

Great Lives
Supplement

VOLUME I

SELECTED AUTHORS

Great Lives
Supplement Volume I

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Great Lives Supplement Volume I

Copyright © 2022 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Cover Image: Queen Eleanor & Fair Rosamund, by Evelyn De Morgan (before 1919). In public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

Printed in the United States of America

Contents

Mrs. A. R. M'Farland 1
Abravanel 6
Adoniram Judson 17
Adoniram and Ann Judson: 20
Adrienne de Lafayette 36
King Albert 56
Albert Einstein 66
Alexander Duff 79
Alexander Mackay 82
Allen F. Gardiner 85
Captain Allen Gardiner 100
Arthur Jackson 103
Ba-al Shem Tov 106
Bartholomew Ziegenbalg 118
Benjamin of Tudela 121
Burke and Wills 130
Calvin Wilson Mateer 135
Captain Cecil Foster 139
Chaim Weizmann 146
Charlotte Maria Tucker 159
Christina of Sweden 161
Columba 171
Dr. Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck 174
Cyrus Hamlin 176
Dagmar of Denmark 180

David Brainerd.....193
David Crockett.....197
I.—A Neglected Child.....197
II.—A Homesick Boy.....199
III.—A Runaway.....201
IV.—A Hired Hand.....204
V.—A Householder.....207
VI.—A Soldier.....210
VII.—A Leading Citizen.....213
VIII.—A Bear Hunter.....217
IX.—A Congressman.....221
X.—A Traveler.....224
XI.—A Daring Adventurer.....226
XII.—A Hero of the Alamo.....233
David Livingstone.....238
David Trumbull.....242
David Zeisberger.....256
Domingo F. Sarmiento.....258
Donna Gracia Mendes.....273
Early Missionaries in England.....283
Edward William Bok.....286
Dr. Egerton R. Young.....302
Dr. Eleanor Chesnut.....305
Eleanor of Pottov, Duchess Aquitaine.....311
Elias Riggs.....324
Elisha Kent Kane.....326

Eliza Agnew 332
Miss Ethel McNeile 334
Fidelia Fiske 336
Francisco Penzotti 339
Francisco Pizarro 353
Franz Hals 367
Fridtjof Nansen 375
Gaw Hong 384
George Edward Pereira 386
Gerard Dou 390
Guido Fridolin Verbeck 392
Mrs. H. C. Mullens 394
Mrs. Hans Egede 396
Helpers Farthest North 398
Henrietta Szold 401

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.

Abravanel
King of Beggars
1437-1508 A.D.

Two officials of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella sat together in the tapestry-hung antechamber of the palace, talking earnestly as they waited for an audience with their majesties. Richly dressed in satin doublets and velvet mantles, with jewels flashing from their fingers and the rare laces at their throats, these two gentlemen seemed a world apart from the harried, poverty-stricken Jews of France and Germany.

"Once," said Don Isaac Abravanel, his handsome dark face bitter with his sorrow, "I read a tale of a Jew, cursed for his sins to flee from land to land, knowing no rest or peace, but forced to wander until the Day of Judgement. I was a youth then, happy in my native city of Lisbon; my father stood high in favor with King Alfonso the African. I laughed at the foolish story of a Wandering Jew.

"But when I was a grown man and court treasurer, and Alfonso's son threatened every Jew of Portugal with baptism or death, then I realized that all of us must ever be ready to take up the traveler's staff. Not only the Jewish beggar, but Jews of great wealth and proud ancestry, even as you and I."

He shrugged ruefully. "My family traces its ancestry directly back to King David himself. Behold in me a king—of beggars."

Luis de Santangel shook his head disapprovingly. "An unseemly jest, my friend. The house of Abravanel has long

been honored as princely not only in blood but deeds. Few have forgotten how, when a group of our brethren were about to be sold as slaves, you not only gave a magnificent sum for their ransom but collected the remainder from other wealthy givers."

"If I must accept your tribute," murmured Abravanel with the ease of a practiced courtier, "let me repay the compliment. Who but you a few months ago suggested that Queen Isabella should not pledge her jewels to send Columbus on his voyage, but offered a huge sum to help fit out three ships and persuaded several of our brethren to do the same?"

"I hope," answered Santangel gravely, "that our gracious queen and her sometimes forgetful husband will remember that slight service, as well as your efforts and mine to finance their wars. But, alas, princes have short memories. So I am risking a fortune on this Italian explorer, hoping for neither thanks nor honors from the throne if he returns from India, rich with gold and glory."

He leaned toward Abravanel and spoke very softly. "Do you know why, my friend, I did all that was in my power to make Columbus voyage possible?"

Abravanel laughed dryly. "If not for personal gains, then for the glory of our stepmother land of Spain?" His tone was mocking.

"For neither. You are a scholar, the writer of many books, an acknowledged interpreter of the Scriptures. I am not a Jewish scholar like you, Don Isaac, and cannot tell you by verses from our holy books when salvation will come for Israel. But," he spoke reverently now, "in this adventurer from Genoa, I see a man appointed by God Himself to save our people."

Abravanel looked startled. "What do you mean?"

"Does it mean nothing to you that this Columbus began to dream his great dream of discovering a shorter route to India after studying the maps and charts of the Jew, Zacuto?

It is even whispered that this Christopher Columbus is really one of us, although he tries in every way to appear a true son of the Church."

"But how will his discoveries, if he be successful, bring succor to Israel?" Don Isaac asked scornfully.

"If—and I know the idea seems absurd to many much wiser than I am—if beyond the Sea of Darkness Columbus discovers vast territories—"

"To be governed by Spain and the Church," Abravanel reminded his friend.

"But if these lands be distant enough," urged Santangel, "the long arm of the Inquisition may not reach our brethren who seek shelter there. And the harsh laws we know here in the Spanish peninsula may be somewhat relaxed when only docile and obedient Jews remain. Yes, we must soon find a haven for Israel; for today there is no sure safety for the Jew in Spain or Germany or France or Italy."

His voice had risen, shaken with passion. But as a young page approached, the harried, hunted Jew instantly became again the suave, smiling courtier.

"When did their majesties promise to give us audience?" asked Santangel as lightly as though the interview were of little or no importance.

"At once, Don Luis," answered the page, bowing.

Court poets must be tactful; but for once they spoke truthfully when they praised Isabella as the most beautiful queen in all Europe. Unlike the financier, Abravanel, they knew nothing of the royal budget nor that her charms were greatly enhanced by a wardrobe, extravagant even for royalty. Now Santangel, gazing upon the jeweled circlet that bound her abundant hair, the matched sapphires about her throat and the strings of perfect pearls that fell below her waist, wondered wryly whether he should have urged her not to rob her jewel caskets to fit Columbus' ships.

"She would never have missed the gems," he thought,

"and who knows when the gold I lent will be sorely needed by me and even the richest of my brethren? Don Isaac may speak truly when he calls us kings reduced to beggary in a single night."

He shook off his forebodings and forced himself to listen attentively to King Ferdinand.

"I believe, gentlemen, I know why you have requested this audience," began the king. "You would ask us to reconsider the matter of ridding our realm of Jewish unbelievers, a subject over which the queen and I have long pondered and prayed." He glanced toward Isabella; she lowered her beautiful eyes, and nodded slightly. "The decree of expulsion is already drawn up and awaits only our royal signature," said Ferdinand.

"But, your majesty," cried Abravanel passionately, "if you only understood—" He stopped, abashed at his boldness.

Ferdinand smiled indulgently. "Because you have served me faithfully and well, I am ready to forgive your unmannerly zeal. But you and your father before you have been of the court too long for you to forget that it is neither seemly—nor prudent—to question the wisdom of your king."

"Forgive me, gracious majesty," murmured Abravanel. "I know that the king is a wise and loving father to all his children. And we Jews have long considered ourselves loyal subjects and children of the mighty nations of Portugal and Spain. Surely," and he smiled winningly, "a child may plead with his father without rebuke."

"Speak on," answered Ferdinand, leaning back in his chair.

"We are bound to this country by so many ties; our fathers lie buried here, our little children play beneath its orange trees. Surely we dare ask why we are to be suddenly thrust from our father's house?"

"A fair question, well put," Ferdinand conceded. "And it deserves a full reply. Hear then why we," he nodded slightly

toward Isabella, "have at last decided to banish from our realm every Jew who stubbornly refuses to cast aside his unbelief and to accept the teachings of the Holy Church.

"You dare not deny," and now he became a judge ready to pass sentence, "that countless New Christians are Judaizers at heart. These Marranos who have been received into the bosom of Mother Church have betrayed her love and secretly practice the faith of their fathers." His eyes and voice grew vengeful. "These apostates the Inquisition will ferret out for deserved punishment. But they will continually backslide while they are contaminated by their former brethren, Jews who have stubbornly refused baptism, and who secretly encourage them in their treachery to the true Church."

"Permit me one more word, my king," pleaded Abravanel. "If my brethren are to be banished, grant them a little more time, a year, even half a year to prove their loyalty to the land of Spain. They have shed their blood in your wars against the Moors. I need not remind your majesties that many of the most gallant defenders of your kingdom are sons of Jewish fathers. The Jews of Spain have also given freely of their gold. I need not tell you that my friend and your faithful servant, Luis de Santangel here, has more than once come to the support of the crown and will do so again."

There was a sound at the door, a man's voice raised high in excitement. But Don Isaac did not turn. He paused for only a moment; then spoke as quietly as though he were a courtier offering the lovely queen another pearl or ruby for her adorning.

"Would thirty thousand ducats from our Jewish brethren, offered to fill the royal treasury depleted by the wars against the Moors, persuade your majesties of their loyalty?" he asked.

Ferdinand's eyes glistened with sudden greed. He did not need his treasurer to tell him what even a thousand ducats would mean toward lifting the hearts of his discontented and long unpaid armies. Thirty thousand ducats! He turned

doubtfully toward his queen.

From the door spoke one of the guardsman. "Your majesties, I have tried to explain that you were holding a private conference," he began.

But the intruder pushed him aside and strode down the hall. Not another man in Spain would have forced himself so rudely upon King Ferdinand and his consort; but Torquemada knew his power in the court.

Although over seventy, Tomas de Torquemada swept down the long hall with tigerish energy. He carried his head high; for since his elevation to the post of Grand Inquisitory, he had become second in power only to their majesties. Under this Dominican priest the Inquisition had become the terror of all Spain. He had established courts of inquiry in various centers to seek out heresy among Christians as well as Moslem and Jewish converts. Those found guilty suffered punishments ranging from fines to death at the stake.

