and years before, he had challenged his companions to a game on the parade ground where Taliafero's "shirt men" gathered for their muster.

In all things which he believed, his convictions were deep and his loyalty to them lasting. One evening, in a tavern in the town of Winchester, in Northern Virginia, a group of three or four young lawyers were discussing, first, eloquence, and then religion. As they talked, a gig drove up to the tavern and a tall, bright-eyed, venerable man of nearly eighty descended from the gig and came into the room. He wore his hair in a queue, and was plainly dressed, so plainly, in fact, that the young debaters took him for some travelling farmer, and simply nodding their "How d'ye do?" went on with their discussion.

All the evening the talk continued, each one airing his opinions and advancing his arguments until it seemed as if the advocates of Christianity were getting the worst of the discussion, while near at hand, a silent, modest-appearing listener, the old man still sat, as if deriving alike benefit and information from the words of the heated young disputants.

Suddenly one of the young fellows who had taken the stand against Christianity, as if to see how convincing his arguments had been to an outsider, turned to the old man and asked brusquely and just a bit patronizingly, "Well, old gentleman, what do you think about these things?"

A more surprised group of over-confident young men would have been hard to find when the "old granger," as the boys of to-day might have called the unassuming traveller of the rickety gig, replied directly to the carelessly put question of the young debater; for he entered at once upon a defence of Christianity so clear, so forcible, so simple and energetic, and yet, withal, so direct and convincing, that doubt was conquered and even unbelief was checked.

The young men sat intent and silent, with no arguments to advance in rebuttal and with only delight and admiration

for the speaker's words.

Still they sat silent as the stranger rose and bade them a cheery good-night. Then curiosity got the better of appreciation, and they fell to wondering who the "old gentleman" was.

"Must be a parson," one of them remarked.

"Sure," assented another. "He talked just like a preacher. I wonder where he's from?"

Just then the landlord came back from lighting his guest to bed.

"Who was the old party? Where does he come from? Where does he preach?" were the questions that greeted him from all parts of the room.

"Preach? What are you talking about, boys? He's no preacher," said the landlord, with the superiority of knowledge. "Didn't you know who it was? That was Judge Marshall, from down in Fauquier county."

The young fellows looked at each other in dismay.

"Judge Marshall?" they said. "Not"—

"Yes, but it was, though," replied the landlord, answering their unspoken and hesitating inquiry. "That's Judge John Marshall, chief-justice of the United States. Reckon the old gentleman knows more than you thought he did, eh? Oh, yes, I knew him all the time."

But while the landlord laughed aloud at their discomfort more than one of these young men recalled the earnest, convincing, and inspiring words of the speaker, and never forgot the faith or the fervor of Chief-Justice Marshall.

So with blended humor, pathos, and dignity, with love of sport and strength of belief, with simple tastes and homely manners, but with the courage of his convictions, a strong mind, a masterly grasp, and an intelligence and breadth that lifted him above his fellow-workers, the life of John Marshall, the great chief-justice, kept the tenor of its way unto the end.

No man in all America did so much to teach his

countrymen the meaning of the Constitution of the United States or the real scope and limit of the powers granted by the people through the Constitution to their general government. His decisions have been the basis of opinions and arguments for a hundred years, his constructions of intentions and meanings have been adopted without criticism, his exposition of the law as laid down in the Constitution has been accepted without dissent.

Unbiased, logical, fair, and good-tempered, patient through all the intricacies of the law and calm under all its disappointments and delays, loving toward his friends, conciliatory toward his opponents, few American lawyers have been more popular when living or more revered when dead.

To-day his residence in Richmond is still an object of curiosity and regard for the visitor to that beautiful Virginian capital, while the splendid equestrian statue of Washington that adorns its tree-embowered square bears upon its pedestal the bronze statue of John Marshall as the representative of Justice and as one of the supporters of the great president. And this is right. For of all the men of his day there was no one who earlier saw and appreciated the justice of the cause for which Washington labored; there was none who in later life led his countrymen more truly along the path of national honor and national strength by his wise and unquestioned counsels than did the great chief-justice of the United States, John Marshall, the Virginian and American.

Eli Whitney

The Inventor of the Cotton Gin
1765-1825 A.D.

Childhood

If a teacher should ask her pupils to guess where Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, was born, the bright-eyed girl who always has her hand up first, would probably answer, "In the South where cotton grows." And the other pupils would think she must be right.

But strange as it may seem there were very few cotton fields in the South when Eli Whitney was born. And his childhood home was far away from them on a New England farm, near the inland village of Westboro, Massachusetts.

There cold weather came early in the fall and lingered until late in the spring. The snow-covered hills and meadows were the only "cotton fields" that little Eli knew anything about.

He was born on a bleak December day in 1765, more than ten years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The Whitney home was one of those plain New England farmhouses that are still common in that part of the country. This two-storied frame dwelling was built near the road. A little "stoop" about five feet long and three feet wide served for a front porch.

But if the porch was small, the chimney was large, and the fireplaces were broad and deep. The narrow mantels above were so high that there was no danger of the children's breaking the plates and candlesticks that ornamented them.

The ceilings were low. The rooms were lighted by wide old-fashioned windows with twelve small panes of glass in each sash. The window-sills were so far from the floor that Eli and his sister had to stand on chairs when they wanted to scratch pictures in the frost which, in winter, often covered, the panes in spite of the fires in the big fireplaces.

In the best room there was fine furniture, which had been bought at the shops. But the other rooms were furnished chiefly with homemade tables and chairs. These were neat and strong, and the rooms were comfortable and homelike.

Mrs. Whitney was an invalid, and died while Eli was still a child. The father was a stern, business-like man, who believed that children should be seen and not heard. Eli's brothers were older than he, and therefore his sister, who was nearest his age, was his favorite playmate.

The children had few playthings, but Eli was seldom at a loss for amusement. Although he asked a great many questions, he always asked them for information, and not simply because he wished to say something.

Almost every farmer had some sort of a shop where, in bad weather, he tinkered away at various things and mended whatever was out of order. Mr. Whitney's shop was well fitted with tools, and when not busy on the farm he worked there, making chairs for the house, wheels for his wagons, and many other useful articles.

Eli was very fond of watching his father and older brothers while they were at work, and he soon learned to do many little things himself. As he grew older he liked to work in the shop better than on the farm. He examined all the machinery in the place until he understood it. He wanted to know how it was made, and was not content till he found out.

His father's big silver watch was to him an object of wonder. How could it keep up its steady "tick, tick"? What made the hands move, one so slowly, the other more rapidly?

One Sunday, Mr. Whitney went to church and left his

watch at home. Eli stole to his room and pried open the back of the watch to see the wheels. That was very interesting for awhile, but the works were partly hidden. One wheel was over another. A little metal plate covered something which he wanted to see.

The curious boy was not long in finding the tiny screws that held all in place. He soon had them out, and took the works apart.

So deeply interested was he that had his father come home then, Eli would not have heard his step, and the stern man might have walked right into the room before the mischief maker discovered his presence.

But fortunately for the lad, church lasted a long time in those days, and he had plenty of time to satisfy his curiosity before the odors from the kitchen warned him that it would soon be dinner time, and his father would be at home.

Then he felt somewhat worried, but he had noticed so closely the relation of each of the members to the others that he was able to put the delicate works together correctly. It was with a deep breath of relief that he heard the familiar tick, and he trembled whenever he saw his father look at the watch that day. But it was uninjured, and not until years later when Eli told him did Mr. Whitney know that it had been meddled with.

Once after an absence of several days Mr. Whitney, on coming home, asked the housekeeper how each of the boys had spent his time while he was away. He learned that one had weeded the onions, and another had mended the stone wall between two fields.

"But what has Eli been doing?" asked the father, noticing that no account was given of him.

"Oh, he has been making a fiddle," she answered.

"Ah," said Mr. Whitney, with a sigh, "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles. "

The fiddle proved to be a very fine piece of work for a

twelve-year-old boy. It was made like any other violin and gave fairly good music. Every one that saw it was astonished; and after that all the musicians in the neighborhood brought Eli their violins to mend when they were out of order. He was usually successful in discovering and correcting any faults in their mechanism.

His father, however, looked upon this work as foolishness. He would have been much better pleased to see Eli do a good day's work on the farm.

Youth

The New England farmers were a very intelligent class of people and understood the value of education. Every settlement had its little school.

Eli Whitney went to the Westboro school, where he studied spelling and learned to read and write. When he began to study arithmetic he made rapid advancement and soon stood at the head of his class. But his pleasantest and most profitable hours were spent in his father's workshop. Every day he grew more fond of working there.

When Eli was thirteen years old his father married a second time. Eli's step-mother took to her new home many choice possessions that she had collected since her girlhood. She liked to look at her treasures and show them to others.

One afternoon she was showing them to Eli and his sister. Among the parcels was a fine set of dinner knives. When she unwrapped them Eli eagerly took one and examined it with a beaming face.

Mrs. Whitney was pleased to see that the boy was interested. "These are very fine knives," she said. "They were made in England. Nothing like them could be made in this country."

At this Eli looked up quickly and said: "I could make them myself if I had the tools; and I could make the tools if I had some common tools to work with."

Mrs. Whitney was displeased and reproved him. She did not think for a moment that this little boy could do such work, or that he even meant what he said. He seemed to her to be bragging and trying to make fun of her for treasuring those knives.

However, in a few weeks Eli had an opportunity to prove the truth of what he had said. By accident one of the precious knives was broken. He took the pieces to the shop for a model, and with his clumsy tools made a knife so like the broken one that Mrs. Whitney could tell it from the others only by the absence of the stamp of the manufacturer on the blade.

It is needless to say that she now regretted her hasty words. From that time she had much greater confidence in the boy's ability to do what he undertook.

Two years later Eli began to use his skill to make money for his father. His occupation was nail-making.

As the Revolutionary War was then in progress, all trade between England and America had stopped. There were then few manufactories of any kind on this side of the Atlantic. The colonies depended upon the mother country even for such little things as nails.

Nails were made by hand and were much more expensive than they are now. Eli Whitney had often made small quantities of nails for family use, and he had done it very quickly and well. Now that they were so scarce it seemed to him that there would be profit in making them to sell. He spoke to his father about it, saying that he felt sure he could make the work pay if he had certain tools.

The idea pleased his father and he bought the necessary outfit at once. From that time till the close of the war the young mechanic spent all the time he could spare from farm labor in making nails. It proved such a profitable employment that he enlarged his shop and took an assistant.

After the war was over, nails were again shipped to this

country and sold for less than young Whitney could afford to make them. He saw that it was useless to try to work against the great nail makers of England.

But he would not think of letting his shop lie idle. He turned it into a factory for the making of walking sticks and hat pins. He was as successful in manufacturing these little articles as he had been in making nails. He was careless in nothing, and often said, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Mr. Whitney had long ceased to regret Eli's fondness for tinkering about the shop. He now expected him to settle down and become a contented, self-supporting mechanic.

But Eli was not satisfied to do this. As he grew older he took more interest in books. In one way or another he had picked up a great deal of general information, and had acquired a surprising amount of useful knowledge. He saw that those who succeeded in life were educated men; and he was ambitious to be more than a common day laborer.

Accordingly, when he was nineteen years old he decided to go to Yale College and get a thorough education.

His father was surprised and somewhat pleased at the idea of having one of his sons go to college. But when the good man spoke to his wife about it she firmly opposed the project. She said that Eli had neither the money nor the knowledge to go to college, and advised him not to think of it, as it would only make him discontented and restless. She told him that since he was already making a good living he ought to be satisfied.

The neighbors agreed with her, and said it would be too bad to spoil such a good mechanic by sending him to college.

The young man now understood that he would get no help from his family. What his stepmother had said was only too true: he had neither the knowledge required to enter Yale College, nor the money that would be required to support him while studying there. But he was not easily discouraged.

When he made up his mind to do anything he usually accomplished it.

He said no more about the matter but worked early and late to secure the two things needful. To prepare himself for the entrance examinations he took his books to the shop and studied while his fingers did the work for which they had been trained. He made friends with educated people wherever he could, and got all the hints and helps possible.

Nor was he less zealous to get money. Farm work, shop work, and school teaching occupied his time. He welcomed any task whereby he could earn something to add to the little store he was saving for his education.

Although he was so industrious he was twenty-three years old before he was ready to start to college. For four years the plucky fellow had made a brave struggle against many difficulties, with no encouragement except from his faithful sister.

And now that he was ready and could say proudly, "Next May I shall enter Yale College," an unexpected misfortune threatened to disappoint his hopes.

He was taken ill and suffered for weeks from a severe fever. For a time his life was in danger. But, the fever having finally been broken, he slowly gained strength and in May he was able to go to college as he had hoped.

At Yale

Every fall hundreds of boys who have just finished high school go from all parts of the country to New Haven, to enter Yale College.

Some arrive on the big steamboats. Others come in on the great railroads over which well-filled trains fly back and forth, to and from Boston and New York.

These students find New Haven a large city. Many noisy factories are there. The broad avenues are bordered by beautiful homes, large business blocks, and other fine buildings.

Noble elms grow along the streets. Electric cars, and wagons, and carriages of all kinds rumble over the pavements.

In the heart of this busy city is a great square called the Green, where three historic churches stand.

Just beyond the Green rises a row of fine buildings of brick and stone. These are some of the university buildings. They are so stately that they make the stores near by look small and common.

Passing through a broad arch or gateway, the student finds himself within the Yale yard, or campus. It is a large pleasant quadrangle where elms wave overhead, while their lacy shadows dance on the sunny grass. Boys and young men hurry up and down the long walks with armloads of books.

This quadrangle is shut in by four rows of lofty college buildings. A line of plain, old-fashioned brick halls extends across it. These buildings are so poor and old that they look out of place beside the handsome new ones around them.

When Eli Whitney looked out of the windows of the stage coach that took him to New Haven he saw only a straggling village. At that time only about four thousand people lived in New Haven. But it seemed a large town to the young man from Westboro. He had never dreamed of such elegant structures as Osborn and Vanderbilt Halls; and the plain brick buildings, which look to us poor and common, were so much better than the neighboring shops that they appeared grand and stately.

When young Whitney went up to take his examinations, he looked with almost a feeling of reverence at the Old Chapel, the Old South, and the Old South Middle, as the buildings are called.

He passed his examinations and entered the first or freshman class.

There are now almost as many teachers at Yale as there were students then. At that time the president and two or three assistants gave all of the instruction. The president had

charge of the advanced classes. The lower classes were taught by young tutors.

President Stiles was a very scholarly man. The students were expected to treat him with the highest respect, and they really stood in great awe of him. When he entered the chapel all rose and remained standing while he walked down the aisle bowing with gracious dignity to the right and to the left.

If a boy went to the president's house to see him on some school business, no matter how cold it was, he took his hat off at the gate and kept it off until he left the yard again.

Though the tutors were young men who had not been out of school very long themselves, they were treated with almost as high regard as the president.

The seniors had great power over the lower classes. Shortly after school opened each year there was a meeting of the freshman and senior classes. The freshmen formed a line along one side of the long hall and the seniors lined up along the opposite side. Then the gravest and most dignified member of the senior class stepped forward and gave the freshmen a lecture on college rules and manners.

The younger students were expected to obey all the orders of the seniors, and were punished severely by them for disrespectful behavior.

It would have been very hard for Mr. Whitney, who was then twenty-three years old, to submit to the tyranny of the youths of the upper classes. But he had very little to do with them. He found that he could get board in a private family for much less than it would cost him to live at the college halls, and he took advantage of that chance to save his money.

During the first year he studied Latin, the Greek Testament, and arithmetic. He had the power to put his whole mind on one subject and keep it there as long as he wanted to, and therefore it did not take him long to get his lessons.

He found that he would have some extra time for work. A carpenter was working at the house where he boarded. Mr.

Whitney asked if he might use his tools. The man was afraid the college student would injure them, and refused to let him take them. The owner of the house heard the conversation. He had formed so high an opinion of his boarder that he asked the man to lend him his tools, saying that he would pay for whatever was broken.

The carpenter gave his consent, but watched critically while the college man began to work. He was so astonished when he saw how adroitly he handled every tool, that he exclaimed, "There was one good mechanic spoiled when you went to college." After that Mr. Whitney was permitted to use the tools whenever he liked.

Thus by doing occasional odd jobs, and by working during vacations, he was able to continue at college for the entire course.

As he went into higher classes, he had to spend more time in study. In the second year he took geography, grammar, rhetoric, algebra, geometry, and the catechism, in addition to Greek and Latin. The teachers were very exacting, and required the pupils to learn their lessons word for word. Some of the text books were dry and uninteresting.

In the third or junior year young Whitney commenced the study of trigonometry and philosophy. He liked both of those subjects very much.

It was with keen pleasure that he went to his recitations in natural philosophy. They were held on the second floor of the Old College, in a corner room where the shutters were usually mysteriously closed. There all of the delicate instruments belonging to the college were kept. A telescope, an air-pump, a magic lantern, and an electrical machine were among its treasures.

One day the teacher of this class said that he was unable to make a certain experiment because his instrument was broken. He added that it would be necessary to send it to Europe to have it put in order, as there were no mechanics in

this country skillful enough to mend it.

Eli Whitney looked at it for a moment, and then said, "I see just what is the matter, and I think there is no reason why I cannot mend it."

Although the teacher had great confidence in his student, he was surprised at this offer and scarcely willing to trust such a valuable instrument to him. However, when Mr. Whitney explained to him what would have to be done, and assured him that he could do it, he consented to let him try. The clever workman put it in perfect order, to the surprise and delight of both teacher and classmates.

By that time he had begun to take a more active part in college life. He was known and liked by the students of all classes, and was a prominent member of one of the literary societies.

He made life-long friendships at college with men who were to be the social and political leaders of their time. And he graduated with credit in the spring of 1792.

In Georgia

Having finished college, Mr. Whitney wished to study law and become a lawyer. He had spent all his own money and had even borrowed some from his father to finish his course at Yale. It would therefore be necessary for him to earn more before he could go on with his study.

While he was looking about for something to do, he was offered a position as teacher in a small private school in Georgia. He had had some experience in teaching. Then, too, it would be very pleasant and instructive to spend a winter in the South. So he accepted the position.

It was a hard journey over land from New Haven to Georgia; for in those days there were no railroads, and only very poor wagon roads. For this reason the young traveler embarked on one of the slow boats and went by sea.

He was not alone on his voyage. At New York he met

Mrs. Greene and her children who were on their way to their beautiful southern home at Mulberry Grove, a few miles from Savannah. Mrs. Greene was the widow of the great General Nathanael Greene whose victories in the South are remembered by every schoolboy that has read the history of the Revolution.

Mrs. Greene was a brilliant little woman. She was admired and loved by George and Martha Washington, and accustomed to the gayest and most elegant society in the land. Perhaps it was because her famous husband had been so deeply interested in young men who had gone through college and were trying to make something of their lives, that she took such an interest in the young New England school teacher and mechanic.

She was very kind to Mr. Whitney and made him feel quite at home in her party. It pleased her to see her boys and girls fond of him. They had not been together many days before she had made up her mind that Eli Whitney was no ordinary young man.

When he reached Savannah Mr. Whitney found that the position he had come to fill was not as had been represented to him. The salary was only half as large as he had expected. This was a great disappointment.

On hearing of his trouble, Mrs. Greene said, "Do not think of taking the position. Come to my home and wait till a better opportunity offers. In the meantime you can study law. You will be very welcome. It will be a great pleasure to us to have you with us for a few weeks."

Her children, who were delighted at the idea of having their new friend at their home, added their affectionate entreaties to their mother's invitation. So he was persuaded to visit Mulberry Grove, although he hesitated to refuse the school, and still thought of taking it if he could get nothing better.

He found Mulberry Grove to be a beautiful estate situated

on the Savannah River, about fourteen miles from the city of Savannah.

The house was large and magnificent, and furnished with all possible luxury and elegance; for it had been the home of the Tory governor of Georgia in the days before the Revolution. To Mr. Whitney, one of the most attractive features of the house, was the large, well-stocked library.

Around the house was a beautiful garden where all sorts of flowers and fruits grew in abundance. Peaches, apricots, figs, oranges, and plums were in various stages of perfection. The whistle of the mocking bird in the magnolia trees trilled through the warm air.

In the rear of the mansion was the large kitchen, in a separate building. Beyond that were the smokehouse, the coach house, the stables, and the poultry pens fitted for the accommodation of thousands of fowls.

In the distance extended vast corn and rice fields, where the negroes in gay garments were at work planting, cultivating, or harvesting.

Mr. Whitney was much interested in the great plantation. Such luxury was surprising to one brought up as he had been. Even at that time there was a strong spirit against slavery in some parts of New England. The visitor at Mulberry Grove shared that feeling, and observed the plantation slaves with great interest and sympathy. He learned that they were much afraid of the smallpox, and shortly after his arrival he vaccinated all of them.

Mr. Whitney tried in every way possible to show his appreciation of the kindness of his hostess. If anything was out of order in the house or on the plantation he seemed to know exactly what was needed to make it right.

One day he heard Mrs. Greene complain that her embroidery frame tore the threads of the delicate cloth she was embroidering. He looked at it and pronounced it a clumsy contrivance. He left the room, and soon came back with a

very different frame exactly suited to the purpose.

"Where did you get it?" asked Mrs. Greene.

"I made it," he replied, helping her to adjust the work on the new frame.

"But it is such a fine idea," she went on enthusiastically. "Where did you get the idea?"

"Oh, I made that too," he answered, laughing.

The Opportunity

Mrs. Greene was a woman of much importance and had great social influence. She was acquainted with the most prominent families in the country, and was very popular. In the dark days of the war, her husband said that whenever the news reached camp that she was coming to make him a visit, the whole camp was glad. While enjoying one of those happy visits the great soldier wrote to a friend: "Her cheerful countenance and ready tongue quite triumph over my grave face."

Now that the bright little northern lady had come to make her home in the South, old army officers and neighboring planters frequently stopped, on their way to and from Savannah, to have a visit at Mulberry Grove.

One afternoon, when a large party of officers and plantation owners from the neighborhood of Augusta were at the plantation, the conversation was about the discouraging state of affairs in the South, the heavy debt, and the number of people that were going west. One said, "If we could only find a way to separate rapidly the short-staple cotton from the seed it would bring new life to the South." The others agreed that this was so.

"Now," thought Mrs. Greene, "is the time to interest these influential men in my poor young friend, Mr. Whitney." Then she said, "Gentlemen, I have a friend who has just come from the North, a graduate of Yale College. He is a perfect genius at contriving machinery. Indeed, it seems to me he can make anything. Explain to him what is wanted, and I am sure

he can help you."

Then she showed them her embroidery frame, and explained its good points, while a servant went to call the young man.

Mr. Whitney was in his room studying hard in a great law book, not thinking of the beautiful country around him, or of its products, when the polite servant summoned him to go below to meet some gentlemen.

"Perhaps they are lawyers. This may be an opportunity," he thought to himself as he hurried down stairs.

He listened eagerly to what the gentlemen said, and learned a great deal about cotton. He became much interested in the subject, and promised to see what he could do.

In those days tobacco and indigo were the chief products of the inland plantations. Large quantities of rice and some cotton were raised near the coast.

There are two kinds of cotton that may be compared just as we compare two varieties of peaches. You know that, while all peaches are very much alike, there are two kinds, the freestone peach from which the stone is easily removed, and the clingstone peach whose stone and pulp adhere so closely that it is almost impossible to separate them. It is so with cotton. There is one black-seed, long-staple variety, that is called sea-island cotton, since it grows well only near salt water. The seeds of this cotton are removed with little difficulty. Then there is the green-seed, short-staple cotton which can be raised on inland plantations. The fiber and seeds cling to each other so closely that it is hard work to get them apart.

For years the planters along the coast had raised enough of the first kind for family use. A rude machine, called a roller gin, was used for separating this cotton wool from the seeds. It consisted of two wooden rollers which turned towards each other and acted on the same principle as the common clothes-wringer. The staple passed between these rollers, and

the seeds were either squeezed back or crushed in passing through, just as you have seen buttons treated by a wringer.

Recently large crops of short-staple, green-seed cotton had been raised successfully on the high land. The climate and soil of the upper country, where rice could not be cultivated, were well suited to the growth of this cotton.

Improvements in the method of spinning and weaving had made a great demand for cotton, and the planters of the upper country wished to turn their tobacco fields into cotton fields. But after the cotton was raised there was no machine to separate the seeds from the fiber. The roller gin could not be used with this kind of cotton, and the separating had to be done by hand.

It was a day's work for a woman to pick the seeds from a pound of cotton, and the women servants were needed for other work.

It was customary on the plantations where cotton was raised to require the slaves to spend their evenings cleaning it. Men, women, and children sat in circles working by the light of tallow candles. Sometimes they sat quiet and sullen at their work. Sometimes they sang plantation songs, or told stories, or made rude jokes and laughed heartily, showing gleaming rows of white teeth. But, whatever expression the dark faces, bent over the snowy cotton, wore, the fingers worked busily, for there was an overseer close at hand to see that there was no idleness.

Every family of slaves was expected to separate about four and a half pounds in a week in addition to doing the field work. The slaves did not like it, and their masters were little better satisfied. At best, it was slow work, and the planters were anxious to find an improved method for removing the seeds.

Not many days passed before some of Mrs. Greene's friends came back to see what progress the Northerner had made in solving the problem. Eli Whitney had not been idle.

He had never seen cotton in the seed, and as there was none to be had at Mulberry Grove, he had gone to Savannah to get some.

He had experimented a little with it, and had formed a rough plan for a machine. He said that he had thought the matter over carefully and did not doubt that he could make a machine to do the work. But it would be an expensive undertaking, and would so interrupt his law studies that he could not afford to go into it.

His hearers assured him that in case he succeeded he was sure to make a fortune. But he still shook his head. Success was doubtful, he said, even if he made a good model. Others would use his invention before he could get money to make his machines and put them on the market.

They reminded him of the patent laws designed to protect inventors and prevent others from using their ideas without permission. He still hesitated, saying that it would be hard to enforce those laws.

The truth was, he had no money to spend in making the experiment. Gradually the disappointed planters stopped urging and went away. Mr. Miller, the man who had charge of Mrs. Greene's estate, staid. He had talked much with Mr. Whitney and had heard him explain his plan.

When all the others had gone, he said, "Mr. Whitney I believe you can do this, and if you will undertake it I will become your partner. I will furnish all the money necessary until you get the patent, on condition that I receive half the profits when we begin work."

Mr. Whitney gladly accepted this generous offer.

Making the Cotton Gin

The important question of "Who will pay for the venture?" having been settled, Mr. Whitney devoted his attention to the still greater one, "How may cotton be separated from the seed?"

He had formed a rough plan for a machine which he thought would answer the question satisfactorily. The next thing in order was to test his plan by making the machine and trying it.

Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller had high hopes of his success and were almost as anxious as he to see a cotton gin actually made and at work. Mrs. Greene had a shop fitted up in the basement, where the inventor worked behind locked doors.

Her children were surprised to find themselves refused admission by their accommodating friend. They became very curious to know what was going on in the mysterious room. But the inventor met all their questions and jests with easy good nature, and let no one but his hostess and Mr. Miller into the secret.

He worked under great disadvantages, for he lacked many necessary materials which were not to be bought even at Savannah. And it required almost as much ingenuity to carry out his plan as it had taken to make it.

His idea was to mount a cylinder on a strong frame, so that it could be turned by hand, or by horse or water power. The cylinder was to be provided with rows of teeth, which passed through narrow openings in a curved plate or grating of metal. The rows of teeth, or circular saws, were to be about three fourths of an inch apart. The cotton was to be put into a box, or hopper, so that it rested against the grating through which the saw teeth protruded. When the cylinder was turned, its sharp teeth would catch the cotton and drag it through the grating, tearing it from the seeds and dropping it on the other side, soft and clean. The seeds, which had been left behind, would fall to the bottom of the hopper and pass out through an opening just large enough to let them pass. They would be uninjured by the process, and ready to be planted for another cotton crop.

Mr. Whitney worked rapidly in spite of many inconveniences. But when all was done except the cylinder, progress

stopped for a time. His idea had been to make circular saws and mount them one after the other on the cylinder. To make them, he must have tin or steel plates. As he could not buy or make such plates, he was obliged to contrive some other way of making the teeth on the cylinder.

One day as he was sitting in the quiet parlor, trying to think of something to use in place of the saws, one of Mrs. Greene's daughters came in with a coil of strong wire in her hand.

"I have caught you at last! Won't you help me make a birdcage?" she coaxed, holding out the wire with a bright smile.

Mr. Whitney was always glad to use his quick wits and nimble fingers to please his little friends. But never had he performed a task more cheerfully than this; for the little maid had brought him a suggestion with her request.

With a light heart he returned to his shop and was soon busy cutting pieces of wire into required lengths. Soon the clever workman had a wooden cylinder, armed with rings of wire teeth, mounted and ready for use.

What an exciting moment it was when he put the cotton into the hopper and his hand on the crank! How much the result meant to the man! With glowing cheeks and bated breath, he watched the cylinder turn and the wire teeth carry through the openings of the plate a burden of snowy cotton free from seeds.

That was a moment of victory. Past years of toil and patient striving were forgotten. Visions of comfort, luxury, and honor, thoughts of his father's and friends' surprise and pleasure, filled his mind for a moment.

Then he dismissed those dreams and studied the working of the machine more closely. He saw that the cotton lint clogged the teeth of the cylinder. There were many little improvements that must be made before the gin was perfect. But the main object was accomplished. He had made a

machine that would separate cotton from the seed.

In high spirits he called his friends to share his triumph. Both were delighted. "I knew you could do it," said Mrs. Greene, with tears of pleasure in her eyes.

Mr. Miller was no less enthusiastic. "Our fortune is made, man! You've invented a gold mine!" he exclaimed, bending over to examine the wonderful gin.

The inventor tried to check their ardor by saying that the work was by no means finished. "We must find a way to get the cotton off the teeth," he said, turning the crank slowly and plucking at the stubborn lint.

"That is only a trifle," answered Mrs. Greene gayly. Then she picked up the hearth brush and asked with a light laugh, "Why don't you use that?"

"Thank you, I will," he said, taking the offered brush and trying it. "And now I must get to work again."

Again the doors were locked, and when the confidants were next admitted, they saw a second cylinder that turned towards the first one. It had rows of little brushes which met the wire teeth and swept the cotton off of them as the two cylinders revolved.

Mrs. Greene wanted to celebrate her friend's success. She invited leading men from all parts of the state to come to Mulberry Grove to see the gin in operation.

A booth was built in the garden and decorated with flowers and foliage. There the gin was exhibited. The planters stood around it and watched with wonder and admiration, while it did in a few minutes as much as had hitherto been called a day's work.

That was a great day, and Eli Whitney was the hero of it. Every one praised and congratulated him. They called him the benefactor of the South. He was in high spirits and answered without reserve the many questions asked by the planters. He talked of the difficulties he had had to overcome in making the model. Among other things, he told how he

had first thought of using metal sheets instead of wire to make the teeth of the cylinder.

A new future seemed in store for the South. In fancy the planters saw endless cotton fields sweeping over hill and plain. All decided to plant their rich acres in cotton the next season.

Their astonishment and satisfaction were so great that they could not restrain their feelings. They talked about the wonderful invention everywhere. As the news spread, crowds of curious people visited Mulberry Grove to see the inventor and his marvelous machine.

But Mr. Whitney had not yet obtained a patent on his machine. That is, he had not gotten from the government the right to control the manufacture and use, or sale, of the cotton gin. It was therefore thought best not to show it to many, lest some one should steal the idea and get a patent before Mr. Whitney did. Hence many visitors went away disappointed.

The excitement about it was so great that the gin was not safe. It was kept constantly under lock and key. One night, in spite of that care, some men broke into the shed where the precious machine was kept and took it away.

With all haste possible, Mr. Whitney made another model and sent it to the patent office at Philadelphia, which was then the seat of the national government.

Great Expectations

Papers were made out, formally organizing the firm of Miller & Whitney. At first the two men thought that they would manufacture cotton gins and sell them to planters, or sell the right to manufacture to those who wanted to make gins.

But they decided that it would be more profitable to do the ginning themselves and take their pay in cotton. The planters were willing to give them, in payment for their work,

one out of every three pounds of cotton they ginned.

To handle the entire cotton crop of the South would be an enormous undertaking. But these two ambitious young men had not the slightest doubt of their ability to do it successfully. They would need a large number of gins, for cotton was being planted in all parts of the South, and the crop promised to be a heavy one.

It was agreed that Mr. Miller should make the terms and the contracts with the planters and look after the company's interests in the South, while Mr. Whitney started a factory and got the gins ready for fall work.

The latter had found by experience that there were no advantages in the South for manufacturing. It would be necessary to make the machines in the North and ship them to Georgia. He felt more at home in his college town, New Haven, than in any other northern city. He knew the shipping advantages there; he knew where he could get supplies; he even knew good workmen whom he could employ. Besides, it was the place he preferred for his future home.

In the spring of 1793 he started north. He went first to the capital to take the proper steps to secure his patent. Thomas Jefferson was then Secretary of State. He was interested in the invention, and said he should like to have one for his own use.

Mr. Whitney staid at Philadelphia no longer than was necessary and then hastened to New Haven. He had many friends there who were glad to see him back; but he was too busy to find much enjoyment in their company. He did not even take time to visit his father's home at Westboro as he had hoped to do.

Every letter he received from his partner urged him to push the work, and warned him that there would be a great demand for cotton gins.

Mr. Whitney worked early and late, getting his shop ready, training his workmen, and providing proper tools.

As soon as the first machine was completed he went south with it, to see it set up and put in operation. The progress of the enterprise depended largely on the satisfaction given by the first gin; for on its success depended his ability to borrow money to pay for making others.

The result was all that could be desired. Everything promised the most glowing success. The only difficulty would be to make gins fast enough.

To enlarge the factory and push the work the company needed a little more money than they had. Many were ready to lend to such a promising firm as Miller & Whitney, and a loan of two thousand dollars was secured without difficulty.

Mr. Whitney went back to New Haven where he managed the building of an addition to his shop, and employed a large force of workmen.

His intention was to go to England just as soon as he got his affairs in working order. It was important that he should go there without delay, to get a patent in that country. But he was true to his old motto, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and slighted nothing in his hurry.

He took the greatest pains to plan every detail of the factory, so that the work could be most quickly and economically done.

His work was delayed by his own illness and that of his workmen. But in spite of such hindrances he had his shop in the best of order when, at the close of the winter of 1795, he went to New York to attend to a few business affairs before leaving for England.

He had been for two years a very busy, hard-working man, but a very hopeful one. All was going well, and the future was bright with promise.

Misfortunes

After a short stay in New York Mr. Whitney returned to New Haven. It was a chill March day when he stepped off the

boat at the New Haven dock. One of his friends came out of the crowd to greet him.

"You have hard luck, Mr. Whitney," said the man, taking his hand.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Whitney, startled by the grave face of his friend.

"You have been burned out," answered the other.

With a look almost of despair the unfortunate man cried, "Is everything gone?" and seeing the other nod his head sadly, he added, "This is indeed a misfortune," and strode off with such long steps that his friend could scarcely keep pace with him.

Arriving at the scene of the fire he found, in place of his well-ordered shop, a desolate ruin. Valuable papers, twenty finished gins, machinery, and shop were all gone. The results of two years of untiring work lay in ashes.

In every letter, Mr. Miller wrote, "We must have a hundred gins by fall." Those words came to Mr. Whitney at this moment, and he felt helpless and crushed.

But he soon regained his self-control and inquired how the fire had started. He could find out nothing satisfactory about its cause.

Everything had been done in the usual neat and orderly fashion. The night before, the shop had been swept "as clean as a dwelling house." There was not a "hat crown of fire in both chimneys, and not a pailful of chips or shavings in the entire building." The men left the building to go to breakfast. They had been gone not more than ten or fifteen minutes before the whole building was in flames. When the alarm was given, every workman hurried back, pail in hand, to put out the fire. But they saved only the adjoining building and that with the greatest effort.

As the hearths had just been swept, it was Mr. Whitney's opinion that the fire must have started from one of the brooms used for that purpose. But no one ever knew certainly

the cause of the fire.

To repair the loss it was necessary for the firm of Miller & Whitney, to borrow more money. It was not so easy that time, and they had to pay a very high rate of interest for it.

Mr. Whitney received word that two other gins, made after the same plan as his own, but changed slightly, were being used in Georgia. The planters would have gins. They were willing to use Miller & Whitney's; but if they could not have them, they would have others.

The trip to England had to be given up. Mr. Whitney used every effort to get the works started again and make up for lost time.

While he was working with might and main to repair the losses he had suffered, another misfortune befell him which was perhaps the heaviest blow of all. It was hard to be hurried and to have more gins needed than he could supply. But there was something even harder than that possible. That was to have planters cease to want the gins.

It never occurred to Mr. Whitney that this was possible, yet it was exactly what happened. It came about in this way: A large quantity of poor cotton was ginned in one of the Whitney gins. It was full of knots. The merchants to whom it was sold returned it. Then some ignorant or wicked person said the fault was due to the Whitney gin.

Thus the report that the famous Whitney gin injured cotton and made it knotty was started. It was generally believed, and spread even to London, so that buyers refused to take cotton that had been ginned by the Whitney machine. And those gins which were already set up in the South stood idle.

At first Mr. Whitney could scarcely take the matter seriously. He could not believe that intelligent men would be influenced by a charge so groundless and unreasonable. Some of the cotton that had been returned was sent to him. He examined it and said: "Nature and not our gin put those knots

in the cotton. They would have been in it had it been ginned by hand. As for the gin, it is impossible for it to make such knots in good cotton, as any one may see by trying it."

He soon found that, however unreasonable the report was, it had so influenced the merchants, manufacturers, and planters that they would have nothing to do with the Whitney gin.

The company had had thirty gins at work in Georgia. Some were worked by horses or oxen, and some by water power. One after another they stopped work. Ten thousand dollars had been invested in land to be used for ginning. That was idle and unused.

Mr. Whitney now thought that if he could go to England he might do much to overcome the prejudice against his gin among those who bought and sold cotton. For he knew that if these people could be persuaded to have faith in the gin, the planters would be willing to use it. The trip would cost him one thousand dollars. Neither he nor his partner could furnish so much money, and he was obliged to stay at home and trust to time to cure men of their false notion.

He did what he could at home to show the world that the charge against his gin was unjust. He had seed cotton sent to New Haven where he ginned it to the satisfaction of everyone. Samples were widely distributed. An agent was sent out through the Carolinas, and even across the mountains to Tennessee, to investigate the cotton industry and introduce the Whitney gin.

The prejudice against the gin gradually died out. But in the meantime a patent had been granted to a Georgia man on what he called an "improved gin." While Whitney's gin had been lying idle his had been gaining in popularity.

The new gin was a saw gin. It was like the Whitney gin, but instead of making the teeth for the cylinder of wire, the "improver" had used sheets of metal, as Mr. Whitney had first thought of doing. The machine was Whitney's and the so-

called improvement was his idea.

In the Courts

Mr. Whitney had always, even in childhood, a keen sense of justice. He was not the man to stand back and quietly allow another to take what rightfully belonged to him.

He saw that if steps were not taken at once against this man, innumerable modifications of the Whitney gin would spring up and take the place of the original one.

If he had been an uneducated man he would not have known what to do, and this would probably have been the end of his name in connection with the cotton gin. But both he and his partner were men of intelligence. He knew something of law, and he understood mechanics so thoroughly that he was not to be deceived by apparent resemblances or differences in other machines.

In order to encourage ingenious men to give their time and attention to improving machinery and inventing useful articles, the government issues patent rights to inventors who apply for them.

In Whitney's time a patent gave an inventor the exclusive right to make and use or sell his own invention for a term of fourteen years. It was his property, and he might sell or grant to others all or a portion of that right. But for any one to make and use or sell his machine without having received the right to do so from the inventor, was a legal offense. He who did it was said to infringe on the rights of the inventor, and was liable to be fined or otherwise punished.

Mr. Whitney had decided to make and use his own gins, and he was determined to punish all who infringed upon his right.

His first suit was brought against Holmes, the man who had made the saw teeth of metal plate instead of wire. Though it was proved that the idea was Whitney's there was a defect in the patent law that made it impossible for Miller &

Whitney to win the case.

The law said that the accused had to be guilty of making, devising, and using, or selling. The company could only prove that this man had used, not that he had made the gin.

This decision against Whitney encouraged other infringements on his patent. Men with gins which they claimed as their own inventions appeared in all parts of Georgia offering to gin cotton much below the prices asked by Miller & Whitney.

The planters of Georgia were therefore glad to see the true inventor of the cotton gin defeated. There grew up a bitter feeling against him, and it seemed impossible for him to find justice in the courts of Georgia.

He wrote to a friend, "If taking my life would have done away with my claim, I should have had a rifle ball through me long before this time."

Even those who sympathized with him scarcely dared to go into court and tell the truth.

Once, when his attorneys were trying to prove that the cotton gin had been used in Georgia, they had hard work to find any one who would say so, though at the time there were three gins at work so near that the noise of their wheels could be heard from the courthouse steps.

One suit after another was decided against the inventor. Most men would have given up in despair, but Mr. Whitney had a will like iron. He believed two things: that his invention was a good one, and that truth would win in the end.

And at last, after more than sixty trials, which cost him almost as much as he made out of the cotton gin, he came out victorious and proved the claims of his enemies to be false.

The difference in the cylinder teeth had been one of the chief points of dispute. A man claimed to have invented a different gin because he used saws instead of wire teeth. Mr. Whitney was able to show with the help of trustworthy witnesses that the idea of making the teeth in that manner

started with him. He further showed that the principle of the gin was the same whether the teeth were made of wire or on steel plates. To make this point so clear that the most ignorant man on the jury would be convinced, he prepared two cylinders, one with saw teeth and the other with wire teeth. In one he buried the saws in the cylinder so that only the long, sharp teeth could be seen. In the other he attached the wire teeth to steel plates. When the witnesses came up to swear which one was the invention of Whitney and which the invention of Holmes, they pointed out the wrong one in each case.

At the end of the long struggle all just men were satisfied that Eli Whitney was the first and only inventor of the cotton gin.

The question was not settled, however, until a year before the close of the fourteen years covered by the patent. So, as far as money was concerned, it was of small benefit to him. Some years before, the company had sold to the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee the right of manufacture within state limits. From these sales Mr. Whitney and his partner received enough to pay for the lawsuits in Georgia, and had a few thousand dollars left.

Towards the close of the struggle Mr. Whitney had realized that he could not depend on lawyers, friends, or assistants of any kind for success. He saw that whatever was gained must be gained through his own efforts. As his business was extended over a wide territory, he had to do a great deal of traveling. In going from New Haven to Savannah he often rode overland in a little two-wheeled cart. The roads were very poor. There were few stopping-places, and those journeys required great exertion and exposure.

He wrote to a friend about these frequent trips saying, "I am perpetually on the wing and, wild-goose-like, spend my summers in the North, and at the approach of winter, shape my course for the regions of the South. But I am an

unfortunate goose. Instead of winging through the airy heights with a select company of faithful companions, I must slowly wade through mud and dirt, a solitary traveler."

The cotton gin cost its inventor thirteen of the best years of his life. He gave to it his splendid business ability and his rare genius. In return he received a little more than enough to pay his debts, fame on two continents, and the knowledge that he had multiplied the riches of southern planters, and that he deserved the gratitude of every man, woman and child, who sleeps snugly under a soft cotton-filled comfort on a winter night, or who wears a cool cotton garment on a summer day.

An effort was made to lengthen the term of the patent. But men, to whom Mr. Whitney's invention had brought in six months more than he had gained from it in fourteen years, said that if that was done Mr. Whitney would become too rich. And the attempt failed.

Making Arms

Several years before the term of Mr. Whitney's patent was ended he had come to the conclusion that he would never obtain a fortune from his cotton gin. He therefore made up his mind to go into another business.

His patent affairs had taken him often to the national capital. He was well acquainted there. The president and many of the leading statesmen were his friends. They looked upon him as a man who united remarkable originality of thought with unusual aptitude for work.

When he said that the United States ought to manufacture its own firearms, and that he was thinking of starting a factory for that purpose, he met with encouragement from these men. He was promised orders, and money was advanced by the government to help him establish his factory.

He chose the location of his armory with good judgment. About two miles from New Haven is a rugged mountain,

called East Rock. At its foot flows a clear stream whose course is broken by a fall. In this picturesque valley Mr. Whitney built his armory and planned to build a mansion. The spot was as convenient as it was beautiful. The waterfall furnished power to run the machinery, and the mountain furnished stone for the walls of the buildings.

The armory was one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country. All strangers who visited New Haven went to Whitneyville to see it. An observant visitor might read in every detail of the institution, down to the very door fastenings, the boyhood motto of its founder, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

The artistically grouped stone buildings with their arches and gables, the great iron millwheels, the stream walled with stone, and the pretty bridge attracted even the careless visitors.

As the manufacture of arms on a large scale was new work in the United States, Mr. Whitney had to make much of his own machinery and train his workmen. It required skilled artisans to make arms as well as they were made in England, but Mr. Whitney adopted a new plan. Instead of having one man make all the barrels, another all the locks, and so on, he had all the barrels made at one time, all the locks made at another time, and so on. Every man had some one simple thing to do by hand or by machine on each part. This made it very easy for men to learn the trade.

The machinery for the work was so exact that there was no trouble about the parts of the muskets fitting as some had said there would be. Each lock would exactly fit any one of a thousand guns. At first the makers of arms in other countries laughed and said that such a method could never succeed. But they soon stopped laughing, and before long adopted the Whitney method themselves. It is the method used to-day, not only in making arms but in manufacturing almost all complicated articles.

Mr. Whitney's inventions for making arms are said to have shown as much mechanical genius as the cotton gin. But he had had enough to do with patents, and so he got none of those machines patented.

He was kept busy with large orders from the national and state governments. He found that making instruments of war was much more profitable than his contribution to the arts of peace had been.

The future began to look brighter. The settlement of the cotton-gin struggle relieved him of a great care and much anxiety. The success of his large armory promised independence and comfort for the future.

Last Years

This great inventor, who knew so much about the strong and useful, cared for the gentle and beautiful as well. He had not worked so many years merely that he might be rich in gold and bonds.

He liked beautiful things; he loved refined and educated people; he longed for a happy home. It was to enjoy these blessings that he wished to succeed in business.

He was faithful and tender-hearted. Family and kindred were always dear to him. His sister had been his comrade and confidant. He associated his brother with him in business. Even where he felt no special affection he was always courteous. In his long letters to his father be never forgot to send his best regards to his stepmother.

During the busiest periods of his life he found time to win new friends and enjoy old ones. Men whom he met in business were sure to invite him to their homes, and the ladies he met there always asked him to come again.

He was a tall fine-looking man. The most noticeable features of his strong, kind face were the keen but pleasant eyes and the firm chin. His hair curled slightly over a high forehead.

Though usually dignified and somewhat stately, he could unbend and enjoy a merry frolic with the little folks of his acquaintance, with whom he was a great favorite.

His voice was full and deep, and his conversation was entertaining as well as instructive. Moments snatched from business and spent in pleasant talk were very precious to him.

It is not surprising, then, that as business cares became fewer, he spent much of his time in the society of friends. His carriage was seen frequently in front of Judge Edward's door, and in January, 1817, the distinguished Mr. Whitney's marriage with the judge's youngest daughter was celebrated.

The years that followed were full of happiness. Mr. Whitney was not so wealthy as he deserved to be, but he could completely forget past disappointments and wrongs in the pleasures which he derived from his home and friends.

He enjoyed inventing little things for the house. Once he made Mrs. Whitney a fine bureau. It was fitted with many drawers that were all locked by locking the top one. It was easy to keep mischievous children and prying servants out of that bureau. Mrs. Whitney thought it a wonder and her husband the cleverest man in the world. And the inventor thought his wife's pleased surprise and her bright smiles the best reward in the world.

Surely no other children ever had so many ingenious toys as Mr. Whitney contrived for his happy little ones, and I am sure he got as much pleasure out of them as they did.

We are glad to know that the closing years of his life were happy and peaceful.

He died in 1825, and was buried in the New Haven cemetery. A costly monument marks his grave. A beautiful street in New Haven bears his name. But his invention of the cotton gin is his greatest monument.

John James Audubon

1785-1851 A.D.

Have you ever happened to see a book that cost a thousand dollars?

A man who loved birds and knew a great deal about them drew pictures of all the kinds to be found in our country, calling these drawings, when they were colored and bound together *The Birds of North America*. It took four volumes to hold all these pictures, and each one of these books costs a thousand dollars. There were only seventy-five or eighty of these sets of bird books made, but you can see them in the Boston Public Library, the Lenox and Astor libraries in New York City, and at several colleges and private homes. Each one of these books is more than three feet long and a little over two feet wide, and is so heavy that it takes two strong men to lift it on to a rack when some one wants to look at the pictures. If you should look through all four books, you would see more than a thousand kinds of birds, all drawn as big as life, and each one colored like the bird itself.

You may be sure it took the maker of these books many, many years to travel all over the United States to find such a number of birds. The man's name was John James Audubon. He slept in woods, waded through marshes and swamps, tramped hundreds of miles, and suffered many hardships before he could learn the colors and habits of so many birds. He always said his love for birds began when his pet parrot was killed.

It happened this way.

One morning when John James was about four years old and his nurse was giving him his breakfast, the little parrot

Mignonne, who said a lot of words as plainly as a child, asked for some bread and milk. A tame monkey who was in the room happened to be angry and sulking over something. He sprang at Mignonne, who screamed for help. Little John James shouted too, and begged his nurse to save the bird, but before any one could stop the ugly monkey's blows, the parrot was dead.

The monkey was always kept chained after that, and John James buried his parrot in the garden and trimmed the grave with shrubs and flowering plants. But he missed his pet and so roamed through the woods adjoining his father's estate, watching the birds that flew through them. By and by he did not care for anything so much as trying to make pictures of these birds, listening to their songs, finding what kind of nests they built, and at what time of year they flew north or south.

John James lived in Nantes, France, when he was a small boy, although he was born in Louisiana. His father was a wealthy French gentleman, an officer in the French navy, and was much in America, so that John James was first in France and then in America until he was about twenty-five, at which time he settled in his native country for good. Few men have loved these United States better than he.

John James did not care much for school. Figures tired his head. He loved music, drawing, and dancing. His father was away from home most of the time, and his pretty, young stepmother let the boy do quite as he pleased. She loved him dearly, and as he liked to roam through the country with boys of his age, she would pack luncheon baskets day after day for him, and when he came back at dusk, with the same baskets filled with birds' eggs, strange flowers, and all sorts of curiosities, she would sit down beside him and look them over, as interested as could be.

Some years later, when John James's father put him in charge of a large farm near Philadelphia, the young man bought some fine horses, some well-trained dogs, and spent

long summer days in hunting and fishing. He also got many breeds of fowl. It is a wonder that with all the leisure hours he had, and the large amount of spending money his father allowed him, he did not get into bad habits, but young Audubon ate mostly fruit and vegetables, never touched liquor, and chose good companions. He did like fine clothes and about this time dressed rather like a fop. I expect the handsome fellow made a pretty picture as he dashed by on his spirited black horse, in his satin breeches, silk stockings and pumps, and the fine, ruffled shirts which he had sent over from France.

Anyway, a sweet young girl, Lucy Bakewell, lost her heart to him. Only as she was very young, her parents said she must not yet be married. And while he was waiting for her, he fixed over his house, and with a friend, Mr. Rozier, and a good-natured housekeeper, lived a simple, country life. You would have enjoyed a visit to him about this time. He turned the lower floor into a sort of museum. The walls were festooned with birds' eggs, which had been blown out and strung on thread. There were stuffed squirrels, opossums, and racoons; and paintings of gorgeous colored birds hung everywhere. Audubon had great skill in training animals and one dog, Zephyr, did wonderful tricks.

When Audubon and Lucy married, they went to Kentucky, where he and his friend Rozier opened a store. But Rozier did most of the store work, as Audubon was apt to wander off to the woods, for he had already decided to make this book about birds. His mind was not on his business, as you can see when I tell you that one day he mailed a letter with eight thousand dollars in it and never sealed it! The only part of the business he enjoyed were the trips to New York and Philadelphia to buy goods. These goods were carried on the backs of pack horses, and a good part of the journeys led through forests. He lost the horses for a whole day once, because he heard a song-bird that was new to him, and as he

followed the sound of the bird so as to get a sight of it, he forgot all about the pack horses and the goods.

By and by his best friends said he acted like a crazy man. Only his wife and family stood by him. Finally when his money was gone, and there were two children growing up, things looked rather desperate. But Lucy, his wife, said: "You are a genius, and you know more about birds than any one living. I am sure all you need is time to show the world how clever you are. I will earn money while you study and paint!"

So Audubon traveled to seek out the haunts of still more birds, while Lucy went as governess in rich families, or opened private schools where she could teach her own two boys as well as others. She earned a great deal of money, and when he had made all his pictures and was ready to publish the books, she had nearly enough to pay the expense, and gave it to him.

"No," he said, "I am going to earn part of this myself. I will open a dancing class." He had danced beautifully ever since he was a child and could not understand how people could be so awkward and stupid as his class of sixty Kentuckians proved to be. In their first lesson he broke his bow and almost ruined his beautiful violin in his excitement and temper. "Why, watch me," he cried, and he danced to his own music so charmingly that the class clapped their hands and said they would do their best to copy him. By and by they did better, and before he left them, they quite satisfied him. And what was fortunate for him, they had paid him two thousand dollars. With this and Lucy's earnings, he went to England and had the famous drawings published. When they were done, he exhibited them at the Royal Institute, charging admission, and earned many pounds more.

Audubon was a lovable, courteous man, never too poor to help others, very modest and gracious. He adored his wife, and as his books (he wrote many volumes of his travels, which I hope you will read some day) brought in quite a fortune, the

two, with their sons, and their grandchildren, spent their last days in great comfort, on a fine estate on the Hudson River.

Samuel F.B. Morse

The Inventor of the Telegraph

1791-1872 A.D.

The Parsonage

Long ago in the days when George Washington was president of the United States, a comfortable dwelling stood at the foot of Breed's Hill on the main street of Charlestown, Massachusetts. There was a big knocker on the front door of this house. That was not strange, for many front doors in Charlestown had large brass knockers, and this was no larger and no handsomer than others. But probably no other knocker in the quiet little village was used so often in the course of a day as this particular one.

Men in broadcloth and men in homespun used that knocker. Liveried coachmen with powdered wigs gave dignified raps therewith, to announce the arrival of dainty ladies clad in rustling silks. Women in tidy calico gowns tapped gentle, neighborly taps with it. Important-looking men, on horseback, muffled in long black traveling cloaks, sometimes hammered away with respectful moderation. Poor people with sad faces and shabby garments came too, with modest, timid taps.

The door opened wide to all. Some staid within only a few moments; many made longer visits. But nearly all left looking well pleased with the world. For this was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morse, and no one could look cross or unhappy after a visit with them.

Mr. Morse was a Congregational clergyman. He was a good preacher, and often his sermons were printed. He once

sent to George Washington, with whom he was acquainted, a sermon on the duties of citizens of the United States, and the president wrote him a pleasant letter, to thank him for it.

The First Congregational Church was filled every Sunday with men and women who were eager to hear what Mr. Morse had to say on religious matters. The church members were fond of their able preacher, and when he got married they showed their affections by the presents they gave to help furnish his house. He sent a list of these gifts to his father and here it is: "An iron bakepan and teakettle; a japanned box for sugar; three iron pots, two iron skillets, a spider, loaf of sugar, mahogany tea table, five handsome glass decanters, twelve wine-glasses, two pint-tumblers, a soup-tureen, an elegant tea set of china, two coffee pots, four bowls, a beautiful lantern, a japanned waiter." Some of these seem to us rather odd wedding presents, but Mr. Morse was well pleased with all of them. The simple, inexpensive articles prove that the poor as well as the rich wished to show their good will to their preacher.

Mr. Morse's influence extended beyond his church. He was widely known and respected. He was a graduate of Yale College; and had read and studied more than most men of his time. Distinguished foreigners traveling in America often brought letters of introduction to Mr. Morse and were entertained at his home.

Because he was a wide-awake man, interested in all questions of public importance, his own countrymen and fellow townsmen liked to discuss questions of the day with him. Business men were glad to talk over their affairs with a man who had such sound judgment and gave such sensible advice.

But not all of the guests at the parsonage came to see the tall, dignified young preacher who looked so grave and stern and talked so pleasantly. Mrs. Morse had many friends of her own. She belonged to a distinguished family. Her father was a judge and her grandfather had been president of Princeton

College. She was well educated and very clever. Besides, she was gracious and kind-hearted, and knew how to make everyone feel at ease.

At first, the Charlestown ladies were afraid the young wife from New York would be a little stiff and formal. They were delighted to find her simple and friendly instead. She quite won the hearts of the plainer women by remarking that she liked Charlestown because the ladies were so informal and went calling in calico dresses. This remark was repeated on all sides, and the ladies soon felt free to "drop in" for neighborly visits. Sometimes she spent the afternoon reading to her friends from her favorite books. At other times she sewed, while she chatted with genuine interest about bed quilts, preserves, and other household matters; for she was a fine housekeeper.

When Mr. Morse had distinguished guests Mrs. Morse always helped him entertain them. The "elegant tea set of china" was then brought into use, and the guests were served by their hostess with fragrant tea and golden sponge cake of her own making. All were delighted by her ready wit and lively conversation. Colonel Baldwin, who came often to talk with Mr. Morse about a great canal which was being built under his directions, said afterwards: "Madam's conversation and cup of tea removed mountains in the way of making the canal. " Most people found the parsonage an attractive place to spend an evening and soon became deeply attached to Mr. and Mrs. Morse. As time passed they gained a wide circle of friends.

On the twenty-seventh of April, 1791, their first son, the hero of our story, was born, and everyone had high hopes for the child of two such worthy parents. Dr. Witherspoon, the great scholar who had followed Mrs. Morse's grandfather as president of Princeton College, took the little one in his arms and bending his white head over the child, blessed him and prayed that he would live to be as good and great a man as his

great-grandfather.

Others were as much interested but not so serious. Dr. Belknap of Boston wrote to Postmaster-General Hazard, in New York: "Congratulate the Monmouth Judge [that was the baby's grandfather] on the birth of a grandson. Next Sunday he is to be loaded with names, not quite so many as the Spanish ambassador who signed the treaty of peace of 1783, but only four! As to the child, I saw him asleep, so can say nothing of his eye, or his genius peeping through it. He may have the sagacity of a Jewish rabbi, or the profundity of a Calvin, or the sublimity of a Homer, for aught I know. But time will bring forth all things."

The four names that the wee, little baby was to be loaded with, were the names of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather—Samuel Finley Breese Morse. They were well known and honored names when they were given to the baby; but they are better known to-day and more highly honored because he bore them.

Early Influences

The baby was christened Samuel Finley Breese Morse; and that name was written in the family Bible. But it was too long for every-day use and the child was called simply "Finley" by his parents and playmates.

Little Finley spent the first seven years of his happy childhood in the pleasant parsonage in Charlestown. He was trustful, and quick to make friends, and grew up to be a gentle, affectionate boy, obedient to his parents, kind to his little brothers, and polite to strangers. But he was by no means perfect, and his love of fun sometimes got him into trouble.

His education was begun very early. He was not sent to kindergarten, for there was no kindergarten then. But when he was four years old his father put him in charge of a poor old lady who kept a little primary school. This school was so near the parsonage that Mrs. Morse could stand at the front

gate and watch the little fellow until he was safe inside the schoolhouse door. The teacher was known among the village people as "Old Ma'am Rand." That title does not sound very dignified, but the people who used it meant no disrespect to the aged lady. She, poor woman, was so lame that she could not leave her chair.

Now Dame Rand always remembered that the children were sent to her to learn to say their a, b, c's, to count, to spell, to read, and to write. The wee tots did not always remember this, but sometimes seemed to think they were sent to school to whisper and play. At such times the teacher found that she could bring her wayward pupils to order most quickly by using a long rattan rod that reached clear across the room.

One day Finley Morse was so quiet that she forgot he was in the room until she heard the boy who sat next to him laugh. Then she saw that Finley was drawing something on an old chest of drawers which stood at the back of the room. She reached out her long rattan and touched his shoulder. "What are you doing, Finley Morse?" she demanded, so sharply that Finley jumped and looked frightened.

"Just making a picture," he said, hanging his head while his comrade giggled.

"What are you making it with?" she asked.

"This pin," he answered, holding up a strong brass pin.

Then the teacher noticed that the other boy was looking at the drawing as if it were interesting, and she inquired grimly, "What is the picture?"

"A picture of a lady," replied the small culprit, looking exceedingly uncomfortable.

That was enough; the old lady knew quite well whose picture these little artists liked to draw, and she was not at all flattered by their choice. "Bring the pin to me," she commanded sternly.

The youngster, all unconscious of what was in store for

him meekly obeyed. When he came within reach of the schoolmistress she grasped him firmly and taking the pin, pinned him to her own dress. She looked so severe that Finley was frightened. He screamed and struggled until he tore the teacher's dress and got away.

When Finley Morse was seven years old he had learned all that was taught at Dame Rand's school. His father wished him to have a good education. As there were no good public schools, Mr. Morse decided to send Finley to Andover, first to a grammar school, and then to Phillips Academy, where he should stay until he knew enough to enter Yale College.

Accordingly, as soon as Finley had finished the primary school his little trunk was neatly packed with new clothes, and the seven-year-old boy said good-by to his parents and younger brothers and the dear old home, and went off to live among strangers. He was a manly little fellow and had been brought up to look forward with pleasure to the time when he should be old enough to go away to school. He studied hard and was happy enough at school, but you may be sure he counted the days as vacation approached when he was to go home for a visit.

He was required to write often to his father to give an account of his life at school. His father was such a busy man that the great Daniel Webster said of him, he was "always thinking, always writing, always talking, always acting." Yet he found time to write to his son long letters full of good advice. Finley read these letters over and over again and then put them carefully away. He saved some of them to the end of his life. Here is part of a letter which Mr. Morse wrote to his nine-year-old son:

Charlestown, February, 21, 1801.

"My dear Son: You do not write to me as often as you ought. In your next, you must assign some reason for this neglect. Possibly I have not received

all of your letters. Nothing will improve you so much in epistolary writing as practice. Take great pains with your letters. Avoid vulgar phrases. Study to have your ideas pertinent and correct, and clothe them in easy and grammatical dress. Pay attention to your spelling, pointing, the use of capitals, to your handwriting. After a little practice these things will become natural, and you will thus acquire a habit of writing correctly and well. General Washington was a remarkable instance of what I have now recommended to you. His letters are a perfect model for epistolary writers. They are written with great uniformity in respect to the handwriting and disposition of the several parts of the letter. I will show you some of his letters when I have the pleasure of seeing you next vacation, and when I shall expect to find you much improved.

Your natural disposition, my dear son, renders it proper for me earnestly to recommend to you to attend to one thing at a time; it is impossible that you can do two things well at the same time, and I would therefore never have you attempt it. This steady and undissipated attention to one object is a sure mark of a superior genius; as hurry, bustle, and agitation, are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind. I expect you will read this letter over several times, that you may retain its contents in your memory. Give me your opinion on the advice I have given you. If you improve this well, I shall be encouraged to give you more, as you may need it."

This letter shows us how much the father expected of his son and how anxious he was to have him improve in every way.

Finley did his best to fulfill his father's hopes. He read and wrote more than most of his classmates. He was especially fond of reading the lives of great men. When he was thirteen years old he wrote an essay on Demosthenes, which was so good that a copy of it was sent to his father who kept it as long as he lived.

When Finley Morse was fourteen years old he finished the course at the academy and was admitted to the freshman class at Yale college. Dr. Morse thought it wise, however, not to send him to college until he was a year older, and so the boy studied at home until the year 1807.

College Life

Dr. Timothy Dwight, the president of Yale College, and Dr. Morse were close friends. When Finley entered college his father wrote to President Dwight asking him to give some attention to the youth, who in spite of his long limbs seemed still a little boy to the affectionate father.

Yale was not so large then as it is now, and the president had an opportunity to get acquainted with many of the students. He took particular pains to be kind to his friend's son. But there never was a boy who stood less in need of a letter of recommendation.

Finley Morse was a fine looking lad, with his father's dignity and his mother's graciousness. Strangers were pretty sure to notice and like him. His teachers were fond of him because he was courteous and studious. He was very popular also with his classmates and took an active part in college life.

The long letters which he sent home regularly were full of news and enthusiasm. Whenever he learned anything that seemed new or wonderful to him, when he got acquainted with an interesting stranger, when he had taken part in any college affair, he thought his father and mother would like to hear about it.

In one letter which is still preserved he told about a

meteoric stone which had fallen in Connecticut, not far from New Haven. In another, he told about the trials of the cooks who prepared the food at the college-boys' dining hall:

"We had a new affair here a few days ago. The college cooks were arraigned before the tribunal of the students, consisting of a committee of four from each class in college; I was chosen as one of the committee from the sophomore class. We sent for two of the worst cooks and were all Saturday afternoon in trying them; found them guilty of several charges, such as being insolent to the students, not exerting themselves to cook clean for us, in concealing pies which belonged to the students, having suppers at midnight, and inviting all their neighbors and friends to sup with them at the expense of the students, and this not once in a while, but almost every night… I know not how this affair will end, but I expect in the expulsion of some, if not all, of the cooks."

Although Finley Morse was a leader in students' enterprises he never neglected his work. He did well in all classes, but he was especially interested and successful in chemistry and natural philosophy which were taught by Professor Silliman and Professor Day. It was in Professor Day's natural philosophy class that Finley Morse first became acquainted with the properties of electricity.

One day after a lecture on the mysteries of electricity Professor Day announced that he would try a few simple experiments. He told all the members of the class to join hands; then one student touched the pole of an electric battery and at the same instant every boy in the line felt a slight shock, which young Morse described as like a slight blow across the shoulders. This experiment was made to give the students some little notion of the marvelous speed with which electricity travels. Next the old laboratory was darkened and a current of electricity was passed through a chain and through a row of metal blocks placed at short distances from one another. The wondering boys saw the flash of white light

between the links of the chain and between the blocks.

These simple experiments impressed at least one member of the class so deeply that he never forgot them. Finley Morse said to himself, "Here is a force which travels any distance almost instantaneously, and its presence may be shown at any point in its course by a break in the circuit. This could surely be put to some use in this great world." He wrote to his father giving him an account of the experiments; and, as he could not afford to go home the following vacation, he spent a large part of it making experiments in the laboratory. He had an inquiring mind, and liked to put in practice the theories which he learned in the class room.

During Finley's senior year his two brothers were also at college. One was in the first year, the other in the second. The three young men had great times together. One day they attracted a crowd by sending up a big balloon from the college campus. This balloon was eighteen feet long. The boys had made it themselves by pasting together sheets of letter paper.

Finley was skillful with his fingers and spent much of his time drawing faces and heads. The walls of his room were covered with crude portraits of his friends.

As years went by he enjoyed this pastime more and more, and though he had had no instruction in drawing and painting, he gradually gained through practice the power of making almost lifelike resemblances.

The first group that he painted is poorly drawn but it is interesting because of the subject. It represents what was probably a typical scene in the Morse household on vacation evenings when the boys were at home. Dr. Morse is standing back of a table with a globe before him. He is evidently explaining something to the members of his family who are grouped around the table in attitudes of close attention. The mother, who sits at one end of the table, has stopped sewing. The largest boy, who must be the young artist himself, has one hand on her chair, and is leaning eagerly forward. The two

younger boys, Richard and Sidney, stand at their father's left. The boys look very quaint and grown-up in their cutaway coats and high stocks. Dr. Morse was the author of a school geography which many of our grandfathers and grandmothers used in their schooldays, and he took pains to interest and instruct his boys about far away countries and peoples. This picture was considered by the family a very fine piece of work.

Most of Finley Morse's early attempts at painting were limited to single portraits. As there were no photographers in those days and people liked to have their own and their friends' pictures taken, just as well as we do now, there was a great demand for small portraits or miniatures. Young Morse became so skillful in this work that in his senior year he was able to pay part of his college expenses with the money he earned by painting miniatures. He charged only five dollars for painting a miniature on ivory, and his friends kept him busy with orders.

In 1810, when nineteen years of age, Finley Morse completed his college course, and the grave question of what he should choose for his life work had to be settled.

Life in London

Finley Morse wished to be an artist. He spent the first year after finishing college at his father's home in Charlestown, studying and painting. Dr. Morse was disappointed over his son's decision, but, when he found how determined the young man was to be a painter he did all he could to encourage and help him. He wished him to have every opportunity to make a success of the art he loved. He, therefore, agreed to furnish the money needed for three years of study in London, since there were no good art schools in America.

One of the most eminent American painters, Mr. Washington Allston, was then spending a year in Boston. Finley Morse made his acquaintance and arranged to go to London with him the next year, as his student. Accordingly, on the

thirteenth of July, 1811, they set sail from New York harbor for England.

It was more than a month after his departure from America before young Mr. Morse sat down in his lodgings in London to write the news of his safe arrival to his father and mother. In this letter he said:

"I only wish you had this letter now to relieve your minds from anxiety, for while I am writing I can imagine mother wishing that she could hear of my arrival and thinking of thousands of accidents which may have befallen me. I wish that in an instant I could communicate the information; but three thousand miles are not passed over in an instant, and we must wait four long weeks before we can hear from each other."

He little thought then that the time was coming when news could be flashed across the ocean in a few seconds by means of his own invention.

Although so far from home Mr. Morse was very happy in London. He was so glad to be where he could learn to paint that he cared for little else. He breakfasted every morning at seven, and began drawing at half-past seven. He kept at his work from half-past seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. Then he dressed for dinner; and after dinner he took a little walk or went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Allston who lived near by and were always glad to see him. He was so fearful of wasting a minute that he did not even go around to see the famous sights of the great city. His father had given him some letters of introduction to his English friends. These men would have done what they could to make Dr. Morse's son have a pleasant time while in London if they had known he was there, but the young artist felt that he had no leisure for society, and did not deliver the letters.

There was, however, one man in London whom he was impatient to meet, and a few days after their arrival Mr. Allston took him to visit that man. This person was no other

than Benjamin West, the great American artist who had been most highly honored in England. The king himself praised his pictures and had his portrait painted by him. West was president of the Royal Academy. Although he had lived many years abroad he loved his native country and was always kind to American artists.

When Mr. Allston introduced Finley Morse to him he received him kindly for the sake of his country and for the sake of Mr. Allston. But when the old artist who had listened to the praise of kings and princes saw this twenty-year-old American youth stand before his great pictures with his sensitive face aglow with appreciation and admiration, he said to himself, "The boy loves it." And from that moment he felt an affection for Mr. Morse for his own sake. He showed him his pictures and invited him to come to him at any time for help.

Mr. Morse wished to be admitted to the Royal Academy. But before this was possible he must prove himself qualified by making a fine drawing. The first weeks of his stay in London were devoted to that drawing. When it was finished he felt quite proud of it and showed it to Mr. West. The great master was highly pleased.

"It is a remarkable production, and you undoubtedly have talent, sir," he said. "It will do you credit when it is finished."

"Finished," echoed Morse in dismay. "It is finished."

"By no means. See this, and this, and this," said the older man pointing quickly here and there to imperfections which Mr. Morse recognized as soon as his attention was called to them.

He took the drawing home, and as he examined it with more critical eyes, discovered many places which needed touching up. After another week's work he again visited the artist. "I have finished it," he announced triumphantly.

"Not quite, my friend. Look at this muscle and these finger joints." The crestfallen artist went to work once more.

When he next took it to Mr. West he was greeted with the monotonous, "Very good—go finish it." His patience was exhausted and he said in discouragement, "I have done my best, I can do no more."

"Very well," said Mr. West. "That is all I want. It is a splendid drawing. I might have accepted it as you presented it at first, but that was not your best work. You have learned more by finishing this one picture than you would have learned by drawing a dozen incomplete ones. Success lies not in the number of drawings but in the character of one. Finish one picture, and you are a painter."

This lesson made Finley Morse think of the advice his father had given him when he was a little schoolboy.

After Mr. Morse had got well started in his work he gave a little more attention to the life around him. His father, finding that Finley would not hunt up his friends, wrote to them himself giving them his son's address. They sought him out, and thus the young man met many influential people whose friendship he prized through life. He visited the picture galleries, attended the theater occasionally, and went about the city a good deal. He became acquainted with Charles Leslie, a young American, who, like him, had come to London to learn to paint. These two young men formed a strong friendship.

Mr. Allston and Mr. West thought better and better of the young man the more they saw of him. But they did not neglect to do their duty as his teachers and tell him when he made mistakes. This was difficult for Mr. Allston, as he had a gentle, affectionate disposition, and it hurt him to see his young friend unhappy or disappointed. But he was too true an artist to tolerate poor work.

One afternoon he entered Morse's studio just as the latter was finishing what he believed to be a good day's work. The student looked up from his work with a bright face. He expected to see a look of approval on his teacher's face and

to hear an enthusiastic "Excellent." Instead, Mr. Allston stood looking at the picture for some minutes in silence. Then he shook his head and said, "Very bad, sir, very bad." Mr. Morse turned red with mortification. He felt vexed with his friend, but controlled his temper and said nothing. The other went on, pointing to the figure on the canvas, "That is not flesh; it is mud, sir; it is painted with brick dust and clay." As Morse stood off and looked at the work he felt the truth of this criticism so bitterly that he was ready to dash his palette-knife through the canvas. But Mr. Allston quietly took his palette, helped himself to some fresh colors, and with a few touches, gave warmth and brilliancy to the painted flesh. He then stood by and gave directions while the young man tried his hand at it. When he went away, Finley Morse felt the deepest gratitude towards the friend who had made him realize how poor his work was, and had shown him that it was possible for him to improve it.

While in London Mr. Morse did two pieces of work which were so excellent that they astonished many of the older artists. One was a great painting of the dying Hercules. This picture was admitted to the exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House. The critics spoke highly of it, and it was named among the twelve best pictures in an exhibition of two thousand. The other piece of work that attracted the attention of lovers of art was a cast of Hercules, which took the gold medal at the Adelphi Society of Arts.

During the last year of his stay abroad Mr. Morse tried to make a little money with his brush, but he could not sell any pictures. Frames, canvas, and colors were expensive, and the money his father had given him was nearly spent. He wrote home:

"I am obliged to screw and pinch myself in a thousand things in which I used to indulge myself at home. I am treated with no dainties, no fruit, no nice dinners (except once in an age, when invited to a party at an American table), no fine

tea-parties, as at home. All is changed; I breakfast on simple bread-and-butter and two cups of coffee; I dine on either beef, mutton, or pork, baked with potatoes, warm perhaps twice a week, all the rest of the week cold. My drink is water, porter being too expensive. At tea, bread-and-butter with two cups of tea. This is my daily round. I have had no new clothes for nearly a year; my best are threadbare, and my shoes are out at the toes; my stockings all want to see my mother, and my hat is growing hoary with age. This is my picture in London. Do you think you would know it?"

In August, 1815, Finley Morse started for America. He was rich in knowledge, and experience, and friends, but he was poor in purse.

Painting

Samuel F. B. Morse, as he now signed his name, opened a studio in Boston. There he found many to praise his pictures but none to buy them.

For a while he spent his idle hours inventing a powerful pump. But he was impatient to begin painting, and as no work came to him, he determined to go in search of some.

He knew that in the small villages an artist with a good reputation might succeed in getting some orders for portraits if he were willing to accept very low pay for his services. His father was well known throughout New England as a preacher and writer, and with the help of his friends the artist easily found employment for his pencil among the country people.

He painted portraits in one town until he had no more orders, then he went on to another. He asked only ten or fifteen dollars apiece for his portraits. But living was cheap, and he worked so rapidly that he was able to save money, notwithstanding these low rates. He had supposed that this would be very distasteful work. But he took great satisfaction in earning his own money, and had many pleasant experiences. Indeed, it was on one of these portrait-painting tours

that Mr. Morse met the beautiful Lucretia Walker, whom he afterwards married.

Some rich southern friends urged Mr. Morse to try his fortunes in Charleston, South Carolina.

His uncle, Dr. Finley, who lived there, invited him to stay at his home. His first experience there was as discouraging as his winter in Boston had been. People were kind and friendly. They admired his pictures, but no one ordered any. He felt humiliated and made up his mind to go north again. Before going, he asked his uncle to let him paint his portrait as a return for all his kindness. This portrait was such a splendid likeness that nearly every one who saw it thought he would like to have Mr. Morse paint his picture also. Before long he had a list of one hundred and fifty people who had ordered portraits at sixty dollars apiece.

Mr. Morse's reputation as a portrait, painter was soon made in Charleston. The citizens honored him with a commission to paint a portrait of President Monroe. Mr. Morse had a pleasant stay in Washington and painted a strong portrait. The president and his family liked it so much that they requested Mr. Morse to make a copy of it for them.

By dint of hard work Samuel F. B. Morse had succeeded as a portrait painter, but he was not content to spend his life painting portraits. He wished to stop painting merely for money. He was ambitious to paint beautiful landscapes and great historic pictures. But there was no opportunity to do such work in Charleston, and so he resolved to return to the North.

Before leaving the South, Mr. Morse, with the help of some of the leading men of Charleston, established an Academy of Fine Arts.

In 1820, Dr. Morse gave up his church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and moved to New Haven. His son visited him there, and renewed his acquaintance with some of the college professors. Professor Silliman lived near to Dr. Morse,

and Mr. S. F. B. Morse became deeply interested in the professor's electrical experiments.

In the fall he left his wife at his father's home and went to Washington to paint one of the great pictures he had planned. The subject of this picture was the House of Representatives. He worked on it fourteen hours a day and had high hopes for it. But although it was considered a splendid picture, he did not make any money from it. He was therefore obliged to resort to portrait painting again.

He tried at Albany, the capital of New York, but got no orders there. Then he determined to seek his fortune in the great, rich city of New York. He knew he would have a hard struggle; but it proved even harder than he had expected. He had no money; he could get no work; his rent and board had to be paid.

The only thing to do was to fall back once more on the portrait-painting tours.

After a profitable trip through several New England states, and a pleasant visit with his family, he went back to New York with new courage. This time he succeeded better. He had a few pupils and sold some pictures. In the middle of the year; an unlooked-for piece of prosperity befell him. General Lafayette was visiting America. New York city wanted a life-sized portrait of the hero. Mr. Morse was chosen to paint it.

Mr. Morse wrote to his wife at once to tell her about his good fortune. He said: "The terms are not definitely settled. I shall have at least seven hundred dollars, probably one thousand." This seemed quite a fortune to the poor artist. He regretted that instead of going to New Haven for a visit with his wife, he would be obliged by his work to go to Washington. But he wrote home cheerfully: "Recollect the old lady's saying, often quoted by mother, 'There is never a convenience but there ain't one'… I look forward to the spring of the year with delightful prospects of seeing my dear family

permanently settled with me in our own hired house in New York."

A month later, on the eighth of February, he wrote Mrs. Morse a glowing account of his arrival at Washington and his meeting with General Lafayette. On that same day his father wrote to him from New Haven a letter full of sorrow telling him that, after a slight illness of two or three days, his fair young wife had died suddenly of heart trouble, and he would never see his beloved Lucretia again.

News traveled slowly by stage coach in those days, and this letter did not reach Mr. Morse until after his wife's funeral. He was almost crushed with grief. His return to New Haven could do no good; but he could not paint, and he wished to be among those who had known and loved his wife. He arranged to meet General Lafayette later in New York, and started immediately for New Haven. After a sorrowful visit there he returned to New York where he finished the portrait of Lafayette, which he afterwards described as follows: "It is a full-length, standing figure, the size of life. He is represented as standing at the top of a flight of steps, which he has just ascended upon a terrace, the figure coming against a glowing sunset sky, indicative of the glory of his own evening of life. Upon his right, if I remember, are three pedestals, one of which is vacant, as if waiting for his bust, while the two others are surmounted by the busts of Washington and Franklin—the two associated eminent historical characters of his own time. In a vase on the other side, is a flower—the heliotrope—with its face toward the sun, in allusion to the characteristic, stern, uncompromising consistency of Lafayette—a trait of character which I then considered and still consider the great prominent trait of that distinguished man."

The artist's struggle seemed over. Now that he cared less to succeed he received more orders than he could fill. Mr. Morse took an active part in the art life of New York. He organized the National Academy of the Arts of Design, and

was made its president.

Abroad Again

When Dr. Morse died in 1826 he had the satisfaction of knowing that the son, for whom he had made many sacrifices, was regarded as one of the leading artists of America.

Mr. Morse had done much to arouse an interest in painting in America. He had lectured and written on the subject; he had organized the Academy of Fine Arts in South Carolina, and the National Academy in New York; and above all he had used his brush constantly.

He stood at the head of his profession in New York. Rich men who had picture galleries began to think that their collections were incomplete unless they included one or two of S. F. B. Morse's paintings.

The artist realized that his countrymen had the greatest confidence in his knowledge and ability. He wished to deserve their good opinion and thought that it was his duty to go to Italy, the land of artists, to learn what he could from the pictures of the old masters.

When it was known that Mr. Morse was going to Italy to study and paint, his friends and admirers came to him asking him to paint something for them while he was away. One wanted him to copy some heads from Titian for not more than one hundred dollars; another was willing to give five hundred dollars for a little copy of "Miracolo del Servo;" others gave him money, leaving him free to paint what he chose for them. When he was ready to sail he had almost three thousand dollars' worth of orders.

Mr. Morse staid abroad three years. These were years full of pleasant experiences and successful work. He revisited London and saw his old friend, Leslie, now an eminent artist. Together they talked about their days of study under Allston and West, and laughed over their early struggles and ambitions.

Leslie introduced his American friend to the most prominent English artists. They were all very cordial to the distinguished representative of American artists.

While in Paris Mr. Morse ventured to call on General Lafayette. The general remembered instantly the man who had painted his portrait, and made him most welcome. "I saw in the American papers that you had sailed for Europe, and I expected you to make me a visit," he said. Although then an old man he had not lost his interest in America and was glad to talk about our country's present, past, and future with one of her most patriotic citizens. The two men became good friends. They walked and rode together often, and General Lafayette invited Mr. Morse to visit him at his country home.

Mr. Morse came to know other distinguished men during his stay in Europe. He and the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, became such good friends that he asked Thorwaldsen to sit for his portrait. He sent this portrait to one of the men who had given him one hundred dollars for painting any picture he might think suitable. This same picture was afterward sold for four hundred dollars. The buyer, hearing that Mr. Morse had expressed a wish to have this portrait that he might present it to the King of Denmark, generously returned it to him.

The American novelist, Cooper, and the American sculptor, Greenough, became friends and associates of Mr. Morse during his travels on the continent.

Mr. Morse spent a large part of his time in art galleries, studying the pictures of the great artists who had lived before him. Sometimes he brought his easel and canvas to the gallery and copied their work as closely as he could. In this way he learned a great deal.

He loved to be in the Louvre, the great art gallery of Paris. He wished every American artist might visit it. Then the idea of painting a picture of it occurred to him. It was a great undertaking and he did not wish to stay away from his own country much longer. But he was so eager to paint this picture

that he worked on it from morning till night. A great plague, the cholera, broke out in Paris in the spring of 1832. Hundreds died daily, and almost everyone who could get away fled from the city in terror. Morse, however, staid quietly there, painting every day as usual, and when the date for his return to America came he had his picture so nearly finished that he could complete it in New York.

An Important Voyage

When Mr. Morse started for America on the first of October, 1832, he said to himself: "Few American artists have had such splendid opportunities as I have. I must go home and give my countrymen the benefit of what I have learned. I am forty-one years old now. About half of my life, twenty years, I have devoted to art. I have painted many good pictures and gained the respect of artists in my own country and in Europe. I am able to make a comfortable living for my children with my brush. But that is not enough. I must do some grand work that will be remembered when I am dead—something which will show older countries that though America is young she is a great country and can produce great men."

The good ship, which was bearing him nearer and nearer to that country which he loved even better than fair Italy, was called the "Sully." There was a pleasant company of passengers on board. When they met at the dinner table, hungry from the keen sea air, there were lively talks on all sorts of subjects. Mr. Morse often took part in these conversations.

One day some one told about some experiments with electricity which he had read of. Every one was interested. One man remarked, "I have heard it stated that a current of electricity will pass along a very long wire almost instantaneously."

"That is true," said Dr. Jackson of Boston. "It passes over the longest wires that are used in experiments in less than a

second of time. Dr. Franklin used wires several miles long and he could detect no difference in time between the touch at one end of the wire and the resulting spark at the other."

"If that is true and the power can be used in any part of an electric circuit," Mr. Morse suggested; "I should think we might send news instantaneously, by electricity."

"It has already been used for giving signals, I believe," one of the company remarked.

"But I mean more than that," explained Mr. Morse; "why could we not write instantaneous letters from New York to Charleston with it?"

All laughed at this odd idea. The ladies joined in the conversation and said that Mr. Morse should let them know when his magic letter-writing machine was ready for use. The Southern people began to complain of the inconvenience of corresponding with friends in the North. Letters from the South were a month reaching New York by coach, so that one's dearest friend might die and be buried before one knew anything about it.

Mr. Morse knew the truth of this too well. He stopped talking with the others, and after dinner went to a lonely part of the deck where he sat quite still, with his notebook in hand, all the afternoon. Other passengers smiled and said, "Do not disturb the artist. He is trying to decide just what shades he can mix together to get the peculiar blue of the sea for some painting."

But he was not thinking of the color of the sea. His mind was busy with the idea that had flashed into it at the dinner table. He remembered the old experiments in the laboratory at Yale; he remembered the conversations he had had with Professor Day and Professor Silliman in later years; he recalled the lectures on electricity which he had heard Professor Dana give at Columbia College. All that he had ever seen, or heard, or thought about electricity came into his mind and made him think that his notion of writing letters at a distance

by means of electricity was no wild dream, but a sensible idea. "It only needs the right man to carry it out. Perhaps I am that man," he told himself. He could not sleep that night, his head was so full of his new idea. He rose early in the morning and was again busy with his notebook and pencil. It was not long before he took some of his fellow passengers into his confidence and told them his plan.

"First," he began "it has been proved that electricity travels with almost incalculable speed—with the speed of lightning, in short. We can have as much electricity as we desire with the help of a good battery; and the direction in which it goes can be controlled by us. We can send it where we wish by providing a copper wire to conduct it. Second, electricity has great force."

"I don't doubt that," interposed one of the listeners. "I saw lightning strike a tree once. But how are you going to control that force and make it do what you wish it to?"

"There is a very simple and well-known way of getting a powerful up-and-down motion by means of electricity," Mr. Morse answered. "Bend a bar of soft iron into the shape of a horseshoe and wind a coil of wire around it. When that wire is charged with electricity the iron becomes magnetic. Magnets strong enough to lift great blocks of iron are made in this way. As soon as the electrical current is broken the horseshoe loses its power and the block of iron falls. By simply supplying and breaking the current repeatedly with the help of such a magnet an up-and-down motion can be obtained."

"I have heard all about the horseshoe electromagnet," interrupted one man impatiently. "But I should think it would make a rather clumsy pen. How are you going to use your force to write?"

"I have thought it all out and made drawings of it," replied Mr. Morse. "At one end of the wire will be the battery and the man who sends the message. At the other end will be the pencil for him to write with and the paper for him to write

upon. A long ribbon of paper will be attached to two cylinders turned regularly towards each other by clock work, so that the paper will be wound off of one cylinder upon the other. Above this strip of paper will be a bar swinging freely on a central pivot like a balance. This bar will be made to go up or down like a teeter-board, at the will of the man sending the message. There will be a sharp pencil under the end of the bar over the paper. When that end of the bar goes down and right up again the pencil will leave a dot on the paper. If it stays down while the turning cylinders carry the paper along under it, it will make a line. If it stays up while the paper is turned under it, a space will be left. By combining these dots, dashes, and spaces in various ways a telegraphic alphabet can be made."

"Can you show me how the 'teeter-board' could be made to go up and down?" inquired the man who had asked the first question.

"Why yes. There we shall use the magnet," said the inventor. "There will be a small iron plate at each end of the bar. Over the end which carries the pencil there will be a weak permanent magnet, strong enough to draw up that end of the bar when there is nothing pulling against it. At the other end there will be a strong electro-magnet. When the man writing the letter wishes to make a dot he will send a spark of electricity over the wire and it will magnetize the iron so that the power of the weak permanent magnet will be overcome and the end of the bar under the electro-magnet will go up, forcing the pencil end of the bar down upon the paper. If he wishes to make a dash he can keep on the current and the pencil will stay down on the moving paper, but the moment he breaks the current, up the pencil end will go towards the weak permanent magnet and leave a vacant space on the paper."

All agreed that this was a very fine theory, but they thought it could never be put into practice.

Before the ship entered New York harbor Mr. Morse had filled his notebook with drawings of apparatus for the telegraph. He had also made an alphabet. He had great faith in his plan. One day he said to the captain of the vessel, "Well, Captain, should you hear of the telegraph, one of these days, as the wonder of the world, remember the discovery was made on board the good ship Sully." The captain was amused. He regarded the whole matter as merely a visionary dream which even Mr. Morse would soon forget.

Years of Struggle

When Mr. Morse landed at New York, his two brothers, Richard and Sidney, were at the wharf to meet him. On the way to Richard's house, Mr. Morse told his brothers about his great idea. They were surprised. His last letter had been full of his wishes to paint a great picture. Now he was thinking more about his invention than about pictures. They agreed that it would be a wonderful discovery; and listened to his plan with keen interest. His brother Richard invited him to live at his new home, saying a room had been built and furnished especially for him.

During his first days in New York the artist had many visitors. Friends wished to hear about his trip and to see his pictures. It would have been natural under the circumstances for him to cease thinking about electricity and devote his time to his profession. He was out of money, and many people were ready to buy pictures if he would only paint them. Years of ease, enjoyment, and success lay before him if he chose to give his life to art. Privations, hardships, doubt, must be his portion if he undertook to work out his great invention.

Yet he could not dismiss the telegraph from his mind. The more he thought of it the more firmly he believed that God had made electricity for man's use. And he thought he could do no work in the world, more valuable than to make this marvelous force serve man in the telegraph.

He wished to set up the machinery necessary to test his theory. The proper apparatus could not be bought. He had no money to employ craftsmen to make it for him. He therefore undertook to make it himself.

His first workshop was his brother's parlor where he tried to make an instrument for opening and closing the electric current to regulate the dots, dashes, and spaces. Frequent small accidents and the many interruptions which occurred there, made the inventor think it would be wise to move elsewhere. His brothers, who owned and edited a paper, were putting up a business building down town. When this was done Samuel F. B. Morse took a room in the top story of it. There he lived and worked. There his cot-bed stood. There his neglected easel, and paints, and canvas, and models were stored. There his workbench and lathe occupied the place of honor by the window.

He did not go to see his friends. Few of them felt free to seek him out in his attic chamber. His children were with distant relatives. He lived alone. In the evening when it was so dark that he could not be seen he left his room and went to some grocery, where he bought bread, potatoes, eggs, and such food as he could cook for himself. His clothing was poor and shabby. Could he have gone to work at once with his experiments it would not have been so trying. But he had to spend days and weeks and months contriving tools and implements.

When the committee appointed to choose artists to paint the pictures for the rotunda of the capitol at Washington overlooked Morse and assigned the work to foreign artists, the New York artists were indignant that their leader should be so slighted. They remembered how ready he was to use his influence for their advancement, and how free to share his knowledge with those who needed instruction.

They wished to show their appreciation of all that he had done. They went to work quietly and secured subscriptions to

the amount of three thousand dollars from artists and from others interested in art. This they sent to Mr. Morse with the request that he should paint a great historical picture. They said that when it was finished he might do with it as he pleased. Their only wish was to make it worth while for him to paint such a picture, which they were sure would do credit to America and to all American artists.

When Mr. Morse learned what his fellow artists had done he was deeply moved by their kindness. He exclaimed, "I have never heard or read or known of such an act of professional generosity." He resolved to paint a picture that would prove to them that their confidence in him was not misplaced. But he found that he could not put his heart into the work. He was worried about his invention. It seemed much more important than painting pictures. He finally returned the money with the request that his friends would free him from the engagement.

In 1835 Mr. Morse was made Professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design in the New York City University. He moved from his attic quarters to his rooms in the new university. There he fitted up a very rude electric telegraph. It was made in such a rough fashion that he was almost ashamed to show it to his friends. But, in spite of its crudeness, it actually worked. In that room at the university he sent the first telegraphic messages ever carried by electricity.

Every day he had to leave his absorbing experiments to spend hours teaching young art students to paint. He was glad to have this means of supporting himself, but it interfered greatly with his work.

Encouragement

In 1837 Mr. Morse asked some friends to come into his room to look at his telegraph and see it at work. One of his guests was a student, Mr. Alfred Vail. This young man was deeply impressed with what he saw. He soon afterwards called

on Mr. Morse alone to ask some questions.

"Your wire here is not long. What reason have you to believe that your telegraph will act successfully at great distances?" he inquired.

"If I can succeed in working a magnet ten miles away, I can go round the globe," answered the confident inventor. "I have contrived a way of renewing the current with a relay. It would not be worth while to have these relays closer than ten miles from each other. But if I can get a force strong enough to lift a hair at a distance of ten miles I can send a current around the earth. Experiments have been made with wires several miles long, and I have faith that the current can be sent ten miles or further without a relay."

Mr. Vail then asked Mr. Morse why he did not push his experiment more rapidly, and when he learned that the delay was caused by lack of money, he offered to supply the funds needed if Mr. Morse would take him into partnership. Mr. Morse was willing to do so; and the terms of the partnership were soon agreed upon. Mr. Vail's father and brother owned large iron and brass works at Speedwell, New Jersey. His knowledge of iron and brass work was of great service to Mr. Morse in perfecting the mechanical part of his invention.

The partnership was formed in September, 1837. Later in the month Mr. Morse applied to the United States government for a patent on *The American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph*.

Mr. Vail promptly furnished the length of wire needed to make the experiments on the result of which depended the success of the invention. With the help of Professor Gale, of the university, Mr. Morse made those experiments and found that he could manage the magnet through more than twenty miles of wire without a relay.

This was as far as he could hope to carry his investigation without help from the government. To construct and operate a telegraph line on a large scale would be too costly a venture

for an individual.

Just at this time the government was making inquiries concerning the various telegraphs which were being invented. Mr. Morse sent the United States Treasurer an account of his recording telegraph and was asked to exhibit his instrument at Washington.

Before taking his telegraph to Washington, Professor Morse invited his New York friends to see his invention in operation. Among his guests on this occasion were many who had regretted that New York's greatest artist had "lost his head over a wild scheme." They were amazed to see the results of what they had considered his "wasted years."

The guests whispered messages to him. The instrument went "click! click!" and dots and dashes began to appear on the strip of paper at the other end of the wire. Then some man who understood the telegraph alphabet read the messages to their surprised senders. The New York newspapers gave full accounts of the affair, and people began to think that after all there might be something in the telegraph.

The most distinguished body of scientific men in America, known as the "Franklin Institute," invited Mr. Morse to visit Philadelphia and exhibit his telegraph before the Committee of Science and Arts. They were so favorably impressed with the invention that they recommended that the government give the inventor means to test it on an extensive scale.

Mr. Morse then went to Washington, where the president, the cabinet officers, and many prominent men saw the telegraph at work, and were filled with astonishment and satisfaction.

Mr. F. O. J. Smith, an influential man, desired to have a share in the invention. Mr. Morse thought favorably of his proposal. A company of four partners was formed. In this company Mr. Morse had nine shares; Mr. Smith, four; Mr. Vail, two; Professor Gale, one. Affairs looked encouraging; it seemed probable that Congress would make an appropriation

of thirty thousand dollars to give the telegraph a test on a large scale.