As his power grew, so grew his hatred against those who continued to defy him and his authority. Again and again he had insisted to his sovereigns that the dungeon, torture, and the stake were not potent enough to uproot the evil of the Secret Jews from the Holy Kingdom of Spain. For these traitors, he declared, were strengthened in their rebellion by the Jews who openly practiced their religion. Torquemada insisted there was no other remedy than to banish them from the kingdom.

Having learned that these two powerful Jewish officials would plead the cause of their people before the decree of banishment was signed, Torquemada hurried to the court. Now breathing heavily from the haste and excitement, the old man stood before the royal dais. One hand clutched at his overstrained heart, pounding under his long, dark robes; the other fumbled for his crucifix.

"Is your precious faith to be purchased by gold?" he shrieked to the king and queen who drew back before his

wrath. "What is the gold of the whole world worth if you allow these Jews to remain in Spain and turn others back to their own disbelieving creed?"

With his withered hand, trembling with age and anger, Torquemada held aloft his crucifix.

"Judas Iscariot sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver; your highnesses are about to sell Him for thirty thousand ducats. Here is your Savior; take Him and sell Him."

Through the silence of the great hall came the heavy breathing of the guardsmen at the door, who had fallen to their knees, and the frightened sobbing of the queen. Ferdinand turned swiftly to the two Jews who knew before he spoke what his decision would be.

"Take your gold and depart," cried the king, "even as your accursed people will depart from my kingdom."

"The curse of the king of beggars," Abravanel murmured to his friend as soon as they had safely passed the scowling guardsmen at the door. "Yesterday I left Portugal; tomorrow I leave Spain."

"I am sure the king will not forget our services to him and we may be exempt from the decree of punishment," answered Santangel.

It may have been gratitude; more likely Ferdinand shrewdly surmised he still needed Santangel's financial genius. When Santangel, whose love for Spain was greater than his loyalty to Judaism, decided to remain in the country, the king decreed that the official, his children and his grandchildren should never be subjected to the terrors of the Inquisition.

But to Abravanel it was unthinkable that he would renounce his religion as the price exacted for remaining in his beloved adopted country.

The days that followed the signing of the decree of banishment were cruel days for the Jews of Spain. They were forced to sell their homes and vineyards for a handful of coins; the

few possessions they could take with them were bundled upon the backs of the younger and stronger men. The old men carried with loving tenderness the scrolls of the Law from their abandoned synagogues. Weeping mothers cradled their babies in their arms and tried to force back their tears as they comforted the children clinging to their skirts. Only the younger children on that bright August day in 1492 laughed and shouted together. Their older brothers and sisters moved slowly, with bent heads, in the long mournful procession, for they understood the meaning of the words "banishment" and "exile."

The rich and the poor walked together, the scholar, the rabbi, the merchant prince, and the beggar. His head held high, his three tall sons at this side, Don Isaac Abravanel walked proudly toward the harbor of Palos where he knew a few unseaworthy ships waited to take the exiles to some more friendly land. But what land? Where could the wandering tribe be sure of a true and lasting welcome?

"And once," he said to his sons with sudden bitterness, "once we in our blindness believed Spain a second Palestine. It is fitting that she casts us out this day. For it is the Ninth of Av, the anniversary of the destruction of our Temple and our nation in Jerusalem."

They had reached a high hill overlooking the harbor.

"Father," said Judah Leon, the physician, "what are those three ships, larger than the others, just setting sail?"

Abravanel smiled gravely. "The caravels of Christopher Columbus," he answered his son, "setting out for India." His mouth twisted wryly at the memory. "They are fitted out with Jewish gold. Once," he spoke as though the memory were years old instead of a few short months, "once I had a friend who dreamed that the Admiral might discover a sure haven beyond the seas for our brethren. If Columbus discovers new lands, they will be a home for all men but the sons of Israel," he cried with sudden bitterness, and leaning upon his son's

shoulder he wept.

Isaac Abravanel was wise beyond many of the Jewish scholars of his day. But he had not the gift of prophecy; he could not know that Christopher Columbus would indeed discover a new land where the Jew might dwell in peace.

Although in his writings after the expulsion from Spain, Abravanel repeatedly mentioned the sufferings of his exile brethren, he made no complaint of his own losses and hardships. But he was a bookish man and perhaps he secretly lamented more the losing of his carefully accumulated library than his great fortune. Now at fifty-five, after many faithful years of service in Portugal and Spain, he found it hard to be a poor exile and to begin life over again.

But good fortune took the wanderer to Naples. Italy was at that time in the midst of a revival of learning. There, many Christians scholars welcome a man of Abravanel's achievements. He took up his writing again but he was not allowed to enjoy a private life. For Italy was at that time the trading center of the world; its ambitious rulers were in touch with all the leading countries of Europe.

King Ferdinand of Naples, who had received the Jewish exiles kindly, wished to settle certain diplomatic difficulties with France. He had heard Abravanel praised as an exceptional statesman and financier. So now the wanderer received his third important post and joined Ferdinand's court.

Later he served Ferdinand's son, King Alfonso II, with distinction. But during the war with France Naples was captured by the enemy who plundered the city, destroying the property our king of beggars had again accumulated. Although many of the court deserted their master, Abravanel followed the king into exile in Sicily. But Alfonso's death left Abravanel unprotected and he fled to the neighboring island of Corfu.

Here an Indian summer happiness awaited him. "I, by God's mercy came to the island of Corfu," he writes, "and

whilst there got hold of what I had written before on this book and joyfully resolved to enlarge it." The book was Abravanel's commentary on Deuteronomy; it had been lost during his travels and by a seeming miracle was now restored to him. With his precious manuscript the scholar set out for Monopoli, a small town near Naples, and for seven years forgot his misery in his literary work.

After seven years he journeyed to Venice to spend the rest of his life with several of his sons. He took a fatherly pride in their success. Judah had succeeded both as physician and as writer; Samuel won renown as diplomat and financier. Nearby Padua had become the center of Jewish learning in Italy. Again Abravanel, although still mourning for his many beloved and rare books which had been destroyed during the sack of Naples, tried to find happiness in retirement.

"I may be a beggar, but when I sit among scholars I am a king," he thought, trying to put the griefs of his wandering life behind him.

Again the world made its demand on Abravanel. The Venetian senate called him from his peaceful retirement to negotiate a commercial treaty between their city-republic and the kingdom of Portugal.

The old man was received as a peer by the representatives of the country which had forced upon him the beginning of his long exile so many years ago. He had wandered so far, he thought, and had served so many kings. Always he had tried to serve faithfully the country which had given him shelter, only to know disappointment and loss and exile at the end.

Shortly after Abravanel's death in 1508 the Venetian Republic was at war with Germany. When the emperor's soldiers sacked nearby Padua, they did not spare the Jewish cemetery, where the writer and defender of his people lay buried. The slab and tombstone were destroyed; today no man can point out the grave where Abravanel thought to find rest after

his many journeys. It seemed fated that even this humble house, the last of his many homes, should disappear.

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.

Adoniram and Ann Judson:
Imprisonment of Adoniram Judson in Burmah
1788 – 1850, 1789 – 1826 (Asia-Burma)

It was in the year 1810 that some young men of Andover, Mass., hearing of the degraded condition of the people of India and Burmah, determined to offer themselves as missionaries for life to that country. Among them was Adoniram Judson, aged twenty-two years. With his wife, he sailed from Salem, Mass., for Calcutta, India, February 19, 1812, and from there for Rangoon, Burmah, where he arrived July, 1813. He at once set himself to work studying the language of the country. As soon as he was able to read and write Burmese he prepared a tract containing the doctrines of the Christian religion. Of this he made several copies and loaned them around to the people, requesting them to read and circulate them. Some did as desired, while others tore the tracts up before the missionary's eyes, and informed him that they had plenty of religions without any of his new kind.

In 1819 the first zayat was opened for preaching and religious instruction. A zayat is a large and beautiful house, found in every village, where strangers and travelers can rest. It is very much like a hotel, only it has but one or two large rooms. In June a man came to Mr. Judson expressing sorrow on account of his sins, and desiring baptism. After some conversation with him the missionary became convinced of his sincerity and baptized him. In November two others were baptized, making three converts in seven years' toil. But these

three, in embracing the Christian faith, became the occasion of a great excitement and persecution. The priests were specially enraged, and by their influence obtained an order from the government to stop zayat and all other preaching. In the summer of 1820 Mr. Judson baptized seven additional converts, though it was at the peril of their lives.

Towards the close of 1821, Rev. Jonathan Price and wife were added to the mission. Mr. Price was a physician as well as a preacher, and as soon as the Burman king learned this he sent for him to come and live at Ava, which had become the seat of government. Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Judson, Dr. Price went up the Irrawaddy River, and presented himself at the court of the Burman monarch. Several persons, among them the king, at once recognized Mr. Judson, and entered into conversation with him about his new religion, his success in converting the Burmese, and kindred topics.

For several months the doctor and Mr. Judson remained at Ava, the former being very successful in his practice, and both by their kind conduct winning the regards of all with whom they came in contact. In fact so strongly was the king prepossessed in favor of the missionaries that he insisted on their making Ava their permanent home. With this they were pleased, and both began immediately to arrange their affairs to this end; but scarcely had they begun when the news spread like wildfire all over the country that war had been declared between Great Britain and Burmah. May 23 a messenger announced to the missionaries the capture of Rangoon by the English, which filled them at first with joy and then with fear. Besides the missionaries there were three young English merchants at Ava, named Gouger, Laird, and Rogers. These were arrested as spies and put in confinement, and Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were fearing the same fate, though more than once assured by the king's brother that they should not be disturbed. At length word came for the missionaries to appear before a court of inquiry. They were rigidly questioned, the

great point being to know whether they had not been in correspondence with the government of England in regard to the state of Burmah. To this both the doctor and Mr. Judson replied that they had written letters only to friends in America, never once having had any correspondence either with English officers or the Bengal government. After their examination they were not put into confinement, but were permitted to go to their own houses.

Just before dinner, June 8, 1824, a gang of men rushed into Mr. Judson's house. One of them was an officer with a black book in his hand, and another of the twelve accompanying him was a man of spotted face, an executioner with a small hard cord in his hands.

"Where is the teacher?" called out the officer.

"Here I am," calmly replied Mr. Judson.

"You are called by the king," exclaimed the officer.