Mr. Morse and Mr. Smith went abroad to see about getting patents in foreign countries. In England the attorney general refused to consider Mr. Morse's application for a patent, because a description of his telegraph had already been published and that, he said, rendered the idea public property.

In France, Mr. Morse was shown the greatest kindness. Such eminent scientists as M. Arago and Baron Humboldt were eager to know the American inventor and to see his telegraph.

The fact that space had been so conquered by man that, with a little machinery, messages might be sent to all parts of the world in an instant, seemed too wonderful to be believed. But although everybody wondered and admired, France was the only European country to grant the inventor a patent.

Waiting at Last Rewarded

In the year 1840 the United States government issued to Mr. Morse the patent which he had applied for in 1837, before going to Europe. Mr. Morse returned to America full of enthusiasm. Success seemed close at hand. He found, however, that Congress was interested in other matters.

The general opinion seemed to be that it would be extravagant to put so much money into an experiment whose outcome was exceedingly doubtful. Soon, even Mr. Morse's partners lost heart and gave their attention to affairs which would bring them some immediate return.

Poverty made it impossible for the inventor to push the project further without help. He was so poor that he sometimes had to go hungry. He took up his work at the university once more and taught young men to paint.

There was another way in which he was able to earn a little money. While in France he had met Monsieur Daguerre, who had discovered a way to "paint with sunbeams," or take pictures, which were called in his honor daguerreotypes.

Morse learned his methods and was the first to introduce the new art of picture making into America. He gave instruction to many young men who wanted to learn Daguerre's process so that they might go around the country making daguerreotypes.

While obliged to spend some time on tasks by which he could earn a living, Professor Morse never ceased to hope and to work in the interest of the telegraph. He employed an agent at Washington, but finding that he accomplished nothing, determined to go there himself and make one more effort to secure the aid of Congress. His partner, Mr. Vail, who had always been so hopeful and ready to help, now said that he could do nothing more, and Mr. Morse was left to do what he could alone.

At length a bill recommending the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars for testing the Morse telegraph was brought before the House of Representatives. Mr. Morse was very much afraid the bill would not pass the House. He sat in the gallery while it was being discussed. Some of the members ridiculed the bill and made jokes about the telegraph. But when the votes were counted there was a majority of six in favor of the appropriation.

After passing the House of Representatives the bill had to go to the Senate. Mr. Morse knew that many of the senators were in favor of his telegraph and he felt confident of victory there. But as the days went by a new doubt troubled him. It was almost time for the Senate to close, and there was so much business to be considered that there was little prospect of his bill being acted upon. The last day came. There were one hundred and forty bills to be disposed of. All day Mr. Morse sat anxiously in the gallery. His friends warned him to give up hope. Late at night he went to his hotel with a sad heart.

He had given ten years of his life to perfect the most wonderful invention of the age. He had succeeded, but his

work had been treated with indifference. He felt almost hopeless. But he was too great a man to yield wholly to disappointment. He made all preparations to leave Washington early the next day. Then he went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning Mr. Morse was a little late for breakfast. As he entered the dining room a servant told him that a young lady was waiting in the parlor to see him.

He was surprised to find that his morning visitor was Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, the daughter of his particular friend, H. L. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents.

Going forward to take the young lady's outstretched hand, he exclaimed, "What brings you to see me so early in the day, my young friend?"

"I have come to congratulate you," she answered, her face bright with smiles.

"Indeed! For what?" he asked perplexed.

"On the passage of your bill."

"No, you are mistaken. The bill was not passed. I was in the senate chamber till after the lamps were lighted and my friends assured me there was no chance for me," he returned, shaking his head soberly.

"No, no!" she insisted earnestly. "It is you who are mistaken. Father was there at the adjournment at midnight and even saw the president sign his name to your bill. This morning he told me I might come to congratulate you."

At first Mr. Morse was so surprised and overcome by this piece of good news that he could scarcely believe it. When he realized that it was true, he said: "You were the first to bring me this welcome news, Annie, and I promise you that you shall send the first message over my telegraph when it is done."

"I shall hold you to your promise," the young girl answered happily.

Disappointment was turned to joy. He hastened to write the good news to his partners and friends. He wished that his

telegraph was ready for use so that he might instantly scatter the glad tidings to the world. He did not leave Washington that day.

The Telegraph

The appropriation made by Congress was large enough to build a telegraph line forty miles long. It was decided that the first line should extend from Baltimore to Washington. The work was begun without delay. Mr. Morse took charge of it himself.

At first the wires were put in tubes and buried in the ground. But that did not work well. Mr. Morse then tried putting them on poles in the open air. This proved a much cheaper, quicker, and more satisfactory method.

On the first of May the National Whig Convention was held in Baltimore, to nominate candidates for the presidency and the vice-presidency. Twenty-two miles of wire were up. Mr. Morse thought it would be interesting to announce convention news in Washington by means of telegraph.

There was a railroad between Baltimore and Washington which ran near the telegraph line. Mr. Morse accordingly arranged to have Mr. Vail get the latest news from the train and telegraph it to him in Washington. This was done and the passengers on the first train to Washington after the nomination of Henry Clay found that the news had reached the capital long before them.

On the twenty-fourth of May, 1844, the telegraph line was finished. Mr. Morse was at Washington; Mr. Vail, at Baltimore. Everything was in good working order. It was announced that the first message was to be sent. Crowds gathered around the office.

Mr. Morse remembered his promise to Miss Ellsworth. He sent to ask her what the first message should be. She wrote the noble line from the Bible, "What hath God wrought!" Mr. Morse was greatly pleased with the selection. He said

afterward, "It baptised the American telegraph with the name of its Author." And all agreed that the work seemed greater than man's work.

Mr. Morse sent the message to Mr. Vail. It looked like this:

.— — …. .— — …. .— — …. — — .. —..
(w) (h) (a) (t) (h) (a) (t) (h) (g) (o) (d)
.— — … .. ..— — — …. —
(w) (r) (o) (u) (g) (h) (t)

When Mr. Vail received the message he sent it back to Mr. Morse to let him know that it had reached him all right. It had flown from Washington to Baltimore and back, eighty miles, in a moment.

After the first message, Mr. Morse and Mr. Vail carried on a lively conversation for the entertainment of those looking on: "Stop a few minutes," said Mr. Morse. "Yes," Mr. Vail answered. "Have you any news?" "No." "Mr. Seaton's respects to you." "My respects to him." "What is your time?" "Nine o'clock, twenty-eight minutes." "What weather have you?" "Cloudy." "Separate your words more." "Oil your clockwork." "Buchanan stock said to be rising." "I have a great crowd at my window." "Van Buren cannon in front, with a fox-tail on it."

A few days later the Democratic National Convention was held in Baltimore. As soon as the candidates were nominated the announcement was sent to Washington by wire. The man named for the vice-presidency was at Washington and received immediate notice of his nomination. He replied by telegraph that he declined. When his message was read in the convention a few minutes after the nomination was made, it caused a sensation. To some this rapid communication seemed almost like witchcraft. Many refused to believe that the message really came from the nominee. A committee was

sent to Washington to see about it. Of course the committee found that the telegraph had told the truth.

During the first year the telegraph was put in the hands of the post office department of the government. A tax of one cent was charged for every four characters. The income at the Washington office for the first nine days was as follows: during the first four days only one cent; on the fifth day, twelve and a half cents; the sixth day was Sunday and the office was closed; on the seventh day, sixty cents; on the eighth day, one dollar and thirty-two cents; on the ninth day, one dollar and four cents.

Mr. Morse was amused to see the astonishment his telegraph aroused. His own faith in its success had been so strong that he was surprised to find that others had doubted. The newspapers were full of praises for the inventor and his invention; the mail brought him letters of congratulation from all over the world; he was invited to dine with the highest officers of his own country and with ambassadors from foreign lands.

Mr. Morse offered to sell his telegraph to the government for one hundred thousand dollars. The government declined his offer. The reason given was that the expense of operating it would be greater than the revenue that could be derived from it.

A private company was formed and other telegraph lines were soon built. In 1846 the line between New York and Washington was finished and "the Hudson and Potomac were connected by links of lightning."

Mr. Morse went to Europe again in 1845 in the hope of securing patents. He was received everywhere with honor, but he failed in the purpose of his voyage.

In 1846 Mr. Morse's patent was reissued in the United States. He was troubled, however, as most inventors are, by men who claimed his idea as their own, and pretended to be the original inventors of the telegraph. He was compelled to protect his rights repeatedly by going to court. The question

was finally carried before the Supreme Court of the United States. After a thorough investigation the judges all agreed that Mr. Morse was the original and only inventor of the Electro-Magnetic Recording Telegraph.

For some time short telegraph lines were built and operated by separate companies. In 1851 the Western Union Telegraph Company was formed to build a line from Buffalo to St. Louis. This company gradually bought and built other lines until it controlled all the important telegraph lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Cable

Mr. Morse was often heard to say, "If I can make the telegraph work ten miles, I can make it go around the globe." He had shown that it could be made to work across continents. But there was some question as to whether it could be made to cross seas.

In 1842, on one moonlight night in October, Mr. Morse made an attempt in a small way to prove that it could be done. As water is a good conductor of electricity it could conduct the electricity away from the wire. The wire, therefore, had to be carefully covered so that the water could not reach it. Mr. Morse insulated the wire for his first experiment by wrapping it in hempen strands which were afterwards covered with pitch, tar, and rubber. This cable, two miles in length, was wound on a reel and placed in a rowboat. When night had fallen and all was quiet in New York harbor, a small boat put out from the shore. There were two men in the boat. One rowed while the other sat in the stern and unwound yard after yard of the slender cable. The man at the stern was Mr. Morse. At dawn the next day he was up, trying to send messages over the first submarine telegraph in the world. To his surprise, after transmitting a few words the wire ceased to do its work, and no wonder! a ship in the harbor, had caught the

cable with her anchor, the sailors had dragged it on deck, and not knowing what it was, cut out a piece of it and sailed away.

Ten years later when an attempt was being made to establish electrical communication between the island of Newfoundland and the American continent, the idea of laying a cable across the Atlantic occurred to Mr. Cyrus W. Field. He consulted Mr. Morse, who encouraged him to undertake the work. Soundings had proved that there was in the ocean bed an almost level plateau between Newfoundland and Ireland. This would form a safe bed for the cable to rest on. A company was formed to construct a trans-Atlantic cable. Mr. Morse was made the electrician of the company.

The first difficulty lay in finding a perfectly waterproof cover for the wire, which would help to form a light and flexible but strong cable. Then came the question of laying the cable without breaking it.

The first attempt was made in 1857. The cable then used was twenty-five hundred miles long. The wire was insulated by gutta percha, and that was protected by a twisted wire rope. "The flexibility of this cable was so great that it could be made as manageable as a small rope, and was capable of being tied round the arm without injury. Its weight was but one thousand and eight hundred pounds to the mile, and its strength such that it would bear in water over six miles of its own length if suspended vertically."

The greatest care was observed in running the cable off of the reel to see that there should be no strain upon it. But, in spite of the strength of the cable and the care and skill of those who laid it, the slender rope snapped and the cable so carefully made lay useless, at the bottom of the sea.

Another company was organized, another cable was made, another expedition was fitted out. Another strand snapped, and another valuable cable was lost.

The third attempt was partly successful. The cable was laid and for a few days gave good service. Then for some

unaccountable reason it failed to work. The fourth attempt was a failure, but the fifth, made in 1866, proved, to the satisfaction of all, that Samuel F. B. Morse did not exaggerate when he said it was possible to send an electrical current round the globe.

The Inventor At Home

Mr. Morse was an artist and loved beauty. Through most of his life he had been obliged to deny himself beautiful things. He was a quiet, home-loving man. He had been so poor that he had not even a cottage home of his own.

The first money he made from his telegraph was given to charity. As his fortune increased he decided to satisfy his desire for a beautiful home. He selected a picturesque grove on the Hudson River where he built a fine house which looked like an Italian villa. Because of the great locust trees growing there, he named his home Locust Grove.

At this home Mr. Morse assembled the children (now grown up) from whom he had been so long separated; thither he brought his second wife; there he entertained the friends who had been faithful in the old, toilsome days; there he received distinguished visitors from many lands.

The inventor lived quietly and happily at Locust Grove. Sometimes, when he was an old man with snowy beard, he might be seen enjoying the summer air under his fragrant trees while his grandchildren played about him in the grass. But he liked best the great library where he had collected the books, the pictures, the statues which he had wanted so long.

The latter part of his life was not, however, spent in seclusion. As his fortune grew, his social and business obligations increased. In the winter time he left Locust Grove and lived in a stately mansion in New York City. He was a man of importance and influence, well known throughout America and Europe.

He died in 1872.

The Mother of Garfield

1801-1888 A.D.

Is there any other country in the world where the worthy poor have such an opportunity as ours; where the widowed mother may so surely count upon the ways and means to rear her children, and to see them educated?

Is there any factor so important to success for a man in any field of work as that he should have had a wise mother?

Mrs. Eliza Garfield, alone with her children in her cabin in the wilderness fifty years ago, realized that life was a stern fact to her, and poverty its condition. A widow with four children on a farm encumbered by debt, and with no money to provide the barest necessities of life, she must have possessed a brave heart to reject the advice given her by a neighbor to sell her home and go back to her friends in the East.

The advice was like a stab, but it did her good. She was startled from her hopeless despondency by such words, and looking at her visitor said: "Go away and leave my husband in the wheat-field? Never! I can't do that!" There was a reaction in her feelings after that, and her resolution was formed from that hour. She would stay near the grave of her husband, whose body she had buried so recently, and her children would grow up in sight of the grave.

Her eldest child was a boy of eleven years, and with him she talked, having no one else to confer with, regarding her plans. She told him of their situation and the advice given her, and the sturdy lad replied in tones of firmness and boyish ambition, "I can plough and plant, mother. I can cut wood and milk the cows. I want to live here, and I will work real hard." The mother felt reassured, and her boy-farmer kept his

word.

His was a life of toil, but love sweetened toil in the widow Garfield's home, and her example, coupled with her tender affection for her children, made them ambitious and industrious. She worked hard, and they worked with her. The wheat-field in which she had buried her husband's body was not fenced in, and with her own hands she split rails and built a fence around it. The resolution she exhibited in her effort to keep her children together, the self-denial she practised, and the careful training she gave her sons and daughters, prove her to have been a brave and a strong-minded woman.

Toil as she would, her scanty supply of food was fast becoming exhausted, and she had no money to buy more. Without letting her children know it, she put them upon a daily allowance, and when she found that the corn she had would not last until harvest-time for four, she denied herself a portion and lived upon two and then upon one meal a day. All the time she worked in the field and taxed her strength to its utmost to save her children from want. They never felt it, but she did, and she never lost the deep lines of care that anxiety and hunger brought upon her face in those early days of widowhood. They are the honorable scars she received in a fierce and noble warfare with want. With the ripening of the grain and the coming of fresh vegetables hunger and starvation stared them in the face no longer. They were abundantly supplied, and the grateful woman rejoiced that the danger was past and her household was saved.

Her eldest son was now a boy of eleven years of age, and his sisters were next him in age. James, the youngest, was three years old, and was the idol of his brothers and sisters. The character of this eldest brother was noble and unselfish. As a child he took upon himself the cares of a man, and he never laid them down until his mother was above want. He hired himself out to do farm-work for a neighbor at twelve dollars a month, and with his first week's wages he bought his

little brother the first pair of shoes which the child, then four years of age, ever had. He likewise paid a part of the cost of James's schooling. The eldest sister, to enable this pet brother to go so far to school, carried him on her back, and the wise mother worked for all and provided for them as comfortably as she could.

Mrs. Garfield was a devout member of the Society of Disciples, and she instructed her children systematically in Bible study. The Sabbath day she kept holy, and she invariably read the Bible and explained to her youthful audience what was not apprehended by them. Her Bible teaching took the place of church service, for there was no church near enough for them to attend. On week-days she read four chapters regularly, and the family circle discussed the histories of Moses, Isaiah, and Paul as they sat at meals or gathered about the evening fire.

She was a pioneer reformer, and her children were zealously taught temperance, love of liberty, and loyalty to their government.

It was the widow Garfield who, from her scanty acres, gave the land to build a school-house, in order that her children and those of her neighbors might have the benefit of schooling all year round. She it was who proposed the erection of the school-house and who urged and encouraged the idea until it was successfully carried out.

Her eldest son left her to accept work in the clearings of Michigan, and the younger brother took his place on the farm; and in addition to his daily work he learned the carpenter's trade sufficiently to earn a dollar a day while yet a boy. The first day's pay he took home to his mother, and poured out the pennies into her lap. He was barefooted, and clad in jean trousers of her manufacture, but in his heart he was the happiest of boys, and mother felt that she was the mother of a Great Heart. The oldest son had set this example to the younger brother, for his six months' earnings for cutting

wood in the wilderness he took to his mother and gave her to build a house. Not a thought of themselves had these boys; only for their mother they toiled, and the children were fathers to the men, for in all the years of their lives they considered her first, themselves last. They loved her because she was worthy of their love, and they made sacrifices for her sake because she had made them freely for their sakes. They worked away from home, and as the years passed on they both went from home to live, but "mother" was the loadstar in all times and places.

She lived to see her two daughters settled in life, her eldest son a highly respected citizen, and her youngest son to pass from college to the church, to the halls of legislation, and to the army. He was spared to return to her after the war, and was sent to Congress. When he was nominated for the Presidency in 1880, Mrs. Garfield came into greater prominence, and her brave life was a familiar story in all parts of the country.

At his inauguration in Washington, Mrs. Garfield was a participator. When the oath of office had been administered, and President Garfield had reverently kissed the Bible, when thousands of eyes rested upon him to see the next act in the drama being enacted, in the presence of the foreign dignitaries and leading men of the country, he turned to his aged mother, who had been unconsciously weeping during the delivery of his address, and kissed her; then he kissed his wife—the two persons of all the world most interested with him in the events they had witnessed. The act, the most unexpected at the moment, called forth cheers from the multitude who witnessed it, and the one incident of the inauguration the most impressed upon all who saw it was the tribute paid his mother and wife by the President. Wherever soldiers wandered in Washington during that day, wherever the news was flashed over the wires to distant sections of our own country or to foreign lands, was heard this sentence: "The

President kissed his mother."

Widow Garfield was welcomed to the White House by the nation. All the incidents of her widowed life in Ohio were told and retold in the newspapers, and "Mother Garfield" was of more interest, if not more importance, than her son.

The world knows true merit when it is before it, and it delights to recognize it. The press of the country hardly had done with their reiterated praise of her, when one morning in July, as she sat at the house of her daughter in Ohio, whither she had gone to spend the summer, word was brought her that her son was shot. When she realized the import of what her daughter was trying to tell her, in the gentlest manner possible, she exclaimed suddenly, "The Lord help me." Then as the telegrams were read her, and she knew all, her only remark was, "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?" Without the slightest traces of excitement in her manner, she waited for the news that was sent to her constantly of the President's condition, and when there was no strength left to meet the news expected, she would retire to her own room and remain secluded until the control she required had been gained by quiet prayer.

And when the President died she did not fail in courage or give up in despair. She went to Cleveland to meet the funeral cortege, and was there joined by her eldest son, who, as in the days of his youth, threw the loving arm of protection around her and tried to soothe her. The funeral ceremonies were the most imposing ever witnessed in this country, and the old mother noted the mourning emblems everywhere present as she rode along the streets to the park where the ceremonies were held.

Mrs. Garfield had not seen the President since she left Washington, a few weeks after the inauguration, when she parted with him in the height of health and happiness. Now she was sitting beside the coffin which held all that remained of him. The thought was too much to bear and she arose and

walked to the head of the casket, where she covered her face in her hands and stood bowed in grief. The thousands who observed her wept from sympathy with her.

She went on to live a long life, and one so full of beauty that the word "mother" has increased lustre added to it. But the loss of her son took the joy of living from her. The people forgot him not, nor the aged mother who lived her last days bereft of her son, who, but for the assassin's shot, would in all probability have lived to comfort her last years and receive her dying blessing.

Jenny Lind

The Girl Who Built Castles in the Air

1820-1887 A.D.

What would you think if you had a baby sister who could sing the tune of *My Country 'Tis of Thee* or *The Star-Spangled Banner* before she was two years old? Perhaps you would think that she was the smartest sister in the whole country, and this is what she might be.

When little Jenny Lind was only twenty months old she could sing tunes that were just as hard as My Country 'Tis of Thee or The Star-Spangled Banner. She lived in Sweden and the songs that she sang were the Swedish native airs. Baby Jenny thought that they were pretty songs. She liked the tunes even though she was too young to say the words that went with them.

After a while little Jenny grew old enough to sing the words as well as the tunes. Then she would sing and sing. You would have liked to hear little Jenny's songs. Her voice was as clear and as sweet as the voice of any child you have ever heard.

When Jenny was three years old she was very happy because some soldiers marched by the house every day. Some children would have looked at the soldiers because they liked to see their suits or watch them go LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT. It was not so with little Jenny Lind. She liked the soldiers because some of them blew such pretty tunes on their bugles. One tune they blew more than any other and it was not long before little Jenny had learned to sing it.

One day when she thought that she was all alone in the house she crept up to the big piano and played one of the

soldier's tunes. She had never played the piano before but she had watched her half-sister do so. She found it very easy to pick out the tune with one finger, singing as she played.

Little Jenny thought that she was alone in the house. She did not know that her grandmother was at home until she heard a voice that called out the name of Jenny's half-sister. Then little Jenny was frightened because she thought that her grandmother might be angry. Little Jenny was so young that she had never been allowed to play on the piano and she did not know what her grandmother would think of it. So she hid underneath the big piano and kept very, very still. If little Jenny had been older she would have known that it does not take very sharp eyes to find someone hidden under a piano. The grandmother came into the room and saw little Jenny at once. She said to her, "Child, was that you singing and playing the pretty tune?" Little Jenny had tears in her eyes as she answered that she was the one. She was surprised to see that her grandmother was pleased and not angry.

The grandmother took Jenny from her hiding place, and when the mother came home the grandmother told her that someday she would have a great singer for a daughter. "Mark my words," she said. "someday this child will bring you help." By this she meant that Jenny might be a great singer and earn a good deal of money.

When Jenny was six years old her father and mother became very poor. Jenny's mother had to spend so much of her time earning money that little Jenny was sent away to the home of a man and his wife who had no children and wanted some little girl to live with them.

Jenny's new home was on a busy street and many people passed by the house each day. But there were no children in the house and little Jenny would have been very lonesome if it had not been for one thing. Jenny liked to sing so well that she could not be lonesome. No matter how dark the day might be, there was always a sunny spot around where little

Jenny was.

When she was nine years old someone gave her a beautiful cat with a blue ribbon around its neck. Little Jenny thought that her cat was the finest cat in all the world. She would often sit in the window looking out upon the busy street. In her arms she would hold the pet cat while she sang her sweetest songs to him. The cat seemed to like the singing for her would purr and purr. Sometimes he would curl up into a ball and have a good nap.

One day the maid who worked for a Swedish actress passed by the window where little Jenny sat singing to her cat. The maid heard the singing and looked up. She had never heard such a beautiful song on a busy street and it brought tears to her eyes. When the maid found that the song had come from a little nine-year-old girl singing to her cat she hurried home to tell her mistress about it.

The actress found out where little Jenny's mother lived. She asked the mother to bring little Jenny to her. When the actress had heard Jenny sing she was delighted. "A girl with such a voice should be taught to sing on the stage where many people can hear her," she said to Jenny's mother. Then she asked Jenny's mother if she would allow the little girl to study for the stage if someone would give her lessons without charging for the work. The mother did not like to do this at first, but at last she gave her consent and the actress told her to bring Jenny back the next day.

It was then that little Jenny Lind began to build her air castles. How she wished that someone would be good enough to be her teacher! Little Jenny wanted to learn to sing so well that everyone in the town who heard her would be made happier.

The actress took Jenny to an old music teacher where she sang one of her prettiest songs. The old music teacher was much pleased and would have liked to have taken the little girl for a pupil but he thought that it would be better for her

to study with the manager of a theatre. In those days some of the theatres had training schools where children learned how to act, play the piano, or sing pretty songs for the stage. The manager of the theatre had charge of the training school and this was why the old music teacher wanted Jenny to go to him.

Jenny was very much frightened when she found herself before the manager of the theatre. She hoped that he would like her so that he would let her study at his school without paying for it.

The manager was surprised when he saw Jenny. She was a pale, shy looking little girl. He did not think that she could sing well. "You ask a foolish thing," he said to the music master. "Surely this child cannot sing!"

Little Jenny spoke up at once. "May I sing for you?" she asked the manager. The manager said that she might do so and Jenny sang for him the pretty song that she had also sung for the old music master. When the manager had heard the song he was sorry that he had spoken so rudely. "I will take the child," he said. "She may come into my training school and I will teach her how to sing for the stage."

Little Jenny went to the school a few days later. She had not been there long before she began to feel that she was learning how to sing well enough to make many people of her city happy. Whenever she sang in the school concerts the people always clapped and clapped because her voice was so sweet and so beautiful. This pleased little Jenny but she was not satisfied. She kept on building air castles, wishing that someday she might sing well enough to please the people of even larger cities.

Just as Jenny Lind was wishing this, a sad thing happened. It seems hard to believe, but it is true. Jenny Lind's beautiful voice disappeared one day. No one knew just how it happened. No one knew just how long it would stay away, but her beautiful voice was surely gone! Some people said that she had sung too much for a little girl and that this was why her

voice had lost its strength.

Poor Jenny! How sad she was! She could not take singing lessons any more. The teachers told her that she must give her voice a rest if she wished it to come back again.

Then little Jenny went to work to learn to play the piano. She was not sad long because of a voice within her that seemed to say that in time things would come out all right and she would be able to sing again.

For four years Jenny Lind staid at the school taking piano lessons. Then something happened to make Jenny Lind believe that the voice within her had told the truth. She was asked to sing a short solo in a play because no one else wanted to sing it. The manager did not think that Jenny would be able to sing it well, and Jenny Lind, herself, did not think so. But when she tried the song, Oh! Oh! How happy she was! She found that her voice had come back again! It had returned as quickly as it had once disappeared. After waiting four years Jenny Lind found that she could at last sing again!

Jenny's old teacher began at once to give her lessons and she went to work as hard as ever. After a while she began to feel that it might be well for her to study in another city, and her teacher told her that she should go to the big city of Paris. Jenny was very glad to do this. She worked for many months giving concerts so that she might earn enough money to study in Paris where many of the best teachers in the world lived.

Again Jenny Lind built air castles. This time she wished that her voice might grow to be so sweet that everyone who heard her in the big city of Paris would be pleased.

Jenny Lind went to study in Paris but her wishes did not come true at once. Another sad thing happened. Once more she lost her voice and had to stop singing for six months, to rest it.

Many people would have surely given up, but it was not so with Jenny Lind. She rested her voice and then went to work again.

And from this time on Jenny Lind had many happy days. Her voice never disappeared again but grew sweeter and stronger and better every day. It grew to be so beautiful that when she sang you would think that a bird was in the room. She could sing as high as any girl in your school and seven or eight notes higher. If there is a piano in your school as your teacher to play notes above high G and then you will know just how far Jenny Lind could go with her beautiful voice that sounded like that of a bird.

Not only the people of Paris but also the people of Berlin and London, and even the people of America were made very happy when Jenny Lind sang for them. Everyone thought that she was the most beautiful singer in the whole world.

With all this, Jenny Lind was not satisfied until she had taken a great deal of the money that she had earned and given it away to people who needed it. After she had been singing for a while she began the new plan of giving away a part of the money that she earned, in every place she visited.

When she visited London, she left a large sum of money for one of its hospitals. In America she gave concerts for poo people and would not take any money for them. At one time she helped many of the poor people of Sweden.

Jenny Lind worked hard to make her own wishes come true. But she did not forget the wishes of others.

Lewis Carroll

1832-1898 A.D.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson died when he was sixty-six years old, and when his famous book, "Alice in Wonderland," had been published for thirty-three years. He was born at Daresbury, in Cheshire, and his father was the Rev. Charles Dodgson. The first years of his life were spent at Daresbury, but afterwards the family went to live at a place called Croft, in Yorkshire. He went first to a private school in Yorkshire and then to Rugby, where he spent years that he always remembered as very happy ones. In 1850 he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and from that time till the year of his death he was inseparably connected with "The House," as Christ Church college is generally called, from its Latin name "Ædes Christi," which means, literally translated, the House of Christ.

There he won great distinction as a scholar of mathematics, and wrote many abstruse and learned books, very different from "Alice in Wonderland." There is a tale that when the Queen had read "Alice in Wonderland" she was so pleased that she asked for more books by the same author. Lewis Carroll was written to, and back, with the name of Charles Dodgson on the title-page, came a number of the very dryest books about Algebra and Euclid that you can imagine.

Still, even in mathematics his whimsical fancy was sometimes suffered to peep out, and little girls who learnt the rudiments of calculation at his knee found the path they had imagined so thorny set about with roses by reason of the delightful fun with which he would turn a task into a joy. But when the fun was over the little girl would find that she had

learnt the lesson (all unknowingly) just the same. Happy little girls who had such a master. The old rhyme—

"Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad,"

would never need to have been written had all arithmetic lessons been like the arithmetic lessons given by Charles Dodgson to his little friends.

As a lecturer to his grown-up pupils he was also surprisingly lucid, and under his deft treatment the knottiest of problems were quickly smoothed out and made easy for his hearers to comprehend. "I always hated mathematics at school," an ex-pupil of his told me a little while ago, "but when I went up to Oxford I learnt from Mr. Dodgson to look upon my mathematics as the most delightful of all my studies. His lectures were never dry."

For twenty-six years he lectured at Oxford, finally giving up his post in 1881. From that time to the time of his death he remained in his college, taking no actual part in the tuition, but still enjoying the Fellowship that he had won in 1861.

The personal characteristic that you would notice most on meeting Lewis Carroll was his extreme shyness. With children, of course, he was not nearly so reserved, but in the society of people of maturer age he was almost old-maidishly prim in his manner. When he knew a child well this reserve would vanish completely, but it needed only a slightly disconcerting incident to bring the cloak of shyness about him once more, and close the lips that just before had been talking so delightfully.

I shall never forget one afternoon when we had been walking in Christ Church meadows. On one side of the great open space the little river Cherwell runs through groves of

trees towards the Isis, where the college boat-races are rowed. We were going quietly along by the side of the "Cher," when he began to explain to me that the tiny stream was a tributary, "a baby river" he put it, of the big Thames. He talked for some minutes, explaining how rivers came down from hills and flowed eventually to the sea, when he suddenly met a brother Don at a turning in the avenue.

He was holding my hand and giving me my lesson in geography with great earnestness when the other man came round the corner.

He greeted him in answer to his salutation, but the incident disturbed his train of thought, and for the rest of the walk he became very difficult to understand, and talked in a nervous and preoccupied manner. One strange way in which his nervousness affected him was peculiarly characteristic. When, owing to the stupendous success of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," he became a celebrity many people were anxious to see him, and in some way or other to find out what manner of man he was. This seemed to him horrible, and he invented a mild deception for use when some autograph-hunter or curious person sent him a request for his signature on a photograph, or asked him some silly question as to the writing of one of his books, how long it took to write, and how many copies had been sold. Through some third person he always represented that Lewis Carroll the author and Mr. Dodgson the professor were two distinct persons, and that the author could not be heard of at Oxford at all. On one occasion an American actually wrote to say that he had heard that Lewis Carroll had laid out a garden to represent some of the scenes in "Alice in Wonderland," and that he (the American) was coming right away to take photographs of it. Poor Lewis Carroll, he was in terror of Americans for a week!

The tale has been often told of how "Alice in Wonderland" came to be written, but it is a tale so well worth the

telling again, that, very shortly, I will give it to you here.

Years ago in the great quadrangle of Christ Church, opposite to Mr. Dodgson, lived the little daughters of Dean Liddell, the great Greek scholar and Dean of Christ Church. The little girls were great friends of Mr. Dodgson's, and they used often to come to him and to plead with him for a fairy tale. There was never such a teller of tales, they thought! One can imagine the whole delightful scene with little trouble. That big cool room on some summer's afternoon, when the air was heavy with flower scents, and the sounds that came floating in through the open window were all mellowed by the distance. One can see him, that good and kindly gentleman, his mobile face all aglow with interest and love, telling the immortal story.

Round him on his knee sat the little sisters, their eyes wide open and their lips parted in breathless anticipation. When Alice (how the little Alice Liddell who was listening must have loved the tale!) rubbed the mushroom and became so big that she quite filled the little fairy house, one can almost hear the rapturous exclamations of the little ones as they heard of it.

The story, often continued on many summer afternoons, sometimes in the cool Christ Church rooms, sometimes in a slow gliding boat in a still river between banks of rushes and strange bronze and yellow water flowers, or sometimes in a great hay-field, with the insects whispering in the grass all round, grew in its conception and idea.

Other folk, older folk, came to hear of it from the little ones, and Mr. Dodgson was begged to write it down. Accordingly the first MS. was prepared with great care and illustrated by the author. Then, in 1865, memorable year for English children, "Alice" appeared in its present form, with Sir John Tenniel's drawings.

In 1872 "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," appeared, and was received as warmly as its predecessor. That fact, I

think, proves most conclusively that Lewis Carroll's success was a success of absolute merit, and due to no mere mood or fashion of the public taste. I can conceive nothing more difficult for a man who has had a great success with one book than to write a sequel which should worthily succeed it. In the present case that is exactly what Lewis Carroll did. "Through the Looking Glass" is every whit as popular and charming as the older book. Indeed one depends very much upon the other, and in every child's book-shelves one sees the two masterpieces side by side.

Lewis Carroll

1832-1898 A.D.

We generally speak of Oxford-on-the-Thames. Indeed, if we were to journey by water from London to Oxford, we would certainly go by way of the Thames, and a pleasant journey that would be, too, gliding between well-wooded, fertile shores with charming landscape towns on either side and bits of history peeping out in unexpected places. But into the heart of Oxford itself the Thames sends forth its tributaries in opposite directions; the Isis on one side, the Cherwell on the other. The Cherwell is what is called a "canoe river," the Isis is the race course of Oxford, where all the "eights" (every racing crew consists of eight men) come to practice for the great day and the great race, which takes place sometimes at Henley, sometimes at Oxford itself, when the Isis is gay with bunting and flags.

On one side of Christ Church Meadow is a long line of barges which have been made stationary and which are used as boathouses by the various college clubs; these are situated just below what is known as Folly Bridge, a name familiar to all Oxford men, and the goal of many pleasant trips. The original bridge was destroyed in 1779, but tradition tells us that the first bridge was capped by a tower which was the study or observatory of Roger Bacon, the Franciscan Friar who invented the telescope, gunpowder, and many other things unknown to the people of his time. It was even hinted that he had cunningly built this tower that it might fall instantly on anyone passing beneath it who proved to be more learned than himself. One could see it from Christ Church Meadow, and doubtless Lewis Carroll pointed it out to his

small companions, as they strolled across to the water's edge, where perhaps a boat rocked lazily at its moorings.

It was the work of a moment to steady it so that the eager youngsters could scramble in, then he stepped in himself, pushing off with his oar, and a few long, steady strokes brought them in mid-stream. This was an ordinary afternoon occurrence, and the children alone knew the delights of being the chosen companions of Lewis Carroll. He would let them row, while he would lounge among the cushions and "spin yarns" that brought peals of merry laughter that rippled over the surface of the water. He knew by heart every story and tradition of Oxford, from the time the Romans reduced it from a city of some importance to a mere "ford for oxen to pass over," which, indeed, was the origin of its name, long before the Christian era.

He had a story or a legend about every place they passed, but most of all they loved the stories he "made up" as he went along. He had a low, well-pitched voice, with the delightful trick of dropping it in moments of profound interest, sometimes stopping altogether and closing his eyes in pretended sleep, when his listeners were truly thrilled. This, of course, produced a stampede, which he enjoyed immensely, and sometimes he would "wake up," take the oars himself, and pull for some green shady nook that loomed invitingly in the distance; here they would land and under the friendly trees they would have their tea, perhaps, and then they might induce him to finish the story if they were ever so good.

It was on just such an occasion that he chanced to find the golden key to Wonderland. The time was midsummer, the place on the way up the river toward Godstow Bridge; the company consisted of three winsome little girls, Lorina, Alice, and Edith Liddell, or Prima, Secunda, and Tertia, as he called them by number in Latin. He tells of this himself in the following dainty poem—the introduction to "Alice in Wonderland":

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale, of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict "to begin it"—
In gentler tone Secunda hopes
"There will be nonsense in it"—
While Tertia interrupts the tale,
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

And ever as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
"The rest next time"—"It is next time!"
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly one by one,

Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrims' withered wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far-off land.

It was a very hot day, the fourth of July, 1862, that this special little picnic party set out for its trip up the river. Godstow Bridge was a quaint old-fashioned structure of three arches. In the very middle it was broken by a tiny wooded island, and guarding the east end was a picturesque inn called The Trout. Through the middle arch they could catch a distant glimpse of Oxford, with Christ Church spire quite plainly to be seen. They had often gone as far as the bridge and had their tea in the ruins of the old nunnery near by, a spot known to history as the burial-place of Fair Rosamond, that beautiful lady who was supposed to have been poisoned by Queen Eleanor, the jealous wife of Henry II. But this day the sun streamed down on the little party so pitilessly that they landed in a cool, green meadow and took refuge under a hayrick. Lewis Carroll stretched himself out at full length in the protecting shade, while the expectant little girls grouped themselves about him.

"Now begin it," demanded Lorina, who was called Prima in the poem. Secunda [Alice] probably knew the story-teller pretty well when she asked for nonsense, while tiny Tertia, the youngest, simply clamored for "more, more, more," as the speaker's breath gave out.

Now, as Lewis Carroll lay there, a thousand odd fancies elbowing one another in his active brain, his hands groping in

the soft moist earth about him, his fingers suddenly closed over that magic Golden Key. It was a queer invisible key, just the kind that fairies use, and neither Lorina, Alice, nor Edith would have been able to find it if they had hunted ever so long. He must have found it on the water and brought it ashore quite by accident, for there was the gleam of sunlight still upon it, and it was very shady under the hayrick. Perhaps there was a door somewhere that the key might fit; but no, there was only the hayrick towering above him, and only the brown earth stretching all about him. Perhaps a white rabbit did whisk by, perhaps the real Alice really fell asleep, at any rate when Prima said "Begin it," that is how he started. The Golden Key opened the brown earth—in popped the white rabbit—down dropped the sleeping Alice—down—down—down and while she was falling, clutching at things on the way, Lewis Carroll turned, with one of his rare sweet smiles, to the eager trio and began the story of "Alice's Adventures Underground."

The whole of that long afternoon he held the children spellbound. He did not finish the story during that one sitting. Summer has many long days, and the quiet, prudent young "don" was not reckless enough to scatter all his treasures at once; and, besides, all the queer things that happened to Alice would have lost half their interest in the shadow of a hayrick, and how could one conjure up Mock Turtles and Lorys and Gryphons on the dry land? Lewis Carroll's own recollection of the beginning of "Alice" is certainly dated from that "golden afternoon" in the boat, and any idea of publishing the web of nonsense he was weaving never crossed his mind. Indeed, if he could have imagined that his small audience of three would grow to be as many millions in the years to come, the book would have lost half its charm, and the real child that lay hidden under the cap and gown of this grave young Student of thirty might never have been known to the world.

Into his mind, with all the freshness of unbidden thought, popped this story of Alice and her strange adventures, and while he chose the name of Alice in seeming carelessness, there is no doubt that the little maid who originally owned the name had many points in common with the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, never suspected save by the two most concerned.

To begin with, the real Alice had an Imagination; any child who demands nonsense in a story has an Imagination. Nothing was too impossible or absurd to put into a story, for one could always "make believe" it was something else you see, and a constant "make believe" made everything seem quite real. Dearly as he loved this posy of small girls, Lewis Carroll could not help being just the least bit partial to Alice, because, as he himself might have quaintly expressed it, she understood everything he said, even before he said it.

She was a dear little round, chubby child, a great camera favorite and consequently a frequent visitor to his rooms, for he took her picture on all occasions. One, as a beggar child, has become quite famous. She is pictured standing, with her ragged dress slipping from her shoulders and her right hand held as if begging for pennies; the other hand rests upon her hip, and her head is bent in a meek fashion; but the mouth has a roguish curve, and there is just the shadow of a laugh in the dark eyes, for of course it's only "make believe," and no one knows it better than Alice herself. Lewis Carroll liked the little bit of acting she did in this trifling part. A child's acting always appealed to him, and many of his youngest and best friends were regularly on the stage.

He took another picture of the children perched upon a sofa; Lorina in the center, a little sister nestling close to her on either side, making a pretty pyramid of the three dark heads. Yet in studying the faces one can understand why it was Alice who inspired him. Lorina's eyes are looking straight ahead, but the lids are dropped with a little conscious air, as

if the business of having one's picture taken was a very serious matter, to say nothing of the responsibility of keeping two small sisters in order. Edith is staring the camera out of countenance, uncertain whether to laugh or to frown, a pretty child with curls drooping over her face; but Alice, with the elf-locks and the straight heavy "bang," is looking far away with those wonderful eyes of hers; perhaps she was even then thinking of Wonderland, perhaps even then a light flashed from her to Lewis Carroll in the shape of a promise to take her there some day. At any rate, if it hadn't been for Alice there would have been no Wonderland, and without Wonderland, childhood is but a tale half-told, and even to this day, nearly fifty years since that "golden afternoon," every little girl bearing the name of Alice who has read the book and has anything of an imagination, firmly believes that she is the sole and only Alice who could venture into Lewis Carroll's Wonderland.

After he had told the story and the original Alice had expressed her approval, he promised to write it out for her to keep. Of course this took time, because, in the first place, his writing was not quite plain enough for a child to read easily, so every letter was carefully printed. Then the illustrations were troublesome, and he drew as many as he could, consulting a book on natural history for the correct forms of the queer animals Alice found. The Mock Turtle was his own invention, for there never was such an animal on land or sea.

This book was handed over to the small Alice, who little dreamed at that time of the treasure she was to have in her keeping. Over twenty years later, when Alice had become Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, the great popularity of "Alice in Wonderland" tempted the publishers to bring out a reproduction of the original manuscript. This could not be done without borrowing the precious volume from the original Alice, who was willing to trust it in the hands of her old friend, knowing how over-careful he would be, and, as he resolved that he would not allow any workman to touch it, he had

some funny experiences.

To reproduce a book it must first be photographed, and of course Lewis Carroll consulted an expert. He offered to bring the book to London, to go daily to his studio and hold it in position to be photographed, turning over the pages one by one, but the photographer wished to do all that himself. Finally, a man was found who was willing to come to Oxford and do the work in Lewis Carroll's own way, while he stood near by turning over the pages himself rather than let him touch them.

The photographer succeeded in getting a fine set of negatives, and in October, 1880, Lewis Carroll sent the book in safe custody back to its owner, thinking his troubles were over. The next step was to have plates made from the pictures, and these plates in turn could pass into print. The photographer was prompt at first in delivering the plates as they were made, but, finally, like the Baker in "The Hunting of the Snark," he "softly and suddenly vanished away," holding still twenty-two of the fine blocks on which the plates were made, leaving the book so far—incomplete.

There ensued a lively search for the missing photographer. This lasted for months, thereby delaying the publication of the book, which was due Christmas. Then, as suddenly as he had disappeared, he reappeared like a ghost at the publishers, left eight of the twenty-two zinc blocks, and again vanished. Finally, when a year had passed and poor Lewis Carroll, at his wits' end, had resolved to borrow the book again in order to photograph the remaining fourteen pages, the man was frightened by threats of arrest, and delivered up the fourteen negatives which he had not yet transferred to the blocks.

The distracted author was glad to find them, even though he had to pay a second time for getting the blocks done properly. However, the book was finished in time for the Christmas sale of 1886, just twenty-one years after "Alice"

made her first bow, and the best thing about it was that all the profits were given to the Children's Hospitals and Convalescent Homes for Sick Children. It was thoroughly illustrated with thirty-seven of the author's own drawings, and the grown-up "Alice" received a beautiful special copy bound in white vellum; but pretty as it was, it could not take the place of that other volume carefully written out for the sole pleasure of one little girl. Nothing was too much trouble if it succeeded in giving pleasure to any little girl whom Lewis Carroll knew and loved; even those he did not really know, and consequently could not love, he sought to please, just because they were "little girls."

Alice was among the chosen few who retained his friendship through the years. She was his first favorite, and she was indirectly the source of his good luck, and we may be sure there was a certain winsomeness about her long after the elf-locks were gathered into decorous coils of dark hair.

True, the formal old bachelor came forward in their later association, and the numerous letters he wrote her always began "My dear Mrs. Hargreaves," but his fondness for her outlived many other passing affections.

To go back to the little Alice and the fair smiling river, and that wizard Lewis Carroll, who told the wonder tales so long ago. Once the children had a taste of "Alice," she grew to be a great favorite; sometimes a chapter was told on the river, sometimes in his study, often in the garden or after tea in Christ Church Meadows—in fact, wherever they caught a glimpse of the grave young man in cap and gown, the trio of small Liddells fell upon him, and in this fashion, as he tells us himself, "the quaint events were hammered out."

When he presented the promised copy it might have passed forever from his mind, which was full of the higher mathematics he was teaching to the young men of Christ Church, but he chanced one day to show the manuscript to George Macdonald, the well-known writer, who was so

charmed with it that he advised his friend to send it to a publisher. He accordingly carried it to London, and Macmillan & Co. took it at once. This was a great surprise. He never dreamed of his nonsense being considered seriously, and growing suddenly about as young as a great, big, bashful boy, he refused to allow his own rough illustrations to appear in print, so he hunted over the long list of his artist friends, for the genius who could best illustrate the adventures of his dream-child. At last his friend, Tom Taylor, a well-known dramatist, suggested Mr. Tenniel, the clever cartoonist for Punch, who was quite willing to undertake this rather odd bit of work, and on July 4, 1865, exactly three years since that memorable afternoon, Alice Liddell received the first printed copy of "Alice in Wonderland," the name the author finally selected for his book.

His first idea, as we know, was "Alice's Adventures Underground," the second was "Alice's Hour in Elfland," but the last seemed best of all, for Wonderland might mean any place where wonderful things could happen. And this was Lewis Carroll's idea; anywhere the dream "Alice" chose to go would be Wonderland, and none knew better than he did how eagerly the child-mind paints its own fairy nooks and corners.

He was not at all excited about his first big venture; no doubt Alice herself took much more interest. To feel that you are about to be put into print is certainly a great experience, almost as great as being photographed; and, knowing how conscientious Lewis Carroll was about little things, we may be quite sure that her suggestions crept into many of the pictures, while it is equally certain that the few additions he made to the original "Alice" were carefully considered and firmly insisted upon by this critical young person.

The first edition of two thousand copies was a great disappointment; the pictures were badly printed, and all who had bought them were asked to send them back with their

names and addresses, as a new edition would be printed immediately and they would then receive perfect copies. The old copies Lewis Carroll gave away to various homes and hospitals, while the new edition, upon which he feared a great loss, sold so rapidly that he was astonished, and still more so when edition after edition was demanded by the public, and far from being a failure, "Alice in Wonderland" brought her author both fame and money.

From that time forward, fortune smiled upon him; there were no strenuous efforts to increase his income. "Alice" yielded him an abundance each year, and he was beset by none of the cares and perplexities which are the dragons most writers encounter with their literary swords. He welcomed the fortune, not so much for the good it brought to him alone, but for the power it gave him to help others. His countless charities are not recorded because they were swallowed up in the "little things" he did, not in the great benefits which are trumpeted over the world. His own life, so simple, so full of purpose, flowed on as usual; he was not one to change his habits with the turn of Fortune's wheel, no matter what it brought him.

Of course, everyone knew that a certain Lewis Carroll had written a clever, charming book of nonsense, called "Alice in Wonderland"; that he was an Oxford man, very much of a scholar, and little known outside of the University. What people did not know was that this same Lewis Carroll had for a double a certain "grave and reverend" young "don," named Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who, while "Alice" was making the whole world laugh, retired to his sanctum and wrote in rapid succession the following learned pamphlets: "The Condensation of Determinants," "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," "The Fifth Book of Euclid, treated Algebraically," "The Algebraic Formulæ for Responsions."