These are the words always used on occasion of making a criminal arrest. Scarcely had they been uttered ere the man of spotted face had thrown Mr. Judson on the floor, and began tying him with the cord, the instrument of torture. Mrs. Judson caught him by the arm and said, "Stay, I will give you money;" whereupon the officer vociferated, "Take her too, — she is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, too, begged, with an imploring look, that they would not bind him till he could see the king himself.

The gang went on to the court-house, where the officers of the law were in waiting, one of whom read the sentence of the king commanding Mr. Judson to be cast into what was termed the death prison.

The death prison was constructed of boards, and was considerably stronger than an ordinary Burmese dwelling-house. There were no windows, nor other means of admitting the air, except by such cracks as always exist in a simple board house, and only one small door. The ground served as a floor, and prisoners were continually dying from disease, making the

atmosphere very unhealthy and dangerous. The supply of food was so irregular that, when it came, the maddened way in which it was devoured not infrequently resulted in death.

Into such a prison was Mr. Judson thrust. His wife was at home alone, excepting for four small Burmese girls who had been living with her. She went into an inner room and tried to pray, but the Burmese officers without kept her in fear of her life the whole night. Some of them threatened to tear her house down and put the cord on her and carry her off; others yelled out that they had fire, and would burn her and the house up together. Morning came, however, and she found neither herself nor the little girls injured.

Moung Ing calling, Mrs. Judson requested him to go and ascertain the situation of her husband, and to give him food, if living. He soon came back with the news that Dr. Price and Mr. Judson and all of the white prisoners were alive, but that each of them had on three pairs of iron fetters, and that all were fastened to a long pole to keep them from moving. This pole was passed between the legs, and was fastened at each end; so that the men, nine in number, were compelled to lie in a row upon the floor, without a mattress, or so much as a block or piece of wood for a pillow. One leg rested on the upper side of the long bamboo pole, and with all its weight of iron shackles pressed upon the leg below, producing, even after partial numbness had taken place, an agony almost beyond endurance.

Mrs. Judson wrote a letter to one of the king's sisters, with whom she was on intimate terms, beseeching her to interfere in behalf of the missionaries; but the letter was sent back, with the message that nothing could be done. On the third day she wrote and sent a letter to the governor of the city, who had the entire direction of prison affairs, requesting permission to visit him with a present. The governor was pleased, and told her to come, at the same time informing the guards that they must offer her no indignity or resistance. On reaching the

governor's house she was received pleasantly, but was informed that the prisoners could not be set free, though possibly their situation might be rendered more comfortable. "Go to my head officer at the prison," said the governor—"maybe he will do something for you." She went, but her first glance told her that the tiger-cat would probably do nothing.

"What shall I do," said she to the chief jailer, "to obtain some mitigation of the sufferings of the two teachers?"

"Give me," was the reply, "two hundred ticals (about $200), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs."

Mrs. Judson had her pocket full of gold and silver, but she had no cloth or handkerchiefs either with her or at home. She drew out the money, and begged that he would take it, and not insist on articles which were not in her possession. The hardened monster frowned at first and refused, but in a few moments concluded to take the money and relieve the teachers.

Mrs. Judson then procured an order from the governor for her admittance into the prison, and started to see her husband. The order, however, failed to admit her. She was only permitted to see Mr. Judson at the door, and while conversing with him there the iron-hearted jailers gruffly told her to leave. She showed the order from the governor, and entreated them piteously to let her go in; but they told her, with greater roughness than ever, to leave instantly or they would drag her away.

Shortly afterwards the property of Mr. Gouger, amounting to fifty thousand rupees, or nearly $25,000, was confiscated. Next the officers entered the dwelling of Mrs. Judson, and informed her they were going to serve her in the same way. "Where is your gold and silver?" said the royal treasurer, after having looked around very considerably in vain for money; "and where are your jewels?"

The officers carried the money and other things to the

king, saying, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks full of clothes, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain?"

"Let them remain," said the king, "and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to Mr. Judson again if he be found innocent." This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

Mrs. Judson prepared a petition to the queen, who was once her warm friend, asking her to intercede for the release of her husband and Dr. Price; but the queen sent word back, "The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are." This went like a thunderbolt to her heart, and for ten long days she endeavored to obtain admittance to the prison to tell Mr. Judson the sad news. She then wrote a letter, and managed to secure a poor Burmese laborer, her friend, to carry it secretly to her husband. The plan succeeded, and in this way several letters were passed back and forth. At last the letter-carrier was found out and whipped nigh unto death, and then placed in the stocks and kept there several days. Mrs. Judson was also fined ten dollars for the alleged misdemeanor, and threats were made to her that the prisoners would suffer additionally.

One afternoon at the close of the seventh month a change came. A crowd of natives rushed into the prison yard, and while some seized the white prisoners, already burdened with three pairs of fetters, and put on two pairs more, others tore down the little bamboo house which Mrs. Judson had built, and snatched up and carried off all the pillows and mattresses. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price, as well as the seven others, were stripped nearly naked and hurried into the inner prison, then thrown on the floor and the bamboo pole run between their legs. The cause of this was the receipt of the news at Ava of the complete rout and destruction by the English of the

Burman army under Bandoola, the greatest war captain the king had.

Here were more than one hundred wretched men writhing and groaning and rattling their chains, and struggling to obtain a little pure air and some relief from the fever and heat of the dark room. At nightfall one of the jailers whispered that all the white prisoners were to be executed at three o'clock that night. They waited in suspense till the gray morning light shone through the board cracks, when the head jailer came in, and in answer to their questions whether they were to be executed, chucking them under the chin, he said, "Oh, no, I can't spare my beloved children yet." As he finished speaking he kicked the bamboo pole so violently that all the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh they caught between them.

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the inner prison he was attacked with a slow fever, which threatened to terminate his life. His wife, on learning his illness, was greatly distressed, and begged permission of the jailers to rebuild the bamboo house in the prison enclosure; but it was all in vain.

Something like a year before the war broke out the king had received from a foreign friend the present of a noble lion. The king thought a great deal of his present, as also did all the members of his court. But now it was noised around that the English carried a lion upon their standard, and that the real reason of the failure in war of Bandoola was because of the lion kept by the king. No one, however, dared to speak out boldly against the lion, except a brutal fellow who was brother to the king's wife, and who owed all his position and influence to the subtle tricks and sly intriguings of his sister. He said two or three times in the hearing of the king, "If that old lion was only out of the way, they could soon kill off the English army."

And now began a new and terrible scene of misery. The missionaries had seen men and boys beaten and smothered and starved, and then dragged out by the heels and fed to the

dogs. But to see a lion, that could not comprehend the meaning of such cruelty, was something for which the missionaries were not prepared.

Day after day the poor beast writhed with the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding from his fearful struggles to escape from the cage. "His roarings," said Mr. Judson, "seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to our hearts." The head jailer said it was the British lion struggling against the conquering Burmahs, though at times his face betrayed marks of uneasiness and fear. Now and then a woman, who could not bear to hear the poor animal howl and roar so, would steal in, in the nightfall, and throw some crumbs of food to him through the cage bars. Instead, however, of appeasing his hunger, his ravings were only made the wilder by so small an amount. At last, however, he died, and his skeleton was dragged out of the cage and buried with more honor than is customarily shown in the case of human beings.

By long importunity Mrs. Judson succeeded in obtaining the permission of the governor to take her husband out of the prison into the empty lion's cage. He was very weak from the fever, and could scarcely crawl to his new quarters; and when in the cage neither he nor Mrs. Judson could stand up in it, so low was its top.

One morning, while Mrs. Judson was sitting in the cage with her husband, just after he was through eating the breakfast she had brought, a messenger came in haste to inform her that she was wanted at the governor's. She started up in fear and hurried tremblingly to his house. At first sight of his face, which was all smiles, her fear left her, and when he stated to her that his watch was out of order, and that he wished it examined and fixed, she very pleasantly replied that she would do the best she could, and sitting down she began the work.

For some two hours she was in the governor's company,

he being very talkative and agreeable. She then started home, but on her way was met by one of her former female servants, who told her that the prisoners, her husband among the rest, had all been carried off. Instantly Mrs. Judson saw through the governor's deception, and became almost wild with grief. She ran into one of the principal streets, and a long distance down it, hoping to catch some glimpse of her husband, but in vain. She asked every one she met what had become of the white prisoners, but no one could answer her. At length she met an old woman, who informed her that they had been marched off towards "the little river," and that they were afterwards to be taken to Amarapoora. She thereupon ran to the little river, but could see nothing of them. She then hurried to the place where criminals were executed, but found nothing of them there. Lastly, she returned to the governor's house, and inquired of him, who at first pretended to be surprised at their having disappeared, but in the end said he supposed they had gone to Amarapoora.

Next morning Mrs. Judson packed two trunks with some of the most valuable articles in her house, and had them and the medicine chest deposited at the governor's; the rest of the things she left in charge of two faithful servants. By sunrise she and her little company, consisting of her babe, three months old, named Maria, two little Burman girls, and a Bengalese cook, who was the only help, were on their way. They proceeded five miles in a covered boat, and then secured a cart for the two remaining miles. The day was dreadfully hot and dusty, and Mrs. Judson and her babe nearly perished before reaching Amarapoora.

What was her astonishment on arriving at the courtyard to learn that the prisoners were not there, but that two hours previously they had been sent to a prison four miles distant! The cartman who brought her to Amarapoora refused to go farther, saying that his bullocks were tired, and that it was too hot and dusty. With her babe in her arms, and the sun

pouring down its blistering rays, she walked all over the town hunting a new cartman. Succeeding at last, the journey was resumed, and just at dusk they came in sight of Oung-pen-la, where the prison was located. The prison itself was an old and shattered building, without a roof; eight or ten Burmese laborers were at work making a roof of leaves; and underneath a projection outside of the prison sat the nine chained white prisoners, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. Mr. Judson, especially, was very much exhausted, having not yet recovered from his attack of fever. Nothing escaped her lips; but his first words were "Why have you come ? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." It was now dark. Mrs. Judson and all the rest were very hungry. But she had no tea or bread, nothing even of which they could make a meal. She begged of one of the jailers the privilege of putting up a little bamboo hut near the prison; but he said it was not customary, and refused the request. Seeing, however, the weak state of the babe, and the mother's exhausted strength, he took them to his own house of two small rooms, and told her she might have the smaller one. It was partly filled with grain, and was damp and filthy; but the hour being late, and this her only chance for the night, she went in. Borrowing some lukewarm water of the jailer's wife, she drank it instead of tea, and then threw herself on a mat to sleep.

Early next morning Mr. Judson gave his wife an account of the brutal treatment he received when taken from the prison at Ava. While she was at the governor's he was roughly dragged out, and all his clothes stripped off except his shirt and pantaloons. Every other prisoner was served in the same way. Then round the waist of each a stout rope was wound, and thus fixed, barefooted and bareheaded, walking in pairs, an officer in advance of the company on horseback, and a slave holding to each pair by a cord, the wretched men marched along, none of them knew whither. It was in May, the hottest month of the year in Burmah, and about eleven

o'clock, a.m. They had proceeded scarcely half a mile when Mr. Judson's feet blistered, and so great was his agony that he cried out to be thrown into the river. There were yet eight miles to walk, and the way was over sand and gravel that felt like hot coals to their naked feet. The skin peeled almost wholly off, but the unfeeling drivers plied them with their whips, caring nothing if they killed them even before reaching Amarapoora.

Previous to starting Mr. Judson had tasted no breakfast, and from the effects of his fever was unable to endure fatigue like the rest. When about halfway the company stopped to drink, and he asked the officer who took the lead if he could not let him ride awhile on horseback; but a scowl of vengeance was all the reply he received. He then asked the man to whom he was tied, Captain Laird, if he might not take hold of his shoulder and rest himself some, to which the captain kindly assented. But they had proceeded in this way only a little over a mile when the captain's strength failed. Just at this time a Bengalese servant in the employ of Mr. Gouger came up, and seeing Mr. Judson's failing condition, gave him his shoulder, and carried him nearly all the remainder of the journey. He also tore his turban in two, which was made of cloth, and giving half to Mr. Gouger and half to Mr. Judson, they bound up their bleeding feet with the pieces. The captain, seeing the deplorable condition of his prisoners, concluded to stay one night at Amarapoora, though originally he had determined to reach Oung-pen-la before stopping. An old shed was found, and under it they were driven to spend the night. The wife of the lamine-woon, or chief officer, had her heart moved when she saw the wretched condition of the "white men," and immediately ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their supper. In the morning she further manifested the benevolence of her heart by cooking some rice, which, poor though it was, was eaten with grateful hearts. Carts were then brought, drawn by oxen, and the prisoners

placed in them, they being unable to walk.

After a restless night with her babe Mrs. Judson arose, and, leaving the child with the older one of the girls, started in search of food. She returned, after a long march, unsuccessful. One of the prisoners, however, a friend of Dr. Price, had brought some cold rice and a vegetable curry, or stew, from Amarapoora, and another one some tea. Here, also, began great personal troubles with Mrs. Judson. She had not a single article of convenience, not even a chair or stool. The very morning of her arrival little Mary Haseltine, the older of the two Burman girls, was taken down with smallpox in the natural way. Her husband was also prostrated with a fresh attack of fever. She could obtain no help or medicine. Her babe cried piteously and almost constantly, and she had to keep her nearly every moment in her arms. First she would have to look after Mary Haseltine and then after her husband, and all the time after the babe, except when asleep. Then it would lie for an hour or so on a bamboo mat by the side of its father.

Gradually Mr. Judson grew better. At first the prisoners were chained two and two, but as soon as the prison keepers found other chains they separated the men, fastening on them but one pair. The great exertion which Mrs. Judson had made brought on a bowel disease, to which foreigners are subject in India, and which almost always terminates in a few days with death. She had no medicine with which to check it, nor was any nearer than Ava. She became so weak that she could scarcely go once a day to see her chained husband; but in this low state she set out for Ava, where her medicine chest was deposited. She reached the governor's house in safety, and for two or three days the disease was at a stand. Suddenly it came on again, and so violently that she saw death staring her in the face. Her only wish now was to get back to Oung-pen-la and die beside her husband and babe. There was no one to give her medicine, but with great effort she crawled to the

medicine chest, and, taking out a vial of laudanum, swallowed two drops. She did this at the end of every two hours for a day, and then crawled down, being too weak to walk, and got into a boat bound for Amarapoora.

During this sickness Mrs. Judson's babe, Maria, suffered the most. She could not nurse her, nor could the father be of any help. By long persuasion and the offer of presents, she prevailed on the jailer to allow her husband to go out into town with the child in his arms, to beg the privilege of having it nursed by mothers who had small children. Through the night Mr. Judson was chained in the prison yard, and the poor child lay all night on the matting in a corner of Mrs. Judson's room, and yet she was unable even to drag herself to it. Once in a while the jailers would allow Mr. Judson to visit her, and then again their iron hearts would not suffer him to go for a week or more. In almost all cases it became necessary to pay money for the privilege of a visit.

At the end of eighteen months' imprisonment an order came for the release of Mr. Judson. With a joyful heart Mrs. Judson prepared to leave Oung-pen-la; but what was her disappointment on being informed by the chief jailer that she was not mentioned in the order of release, and therefore could not go. She told him that she was not a prisoner, never had been, and that, therefore, an order for her release was unnecessary and absurd. But the avaricious wretches could not thus be satisfied. They forbade, on penalty of execution, any villager to let her a cart and oxen.

Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison to the house of the jailer, and there, after a long altercation and various threats and promises, he obtained permission for Mrs. Judson to leave also. Only within a few days she had received a liberal supply of provisions from Ava, and all this had to be surrendered to the jailers for their own use.

At noon they left, Mr. Judson being in charge of the chief jailer, and Mrs. Judson and her servant and children in a boat

which she hired. Both reached Ava before dark; but while Mrs. Judson found her way to her own house, Mr. Judson was locked up in prison.

Early next morning Mrs. Judson went to look after her husband. She was almost disheartened to find him locked up again, and still with his chains on; but the governor of the city informed her that he was only imprisoned for a short time, and that as soon as certain affairs were settled he was to go to the Burmese camp as interpreter. "He shall come to-morrow on his way to Maloun, where the army is encamped, and see you awhile," said the governor.

With great anxiety Mrs. Judson waited to see if the governor's words were true. They so turned out. Her husband spent an hour or two with her, and was then crowded into a little boat for Maloun. He was three days on the river, and, having no bed and being exposed to the night dews, was attacked again with fever, which very nearly put an end to his life.

Scarcely had her husband left before Mrs. Judson, whose health had never recovered from the sickness suffered at Oung-pen-la, began rapidly to fail. A dreadful Indian disease, called the spotted fever, attacked her. She knew that in the majority of cases the disease terminated fatally. Her distress in regard to her babe, Maria, was great, but the very day she was prostrated a Burmese nurse offered her services. This was all the more remarkable for the fact that she had repeatedly on previous occasions tried hard, yet in vain, to obtain a nurse.

About this time Mr. Judson was returned from the Burmese camp to Ava. He passed immediately in front of his own house as he proceeded to the governor's house. He had not seen his wife or child for six weeks, and he begged earnestly and imploringly that he might go in the door, which was open, if only for five minutes; but his keepers were deaf to his appeals, and dragged him on to the courtyard. There, under a decaying shed, he lay chained for the night. Quite early in

the morning the governor sent for him, and remarked to him that he would go his security for the government and let him have his liberty.

More swiftly than the feet of a deer he ran to his house; the door was open, and without being seen by any one he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-naked Burmese woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of fire, and holding a puny babe on her lap, all covered with dirt, and which he did not for a moment think was his own. He hurried into an adjoining room; and across the foot of a bed, as if she had fallen there, was a woman whom he had as much difficulty in recognizing as his child. Her face was ghastly pale, the features shriveled and pinched, and the hair entirely shaved from the head, which was now covered wdth a coarse cotton cap. The room itself wore an air of the most abject wretchedness.

An attempt was subsequently made to have Mr. Judson sent back to the prison at Oung-pen-la. His wife, accidentally hearing of this while yet confined to her room, was so seriously affected that her nurse ran out of the house and declared she was dead. Referring to the circumstance, Mrs. Judson, in a letter to her brother, used these words: "If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no effort to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear, and thou shalt glorify me!' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered."

The English army were approaching constantly nearer and nearer to Ava, and the Burmese were thrown into great consternation. They saw, from the ease with which their forces were vanquished, that unless peace was speedily made their city would fall into the hands of the foreign army. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were consulted daily, as also were two

English officers in captivity there. After almost endless negotiations, and the payment of a large sum of money to the king by Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander of the English forces, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were allowed to leave Ava for the English camp at Amherst, thirty miles from Maulmain.

It was on a cool moonlight night in March that the little party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, their babe, and Abby and Mary Haseltine, set sail down the river Irrawaddy for the British camp. For the first time for a year and a half they were free from the oppressive rule of Burmese. That they were happy need not be said. Mr. Judson, in referring to the matter, wrote these words: "My wife was by my side, my baby in my arms, and we all free. No one but ourselves could understand the feeling of our hearts. It needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery when I recall that one delicious thrill, experienced that March moonlight night, as we floated down the Irrawaddy. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

Not long afterwards a treaty of peace was concluded and signed by both the English and Burmese, and a public proclamation made of the cessation of hostilities. Mr. and Mrs. Judson went to Yandabo, remained there two weeks, then left for Rangoon, where they arrived after an absence of two years and three months.

Adrienne de Lafayette
A Young Patriot's Wife
1759-1807

Madame de Lafayette! How stately the title sounds, and how slender and girlish the little bride looks in her wedding finery, her dark eyes large with excitement, and a soft flush on her delicate cheeks as she gazes admiringly into the eyes of her "Big boy with the red hair," as the young Marquis de Lafayette was called by his intimate friends.

Having seen the young bride and groom, for Lafayette was only nineteen, while pretty Adrienne, his wife, was just fourteen, let us turn back the pages of history for a moment and see what led up to this remarkably youthful marriage.

To begin with, in the days of the reign of Louis XVI and the beautiful young queen, Marie Antoinette, there was no more palatial residence in all Paris than that which in 1711 came into the possession of the Duc de Noailles and was thereafter called the Hôtel de Noailles.

The finest artists of the day had re-decorated its stately rooms for the Duc; its walls were hung with costly silk, its picture gallery was famous even in a city rich in art treasures, even its stables were fabulously large and far-famed. All that could minister to the joy of life was to be found in the Hôtel de Noailles in those happy days before the clouds hanging low over France broke in a storm of disaster. Later in 1768, Madame D'Ayen—wife of the Duc de Noailles, who was also the Duc D'Ayen—mistress of the beautiful home, was leading

a happy life there with her four daughters, to whose education and care she devoted most of her time.