Now, whatever these may be, they certainly did not interest children in the least, and Charles Lutwidge Dodgson did

not care in the least, so long as he could smooth the thorny path of mathematics for his struggling undergraduates. But Lewis Carroll was quite a different matter. So long as the children were pleased, little he cared for algebra or geometry.

A funny tale is told about Queen Victoria. It seems that Lewis Carroll sent the second presentation copy of "Alice in Wonderland" to Princess Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter. Her mother was so pleased with the book that she asked to have the author's other works sent to her, and we can imagine her surprise when she received a large package of learned treatises by the mathematical lecturer of Christ Church College.

Who can tell through what curious byways the thought of the dream-child came dancing across the flagstones of the great "Tom Quad." Yet across those same flagstones danced the little Liddells when they thought there was any possibility of a romp or a story; for Lewis Carroll lived in the northwest angle, while the girls lived in the beautiful deanery in the northeast angle, and it was only a "puss-in-the-corner" game to get from one place to the other.

"Alice" was written on the ground floor of this northwest angle, and it was in this sunny room that Lewis Carroll and the real Alice held many a consultation about the new book.

All true fame is to a certain extent due to accident; an act of heroism is generally performed on the spur of the moment; a great poem is an inspiration; a great invention, though preceded possibly by years of study, is born of a single moment's inspiration; so "Alice" came to Lewis Carroll on the wings of inspiration. His study of girls and their varying moods has left its impress on a world of little girls, and there is scarcely a home to-day, in England or America, where there is not a special niche reserved for "Alice in Wonderland," while this interesting young lady has been served up in French, German, Italian, and Dutch, and the famous poem of Father William has even been translated into Arabic.

Whether the Chinese or the Japanese have discovered this funny little dream-child we cannot tell, but perhaps in time she may journey there and amuse the little maids with the jet-black hair, the creamy skin, and the slanting eyes. Perhaps she may even stir them to laughter.

Surely all must agree that the Gryphon himself bears a strong resemblance to the Chinese dragons, and it might be, such are the wonders of Wonderland, that the Mock Turtle can be found in Japan. Who knows! At any rate the little English Alice never thought of the consequences of that "golden afternoon"; it was good to be in the boat, to pull through the rippling waters and stir a faint breeze as the oars

"with little skill—
By little arms are plied";

then to gather under the friendly shade of the hayrick and listen to the wonder tale "with lots of nonsense in it."

Dear little Alice of Long Ago! To you we owe a debt of gratitude. All the little Alices of the past and all the little Alices of the future will have their Wonderland because, while floating up and down the river with the real Alice, Lewis Carroll found the Golden Key.

"I do not believe God means us to divide life into two halves to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place even so much as to mention Him on a week-day… Surely the children's innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from 'the dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral; and if I have written anything to add to those stores of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame or sorrow…when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows."

Luther Burbank

1849-1926 A.D.

A few years ago every one who went to California tried to see Luther Burbank, for the newspapers and magazines were filled with stories of the wonderful things he was doing. Plenty of men make houses, automobiles, ships to go on the water, and ships that sail through the air, clothing, and toys, but this man makes new fruits and flowers. It is not an easy thing to do, and Mr. Burbank has found that he needs all his strength and time for his work. So now, at his small farm at Santa Rosa and at his big farm at Sebastopol, strangers find a sign like this:

ALL VISITORS ARE LIMITED
TO FIVE MINUTES EACH UNLESS
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

And during the six busiest months of the year, from April to October, other signs tell that it will cost ten dollars to stay one hour. These signs are not put up because Mr. Burbank is cross or rude, but because these strange new plants have to be watched as carefully as tiny babies. He can't leave them for visitors.

Luther Burbank was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts. When he was a baby in his cradle, his mother and sisters found that nothing made him dimple and crow with delight like a flower. They noticed, too, that he never crushed a flower, and once, when a petal fell off a flower he was holding, he tried for hours with his tiny fingers to put it back in place. And when he was big enough to run about the house and yard, instead of carrying a toy or a dog or cat in his arms, he

was usually hugging a potted plant of some kind, for as people saw his great love for such things, they were on the lookout for cunning plants for the dear little Burbank boy.

One day Luther was trudging across the yard, clasping a small lobster-cactus in an earthen pot, when he stumbled and fell, breaking the pot and plant. He cried for days over the accident.

At school, Luther was a delight to his teachers. There were few black marks against his name. He liked all his lessons, but the books that told him about birds, trees, and flowers pleased him most.

When Luther was old enough to go to Leicester Academy, he had for his dearest chum a boy cousin who knew Agassiz, and who through him became interested in science. This boy wanted to study about rocks and caves, rivers and fish, while Luther watched the birds that perched on the rocks and the trees that grew near the rivers. But the two spent many weeks tramping over the country together.

Luther worked several summers in a factory near his home. He was quick to understand machinery and invented a machine that saved the manager of the factory a great deal of money, for it would do the work of six men. Luther's family and friends were sure he would be an inventor. But he himself wanted to raise flowers.

Luther saved a little money and started a vegetable garden. He tried experiments with the potato plants until he raised an entirely different kind than had ever grown before. Of course this made him want to experiment with other plants, and he stayed in the hot sun so much looking after them that he had a bad sunstroke. This led to his going to a climate where he might live outdoors during more months of the year, and where he would not be apt to have such attacks.

When Luther reached California, he had only a few dollars, rather poor health, and was among strangers. He tried to get work on farms or orchards, because he wanted to

experiment with vines and vegetables. But if he got work, it was usually for only a few days at a time. Finally he was obliged to work on a chicken ranch, where the only place for him to sleep was in one of the chicken coops. The pay was small, and he did not have as much or as good food as some pet dogs get. But all the time he was saying to himself: "If I can have patience, I shall yet get a farm of my own."

By and by he was hired to look after a small nursery (this is what a big plantation of trees is called). He would have been perfectly happy there if sleeping in a damp room had not given him a fever. He was poor, sick, and almost alone, but not quite, for a very poor woman, who had only the milk of one cow to sell, found him one day lying on a bed of straw, and ever after that insisted on his drinking a pint of her milk each day. He declared that this milk saved his life.

For some years Luther took one odd job after another until he saved enough to buy a small piece of ground. Then he was soon raising plants and making new varieties. He read and studied and tried experiments. Sometimes he failed, and even when he succeeded there was a good deal of fun made of him. Some people thought Luther Burbank was crazy. It seemed such an odd thing for a man to think of doing—making a fruit or a flower that had not been heard of or dreamed of before! But he did not pay any heed to all this sneering. He worked harder than ever. And before long, the first new plants were in great demand, so that by selling them he got money to buy more land. To-day some of the largest orchards in California are growing from one of Luther Burbank's experiments. And our country is millions of dollars richer from his new kinds of plums, potatoes, and prunes.

Mr. Burbank bought acres of land, hired armies of workmen, denied himself pleasures and visitors, and did not mind how tired he was, so long as old plants were being made better, or new plants were being created. Pretty soon letters began to come from Russia, France, Japan, England, South

America, and Africa, asking for some Burbank plants and some Burbank advice as to their care.

Mr. Burbank has made more new forms of plant life than any other man. He has worked on two thousand, five hundred species of plants. Besides making flowers more beautiful and of sweeter fragrance, he has done wonders with the cactus plants that grow on prairies. Once all these plants were covered with thorns and prickles, so that the cattle who bit into them rushed away with bleeding mouths, feeling much the same as we should if we put our teeth into a stalk of celery and bit on to fish-hooks and needles. Well, Mr. Burbank has changed all that. The fruit of some of his cactus plants is almost as sweet as oranges; the thorns are all gone so that the stalks are fine food for cattle; some of the leaves make good pickles or greens; and the small plants are used for hedges. So the plants that were in old times a pest and nuisance are today, thanks to Mr. Burbank, a comfort to the world.

Luther Burbank is a handsome, courteous gentleman, fond of fun, of young people and children, but you can see how busy he has been in the odd science of making new plants and trees, and as he has plans for a great many more, you will also understand why he really has to have those signs put up around his farm at Santa Rosa.

"The Princess" of Wellesley

1855-1902 A.D.

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."
--Tennyson

This is the story of a princess of our own time and our own America—a princess who, while little more than a girl herself, was chosen to rule a kingdom of girls. It is a little like the story of Tennyson's "Princess," with her woman's kingdom, and very much like the happy, old-fashioned fairy-tale.

We have come to think it is only in fairy-tales that a golden destiny finds out the true, golden heart, and, even though she masquerades as a goose-girl, discovers the "kingly child" and brings her to a waiting throne. We are tempted to believe that the chance of birth and the gifts of wealth are the things that spell opportunity and success. But this princess was born in a little farm-house, to a daily round of hard work and plain living. That it was also a life of high thinking and rich enjoyment of what each day brought, proved her indeed a "kingly child."

"Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous!" said the sage of Concord. So it was with little Alice Freeman. As she picked wild strawberries on the hills, and climbed the apple-tree to lie for a blissful minute in a nest of swaying blossoms under the blue sky, she was, as she said, "happy all over." The trappings of royalty can add nothing to one who knows how to be royally happy in gingham.

But Alice was not always following the pasture path to her friendly brook, or running across the fields with the calling

wind, or dancing with her shadow in the barn-yard, where even the prosy hens stopped pecking corn for a minute to watch. She had work to do for Mother. When she was only four, she could dry the dishes without dropping one; and when she was six, she could be trusted to keep the three toddlers younger than herself out of mischief.

"My little daughter is learning to be a real little mother," said Mrs. Freeman, as she went about her work of churning and baking without an anxious thought.

It was Sister Alice who pointed out the robin's nest, and found funny turtles and baby toads to play with. She took the little brood with her to hunt eggs in the barn and to see the ducks sail around like a fleet of boats on the pond. When Ella and Fred were wakened by a fearsome noise at night, they crept up close to their little mother, who told them a story about the funny screech-owl in its hollow-tree home.

"It is the ogre of mice and bats, but not of little boys and girls," she said.

"It sounds funny now, Alice," they whispered. "It's all right when we can touch you."

When Alice was seven a change came in the home. The father and mother had some serious talks, and then it was decided that Father should go away for a time, for two years, to study to be a doctor.

"It is hard to be chained to one kind of life when all the time you are sure that you have powers and possibilities that have never had a chance to come out in the open," she heard her father say one evening. "I have always wanted to be a doctor; I can never be more than a half-hearted farmer."

"You must go to Albany now, James," said the dauntless wife. "I can manage the farm until you get through your course at the medical college; and then, when you are doing work into which you can put your whole heart, a better time must come for all of us."

"How can you possibly get along!" he asked in amaze-

ment. "How can I leave you for two years to be a farmer, and father and mother, too?"

"There is a little bank here," she said, taking down a jar from a high shelf in the cupboard and jingling its contents merrily. "I have been saving bit by bit for just this sort of thing. And Alice will help me," she added, smiling at the child who had been standing near looking from father to mother in wide-eyed wonder. "You will be the little mother while I take father's place for a time, won't you, Alice?"

"It will be cruelly hard on you all," said the father, soberly. "I cannot make it seem right."

"Think how much good you can do afterward," urged his wife. "The time will go very quickly when we are all thinking of that. It is not hard to endure for a little for the sake of 'a gude time coming'—a better time not only for us, but for many besides. For I know you will be the true sort of doctor, James."

Alice never quite knew how they did manage during those two years, but she was quite sure that work done for the sake of a good to come is all joy.

"I owe much of what I am to my milkmaid days," she said.

She was always sorry for children who do not grow up with the sights and sounds of the country. "One is very near to all the simple, real things of life on a farm," she used to say. "There is a dewy freshness about the early out-of-door experiences, and a warm wholesomeness about tasks that are a part of the common lot. A country child develops, too, a responsibility—a power to do and to contrive—that the city child, who sees everything come ready to hand from a near-by store, cannot possibly gain. However much some of my friends may deplore my own early struggle with poverty and hard work, I can heartily echo George Eliot's boast:

"But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

When Alice was ten years old, the family moved from the farm to the village of Windsor, where Dr. Freeman entered upon his life as a doctor, and where Alice's real education began. From the time she was four she had, for varying periods, sat on a bench in the district school, but for the most part she had taught herself. At Windsor Academy she had the advantage of a school of more than average efficiency.

"Words do not tell what this old school and place meant to me as a girl," she said years afterward. "Here we gathered abundant Greek, Latin, French, and mathematics; here we were taught truthfulness, to be upright and honorable; here we had our first loves, our first ambitions, our first dreams, and some of our first disappointments. We owe a large debt to Windsor Academy for the solid groundwork of education that it laid."

More important than the excellent curriculum and wholesome associations, however, was the influence of a friendship with one of the teachers, a young Harvard graduate who was supporting himself while preparing for the ministry. He recognized the rare nature and latent powers of the girl of fourteen, and taught her the delights of friendship with Nature and with books, and the joy of a mind trained to see and appreciate. He gave her an understanding of herself, and aroused the ambition, which grew into a fixed resolve, to go to college. But more than all, he taught her the value of personal influence.

"It is people that count," she used to say. "The truth and beauty that are locked up in books and in nature, to which only a few have the key, begin really to live when they are made over into human character. Disembodied ideas may mean little or nothing; it is when they are 'made flesh' that they can speak to our hearts and minds."

As Alice drove about with her father when he went to see his patients and saw how this true "doctor of the old school" was a physician to the mind as well as the body of

those who turned to him for help, she came to a further realization of the truth: It is people that count.

"It must be very depressing to have to associate with bodies and their ills all the time," she ventured one day when her father seemed more than usually preoccupied. She never forgot the light that shone in his eyes as he turned and looked at her.

"We can't begin to minister to the body until we understand that spirit is all," he said. "What we are pleased to call body is but one expression—and a most marvelous expression—of the hidden life

> "that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

It seemed to Alice that this might be a favorable time to broach the subject of college. He looked at her in utter amazement; few girls thought of wanting more than a secondary education in those days, and there were still fewer opportunities for them.

"Why, daughter," he exclaimed, "a little more Latin and mathematics won't make you a better home-maker! Why should you set your heart on this thing?"

"I must go, Father," she answered steadily. "It is not a sudden notion; I have realized for a long time that I cannot live my life—the life that I feel I have it within me to live—without this training. I want to be a teacher—the best kind of a teacher—just as you wanted to be a doctor."

"But, my dear child," he protested, much troubled, "it will be as much as we can manage to see one of you through college, and that one should be Fred, who will have a family to look out for one of these days."

"If you let me have this chance, Father," said Alice, earnestly, "I'll promise that you will never regret it. I'll help to give Fred his chance, and see that the girls have the thing

they want as well."

In the end Alice had her way. It seemed as if the strength of her single-hearted longing had power to compel a reluctant fate. In June, 1872, when but a little over seventeen, she went to Ann Arbor to take the entrance examinations for the University of Michigan, a careful study of catalogues having convinced her that the standard of work was higher there than in any college then open to women.

A disappointment met her at the outset. Her training at Windsor, good as it was, did not prepare her for the university requirements. "Conditions" loomed mountain high, and the examiners recommended that she spend another year in preparation. Her intelligence and character had won the interest of President Angell, however, and he asked that she be granted a six-weeks' trial. His confidence in her was justified; for she not only proved her ability to keep up with her class, but steadily persevered in her double task until all conditions were removed.

The college years were "a glory instead of a grind," in spite of the ever-pressing necessity for strict economy in the use of time and money. Her sense of values—"the ability to see large things large and small things small," which has been called the best measure of education—showed a wonderful harmony of powers. While the mind was being stored with knowledge and the intellect trained to clear, orderly thinking, there was never a "too-muchness" in this direction that meant a "not-enoughness" in the realm of human relationships. Always she realized that it is people that count, and her supreme test of education as of life was its "consecrated serviceableness." President Angell in writing of her said:

> *One of her most striking characteristics in college was her warm and demonstrative sympathy with her circle of friends. Her soul seemed bubbling over with joy, which she wished to share with the other girls. While*

she was therefore in the most friendly relations with all those girls then in college, she was the radiant center of a considerable group whose tastes were congenial with her own. Without assuming or striving for leadership, she could not but be to a certain degree a leader among these, some of whom have attained positions only less conspicuous for usefulness than her own. Wherever she went, her genial, outgoing spirit seemed to carry with her an atmosphere of cheerfulness and joy.

In the middle of her junior year, news came from her father of a more than usual financial stress, owing to a flood along the Susquehanna, which had swept away his hope of present gain from a promising stretch of woodland. It seemed clear to Alice that the time had come when she must make her way alone. Through the recommendation of President Angell she secured a position as teacher of Latin and Greek in the High School at Ottawa, Illinois, where she taught for five months, receiving enough money to carry her through the remainder of her college course. The omitted junior work was made up partly during the summer vacation and partly in connection with the studies of the senior year. An extract from a letter home will tell how the busy days went:

This is the first day of vacation. I have been so busy this year that it seems good to get a change, even though I do keep right on here at work. For some time I have been giving a young man lessons in Greek every Saturday. I have had two junior speeches already, and there are still more. Several girls from Flint tried to have me go home with them for the vacation, but I made up my mind to stay and do what I could for myself and the other people here. A young Mr. M. is going to recite to me every day in Virgil; so with teaching and all the rest I sha'n't have time to be homesick, though it will seem rather lonely when the other girls are gone and I don't

hear the college bell for two weeks.

Miss Freeman's early teaching showed the vitalizing spirit that marked all of her relations with people.

"She had a way of making you feel 'all dipped in sunshine,'" one of her girls said.

"Everything she taught seemed a part of herself," another explained. "It wasn't just something in a book that she had to teach and you had to learn. She made every page of our history seem a part of present life and interests. We saw and felt the things we talked about."

The fame of this young teacher's influence traveled all the way from Michigan, where she was principal of the Saginaw High School, to Massachusetts. Mr. Henry Durant, the founder of Wellesley, asked her to come to the new college as teacher of mathematics. She declined the call, however, and, a year later, a second and more urgent invitation. Her family had removed to Saginaw, where Dr. Freeman was slowly building up a practice, and it would mean leaving a home that needed her. The one brother was now in the university; Ella was soon to be married; and Stella, the youngest, who was most like Alice in temperament and tastes, was looking forward hopefully to college.

But at the time when Dr. Freeman was becoming established and the financial outlook began to brighten, the darkest days that the family had ever known were upon them. Stella, the chief joy and hope of them all, fell seriously ill. The "little mother" loved this "starlike girl" as her own child, and looked up to her as one who would reach heights her feet could never climb. When she died it seemed to Alice that she had lost the one chance for a perfectly understanding and inspiring comradeship that life offered. At this time a third call came to Wellesley—as head of the department of history—and hoping that a new place with new problems would give her a fresh hold on joy, she accepted.

Into her college work the young woman of twenty-four put all the power and richness of her radiant personality. She found peace and happiness in untiring effort, and her girls found in her the most inspiring teacher they had ever known. She went to the heart of the history she taught, and she went to the hearts of her pupils.

"She seemed to care for each of us—to find each as interesting and worth while as if there were no other person in the world," one of her students said.

Mr. Durant had longed to find just such a person to build on the foundation he had laid. It was in her first year that he pointed her out to one of the trustees.

"Do you see that little dark-eyed girl? She will be the next president of Wellesley," he said.

"Surely she is much too young and inexperienced for such a responsibility," protested the other, looking at him in amazement.

"As for the first, it is a fault we easily outgrow," said Mr. Durant, dryly, "and as for her inexperience—well, I invite you to visit one of her classes."

The next year, on the death of Mr. Durant, she was made acting president of the college, and the year following she inherited the title and honors, as well as the responsibilities and opportunities, of the office. The Princess had come into her kingdom.

The election caused a great stir among the students, particularly the irrepressible seniors. It was wonderful and most inspiring that their splendid Miss Freeman, who was the youngest member of the faculty, should have won this honor. Why, she was only a girl like themselves! The time of strict observances and tiresome regulations of every sort was at an end. Miss Freeman seemed to sense the prevailing mood, and, without waiting for a formal assembly, asked the seniors to meet her in her rooms. In they poured, overflowing chairs, tables, and ranging themselves about on the floor in

animated, expectant groups. The new head of the college looked at them quietly for a minute before she began to speak.

"I have sent for you seniors," she said at last seriously, "to ask your advice. You may have heard that I have been called to the position of acting president of your college. I am, of course, too young; and the duties are, as you know, too heavy for the strongest to carry alone. If I must manage alone, there is only one course—to decline. It has, however, occurred to me that my seniors might be willing to help by looking after the order of the college and leaving me free for administration. Shall I accept? Shall we work things out together?"

The hearty response made it clear that the princess was to rule not only by "divine right," but also by the glad "consent of the governed." Perhaps it was her youth and charm and the romance of her brilliant success that won for her the affectionate title of "The Princess"; perhaps it was her undisputed sway in her kingdom of girls. It was said that her radiant, "outgoing spirit" was felt in the atmosphere of the place and in all the graduates. Her spirit became the Wellesley spirit.

"What did she do besides turning all of you into an adoring band of Freeman-followers?" a Wellesley woman was asked.

The reply came without a moment's hesitation: "She had the life-giving power of a true creator, one who can entertain a vision of the ideal, and then work patiently bit by bit to 'carve it in the marble real.' She built the Wellesley we all know and love, making it practical, constructive, fine, generous, human, spiritual."

For six years the Princess of Wellesley ruled her kingdom wisely. She raised the standard of work, enlisted the interest and support of those in a position to help, added to the buildings and equipment, and won the enthusiastic cooperation of students, faculty, and public. Then, one day, she voluntarily stepped down from her throne, leaving others to go on with the work she had begun. She married Professor George

Herbert Palmer of Harvard, and (quite in the manner of the fairy-tale) "lived happily ever after."

"What a disappointment!" some of her friends said. "That a woman of such unusual powers and gifts should deliberately leave a place of large usefulness and influence to shut herself up in the concerns of a single home!"

"There is nothing better than the making of a true home," said Alice Freeman Palmer. "I shall not be shut away from the concerns of others, but more truly a part of them. 'For love is fellow-service,' I believe."

The home near Harvard Yard was soon felt to be the most free and perfect expression of her generous nature. Its happiness made all life seem happier. Shy undergraduates and absorbed students who had withdrawn overmuch within themselves and their pet problems found there a thaw after their "winter of discontent." Wellesley girls—even in those days before automobiles—did not feel fifteen miles too great a distance to go for a cup of tea and a half-hour by the fire.

Many were surprised that Mrs. Palmer never seemed worn by the unstinted giving of herself to the demands of others on her time and sympathy. The reason was that their interests were her interests. Her spirit was indeed "outgoing"; there was no wall hedging in a certain number of things and people as hers, with the rest of the world outside. As we have seen, people counted with her supremely; and the ideas which moved her were those which she found embodied in the joys and sorrows of human hearts. Mrs. Palmer wrote of her days at this time:

> *I don't know what will happen if life keeps on growing so much better and brighter each year. How does your cup manage to hold so much? Mine is running over, and I keep getting larger cups; but I can't contain all my blessings and gladness. We are both so well and busy that the days are never half long enough.*

Life held, indeed, a full measure of opportunities for service. Wellesley claimed her as a member of its executive committee, and other colleges sought her counsel. When Chicago University was founded, she was induced to serve as its Dean of Women until the opportunities for girls there were wisely established.

She worked energetically raising funds for Radcliffe and her own Wellesley. Throughout the country her wisdom as an educational expert was recognized, and her advice sought in matters of organization and administration. For several years, as a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, she worked early and late to improve the efficiency and influence of the normal schools. She was a public servant who brought into all her contact with groups and masses of people the simple directness and intimate charm that marked her touch with individuals.

"How is it that you are able to do so much more than other people?" asked a tired, nervous woman, who stopped Mrs. Palmer for a word at the close of one of her lectures.

"Because," she answered, with the sudden gleam of a smile, "I haven't any nerves nor any conscience, and my husband says I haven't any backbone."

It was true that she never worried. She had early learned to live one day at a time, without "looking before and after." And nobody knew better than Mrs. Palmer the renewing power of joy. She could romp with some of her very small friends in the half-hour before an important meeting; go for a long walk or ride along country lanes when a vexing problem confronted her; or spend a quiet evening by the fire reading aloud from one of her favorite poets at the end of a busy day.

For fifteen years Mrs. Palmer lived this life of joyful, untiring service. Then, at the time of her greatest power and usefulness, she died. The news came as a personal loss to thousands. Just as Wellesley had mourned her removal to Cambridge, so a larger world mourned her earthly passing.

But her friends soon found that it was impossible to grieve or to feel for a moment that she was dead. The echoes of her life were living echoes in the world of those who knew her.

There are many memorials speaking in different places of her work. In the chapel at Wellesley, where it seems to gather at every hour a golden glory of light, is the lovely transparent marble by Daniel Chester French, eternally bearing witness to the meaning of her influence with her girls. In the tower at Chicago the chimes "make music, joyfully to recall" her labors there. But more lasting than marble or bronze is the living memorial in the hearts and minds "made better by her presence." For it is, indeed, people that count, and in the richer lives of many the enkindling spirit of Alice Freeman Palmer still lives.

Matthew A. Henson

A Negro Explorer at the North Pole
1866-1955 A.D.

> *Matthew A. Henson, my Negro assistant, has been with me in one capacity or another since my second trip to Nicaragua in 1887. I have taken him on each and all of my expeditions, except the first, and also without exception on each of my farthest sledge trips. This position I have given him primarily because of his adaptability and fitness for the work and secondly on account of his loyalty. He is a better dog driver and can handle a sledge better than any man living, except some of the best Esquimo hunters themselves.*
>
> Robert E. Peary, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Exactly 40° below zero when we pushed the sledges up to the curled-up dogs and started them off over rough ice covered with deep soft snow. It was like walking in loose granulated sugar. Indeed I might compare the snow of the Arctic to the granules of sugar, without their saccharine sweetness, but with freezing cold instead; you cannot make snowballs of it, for it is too thoroughly congealed, and when it is packed by the wind it is almost as solid as ice. It is from the packed snow that the blocks used to form the igloo-walls are cut.

At the end of four hours, we came to the igloo where the Captain and his boys were sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. In order not to interrupt the Captain's rest, we built another igloo and unloaded his sledge, and distributed the greater part of the load among the sledges of the party. The Captain, on awakening, told us that the journey we had

completed on that day had been made by him under the most trying conditions, and that it had taken him fourteen hours to do it. We were able to make better time because we had his trail to follow, and, therefore, the necessity of finding the easiest way was avoided. That was the object of the scout or pioneer party and Captain Bartlett had done practically all of it up to the time he turned back at 87° 48' north.

March 29, 1909: You have undoubtedly taken into consideration the pangs of hunger and of cold that you know assailed us, going Poleward; but have you ever considered that we were thirsty for water to drink or hungry for fat? To eat snow to quench our thirsts would have been the height of folly, and as well as being thirsty, we were continually assailed by the pangs of a hunger that called for the fat, good, rich, oily, juicy fat that our systems craved and demanded.

Had we succumbed to the temptations of the thirst and eaten the snow, we would not be able to tell the tale of the conquest of the Pole; for the result of eating snow is death. True, the dogs licked up enough moisture to quench their thirsts, but we were not made of such stern stuff as they. Snow would have reduced our temperatures and we would quickly have fallen by the way. We had to wait until camp was made and the fire of alcohol started before we had a chance, and it was with hot tea that we quenched our thirsts. The hunger for fat was not appeased; a dog or two was killed, but his carcass went to the Esquimos and the entrails were fed to the rest of the pack.

April 1, the Farthest North of Bartlett: I knew at this time that he was to go back, and that I was to continue, so I had no misgivings and neither had he. He was ready and anxious to take the back-trail. His five marches were up and he was glad of it, and he was told that in the morning he must turn back and knit the trail together, so that the main column could return over a beaten path.

He swept his little party together and at three P.M., with

a cheery "Good-by! Good Luck!" he was off. His Esquimo boys, attempting English, too, gave us their "Good-bys."

The Captain had gone. Commander Peary and I were alone (save for the four Esquimos), the same we had been with so often in the past years, and as we looked at each other we realized our position and we knew without speaking that the time had come for us to demonstrate that we were the men who, it had been ordained, should unlock the door which held the mystery of the Arctic. Without an instant's hesitation, the order to push on was given, and we started off in the trail made by the Captain to cover the Farthest North he had made and to push on over one hundred and thirty miles to our final destination.

Day and night were the same. My thoughts were on the going and getting forward, and on nothing else. The wind was from the southeast, and seemed to push on, and the sun was at our backs, a ball of livid fire, rolling his way above the horizon in never-ending day.

With my proven ability in gauging distances, Commander Peary was ready to take the reckoning as I made it and he did not resort to solar observations until we were within a hand's grasp of the Pole.

The memory of those last five marches, from the Farthest North of Captain Bartlett to the arrival of our party at the Pole, is a memory of toil, fatigue, and exhaustion, but we were urged on and encouraged by our relentless commander, who was himself being scourged by the final lashings of the dominating influence that had controlled his life. From the land to 87° 48' north, Commander Peary had had the best of the going, for he had brought up the rear and had utilized the trail made by the preceding parties, and thus he had kept himself in the best of condition for the time when he made the spurt that brought him to the end of the race. From 87° 48' north, he kept in the lead and did his work in such a way as to convince me that he was still as good a man as he had ever been.

We marched and marched, falling down in our tracks repeatedly, until it was impossible to go on. We were forced to camp, in spite of the impatience of the Commander, who found himself unable to rest, and who only waited long enough for us to relax into sound sleep, when he would wake us up and start us off again. I do not believe that he slept for one hour from April 2 until after he had loaded us up and ordered us to go back over our old trail, and I often think that from the instant when the order to return was given until the land was again sighted, he was in a continual daze.

Onward we forced our weary way. Commander Peary took his sights from the time our chronometer-watches gave, and I, knowing that we had kept on going in practically a straight line, was sure that we had more than covered the necessary distance to insure our arrival at the top of the earth.

It was during the march of the 3d of April that I endured an instant of hideous horror. We were crossing a lane of moving ice. Commander Peary was in the lead setting the pace, and a half hour later the four boys and myself followed in single file. They had all gone before, and I was standing and pushing at the upstanders of my sledge, when the block of ice I was using as a support slipped from underneath my feet, and before I knew it the sledge was out of my grasp, and I was floundering in the water of the lead. I did the best I could. I tore my hood from off my head and struggled frantically. My hands were gloved and I could not take hold of the ice, but before I could give the "Grand Hailing Sigh of Distress," faithful old Ootah had grabbed me by the nape of the neck, the same as he would have grabbed a dog, and with one hand he pulled me out of the water, and with the other hurried the team across.

He had saved my life, but I did not tell him so, for such occurrences are taken as part of the day's work, and the sledge he safeguarded was of much more importance, for it held, as part of its load, the Commander's sextant, the mercury, and

the coils of piano-wire that were the essential portion of the scientific part of the expedition. My kamiks (boots of seal-skin) were stripped off, and the congealed water was beaten out of my bearskin trousers, and with a dry pair of kamiks, we hurried on to overtake the column. When we caught up, we found the boys gathered around the Commander, doing their best to relieve him of his discomfort, for he had fallen into the water, also, and while he was not complaining, I was sure that his bath had not been any more voluntary than mine had been.

It was about ten or ten-thirty A.M., on the 7th of April, 1909, that the Commander gave the order to build a snow-shield to protect him from the flying drift of the surface-snow. I knew that he was about to take an observation, and while we worked I was nervously apprehensive, for I felt that the end of our journey had come. When we handed him the pan of mercury the hour was within a very few minutes of noon. Lying flat on his stomach, he took the elevation and made the notes on a piece of tissue-paper at his head. With sun-blinded eyes, he snapped shut the vernier (a graduated scale that sub-divides the smallest divisions on the sector of the circular scale of the sextant) and with the resolute squaring of his jaws, I was sure that he was satisfied, and I was confident that the journey had ended.

The Commander gave the word, "We will plant the Stars and Stripes—at the North Pole!" and it was done; on the peak of a huge paleo-crystic floeberg the glorious banner was unfurled to the breeze, and as it snapped and crackled with the wind, I felt a savage joy and exultation. Another world's accomplishment was done and finished, and as in the past, from the beginning of history, wherever the world's work was done by a white man, he had been accompanied by a colored man. From the building of the pyramids and the journey to the Cross, to the discovery of the North Pole, the Negro had been the faithful and constant companion of the Caucasian,

and I felt all that it was possible for me to feel, that it was I, a lowly member of my race, who had been chosen by fate to represent it, at this, almost the last of the world's great work.

Fifty Missionary Heroes

By Julia H. Johnston

Inscribed to

The Boys and Girls of our To-Day,
Who fare along Time's opening way.
Still looking forward, blithe and free.
To find what each may do and see.

To you, exuberant with life.
Exultant, even in the strife.
To you, so rich in buoyant hope.
And fearing not with ills to cope.
We look expectantly, and cry
Concerning daytimes passing by.

While thinking of the future track.
Take ample time for looking back
To see where Hero-souls have trod.
Along the way that leads to God —
The path of faith and helpful deeds.
For souls a-thrill with others' needs.

To you, with pulses beating high.
Hath Opportunity come nigh.
What pathways open, wide and far!
Whate'er you do. Whoe'er you are.
Be quick to find and fill your place.
For your To-morrows come apace.

J.H.J.
Peoria, Illinois

Foreword

This rosary of Names which the Christian world will not let die, is presented for the use of boys and girls who are ready for their first lessons in deathless history. The Hero-roll of the whole wide world has furnished these Names, but not all of those worthy of note have been taken, since we cannot use the sky for a scroll.

Stories of those earliest and longest in service have been told; those of a later day have also been included. The aim has been to give some clue to the personality of each, associating the person with the place, rather than to give any detailed account of the work accomplished. Nothing exhaustive has been attempted in any case, for fear of making it exhausting to the readers. The childhood and youth of the characters have been dwelt upon, and available incidents, showing them to have been actual boys and girls, have been told, as of special interest.

The chapters have been arranged with some reference to the order of time in which the heroes and heroines lived upon earth, but only in a general way. The figures given indicate the beginning and end of the missionary service.

These short and simple stories of heroic lives may be used in various ways, aside from finding a place in Sunday-school libraries, and upon the shelves of boy and girl readers. Junior Study Classes may use the volume as a text-book on Hero-studies. Mission Circles and Bands may find it feasible to assign characters from month to month, to be read at home by members, and given verbally at the meetings — not read from the pages — oh, no! "Told" stories are far better.

Material may be found between these covers for supple-

mental Sunday-school Class-work. One or two characters may be taken up on specified Sabbath days, and the scholars asked to give the salient points in the five-minute period to spare for such Mission Studies. For younger scholars, the better plan may be for the teacher to give verbally and briefly one little sketch at a time, reviewing the points of the story the next week. Another plan is to allow scholars to select "favourite heroes or heroines" and tell the story in their own words to the class. Those that have been chosen should be marked in the book, or a list of them written upon a fly-leaf, so that the same ones will not be repeated too often. If familiar stories are told again, they may be made "guess stories," told without mentioning the name which is left to be guessed and given by the hearers.

Missionary interest must begin in young hearts, and in the fervent desire to help a little in preempting them for The Cause, these little tales of great Heroes is sent forth by

The Author.

CHAPTER I
Early Missionaries in England
Probably in the Third Century A.D.

Did you ever think that there could be a time when England needed missionaries? How could that be, when we remember that our forefathers, who came from there in the *Mayflower,* and in ships that followed, were such earnest Christians? It is true that they were, but remember that there were hundreds of years of history before the *Mayflower,* and that England could not always have been a Christian country. It took a long while for the good news to be carried from Palestine to Rome, and farther on, beyond Italy.

But Christianity was early introduced into England. Gaul (France) had the Gospel first. As early as 208 A.D. Tertullian wrote, "Parts of Britain are subject to Christ." Messengers from Gaul must have told of Jesus. In 314 and 350 A.D. history shows English Bishops present in Councils, indicating the organization of the Church of Britain. Bede the historian mentions St. Martin's Church, where Queen Bertha worshipped, which must have been before 410 A.D.

About the middle of the sixth century Great Britain was overrun by Teutonic, or German races from in and around the Baltic Sea. One of these races was called Angles, and the part of Britain where they settled was called East Anglia. In course of time these Angles spread over the land and gave the name Angleland, finally becoming England, to the whole country. Isn't it interesting?

Well, in those days of wars and all sorts of terrible things, slavery was common almost everywhere. When men became so poor that they could not pay their debts, and had nothing

to live on, they often sold themselves into slavery. Sometimes their creditors sold them for slaves. Many, many times, captives taken in battle were sold, even in other countries. One day a new lot of captives was brought to the city of Rome, where the slave-trade was a very flourishing business. They were brought from Angleland. These Angles had yellow hair, and fair skin.

As these captives, so different in looks from any one in Rome, were offered for sale, a good man passed by and saw them. It was a rich Roman senator, named Gregory, who had built six religious houses and then a seventh, in which he went to live himself, becoming its abbot. An abbot is the head of an abbey, or place of retreat where men are shut off from the world — they had many such in those days long ago. This abbot was so kind-hearted, and so anxious to help others, and really did so many good deeds, that he was called Gregory the Great. As this kind man passed the yellow-haired, fair-skinned captives, he was so pleased with their looks that he stopped to ask them some questions.

"Whence do you come?" said he.

"We are Angles," they answered, "from the kingdom of Deira." This was then the name of what is now Yorkshire, England.

"God be gracious to you, my children," said the abbot kindly. "You are Angles? You are fair as angels. You should be Christians. I will go myself to your land and save your people from the wrath of God."

But the kind abbot's wish and purpose could not be carried out as far as going himself was concerned. He was not allowed to go. He was wanted at home. The pope died soon after, and Gregory the Great, as he was afterwards known, was the choice of all the people as the successor. He did not wish to be pope, and sent a letter to the emperor asking him to forbid the election, but somebody took the letter and never delivered it. Gregory was made pope. He cared neither for

wealth nor authority, but now it was in his power to do more than before, and, although he could not go himself to the Angles, he could not forget them, and did not. The most important thing that he ever did in his life was to send missionaries to England. He sent a band of forty, with a leader from one of his abbeys. The missionaries went through France, and heard such dreadful things about the fierce ways of the Angles that they wrote back begging to be allowed to return home, but Gregory urged them on. In the year 597 they crossed over and set foot on the soil of distant England. But there was a Christian to meet them after all. Queen Bertha, wife of Ethelbert, was a daughter of the king of the Franks who had His throne in Paris, and she had learned of Jesus Christ She remembered Him, even in the midst of all the heathenism about her, and went to pray in a little church that she had rebuilt. Though Ethelbert knew who Christians were, he knew very little about them, and was afraid to meet them anywhere but outdoors. He thought they would bewitch him with some spell, in the house, so met them under a tree.

Because the missionaries came from Rome, they were more respected, and their good lives spoke for them. They were given freedom to preach, and homes, and a church.

The king himself was converted, and afterwards ten thousand of his people in a day, put themselves on the side of Christ and the cross. The leader, Augustine, was made first Bishop of England, and the king gave him his own palace.

Surely it means much to us that so far back in history, the Gospel was carried to our ancestors. Let our thankfulness for this move us to send it od to others.

CHAPTER II

Patrick

432 – 461 A.D. (In Ireland)

You all know when St. Patrick's Day comes in March, and for whom it was named. But did you ever know that he was a missionary to Ireland? When you look him up in history — where you really can find him, though some folk think he never actually lived, you will find him called just plain Patrick; but he was a good man, which was the principal thing.

Patrick, born late in the fourth century, in South, west England, as good authorities agree, was the son of a deacon, probably in the Evangelical British Church, and grandson of a presbyter, thus having Christian training.

When this boy was about sixteen, some wild Irish raiders came that way, plundering as they went, and took him as a slave, carrying him away to what is now known as Connaught. And a hard time he had of it as a swineherd, or keeper of pigs, for six long years.

But while in this sad condition of slavery, the youth began to think earnestly of his heavenly Father, and began to pray to Him. He often stole out before daylight to seek Him. At last he managed to escape from captivity, and found his way, in the midst of dangers, to the coast, where he found a vessel ready to sail. The crew was made up of heathen, and Patrick had a hard time to coax them to take him along. At last he succeeded, and always afterwards believed that it was in answer to his prayers to God. Part of the cargo consisted of Irish hounds, and the dogs were very fierce and hard to manage. Patrick seemed to have a great knack in handling animals, and the sailors were more reconciled to having him

on board when they saw how well he could manage the cross dogs.

Three days of sailing brought the ship to France, but though Patrick wished to be rid of his present company, who were not pleasant companions, they did not seem to be in a hurry to part with him. Perhaps they wanted him to help with the dogs. At all events, they avoided the towns, and did not allow him to land very soon. By and by the young man found a quiet home in a little island in the Mediterranean Sea. It was a number of years before he got back to his English home.

Then he had a very wonderful dream, much like that which Missionary Paul had at Troas, when he saw that Macedonian who cried, "Come over and help us." It seemed to Patrick that a messenger stood by him, bringing letters from Ireland, containing a summons to that country where he had once been a slave, there to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was very sure that this was God's call to him to be a missionary, and was very anxious to obey. He went to France to study, and to enlist friends who would help him to go. He did not have an easy time of it, and it was fourteen years before he was finally sent to Ireland as a missionary. He seems to have begun his work there as a bishop.

From this time, for about twenty-nine years, till his death, March 17, 461, Patrick laboured in Ireland, except for one journey to Eome. He did many things, but gave most of his time to preaching to the heathen. From all that can be learned about him, he was a rare Christian, anxious to serve Jesus Christ, and full of enthusiasm. He carried the Gospel much farther than the power of Rome extended in Britain. He founded monasteries from which, later, others went, like Columba, as missionaries to western Scotland, northern England, to Italy and Germany, and even to far-off Iceland. When Patrick died, he was buried in the county of Down. His was a long and busy life, and after what he considered God's call, he never wavered in the belief that he was set apart to

missionary work, nor in his earnest labours. A great many stories have been made up about this man that are like fairy tales, so that it is hard to believe that he was a real man. But there is enough history to prove that he was a real man and a missionary, and that he did a great deal of good in a time when heathenism and superstition placed many hindrances in the way of the work. Remember the truth about him, when next St. Patrick's Day comes round.

The above facts have been culled from a fuller history of Patrick in the book, "Great Men of the Christian Church," by Williston Walker, professor in Yale University, published 1908.

CHAPTER III

Columba

The Latter Part of the Sixth Century A.D.

The name of this stout missionary of the latter part of the sixth century ought to be remembered, for he did faithful work and did not spare himself. We are told that in his early life Columba was very fond of reading, of fighting, and of praying, and he seemed to find time to do a good deal of each; but the reading and praying belonged especially to the missionary part of his life.

Columba was the pioneer missionary in the north of Great Britain. In his time there were many churches in Ireland and Colum of the Kil (the cell or church), as his Irish name was, spent much time in visiting them. One of the first adventures told of this man was in connection with a book. He liked to read, but must have something to read. In those days one must buy, borrow, or copy a book if he wanted one. They had no printing-presses, you know, in those days. But in Ireland there were fine writers who could make beautiful copies of books, colouring the initials, and ornamenting the pages in a wonderful way.

Colum of the Kil had a neighbour, named Finnian, who had a gospel book which he copied with great pains and labour. He had to sit up nights after his day's work to do it. But when he wanted to take it home, Finnian said the book was his because copied from his. He called it "The Sonbook" or the son of his book, and said "To every book belongs its son-book, as to a cow belongs its calf." Unfair as it was, Columba had to give up the copy he had made.

There were terribly bloody doings in Ireland in those

times, and they say Columba helped in some of the fights, though at one time they said he prayed while his relations did the fighting. But finally the man left the warring country, and with a few friends set out to find a new home, sailing away in a little wicker boat. As long as they could see a glimpse of Ireland they would not land. Finally they came to the little island of Iona, only three miles wide in its widest part, and there the exiles landed. The island is off the west coast of Scotland. Somehow the wanderers got together a rude shelter, and a place to worship God. Then they began their voyages to the mainland round about. In the southern part of Scotland lived the Scots, and when Columba and his friends reached there, a new king had just begun to rule. Columba blessed and crowned this king, who had a rough sort of palace at Scone. It is said that the king sat on a big, rough stone to be crowned. When the English conquered Scotland, they brought this stone with them to London, where it is to this day. The Stone of Scone is in the Coronation Chair of England. You all know that, perhaps. You heard about it when King George was crowned. But perhaps you did not know that the first king crowned in Great Britain was blessed and crowned by Columba, a missionary of the sixth century.

All the missionaries who shared the work of Columba were trained at Iona, and from there went on their adventurous journeys. The men from Iona founded a mission station on another little island, off the east coast of England. They were not afraid of journeying, you see.

The Gospel was taken to Northumbria, and there the king called a conference of his chief men to talk over the new religion. One said that the gods of his fathers had done nothing for him, and he was willing to try a new God. Another, who must have been a sort of a poet, said, " Our life is like the flight of a bird through our lighted hall. In comes the bird out of the dark, flies about a little while in the light of our torches, and flies out again into the dark. So we come out of the dark,

and go into the dark. If these strangers can tell us anything better, let us listen."

The principal one in all the missionary journeys was Columba. He was a great, big man, with stout arms, a broad chest, and a voice like the bellowing of an ox. He loved to send his little boat out into the fiercest storm. The ground was his bed, and his food was coarse. He carried his corn to mill on his own back, ground it, and brought it back again. He loved to study and to pray, though he was a good fighter, too. His heart was warm, and his people loved him.

By and by old age came on. One day he gave his blessing to all those working under him, and, after looking over all the land, sat down to rest beside the barn while an old white horse came and laid his head against his breast. Then he went in. He had been copying the Psalms, and now came to the verse which was, as he wrote it: " They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good." There he laid down his pen. He went into the little church, and was found kneeling there next morning, his work done.

CHAPTER IV
Raymund Lull
First Missionary to the Mohammedans (1290 – 1315 A.D.)

You have heard of the Mohammedans, of course. Mohammed was the man who felt that he had received m visions a command to found a new religion. The principal thing that one had to believe was in this sentence; " There is one God and Mohammed is His prophet." Prayers five times a day, no matter where one might be, were to be offered regularly. The followers of this new prophet of a false religion were sent out everywhere to make converts, and they used the sword to make men believe. If one refused, he had his head cut off. There were soon a great many of these followers in the world, and you can see that they needed a missionary very much.

The Mohammedans got possession of the Holy Land, and it was to drive out these infidels that the Crusades were undertaken in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Crusades were the "armies of the cross," led by different kings and other leaders to the city of Jerusalem.

It was in this time of great events that Raymund Lull, the first missionary to the Mohammedan world, lived his life. He was born in 1235. Just count up now, and see how many years it is since this missionary was a new-born baby.

His birthplace was the Island of Majorca, off the east coast of what is now Spain, part of which was then called Aragon. When King James I of Aragon took this island from the Saracens, he gave large estates in it to the father of Raymund Lull, who had rendered his king distinguished service. The sovereigns of Aragon changed very often. Twenty proud kings

reigned in a period of about four hundred years. The capital of the kingdom was Saragossa, and here, in the court, young Raymund Lull spent several years of his life, being court poet, and a skilled musician in the reign of James 11. He had a rare mind and was an accomplished scholar, which gave him a high place among men. Besides this, he was heir to large wealth, and lived the life of a gay knight in the king's court before he became an ardent missionary.

He was thirty-two when the great change came, and his conversion seems to have been very much like that of Saul of Tarsus. It was in the city of Palma that the young man's whole life and aims were altered. At once he sold his property and gave all to the poor, except enough to support his wife and children in a simple way. Before long, he made up his mind to attack Mohammedanism or Islam, as it was called, not with the sword of steel but with the sword of Truth. He put on the dress of a beggar and went about among the churches of his native island, asking help for his work. In this, the thirteenth century, Islam had the greatest power in the world, and claimed more political influence and greater advances in science and poetry, than any of the nations. Against this mighty power Raymund Lull meant to lead the attack, using the Aveapons of love and learning only, not the force and fanaticism of the Crusades.

To accomplish his aim he began a thorough study of Arabic, the language of a large part of the oriental world. He also spent much time in meditation. He was about forty years old before he was ready to enter upon the life-work that he had planned as author and missionary, for he began to be a great writer. One of the first things he did at this time was to persuade King James II of Aragon to found and endow a monastery, where men should be taught the Arabic language, and should learn how to meet the Mohammedans in discussion, with learning equal to their own. Thirteen students were soon enrolled in this training school.

But Raymund Lull was not content. He longed for world-wide missions. He had spent some years in getting ready himself, and in helping the work at home. Now, at fifty-five, he decided to go alone to preach Christ in northern Africa. When he got to Tunis, he gave out the word widely that he was ready to debate with the Mohammedans, for he had studied both sides, and would answer whatever might be said. This was a great debate. The missionary proved the Truth, and some believed. But others were angry, and the missionary was thrown into prison, narrowly escaping death.

After great persecutions he got away to Europe, but he made other missionary journeys, and, fifteen years after his banishment, was again on the shores of northern Africa, in the stronghold of Mohammedanism. At the age of sixty-five he journeyed through Cyprus, Syria, and other countries on his missionary work. Returning to northern Africa he stood up in a public place and proclaimed the Truth, in Arabic, in the boldest way. Again he was imprisoned, but some merchants took pity on him, and finally he escaped with sentence of banishment. He was told that if he ever came back he should die. He could not stay away, and came back in 1314, quietly teaching, and praying with converts, till his fiery zeal led him again to the market-place to preach to those who had persecuted him. He was seized and dragged out of town where he was stoned to death, a brave martyr for Christ, eighty years old.

He wrote one hundred and eighty books, established missionary colleges, and gave his life for the Cause.

CHAPTER V
John Eliot
Apostle to the Indians (1645 – 1690 A.D.)

Come, let us take a thought-journey back over two hundred and fifty years. Can you do it? Of course you can. You can think back thousands of years to the Flood, or to the Garden of Eden, for that matter. You can think back much farther than you can remember.

Let us imagine that we are about eighteen miles southwest of Boston, on the Charles River, in the town with the Indian name, Natick. There seems to be something interesting going on in this little place, with woods around it. Look at the people coming together. Why — they are red men. Yes, they are Indians. Let us not be afraid of them. They are red, but they do not look fierce and wild. Now, see! A horseman is coming near. What a good face he has. He has come from Foxbury, we bear, where he has long been the pastor of a church. How kindly he greets the Indians. And now we hear what is to be done to-day. These Indians are to be formed into a church of their own. It is the minister, Rev. John Eliot, of Roxbury, who has gathered the red men together. Every two weeks he comes to preach to them. In ten years we find that there are fifty of these "Praying Indians," as they are called.

Surely we wish to know something about the good man who has done so much for these children of the forest, who were in our land when the Pilgrims came.

John Eliot was born in England in 1604. The father died before the son was very far along in his education, and he left eight pounds a year to be used, for eight years, in keeping his boy at Cambridge University. After finishing at Cambridge,

John Eliot taught school. He became a minister of the Church of England when he was twenty-seven years old, and soon after that came to America with three brothers and three sisters. Miss Hannah Mumford, to whom he was engaged, came the next year, and they were married — the first marriage to be put down in the records of Roxbury, Massachusetts. For sixty years this good minister was settled over Roxbury church.

But his heart yearned over the Indians. He believed that they had souls to be saved, and he felt that he must tell them of the Saviour. It was not easy to win them at first, but the minister was so kind and friendly that by and by the red men became devoted to him. Across the country he went, once a fortnight, as you know, riding on horseback to preach to his Indians. One after another he formed more settlements of Praying Indians. He taught them other things besides the Bible. He showed them how to raise crops, to build bridges, to make houses and homes, and how to clothe themselves properly. He made them comfortable, and by getting help from others, he made it possible for them to work, and to live as did their civilized brothers.

The red men had a government of their own among themselves, and it was wonderful how well they got on. Mr. Eliot was forty-one when he began to preach to them. In fourteen years there were thirty-six hundred Praying Indians. The government set apart six thousand acres of land for them.

After preaching a while, and explaining the Word of God, Mr. Eliot thought that these people ought to have the Bible in their own language. A very queer language it was, and hard to learn, but the good minister was not discouraged by that. He had the help of an Indian, taken captive in the Pequot War, in the work of translation. It was finished and printed in 1663, and was the very first Bible ever printed in America. Later, a revised version was printed at an expense of nine hundred pounds. Mr. Eliot gave towards this from his own

small salary, the rest of the money coming from England. There are very few copies of this Indian Bible to be found now. One sold for five hundred and fifty pounds a while ago in England. Some words had to be supplied; the Indians had no word for "salt," nor for "Amen."

Three years after the first printing of the Bible the busy missionary printed the grammar for the Indians. At the end of it he wrote this sentence which has become historic everywhere: " Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything." Do you not wish to stop right here, and say that over, until you know it by heart? Please do. It will help you.

There are only fourteen or fifteen copies of the first edition of this grammar now to be found.

Mr. Eliot had a salary of only sixty pounds for his work in Foxbury and fifty for his Indian work, but he was one of the most generous men that ever lived. One time the treasurer, on giving him the money then due, tied it up in a handkerchief to keep him from giving away any of it. Visiting a poor family on the way home, and wishing to help them, the minister found the knots too hard to untie, and gave the kerchief to the mother, saying, " God must have meant it *all* for you."

He died in 1690, at the age of eighty-six, but is still unforgotten.

CHAPTER VI

Thomas Mayhew

Who Began Missionary Work Among the Indians
When He Was Seventy (1658 – 1680 A.D.)

Such a valiant soul ought surely to be in eluded in the list of Heroes. Some folk think their work is done at seventy, but not so Mr. Thomas Mayhew, the New Englander, Governor of Martha's Vineyard and adjacent islands, in the far-back year of 1641. However, his missionary work did not begin that year, and it did begin first of all in the giving of his son to devote his life to the Indians. Rev. Thomas Mayhew, Jr., was first a minister to the settlers in his neighbourhood but extended his service of love to the thousands of red men thereabouts.

His first accomplishment was the mastery of the native language. He was very successful in this, and soon had a flourishing mission. The first convert was named Hiacoomes. He put himself under Mr. Mayhew's instruction, and became a teacher, and afterwards a preacher to his own people. The very first school in New England for the benefit of the Indians was established in 1651. In another year a church was organized. There were two hundred and eighty-two members. The "covenant," which all agreed to accept as church-members, was repared in the Indian tongue by Mr. Mayhew.

About five years after this, the earnest missionary set out for England, to get money for his mission. He was lost at sea.

Then it was that his father, the governor, at the age of seventy, determined to take his son's place, and bravely began the study of the native language. Heroes are not all young men, you see, although many begin very early to be heroic.

This staunch missionary began preaching at the different plantations week by week in turn, sometimes walking twenty miles through the woods to meet his Indian congregations. In 1670 was organized the first Indian church with a native pastor. There were then about three thousand native Christians upon the island.

The indefatigable Mr. Mayhew kept on with his missionary work until he died, in his ninety-third year. Is not this a wonderful record?

His grandson, John, became associated with the work and was active in it until he died in 1688, when his son. Experience, took it up, and continued it for thirty-two years. In 1709 he translated the Psalms and John's Gospel.

Surely this is a family that should not be forgotten.

CHAPTER VII

Bartholomew Ziegenbalg

Missionary to India (1706 – 1719 A.D.)

This missionary with the long name was once a baby no bigger than ordinary infants, but in the short life that he lived he made his name to be a shining memory in history.

He was born in June, 1683, in Pullsnitz, Saxony. He grew up in a Christian home, and early showed a talent for learning. He was sent to the University of Halle where he made a good record for talent, diligence, and Christian zeal.

Among the early helpers in mission work was King Frederick IV of Denmark, who became so earnest in his desires to help Christianize the world that, as one of the things in his power, he directed Professor Frank of Halle to choose two promising students from the university to go as missionaries to South India, in 1705. One of these was Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, and the other, Henry Plutsho, both ready and eager to take up the mission. After a long and wearisome voyage of many months, they arrived at Tranquebar, a Danish possession on the coast of Hindustan. The governor kept them waiting for several days before consenting to see them, and then received them with great harshness. Ziegenbalg got a small room for himself in the Portuguese quarters, and began his missionary work under the greatest difficulties you can imagine. His comrade was gone elsewhere, the governor was opposed to him, and the European population of the city, engaged in money-making, cared nothing for missions. The idolatrous natives were ready to resist every effort to teach them a new religion. All these people wished nothing so much as to get rid of the missionary.

But this they could not do, since he was determined to stay. He had no grammar with which to learn the language, nor any dictionary to help him. At last he persuaded a native schoolmaster to bring his little school to the room where he lived that he might see how the children were taught. The scholars sat on the floor and made letters in the sand. The missionary sat down beside them, and imitated them till he knew the shape of all the characters that they made. Then he found a Brahman, one of the high caste men, who knew a little English, and by his help learned to speak the Tamil language in eight months. You must remember that there are many languages and dialects in India. The people do not all speak the same tongue, as Americans do.

The rajah finding out about the Brahman teacher, he was loaded with chains and cast into prison, poor man. Some of the Europeans, in India for getting gain, owned slaves. The missionary, pitying these poor creatures, and unable at once to find others to teach, asked leave to teach these. He was allowed to do it for two hours daily, and the wretched outcasts came to him gladly. In less than a year five slaves were baptized.

Missionary Ziegenbalg built a native church with his own money, and at its dedication preached in Tamil and in Portuguese to a congregation of Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans. The second year he went about on extensive preaching tours. In one place where there was a Dutch magistrate, the most learned Brahmans were invited by him to hold a conference with the stranger. It lasted five days, and a great deal of truth was given to them in this way.

In two years after reaching India, Ziegenbalg had mastered the Tamil language so thoroughly that he could speak it almost as readily as he could his native German, and was ready to begin translations. He began to prepare a grammar and two lexicons, one in prose and one in poetical form — a great undertaking, this last, it seems to me. Tamil prose would

be hard enough, but to translate anything into Tamil poetry would be far harder. Yet the missionary undertook it, because he thought it wise, and in 1811 he finished translating the New Testament into Tamil — the first translation of this Book into any language spoken in India. He kept on preaching to Hindus, slaves, Portuguese, and even had a German service, largely attended. Besides the New Testament, he prepared a Danish Liturgy, German hymns, and a dictionary, with thirty-three other works, translated into Tamil. These were printed nine years after his arrival in India.

But now the missionary's health failed, and the next year he went home. He was able to go about telling his story of the far-off field, and it was a thrilling account. His glowing words impressed many in Germany and England, and kings, princes and prelates gave generously to the work, while crowds gathered to hear him.

In four years he returned to India, soon to finish his course. He died at thirty-six, after thirteen years of pioneer work in the period of modern missions. At his death there were three hundred and fifty converts, and a large number of catechumens, to mourn his loss and to carry on his noble work. His life had "answered life's great end."

CHAPTER VIII

David Brainerd

Missionary to the Indians at Twenty-four
(1742 – 1747 A.D.)

Do you know how it is possible to live a very long life in a very few years? Perhaps you have heard the secret told in these words: "He liveth long, who liveth well."

The young missionary to the Indians of long ago proved this to be true by his short, heroic, useful life.

In 1718 the little village of Haddam, Connecticut, was indeed a small one, but there, in April of that year, a baby was born who grew up into the man and the missionary that all who know anything of missions to-day, love to think about.

When David Brainerd was only nine, his father died, and five years later the death of his mother left him a lonely orphan. For a while he became a farmer's boy, and earned his living by his work out-of-doors. Then he went to live with a good minister, who gave him a chance to study, for the boy was very anxious to go to college. To Yale he went, while still quite young, and remained three years. There were no theological seminaries then, as now, to prepare young men to be ministers, but they studied with older ministers, and were made ready to preach in this way. Young Brainerd studied with different ministers, until the year 1742. Although he was then but twenty-four, he was considered ready to preach, and was sent out upon his chosen life-work as a missionary to the Indians.

At first, the intention was to send him to the tribes in Kew Jersey and Pennsylvania, but, because of some trouble among them there, the young missionary was sent instead to the

Stockbridge Indians in Massachusetts.

Oh, but he had a hard time in the very beginning. You know, perhaps, that Solomon, the wise man, says that it is "good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." It was certainly given to this young man to do this. No comfortable home was open to him, and he lived with a poor Scotchman, whose wife could hardly speak a word of English. Nothing better than a heap of straw laid upon some boards was provided for lodging, and as for food — what do you think he had? We know exactly, for the missionary kept a journal, and in it he wrote — "My diet is hasty pudding (mush), boiled corn, bread baked in the ashes, and sometimes a little meat and butter." He adds, "I live in a log house without any floor. My work is exceedingly hard and difficult. I travel on foot a mile and a half the worst of ways, almost daily, and back again, for I live so far from my Indians." He writes that the presence of God is what he wants, and he longs to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus." The Indians, from the first, seemed to be generally kind, and ready to listen, but, in the beginning, the work was slow.

The young missionary's heart was troubled for his poor red men, because the Dutch claimed their lands, and threatened to drive them off. They seemed to hate him because he tried to teach the Indians the way of life. At this time there was but a single person near with whom he could talk English. This person was a young Indian with eighteen letters in his last name, which was far enough from being "English." You may do your best at pronouncing it. It was "Wauwaumpequennaunt." Fortunately his first name was John!

The exposure and hardships of these days brought on illness from which the missionary suffered all through his brief life. He tells in his journal of spending a day in labour to get something for his horse to eat, after getting a horse, but it seems as if he had little use of it, for he was often without bread for days together, because unable to find his horse in

the woods to go after it. He was so weak that he needed something besides boiled corn, but had to go or send, ten or fifteen miles, to get bread of any kind. If he got any considerable quantity at a time, it was often sour and moldy before he could eat it all.

He did not write complainingly of all this, but he did make a *joyful* entry one day, giving thanks to God for His great goodness, after he had been allowed to bestow in charitable uses, to supply great needs of others, a sum of over one hundred pounds New England money, in the course of fifteen months. It was truly, to him, "More blessed to give than to receive." He was thankful, he said, to be a steward to distribute what really belonged to God.

After two years' labour among the Stockbridge Indians, Mr. Brainerd went to New Jersey, his red brothers parting from him sorrowfully. The commissioners unexpectedly sent him to the Delaware Forks Indians. This meant that he must return to settle up affairs in Massachusetts and go back again to the new field. The long rides must be taken on horseback, the nights spent in the woods, wrapped in a greatcoat, and lying upon the ground. The missionary had flattering offers of pulpits in large churches where he would have had the comforts of life, but he steadfastly refused to leave his beloved Indians.

In the midst of difficulties and hardships he gladly toiled on. Travelling about as he did, he was often in peril of his life along the dangerous ways. On one trip to visit the Susquehanna Indians, the missionary's horse hung a leg over the rocks of the rough way, and fell under him. It was a narrow escape from death, but he was not hurt, though the poor horse's leg was broken, and, being thirty miles from any house, he had to kill the suffering animal and go the rest of the way on foot.

The last place of heroic service was in New Jersey, at a place called Crossweeksung. Here the missionary was gladly

received, and spent two busy and fruitful years, preaching to the red men, visiting them in their wigwams, comforting and helping them in every way, being their beloved friend and counsellor at all times. At last he became so weak that he could not go on. A church and school being established, the way was made easier for another. Hoping to gain strength to return to his red brothers, David Brainerd went to New England for rest, and was received gladly into the home of Rev. Jonathan Edwards. Here he failed very rapidly, but his brave spirit was so full of joy that his face shone as with the light of heaven. He said, "My work is done." He died, October 9, 1747, at the age of twenty-nine. He opened the way for others to serve his Indians, and his life has helped many, and has sent others into the field through all these years since the young hero was called and crowned. The story of his life influenced William Carey, Samuel Marsden and Henry Martyn to become missionaries. Through these, David Brainerd spoke to India, to New Zealand and to Persia.

CHAPTER IX

William Carey

("The Consecrated Cobbler")
Missionary to India (1793 – 1833 A.D.)

There was a young man long ago in England who asked some ministers if the Church had done all it could for the heathen, and received this answer: "Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen world, He will do it without your help or mine." Who was the venturesome young man? William Carey.

Who was it that said afterwards, "Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God"? William Carey. Who was it that later said, when some one was talking of the great mine of heathenism, asking, "Who will go down?" "I will, but remember that you must hold the ropes"? William Carey, missionary to India for forty years. Tuck into your memory these three things, and keep them there, for they are worth remembering.

William Carey is called the father of modern missions. Of course we want to know something about him. In the year 1761, he was born in a lowly cottage, in the little town of Paulersbury in England. His father was a schoolmaster. In this village the boy spent the first fourteen years of his life, and his father gave him the best education he could. But at fourteen the boy was his own master. "The bench was his seat of literature, and the shoemaker's stall his hall of learning." The boy who, when but six years old, used to repeat sums in arithmetic to his mother, which he had worked out in his own mind, was not likely to stop learning at fourteen. He finished whatever he began. He used every chance he had. The room where he worked was filled with insects in every corner, and

he delighted to watch them growing. He collected birds, butterflies, and animals, and was also fond of drawing and painting. He was an active fellow, and fond of the things boys love to do. He was a great favourite with those of his own age. As a shoemaker's apprentice, William Carey did his work so well that his master kept a pair of shoes to show William's good work.

While still a youth, he gave his heart to Christ, and was sometimes asked to speak in meetings in a little Baptist chapel which he attended. Thirty years afterwards, the minister who baptized the young man said, "In 1783 I baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that before nine years had passed he would prove the first instrument in forming a society for sending missionaries to the heathen, but such was the case."

At length the church encouraged the young man to enter on the work of preaching, as he longed to do. But his master died, and the apprentice began work for himself to pay expenses while preaching. He married at twenty, and had his family to support. He preached three years at Barton, walking six miles there and back. Then he had a church in Mouiton, where he had a salary of seventy-live dollars a year. He could not live on this — do you wonder? — and tried to teach school. This was a failure and he went back to shoemaking. But he and his family lived very sparingly, often going without meat for a month at a time. After two or three years he moved to Leister and built up a church there. All this time he managed somehow to do much studying. He mastered the Latin grammar in six weeks, and the Dutch language in a wonderfully short time. Greek and Hebrew were learned without a teacher. In seven years he could read his Bible in six languages. He bought a French book for a few pence and in three weeks could read it. He found it so easy to learn a new language that it was an amusement to spread out a book before him and study as he worked. By and by the shoemaker preach-

er was asked to preach before an association of ministers. It was then and there that he said "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." As a result of that sermon, a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen was formed, in the little parlour of a lady named Mrs. Wallis. She loved to remember this, and her eyes glistened, when it was mentioned.

Very soon Mr. Carey decided to go himself as a missionary. His wife felt that she could not go. There were four children, one of them a baby. The minister said he would take his oldest son and go, hoping the mother and the rest would follow. But before he sailed, the mother decided to go, and the whole family set out for India. It took five months for the voyage. On arriving, there were dreadful times and many hardships before a place could be found for the family, and Mr. Carey had to take what work he could get to support them. The money brought with them was gone, and the one trusted with it for the company of missionaries did not spend it wisely. Fifteen thousand miles from home, the only way to get more was to work for it. Mr. Carey said that he would not depend on the society at home, but would support himself, and sent for seeds and plants for a large garden. Soon after, the five-year-old son Robert died, and no one could be found to make or to carry the coffin. Men were afraid to touch the little body. Soon the missionary work began, though with many trials. After five years he went to Serampore, where his great work was done. After seven years in India, he baptized the first Hindu convert, who lived to preach for twenty years afterwards.

A wonderful work was done by the Mission Press. Before Dr. Carey died, 212,000 copies of the Scriptures had been sent out in forty different languages among three hundred millions of people.

After forty years' labour as missionary, professor, and translator, he fell asleep in Jesus.

CHAPTER X

Theodosius Vanderkemp

Who Went as a Missionary to Africa,
When Past Fifty Years Old (1799 – 1811 A.D.)

It is never too late to make a fresh beginning if Duty calls. This famous Hollander, who was born at Rotterdam in 1747, became eminent as scholar, soldier, and physician, before he became the only medical missionary in Africa, at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Vanderkemp's father was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. His son studied at the University of Leyden, and was well educated. He spent sixteen years in the army, where he was captain of horse, and lieutenant of dragoons — a valiant soldier.

Leaving the army, he went to Edinburgh. Here he became distinguished for his attainments in the modern languages and natural sciences. You can see that he was a very learned man. By and by he went back to Holland, and practiced medicine with great success. It seems that he could do many things well.

A great sorrow came to him in the death of his wife and child in a shocking accident. This led to his becoming a Christian, and turning his thoughts to service for Jesus Christ. He offered himself as a missionary to the London Missionary Society for work in South Africa. He was ordained as a minister, and sailed in 1798, when past fifty. He went in a convict ship, and busied himself on the voyage in ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of the convicts.

After labouring in different places, and being ordered by the king to leave, with sixty followers, after establishing one

station. Dr. Vanderkemp began special work for the Hottentots. In seven years those who gathered for worship numbered fully a thousand. The cruelties of the slave traffic so distressed the good doctor that, in three years, he paid $5,000 to redeem poor captives. Finally, by his efforts, aided by others, the Hottentots were made free. It was said that this missionary was wonderfully like the apostles of the early Church.

His service was not long, for he died in 1811, after only about twelve years in Africa. For a hundred years the Kaffir converts were called by his name.

Dr. Moffat said of this brave missionary: "He came from a university to teach the poor naked Hottentots and Kaffirs; from the society of nobles, to associate with the lowest of humanity; from stately mansions, to the hut of the greasy African; from the study of medicine to become a guide to the Balm of Gilead;…and from a life of earthly honour and ease, to perils of waters, of robbers. and of the heathen, in city and wilderness."

CHAPTER XI
John Adams and the Transformed Island
(Pitcairn) 1789-1829 A.D.

Now you shall hear a very wonderful story of what came about through one copy of the Bible and one man, in a tiny island in the Pacific Ocean.

The little speck of an island, but two and a quarter miles long, and one mile broad, is about 1,200 miles from Tahiti. This is a tale of the South Seas.

In the year 1767 (how long ago?) Captain Carteret, of Great Britain, was cruising round in those latitudes, and with him a young midshipman named Pitcairn. He was the first to discover the hitherto unknown island, and gave it his name. The poor young man died not long after. His naming of the island went down in the ship's log-book, and the next man who made a chart of the South Seas put a new dot on it for Pitcairn, and that was the last of this speck in the ocean for a long, long time.

Twenty years after, the good ship *Bounty,* flying the British flag, took her way homeward with plants of the breadfruit tree, which the government wished to introduce into the West Indies. Captain Bligh was in command. The master's mate was Fletcher Christian, a bright young man, but quick-tempered and revengeful. The captain was not as wise and kind as he might have been, and the mate was ready to resent everything, so that there was a bad state of feeling on board. At last Fletcher Christian, who was not well named, led the men in a mutiny. They overpowered the captain and his handful of faithful men, put them into a small boat loaded to the water's edge, within a few inches, and carrying a small

allowance of provisions, and sent them adrift. It is dreadful to think of.

The mutineers then turned the vessel back to Tahiti, where they told a lie to account for their return, saying the captain had gone, with some of his crew, in another boat, with a friend, met on the sea. But the wicked men were in terror every moment, afraid they would be found out somehow and pursued to their death. They left the island, landed upon another, leaving some of the men behind, and taking some natives of Tahiti with them. They tried to build a barricade, but the work did not go well, and soon the *Bounty* was at sea again. Then was discovered the little island of Pitcairn, that seemed so solitary and forsaken that it promised safety. They landed and took up their residence there.

Let us imagine the scene. The men unload the chip and cast all her lading upon the shore. If we look carefully, we shall see an old Bible among the things tossed down. Now it is decided to "burn their bridges" by burning the ship, and soon the *Bounty* is a mass of flame, burning to the water's edge. Now these men must live with the savages brought with them, and see their English homes no more.

But shall we follow Captain Bligh and crew, set adrift nearly four thousand miles from any European settlement, with scanty supplies of food and water? They dare not land upon unknown islands for fear of being killed by savages. With two cocoanut shells for scales, and a leaden bullet for a weight, the captain daily measures and weighs the supplies for each man. Sometimes the storm-tossed boat quivers between waves "mountain-high" as the story-books say. Daily they pray for help, and God is good. At last they reach home, and tell their strange story. The ship *Pandora* scours the seas for the mutineers. Some are found at Tahiti but two have been murdered. Three are drowned on the homeward trip, the rest are punished with death on reaching England. But of Fletcher Christian and the rest not a trace is found.

The life in Pitcairn is very terrible. The men are in hourly dread of a visit from a man-of-war, and many a false alarm sends them scuttling to their hiding-places in the rocks, Fletcher Christian is so cruel that by and by the natives of Tahiti kill him and four other whites. Then the whites left, struggle with the natives, till all the Tahitan men are killed. It seems as if the tiny island runs blood. But time goes on. Children are born. A man who knows how to make an intoxicating drink from native plants brings this curse upon them.

At last one man only, of the crew of the *Bounty* is left. He used to be called Alexander Smith but takes the name of John Adams. He taught himself to read, when a boy, from the signs and handbills on the London streets. One day he goes rummaging among the old things taken from the *Bounty* and finds the Bible. Sick at heart over all the wickedness on the island, he reads God's Word. He prays. He finds and trusts God's promises. He gives his heart to God.

It is twenty-five years since the mutiny on the *Bounty*. Two men-of-war, one September evening, find an island not laid down in their charts. Next morning they see the homes of people on the shore — neat and comfortable they look. See. A canoe from the shore, with two young men, comes towards the ships, and hails them in the English tongue. How amazing! They are taken on board and given some refreshments. Before they eat, they fold their hands and say earnestly, "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

By and by the story all comes out. John Adams has been the missionary who has taught those on the island to worship God and love His Word. It is this which has changed everything. He dies in 1829, forty years after the mutiny.

Another missionary goes out by and by, and the wonderful story goes on in the Transformed Island.

CHAPTER XII

Henry Martyn

Missionary to India and Persia (1806 – 1812 A.D.)

Surely it was a wonderful young missionary, who, dying at thirty-one, after only six years of service, left a name that has been remembered and loved for a hundred years. Wasn't his life worth living?

In the town of Truro, Cornwall, England, in 1781, lived a labouring man by the name of Martyn, who had risen to the place of chief clerk, in a merchant's establishment, by his own industry and business ability. Into this man's home came a baby boy who grew into a sensitive, proud, ambitious, and impetuous youth. He was so bright that he obtained a scholarship in St. Stephen's College, Cambridge. His only thoughts were of scholarship and fame, till his father's death made him think of higher things. When he was graduated with high honour, and seemed to have gained his highest ambition, he said that he found he had only grasped a shadow. He must find something better than self to live for. He had intended to be a lawyer, but finally felt called to the ministry, and then to the work of preaching to the heathen. Reading about William Carey's work in India turned his thoughts in this direction, but it was the life of David Brainerd which influenced him most. The story of this devoted life given to work among the North American Indians, fifty years before this, led Henry Martyn to become a missionary.

When he was but twenty-two, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society to serve in India, and was accepted. But it was three years before he could go out. First he served as a curate in a village parish, in order to have better preparation for work abroad. And then he had to wait for a

license. In those days no one could go from England to India without a license from the East India Company. The last trial which came to this young missionary about to set out was saying farewell to the lady he dearly loved, as he must do, if he went so far away. But he loved his Saviour so much that he gave up everything, even the one he loved best on earth, and sailed away, to see her no more. There was no other way.

The ship in which the young missionary sailed steered her course towards Africa. Then it was that the passengers learned, to their surprise, that there were soldiers aboard, who, at Capetown, attacked the helpless people there. Mr. Martyn was horrified, but as soon as he could, went ashore and ministered to the two hundred wounded men that he found in a wretched little hospital. At Capetown he met the old missionary, Dr. Yanderkemp, and asked him if he had ever been sorry that he had left all to become a messenger to the heathen. "No," said the brave man, "and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom." Have you ever heard of a missionary who was sorry? I never have. They seem to be the gladdest people anywhere.

Arrived in Calcutta, May, 1806, the young missionary wrote of the place that "the fiends of darkness seemed to sit in sullen repose in the land." It was very discouraging; but the brave heart trusted God the more, and began the work of overturning the idols of the heathen. At Calcutta he made his home with a missionary named Rev. David Brown, who gave him a beautiful pagoda to live in. The English people of the city were so charmed with the refined manners, bright mind, and lovely spirit of Mr. Martyn that they wanted him to settle among them as a permanent minister, but his heart turned towards the millions in darkness. He got an appointment to Dinapore, whither he went to labour as almost the only one to stand up for Jesus in all the multitudes that swarmed about him.

It was as an English chaplain that he had been obliged to

go out at first, not as a regular missionary, but he took this way in order to get a chance to do missionary work. He began to study Hindustanee diligently, and in two and a half years learned to speak it fluently. He began a school and afterwards established five. He began to translate the Bible, and to prepare tracts to give to the people. His native version of the New Testament was highly approved, but his Persic version, made for circulation among another set of people, was much injured by the malice of the interpreter, who put in words of his own choosing, which the common people could not understand.

A friend of those days writes of the missionary: "I perfectly remember the young man as he came into our home. He was dressed in white, and looked very pale. His expression was so luminous, intellectual, affectionate, and beaming with love, that no one thought of his features or form. Character outshone everything. There was also the most perfect manners, with attention to all minute civilities, and he was remarkable for ease and cheer fulness. He was the humblest of men."

While in Dinapore Mr. Martyn heard of the death of his two sisters at home from consumption, and the same disease began to show itself in him. He was ordered to Cawnpore, where he had a long illness. As soon as able to be out-of-doors, the missionary began his work again. He was so kind that he was soon known to a crowd of beggars who surrounded him when he went out. He arranged to have them come to him at a regular time once a week when he promised them each a small piece of money. In this way he gathered a company of about 500, who listened to his words after receiving his gifts. They were the lowest class and most wretched of the people. By and by he had to leave Cawnpore for his health, but went to Persia, there revising his Persic New Testament. Growing worse, he set out for England, but died suddenly at Tokat, several hundred miles from Constantinople.

CHAPTER XIII

Guido Fridolin Verbeck

Who Received From the Japanese the
Decoration of The Rising Sun (1830 – 1899 A.D.)

Of all heroes are decorated by those governments whose people they seek to serve, but here is one who did receive appreciation in Japan. You will keep on reading, I am very sure, until you find out how it was.

You will guess at once from this good man's name that he was not an American, or, at least, that his parents were not. He was born in Utrecht, the Netherlands, in 1830, but in his young manhood he sailed from Kew York, in 1859, for Japan, as a missionary from The Reformed Church in America. He set forth in May, and in November he reached Nagasaki, Japan. It took longer then than it does now.

For nearly forty years this missionary was an influence in this country, and had an active part in the progress of Protestant missions there.

Do any of you remember the story of the conversion of a Japanese officer through finding a floating Testament on the water? There was such a man, "really and truly," and his name was Wakasa. He was commander-in-chief of Japanese forces at Nagasaki. One day he noticed something floating on the waves, and sent some one to bring it to him. It proved to be a copy of the New Testament, in English. The officer was very curious about it, and after many difficulties got some one to read it to him. He came in contact with Dr. Verbeck, and in 1866 was baptized by him, as a Christian, through the study of God's Word.

Perhaps you know that the "Two-sworded Class," having

a right to carry two swords, is one of very high rank in Japan. Dr. Verbeck taught two classes of Two-sworded young men, in Nagasaki, at one time.

In 1868, when the Revolution in Japan broke out, these young men remembered their instructor, of whom they thought highly, and as they were now prominent in government affairs, they sought out the missionary and asked his advice about framing their new institutions — a great honour indeed to pay to a foreigner.

The advice given was so good and acceptable that the adviser was called to Tokyo. There he stayed for nine years, in close connection with the government, helping to shape it, and supervising the university, and the system of education which was the first established. The first deputation of Japanese that went on a tour among the nations of Europe took Dr. Verbeck along.

In recognition of his services in this and other directions he was decorated by the government as one of the third class of The Rising Sun, and was thus entitled to appear at court. In translating, teaching, preaching, and living, he was a power, for forty years, in planting Christianity in the Sunrise Kingdom.

Later, Dr. J. C. Hepburn, first medical missionary from America to Japan (1815), had the decoration sent him on his ninetieth birthday, at home, by the Emperor of Japan.

CHAPTER XIV

Alexander Duff

Missionary to India (1830 – 1864 A.D.)

Alexander Duff was another bright boy who began early to prepare for a useful life. He was a Scotch laddie, born in Perthshire, in 1806. At fifteen he entered the University of St. Andrew. He grew to young manhood during the time of a great awakening in the interest of missions all through Scotland. Having become an earnest Christian, he heard the call to preach the Good News to the heathen, and when he was twenty-three he was sent as a missionary to India. The voyage was anything but safe and easy. Twice he nearly lost his life in a wreck; first on a rocky reef when rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and again on the coast of Ceylon. A third time he barely escaped with his life in a wreck near the mouth of the Ganges River. In the first wreck the missionary and his wife lost everything, not even saving a book from their library, nor any of the precious plans and manuscripts they carried. It took them eight months to reach Calcutta. Were they discouraged? Not at all.

The chief thing that young Mr. Duff intended to do was to open a school which would give a good education to Hindu youths. The language was to be English, so that the missionary teachers would not have to learn a foreign tongue. The Bible was to be regularly taught every day. The Orientals wanted all instruction to be given in Sanskrit, but they could not bring it about. The missionary had his way, and did what he came out to do. How many students came the first day, do you think? Five. And where did the school open? Under a banyan tree. There was no other place, and this did very well.

Before the first week ended there were three hundred applications, and very soon there was a good building provided for the two hundred and fifty accepted pupils. They learned English readily, and studied the Bible every day. By and by the natives began to feel that it was the Bible which made the English people different from themselves. They saw the kindness of the missionaries, and wondered over their leaving home to try to help others far away. They asked, "What makes them do all this for us?" and then they answered, "It is the Bible."

The second year, three times as many students came, and before very long the number increased to a thousand. Wasn't that grand progress? And many became Christians, and faithful ones, too, which was best of all. The story of one of the converts is very touching. A man came to one of the missionaries and told him that he wanted leave to die in his house. He showed in his worn face that he was near death. He was about sixty years old, and had been a Christian for twenty years. But he had "lost caste" by this, and was cast out by those of his own class and family. No one would have anything to do with him. All these years he had lived alone, and had been faithful to his Master. Now he was sure that the end was near, and longed to die in the house of a Christian missionary. He was kindly cared for through five weeks of suffering, and then his pain and loneliness were over. Before he died, the missionary said to him one day, "Captain (for he had been in the army), how is it with you?" The man's thin face kindled into a beautiful glow as he said, "Jesus has taken all mine and given me all His." The missionary asked, "What do you mean by 'all mine'?" "All my guilt, all my sin," said the man. "And what is 'all His'?" asked his friend, "All His righteousness, all His peace," and then he fell asleep — triumphant in Jesus.

In 1834 Dr. Duff, as he was then, went back home. He was in such poor health that he could not stay longer in India

without a vacation. But he spent the time at home, as far as he possibly could, in going about and stirring up the people with his burning words, as he told of the great work abroad. He was asked to become the principal and professor of theology in the Free Church of Scotland, and urged strongly to accept. But he could not and would not, begging them to allow him to remain always a missionary to the heathen.

Returning to India, and then after a time returning to Scotland, he had many honours bestowed upon him.

In 1857 the earnest missionary went back to India after having spoken to thousands upon the mission work. This time he opened a school for high caste girls, that is, girls of the highest class. There were sixty-two enrolled the first year. When examination day came at the close of the year, many high caste gentlemen of India came to the exercises, and said they were very much pleased with all that they saw and heard. It used to be said in that land that one might as well try to teach a cow as to teach a girl anything, but the girls showed that they could learn when they had a chance.

At last Dr. Duff's health failed utterly and he had to leave the field. For fourteen years he helped the Cause in the homeland, and passed away in peace, at the age of seventy-two.

CHAPTER XV

Captain Allen Gardiner

The Man Who Wanted "a Hard Job" (1834 – 1851 A.D.)

Look at your map for Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, at the southernmost point of South America. The people there used to be among the very worst known anywhere. They were cannibals, and the filthiest of creatures, besides being the cruelest. When they talked it sounded like a man clearing his throat, and it was almost impossible to understand them. They believed that a good spirit lived in the sun and two bad ones in the moon, and that good people, at death, went to the sun, and bad ones to the moon. You can imagine what a hard thing it would be to try to Christianize such people. There was a young man, long ago, who said he wanted to be sent to the hardest place to do the hardest missionary work that needed to be done. He did not ask or seek easy work, and took the hardest. It was Captain Allen Gardiner.

This brave hero was born in England in 1794 When a boy he loved the water, and was trained in the English Naval College, afterwards becoming a captain. In his voyages he went to China. Seeing the Chinese engaged in dreadful idol-worship made him long to help them, and others like them. He gave his heart to Christ, and, while still a voyager, got leave of absence from his ship as often as possible, and went into the interior to find out the condition of the natives of foreign lands. In this way he became interested in the wild natives of the mountains in and about Patagonia. He was now a man of thirty, filled with a desire to be a missionary. The London Society could not answer his appeals. Ten years passed. His parents died, and also his young wife. He had a

small income, and decided to send himself, if the Society could not send him to a foreign field.

He and a Polish companion went first to Africa, and began a mission among the Zulus — preaching through an interpreter, and teaching the children to read and to wear clothes. After three years Captain Gardiner visited England and returned with a band of missionaries, but war between Zulus and Boers broke up the mission.

The captain could not give up his hope to labour among the heathen. He went to South America and travelled about for two years, deciding to begin work in New Guinea, but the Dutch would not allow it, distrusting him because he was an officer in the Royal Navy of England. Then he decided to make Terra del Fuego his field. The savage inhabitants would not make friends with him. He went back to England and tried in vain to arouse interest in these benighted people. But he got a grant of Bibles and New Testaments and went about distributing them. Going again to England he failed once more in arousing interest, but finally some friends formed a committee for carrying on the Patagonian mission, and sent out Robert Hunt as a catechist. Captain Gardiner went with him at his own expense. Alas! The natives had moved. All search for them was vain. No Indians were to be found. After a while the chief and a few others returned, but in such a surly mood that nothing could be done but leave the station. An English ship passing that way took them home.

Do you think the brave missionary was discouraged now? Not a bit of it. He felt that those degraded Indians needed Jesus, and he was more anxious than ever to preach Christ to them. In 1848 he started again, travelled about among the natives, returning to England to beg for help for them. He was allowed to go back with a ship-carpenter and four sailors. After great trouble they landed, but the natives were so dishonest that it was found best to try to have the mission afloat. Captain Gardiner again returned to get better equipment.

Again he was met with indifference, but at last, a thousand pounds being raised, of which he gave three hundred himself, back he went. His soul was stirred by a perfect passion to lead those savages to Jesus Christ. Six others went with him on this voyage. They carried six months' provisions and arranged for supplies for six months more to be sent, sailing for Picton Island. But no vessel would stop there with the second supply, and the stores were sent to the Falkland Islands. The governor tried to forward them, but in vain. The little party of missionaries was left destitute, and at the mercy of the pitiless Fuegians, with only shell-fish, wild celery and seaweed to eat, drinking rain water from the hollows in the rocks. At last a ship was sent out in search of the brave men, and it was found that they had starved to death. The bodies were found, and the writings they had left, including Captain Gardiner's journal.

One of the dauntless men, Mr. Williams, wrote that though his body was weak, his spirit was strong and glad, and that he would not change situations with any man living. He felt that he was in the path of duty, even when death drew near. It was all very sad, and it looked as if the mission of Captain Gardiner had failed. But no. The story of his valiant effort was spread far and wide, and his death did what his life could not do — it made men say, "With God's help the mission shall be maintained." And it was. Others went out. Native boys were brought back to be educated. A ship, the *Allen Gardiner,* took out missionaries. Some were murdered, but others went. At last the work prospered, and many fierce natives were won to Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XVI

Cyrus Hamlin

Founder of Robert College, Missionary in Constantinople for Thirty-four Years (1839 – 1878 A.D.)

A man that founds a college is worth knowing. Don't you think so? Let us get acquainted, then, with Cyrus Hamlin, who was the founder of Robert College in Constantinople, and a teacher, scholar, missionary, inventor, administrator, and statesman. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States during the administration of President Lincoln, was first cousin to this missionary.

Cyrus Hamlin was born on a farm near "Waterford, Maine, January 5, 1811. When the baby was only seven months old, the good father died, leaving the mother to struggle hard to bring up her children. When he was but six, the boy began his education under a teacher in a little red school house. As he grew older, the books read in the home were much like those that Lincoln read — Goldsmith's "History of Greece and Rome," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Vicar of Wakefield," and Rollings "Ancient History." The Bible was always read, and the *Missionary Herald.*

One of the first things the boy undertook to make was an ox-yoke, which was made from yellow birch wood, and was called "a thing of beauty," Afterwards he made almost every tool and article needed on the farm, though he had no teacher.

When Cyrus was eleven, he was allowed to go to town on Muster Day, a great holiday in those times, when they had sham fights with Indians, and parades, such as boys like. His mother gave him seven cents to buy gingerbread, but said as

she gave it, "Perhaps you will stop at Mrs. Farrar's and put a cent or two in the contribution box." The boy tried to divide the seven cents in his mind, before he reached Mrs. Farrar's, but could not satisfy himself as to how many he would give, and how many he would keep. When he reached the house he said to himself, "I'll just dump them all in." And so he did, and went without gingerbread. Returning home hungry as a bear, he said that he had had nothing to eat, and his mother gave him a bowl of bread and milk. He said it was the best he had ever eaten.

When he was sixteen, Cyrus began to learn the trade of a silversmith in Portland, and in three years developed the mechanical skill for which he was afterwards famous. At seventeen he united with the church, and joined a society of Christian young people, though in those days there were no Christian Endeavour organizations. One day a good deacon who had watched the young Christian asked him if he did not think he ought to be a minister. The answer was that the expense would be too great. The deacon said that the church had voted to give a thousand dollars for such use, and this decided the matter. The eager student began his preparation, first in school, then in Bowdoin College, where the poet Henry W. Longfellow was among his classmates.

In the winter of 1831, in Bowdoin College, two young men, preparing to be missionaries, had a great influence upon some of the students. Cyrus Hamlin was one of those who volunteered for the foreign field. When he told his mother, she said, "Cyrus, I have always expected it, and I have not a word to say."

One day the professor lectured on the steam engine in the college class, and it appeared that but few had ever seen one. Young Hamlin said, "I think I could make one so that any one could understand its parts." "I wish you would try it," said the professor. The young man resolved to "do it or die." He succeeded, and the work of three months brought him $175.00

for his model. It is now in the cabinet in the college.

Bangor Theological Seminary received this bright student after he had been graduated from college with highest honours. At last he was ready for his work abroad, and was appointed to Turkey. Miss Henrietta Jackson, who was a young lady well adapted to be his helper, consented to go with him as his bride.

The second day after landing in Constantinople the two young missionaries began to study the language. It was a troublous time in the land, and there were many hindrances to mission work. It was a year before a school could be opened and then it began with but two pupils. Before long there were twelve.

Mr. Hamlin fitted up the school with all sorts of appliances, which he was skilled in making. The Orientals thought such work was done by Satan, but flocked to see the appliances, and to watch experiments in the laboratory, often staying to ask about the Christian religion.

The missionary, now Dr. Hamlin, gave much help to students through his workshop. His next enterprise was to establish a bakery in connection with a mill. This not only helped the poor Armenians wonderfully, but when the Crimean War broke out, the bakery supplied bread for the hospital where Florence Nightingale laboured, and also for the English camp. Dr. Hamlin built more ovens, and agreed to furnish from twelve to twenty thousand pounds of bread daily. Seeing how the sick and wounded soldiers suffered for want of clean clothes this dauntless missionary, who believed in helping in every possible way, invented a washing machine, which was the greatest boon. With six machines and thirty persons, 3,000 articles could be washed in a day. Dr. Hamlin said that he had been credited with sixteen professions but that of washer-woman was the one that he was most proud of.

In 1860 began the great work of founding Robert College

in Constantinople. It was named for Dr. Hamlin's friend, Mr. Robert, who aided the work.

There were more difficulties in the way than you could count. It was hard to get permission to buy a site, and to build. The money had to be raised in America in the time of the Civil War. The college opened with four students, but soon had forty. Dr. Hamlin finally finished his busy life, in the home-land, in 1900.

CHAPTER XVII
Robert Moffat
Missionary to South Africa (1817 – 1870 A.D.)

Is it not wonderful to think of doing one thing for over fifty-three years? That was keeping at it faithfully, indeed. Robert Moffat was a hero-missionary in South Africa for as long a time as this, and never once said he was tired of it and would give it up.

This brave missionary came into the world December 21, 1795, in a little town in Scotland. His parents were poor in this world's goods, but rich in having seven children, and they were sturdy, honest, good people.

When the little Robert began to go to school he had no text-book but the Westminster Shorter Catechism, with the alphabet on the title-page. He did not care very much about study, and the master sometimes tried to help him with his rod. When he grew older, he longed for "a life on the ocean wave" and ran away to sea. He had some hard times, and several narrow escapes, which made him glad to give up a sailor's life. He then at tended a school which pleased him better than the first one, and studied bookkeeping, astronomy, geography, and mathematics. It was well that he gave his mind to these studies then, for in six months his school days ended. At fourteen the boy became self-supporting, being set to learn gardening.

Robert's mother, good, earnest Christian Scotch-woman that she was, did a great deal for her son. She was very much interested in missions, and it was from her lips that he first heard about the heathen, and the work of helping them. The mother talked cheerfully and wisely to her children, as they

sat about the fire in the evenings, all knitting busily. The boys as well as the girls used to knit in those days. What do you think of that? Certainly it was a useful thing to do.

The gardener, to whom Robert was apprenticed, was a hard master, and it was then, when it was so hard to get, that the boy began to long for a better education. He joined an evening class and began to study Latin and geometry. He also learned to use blacksmith's tools at this time, and how to play on the violin. His music was a great comfort to him long afterwards, and everything he learned was of use to him as a missionary. At sixteen he went to England. His mother asked him to promise to read the Bible every day. He gave his word and kept it. In England Robert the gardener found a good place, and his master, seeing that he was anxious to learn, encouraged and helped him to study. Not long after beginning the life in England, the young man was invited to some special meetings and gave his heart to the Saviour. He was so happy that he wanted to tell everybody, and then an intense longing came into his heart to carry the news to the heathen. But he was not yet fitted to be a missionary and the London Missionary Society refused to send him. But one of the officers became interested in him, and advised him to come to Manchester, and study under his care. A Mr. Smith, who was much interested in missions, gave the young man a place in his nursery garden. It was a very good place, and more than that, gave him a chance to know Miss Mary Smith, who afterwards became his devoted and helpful wife.

By and by Mr. Moffat was accepted by the Missionary Society and began to prepare for his life as a missionary. "When the time came, he had to go alone to Africa, as Miss Mary Smith's parents felt that they could not give up their bright young daughter, though she was willing to go as the missionary's bride to the dark land so far away. Mr. Moffat set forth on his lonely way. Arrived in Africa, he had all sorts of trials and dreadful experiences for more than a year before he

reached the station in Namaqualand, known as Afrikaner's Kraal, north of the Orange River. Afrikaner had been a fierce and cruel chief, but some missionaries had led him to Christ. He now welcomed Mr. Moffat and said he must stay. He bade the women bring materials for a kraal, or house of poles and mats, plastered with mud, and shaped a little like a beehive. In half an hour the kraal was finished, and the missionary lived in it six months, though it was not very comfortable to have the hungry dogs running in and out, and snakes dropping down at any time.