It was the early afternoon of a day in spring. At three o'clock Madame D'Ayen had dined with her children in the huge dining-room hung with dull tapestries and family portraits, then with cheery laughter the girls had run ahead of Madame to her bedroom, which was very large and hung with crimson satin damask embroidered in gold, on which the sun cast a cheerful glow. Louise and Adrienne, the two older girls—Louise only a year the elder—handed their mother her knitting, her books and her snuff, and then seated themselves, while the younger children disputed as to which one should have the coveted place nearest Madame. Comfortably settled at last, the older girls busy with their sewing, Madame told them the story from the Old Testament of Joseph and his coat of many colours. When she finished Louise asked question after question, which her mother patiently answered, but Adrienne drank in the story told in her mother's vivacious way, in silence. Begged for just one more story, Madame then told an amusing experience of her convent days, on which both of the girls offered so many comments that at last Madame rose, saying rather impatiently:

"You speak in a forward and disobedient manner, such as other girls of your age would never show to their parent."

Louise looked her mortification, but Adrienne said quietly, "That may be, Madame, because you allow us to argue and reason with you as other mothers do not, but you will see that at fifteen we shall be more obedient than other children," and the girl's prediction was true.

Every month of the year was a pleasure to the happy children at the Hôtel de Noailles, but to both vivacious Louise and quiet Adrienne summer was the crowning joy of their year, for then they were always taken to visit their grandfather, the Maréchal de Noailles, who cheerfully gave himself up to making the visit as gay for the children as possible. He played

games with them in the house, delightful games such as they never played at home, and better yet, planned wonderful picnics for them, when with other cousins, and a governess in charge of the cavalcade, they rode on donkeys to the appointed spot. The governess, it is said, was a tiny person, blonde, pinched, and touchy, and very punctilious in the performance of her duties. Once mounted on her donkey, however, she entirely lost her dignity and appeared so wild-eyed, scared, and stiff that one could not look at her without feeling an irresistible desire to smile, which made her angry, though what angered her most was the peals of laughter when she tumbled off her donkey, as she seldom failed to do on an excursion. She usually fell on the grass and the pace of her donkey was not rapid, so she was never hurt, and the frolicsome children filed by her, for if one of them tried to help her up, as Adrienne always wanted to do, a scolding was the reward.

In sharp contrast to the happy summer visits were those paid every autumn to the home of Madame D'Ayen's father, who lived at Fresnes. He was old and deaf and wished the children to be so repressed, that had Madame D'Ayen not made the visits as short as she could there would doubtless have been some disastrous outbreak in their ranks.

For the other months of the year, life at the Hôtel de Noailles was a charmed existence for the children, especially for nature-loving Adrienne, who spent most of her time in the beautiful garden surrounding the house, a garden celebrated throughout Paris for its marvellously kept flower beds, separated by winding, box-bordered paths. A flight of steps led from the house into this enchanting spot, and on either side three rows of great trees shed their long shadow over the nearby walks, while from the foot of the garden could be seen the wonderful panorama of the Tuileries. The garden was indeed an enchanted land, and the children played all sorts of games in its perfumed, wooded depths, only pausing when their

mother passed through the garden, when with cries of joy they would cling to her skirts and tell her eager stories of their doings. And so, in happy play, in hours of education by her mother's side, in busy days of learning all the useful arts, seldom taught in those days to children of such high social rank, Adrienne grew to be fourteen years old. She was a reserved, well-informed, shy girl with great beautiful brown eyes, which grew large and dark when she was pleased with anything, and her finely chiselled features were those of a born aristocrat, while her good disposition was clearly visible in her expression, which was one of winning charm.

At that time in France it was customary for parents to receive proposals of marriage for their daughters at a very early age, sometimes even before the proposition had any meaning to the girl herself, and so it happened that before Adrienne D'Ayen was twelve years old, the guardian of the young Marquis de Lafayette had begged Madame D'Ayen to give her daughter in marriage to his ward, who was but seventeen, and often was one of the merry party of young people who frequented the Hôtel de Noailles, in fact Adrienne felt for him the real affection which she might have given to a brother.

The family of the young Marquis was one of the oldest and most famous in France, famous for "bravery in battle, wisdom in counsel, and those principles of justice and right which they ever practised." Young Lafayette had been left an orphan when he was eleven years old, also the possessor of an enormous fortune, at that time, of course, in the care of his guardian. He had been a delicate child, and not especially bright, but always filled with a keen desire for liberty of thought and action, and when he became old enough to choose between the only two careers open to one of his rank, he chose to be a soldier rather than a courtier, as life at the Court did not appeal to one of his temperament. Notwithstanding this, being a good looking, wealthy young man, he was always welcome at Court and made the object of marked

attentions by the young Queen and her companions. Such was the young Marquis, who for reasons diplomatic and political his guardian wished to marry to a daughter of Madame D'Ayen, but Madame objected, saying that she feared his large fortune, in the hands of one so headstrong as the young Lafayette, might not make for his own and her daughter's happiness. However, her family and friends begged her not to make the mistake of refusing an alliance with a family of such distinction as the Lafayettes, and finally, although this was as yet unknown to the girl whose future it was to so closely touch, Madame withdrew her objections, and so was decided the fate of little Adrienne D'Ayen, whose name was to be in consequence linked thereafter with great events in history.

Two years later, in the spring of 1777, the Hôtel de Noailles was in a bustle of gay preparations. Louise D'Ayen, now fifteen years old, had just become the bride of the Marquis de Montagu, and no sooner were the festivities over, than Madame D'Ayen called Adrienne to her room, and told her of the accepted proposal of M. de Lafayette for her hand. She added, "In accepting this honour for you, my Adrienne, I have made the stipulation that you and your husband are to remain here with me for the present, as you are but children yet, that I may still influence your education and religious experience. This proposal was made two years ago, before the education of M. Lafayette was completed, but now that it is accomplished, and you are fourteen years old, you are to become the affianced bride of the young Marquis."

No well-brought-up French girl would have thought of resisting her mother's decree, although her would-be husband was not to her liking, but in this case the idea was altogether to Adrienne's own choice, and her brown eyes grew dark with joy, and she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, quel bonheur! Quel bonheur!" then escaped to her own room to think about this wonderful fairy story happening which had

come to her.

Though she and the young Marquis had been constantly thrown together before this, one can well imagine the degree of shyness which overcame the young girl on their first meeting after the betrothal had been announced. The world was in a dazzling array of spring beauty, so says the historian—the tender almonds were budding with softest green, the daffodils and tulips were breaking into rare blooms, the world waking from its winter sleep. All seemed to smile on the young lovers who walked as in a dream-world through the flower-bordered paths and spoke together of that future which they were to share.

But such a tête-à-tête did not occur again, for after that the little bride-to-be was kept busy with her studies until the time came for a flurry of preparation just before the marriage day, and it is interesting to read the description of a wedding in those days of long ago, in a country where the customs have ever been so different from those of our own.

It is said that there were interviews with solemn lawyers who brought huge parchments on which were recorded the estates and incomes of the two young people, but of far greater interest to the bride was the wonderful trousseau for which family treasures were brought to light, rare laces were bleached, jewels were reset and filmy gossamer muslins were made up into bewitching finery for the pretty wearer; as well as dresses for more formal occasions made with festoons of fairy-like silver roses, panels of jewelled arabesques, cascades of lace lighter and more frail than a spider's web, masses of shimmering satins and velvets fashioned with heavy court trains, which when tried on the slender girlish figure seemed as if she were but "dressing up" as girls will often do for their own amusing. Then, too, there were priceless jewels to be laid against the white neck, slipped on the slender fingers, to marvel at their beauty and glitter, and to wonder if they could really and truly be her own!

But even the sparkling gems, the elaborate trousseau, and all the ceremony and flattery surrounding a girl who was making such a brilliant marriage, failed to turn the head or spoil the simple taste of little Adrienne. Even in her gayest moods—and like other girls, she had them—Adrienne was never frivolous, and though possessed of plenty of wit and spirit, was deeply religious and at heart unselfish and noble.

Monsieur and Madame de Lafayette! What magic there was in the new title. How proudly the young couple, scarcely more than children yet, but now husband and wife, bore themselves, as they returned from the church to the Hôtel de Noailles, to take up their residence there, according to the promise made to Madame D'Ayen before she would consent to the marriage. They would have preferred a home of their own, but when shortly after their marriage Lafayette's regiment was ordered to Metz, and broken-hearted little Adrienne was left behind, she found it very comforting to be where she could child-wise sob out her loneliness on the shoulder of her sympathetic mother. Poor little Adrienne—well it was that you could not see into the future with its many harder separations!

With the return of Lafayette the pretty bride began to lead a life much gayer than any she had ever led before, for she and her young husband, because they belonged to two such famous families, became now a part of the gay little set ruled by the caprices of Queen Marie Antoinette. That first winter after their marriage the young couple went constantly to balls and late suppers, to the opera and the play—were in fact in a constant whirl of amusement, which had the charm of novelty to them both, and Lafayette, who had always, even as a boy, been a favourite at Court, was still popular and still called "The big boy with the red hair." He was always awkward, and conspicuous for his height, as well as his clumsiness, and danced as badly as Adrienne did well, which mortified him greatly, having discovered which, Queen Marie Antoinette

would often in a spirit of mischief order him to appear on the floor, and then tease him mercilessly about his awkwardness. He was different too in many ways from the courtiers with whom he was thrown, and his dominant passion even then, at nineteen, was the ambition of a true patriot, only waiting to be turned into its fitting channel.

Both he and Adrienne enjoyed the gaiety and lack of responsibility of those first months of their married life, but more than the frivolity, Adrienne enjoyed sitting at home with her husband and friends while they discussed great national affairs, and later she loved best to slip upstairs and care for the little daughter who came to be her especial joy—and so, absorbed in a variety of interests, the first two years of Madame Adrienne's married life slipped away, and at sixteen we find her as pretty and as slender as ever, but with a deeper tenderness and gravity in her brown eyes.

At the Court of Versailles an honoured guest from the American Colonies was being entertained—a homely, unpolished, reserved man, named Benjamin Franklin. He was a man with a mission: America must be a free country, and France must help her in the struggle, not only with men, but with money. This was the burden of his plea and it thrilled all Paris. The plain brusque American became the fad of the hour. Shops displayed canes, scarfs, hats—even a stove "à la Franklin," and he bore away with him not only an immense gift, but also a large loan, neither of which impoverished France could afford to give.

Foremost among those whom he inflamed in the cause of liberty was young Lafayette, and Adrienne noted with keen alarm his growing indifference to all other topics except that one which was absorbing his interest, and although she said nothing to him about her fear, she went at once to each member of his family with the same plea, "Persuade him not to go! Tell him his duty is here! I would die if I were left alone after we have been so happy together!" But even as she

pleaded, the passion to go to America was taking a firmer hold daily on the young enthusiast. His family forbade it, but in secret he made his plans—in secret carried them out to the last moment, when going to London for a couple of days, he sent back a letter to his father-in-law, telling of his intentions. M. de Noailles read it, sent at once for his wife, and after a brief and agitated conference Adrienne was called. Eagerly impatient to know why she had been summoned, she stood before her parents, so young and frail that the mother's heart rebelled at having to tell her the cruel news. She could not do it. Without a word she handed her the letter and turned away that Adrienne might not see her sorrowful expression. Then turning back again she said hastily, "It is an utterly absurd, selfish scheme, my dear. I will see that it is not carried out."

Then she stood amazed. What had come over Adrienne? She held herself erect, her eyes were dry, and she said proudly: "If my husband feels that way, it is right and best for him to go to America, and we must do all we can to make the parting easy for him. It is he who is going to leave those who are dearest to him, for the sake of a noble cause."

Brave girl! Not once after that did she allow her own feelings to check the ardour of Lafayette's patriotism, not once did she stay her hand in her careful preparation for his departure, although every article laid aside for his use was moistened by her unseen tears, while he was busy with the interesting and enormously expensive work of chartering and fitting up a ship, which Adrienne named *The Victory*, in which he was to make his trip across the ocean.

The preparations were completed and the day had come for his going. Slight, beautiful; too proud to show her emotion, thinking more of him than of herself, Adrienne, not yet eighteen years old, bade her husband farewell—saw him embark for a strange land, for the sake of a cause as dangerous as it was alluring to the young patriot, and went back to her quiet routine of home duties and regular occupations without one

murmur.

To her family and her friends she showed little of what she felt, although many a night she did not even lie down, but sat at her desk, pouring out her heart to the dear one tossing on a perilous sea, in letters which though daily sent, never reached the young adventurer, so we must needs imagine her transports of loneliness—her passion of affection, written to ease and comfort and in a measure to fit her to take up the next day's duties calmly.

Lafayette's letters to her had a better fate than hers to him, and one day when she least expected it, a precious packet lay in Adrienne's hands. Wild with excitement at sight of the familiar writing, she held it for a long time unopened, then fled to the solitude of her own room to read its contents with no eye watching her joy.

The letter was full of tender interest in her health, and of repetitions of undying affection which warmed the heart so starved for them. Written on board *The Victory*, May 30, 1777, it said: "I ought to have landed by this time, but the winds have been most provokingly contrary. When I am once more on shore I shall learn many interesting things concerning the new country I am seeking. Do not fancy that I shall incur any real danger by the occupations I am undertaking. The service will be very different from the one I must have performed if I had been, for example, a colonel in the French army. My attendance will only be required in the council. To prove that I do not wish to deceive you, I will acknowledge that we are at this moment exposed to some danger from the risk of being attacked by English vessels, and that my ship is not of sufficient force for defence. But when I have once landed I shall be in perfect safety. I will not write you a journal of my voyage. Days succeed each other, and what is worse, resemble each other. Always sky, always water, and the next day a repetition of the same thing. We have seen to-day several kinds of birds which announce that we are not very

far from shore."

Fifteen days later there was a second letter, and then they arrived with some degree of regularity to cheer lonely little Adrienne, watching, waiting, and living on their coming. It was a time fraught with vital issues in the American Colonies. Though to Lafayette there was somewhat of disillusion in finding the American troops not like the dashing, brilliantly uniformed ones of his own country, but merely a great army of undisciplined, half-ragged soldiers, united only in the flaming desire to acquire liberty for their beloved land at all hazards, yet soon the young foreigner lost sight of all but their patriotism, and his letters show how he too had become heart and soul inflamed by the same spirit. Only fragments of the letters can be given here, but one can picture the young wife, with her baby in her arms, in the home of her childhood, devouring with breathless interest the story of her adventurer in a strange land. On June 15th Lafayette writes:

"I have arrived, my dearest love, in perfect health at the house of an American officer. I am going this evening to Charlestown…. The campaign is opened, but there is very little fighting…. The manners in this part of the world are very simple, polite and worthy in every respect of the country in which the noble name of liberty is constantly repeated…. Adieu, my love. From Charlestown I shall repair by land to Philadelphia to rejoin the army. Is it not true that you will always love me?"

A few days later he writes from Charlestown:

"I landed, after having sailed for several days along a coast swarming with hostile vessels. On my arrival here everyone told me that my ship must undoubtedly be taken, because two English frigates had blockaded the harbour. I even sent, both by land and sea, orders to the Captain to put the men on shore and burn the vessel. Well, by an extraordinary stroke of good luck a sudden gale of wind having blown away the frigates for a short time the vessel arrived at noonday without having

encountered friend or foe. At Charlestown, I have met with General Howe, a general officer now engaged in service. The Governor of the State is expected this evening from the country. I can only feel gratitude for the reception I have met with, although I have not thought it best yet to enter into any details respecting my future prospects and arrangements. I wish to see the Congress first. There are some French and American vessels at present here which are to sail out of the harbour in company to-morrow morning…. I shall distribute my letters along the different ships in case any accident should happen to either one of them….

I shall now speak to you, my love, about the country and its inhabitants, who are as agreeable as my enthusiasm had led me to imagine. Simplicity of manner, kindness of heart, love of country and of liberty and a delightful state of equality are met with universally… Charlestown is one of the finest cities I have ever seen. The American women are very pretty and have great simplicity of character, and the extreme neatness of their appearance is truly delightful; cleanliness is everywhere even more studiously attended to here than in England. What gives me most pleasure is to see how completely the citizens are brethren of one family. In America there are no poor and none even that can be called peasants. Each citizen has some property and all citizens have the same right as the richest individual."

After protestations of deep devotion and loneliness the letter ends with:

"The night is far advanced, the heat intense, and I am devoured with gnats, but the best of countries have their inconveniences. Adieu, my love, adieu."

A very good picture that of customs and habits which would have been to the lasting advantage of America to continue!

The letters of Lafayette grew more and more homesick and Adrienne's feelings were like a harp with its strings

attuned to respond to his every emotion.

From Petersburg, Va., on July 17, 1777, he writes:

"I have received no news of you, and my impatience to hear from you cannot be compared to any other earthly feeling…. You must have learned the particulars of the commencement of my journey. You know that I set out in a brilliant manner in a carriage, and I must now tell you that we are all on horseback, having broken the carriage after my usual praiseworthy custom, and I hope soon to write you that we have arrived at Philadelphia on foot!..."

A few days later he says:

"I am each day more miserable, from having quitted you, my dearest love…. I would give at this moment half of my existence for the pleasure of embracing you again, and telling you with my own lips how I love you…. Oh, if you knew how I sigh to see you, how I suffer at being separated from you and all that my heart has been called on to endure, you would think me somewhat worthy of your love."

Poor, lonely, young couple—each was suffering in a different way from the separation, but Adrienne's misery was the hardest to bear, for not only had she lost the little daughter who had been her greatest comfort since the departure of her husband for America, but she now had a shock, for in her husband's letter of the 12th of September, after the battle of Brandywine, he wrote:

"Our Americans after having stood their ground for some time ended at last by being routed; whilst endeavouring to rally them, the English honoured me with a musket ball, which slightly wounded me in the leg, but it is a trifle, and I have escaped with the obligation of lying on my back for some time, which puts me much out of humour. I hope that you will feel no anxiety, this event ought, on the contrary, rather to reassure you, since I am incapacitated from appearing on the field for some time. I have resolved to take good care of myself, be convinced of this, my dearest love."

Notwithstanding the cheerful tenor of this letter, Adrienne was not able to eat or sleep after its arrival, until in a second letter he again assured her of the slightness of his injury, and added:

"I must now give you your lesson as the wife of an American general-officer. They will say to you, 'They have been beaten.' You must answer, 'That is true, but when two armies of equal numbers meet in the field, old soldiers have naturally the advantage over new ones. They have had besides, the pleasure of killing a great many of the enemy; many more than they have lost.' They will afterward say, 'All that is very well, but Philadelphia is taken, the Capital of America, the rampart of Liberty!' You must politely answer, 'You are all great fools.' Philadelphia is a poor forlorn town, exposed on every side, whose harbour is already closed, although the residence of Congress lent it some degree of celebrity. This is the famous city which, it may be added, we will soon make them yield to us! If they continue to persecute you with questions you may send them about their business in terms which the Vicomte de Noailles will teach you, for I cannot lose time in talking to my friends of politics."

Thrilling indeed were those days of 1777 after the battle of Brandywine, for the Americans struggling so valiantly for the liberty they were so determined to secure, and valiant was young Lafayette in upholding that Cause which he had so bravely espoused. A letter from General Greene to General Washington in which he speaks glowingly about the young Frenchman would have filled Adrienne's heart to overflowing with pride, could she but have read it, for it was full of descriptions of her husband's bravery even before he had recovered from the wound received at the battle of Brandywine, and General Greene adds:

"The Marquis Lafayette is determined to be in the way of danger." But Lafayette's own account of his doings, both to General Washington, with whom he was on the most

intimate and affectionate terms, and to his wife, were always most modest and self-depreciatory. But because of Lafayette's illustrious connections, the loyalty he showed for the cause of American liberty, and also because of the marked discretion and good sense he had shown on several critical occasions, Washington recommended to Congress that the young Frenchman receive command of a division in the Continental army, which suggestion was carried out on the 27th of November, 1777, and of course Lafayette's ardour for the Cause he was supporting flamed higher than before, on receiving this honour.

Soon, in accordance with General Washington's plan, it was decided that the American army was to encamp for the winter at Valley Forge, and of the dreary march there, uncheered by any great triumph, and when most of the soldiers were suffering from both cold and hunger, and the still drearier arrival and terrible subsequent privations and hardships, the pages of history have made us too well acquainted to need to dwell on them here.

During that hard winter, there were those in command who were jealous of the intimacy between Washington and the young Marquis who attempted to break it up by offering Lafayette the command of an expedition into Canada, which it was thought his military ambition would tempt him to accept. It did, and in consequence he hastened to the headquarters of General Gates at Yorktown to receive further orders, where he found the General dining, surrounded by such evidences of luxury and high living as were never seen at Valley Forge, and when he proposed the toast, "The Commander-in-chief of the American Armies," to his surprise the toast was received without a cheer, which was his first intimation that there was any feeling in the American ranks hostile in the slightest degree to General Washington.