One of the first things Mr. Moffat taught the people was to wash themselves and put on decent clothing, while he told them of Jesus who would take away their sins. The chief gave him two cows which saved him often from going hungry to bed, as his salary was not quite $120.00 a year and how could he get everything needful with that sum?

After two years and a half, Miss Smith's parents consented to her going to Africa, and after a long voyage of several months she arrived, and was married to the good missionary. The two opened many stations, and did their work under the greatest difficulties that you can imagine. It was very hard to learn the language, for it was not written and there were no books. The interpreters took pleasure in telling them the wrong words, which made it harder. At last Mr. Moffat was able to write a spelling book and have it printed in England, afterwards writing a catechism, and translating parts of the Bible. Nine years passed before there were any great signs of success, but then there was a wonderful awakening among the Africans, and a new church had to be built to hold the converts, while the sound of praise and prayer came from many homes. After twenty-three years of service, Mr. Moffat took his wife and returned home for a visit. After telling his story, and receiving great honours, he went back with Mrs. Moffat to the work they both loved. After thirty years more, they returned to England. The next year Mrs. Moffat died, and

twelve years later, aged eighty-seven, the husband followed. He who once said, "I have sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been," went to many of them with the true light that still shines.

CHAPTER XVI

Samuel J. Mills

The Missionary Who Never Beached His Field
(Died in 1818 A.D.)

Perhaps you know that near Williams College, Williamstown, there is, this very day, a monument in the shape of a haystack, as a reminder of what took place once upon a time, under a real haystack, on this spot. Very early in the nineteenth century, somewhere about 1809-10, there were four young men in Williams College who used to meet together in a grove for prayer and conference. One day a heavy shower forced them to find better shelter than the trees afforded, and they took refuge under a haystack in a field near by. They were earnestly talking on this day about sending the Good News to the faraway heathen, and in the shelter of that haystack they pledged themselves to go as foreign missionaries as soon as the way should open. The best known of these four students was Samuel J. Mills, born in Massachusetts, in the town of Tolland, and now about twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

At this time, Mr. Mills, with the other three, came to Andover to enter the theological seminary there. Here they met young Adoniram Judson, who was just then looking for some way to be sent to the foreign field. But there was no Society or Board ready to send anybody to heathen lands. There was the Massachusetts Missionary Society, which was founded in 1799, but its work was limited to the North American Indians, and it could do nothing for these young men who wished to go to India, Burma, and Africa. At last, after talking over matters, and asking advice of others, besides

making it a subject of earnest prayer, a paper was drawn up, telling their wishes, and asking support, direction and prayers from the ministers who were gathered at the time in what was called The General Association.

At first there were six names signed to this document, but, for fear the ministers might be alarmed at the thought of providing for so many, two names were taken off, one of them being that of young Mr. Judson. The assembled ministers adopted a set of resolutions in their meeting, which finally led to the organization of a new Society, or Board, called The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which, in due time, set apart the young ministers to be missionaries to go to far-off heathen lands.

Samuel J. Mills, who was the son of a minister, now began to look forward to a work in foreign countries, such as his heart had long been set upon. But after his graduation day, there seemed to be a great deal for him to do first in the homeland. He had been one of those whose petition had been, in part, the means of organizing a new Society to send out missionaries. Now he helped to start the Bible Society, which was as important as any Mission Board. Unless there were Bibles to take, and in the language of the heathen, how could messengers take them to those who had never heard the Word? So the Bible Society was formed.

The work of Home Missions used to be called Domestic Missions, and every one knew that this must be carried on too, and Mr. Mills did much to help in the work at home. Then he helped to organize another Foreign Mission Board called The United Foreign Missionary Society. Next came the African School, under the care of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, and Mr. Mills had his share in planning this work for the coloured people. The American Colonization Society, which planned to send out colonies to other lands, now chose Mr. Mills to go as their messenger to Africa, and to choose a good place to send a colony, or company of negroes from

America, to live in a land from which the first black people came. Mr. Mills had been a helper in getting this Society started, and now, at last, he was to go to the foreign field himself, and, in this way, make a beginning in missionary work.

Joyfully he set sail in a ship, but before he could carry out his mission, he was taken ill with fever. He was not very strong and the dread disease ran its course. The young missionary-to-be died on shipboard, in strange waters, on the 16th of June, 1818. He was only thirty-five years old, and had not been able to carry out the great wish of his life; but, after all, he did much for the heathen world in the organization of the societies that carried on the work he loved, and longed to share. Besides, this young missionary-to-be was so good — so earnest, loving, faithful, and enthusiastic, that others caught his interest in missions. Even to-day, when over ninety years have passed since his life's service ended on that ship in far-off seas, people are better for knowing the life, and hearing the story, of Samuel J. Mills, remembered still for the work he did.

CHAPTER XIX

Adoniram Judson

Missionary to Burma (1813 – 1850 A.D.)

A dark-eyed baby boy lay in his old-fashioned cradle more than one hundred and twenty-four years ago. In the little town of Maiden, Massachusetts, August 9, 1788, this child was born, and named Adoniram, after his father, who was Rev. Adoniram Judson, a Congregational minister in that far-away time. The father, and the mother, too, thought this baby a wonderful child, and determined that he should do a great deal of good in the world. They thought that the best way to get him ready for a great work was to begin early to teach him as much as he could possibly learn. Long pieces were given him to commit to memory when he was hardly more than a baby, and he learned to read when he was three. Think of it!

When he was four, he liked best of all to gather all the children in the neighbourhood about him and play church. He always preached the sermon himself, and his favourite hymn was, "Go, preach My Gospel, saith the Lord." This was a good way to have a happy time, and he wasn't a bit too young to think about telling others the Good News, for he was old enough to know about Jesus and His love.

The little Adoniram, like boys who live now, liked to find out about things himself. When he was seven, he thought he would see if the sun moved. For a long time he lay flat on his back in the morning sunlight, looking up to the sky through a hole in his hat. He was away from home so long that he was missed, and his sister discovered him, with his swollen eyes nearly blinded by the light. He told her that he had "found out about the sun's moving," but did not explain how he

knew.

At ten this boy studied Latin and Greek, and at sixteen he went to Brown University, from which he was graduated, as valedictorian of his class, when he was nineteen. He was a great student, loving study, and ambitious to do and be something very grand and great indeed. Two years after this, he became a Christian, and then came a great longing to be a minister, and he studied diligently with this end in view. There was one question which this splendid young man asked about everything, and this was, "Is it pleasing to God?" He put this question in several places in his room so that he would be sure to see and remember it.

Mr. Judson taught school for a while, wrote some school-books, and travelled about to see the world. After some years he read a little book called "The Star in the East." It was a missionary book, and turned the young man's thoughts to missions. At last he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Go ye," and with all his heart he said, "I will go." From that moment he never once faltered in his determination to be a missionary. His thoughts turned towards Burma, and he longed to go there. About this time Mr. Judson met the four young men who had held a prayer-meeting in the rain, when they sheltered themselves in a haystack, and there promised God to serve Him as missionaries if He would send them out. These five were of one heart, and were much together encouraging one another. There was no money to send out missionaries, and Mr. Judson was sent to London to see if the Society there would promise some support. The ship was captured by a privateer, and the young man made prisoner, but he found an American who got him out of the filthy cell. This man came in, wearing a large cloak, and was allowed to go into the cell to see if he knew any of the prisoners. When he came to Mr. Judson he threw his cape over him, hiding him from the jailer, and got him out safely, giving him a piece of money, and sending him on his way. The London Society

was not ready to take up the support of American missionaries, but not long after this, the American Board, in Boston, sent him to Burma, with his lovely young bride, whose name, as a girl, was Ann Hasseltine. It took a year and a half to reach the field in Rangoon, Burma, and get finally settled, in a poor, forlorn house, ready to study the language. By this time, Mr. Judson was taken under the care of the Baptist Board, just organized, as he felt that he belonged there. The Burmans were sad heathen, and the fierce governors of the people were called "Eaters." The work was very hard, but the missionary said that the prospects were "bright as the promises of God." When he was thirty-one and had been in Burma six years, he baptized the first convert to Christianity. The preparation of a dictionary, and the translation of the New Testament, now occupied much time.

After this came great trouble. It was war time. Missionaries were unwelcome. Dr. Judson was put in a dreadful prison. After great suffering there, his wife was allowed to take him to a lion's cage, left empty by the lion's death. She put the translation of the New Testament in a case, and it was used for a pillow. After he left the prison, a servant of Dr. Judson's found and preserved the precious book. Set free at last, he went on with his work. Death came to his home again and again, and trials bitter to bear. For thirty-seven years he toiled on, several times returning to America, but hastening back to his field. By that time there were sixty-three churches in Burma, under the care of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries and helpers, and over seven thousand converts had been baptized. Worn out with long labour, the hero-missionary, stricken with fever, was sent home, only to die on shipboard, and his body was buried at sea.

CHAPTER XX
The Three Mrs. Judsons
Helpmeets to the Missionary in Burma

Miss Ann Hasseltine

There was a pleasant stir in the little village of Bradford, Mass., one day, in the year 1810. It was the occasion of a meeting of the Missionary Society, or General Association of Massachusetts, and the delegates were entertained with great hospitality. A number of these worthies, older and younger, were gathered at the table of a Mr. Hasseltine for dinner, and among them young Mr. Adoniram Judson, who had just signified his great desire to go as a missionary. Pretty Ann Hasseltine waited on the table. A gifted and sprightly girl she was, as well as beautiful and good. She looked with curious interest upon the young man whose bold missionary projects had made a stir in the meeting, but to her mind, he was wholly absorbed in his plate. How could she guess that he was that very moment engaged in composing a graceful bit of verse in her praise? Yet so it was, and he must have found courage to tell her this, and other things, by and by, for she afterwards went to Burma as the wife of the bold missionary. At that time it was India that was the chosen field.

Ann Hasseltine was born in Bradford, Mass., in 1789. She was a restless, merry, vivacious girl, richly gifted. At sixteen she entered the service of her Saviour with all her heart, and her brightness and beauty became His. She taught school for some time after leaving Bradford Academy, which gave her added fitness for the life of a missionary, which she entered, in 1812, on her marriage to Mr. Judson, afterwards Dr.

Judson. She was one of the very first lady -missionaries. The *first* from America was Mrs. Kaske, going with her husband in 1746 to South America.

The two missionaries had a serious time reaching their field. The East India Company decided that missionaries were not desirable, and ordered them back to America, but finally allowed them to go to the Isle of France. They then planned to go to Madras, but the East India Company had jurisdiction there, and finally, the only way that opened was to Rangoon, Burma, a place always held in great dread. But they embarked for Rangoon in a crazy old vessel, and were tossed about so violently that Mrs. Judson was dangerously ill. She recovered after landing. Everything was forlorn and gloomy enough, but they took courage and set about their work.

Mrs. Judson learned the language very quickly, and used it to advantage. Four years after setting out upon the voyage to Burma, little Roger Williams, who had for eight months been the joy of the missionary home, was taken from them.

Twice Mrs. Judson had to return to America, once for two whole years, to recover her broken health. She was a great help in the mission field, having a school for girls, and busying herself in many ways.

In a time of war with England, Americans were not always distinguished from Englishmen, and Dr. Judson, then at Ava, was thrown into prison. It was a wretched building of boards, with no ventilation but through the cracks, and had never been cleaned since it was built It was to this dreadful place that Mrs. Judson brought the tiny baby Maria for her father's first sight of her. Through all the imprisonment, the loving and courageous wife visited her husband in the midst of all sorts of dangers, as she was the only white woman in Ava. She brought him clean linen as she could, and food, day by day.

One day, having a little more time than usual, she thought she would surprise Dr. Judson by making him a mince pie, as he used to be fond of the dainty at home. She contrived

to make it out of buffalo meat and plantains, sending it to him by the one faithful servant. But alas! The poor prisoner was moved to tears at the sight of it and at the thought of his wife's devotion, and could not eat the pie. A fellow-prisoner ate it instead After a few months, a lion who had been presented to the king was placed in a cage near, and made night and day hideous with his roarings till he died. His cage was so much better than the prison that Mrs. Judson by dint of much begging at last got permission to move her husband into it.

The months wore on, and Dr. Judson was secretly removed to another place to a death-prison. When Mrs. Judson heard it, she set forth, with little Maria in her arms, and partly by boat, partly in a jolting cart, reached the wretched prison. "Why did you come?" her husband cried. "I hoped you would not, for you cannot live here."

The keepers, cruel as they were, yielded at last, and gave her a little room near, which was half full of grain, and there she spent the next six months.

By and by Dr. Judson was sent as an interpreter on a trip, and at last, after many delays and dangers, was released. Coming back to Ava, he hurried to find his wife. He was startled to see a fat half-dressed Burman woman holding a baby too dirty to be recognized as his own child. On the bed lay his wife, worn and pale, her glossy hair gone, her fine head covered with a cotton cap. But she recovered, and the family left the scene of so much misery.

The Judsons began mission work in a new station, and Mrs. Judson was planning a girls' school, and many activities, when Dr, Judson was summoned to Ava on very important business. She urged him to go. While he was absent, she was stricken with fever. With no missionary friend at hand, only the weeping Burmans bewailing "the White Mamma," she passed away. Her husband received the tidings, and hastened home to find the grave under a hopia (hope) tree, surrounded by a rude railing. Little Maria lingered six months, then she

was laid beside her mother.

Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman

Reenforcements were not lacking through all the years of Dr. Judson's service. There came out to Calcutta to join the Burman Mission, as soon as might be. Rev. George Dana Boardman, and his wife, who was pronounced by some English friends in Calcutta to be "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." In 1827 these friends reached Burma. Mr. Boardman died after a few years of very fruitful ministry, and for three years his wife stayed on, making long journeys through drenching rains, "through wild mountain passes, over swollen streams, deceitful marshes, craggy rocks, tangled shrubs and jungles." In 1834 she was married to Dr. Judson. She had a very fine knowledge of the Burmese tongue, and could speak and write fluently. She had great power in conversation, and translated also very accurately. She held meetings with the women for prayer and Bible study. After his eight years of loneliness, Dr. Judson found the home ties sweet, and the help he received in his work very great. Mrs. Judson translated part of "Pilgrim's Progress," several tracts, twenty hymns for the Burmese hymn-book, and four volumes of a Scripture Catechism, besides writing cards with short hymns. She learned the language of the Peguans, another tribe, so that she might help them by translating, which she did by superintending the translation of the New Testament and tracts into their strange tongue. Little children came to bless the home, and joy and love reigned there.

But after her twenty years upon the field, Mrs. Judson's health failed. Her husband started home to America with her, but, when reaching the Isle of France, she became so much better that she urged Dr. Judson to return to the work that needed him so much. He expected to do this, but there came a sudden change for the worse. As the vessel neared St.

Helena, Mrs. Judson died, and the worn body was laid away in mission ground upon the island, where a stone afterwards marked the spot.

Miss Emily Chubbuck

There is a volume of attractive little sketches which some people used to read before any of you younger readers were born, which bears the name of "Fannie Forester" as the writer. Her real name was Emily Chubbuck. But when she wrote "Alderbrook," and another book of lighter sketches called "Trippings," she used a nom de plume. This young lady was born in Eaton, N. Y., but taught school in Utica in that state, besides writing sketches, poems, and Sunday-school books, so that she was a busy person, as you can see. And a lovely young person she was, too, by all accounts.

When Dr. Judson was at home the last time in America, after his long absence upon the mission field, he travelled about a good deal, and on one of his journeys he read the book called "Trippings," which some one had given him to beguile the way. He thought it a very bright book, and asked his friend about the writer. He said that one who could write as well as that could write better, and he would like to see some of her work on greater themes. His friend told him that he would have the pleasure of meeting "Fannie Forester" before long, as she was a guest in his home at present. When Dr. Judson first saw the attractive and gifted writer, she was undergoing the interesting operation of vaccination. After this was over, he led her to a sofa, saying that he wished to talk with her.

Miss Chubbuck said that she would be delighted to have him do so, and then he spoke about using her talents upon the most worthy subjects. She told him that she had been obliged to write because she was poor and must make a living, and the light and trifling subjects seemed to be most popular. Dr. Judson was full of sympathy for her. He had it in his mind to find some one to write the story of Mrs. Sarah Boardman

Judson's life, and offered the opportunity to Miss Chubbuck.

After some time the intercourse thus brought about resulted in marriage, and the cultured and talented, dauntless spirit, schooled in poverty, went back with the missionary, to prove a great help to him in finishing his wonderful work. She soon acquired a good knowledge of the language and prepared Scripture questions for use in the schools.

When her little Emily Frances came, the poet-mother wrote the sweet verses so many have read, called "My Bird."

After Dr. Judson's death and burial at sea, on his way home to regain his health, Mrs. Judson came home, much broken herself, to care for her parents and her children. She died at Hamilton KY., in 1854.

CHAPTER XXI
David Livingstone
Over Thirty Years Missionary in Africa (1840 – 1874 A.D.)

People who know but one or two missionary names know this one. Anybody might well be ashamed not to know the name, and something about the work, of David Livingstone.

He was a doctor, an explorer and discoverer, a philanthropist who did much for humanity, and, most of all, he was a missionary hero, who gave his life for Africa. What a splendid story is his.

The little David was born of sturdy, earnest Christian parents in the town of Blantyre, Scotland. His father, Neil Livingstone, was a travelling tea merchant in a small way, and his mother was a thrifty housewife. Before he was ten, the boy received a prize for reciting the whole of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, "with only five hitches," we are told. He began early to be an explorer, and went all over his native place. He loved to collect flowers and shells. He climbed one day to the highest point in the ruins of Bothwell Castle ever reached by any boy, and carved his name there.

When only ten, he went to work in the cotton mills, and bought a study-book out of his first week's wages. A schoolmaster was provided for evening lessons by the mill-owners. When David could have the master's help, he took it, and when he couldn't, he worked on alone. In this way he mastered his Latin. He was not brighter than other boys, but more determined to learn than many. He used to put a book on the spinning jenny, and catch sentences now and then, as he passed the place in his work. In this way he learned to put his mind on his book no matter what clatter went on around him.

When nineteen, he was promoted in the factory. At twenty the young man became an earnest Christian.

It was about this time that Dr. Carey, sometimes called "The Consecrated Cobbler," stirred up the churches on the subject of missions. A good deacon formed a missionary society in Blantyre, and there were missionary talks, and the giving out of missionary books. David Livingstone became so deeply interested that, in the first place, he decided to give to missions all he could earn and save. The reading of the "Life of Henry Martyn" stirred his blood, and then came the appeals of a missionary from China, which thrilled the youth still more. At last he said, "It is my desire to show my attachment to the Cause of Him who died for me by devoting my life to His service." From this time he never wavered in his plan to become a missionary. He got a good preparation, through seven years of study, and became not only a regular minister, but a doctor as well.

The young man wanted to go to China, but the Opium War there prevented. Then Robert Moffat came home and Livingstone heard him plead for Africa and say that he had "sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been," and this set tied the question for him. He would go to Africa.

His parents consented gladly, but you know that the parting was hard. Look at this picture. It is the evening of November 16, 1840. Livingstone goes home to say good-bye before he leaves his native land for the Dark Continent. He suggests that they sit up all night, and we can see the three talking earnestly together. The father is a man with a missionary's heart in him. At five in the morning they have breakfast, and kneel for family prayers, after David has read Psalms CXXI. and CXXXV. Now the father and son start to walk to Glasgow. Before entering the city, the two say, "Good-bye," and part, never to meet again.

Arrived in Africa, Mr. Livingstone finds some easy work

offered at a station, but pushes on seven hundred miles towards Dr. Moffat's station where heathenism is like darkest night. Here the people think him a wizard, able to raise the dead. An old chief says, "I wish you would give me medicine to change my heart. It is proud and angry always." Livingstone shows the way to Jesus. He is the first missionary who ever came into this region. How busy he is as doctor, minister, and reformer. He studies the plants, birds, and beasts. He finds forty-three different kinds of fruit, and thirty-two eatable roots, in one district. He sends specimens to a London college.

This man keeps on exploring, telling of Jesus wherever he goes. When he writes home, his letters are covered with maps of the country. He is learning more about Africa than any one has known before. He studies the African fever, and the deadly tsetse fly, that brings disease. During this time he has the adventure with the lion, often mentioned, the fierce creature rushing on him, biting him and breaking his arm and crushing his shoulder. It cripples him for life, but he says little about it. In putting up a new mission building, he breaks the bone in the same place, but hardly mentions it. Years later, a company of royal surgeons identify the body brought home as that of Livingstone by the scar and the fracture.

For four years this missionary hero toils alone in the beginning of his life in Africa. Then he is happily married to Miss Mary Moffat, daughter of Dr. Moffat who told of the "smoke from the thousand villages, where Jesus was unknown." Now they work earnestly together, in the station called Mabotsa, where the chief Sechele is the first convert. Before he fully learns the "Jesus Way," the chief says to the missionary, "You cannot make these people believe by talking. I can make them do nothing but by thrashing them. If you like, I will call them all together, with my head man, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe." But the missionary teaches him the true way. He goes on exploring new fields, teaching, healing, and helping all the way. He

discovers Lake N'gami. He goes into the interior forcing his way through flooded lands, through sharp reeds, with hands raw and bleeding, and with face cut and bloody. He sets himself against the slave-trade, "The open sore of Africa," as he calls it, battling heroically against it and enlisting others in the struggle. His wife and four children must go home, but the man stays, to work on alone. Finally he disappears for three years. He is found in a wonderful way by Henry Stanley, whom he leads to Christ, but he will not return with him to England. He toils on and toils on, weary and worn. One morning in 1874, his African servants find him on his knees in his hut beside his bed. The candle is burning still, but the brave, unselfish life has gone out. They bury their master's heart under a tree, and carry his body on their shoulders a thousand miles to the coast — a nine months' march, then send it home to England. There it sleeps to-day in Westminster Abbey, but the hero and his work live unforgotten and ever-to-be-remembered while the world endures.

CHAPTER XXII
David Zeisberger
The Apostle to the Delawares (1745 – 1805 A.D.)

Who is not interested in the Indians? Everybody ought to be, and surely few are not. We like to hear, especially, about the red men of long ago. This little story is about the man who preached the first Protestant sermon in the state of Ohio, the man who has been called "The Apostle to the Delawares," because he was the first to go to that tribe of Indians.

David Zeisberger was born in Moravia, as long ago as 1721. It is a good thing to know about good men who lived "once upon a time," long years ago. This boy was of a good Protestant family, whose ancestors belonged to the ancient church called The Bohemian Brethren. When David was only five his parents found that they would be safer in Saxony, so they joined a colony of Moravian emigrants there.

Ten years later, when their son was fifteen, they went to Georgia, joining the American colony there. But David was left at Herrnhut, Saxony, to be educated. He joined his parents two years after. When he was twenty-four he began his work among the Indians, but it was in troubled times, when anybody might be arrested, if there was the slightest cause to be found. Through some misunderstanding, young Mr. Zeisberger was arrested as a spy in the employ of the French, and was imprisoned in New York for seven weeks.

Governor Clinton released the young missionary, who at once took up his work among the Delawares, and also the Iroquois. Afterwards, the Indians composing the Six Nations made him a "sachem," and a "keeper of their archives" or records of some sort, whatever they were.

The French and Indian War interrupted the missionary labours, but the missionary acted as interpreter, on an important occasion, when Pennsylvania made a treaty with Chief Teedyuseung and his allies. Later Mr. Zeisberger established a mission among the Dela wares on the Allegheny River, and still later went to Ohio.

During the War of the Revolution, the Delawares were accused of many things, and the converts were driven from their towns to the British lines. At another time and place, the missionaries were tried as spies and the Christian Indians scattered. Ninety-six came back to gather their corn, but were cruelly put to death. All this was discouraging. The missionary gathered a little remnant and built an Indian town in Michigan. He was a great traveller, you perceive. Mr. Zeisberger came back to Ohio and founded another mission, whose members were obliged to emigrate to Canada after four years. But finally the missionary was allowed to labour for the remaining ten years of his life on the site of a former mission, which he now called Goshen.

This missionary served the Indians for a longer time than any other, even for sixty years altogether. He established thirteen Christian towns, one of them the first Christian settlement in Ohio. He died at eighty-seven, with Christian Indians singing hymns around his bed, "an honour to the Moravian Church and to humanity."

CHAPTER XXIII

Robert Morrison

The Founder of Protestant Missions in China
(1807 – 1884 A.D.)

Would you like to make the acquaintance of a little Scottish lad of long ago? There is good reason for it, you may be sure, for he turned out to be one of our heroes, brave, persevering, and still unforgotten. This son of Scotch parents was not born in Scotland, but in England, and his people were humble folk, of the name of Morrison, who were glad to welcome their son Robert at his birth, January 11, 1782. That his parents were neither rich nor great made no difference in their son's wishing to do things, nor in his really doing them, but he had to work harder and longer to accomplish them, which did him no harm.

The boy had to begin daily labour early, and was apprenticed to a master who taught him how to make lasts. Robert had no notion, even then, of making this the work of his life; but we believe that he did not shirk his task, though the story goes that he studied while at work. Many have done that, and without slighting their duties. When he was fifteen, Robert's better life began, for then he became a Christian, and united with the Scotch Church. At nineteen he began the study of Latin, Hebrew, and theology, a minister in Newcastle being his teacher. After fourteen months' preparation, he entered what was called a theological academy, to prepare for the ministry. He did not stop with this. His "long, long thoughts" went further, and he decided to become a missionary.

He carried out his purpose and his wish was granted, for in 1804, when he was but twenty-two, he was appointed the

first missionary of the London Missionary Society to China. It was this that gave him the claim to be called The Founder of Protestant Missions in China. Don't you think it an honourable title? But although Robert Morrison did a number of "first things," it was not for sake of standing first himself. There were some things that came first, before the young missionary could begin his mission. He went to the missionary college at Gosport, and took two years' training for his work, studying Chinese, among other things. Three years after his appointment the young man sailed for China. But he was not able to go directly there from England. Some difficulties connected with the opium traffic prevented, and he had to go to New York first. It was a long and tiresome journey by this roundabout way. He left London the last day of January, 1 807, and it was September before he arrived in Canton. Here Mr. Morrison assumed the Chinese dress, diet, and habits. He thought it would be economical, and also acceptable to the Chinese, but before long it proved to be neither. It was not good for his health to live on Chinese food altogether, and the Chinese dress was not suitable. It was not pleasing to the Chinese. Of course they knew that he was a foreigner, and it must have seemed like "pretending" for him to dress as they did. Very sensibly, Mr. Morrison returned to his own ways.

About this time the Chinese Government issued an edict forbidding the preaching of the Jesus Religion, and the printing of Christian books. The new missionary therefore wisely set himself about the translation of the Bible, in connection with the continued study of Chinese. His health had suffered from hard study and privations, and besides, it was not safe for him to stay in the empire, and he went to Macao for a year. After this his opportunity came to go back, for he was appointed translator for the East India Company's factory, and this made it safe for him to live in China permanently, with a chance to reach some of the people, and go on with Bible translation.

Mr. Morrison kept this office for twenty-five years, and found time for his Bible-work, also his great Chinese dictionary and other books. His revision of the Book of Acts was the first Scripture portion printed in Chinese by any Protestant missionary. Early in 1814 the whole New Testament was ready. Think what a great work it was How long do you suppose it was before the first Chinese convert was won? Seven years. He had to have "long patience," you see, but he did not give up. With all his missionary work, Dr. Morrison, as he was made about this time, went on with translating the Bible, a grammar, and other works. Finally the entire Bible was printed, the Old Testament alone making twenty-one volumes. The hardest work of all was the dictionary. It cost fifteen thousand pounds to print it, but Dr. Morrison's part was never reckoned in money. Instead of an alphabet, such as we have, the Chinese make a character stand for a word, and there are over 40,000 characters. A man can get along pretty comfortably with only 10,000, but really ought to know 25,000. There are seven different tones or ways of sounding, and one tone may mean a verb and another a noun. The different tones are sometimes shown by marks. But it is a hard language.

Dr. Morrison took no vacation for seventeen years. Then he went home for two years. He had an audience with George IV, and presented him with a Chinese Bible. He was received with distinction everywhere. Then he went back to the field and died, August 1, 1884 after twenty-five years of heroic service.

CHAPTER XXIV

Mrs. Hans Egede

Who Shared Her Husband's Labours for
Fifteen Years in Greenland (1721 – 1186 A.D.)

Did you ever sing "From Greenland's icy mountains"? Of course you did, for you are not such heathen as never to have sung Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn. But have you thought very much about those "icy mountains"?

It is hard to decide whether to speak of the husband or the wife in telling of the missionaries to Greenland in 1721. Think how long ago it was. It was a book that began it. How often it has been a book. It was so with Dr. Judson, and Henry Martyn, and many others.

This book was in the library of a young minister, Hans Egede, in Vaage, on the coast of Norway. It told how a Christian church had been founded in the tenth century in Greenland. Fourteen bishops had ruled over it, but at last the heathen fell upon the Christians, drove them away, and the church was forgotten for centuries. The young minister's heart was stirred with a desire to go and find the lost church. His people called him crazy and even his wife at first refused to think of it. But at last many providences made the wife, as well as the husband, willing and even anxious to go to Greenland, feeling that it was God's will, and their work Early in 1721 they went, but were almost wrecked in trying to land, and did not land until July. It was far from a "green land" that they found. Not a tree or bush or blade of grass was to be seen, and no remains of the church could be found. The people were greasy savages, smeared with seal oil, dressed in skins, living in queer dwellings more like ant-hills than houses. The

wizards tried to kill the missionaries by magic, but failed, of course. Yet it seemed as if hunger and exposure would soon do it, for the ship with supplies was lost. The minister thought they must go back home, but Mrs. Egede said, "Wait a little." She kept up his courage for three weeks and then a ship arrived with stores and colonists, and hope revived.

Mrs. Egede was so anxious that the work should go on that she was willing to have her husband and two boys spend the winter in Greenland huts, that they might learn the language of the natives, and make friends with them. The huts were like great beehives, without any ventilation, heated by seal oil lamps, unimaginably dirty, and shared with dogs and pigs, after two or three families had crowded in. What do you think of the heroism all round?

After two years the relics of the old church were found, but no one among the living could tell the story of it.

What the missionaries endured can hardly be believed. Once a big, hungry polar bear came into their house, and was gotten out, as by miracle. One of the younger sons used to draw pictures to help illustrate the father's sermons. Every means possible was used to help the natives. They were very unfriendly for a long time, but in days of distress came and fed the missionaries.

In all times of trial, the brave wife kept up her own courage and helped to make the others courageous. At last helpers came, and the work prospered wonderfully.

Mrs. Egede did not live to see the full dawn of light, dying after fifteen years of faithful service in Greenland.

CHAPTER XXV
Dr. John Scudder
The First Medical Missionary from America
(1819 – 1855 A.D.)

Once upon a time, a lady who was ill sent for her physician whose name was Dr. John Scudder. The place was New York While in the anteroom for a few minutes, he took up and read a tract called "The Conversion of the World." It made such a deep impression upon the young doctor's mind that he could not forget it. After thinking it over and thinking it over, he finally decided to give his life to helping in the great Cause, and in 1819 he sailed for Ceylon under the American Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Scudder was the first medical missionary to go to the foreign field from America. Surely his name should be remembered for this, and also for the fact that in 1820 he was the only medical missionary in the world.

After some years Dr. Scudder went from Ceylon to Madras, India. Those who know his name usually associate him especially with India, because that was his last field, and a good part of his thirty-six years of missionary labour was spent there. He made one long stay in the home-land when he had to return, but while in America he did a great deal for the Cause he loved. He loved to talk to children, and while he was at home, spoke to a hundred thousand at different times and places. A lady now living said to me that one of the sweetest memories of her childhood was seeing and hearing dear Dr. Scudder, and having him speak to her when she was a little girl. The good missionary's health failing, he went to Cape of Good Hope, Africa, for medical advice, and was returning to his field when his life ended with a sudden stroke

of apoplexy, at Wynburg, South Africa, in 1855.

Dr. Scudder gave more than his own one life to missions. He gave seven sons and two daughters to the work in India, and another record says fifteen grandchildren besides. Isn't it simply splendid to think of such a family as that? At one time a whole mission station was carried on by five sons of the Scudder family, their wives and one sister. Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder was the first son of a missionary to be sent forth as a preacher to the heathen. He was a very skillful physician.

Dr. John Scudder, Jr., was another missionary-physician, and three of his children became missionaries. Rev. William Scudder was another son of this family. He gave twenty-two years of service to India, was then a congregational pastor for eleven years in America. When he was sixty years old he went back to India for nine years of labour, and died in 1895. And one tract was the beginning of all this!

CHAPTER XXVI

James Calvert

The Printer Missionary to Fiji (1838-1855 A.D.)

There seems to be no profession or trade that a missionary may not find useful in both home and foreign fields. Now this one, James Calvert, who was born in England a hundred years ago, was apprenticed to a printer, bookbinder, and stationer, for seven years. He had some education first, and seems to have made good use of all his early opportunities.

The young man's heart turned to the foreign mission work, and in good time he was appointed to labour in Fiji, and went bravely to the field to which the Wesleyan Missionary Society sent him. It took three months' travel to reach the island, in 1838. One of the first tasks that came to the heroic missionary was to gather up and bury the bones of eighty victims of a cannibal feast. You see what he had to deal with in his new field, and what the young bride had to face. But they had no thought of turning back — not they. Six months after landing in Fiji, Mr. Calvert had charge of thirteen towns that had no roads at all connecting them, and of twenty-four surrounding islands, some of them a hundred miles away. To reach his island-field, the missionary had only a canoe that was hardly seaworthy, but he used it somehow, and was kept from drowning, and from being killed and eaten by the savages. He and his wife mastered the queer language very soon, and showed very great courage and tact in dealing with the natives.

The name of the king was Thakombau. The conversion of his daughter had a great influence upon the savages. There was a custom in the islands of strangling the women of the

household when a king died. Mr. Calvert offered, Fiji fashion, to have one of his own fingers cut off if Thakombau would promise not to strangle any women when the *old* king died. Just this offer showed the cannibals what sort of stuff the man was made of. He did a great deal to abolish the dreadful custom.

When, by and by, the king of the Cannibal Islands became a Christian, he ordered what had been the old "death drums" be used thereafter in calling people together to worship the true God, in whom he now believed. He openly confessed his faith and put away his many wives. Among his last acts was the ceding of Fiji to the Queen of Great Britain.

Mr. Calvert's knowledge of printing and book-binding was very useful indeed, as was the printing-press set up not long after his arrival. The press was carried from one island to another, and thousands and thousands of printed pages were scattered abroad. In 1847 the New Testament, well bound and complete, was ready for the natives. After seventeen years of labour in Fiji, the missionary spent some time in England, then went on a mission to Africa. In 1855 he attended the Jubilee of Christianity in Fiji. He found over 1,300 churches, ten white missionaries, sixty-five native ones, 1,000 head teachers, 30,000 church-members, and 104,585 church attendants. He died in 1892.

CHAPTER XXVII

Fidelia Fiske

The First Unmarried Woman to Go to Persia
as a Missionary (1843 – 1864 A.D.)

"What is she like?" "What is he like?" These are natural questions to ask about people, are they not? When we think about Fidelia Fiske of Persia, and ask what she was like, we seem to hear what more than one friend said of her, that "she was like Jesus." She made others think of what the Saviour was like when on earth, loving to pray to His Father, and "going about doing good."

The love for missions and the wish to be a missionary came very early to the girl Fidelia, who heard the work talked about a great deal in the family from the time she could remember. A relative who went to the foreign field was often spoken of, and "a real live missionary" was not a myth to the child.

The seminary for girls, at Mount Holyoke, founded by Miss Mary Lyon, was a good training school for missions. So much was said upon the subject, and the interest of Mary Lyon was so great, that missions seemed to be in the very air. In the first fifteen years there was but one class of graduates that did not have one or more members on the foreign field, while there were hundreds who became Home Mission teachers, or wives of missionaries. It was to this school that Fidelia Fiske went as a pupil, and there her interest grew apace. It was fed, for one thing, by the many letters that came from those who were busy in the work.

One day a missionary from Persia came to the seminary. She wanted a teacher for a girls' school, and begged earnestly

for one from Mount Holyoke. Said Fidelia, "If counted worthy, I shall be willing to go." There were all manner of difficulties in the way, but finally she sailed for Persia with Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, and reached Urumia in June, after a journey of about three months, in the year 1843. It was perhaps not a longer trip in those days, but travellers did not go so fast, and it was very tiresome, we may well suppose.

The government of Persia was intolerant, that is, would not bear anything with which it did not agree, and the poor people were very degraded. The parents did not wish their daughters to go to school. Indeed, they thought such a thing very improper indeed.

A few day scholars had been coaxed in before Miss Fiske came, but she was anxious to have a boarding-school. She wrote home to a friend that the first foreign word she learned was daughter, and the next was give. Then she went to the people saying, "Give me your daughters."

It was very hard to get scholars because it was thought such a disgrace for a woman to know how to read, and because it was thought the better way to marry the girls off very early. To be sure, the cruel husbands beat them, and the quarrelsome, coarse women knew nothing better and took it all as a matter of course, but it was all the more pitiful for that.

At last, when the first day set for beginning school was almost over, a Nestorian bishop came bringing two girls saying, "These be your daughters and no man shall take them from you." More came after that — ignorant, dirty, greasy creatures that must be taught to keep clean first of all; but they had souls, and were patiently taught. The people were poor, there were few books, and things were very hard. But the Bible was taught three hours a day, and a great deal of Scripture learned by heart. Miss Fiske and her teachers prayed and toiled on, and by and by a wonderful improvement was seen.

The busy missionary visited the women in the dark, dirty

homes, and brought them to her room to pray with and teach them. By and by a Nestorian woman believed the truth and said to others, "The Lord has poured peace into my soul."

One day there was a strange visitor before Miss Fiske's door. It was a Koordish chief, one of the worst of men. He came with gun and dagger, and acted as if he would defy everybody. But he brought his daughter and left her in the school. His heart was reached at last, and he was wonderfully changed. He kept saying, "My great sins — my great Saviour," and he led the rest of his family to the Lord Jesus. One time this man was praying in a meeting. When he rose from his knees he said, "O God, forgive me. I forgot to pray for Miss Fiske's school." He knelt again, and prayed earnestly for it.

In the year 1846 a most wonderful blessing came to the school. The Holy Spirit touched the girls' hearts. They looked for places to pray, and used the teachers' rooms for prayer-closets, and even the wood-cellar. It was not the only time that many conversions occurred. When the school was nineteen years old twelve such seasons as this had come, and more than two-thirds of the scholars had learned to know Jesus Christ. Miss Fiske was full of joy, but she was much worn out. One time, after several services, she was so tired that it seemed as if she could not sit up through the preaching service. A woman came and sat down behind her, so that she could lean on her, and said, "If you love me, lean hard."

Worn out. Miss Fiske returned home, and failing to recover strength she died in 1864, in Shelburne, Mass., where she was born. She was in her forty-eighth year. A grieving Nestorian girl wrote to America; "Is there another Miss Fiske in your country?"

CHAPTER XXVIII
Dr. Marcus Whitman
Who Saved Oregon for His Country (1836 – 1847 A.D.)

What is an explorer? One who travels over a country to discover what is in it? You will say so, if you go to the dictionary man, who is a good one to consult in very many cases. Think up some explorers that you have heard of. Perhaps you will begin with Columbus, who was certainly a famous one. But if the discovery of this land in the first place had not been followed afterwards, through many years, by other explorations and explorers, we might none of us be living just where we are now.

Among the explorers of the early part of the nineteenth century were two men named Lewis and Clark. Their names are always coupled together, for they went together, and they made their way far West, in 1802-1804. Of course they found Indians in great numbers. The Indians had begun by this time to know more of the white men because of the many explorers who passed their way. From some of these the red men got some knowledge of God and the Bible. Lewis and Clark told them that in God and the Bible, lay the secret of the white man's power. This was one of the most important things that these two explorers did. It made the red men long to know more of God and His Book. Every Sunday the Hudson Bay Company put up a flag to show what day it was, and the Indians called it "Flag Day" when they saw it float. There was a trapper who spent a great deal of time reading the mysterious Book and talking to the Unseen Being. The Indians wanted to know more about this new religion and were told that by and by missionaries would come to teach them. So

they waited. Around their council fires they talked and wondered about the coming messengers. And they waited. But it was in vain, and years and years went by.

In 1832 the red men decided to send five Nez Perces far East to find the white man's Book, and beg for teachers. So they went, but only four reached St. Louis. They found General Clark there, and their old friend, superintendent now of Indian affairs, treated them kindly. But when they told him for what they had taken the long journey, he did not make the errand public. Why he did not, we cannot imagine. He entertained them, as others seem to have done also, and took them to see the sights. They were taken to the cathedral and shown the pictures of the saints, but the story of the Saviour was not told, nor was the white man's Book given them. Two of the four died, and the remaining two sadly prepared to return to their camp-fires. As they were leaving the office of General Clark, one of them spoke such touching words of farewell that a young man who heard them took them down, and here they are:

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back to my blind people? … The two fathers who came with us — we leave asleep beside your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven…. You showed me images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people…. You make my feet heavy with gifts, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor people…that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken…. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long

path to the hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book will show the way. I have no more words."

The young man who copied the words sent them East, and when asked about it, General Clark said that they were true. The story roused the Christian people. It was not strange, was it? Several people promised to go, five at least, but only two went to answer this call. In a log cabin, in New York State, where now is the town called Rushville, over thirty years before, was born the boy who was now to be a Pathfinder to the great West. The country was wild and new. The father was a tanner and currier, or leather-dresser. It was lonesome in the house, and the mother used to go and sit binding shoes in her husband's little shop. One evening when she came back, having left the baby Marcus in his quaint little cradle, she was frightened to see that a log had tumbled out of the big open fireplace, and had set fire to the lower end of the wooden cradle. The baby was almost choked with the smoke, but his life was saved for a great mission.

At seventeen the boy became a Christian. His heart was set on becoming a minister, but his brothers, fearing he would have to be a "charity student," discouraged him. The way opened for the study of medicine, and he took his diploma, really practicing eight years or more. At one time he was associated with his brother in running a sawmill — not knowing that this experience, too, would be a help to him by and by. Hindered in his wish to study for the ministry, his heart turned towards missionary work. He offered to go anywhere the American Board would send him. He fairly panted for such service, and his passion for adventure and exploration only increased his zeal. The opportunity had now come, and Dr. Whit man started from St. Louis, April 8, 1835. But this was just a little preparatory trip to see what could be done. He returned after a journey of 3,000 miles, and spent a busy winter in preparation. He secured the company of Rev. H. H.

Spalding and wife, and Mr. William Gray, and the best companionship of all, in the bride who consented with all her heart to go with him.

Try to imagine that journey. Think what supplies the company must take, and the untrodden, lonesome way before them. Part of the way the ladies rode in one of the two wagons, but much of the trip was made on horseback. At night came the encampment beside a fire, where buffalo meat, their chief subsistence, was cooked. Dr. Whitman proved to be an excellent cook. His wife said he cooked every piece of meat a different way. The waterproof blanket spread on the ground, with another blanket above, served for a bed for each traveller. In crossing rivers, the women rode the tallest horses to keep from getting wet. After four months and three thousand miles of travel, stopping at Fort Walla Walla, crowds of Indians met them, and some asked, "Have you brought the Book of God?" At last the journey ends in Oregon, the rude shelter is put up for housekeeping, the missionary work is begun. Little Alice Clarissa is born, but after a few years is drowned in the river. After a while seven orphan children are adopted, and at one time there are eleven of these in the family. At one time the only meat to be had is horse-flesh, which they learn to eat, because there is nothing else. But not once do one of the missionaries regret coming.

Now comes Dr. Whitman's great, patriotic, daring service. He learns that it is the intention to secure Oregon to Great Britain. His famous ride in the dead of winter, 1843, on horseback across the continent, follows. After incredible hardships, he reaches "Washington, with ears, nose, fingers and feet frozen. But he sees Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and President Tyler, and secures the promise not to cede Oregon to England. He promises to take a wagon train of emigrants across the desert, and takes it, a thousand strong, proving that it is not impossible, as has been thought. Oregon is saved to the United States.

Now follow years of mission work, of labours abundant and of every kind. But difficulties begin to thicken. Trouble with the Indians breaks out. There are reasons and incidents too numerous to tell. But the sad end is the death of Dr. Whitman and his wife, with others, who died by red men's hands, in 1847.

Remember this hero-patriot and pathfinder of that great country "where rolls the Oregon."

CHAPTER XXIX

Eliza Agnew

Called "The Mother of a Thousand Daughters"
in Ceylon (1850-1883 A.D.)

Would you like to hear what the study of geography did for a little girl, who was born as long ago as the year 1807? It was in New York City that this girl studied her geography lessons, and learned about the great world. Perhaps she was the only one in the class that thought about the great number of heathen people in the countries far away that were so interesting in many ways, but Eliza Agnew thought about them. She thought about them so much and so earnestly, that at last she made up her mind to go as a missionary as soon as she was old enough. She was eight when she made this resolve.

The study of geography, as far as the book was concerned, was finished long before Eliza was old enough to carry out her purpose, but she never forgot it or gave it up. By and by the way opened, and Miss Agnew sailed away to the Island of Ceylon, where, as you know, there are pearl fisheries. But this missionary was a seeker after pearls of a different sort, and she found them, too. The pearls were the souls of girls in that tropical island, who were led to Jesus Christ by this missionary.

For all of forty-one years Miss Agnew was the principal of a girls' boarding-school in Oodooville, on the island, and, altogether, she taught a thousand girls. In some cases she had the children, and in others the grandchildren, of her first pupils. She was so gentle, and loving, and good, that they all called her "Mother." This meant that they felt themselves to be her daughters, and this is the reason that the good

missionary was called at last "The Mother of a Thousand Daughters."

She was very, very happy in her work of "finding pearls," and it was said that no girl who took the full course in the school went out without becoming a Christian. During the forty-one years, six hundred girls came out on the Lord's side, and were received into the church as members. Many of these girls became teachers in village schools, and in other places. Many became the wives of native teachers, preachers, catechists, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers, who brought up their children "in the fear of the Lord, faithfully." Some were even taken as wives by the chief men of the district, and had great opportunities to do good. In northern Ceylon forty Bible readers gave their time to this work. In forty-three years Miss Agnew never went home at all. She died in 1883, aged seventy-six. Her watchword was: "I'll tell the Master."

CHAPTER XXX

James Hannington

"The Lion-hearted Bishop" of Africa (1882 – 1886 A.D.)

The boy who was afterwards "The Lion-hearted Bishop," was known among his mates as "Mad Jim." This was because he was so very fond of fun and adventure, and was never afraid of any risk that promised to bring what he set his heart upon. He was a great lover of nature and would climb daringly to get a good view, or scramble recklessly to get a fine specimen. This merry boy was born in England in 1847. When he was fifteen he left school, because he was not fond of study, and was put in his father's counting room at Brighton. He had the spirit of dauntless perseverance in anything that interested him, and would do anything rather than be foiled in what he set out to accomplish. "When quite a young man, he was at one time commander of a steam yacht, and at another, captain of a battery. In these positions he showed that he had a gift in managing men, and of making the best of difficult circumstances. But he did not like business any better than he liked study. From boyhood there was one sheet-anchor that held this merry and irrepressible boy, and that was his devoted love for his mother. That speaks well for him, does it not?

Outwardly, this boy and youth never neglected religious duties, but he was not at peace. He felt that he was living apart from God. When he was twenty-one, he made the important decision of his life, and began to prepare for the ministry of the Church of England. At Oxford he gained great influence over his fellow students. You can see that he was a born leader.

In 1874 Mr. Hannington took a small parish in Devonshire. In his case, as in that of Dr. Scudder, what seemed a small thing led to very great ones, and changed the course of the life. This gentleman, a year after he began to serve his small parish, had a talk with two ladies about missions. It led him to study the whole subject carefully — something he had not done before. Three years later his whole soul was moved by the story of the cruel death of two missionaries in Africa. He thought to himself, "I believe that I have some characteristics and some experience that would fit me to go as a missionary to those wilds." But his wife could not go with him. What should be done? The two talked it over. The wife bravely gave her consent to an absence of five years, and the husband as courageously decided to go to Africa. He was sent out as leader of a party of six to reinforce the Central African Mission at Bubaga. An appeal in the London *Times* brought in subscriptions that allowed the purchase of a boat for lake travel. In 1882 the party sailed for Zanzibar.