Almost at once he set out to undertake the commission given him, and not until it had proved a disastrous failure did

he discover that it had been given without the sanction or even the knowledge of Washington. He wrote a letter of profound regret and humiliation to his Commander-in-chief, laying the whole matter before him, saying that he felt utterly distressed about the matter, to which Washington replied in a fatherly and calm letter, assuring the young Marquis of his continued esteem, and gladly then Lafayette hastened back to Valley Forge, to again enjoy the companionship of his Commander-in-chief, to be inspired by his fatherly counsel.

But of what Lafayette was exposed to, of privation or of struggle, at that time Adrienne knew little, for he always wrote cheerfully to her, dwelling at length on any bit of brightness of which he could speak.

After having returned to Valley Forge he writes:

"My presence is more necessary to the American cause than you can possibly conceive. Many foreigners have endeavoured by every sort of artifice to make me discontented with this revolution and with him who is their chief. They have spread as loudly as they could the report that I was quitting the Continent. The English have proclaimed also loudly the same intention on my side. I cannot in justice appear to justify the malice of these people. If I were to depart many Frenchmen who are useful here would follow my example. General Washington would feel very unhappy if I were to speak of quitting him. His confidence in me is greater than I dare acknowledge, on account of my youth. In the place he occupies he is likely to be surrounded by flatterers or by secret enemies, he finds in me a sincere friend in whose bosom he may always confide his secret thoughts and who will always speak the truth…." Again he says, "Several general officers have brought their wives to the camp. I envy them—not their wives—the happiness they enjoy in being able to see them. General Washington has also resolved to send for his wife. As to the English, they have received a re-inforcement of three hundred young ladies from New York!" Then with

boyish simplicity he adds, "Do you not think that at my return we shall be old enough to establish ourselves in our own house, live there happily together and receive our friends?" and the letter concludes, "Adieu, my love. I only wish this project could be executed on this present day."

While Lafayette was living through all sorts of thrilling experiences and receiving still higher promotion as a reward for his brilliant military exploits, across the sea had come the disquieting rumour to Madame D'Ayen of his death, and the mother-heart stood still with fear that it should reach the brave wife, already saddened enough by the suspense of her loneliness, and now the mother of another little daughter who needed all the happy smiles that Adrienne could give. With great haste and diplomacy Madame D'Ayen urged Adrienne to visit her grandfather at Fresnes, and unsuspecting Adrienne welcomed the suggestion of a change of scene, as her heart-hunger for the "big boy" over the water was daily growing more insistent. She returned in better health and spirits, but as the rumour had not yet been discredited, Madame D'Ayen insisted on another visit to the country, and never did Adrienne know of the report which would have almost killed her, until a glad unexpected day, when, without any warning to expect him, Adrienne found herself again in the arms of her husband. Lafayette had been overcome with homesickness at a time when affairs looked bright enough for the American army to risk his absence, and he had impulsively taken the first steamer sailing for France and home. Then and only then did Adrienne hear of the rumour which had caused her mother such disquietude, and then for the first time Madame D'Ayen had the opportunity for which she had longed, to learn the details of that alliance between France and America, in which she was profoundly interested and in the making of which Lafayette had played such a prominent part. There was indeed much to talk about after the long separation, and Lafayette felt that he could not have Adrienne

and the little daughter whom he had not seen before, out of his sight even for a moment. Adrienne would have been quite happy, had not a dark disquietude troubled even her nights, for Lafayette had come but to go again, and if the first parting had been hard, this was doubly so, for she knew now how devotedly she loved him, and that the changes made in him in his two years of adventure and real privation, had only given her affection a stronger desire for his presence and protection. But with characteristic courage she made no plea that he should stay, but showed a keen bright interest in all the news which came from America, and Lafayette remained with her until after the birth of his son, who was christened George Washington Lafayette. Soon after this event, Adrienne was obliged once again to say farewell to her husband, and as before, she held herself in proud courage, a courage which a woman twice her age might have been proud to show, offering no word which might sadden his going, but spurred him on with the dauntless spirit of the woman who inspires a man to be his best self.

Three long years now went by and Adrienne alone bore the anxiety and responsibility of her baby boy's alarming sickness, at the same time constantly kept on the rack of suspense by newspaper accounts of the dangerous campaigns in which Lafayette was playing a prominent part. But she remained outwardly calm and courageous, and even made herself enter a little into Court festivities, that she might brighten the lives of her mother and the children who looked to her for their sunshine.

Days, weeks and months went by, and then there came a grand fete at the Hôtel de Ville, to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin, and despite her heavy heart Adrienne went to it, looking very pretty in her stately Court gown of stiff brocade, which threw into sharp contrast her girlish figure and face. Trying not to put a damper on the party, she was chatting as gaily as possible with a courtier who was her devoted admirer,

when a message was brought to her.

There was a general stir of excited interest around her. What was it they said? Adrienne could scarcely credit the news. The Virginia campaign brought to a successful end? The Marquis de Lafayette at home? Cornwallis surrendered? Lafayette at home, and waiting for her? Even the Queen was wildly excited by the good news, and being fond of both Adrienne and Lafayette, she rushed to the dazed girl's side, exclaiming impatiently, "Rouse, dear, rouse; make haste, or," this laughingly, "your red-headed boy may have sailed again for his beloved land of freedom!" Still Adrienne made no movement, and Marie Antoinette took her by the arm, saying, "I see I must personally conduct you to your own happiness. Come, my own carriage waits!"

By this time Adrienne's heart had responded to the bewildering news, and bending over the Queen's hand she would have thanked her for her favour, but Marie Antoinette was young and romantic, and pushed aside the ceremonious thanks, to impel the still dazed Adrienne into the carriage.

The Queen's carriage! The Queen herself! was whispered on every side at the unwonted sight of royalty driving so unceremoniously through the Rue Saint Honoré, but the Queen paid no heed to the fact that she was doing something unusual, and Adrienne saw nothing—heard nothing—she only kept repeating, "The campaign is over—Cornwallis has surrendered. He is back!"

The massive gates of the courtyard of the Hôtel de Noailles swung open to admit the carriage. Marie Antoinette only waited to murmur an exclamation of congratulation, to press a hasty kiss on Adrienne's cheek, then drove away, while Adrienne, her great brown eyes lustrous with excitement and joy, her cheeks flaming with such crimson as had not flushed them for weary months, ran up the steps between the rows of stiff lackeys, ran so fast that she tripped on her absurdly ceremonious dress of brocade, tripped and tripped

again, and then with a cry of joy ran into the arms of her beloved boy with the red hair!

Brave little Adrienne—the pages of history are filled with the noble deeds of that husband who so early in life took up the cause of American liberty, and so valiantly fought for it, but who dares say that your name too should not be honoured with his, by every true American, because of your loving thoughts, your prayers and hopes which, winging their way across the ocean, inspired the young French patriot to all that was finest in his achievement!

King Albert

1875-1934 (Belgium)

The greatness of kings is not always proportionate to the size of the kingdoms they rule, and their fame does not run in accord with the breadth of their dominions, or the number of subjects who serve them. This has been proved many times in history—but never more conclusively than in the little kingdom of Belgium, whose present ruler, Albert the First, has already won glory equal to that of any hero-king of any age.

Until he was a young man it was never expected that Albert would ever be King, for he was the younger son of the younger brother of King Leopold the Second. Much would have to take place before he could win the throne, and Albert, in consequence, was not trained for the severe duties of a ruler. But in the end this worked good rather than harm, for Albert received so thorough a military education that by practical advice and prompt action he was able to save his country in the terrible ordeal through which it passed. And as he had expected to be no more than one of the King's subjects, he had learned the ways of the people more intimately than he could have done if he had always been hemmed in with the restrictions of royalty.

When Albert was seventeen years old, his brother Baldwin died, and it was then seen that he might indeed become King, for Leopold had no direct male heirs. But this was not yet sure, for under certain conditions the King had the right to appoint his successor, and he did not decide to

make Albert the heir to the throne until the Prince married and had two sons who would ensure the permanence of the royal Belgian family.

Albert was born in 1875 on the Eighth of April. His father was Count Philippe of Flanders who was Leopold's youngest brother. As a boy the young prince received an education such as would be given to any cultivated well bred gentleman, but as it was customary for younger sons of princes to enter the army particular attention was paid, as we have said, to his military training.

The young prince attended military school, was drilled as a common soldier and gradually worked his way up through the different grades to the rank of Major. He was intensely interested in the profession of arms and gave more than the required zeal and attention to its pursuit, following his training in a regiment of Grenadiers, and instructed by the most experienced officers.

Albert was not only studious, but fond of all sorts of athletic sports and exercises. He frequently visited the Tyrol for mountain climbing, and later tried his skill on the most rugged Alps. He was fond of shooting and shot well; he was an excellent horseman and his tall figure was frequently to be seen astride his hunter, which he managed with great skill.

The possibility that he might become King had effected a change in the young man's character, who became more reserved and serious, ardently devoted to his studies and eager to find out as much as possible about the lives of the people that one day he was to rule. He often lectured on military topics. He visited the mines and viewed the working conditions of the men that toiled incessantly underground. He watched the fishermen at work and even accompanied them on their trips; he worked in machine-shops and ran locomotives himself. To learn the secrets of modern shipping he visited foreign countries and traveled in disguise as a reporter of a newspaper, paying calls on various shipyards and taking

notes on what he saw there.

In the year of the war between America and Spain, 1898, Albert came to the United States and saw President McKinley, and in his travels through our great country he paid a visit to the great financier James J. Hill with whom he talked about the problems that confronted Belgium and from whom he doubtless received valuable advice. He was much impressed by his visit to America, and often talked about it afterward, and thought out means by which the modern improvements he saw in America might be applied to the people of Belgium.

All this time, however, the Prince remained unmarried, and King Leopold, who was growing old, was worried about the succession to the throne. Finally he decided that as long as Albert was without issue he must choose a different heir which was a royal privilege in such a contingency, and his choice fell upon the Duc de Vendome, who had married Albert's sister.

But Albert, who had given no signs of attraction toward any one of the various beautiful ladies he might have married, was soon to fall in love and make a marriage that would gladden the heart of old King Leopold, and please the Belgian people.