But on arriving, Mr. Hannington was taken ill. His strength was wasted by African fever and other disorders, and he had to return home next year. He recovered his health, happily, and went back to the Dark Continent, this time as the Bishop of Equatorial Africa. Freretown was the place where he decided to make his home, and the indefatigable missionary began to make a visitation of all the mission stations within 250 miles of the seacoast.

There was one important station on a mountain, 2,500 feet above the plain, which was very hard to reach. The Lion-hearted Bishop had to travel over dreadful swamps, and over 200 miles of desert full of dangers, to reach the place. But, nothing daunted, he took the journey and made the visit.

The missionary had a variety of experiences, and one that you will think very odd. He wished a Christmas pudding and determined to make it himself, since there was no one else to do it. There was nothing to make it of but sour raisins and

spoiled flour, but he made the pudding. I could not find out who ate it. Perhaps the natives did not "mind."

And now the missionary was strongly possessed with the idea of opening a shorter route to Uganda, through a higher and healthier region than that which cost him his health when travelling it before. With 200 porters he started from Mombassa. After many adventures the party reached Victoria Nyanza, and Bishop Hannington, with a portion of his men, pushed on towards Uganda. Nothing was heard of them for some time, when, November 8, 1885, four men, out of the fifty who went with the Bishop, returned with the heart-breaking news of his death, and that of their fellows.

It seems that the natives had become angry over the coming of so many foreigners to their country. They decided to put a stop to it, and the cry was "Kill the missionaries." It was believed that they were the forerunners of the invaders who were to be driven out and kept out. Especially in Uganda did this feeling run high. It was just at the most critical time that Bishop Hannington's arrival was announced, and it was decided that he must die. The chief was unwilling at first, and proposed sending him back. But there was the booty, and the temptation to take it proved too much. The brave Bishop was enticed away from his men, kept in a filthy hut for eight days, then killed with his own rifle. His men were also put to death. He died fearlessly, telling the soldiers to tell the chief he "died for the Baganda, and purchased a road to Uganda with his life." The Baganda were the men of the place.

CHAPTER XXXI

Joseph Hardy Neesima

Founder of "The One Endeavour Company" of Japan
(1874 – 1890 A.D.)

How do you suppose it would feel to be born in Japan? You cannot imagine anything so strange. But perhaps you can imagine a little of a Japanese boy's feelings after hearing what he thought about, as a little fellow, in that far-away island kingdom.

When this boy, whom we know as Joseph Hardy Neesima, was little, he used to think a great deal about religion, but it was not the true religion, for he did not know anything about it. His parents taught him from babyhood to pray to the idol-gods made by hands, and to worship the spirits of his ancestors — his grandfathers and grandmothers ever so far bade. He often went with them to the graveyards to pray to these spirits. Sometimes the small boy would rise very early, and go to a temple three and a half miles away, and pray to the idols, coming back in time for breakfast. Of course it did him no good, but he did the best he knew, and kept on bravely, without minding how hard it was. Yet some boys and girls in this country have been known to think that it was too hard to get up early enough on Sabbath morning to be in good time for Sabbath school at half -past nine. Neesima was ten years old when Commodore Perry, of the United States, came sailing into the Bay of Yedo, with a message to the emperor from our President; and the closed doors of Japan, that had long been shut against foreigners, were first pushed open — to open wider by and by. Neesima was much stirred up over the coming of the commodore. He wished above everything to

become a brave soldier and fight for his country. The Japanese seem to be born with love of country in their hearts — most of them. The ten-year-old boy went often to the temple of the god of war, and asked him to make him a good soldier, ready to fight. But one day he read the saying of a Chinese writer, who showed that one could become a braver man by studying books, which would help him to conquer thousands, than by practicing with a sword which could only kill one man at a time. Neesima decided that he would stop sword-practice and study books. So he did, and with all his might. Sometimes he did not go to bed till after cock-crowing in the morning — a foolish thing, but it shows how much in earnest he was! He began to study the Dutch language, and sometimes ran away from the office where he was, to take his lesson from the Dutch master, after which he was beaten more than once, by order of the prince.

Time went on and Neesima was fifteen. About this date, he borrowed some Chinese books to read. He opened one of them and read the first sentence. It was "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The boy had often asked his parents who made him, and who made all things. They could not satisfy him with their answers. This sentence seemed an answer. He said to himself "God made all things. God made me; I must be thankful to Him, and obey Him. I must pray to Him." As he said afterwards, from this time "his mind was fulfilled to read English Bible" and "burned to find some missionary or teacher to make him understand." But he waited and watched six years, in darkness, not finding any one to tell him about the Christian's God, although praying all the time to this unknown Being. Do you not think that he did the best he could?

When he was twenty-one, Neesima asked leave to go to Hakodate, but was refused, and flogged besides, for the mere asking. But at last he got away safely, telling his mother he would be gone a year. It was ten years before he came back.

While in Hakodate, he made up his mind to go to America to find the Christian's God. If a Japanese was found trying to leave his country he was put to death, in those days; but a friend rowed Neesima out to a ship at midnight and he got on board. There the captain hid him, so that the officers who came next morning to look for him did not dis cover him. Arrived in Shanghai, the young man took passage for Boston. The ship was owned by a merchant prince named Honourable Alpheus Hardy. God guided the youth to him, to find out about God. Mr. Hardy took him into his own home and for ten years gave him the best education to be had anywhere.

After some years, Neesima took his stand for Christ by uniting with the Church. After he was graduated from Amherst College, he entered Andover Theological Seminary. Two years before graduation, he was sent for by the Japanese Embassy that came to Washington. He did not fall on his face before them, as a Japanese would, but greeted them as an American and a Christian should. They asked him to go with them to the capitals of Europe, and a year of wonderful travel followed. But Neesima steadily refused to journey on Sunday. He always stopped off and followed on Monday.

After being graduated from the theological seminary, Neesima was made a member of the Japan Mission of the American Board, and Mr. Hardy undertook his support. His great desire now was to found a Christian college in Japan. The first speech he ever made before the Board put him all in a tremble, so that he could not do anything but pray by way of preparation. But when the time came, he bad such a feeling for the poor people of his country that he said of himself, "I shed much tears instead of speaking for them, and before I closed my poor speech (less than fifteen minutes long) about $5,000 were subscribed on the spot."

When Neesima went back to Japan in 1874 he found great changes everywhere: a new calendar, the Sabbath made a holiday, newspapers being printed, an army and navy

created, a mint established, lighthouses, railways, telegraphs, and other new things in operation in the country. The young graduate was offered a high position by the government, but kept steadfastly to his purpose, and founded the Christian college which was called The Doshisha, meaning "One Endeavour Company." Was not that a good, active name? It was founded in Kyoto, with eight students in the beginning. Of the first 178 who were graduated in seventeen years, all but about ten were Christians. In twenty-five years, 4,611 students entered, and of the 936 graduates, 147 engaged in teaching, and ninety-five preached the Gospel.

For the first six years the work was hard, but Neesima never wavered. Prosperity came at last, and large gifts for the institution. Finally the founder's health gave way. The doctor said he might live several years if he would rest for two years, but the brave man decided to do what he could while life lasted, and kept on, in weakness and pain, labouring for his beloved college. He died, January 23, 1890, with the words "Peace, joy, heaven" on his lips. Three thousand people followed his body to its resting-place. "The work-man dies but the work goes on."

CHAPTER XXXII

Melinda Rankin

The First Protestant Missionary to Mexico
(1812 – 1888 A.D.)

Have you ever heard the date "1812" mentioned as an important one in history? There was war in our country then, and when you study history, you find some generals mentioned who became famous. But in that year a baby was born among the hills of New England, who helped to bring peace to many, even in the midst of wars and troubles. It was Melinda Rankin, who found her life-work in the sunny land of the Aztecs in old Mexico, the land of adobe huts and degraded people.

She said of herself, in later years of life, that when she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus she was filled with a desire to tell others about Him where His name was not known. She could not settle down in comfort and quietness in her New England home. But it was not till she was twenty-eight that her first chance came. Then there came a call for missionary teachers to go to the Mississippi Valley. Miss Rankin responded, and went first to Kentucky and then on to Mississippi. "When the war between our country and Mexico was over, the soldiers coming home told much of the Mexican people, how ignorant and priest-ridden they were. Hearing these things, Miss Rankin was much stirred up. She wrote articles for the papers, and tried to rouse an interest among churches and missionary societies. She did not succeed very well. No one seemed ready to go to the needy field. At last she exclaimed, "God helping me, I will go myself."

But Mexico was in a lawless state. It was positively

dangerous for Protestants to go there, for they were forbidden by the government to bring Christianity in any form whatever. As Miss Rankin could not get into Mexico, she decided to get as near to it as she could. She went to Texas, and settled down at Brownsville, on the Rio Grande River, just opposite Matamoras, Mexico.

Not a hotel was to be founds and it was hard to find shelter of any sort. Miss Rankin never once thought of giving up. The boys would say that she was "a plucky sort." Finally she found two rooms which she was allowed to rent. She took one for a bedroom and the other for a schoolroom. But she had no furnishings whatever. She was taken care of and her wants supplied, though not luxuriously. She wrote, "A Mexican woman brought me a cot, an American sent me a pillow, and a German woman said she would cook my meals; and so I went to my humble cot with feelings of profound gratitude."

There were many Mexicans in the city of Brownsville, and when a school was opened, the day after Miss Eankin found rooms, the Mexican girls came to her in numbers that really surprised her. It was very encouraging.

One day a Mexican mother came to her, bringing "her saint" as she called it.

"I have prayed to this all my life," she said, "and it has never done me any good. May I change it for a Bible?"

Miss Rankin was so pleased that she gave her two Bibles, because the woman said, "I have a friend over in Matamoras that wants a Book too." This was the first Bible that the missionary got across the border, but it was not the last. This little beginning made her think deeply about going on. If only she could get God's Word across the river into the country, it would be the best possible thing. There was a law against it, but Miss Rankin thought that no power on earth had a right to keep out the Bible. She decided to give herself to the work of getting it across the river.

"You'd better send bullets and gunpowder to Mexico instead of Bibles," said a man on this side, who had little faith. But the missionary did not think so, and did not take his advice. Somehow she found means to send over hundreds of Bibles, and hundreds of thousands of pages of tracts, which the American Bible Society, and Tract Society, furnished to the intrepid distributor. For you may know that it took dauntless courage to do it.

Mexicans came over to the missionary's door, asking for God's Book. Orders for books, with money in payment, came from Monterey, and other towns. A Protestant portrait painter helped on the work by carrying over with him great quantities.

Not being able to get a Christian colporteur speaking Spanish, she herself went out as agent for the American and Foreign Christian Union, with great success. Her school was left with her sister. But troubles came. The sister died. Miss Rankin was stricken with yellow fever, and was near death. Mexican women nursed her lovingly, and she recovered. But the Civil War in our land came on, and the missionary was driven out of Texas. She went across the river, and her work on Mexican soil began.

In Monterey, with 40,000 people, she founded the First Protestant Mission, under difficulties and dangers uncounted. She was driven from house to house, but came back home and collected money for buildings for the Mission. Converts multiplied, and went themselves from house to house, and from ranch to ranch, teaching others. The work spread. Some Bible readers wrote, "We can hardly get time to eat or sleep, so anxious are the people for God's Word."

In 1871, through disturbances and battles, she was kept safe, but next year returned home, where, after telling her story often, she passed away, in 1888, aged seventy-six. It was she who said, "The word discouragement is not in the dictionary of the kingdom of heaven." A church of one hundred and

seventy Mexican members was handed over to the Presbyterian Board of Missions when she left Mexico.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Alexander Mackay

"The Engineer-Missionary" to Africa (1876 – 1890 A.D.)

We like to go back to beginnings, and see how things started. Most of all, it is interesting to know how people began, as children. You will be astonished to hear some things about the childhood of the man called "The Engineer-Missionary," and will be interested as well. He was a minister's boy, born in Scotland, in Aberdeenshire, in 1849, and when he was three years old he read the New Testament! "When he was only seven, he read Milton's great poem, "Paradise Lost," and the historian Gibbon's book about the Roman Empire, also Robertson's "History of the Discovery of America." It is not so surprising, is it, that the Scotch boy should find this last book fascinating? But think of reading the others, when, in our Sunday-schools, he would only be in the primary department! Very early indeed, his minister-father taught him geography, astronomy and geometry, but in a very attractive way, and often out-of-doors, which, you will think, was not so bad. Sometimes the father would stop to trace out the path of the heavenly bodies in the sky by lines in the sand, or the course of a newly-discovered river in far-off Africa, using his cane to trace it.

Well, this bright boy grew up, as other boys do, and as he grew older he listened with a great deal of interest to the talks of wise men who visited his father at the manse, and to their letters when they were received. These talks and letters were about wonderful things in nature, and one of the men who knew a great deal about these wonders was Hugh Miller. You may hear about him after you get farther on in your studies, if

you do not know his name now.

When the time came to choose a profession, young Alexander Mackay decided upon engineering. You may be sure, too, that he became a good engineer. He did thoroughly what he undertook. For some time he had an important position on the continent, in Berlin. But in 1875 he heard a call to Africa. It was found that the natives of that country, especially near Lake Victoria Nyanza, needed to be taught, not only Christianity, but various industries, so that they could work with their hands. Africans were not accustomed to doing very much work, especially the men — the women worked with their hands very busily. A call was sent to the Christians at home to send out a man to teach the natives of Mombassa how to work with their hands and how to do business. Mr. Mackay offered himself, but another was sent first. Soon after, he was offered a position with a large salary, but would not take it. He said that he wished to be ready when his chance came to go to Africa.

The next year, 1876, he was sent out, the youngest man in the company of pioneers, but on the inarch, after leaving Zanzibar, he was taken very ill and was sent back to the coast, where he recovered. He was told not to return before the rainy season was over, because the roads were so bad. No roads can well be worse than African roads, that are often mere tracks that zigzag around the trees and stumps, for no native would think of taking anything out of the way. He goes round instead. But Mr. Mackay built 230 miles of road, and in November he reached Uganda. Here he was on the track of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the man who found Livingstone, you remember. Mr. Stanley was the first man from abroad to visit Uganda, and he sent back word to England that Mtesa, the king, wanted missionaries sent there. Mr. Mackay said that wherever Mr. Stanley had been, he found it easier to go, because the natives had been so kindly treated by the first visitor. The Engineer-Missionary had studied the language

before coming and was able to print parts of the Bible, cutting the type himself. He read and explained the Scriptures to King Mtesa, who showed much interest in the truth.

But you must know that to the natives the newcomer's greatest achievement, in the earlier time, was building a wagon, painted red and blue, and drawn by oxen. They thought this was perfectly wonderful.

After six years the king died and his son, who took his place, was very weak and vacillating, so that no one could depend upon him. He threatened to send Mr. Mackay out of his country, but the missionary held his ground. His engineering work was so valuable that the king often took advantage of it, in spite of his threats.

In two years the persecutions broke out afresh, and finally, in 1887, the Arabs persuaded Mwanga to expel Mr. Mackay. He locked the Mission premises and went to the southern end of the lake. Here he stayed for three years. He was busy translating and printing the word of God, teaching the Christian refugees from Uganda, and also the natives of the place, meanwhile working at house-building, brick-making, and in the building of a steam launch. In February, 1890, an attack of malarial fever caused the death of the brave, gentle missionary, called by Mr. Stanley "the greatest since Livingstone."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Titus Coan

(Of Hawaii)

Pastor of the Largest Church in the World in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century (1835 – 1882 A.D.)

When you read the heading of this chapter, you will certainly want to keep on till you know how many members there were in the "largest church" in the middle of the nineteenth century. But first of all, you must know something about the man who was the pastor of it, and so we will begin at the beginning.

In 1801 in Killingworth, Connecticut, was born the boy who afterwards had the distinction just mentioned. But you may be sure that it was not "distinction" that he cared for, by the time it came to him. As this Connecticut boy grew up and became a minister, he heard the call in his heart to go far off to those who did not know what he knew of the true God and the Saviour Jesus Christ. His first mission was to one of the darkest parts of the earth— Patagonia. You know where that is, at the tip end of the Continent of South America. It was truly a dreadful place, where the ferocious savages wandered about, as wild and wicked as you can imagine, and worse.

For several months Mr. Coan and his associate Mr. Arms, lived among these fierce natives of the eastern coast. But the natives would not believe that they came to do them good, and so great was the danger of death at their cruel hands that the two missionaries were obliged to leave, and they finally escaped in 1834. They returned to New London, Connecticut.

Mr. Coan's desire and determination to be a missionary

was not lessened by this experience. It was rather strengthened by the sight of what men were without Christianity. There came another call, and the way opened in another direction — that of the Hawaiian Islands. A year and a month after the return from Patagonia, on June 6, 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Coan landed in Honolulu, and the next month went to Hilo, the station where they were to work.

Some missionaries had been there before, for a little time. Some schools has been established, and about a fourth of the people could read. There was a church of thirty-six members. All this meant a good beginning, but not a big beginning, and there remained much to be done. In three months, Mr. Coan began to speak the native language. He must have been a bright man, and a very diligent one as well, to get on so fast with the strange tongue of those islanders. He spent as much time as he possibly could among them, and tried to see and become acquainted with as many as possible. Before the year was over, this missionary had been all round the island, by canoe and on foot. It was a trip of three hundred miles. In this parish was the largest active volcano-crater in the world.

This missionary was one of the busiest you ever heard of. In eight days he preached forty-three times. In a trip of thirty days he examined twenty schools, and over twelve hundred scholars, talked personally with multitudes of people, and ministered to many sick.

So he went on, preaching, teaching, praying, his wife helping in many ways. In the latter part of the year 1835, Mr. Coan made a tour of his field, and felt that a great blessing was coming. Multitudes gathered to hear his message. One morning he had to preach three times before breakfast, which he took at ten o'clock.

It was in 1837 that the great revival really came. It continued in wonderful power for two years. It has been said that this missionary held a camp-meeting lasting two years. Almost the whole population of Hilo and Puna crowded to hear

the Word of God. Of course there was no church building large enough to hold them all. The sick and the disabled were brought to the meetings on the backs of kind neighbours and friends, or were borne upon litters (like that man in the Bible who was "borne of four"). At any time of day or night, if a bell were rung, thousands of people would gather to hear preaching. Was it not wonderful?

In two years, seven or eight thousand natives had professed to be Christians, but thus far only a few had been taken into the church. The missionary wished to be very sure that the people were true followers of Jesus. So the very greatest care was used in choosing the ones to be received, and in examining them, watching and teaching them. On the first day of July, 1838, 1,705 persons united with the church, and that afternoon 2,400 communicants sat down at the Lord's table together.

In five years 7,557 were received, and now you know the membership of the largest church in the world in the middle of the nineteenth century. And nearly all proved faithful. Seven churches were made out of this one, six of them with native pastors. The good missionary died at Hilo in 1882.

CHAPTER XXXV
John G. Paton
"The Saint John of the New Hebrides" (1857 – 1907 A.D.)

Let us look at some fascinating pictures which this wonderful missionary has left for us in the story of his life. The first one is that of his little home in dear old Scotland, in the county of Dumfries. We see the boy's birthplace, a little cottage in the parish of Kirkmahoe, where, on May 24, 1824, he saw the light. This place is in the background. In the foreground stands the home in the busy village of Torthorwald, whither the child was taken when five years old, and where the staunch, godly Scotch parents, in the forty years that went by, brought up their five sons and six daughters, and saw them go out into the world.

The cottage has stout oaken ribs, which the years of peat smoke have "japanned" until they shine, and they are too hard to drive a nail into them. The roof is thatched, the walls are of stone, plastered, or pointed, with sand, clay and lime There in the front of the three roomed house we see the mother's domain, kitchen, parlour and bedroom in one, and in the rear room, the father's stocking-frames, five or six of them, which busy fingers keep in use betimes. The merchants of the county know and prize the good work of those frames.

There is a middle room, called a closet, which is "the sanctuary"; for here, in the bare little place, with only space for bed, table, and chair, with a small window to light it, the father goes by himself and "shuts to the door" daily, and often three times a day. The children know that he is praying, and sometimes hear his voice through the shut door, but it is too sacred a thing to talk about. The one who is to become a great

missionary never loses the memory of that place and those prayers, and often says to himself, "He walked with God, why may not I?"

The thatched cottage with oaken ribs is the scene of busy days and happy Sabbaths, when churchgoing, and Bible stories and the Shorter Catechism at home, are not tasks but pleasures. Then we see the school days, and, when the boy is twelve, the learning of the father's trade, with long hours daily, and all the spare minutes spent in study of first lessons in Greek and Latin. The boy has early decided to become a missionary, and even at the stocking-frames learns some things in the use of tools, and the watching of machinery, worth much to him in coming days and far-off fields.

The second picture that we look upon, as we follow the early days of the youth who is to be a missionary to distant savages, shows us many things We see him working, saving, studying, going to school, earning money, going through all sorts of struggles and trials, teaching school, managing the unruly scholars without beating them with the heavy stick given him with which to "keep order," and finally, we behold him as a city missionary. His district is dreadfully poor and degraded, and after a year's work, there are but six or seven won to churchgoing to show for it.

But the indefatigable young city missionary struggles on. A kind Irishwoman whose husband beats her, when drunken, and whose life is a toilsome one, gives the lower floor of her house for meetings. Classes are organized, meetings held in various places, visits are made continually, and the work grows wonderfully. The churches near receive many new members from this field, and eight lads work their way through educational courses to enter the ministry. So ten busy, burdened, and useful, happy years pass by.

Now comes a third picture, which shows us the call to the foreign field. The Reformed Church of Scotland, in which Mr. Paton has been brought up, calls for a new missionary to help

Mr. Inglis in the New Hebrides. Not one can be found, after most earnest prayer and the use of all possible means.

Young Mr. Paton is deeply interested. He hears the heavenly Father's voice saying, "Since none better can be got, rise and offer yourself." He almost answers aloud, "Here am I, send me," but is afraid of being mistaken. At last, however, he feels impelled to make the offer, and he is joyfully received and accepted. His city mission parishioners rebel, and every effort is made to keep him from leaving them, but nothing now can dissuade him. His parents bid him Godspeed, saying, "We long ago gave you away to the Lord, and in this matter also, would leave you to God's disposal." Then he hears for the first time that at his birth he was dedicated to missionary work, if God should call, and that they have prayed ever since, that their first-born might be prepared and sent as a messenger to the heathen. The young missionary's happy marriage follows, and his departure with his bride for the cannibal island of Tanna, New Hebrides, in the far South Seas. He is now thirty-two and the time is December, 1857.

Let us turn to the fourth picture, which shows us the island of Tanna. Dr. Inglis, and some native Christian teachers from the partly Christianized island of Aneityum, go with Mr. Paton, while Mrs. Paton stays for a while with the missionaries' wives who can tell her much of mission work, and she joins her husband later. The first view of the naked, painted, miserable savages gives a feeling of horror as well as of pity. They come crowding round to see the building of a wooden, lime-plastered house, chattering like monkeys.

"Whatever interchange there is, must be by signs at first. One day the clever missionary notices a man lifting up some article that is strange, and asking another "Nungsi nari enu?" He decides that this means "What is it?" and tries it again and again upon different natives. They always answer by giving the name he wishes. Again he hears a stranger asking, "Se nangin?" pointing to the missionary. "He is asking my name,"

thinks Mr. Paton. It is true, and another phrase of the language is added to his vocabulary. So he goes on, picking out words and meanings.

The natives have quantities of stone idols and charms, which they reverence with boundless superstition. They also have devil-kings and witch-doctors. And, as you know, they are cannibals, and several men are killed and eaten not far from the new house going up. The boy from Aneityum, once a servant of Dr. Inglis, is much distressed that the blood has been washed into the water of a boiling spring, and no water can be found for the tea. He seems to think this is the very worst of these savage doings — they have spoiled the tea-water.

The days go on, the house is occupied, a little son brings gladness. But alas, the house is built too near the shore. Says an old chief, "Missi, you will die here. We sleep on the hills and trade-winds keep us well. You must go sleep on the hill." But before this can be done, ague and fever attack the young mother of the wee baby boy, and before long, there is a quiet grave in which mother and child lie asleep, and the broken-hearted missionary says afterwards, "But for Jesus and His fellowship, I must have gone mad beside that grave and died." He has many sweet memories, and among them the words before his wife died, "I do not regret leaving home and friends. If I had it to do over, I would do it with more pleasure, yes, with all my heart."

This picture of life in Tanna is a panorama, and we watch it as it moves. We see the good missionary's constant kindness and patience, as he lovingly tells the savages of Jesus, gathering them together as he can, bearing with them in spite of their treacheries, continual thieving, lying, and cruelties. Sometimes they pretend to be friendly, sometimes there is encouragement in the work, and then they grow fierce and abusive, and again and again try to kill the man who has come, for love's sake, to help them.

One day there comes a ship of war from England to touch at the island. "Missi, will the captain ask if we have stolen your things?" asks a frightened native. "I expect he will," answers Mr. Paton. "I must tell him the truth."

Now what a scurrying hither and yon to bring back stolen things, till men come running, this one with a pot, another with a blanket or a pan, and so they gather a great heap together. "Missi, Missi, do tell us, is it all here?" they cry. "I do not see the lid of my kettle," he says, and one answers, "It is on the other side of the island. I have sent for it; tell him not, for it will be here to-morrow."

For a while the wholesome effect of the ship's visit lasts, then is lost. The natives have a ceremony called Nahak, a sort of incantation by the sacred men. causing the death of any one made the subject of it. To carry this out, they must have some fruit, of which the victim has taken a taste. Mr. Paton, when threatened, gives them some plums, which he has tasted, and the men vainly try to work Nahak. They explain their failure by saying that Missi is also a sacred man and his God works for him.

Again and again the missionary is beset, muskets aimed at him, "killing stones" thrown, clubs raised to strike, but all in vain. He never shows fear, but stands praying inwardly, and, as by miracle, his life is spared.

But wars multiply, opposition grows, sickness wastes, and at last the faithful missionary has to escape, after unimaginable perils, and take refuge in a passing vessel. It wrings his heart to leave Tanna, but it is the only way to save his life.

And now we see the brave man travelling in Australia and elsewhere, securing money to build the mission ship *Dayspring*. Thousands listen to the story of peril and of need which he has to tell, and the money is given.

Again we look, and see him in Scotland, and it would be wonderful to follow him in his tours in which he accomplishes so much for the beloved Work.

The last picture upon which we may look shows Dr. Paton returning to the New Hebrides — not alone, for he takes a devoted wife with him, and he only touches at Tanna, where he may not stay, though some who remember his teachings beg him to do so. Other missionaries finally take up the work there, and blessings follow. Dr. Paton goes to Aniwa, and here the islanders receive him kindly. Yet they have a savage way of asking for anything, and swinging the tomahawk to enforce their requests.

A mission house of six rooms is finally built, then two orphanages, a church and schoolhouses. An old chief becomes a Christian. Many poor creatures began to wear a bit of calico by way of clothing — the first sign of turning in the right way.

And sometimes very funny things happen in this connection. Nelwang elopes with Yakin, who has thirty other admirers, and they keep out of the way a long time. When at last they come to church, Nelwang is wearing shirt and kilt, but Yakin's bridal gown is a man's drab greatcoat buttoned tight to her heels, with a vest hung over this. A pair of men's trousers are put round her neck, on one shoulder is fastened a red shirt, and on the other a striped one, and around her head is a red shirt twisted turban- wise, a sleeve hanging over each ear.

The thing which at last "breaks the back of heathenism" is the sinking of a well in the island where water is very scarce and precious. The natives are affrighted at the thought of trying to bring "rain from below," but Dr. Paton digs first and then hires the men with fish-hooks, and prays earnestly as he works, and at last water is found — enough for all, and the natives say "Jehovah is the true God." Triumphs of grace follow — journeys in other lands to tell the story, and in 1907 this missionary hero enters into rest.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Charlotte Maria Tucker

Known as a writer by the initials "A.L.O.E."
(A Lady of England) – Missionary to India at Her Own Charges (1875 – 1893 A.D.)

The boys and girls who lived a while before you came upon the scene, many of them now men and women, used to know the initials at the head of this chapter very well indeed. They appeared on the title-pages of interesting books for young people, and "A.L.O.E." was known and loved by thousands of readers. She was an English lady, born in 1821, but she died in Amritsar, India, in December, 1893. How did this writer of captivating stories, which made her famous, come to finish her life in that far-off land?

It was when she was fifty-four that Miss Tucker decided to become a missionary, and to go to India. It was love that constrained her, and she was so anxious to go that she went at her own expense. Before going out she studied Urdu, one of the various tongues spoken in the country. Almost as soon as she arrived upon her chosen field, she turned her thoughts towards the special work of writing stories for the natives. This certainly was an original plan, and it proved to be a very helpful one indeed. Her stories were often parables, by which she taught truth in a fascinating fashion. You know that the Orientals are, if possible, even more fond of stories, particularly parables with picturesque settings, than we are in this country. You can imagine how the stories of such a writer as A.L.O.E. would be enjoyed. The wonderful part of it was, that she found it easy to enter into the feelings and thoughts of the people, and to adapt her stories to their language and

their needs.

A series of stories explaining Jesus' parables was printed in tract form so that the poorest could buy them.

Going to Batala Miss Tucker worked among the Mohammedans, the hardest class to reach. She went about among the zenanas — or apartments where the women were shut up — and on gaining admittance would sit down gracefully upon the floor, as if she were one of the women used to such a thing, and would begin by telling a story or showing a picture. Then she would go on to teach some precious lesson of truth to the curious listeners.

The boys of the high school interested this missionary very much, and she did a great deal for them. For a while she lived in the school building, once a palace.

The Sweeper class is the lowest caste in India They are treated as if they had no souls at all But Miss Tucker was greatly interested in these poor outcasts. She showed by her loving care that she not only believed that they had souls, but that she cared for them and wished to help them.

For eighteen years this heroic missionary gave her life, at its sunset time, to the women of India, and at seventy-two laid down the burden.

Think how long the work of the hands may live after the hands are folded. The busy pen which a loving heart kept moving, has left its traces on both sides of the sea. The fair-faced and the dark-faced boys and girls have bent above the pages which still keep alive the lovely memory of "A Lady of England."

CHAPTER XXXVII

John Coleridge Patteson

Famous English Oarsman, Then Bishop, and
"Martyr of Melanesia," South Sea Islands.
(From about 1856 to 1871 A.D.)

A young man can be an athlete and yet become a missionary, and, very likely, be all the better missionary for it. Certainly a strong body is an excellent missionary asset.

John Coleridge Patteson was a leader in all athletic sports as a youth, and was a famous oarsman. He was a grandnephew of the poet, Samuel T. Coleridge, and was born in London in 1827. He was finely educated, being graduated from Oxford.

The young man became a curate of the Church of England, but a year after he was ordained, sailed to the Melanesian Islands in the South Pacific. He went with the famous Bishop Selwyn, who, through a simple clerical error in making out the boundaries, was given the largest diocese ever assigned to a bishop.

On the voyage to the South Seas, Mr. Patteson studied the Maori language, and was soon able to speak it. He helped Bishop Selwyn for five years in conducting a native training school for preparing assistants. In 1861 he was made Bishop of the Melanesian Islands. After this he reduced to writing several of the island languages which had never before been written. This was a great service, for which his native ability as a linguist, and his wide studies, had prepared him.

Grammars in these languages were next prepared, and parts of the New Testament translated into the Lifu tongue.

The Bishop's headquarters were at Moto, in Northern

New Hebrides, and from there he went about to other islands of his diocese in a mission ship called *The Southern Cross.* It might be said to have been fitted out by the point of a pen, for this was done by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the writer, with the proceeds of her book, "The Heir of Kedcliffe." Was it not a beautiful thing to do? It should be known by all who read the interesting book.

One day you might have seen the Bishop cruising among the islands, and nearing Nakapu. A boy has been stolen lately from this island by some white traders. The islanders are fiercely set upon revenge, but the good Bishop is unsuspicious. He lowers his boat from *The Southern Cross* and rows out to meet the men coming in their canoes. After their custom, they invite him to enter one of their boats, which he does, and is taken ashore. He is never seen alive again. Search is made for the unreturning friend, and his body is found pierced with five wounds. So, in the year 1871, the Martyr of Melanesia wins his crown.

His place among the hero-dead
    Who still are truly living,
This martyr takes, whose hero-life
    Gave cause for such thanksgiving.

He is but one, but he is one
    Of that great host uncounted.
Whose valorous souls, by sword and flame
    To heights celestial mounted.

Why still the moving stories tell?
    Because the tales are deathless,
And we should do far more this day
    Than listen, thrilled, and breathless.

Not to their crowns may we aspire,
But to their quenchless, high desire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Samuel Crowther

The Slave-Boy Who Became a Bishop,
(Missionary and Bishop from 1864 to 1891 A.D.)

If you could have looked down upon the shore of Africa, in the Yoruba country, long ago, you might have seen a black boy playing about. If you had watched, you might have seen him suddenly seized by strangers who landed from a ship, and carried off to be pushed cruelly into the hold of a Portuguese slaver. You have heard, perhaps, that long ago such wicked deeds were done, and money was made by seizing and selling as slaves the poor, helpless Africans.

Following this boy you might have seen that he was wretched enough, till, by a kind Providence, he was rescued and set free. He was taken to Sierra Leone, and one of the very first things he did was to beg a half-penny to buy an alphabet card for himself, so anxious was he to learn to read. He was such a bright boy, that in six months he learned to read, and in five years entered college, where, not long after, he was made a tutor. Could an American boy do much better?

The most important event of the boy's life was his becoming a Christian and giving himself to Christian service. Time went on, and from being a tutor, Samuel Crowther became a minister, and then, in 1864, was made a bishop. He was the first black bishop of modern times in Africa. He planted mission stations all along the banks of the Niger River. He had wonderful wisdom and tact in dealing with different people, and won their confidence in a remarkable way.

This man had also great ability. He was quite a discoverer, and was given a gold watch by the Royal Geographical Society

as a reward for his travels and researches. He assisted in translating a part of the Bible and a part of the prayer-book into the language of Yoruba. Although he had learning and honour, he was one of the humblest of men. His humility increased as others appreciated him more.

One of the most intense longings of the good man's heart was to find his mother from whom he was torn as a boy, and tell her about Jesus. He could not hear anything about her, nor find her in any way.

But one day a most wonderful thing happened, although it was not too hard for God to do. A woman came to be baptized, and the Bishop examined her to see if she understood, and was ready for baptism. He found that she was indeed a Christian, but he also found that she was his own mother. It was hard to tell which of the two was more joyful, as the Bishop baptized his mother and received her into the church. He called her "Hannah, the mother of Samuel."

In 1891 this first black bishop, with his white soul, entered into rest.

His life and labours were wonderful, and his memory still blooms, like a white flower in the dark soil of Africa, the land he loved.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Mrs. H. C. Mullens

(Of India)

"The Apostle of the Zenanas" and

"The Lady of the Slippers" (1845 – 1861 A.D.)

You know what a zenana is, don't you? That close-shut apartment in an Indian house, where the wives of the husband are shut in, and not allowed to so much as peep out of a crack?

The women in the zenanas, whether rich or poor, have always been sadly ignorant, often very idle, with nothing to do but comb their hair, look over their jewels and talk gossip, or quarrel with each other. They have always been unhappy. How to reach and teach these imprisoned women, many of them very young, was one of the first missionary puzzles. The women could not get out, and the missionaries could not get in — that is, not for a long, long while, till the lady of this story came. If you have never heard about the "slippers" you shall hear now.

The lady was born in India. Her name was Hannah Catherine Lacroix, and she was a missionary's daughter. Her birthplace was Calcutta, and the year was 1826. Her father was intensely interested in his work, and was especially anxious about the women of India. The daughter seemed to breathe the spirit of her parents from childhood.

She had not a chance to receive a very finished education, but she was very bright, and made the best use of the opportunities that she had. She spoke Bengali very fluently, and was so intelligent, loving, and sympathetic, that when she was only twelve, she was able to help her mother by taking a class

of children in the day school, started in the missionary's garden.

When about fifteen she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus, and became much more earnest about helping others to know Him. She gathered the servants and taught them, and had other classes. At nineteen she married Rev. Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society, and the two were very happy together in the work they loved so dearly. The wife became so well acquainted with the language that her father said that he might be able to preach a better sermon, but his daughter could carry on conversation much better than he could. A little book that she wrote for native Christian women, was printed in twelve dialects of India.

But how about the zenana and the slippers? Well, there is a very close connection. Mrs. Mullens had great skill with her needle, and did beautiful embroidery. One day a native gentleman was visiting the house. Mrs. Mullens was working a pair of slippers. The gentleman noticed and admired her work very much.

"I should like my wife taught such things," he said, finally. Quick as a flash the missionary said. "I will come and teach her." The slippers thus opened the way to the zenana in the first place. Next a school was planned, and by and by, after the first opportunities, the missionary ladies had access to many shut-in women, and the work grew.

In the midst of loving labours, Mrs. Mullens' life ended at thirty-five, in 1861.

The embroidery needle that she used so skillfully is lost, and the work of the busy fingers worn out long ago. Both answered their end, simple as they were. Doors are open today, and stand wide, against which Mrs. Mullens pushed her little needle-point.

CHAPTER XL

Dr. Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck

First Translator of the Bible into Arabic, and Missionary in Syria for Fifty-Five Years (1845 – 1895 A.D.)

The native doctors, or medicine men, in heathen lands, give the most horrible doses, and practice the most dreadful cruelties imaginable, in their efforts to drive away disease. A missionary doctor is a great blessing in any mission field. Dr. Yan Dyck was the second one ever sent to Syria by the American Board. The first one was Dr. Asa Dodge, but he died in less than two years, and for five years there was not a single American physician in the land of Syria, where once the Great Physician healed the sick and saved the sinful.

You know that the Scriptures have been called "Leaves of Healing." They are meant for all the sin-sick, but have to be given to those in heathen countries in a way that they can understand. Dr. Van Dyck was a great translator of God's Word. His name is always associated with Syria, and with the giving of the Arabic Scriptures to the world. Do you know that a large proportion of the heathen world can be reached by the Arabic tongue? Missionaries tell us that this is true.

Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck was born in the year 1818, in Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York. After receiving his medical education at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, he was appointed medical missionary to Syria when twenty-one years of age. The first eight or ten years were spent in teaching, visiting, preparing text-books, and attending to the sick in all parts of the large field. There were wars in the years 1840-1845, and the good doctor was very busy, ministering to the wounded and suffering, heroically

forgetful of himself.

When he was twenty-eight he was ordained a minister of the Gospel, and was thus prepared to preach as well as to do medical work. Later, he was so busy going about the country, riding immense distances, that it was said that "the station was on horseback."

The translation of the Bible into Arabic was begun by Dr. Eli Smith about 1849, and he worked diligently for eight years until his death, but was only willing then, to be responsible for the first ten chapters of Genesis, printed under his own eye. It was then that Dr. Yan Dyck took up the work for which God had been making him ready in various ways for seventeen years. He had read and mastered a whole Library of Arabic books — poetry, history, grammar and the rest, and was without an equal in command of the language. When printed the press could not work fast enough to supply the demand for Bibles.

After fifty-five busy and fruitful years in Syria, death came in 1895.

The bodies that he healed in that old Bible land have long since passed away, but the living message of the Word of God given to the people through his splendid service, still continues.

CHAPTER XLI

Elias Riggs

Missionary to Turkey and Master of Twelve Languages
(1832 – 1901 A.D.)

Have you ever stopped to think how hard it must be to learn the queer languages of foreign lands? Of course the different tongues must be learned, and learned well enough to speak and read them, or missionary work cannot be done as it should be done. The natives of other countries, especially those of degraded heathendom, cannot be taught English, so as to learn the Truth in that language. They must usually have it given to them first of all in their "mother-tongue."

Some have "the gift of tongues" in a higher degree than others, and this missionary, Elias Riggs, who went to Turkey long ago, had very wonderful ability.

He was born in New Providence, New Jersey, in the year 1810, and in his early life showed great talent in learning languages. While in college he mastered Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldean, and modern Greek. He even made an Arabic grammar, and a Chaldean manual. To become on speaking terms with all these tongues would seem to be an heroic task to some of us. But the young student loved it, and that made it easy.

Dr. Riggs, as he was afterwards known, went first to join the noted missionary, Dr. Jonas King, in Greece, in the city of Athens. He sailed, with his wife, in 1832. After six years he was sent to Smyrna, Turkey, then to work among the Armenians, and finally to Constantinople.

During a visit to America, he was engaged as instructor

in Hebrew and Greek in Union Theological Seminary. Returning to Constantinople, Turkey, he began a translation of the Bible in Bulgarian. He had added this language to those with which he was already familiar. Afterwards he helped in revising the Turkish translation of the Scriptures. This work, which became the standard translation, was printed in Armenian and Arabic characters, so that both common people and scholars could use it.

School books and devotional books, either translations or originals, kept the missionary additionally busy. He translated, or wrote in the first place, four hundred and seventy-eight hymns in the Bulgarian tongue, to say nothing of other labours.

Dr. Riggs was said to have a working knowledge of twenty languages and was master of twelve. Is it not wonderful to think of? How many people he reached with the Truth! It is said that four nations are now reading the Word of God as he put it into their own speech for them. His translations are read and sung by tens of thousands, "from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, and from the snows of the Caucasus to the burning sands of Arabia." The devoted missionary died in Constantinople, in 1901.

A son, Dr. Edward Riggs, born in 1844, entered the work in Turkey, in 1869, his command of the language being worth a great deal. His life was a varied one, in opportunities and responsibilities, in "journeyings oft" and perils many, robbed and threatened, but escaping with his life, and going on fearlessly with his work. His greatest service was in the theological seminary, but he was so variously engaged as to be called "The Bishop of the Black Sea Coast." He died February 25, 1913, after forty-four years of service, leaving five of his seven children in the field.

CHAPTER XLII

Isabella Thoburn

Founder of the First Woman's College in India
(1869-1901 A.D.)

Imagine ten children in one family — five boys and five girls — would there not be lively and bustling times in that home? No doubt this was true of the Thoburn home, in St. Clairsville, Ohio, where devoted and godly parents reared this flock. The mother, especially, was a wonderfully strong character who had great influence over her children.

The ninth child and youngest daughter but one, was Isabella, who was born in 1840.

There was nothing very extraordinary about her in her childhood, but she grew up to do an extraordinary work, and was well prepared for it by a very good education, and an experience in teaching, first, at the age of eighteen in a country school, and later as a teacher in two different seminaries for girls. One characteristic should be noted especially. Isabella was most faithful and thorough in everything she did. She would not leave a thing till she understood it absolutely when a student, nor till she had done her very best as a missionary.

This young woman did not grow up with the thought of going to the foreign field, but when a great need caused the call to come, she was ready, and soon made her decision.

Dr. James Thoburn, first missionary bishop in India, who has served there fifty years, was the brother who summoned his sister to the work abroad. He has had a wonderful and heroic history himself, and at one time had the greatest baptismal service in India. But there was a time, after the death of his wife, that was so filled with difficulty and anxiety,

because he was so unable to do anything for India's women, and was so weighed down with their needs that he wrote to his sister, asking her to join him in the field. This she did, in 1869, to minister to those poor degraded women, "Unwelcomed at birth, unhonoured in life, unwept in death." Oh, the pity of it all!

But you are not to think that it was an easy and simple thing for Miss Thoburn to go when called and ready. There was no society in the Methodist Church to send her. She might have gone out under the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, but she longed most ardently to be sent by some organization in her own church, to which she was devotedly attached.

Just at this time of need, Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, founders of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in India, and afterwards in Mexico (heroic workers they), came home, with the wife of Dr. E. W. Parker, of India. These three talked to their Boston friends about the things that burned in their hearts, and at last a meeting for organization of women was suggested and appointed. With the day came a pelting rain, and but six women gathered to meet Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker, who spoke as eloquently as if to hundreds, nothing daunted, the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was formed by these eight brave women.

At the first public meeting it was made known that a missionary candidate was ready to be received. But there was little money in the treasury. Then a Boston lady sprang up and said, "Shall we lose Miss Thoburn because we have not money to send her? No! Rather let us walk the streets of Boston in calico dresses and save the money. I move the appointment of Miss Thoburn to India." The ladies cried out, "We will send her," and they did. So she went, and Dr. Clara Swain, shortly afterwards found and sent as a medical missionary, went with her.

From the beginning Miss Thoburn felt that the India girls and women must be educated, and as soon as possible began the school which grew into the famous Girls' Boarding-School and High School, and finally in 1870 into Lucknow Women's College. But the beginnings were feeble. Seven frightened girls were coaxed in, and a sturdy boy set at the door of the room with a club to keep off any intruders who might venture to interrupt the proceedings.

To this school and to this remarkable teacher came, in due time, the high caste, gifted girl, Lilavati Singh, whose father's views of education were in advance of the times. Upon one of the enforced visits home in thirty-two years of service. Miss Thoburn brought this cultivated, charming woman with her. It was in 1898. She brought this "fragrant flower of womanhood from India's garden," as sweet as ever bloomed, in order to have her plead for money for the college buildings, $20,000 being the quick response.

It was of Lilavati Singh that President Harrison said, after hearing her at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference at New York, that if *this one only* had been the result of all money spent for missions, it was well worth the whole amount.

Miss Thoburn was obliged to remain at home for some years, but they were not idle. She was for some time busily engaged with Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer had begun their spreading work of deaconess homes and training schools. Miss Thoburn helped to "mother" the girls in training, and assisted in organizing the work later in Ohio, planning to introduce it into India. For this reason she became a deaconess herself.

The girls all loved Miss Thoburn dearly, and her work for and among them was a beautiful one. A little touch may show you that this strong and heroic character was "one of us" after all, in a way. She had an odd terror of street cars in that day, and when crossing a track would run as fast as she could, in spite of her somewhat generous avoirdupois. She said that it

always seemed to her when she saw one coming, especially at night, as if it threatened, "I'll have you yet, Isabella."

Returning to India in 1900 for further devoted service, she was attacked with cholera, and went triumphantly Home in August, 1901, leaving a sorrowing multitude.

By and by Miss Singh was given large responsibilities as professor in Miss Thoburn's college, which she discharged with rare ability and devotion. She came to America to beg help in enlarging the college buildings, but died in 1909 after a serious operation. Her loving friend, Mrs. D. C. Cook of Elgin, gave her body burial and memorial, and she sleeps afar from home, but unforgotten.

CHAPTER XLIII

Dr. Eleanor Chesnut

Missionary Martyr of Lien Chou, China (1893 – 1905 A.D.)

A letter in a well-reinembered hand lies upon the desk today, in which Eleanor Chesnut signed herself, in a bright little sportive way she had,

"Much love
From
Your Chiny Sister,
E. C."

You cannot know, as you read, how hard it is to write of this dear, personal friend, once a visitor in the home, and bound to the heart by the tenderest ties. But it is such a lasting joy to have known her that the story must have a jubilant note in it, all through, as it tells of her wonderfully heroic life and martyr crown. You need not be afraid to read it, for it should make you glad that such a brave soul ever lived her life of sacrifice and service.

It had a very pitiful beginning — this life we are thinking about now. It began in the town of Waterloo, Iowa, on January 8, 1868. Just after Eleanor's birth her father disappeared mysteriously and was never again heard of. The mother, who had the respect and sympathy of her neighbours, died not long after, and the family, consisting of several brothers and sisters, was scattered.

Eleanor, who was but three at the time, was adopted, though not legally, by some friendly people near, who had no children. They had little money, but did the best they could for her, finding her a puzzle and a comfort both. In later years

the father spoke of her "loving, kindly ways, her obedience in the family circle, and her unselfishness."

But the poor child was not happy. She was lonesome, and longed for mother-love. Well as she controlled her feelings, she did not like to be restrained, and often carried a stormy little heart within. She was happiest when in school, but when only twelve, she was distressed to find that she might have to give up study altogether. It was then that she went to live with an aunt in Missouri, in a "backwoods" country, where school privileges were of the poorest. And besides, the struggle for life was too hard to allow a chance to study, or spare anything for the expense of schooling.

The news of Park College, Parkville, Missouri, where students had a chance to earn their way, at least in part, came in some roundabout manner, and from that moment the girl made up her mind that she would go, come what might. And go she did, through the kind encouragement of the president of the college. She entered, feeling forlorn and friendless, but soon found warm friends and congenial surroundings. Her studies were a continual delight. But how to live was a problem. Her family could do little for her, and she had to take the bounty of missionary boxes, when it came to clothing. It was such a struggle to accept these supplies that she could not feel very grateful in her sensitive heart, but it was really heroic to wear the things. Don't you think so?

These hard trials in youth had "peaceable fruits" afterwards, for they ripened into a wonderful gentleness, sympathy, tact, and understanding, which made her a blessing to others. Writing to a friend, in later years, about the poor boys in China needing clothes, she said: "The poor boys! They are so shabby that I wish I could do more for them. I remember how shabby I was at Park College years ago. I do not mind nearly so much now, wearing old things."

Outwardly the student was brave and quiet, but there was a tumult within that was only hushed when she became a

Christian. Afterwards came the determination to become a missionary. She said a pathetic thing about this decision. (How it comes back in her very tones this moment!) She said, "One thing that made me feel that I ought to go was the fact that there was really no one to mind very much if I did." But this was not said in a dismal, self-pitying way. The larger reason she gave at another time and place, when asked for it in connection with her appointment. She said simply that it was "a desire to do good in what seemed the most fitting sphere."

In 1888, on leaving Park College, the young girl entered upon the study of medicine. She had no great natural love for the profession, but, as she confided, it seemed as if it would add so much to her usefulness. She said that it was very hard the first year, and she wondered if she could go on and finish the course, but she resolved that she would. And she did, with a resolute will, even becoming interested in it, as she plunged heart and mind into the study that she was sure would make her more helpful. But a missionary friend, who knew her well in Lien Chou, said afterwards that this girl should have been an artist, not a doctor, if her real nature had been consulted, and that it was perfectly heroic in her to practice medicine and surgery as she did.

The medical course was taken in Chicago, with the advantage of a scholarship, but the student "lived in an attic, cooked her own meals, and almost starved," as a Chicago friend afterwards insisted. Her meals were principally oatmeal. A course in the Illinois Training School for Nurses in Chicago followed, and some money was earned by nursing in times allotted for vacations. She served as nurse to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his final illness. The training was made more complete by a winter in an institution in Massachusetts, and then came a course of Bible training in Moody Institute, Chicago.

In 1893 Dr. Chesnut was appointed as medical missionary

to the foreign field, and was assigned to China. She had a strange, natural aversion to the water, but was a brave sailor notwithstanding.

After a little time at Sam Kong, studying the language, and doing some incidental work, the doctor was appointed to Lien Chou. From a letter in print this extract is taken. (You can see that she was "a saint with a sense of humour," bless her. There was some good Irish blood in her, which no doubt gave the twinkle in her brown eyes.)

"Here I am at last. I had a few things carried overland. The boats are on their way. They have divided their cargoes with several others, and are floating the hospital bed-boards and my springs. Won't they be rusty? I only hope they won't try to float the books and the organ. I don't mind being alone here at all…. I have to perform all my operations in my bath-room, which was as small as the law allowed before. Now, with an operating table, it is decidedly full. But I do not mind these inconveniences at all…. A druggist gave me a prescription which you may find useful, though the ingredients may be more difficult to procure in America than in China. You catch some little rats before they get their eyes open, pound to a jelly, and add lime and peanut oil. Warranted to cure any kind of an ulcer."

A missionary from Lien Chou lately told how Dr. Chesnut began the building of a hospital. When her monthly salary-payment came she saved out $1.50 for her living, and with the rest bought bricks. At last the Board in New York found this out, and insisted upon paying back what she had spent on bricks for the hospital. She refused to take the whole sum, saying that to do it "would spoil all her fun."

The story of the amputation of a Chinese coolie's leg without any surgical assistance has gone far and wide. The operation was successful, but the flaps of skin did not unite as the doctor hoped, and she knew that any failure in getting well would be resented by the people, and perhaps result in a mob.

By and by the man recovered perfectly, and, later, the doctor secured some crutches for him from America. But, at the time, it was noticed that Dr. Chesnut was limping. There was no use in asking her why, for the slightest hint brought out the words, "Oh, it's nothing." But one of the women betrayed the truth. The doctor had taken skin from her own leg to transplant upon what the woman called "that good-for-nothing coolie," and had done it without an anaesthetic, save probably a local application, transferring it at once to the patient. What do you think of heroism like that? And then to say nothing about it!

When the Boxer troubles sent foreigners to the coast for safety, Dr. Chesnut refused to go for some months, and went at last under pressure from others, not from fear. She returned in the spring. That same season she came home on furlough, when "none knew her but to love her." A tour among societies supporting a ward in Lien Chou Hospital endeared her to many. She was so bright, so engaging, so interesting, and withal showing a sweet humility most touching. At this time she had the first silk dress ever owned. It must have been given to her!

Returning to her work for two busy, blessed years, there came the October day in 1905 when a mob, excited and bent on trouble, attacked the hospital. Dr. Chesnut, coming upon the scene, hurried to report to the authorities, and might have escaped, but returned to see if she could help others, and met her cruel death at the hands of those she would have saved. Her last act was to tear strips from her dress to bandage a wound she discovered in the forehead of a boy in the crowd. The crown of martyrdom was then placed upon her own head. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

Note. — *The sketch of Dr. Chesnut* by Dr. Robert Speer, in the book, "The Servants of the King," has furnished many of the items in this story.

CHAPTER XLIV

Calvin Wilson Mateer

Founder of Shantung College, China (1863 – 1908 A.D.)

Do missionaries need to know anything besides books, preaching, and teaching? Indeed they do, and the more things they know and can do, the better.

This famous missionary of forty-five years in China, will not only be remembered as the founder of a school that became under his care a great college and then a university, but as a man who could turn his hand to almost anything, and turn it to good purpose, too. He was master of many kinds of machinery and knew how to harness electricity to his work, in addition to skill in many other directions.

The boy who grew up to do so many things well, was born in the beautiful Cumberland Valley, not far from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1836. His father and mother were staunch, devoted, Scotch-Irish folk, who brought up their seven children "in the fear of the Lord faithfully." Although the farmer-father used to start the work of the day by having breakfast before daylight, even in summer, Very often, there was always time for morning and evening family worship, and usually with singing, led by the father's fine tenor voice.

The boys and girls of this household thought it no hardship to learn the Westminster Shorter Catechism thoroughly. We know that they thought well of it, for we hear that when busy with picking out stones and bits of slate turned up by the plow, in ground none too fertile, they used to divert themselves by saying the catechism now and then, as something far more interesting — as indeed it was.

There was a mill in connection with the father's place,

where he hulled clover-seed. Running water turned the wheel. As a very little boy, Calvin used to wish that he were tall enough to reach the lever and turn on more water, so as to make the wheel go faster. All his life long he was eager to turn on power, and make things "go" and "go faster" if he could, by any hard work of his own.

When the boy was five, his parents moved to a farm twelve miles north of Gettysburg, near what is now York Springs, Adams County, Pa. Here they lived till Calvin was about ready to be graduated from college. The family moved twice afterwards, finally settling in Monmouth, Illinois, but it was the Adams County home that the missionary meant when he wrote: "There are all the fond recollections and associations of my childhood." One who knows anything about Gettysburg and vicinity will agree to its being an earthly paradise, and will be glad that a missionary had a chance to grow up there.

The home was named "The Hermitage," because it seemed "far from everywhere." It was believed to be haunted by the ghost of a tenant who was buried in an old deserted churchyard a mile distant. It was said that the sunken mound would not stay filled, and also that a headless man had been seen wandering round in the dark wood at night. The Mateer children used to go to the old empty church and burying-ground in the daytime, but Calvin used to run by at night with a fast-beating heart, if obliged to pass at all. He decided that he would not give up to such fear. One night he went and sat on the graveyard fence, determined to stay till he did not feel afraid any more. There he sat while owls hooted and winds shrieked, till he felt that the victory was won. He did not know then that he was disciplining himself for things more heroic in China.

After attending school and academy, and working at home at intervals, the youth taught school when not eighteen, and looking younger, in order to help on the college

education fund. Many of the scholars were older than he, and some of the boys were very rough, but the teacher held his own, and got a great deal of good discipline besides.

The thought of missionary work was in the young man's mind from boyhood, although, he said, "as a dim vision and half-formed resolution." Yet it did not fade, but brightened with the years. It was his mother's influence very largely that strengthened it. Through the struggles for education, she kept it before all her children that they should prepare themselves to carry the Good News to the heathen, or do God's work at home.

Foreign missionary books and magazines were read in the family. Long before pretty mite-boxes were given freely by Mission Boards, Mrs. Mateer made one with her own hands (it was early in the forties) and covered the little wooden thing with flowered wall paper. It stood on the parlour mantel, an object of intense interest to the children because it meant so much to "mother." It was a delight to earn pennies, or go without things for sake of the box, and when a silver coin could be dropped in, it was a joyous occasion. Once a year the box was opened. It was a red-letter day. The mother lived to see four of her children in China.

Between college and theological seminary, Mr. Calvin Mateer took charge of an academy in Beaver. He was very successful, but the thing that we like to note in this is, that there Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., whom so many of us knew and loved for his books and Sunday-school writings, was a pupil, and said that he owed more, perhaps, to Mr. Mateer than to any one, for the shaping of his life.

At last, after long preparation, and some trying detentions, the missionary and his bride took their way to China. They went in a sailing vessel, while the battle of Gettysburg was going on, and not till October, when overtaken by another vessel, did they know how it ended. The captain was coarse, even cruel, the accommodations were incredibly

uncomfortable, but at last the voyage ended.

Then began the forty-five years of strenuous and devoted service, with but three vacations at home Dr. Mateer had a marvellous mastery of Chinese, a great gift in adapting himself to conditions, and of making what he could not get, in the way of equipment. His wife was indeed a helpmeet. After her death and the lonely years following, the home was reestablished, with Mrs. Ada Mateer to make it bright. (In time of the Boxer troubles she was one of those who did valiant service in making sand bags, by way of barricading the enemy.) The great Shantung College, always associated with Dr. Mateer, began as a school with six boys. Before the founder passed away there were five hundred students, and it had passed from being a college into a university, to be a lasting memorial. The missionary's literary labours were also prodigious. It is almost incredible — the number and extent of these. He died in 1908, and sleeps in China, where the great changes that he foresaw, prophesied, and, in his measure, helped to bring about, are now going on.

The veteran Dr. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, close friend and co-labourer, outlived Dr. Mateer, and has just now completed fifty years of service.

CHAPTER XLV

Dr. Egerton R. Young

Missionary Pioneer and Pathfinder of Canada
(1868 – 1909 A.D.)

If you have never read "By Canoe and Dog-train," you have a thrilling pleasure before you, which I am sure you will not put off any longer than need be. You will probably not stop till you have read also, "On the Indian Trail," "My Dogs in the Northland," and one or two others available. They are full of wonderful adventures, told in a fascinating fashion, by the man who braved untold dangers and difficulties, to win uncounted Indians for his Master. Dear me! If only you could have heard him lecture, you would have been glad of it for a lifetime.

Mrs. Young was as heroic as her husband, when they gave up the comforts of home and parish in a civilized land, to go to the far Northland on the mission of mercy. It was in 1868 that the first journey was taken, followed by many others, quite beyond telling in this small space. They camped on prairies, forded bridgeless rivers, waded wide streams, went in canoes, sometimes carrying an ox that in his bigness sprawled over the sides, and had more hair-breadth escapes and adventures than you could count.

Mrs. Young did not always go with her husband, but often it was as heroic to stay where she did, and allow him to go over unknown trails through snow and ice and bitter cold. On their first northward journey it took two and a half months to reach their destination, Norway House. Dr. Young's parish stretched north and south five hundred miles, and was sometimes three hundred miles wide.

On his trips he slept in holes dug in the snow when it was thirty to sixty below zero. His Indian runners, sometimes twenty or more, ran beside the dog-train. Sometimes the missionary's face and feet were both bruised and bleeding. Sometimes he was wet with cold sweat which froze, and made his clothes like stiff leather. Sometimes his guides had to build a fire in the snow where their dauntless leader took off his clothes to dry them and warm his body. Typhoid fever and other illnesses sometimes followed, but as soon as he was well he took up his work once more, and was away on his travels.

Often the sunlight on the snow was so dazzling that it was impossible to travel in daytime, for fear of being blinded, and the journeys had to be made by night, under the stars. Over vast tracks he went, meeting the Indians at their council fires, and in their wigwams, talking with them and showing them the Way of life. He understood their natures well, and had great power over them.

Wild savages became gentle, horrid idols were put away, the rattles and drums of the medicine men were hushed, with their dreadful yells. Crops were raised, and the first wheat was winnowed by shaking it in sheets which Mrs. Young sewed together to hold it while the wind scattered the chaff. The missionaries lived, as did the Indians, principally on fish, 10,000 being caught and frozen in the fall, to keep the family and the dogs till April.

As the missionary's fame grew, many came begging for teaching. A chieftainess came after two weeks' journey, to spend two weeks with them, and learn the truth. She was given a calendar to show when Sabbath day came, and sent home, after faithful teaching. She begged for a visit, and received it, though it took two weeks' travel over ledges of ice overhanging a rapid river.

For some time before his death. Dr. Young gave himself up to lecturing, and enlightening others, in America, Great Britain and Australia, concerning the Indian work.

He was entertained by President Cleveland in the White House, and honoured everywhere.

His brave life ended here in 1909.

CHAPTER XLVI
Dr. Henry Harris Jessup
Missionary in Syria for Fifty-four Years (1855 – 1910 A.D.)

Is it not sad to think that in Syria, from which land our Bible came, the light went out long ago, and needed to be rekindled? Missionaries were needed there for this work, and you will like to hear of one great, splendid man who spent fifty-four years of service in this old Bible Land.

In Montrose, Pennsylvania, in the year 1832, the boy was born who was to give such a long life of labour to Syria. He was the sixth of eleven children. All but one of these lived to grow up. It must have been a lively family group. It really was, and a happy one, too, with a devoted father and mother to bring them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The father was chairman of the Platform Committee in Chicago, in the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. After the committee had done its work, Mr. Jessup and another delegate went to their room at the hotel, knelt down together, and commended it all "to God who was the Judge of all and who could give success." This shows something of the character of the father of the missionary.

It is always interesting to know how the thought of going as a missionary first came to any messenger. With Dr. Jessup it came when he was twenty, and was leading a missionary meeting. He told what he could on the subject of the hour, and urged all to support the work, adding an appeal to those to go themselves, who were able to do it. The thought suddenly came to him that it was very inconsistent in him to do that, when he was not ready to go himself. He felt that he

ought to take his own advice. The Day of Prayer for Colleges strengthened the feeling, and the decision was made fully, not long after. He studied medicine as well as theology, and also dentistry, so that he might be better prepared for work. In June, 1854, he decided for Syria.

Before he went out the missionary talked to a large number of children in a meeting in Newark, N. J. He said to them: "When you go home I want you to go by yourselves, and write down this resolution: 'Resolved that, if God will give me grace, I will be a missionary.'" Thirteen years afterwards, when home on furlough. Dr. Jessup went to Newark to give the charge to a young missionary, Mr. James Dennis. He was entertained in the home of the young man's mother, who told this story: "After my boy came home from your meeting years ago, he said to me, 'Mother, I have written down that, if the Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary.' I said, 'Jimmy, you are too young to know what you will be.' He answered, 'I did not say "I will be," but "if God will give me grace I will be a missionary."' "And now," said the mother, "you are here to set him apart to be a missionary."

Long afterwards Dr. Jessup said, "Dr. James Dennis has done more for the cause of missions than any other living man that I know. For twenty-three years we have been intimate fellow-workers in Syria." Dr. Dennis' books in Arabic and English are of untold value, especially his "Christian Missions and Social Progress." Dr. Jessup said, "God must have put it into my heart to ask the children that day to make that resolution."

In December, 1855, the sailing vessel, the *Sultana,* sailed away for Smyrna, having eight missionaries and a cargo of New England rum on board. Mr. Jessup was one of the eight missionaries, who must all have deeply regretted the cargo of rum. Mr. Jessup had to leave behind the lady who was his promised wife, on account of her ill health. It meant heroism for both, until they could be united.

In February, 1856, after a very stormy and wretched voyage, Beirut was reached, and the long term of missionary labour began. In forty-nine years seven trips home were made. On the field there was teaching, preaching, writing, journeying, organizing, and, as one of the greatest achievement's the superintending of the printing in Arabic of uncounted pages of Scripture and other helps in the tongue read by so large a portion of the unchristianized world. At home the time was largely spent in speaking to people about the field — not about the missionary, but about his field and the progress there. When, on being introduced to an audience, he was lauded for his great work, he bore it as well as he could, said nothing about it, but as soon as possible turned attention to Syria, and the people there, in all their need. He wrote modestly of himself, "I take no credit for anything God has helped me to do, or has done through me."

The great-hearted, gifted, devoted missionary that helped so many of us at home as well as abroad, fell asleep in Beirut, Syria, April 28, 1910.

Dr. Samuel Jessup

If you will notice carefully you will find that often more than one from a family goes to the mission field. Dr. Henry H. Jessup's brother Samuel, twenty months younger, inspired by his example, studied for the ministry, became a chaplain in the Civil War, and then went out to Syria in 1863.

President Lincoln offered him a consulship in that country, but he resisted the temptation, and gave up everything for sake of the work. He went about, a soldierly figure, on horseback a great deal, doing his tireless, noble work. When he was about to be removed to another station, where he would not have so much hard riding to do, the people protested. When told the reason they said, "Then let him stay here and just *sit,* and let us come and *look* at him. That will be enough." A man of Sidon said, "When Dr. Jessup walked

through the streets there was not a shopkeeper whom he passed but said, 'Our city is blessed in having such a man walk its streets.'" Little children ran after him, and were never disappointed in receiving the sweets he always carried in his pockets, to give with kindly words.

After almost fifty years of happy service, Dr. Jessup entered into rest.

CHAPTER XLVII

Mrs. A. R. M'Farland

The First Missionary in Alaska (1877 – 1897 A.D.)

How we love to hear of pioneers. When the pioneer is a woman of dauntless courage and indomitable spirit, her story is perfectly fascinating. You are certain to think

Mrs. M'Farland's history very wonderful indeed.

When the baby who was to become the first missionary in Alaska, was born in Virginia, now eighty years ago, no doubt she looked much as other babies do, and no one could guess what she would grow into. No matter for that. There was One who took care that she should be prepared for it, when her work was ready for her.

To good home training was added the very best of school advantages to be had, for the girl was sent to Steuben Wile Seminary, Ohio, well known in all that region for its excellence. Dr. Charles C. Beatty was the principal, and his charming wife, who was known as "Mother Beatty," mothered the girls in a delightful way. You can imagine how the writer of this story felt a few years ago, on meeting Mrs. M'Farland, to have her say: "Your mother, as a young lady, was a favorite teacher of mine in Steubenville. I have never forgotten her."

As quite a young bride, the girl's missionary work began in Illinois, where her minister-husband was sent by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. Afterwards, the two were sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, the first missionaries of this Board to go there, and in that difficult field they remained seven years, till Mr. M'Farland's health broke down. A change was made to Idaho, where work was carried on among the Nez Perces Indians until May, 1876, when the husband

died, and after six months of loneliness, which proved too hard to endure, the wife went to Portland, Oregon.

It was there that she heard of Dr. Sheldon Jackson's explorations in Alaska. She was eager for new work, and hard work, and when Dr. Jackson came back, just as eager to get some one to return with him to that desolate and destitute field, Mrs. M'Farland was ready to go, though no one had gone before her from America, to begin the work of teaching. When she got to Alaska she found so much to do that she had no time to think of her loneliness, or of much else besides the work that filled every hour of the day, and sometimes part of the night. She said afterwards that she never for a moment regretted going. It was a great grief to her that, after twenty years, her health failed and she had to leave the people she loved so well. It was in August, 1877, that Dr. Sheldon Jackson and the "First Missionary" reached Fort Wrangell. There was a woman a hundred miles up the Stickeen River, who was out gathering berries for her winter supply, when she heard of the arrival. At once she was moved to put her children, her bedding and belongings of every sort in a canoe, and then she paddled home as fast as she could, to offer such help as she could give, to the new missionary. She afterwards became her interpreter.

It was rather surprising to hear a bell ringing in Wrangell, and to see an Indian going up and down the street with it. This proved to be the call to afternoon school. For there *was* a small beginning, in the way of teaching. It had been made by Philip MacKay, a Christian native from Canada, who had begun it the year before, in answer to the piteous cry for help which had reached him when he came to the place to cut wood. He belonged to the Methodist Mission at Fort Simpson. Seeing the degradation in Fort "Wrangell, he stayed to teach as best he could, and had a little school which he handed over to Mrs. M'Farland, and came to it himself. His original name was Clah, and he was about thirty years old.

There were thirty scholars on that August day upon which the newcomer began her school, the Indian woman, who came back a hundred miles to help her, doing her best as an interpreter. In the afternoon Clah preached in the Tsimpsean dialect, the sermon being interpreted into the Stickeen language.

The first schoolroom was an old dance hall, and the new teacher began with four Bibles, four hymn-books, three primers, thirteen first readers, and one wall chart. Nothing daunted, she went on, with such native help as she could get, and taught the ordinary elementary English branches.

This, the only Christian white woman in the country, soon became "nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, teacher, practically mayor, and director of affairs generally," for all came to her for every sort of thing. People outside began to hear of her, and to beg for help from her. One old Indian from a far-away tribe came to her and said: "Me much sick at heart, my people all dark heart, nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by my people all die and go down — dark, dark."

You can think how such appeals broke the missionary's heart, when she could do nothing to answer them. She kept writing home, begging for a minister, a magistrate, or a helper for herself, but in vain. The mails came by steamer once a month, and we have a pathetic picture of the lonely woman going down to the shore to watch the incoming boat, hoping that there might be a helper aboard, or a letter promising one. But month after month she watched in vain.

And she was alone, for as soon as Dr. Jackson could finish his own special business he sailed away, and left Mrs. M'Farland in the midst of a thousand Indians, with few white men, and no soldiers, for the military force had been withdrawn.

Mrs. Julia M'Nair Wright, the author, says about this: "Perhaps the Church at home never had a greater surprise than when it heard that work in Alaska was begun, and a

Christian, cultivated woman left there to carry it on.

"'What!' was the cry that met Dr. Jackson, 'did you leave Mrs. M'Farland up there alone among all those heathen, up there in the cold, on the edge of winter?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I did. And she has neither books, nor schoolhouse, nor helpers, nor money, nor friends — only a few converted but untaught Indians, and a great many heathen about her. Now what will you do for her?'" The situation was really awakening.

Dr. Jackson's words and Mrs. M'Farland's interesting letters finally bore fruit, and money was raised for a home for the girls who were orphans, or who were rescued from worse than orphanhood.

Among the girls first received into the home were Tillie Kinnon, then fifteen, and Fannie Willard, both of whom became missionaries to their own people in due time, and have been well known in this country as well as their own.

One day two girls from the school were captured and accused of witchcraft, which meant torture, and perhaps death. The natives were having a "devil dance" when Mrs. M'Farland set out to face them and rescue the girls. Her scholars implored her not to go. "They will kill you," they cried. Her interpreter embraced her with agonizing tears and tried to hold her back, but, while even the converted Indians feared to go near, the intrepid woman went alone, faced the half-insane dancers with no show of fear, demanded the release of the girls, threatening the men with United States' vengeance, and using every imaginable argument and plea.

After some hours thus spent, she had her way. One of the rescued girls was afterwards caught and put to death, but the other was saved. At another time she had a terrible experience in facing a charge of witchcraft made upon one of her girls, but she stood her ground and saved the girl. When the money for a permanent building for the M'Farland Home was actually forthcoming, the missionary wrote, "There has been

a song in my heart ever since the mail arrived, telling of the response to the call for funds. I felt sure that if we trusted Him God would, in good time, send the help we so much needed."

In 1878 Dr. S. Hall Young came to the field, where he has been so usefully engaged ever since, with the fearlessness and boundless enthusiasm that has outlasted his young manhood. He relieved Mrs. M'Farland whenever he could, taking the teaching work, while she, called "The Mother," trained the scholars in cooking, washing, ironing, mending, and all housewifely arts. Mrs. Young also taught, after her arrival, till the coming of Miss Dunbar to be a permanent assistant. So the helpers came, one by one.

After twenty years' service, Mrs. M'Farland came home, broken in health, yet able to tell to many the inspiring story of Alaska Missions, till she "fell on sleep" October 19, 1912.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Sheldon Jackson

Pathfinder and Prospector in the Rocky Mountains
and Apostle to Alaska (1858 – 1909 A.D.)

A man must needs be a hero to be worthy of such a long title as that. Do you not agree? But you will think that he earned it, if you will try to count up half the things that he did, and endured, in over fifty years of home missionary work, and in nearly a million miles of travel, filled with the wildest adventures and escapes imaginable. Indeed, you could not imagine them if you tried, and therefore you must hear about them.

The baby who was to become such a wonderful travelling missionary, saw the light in the little village of Minaville, in the Mohawk Valley, New York State, May 18, 1834. His mother's maiden name being joined to his father's, he became Sheldon Jackson. He had two narrow escapes as an infant, once being saved from rolling into the big fireplace with logs ablaze, and once being carried from the house which was ablaze.

While Sheldon was still a baby, the father, Mr. Jackson, removed, with his wife and child, to Esperance, ten miles from Minaville, between Albany and Buffalo. Here, when the little boy was about four, the parents united with the Presbyterian Church, and afterwards dedicated the child to God in baptism, and, in their own hearts, consecrated him to the ministry. The boy himself grew up with no other thought in his mind, and while he was a "genuine boy" and had fun as other boys did, the expectation of being a minister, kept him from some boyish follies that he would have been sorry for

afterwards. He said so himself, and thankfully, too. Very early the thought of being a minister was joined, in the boy's mind, with the hope of becoming a missionary.

When he was six, his father's health caused him to give up his business and move to a farm in Florida County, where the son grew up in a "house of plenty," and a happy home, giving most of his time to study, but helping with the chores. For eighteen years the family kept up membership in the Esperance church, and week by week, drove to service over a rough and hilly road, often blocked with snow in winter for weeks at a time. With breakfast over at daylight in winter, the start was made, the buffalo robes, ax, shovel, lunch basket and all, packed in, with hot soapstones and thick oak planks. Lunch was eaten at noon, but the family did not get home on short days till dark,, Sometimes they were upset in the drifts, but they always got out somehow, and nobody minded. From his early childhood the boy Sheldon was familiar with stories of the Indian wars in the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys of New York; and the fascinating histories of David Brainerd, and David Zeisberger, and their Indian work, charmed him. Besides these, he had Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Washington Irving's works, and some of Walter Scott's stories to read. He enjoyed these very much, and early began to dream dreams of the great world outside, and to see visions of what was to be done, while wondering what his part would be.

At fifteen, the boy went to an academy at Glen Falls, N. Y., and afterwards to Union College, Schenectady, where he was "a conscientious student and a delightful companion." At nineteen, the young man was received into the church, and three months later, largely through his influence, his only sister took her stand with him. At this time seemed to begin that great longing to help others and win them for his Master, which became his passion by and by.

This hero in the making, who was afterwards to brave perils by land and sea and snow, was far from being an athlete,

and was never trained in what is called "the manly art of self-defense." As a lad he was slender, physically small, often suffered in health, and was troubled with weak eyes. He was naturally averse to "rough and tumble" exercise, and his fitness for the mastery in dealing with Indians, with roughs in mining camps, and the frontiers far and near, did not depend upon physical prowess. In the fortieth year of his unique missionary work, somebody described Dr. Jackson as "short, bewhiskered, and spectacled, but by *inside* measurement a giant." Anybody who tried to combat him, found him a "giant inside," but with a heart tender as a woman's. He never knew what it was to give up when he knew he was right, and wanted to win his way.

One time at a meeting the one in charge thought that a great giant of a Tennessean near, was Dr. Jackson who was about to speak, and introduced him as "My stalwart friend from the Rockies." When the little doctor appeared almost everybody laughed, and so did he, saying, "If I had been more stalwart in height I could not have slept so many nights on the four-and-a-half-foot seat of a Rocky Mountain stage." Maybe it was his capacity for doubling up, that made a stage-driver say of him once, "He was the hardiest and handiest traveller I ever was acquainted with."

Four days before his twenty-third birthday, the student was licensed to preach, and for a few months served for the American Systematic Benevolence Society. But his heart was set on foreign missions, and he offered himself to the Board, hoping to be sent to Syria or Siam, or to South America. But the examining doctor said that his health would not allow him to go. "They thought I was not strong," he said himself, "but I had an iron constitution, with the exception of dyspepsia." Some folk would have thought dyspepsia a big enough exception to excuse a man from frontier work, but not so Sheldon Jackson. Later, a friend wrote of him, "Compared with what he has done, work in Siam would have been 'flowery beds of

ease.' He can endure more hardship, travel, exposure, and hard work this minute, than half the college football players, and looks ten years younger than his sixty-four years." This is getting ahead of our story, but you won't mind. It seems to come in here, with the refusal to send the young man to the foreign field.

Work among the Indians, in Indian Territory, was the first that offered after the seminary course at Princeton was finished, and the young minister was ordained. On his twenty-fourth birthday he was married, and, on the wedding journey, the bridal pair met the rest of the Jackson family at Niagara Falls, on their way to Galesburg, Illinois, a new college town that had grown up on the prairie, and was then "just twenty-one."

The work among the Choctaws, and representatives of other tribes, was very arduous, and Mrs. Jackson, besides helping in many ways, substituting for teachers, keeping the house, and so on, found her hands full and her time, too, with "keeping the little Indians in repair."

Serious illnesses, and other circumstances, convinced Mr. Jackson that he should undertake more varied work, and in due time he was commissioned to a parish 13,000 miles square, being given oversight, as a home missionary, of Minnesota, and Wisconsin almost wholly, with nineteen preaching-places in Minnesota alone, a hundred miles apart. A salary of three hundred dollars was his recompense for all this labour, "in journeyings oft," averaging for one quarter, thirteen and one-half miles a day, horseback or afoot. His escapes from freezing, in fierce blizzards and huge snow-drifts, would make a chapter by themselves at this time. But he did not freeze — save fingers and toes, or perhaps his nose, and he thawed out, and went on with this pioneer work.

We can't follow this active man step by step, but shall have to take flying leaps. We next find him engaged in a larger field, and more general work. It began in Iowa, and, before it

was fully planned, came the Hilltop Prayer-meeting, which ought to be remembered as a companion to the Haystack Prayer-meeting long before. Mr. Jackson and two minister-friends, went up to the top of a very high bluff called Prospect Hill, on the edge of Sioux City, Iowa, there to look over the land. Part of Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota were visible. Beyond, stretched nine territories, for California was then the only state west of the Missouri River, and farther on was Alaska. It was a field of 1,768,659 square miles, almost half the United States, with tens of thousands of Indians, with demon-worshipping Eskimos, with pagan or half pagan races beyond count.

The hearts of the three on the hilltop were moved to cry out to God to lead those who had power, to send out missionaries to this great field. Soon after this sacred hour, Mr. Jackson was appointed Superintendent of Missions for Western Iowa, Nebraska, Idaho, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, and as far beyond as the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Iowa might extend.

Now began the million mile journey of the Pathfinder. "He went, on horseback or afoot, over unspeakable roads, bumping along in ox carts, by buckboard, stage, with mule team, by broncho, reindeer sledge, lumber wagon, ambulance, by freight or construction train, by dugout, launch, steamer, canoe, revenue-cutter or cattle-ship."

"Five times the stage was robbed just before he passed over the route; once there was only the motion of a finger between him and death, as a half dozen revolvers were pointed at him; once he escaped scalping by the Apaches by a few hours; again he went unharmed, when his steamer was fired into by hostile Indians; again a fanatical papal mob threatened his life, and once he was imprisoned for the Gospel's sake, and set free by the President."

Under the trees, under the stars, in log huts, in miners' camps, in dugouts and sod houses, the missionary went

preaching and visiting, and organizing churches.

A good part of the time he collected the money needed. What he called "The Raven Fund," for supply of pressing needs, mounted into the thousands. Nothing discouraged the dauntless soul. Where he heard the call of need he went, with fearless faith and indomitable courage. Railways and stage lines gave him free transportation for long journeys, thinking it a good investment For a long time his family lived in Denver, and he made sixteen round trips, to and from his home, in five years.

And now the call came to far Alaska. The exploring tour, with unimaginable dangers and terrifying difficulties was made, in spite of discouraging views of the majority, who thought there was no use in it, and no hope in it. But Dr. Jackson knew better, and was neither dismayed nor delayed by what people thought. He opened mission stations; he took Mrs. M'Farland from Portland to be the first woman worker in that strange field. He even went to Point Barrow, the northernmost place, where Siberia could be seen in the distance, and founded a mission there, where there are twenty-four days of night, and the mail comes once a year.

Government made him General Superintendent of Education in Alaska.

And now listen to the story of the reindeer. In pity for the poor Eskimos, and with a wise thought for their help. Dr. Jackson, after great efforts and prodigious discouragements, finally imported reindeer from Siberia, with native herders, and, after proving that it could be done, received government aid. Now these animals, that find their own food in the moss under the snow, and can travel where dogs cannot, and can furnish food and skin-clothing also, have proved such a boon to Alaska that Dr. Jackson would be remembered had he done nothing else. His heroic life ended in 1909.

CHAPTER XLIX
Roll-Call of Living Heroes

Do you think for one instant that the heroic souls, ready to do and dare everything with dauntless courage, have all passed away, having finished their work? You cannot think so, for you know better. "The workman dies, but the work goes on," because God has always a worker ready to take it up and carry it on. There are thousands of intrepid missionaries, at home and abroad, to answer to a roll-call of living heroes.

The list of the heroes of the past is very long and we need to know the names and deeds of those who toiled in the beginning, and laid foundations. That is the reason that in the study of missions we begin with those who have gone before. The Lord Christ says to those now upon the field, "Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours." We ought to know the whole story, and put it together in the right way. This is one good reason for making a long list of names that belong to the past. Another is that, for the present, every one of us has a chance to see for ourselves what the heroes are doing in the world. History is in the making, and we can watch the process. The more we know of the beginnings, the more will we care to watch the progress of things. Every wide-awake young person will care to do this. One who does not "care" in these days, must surely be asleep, and would better wake up at once, for fear of missing the splendid things that are going by, and going on.

In order to suggest the looking up of those whose acquaintance we ought to make in the present, suppose we call the names of a very few of the living, now in easy reach. And then — since a large library would not hold them, suppose

every reader takes pains to add to the list for private use. What a superb thing it will be, in the end. The search itself will be stimulating, and very easy, too. If you give ever so *little* attention to the matter, you simply cannot help seeing and hearing something about present-day heroes and heroines, and the more you give, the more worth while and thrilling it will grow to be.

To make a beginning, let us take the name of

William Duncan
"The Hero of Metlakahtla"

Think of the young travelling salesman in London, giving up his excellent position to go to preach Christ to the Indians of British Columbia. He spent months in reaching Alaska; he repeated his first sermon nine times in one day; he founded a Christian Temperance village in Alaska; he was followed by hundreds of Indians to the settlement of Metlakahtla, and then to Annette Island, all of whom signed a covenant not to drink, swear, break the Sabbath, cheat, lie ^ or do any such unchristian thing. Everybody goes to church in Mr. Duncan's colony.

Rev. Charles Cook
Missionary to the Pima Indians

This is another living hero, who, in 1870, hearing from an army officer the sad condition of the Pimas, gave up his German church in Chicago, and, without money enough for the whole journey, or any pledged support, set out to help the poor Indians. He took a Bible, a rifle, a small melodeon, and some cooking utensils with him, and for a long time was self-supporting. Now the largest church in Sacaton is that of the Pimas, with over five hundred members, and it is one of seven or more, gathered by Mr. Cook.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell
"The Hero of Labrador"

This missionary doctor has a parish of over 2,000 miles of storm-swept coast along the Northern Atlantic. He goes his rounds among his fisher-folk by boat and dog- train, according to the season; and, no matter what the storm or peril by land or sea, he answers each call of distress, at any cost. He "goes about doing good," as his Master did, and with an abounding joy in the work that is contagious. He has been decorated by his appreciative English Government.

Bishop Rowe
Diocese of Alaska, Protestant Episcopal Church

"From Ketchikan in the South, to St. John's in the Wilderness, beyond the Arctic Circle, the good Bishop has set a chain of twenty mission stations, including hospitals and reading rooms." His work means perilous mountain climbing, ice-baths at unexpected times and places, long runs on snow-shoes, ahead of his dog-sledge, and many a night in a hollowed-out snow-bed, under the stars and flaming Northern Lights.

Helpers Farthest North

We cannot even imagine what it has meant to hold the mission stations at Point Barrow, and St. Lawrence Island, with mail but once a year, or twice at most. There it took a year or two for a broken sewing-machine shuttle to be replaced, and other supplies must take time in proportion; there, in the long Arctic night, native children must be roused from sleep to come to school, by bell or knock, and must flounder through the snow to the mission house at what would be nine o'clock in the morning for us. Dr. and Mrs. Marsh, Dr. and Mrs. Spriggs, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, ought to be more than mere names to us, as we associate them with these regions farthest north.

Miss Kate M'Beth
Missionary and Theological Instructor
Among the Nez Perces

Following her heroic sister, Susan M'Beth, who trained such noble young Indians for the ministry among their own people, Miss Kate still lives and labours with indomitable courage and enthusiasm, among the red men of the Far West. The students she has trained have acquitted themselves creditably in severe examinations, and have been faithful and fruitful in service, in many fields.

Miss Mary Keed
Missionary to Lepers in India

The world that remembers Father Damien's isolation of himself for sake of service among the outcast lepers, cannot forget this gentle, but lion-hearted woman, still living, loving

and labouring among the same class. Few have not heard of her discovery of the disease in her own body, when home on furlough from her India field, and the heroic leave-taking without a kiss of good-bye, as she returned to devote herself to the lepers, sharing her secret with one sister only, that she might explain afterwards, the dread reason for the sudden departure from home and friends.

Dr. Mary Stone
Native Medical Missionary in Kiu Kiang, China

Imagine a frail little woman of less than a hundred pounds avoirdupois, with a parish of many thousand souls — and bodies, with no other physician to minister to their bitter needs with medical and surgical skill. Hear the secret of her marvellous endurance, unfaltering courage, and loving service: "How is it," asked a friend, "that you can possibly bear the tremendous responsibilities that rest on you all the time, and keep on with your work, day after day?" This was her answer: "I could not keep up or keep on, but for the fact that every morning, before the duties begin, I manage somehow, to get a *look into the Face of Jesus first,* and everything grows easy then."

Dr. Samuel A. Moffett
Pioneer Missionary to Pyeng Yang, Korea

The Central Church in this, the largest city of the Land of Chosen, has sent out thirty-nine other churches in a period of fifteen years. In the home church, a congregation of over fifteen hundred on the Sabbath day and from nine hundred to a thousand at the mid-week prayer-meeting, is the ordinary thing. When Dr. Moffett began his pioneer work, which now shows such marvellous growth, he was mobbed and stoned, and every effort was made to drive him from the city. As he passed along the streets of "the oldest and wickedest city in the land," as it was then called, men and boys shouted after

him, "Look at this black rascal. Why did he come here? Let us kill him." But they could not kill or exile him, and he has lived to see one of those who threw stones at him, become an earnest Christian helper. The intrepid missionary is still "in labours more abundant."

Dr. Mary P. Eddy
Of Syria

This wonderful woman, the first to be recognized and allowed to practice as a physician by the Turkish government, still goes her rounds of mercy and healing with superb courage and utter self-forgetfulness. It would be hard to count up the lives saved, and the souls won by her years of devoted service. Her more recent enterprise has been the founding of a sanatorium among the pines, for cast-aways, and helpless if not hopeless cases. Here she has invested all her own savings, and uses her monthly stipend for the place, and pitiful patients. She prays that before she dies, she may see her hope for a permanent home fulfilled. Her sight is failing, and she can barely see to write her letters of appeal, but she says: "I am going to keep on doing and working, just as dear Dr. Samuel Jessup did, until the end comes, or my labours are no longer needed for these destitute sufferers."

In Siam and Laos

It has been said that this field is second only in importance and opportunity at present to Korea. We ought to associate some names with this part of the Orient. There is Dr. M'Kean who is toiling persistently and heroically for the poor lepers, hitherto neglected. And Dr. Cort is investing his life without stint, day and night, under mountains of difficulty. Dr. Briggs is another name that stands for unmeasured service, and Rev. J. H. Freeman has been exploring new sections of the field.

How many can you add to this suggestive roll,
Of those afar and near, who pay the hero's toll?

Missionary Sayings
That Have Become Classic

Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything. — *John Eliot.*

We are playing at Missions. — *Alexander Duff.*

Now let me burn out for God. — *Henry Martyn.*

The prospects are bright as the promises of God. —*Adoniram Judson.*

The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise. — *David Livingstone.*

I have seen in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been. — *Robert Moffat.*

Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God. — *William Carey.*

I'll tell the Master. — *Eliza Agnew.*

The word discouragement is not in the dictionary of the kingdom of heaven. — *Melinda Rankin.*

Let us advance on our knees. — *Joseph Hardy Neesima.*

The world is my parish. — *John Wesley.*

Keep to work; if cut off from one thing take the next. — *Cyrus Hamlin.*

I die for the Baganda, and purchase the road to Uganda with my life. — *Bishop Hannington.*

I will go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes. — *William Carey.*

God helping me, I will go myself. — *Melinda Rankin.*

We can do it if we will. — *Samuel J. Mills.*

Oh, that I could dedicate my all to God. This is all the return I can make Him. — *David Brainerd*

And So It Seems To Me…

[Conclusion to *Had You Been Born In Another Faith*]

Now that you have put yourself in the other person's place, what have you learned?

Where do you go from here?

Perhaps, you, too will agree with me as I agreed with Vinoba Bhave, the "walking saint of India" to whom I referred in the chapter on Hinduism. I walked with him one morning at four o'clock. Along with a group of his followers, I set out upon the shadowy Indian road. As the sun spread its first warming light over the countryside, I realized that my several hundred companions—farmers, businessmen, monks, and even mothers with children—represented many cultures and creeds. As the light became brighter I saw that the man with whom I had been walking silently through the dark was thin and emaciated, wearing a white homespun *dhoti* and thick-lensed spectacles. He shuffled along so rapidly in his worn sandals that I had difficulty keeping up. Suddenly he glanced my way. A smile lit up his bearded face and he said in English, "I think if Jesus were on earth He would be walking with us this morning." Then he added, "I am sure He is."

This was Vinoba Bhave graphically expressing a Gandhian phrase: "If a man reaches the heart of his own religion, he has reached the heart of others, too."

And it seemed to me that here I found one answer: *the spirit inherent in religions is found to be one spirit when we truly put ourselves in the other person's place*.

I found another hint of what this spiritual interchange can mean when I met Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Africa. I will long remember how he stood on the improvised dock on the edge of the rusty Ogooue river. Dressed in white, wearing a white

pith helmet, he extended both hands in greeting as I stepped from the dugout canoe. But I will remember even longer the Schweitzer spirit. It is a synthesis of many faiths.

Few of our contemporaries—in fact, few men in history—are so unidentifiable denominationally as is Dr. Schweitzer. Lutherans insist he belongs to them "parentally"; Unitarians are convinced he is in their camp theologically; Presbyterians claim him traditionally; Evangelicals, historically; and liberal Baptists, spiritually. To the Quakers, he is a symbol of pacifism; to the Congregationalists, a sign of healthy humanism; and, if he were a Catholic, to them he would be a saint, someone to be canonized. He believes in the Hindu concept of non-violence, but he has Christianized it; he is so close to the Jain teaching of *ahimsa* that he practices it. He sees similarities between Buddha and Luther, and he notes that passive resistance passed on from Jesus into the life of Gandhi.

As I walked with Schweitzer through the aisles of his jungle hospital, a hospital pitifully over-crowded with native patients who have found in this Alsatian a man of exceptional mercy, and as I accompanied him in a visit to the nearby leper village, it seemed to me that his reverence for life is undergirded by his reverence for man's everlasting quest for truth. He is unconcerned whether the quest be by the way of suffering or service, or whether the man is white or black or what his faith may be. Reverence, to Schweitzer, is not a creed, but an act; it is not a matter of profession, but a matter of deed.

His views on inter-religious relations were stated clearly when he said, "*Impart as much of your faith as you can to those who walk the road of life with you, and accept as something precious that which comes back to you from them*."

And then later, it seemed to me, I found something else, something that was impressed upon me by another man in another part of the world, but in a similar arc in the circle of faith. It was Dr. Daisetz T. Suzuki, the Zen scholar, who reminded me that as we enter into the beliefs of others, we

may find some of our own beliefs personified.

One day in Dr. Suzuki's home in Atami, Japan, I told him about a pet theory of mine that we believe what we will to believe. First comes the wish, and then the will, then the rationale, and then our insistence that what we have found is truth. I cited as an example the dogma of the Assumption, which affirms that Mary the Mother of Jesus ascended bodily into heaven.

"Who saw her ascend?" I asked and answered my own question by saying, "No one. Yet people have the will to believe it. Who saw her?"

Suzuki was silent for a long moment. Then he said softly and with reverence, "I saw her."

It seemed to me just then, in the silence of the room, that the simple and gracious *hina dan*, the little altar so typical of Japanese homes, was neither Shinto nor Buddhist nor Confucianist nor Christian, but rather a symbol of universal faith. Quietly I found myself saying, "I saw her, too." And I knew that *feeling, no less than experience, can be a source of spiritual knowledge just as intuition can at times be stronger and stranger than the stubborn conclusions of the intellect.*

So this, too, was another answer.

It seemed to me then, as it had often in the past, that if you are a protestant and you wish to understand and enter into the experience of the Roman Catholic, you can do it neither by standing outside the church nor by arguing against the church's claims. You must go inside.

And if you are a Catholic and you would understand Protestantism, you will never do it unless you stand where the Protestant stands. You cannot look over the wall of preconceived ideas and get an honest impression. You must, for a little while, enter into the spirit and the tradition of all the Protestant cherishes and believes.

This must be done by the interrelation of all sincere believers all around the great mandala of faith in which, all

too long, each group has lived in its own restricted sphere, unaware of its close kinship with other groups. With hatred and suspicion increasing in the world, the warning has become all too real: we must learn to live together or none of us will live.

The great hope for a new order and a new era lies in the new spiritual exchange which is growing in the hearts of people in every living faith. A vision of the universality of religion is moving among free people everywhere because they have common concerns, common needs, and common causes. These problems themselves will bring about the realization that whenever we investigate the other person's way of life, we reinvestigate our own. And whoever approaches religion in this way is not going to condemn anything, but is going to discover that religion's likenesses are greater than its differences.

This new dimension in religion already exists, and a spiritual unity is seen beyond and above sectarian disunity. It includes the physicist whose thoughts have penetrated outer space, the historical whose study has followed the footprints of God through the rise and fall of civilizations, the scientist who has opened the secret doors of the inner mind, the philosopher who has revealed a harmony in the once inharmonious schools of thought, the educator who perceives a divine power beyond as well as within the intellectual process, the healer of bodies who knows that resources of health reside within the God-nature of every man, the industrialist and the laborer who have caught on to a workable ethic in their business dealings, the theologian who recognizes a divine power as the common ground of all beings—in short, men and women of every walk of life who look upon religion as a quest and an adventure in search of discovery.

The full circle of spiritual truth will be completed only when we realize that, but for a destiny not fully understood, we might actually have been born in the other person's faith.