Among other things that he had studied in his young manhood was the science of medicine, and a year after he came to America he went to Germany to see the clinic of a Bavarian duke named Charles Theodore, whose skill as an oculist had made him famous throughout Europe. Albert visited this Duke and was presented to his daughters, with one of whom, the Duchess Elizabeth, he promptly fell in love. The passion was mutual, and as the match was a good one from all points of view the young couple were married in Munich on October 2, 1900, where a celebration was held in honor of the event. When the newly wedded couple returned to Belgium no one less than King Leopold was waiting at the

railroad station to receive them and offer his congratulations. Leopold was now more predisposed in favor of Albert, and when a son was born he was delighted. On the birth of a second son, the King made a speech in which he publicly confirmed Albert's claim to the throne, and public attention was now focused on the Prince who was to be King.

Albert had no intention of meddling with political affairs until he actually should become the ruler of Belgium, and he gave scant encouragement to those who sought to sound him and find out what his future policies would be. While he surveyed all public affairs with a keen eye and attentive mind, he kept the public from knowing what he thought of them, and his mind seemed now as much of a mystery as his personality had seemed obscure before it had been known that he was to come to the throne.

Albert was greatly interested in the Belgian colony in Africa and asked permission from King Leopold to visit it and make a tour of inspection. The King was unwilling to have the heir to the throne take so long and presumably so dangerous a journey, but at last he consented and Albert departed for Africa and the Congo, where he spent three arduous months in which time, it is said, he walked more than fifteen hundred miles. The colonists took a great liking to the tall, reserved young man who studied all their interests and doings with such careful attention, and the impression that Albert made upon this part of his future kingdom was more than favorable.

He had not been at home long before King Leopold died, and on the 23rd of December, 1909, Albert came into his capital as King of the Belgians. After taking the oath to guard the constitution and preserve the territory of the Belgian nation, he made a carefully prepared and well thought out speech, in which he declared that the Belgian monarch must always obey the laws of the country and preserve the law with the utmost respect and care. And the first public appearance

of Albert as King added to the good impression with which he was regarded everywhere.

His liberty and privacy were now over, and he was absorbed with the affairs of his country. He had become so interested in the Congo colony that he gave a great deal of his own money to better conditions there and to further medical research. The Queen was busy also. With her medical skill she visited the various hospitals and engaged in many charitable enterprises that endeared her to the hearts of the common people. It seemed that she could not do enough to relieve the sufferings of others, and the humblest of her subjects came to look on her as a member of their family, and almost literally worshipped the ground she walked on.

The threat of war was still far off, but Albert, who was greatly concerned over the state of the Belgian army, did all he could to increase its efficiency. He was not only concerned with the military preparedness of Belgium, but observed that the Germans seemed to be taking a firmer and firmer grip on his country. German merchants and business men swarmed in Brussels, and it was not hard to see too that German military experts were studying the topography of Belgium and sending reports back to the Fatherland.

The position of Belgium was peculiar in many ways. Not only did it lie as a little and weak nation between the great armed powers of France and Germany, exposed to the advance of an invading army in case of war, since it was the most convenient way from one country to the other, but its position on the coast made it a favorable vantage ground from which Germany might launch an attack on England. This geographical situation of Belgium has caused it throughout history to be the scene of some of the greatest battles that have ever been fought, and has gained for it the name of "the cockpit of Europe."

Even for its size, Belgium was in a woeful state of military unpreparedness for war, because it was supposed to be exempt

from conflict through an agreement of the great powers. All the great nations of Europe had decided that it was safer and better to make Belgium neutral ground, and one and all they had promised to protect the neutrality of this little state with force of arms if necessary. This, as we have said, had given the Belgians a feeling of security. They believed that even if war broke out, Belgium would not be forced into the conflict, but sinister signs of danger, like the distant warnings of a hurricane, gradually obtruded themselves before King Albert's clear sighted vision. He received letters, not from one but from many sources, warning him that the Germans had decided in secret council to send their invading armies across Belgium in case of war with France, and he had seen only too clearly that German spies and military experts were mapping out the country for their own secret ends. So Albert struggled to increase the army and secured the passage of a favorable bill in October, 1913.

But the iron forces of Germany were forged and ready; the uniforms and equipment of her invading hordes were packed away in her storehouses and arsenals. Only the stroke of a pen was needed to loose the blind forces and mighty armaments of a war greater than any that history has known. King Albert's efforts in behalf of the Belgian army were too late, although he did not know it at the time.

In the summer of 1914, Albert went to Switzerland on a vacation, but his fear that Germany was preparing for speedy war forced him to return to Belgium in the middle of his holiday. And events soon proved that he was justified. War leaped up over night like a devouring flame, and immediately the German Government sent to Belgium a threat which declared that it was the purpose of the German High Command to move German troops across Belgium, and that the Belgians would resist at their own peril.

Many a ruler would have acceded to the terms that Germany gave. If a small boy is confronted by a trained pugilist of

great weight and gigantic stature, surely none can blame the boy for consenting to the pugilist's demands. None could have blamed King Albert if he had yielded to such force and accepted the tyrant's terms. But the King determined to defend his country to the last drop of Belgian blood, not sparing his own, and the Belgians sent the following reply back to the German war lords:

"The German ultimatum has caused the Belgian Government deep and painful astonishment, and Belgium refuses to believe that her independence could only be preserved at the cost of violating her neutrality."

And Albert grimly added to some of his followers, "Germany appears to believe that Belgium is a road, not a country."

The German armies entered Belgium, and soon the roar of the guns was heard almost from one end of the little nation to the other. King Albert at once put on his uniform and took to the field with the Belgian army. The Germans laid siege to the Belgian fortress of Liège, expecting to overpower it easily. They advanced against it in mass formation, only to be met with such a hail of machine gun fire that they numbered their dead by thousands. The little Kingdom of Belgium had thrust a stick between the cogs of the great German war machine, and by doing so saved the world from a German victory. By delaying the Germans at Liège they allowed the French the vital time to organize their army and mobilize on the frontier, and by the splendid and stubborn resistance that the Germans encountered in Belgium the English too were given a breathing space. On the breast of this weak nation fell the whole weight of the mailed fist, and while the result was inevitable the burden was bravely supported.

Liège fell at last, and the Germans moved onward, in spite of attacks by the Belgians that temporarily halted them. With their great 42 centimeter howitzers the Germans pulverized the forts that held out against them and soon compelled King

Albert to shift the seat of Belgian Government to Antwerp. Albert himself, however, stayed in the field with his army and when it fell back he was among the brave men that covered the retreat. He seemed to be everywhere that he was needed, and often in the front line the Belgian soldiers would be cheered by the sight of their King loading and firing a rifle by their side, in the place of some wounded comrade.

The King combined shrewdness with bravery. He ordered Brussels not to resist the German horde, but he fought to the knife wherever resistance would be effective. While the British were yet far away and the French were unable to help, Belgium alone held the enemy in check, and Belgium was animated more by the spirit of their King than by any other cause. It has been said in turn that each one of the Allied Nations won the war. And this is true of them all. Without the aid of the British navy, the bravery of the French army, the fresh strength that America lent to the fight, the Germans must have conquered. But it is practically certain that they would have won if Belgium had not withstood them. With their forces once in Paris and the French and British forces separated no human power could have triumphed against the Kaiser—and it remained for little Belgium to delay him to such an extent that Joffre was able at last to beat the Germans at the Marne and save the world.

Then the Germans turned their guns against the city of Antwerp and soon the giant shells from the monster howitzers were picking up whole buildings in the force of their blast and scattering bricks and timbers broadcast in crashing explosions. Queen Elizabeth had remained with the King, serving as a nurse in the hospitals and doing what she could to relieve the suffering of her people, but when it was seen that Antwerp must fall she decided to take her children to a place of safety. King Albert's eldest son served as a private with a Belgian regiment, but his brother and little sister were too young for any service and were taken to England by the Queen. She

refused to remain, however, but returned to the stricken country to take her place with the remainder of her subjects who had not yet received the yoke of German slavery.

Albert refused to allow his army to be driven from Belgian territory. "It would be better to die here," he declared, "than in a foreign land." And always he was with the army, directing its strategy or wielding a weapon himself. "My place is with my brave soldiers," he declared.

All through the sinister days of the war the King's spirit did not weaken. When the Germans were pushing on again toward Paris in the spring of 1918, he kept his head cool and his heart composed. Then the gray lines broke, and the tide turned. The Allied Armies swept onward and the Germans retreated pell mell to save themselves from utter ruin. Back from the ruined villages and the oppressed and tortured countryside the German hordes retreated, and King Albert and Queen Elizabeth triumphantly took possession once more. Their children had returned and the royal family had passed the last year of the war within sound of the guns on the Nieuport front. Their hour of triumph was now come and they entered Brussels after four years of exile.

Their entry was planned to be as glorious and beautiful as possible and it is needless to say with what rejoicing they were received. Allied troops marched past in review, and the King and Queen were accompanied by the most famous generals of the Allied armies. The soldiers of the Belgian army were crowned with flowers when reviewed by the King that so bravely led them.

Peace terms were drawn up and the Germans compelled to repay the Belgians to the last penny for the havoc and vandalism they had wrought. And it is a kind of poetic justice that Albert was reigning, while the Kaiser fled from his own country to cling to the skirts of another weak little power that he would surely have violated as remorselessly as he violated Belgium if it had chanced to stand in his way.

In 1919, twenty-one years after his first trip to this country, King Albert with Queen Elizabeth came to the United States again. They received a warm welcome from one end of the country to the other and the good wishes of all Americans have gone back with them to the wrecked and devastated land that they are striving to restore. Whether King Albert will perform as great work in reconstruction as he has already performed as a soldier and a King the future will decide, but he has already gained an immortal place in the history of the world.

Albert Einstein
Citizen of the World
1879-1955 A.D.

Five-year-old Albert Einstein did not know exactly what a parade was, but he was almost as excited as his younger sister, Maja, when his mother dressed him in his new velvet kilts and told the children they were going to see some fine horses.

Munich in 1884 was the capital of Bavaria in southern Germany and the fourth largest city in the proud new empire. To others beside the two eager Einstein children, the royal palace and the towered churches with their great arches and many statues seemed to be the most beautiful buildings in the world. The Ludwigstrasses was gay with flags, fluttering in the spring sunshine; hundreds of citizens, dressed in their best, lined the wide street, waiting anxiously for the parade to begin.

"In only fifteen years Bismarck has united all Germany and we have become a strong nation," proudly declared a tall, blond woman, standing just behind the Einstein family. She smiled down at her little boy who sat on the curb. "Wait till you see the splendid Prussian officers," she promised.

"We were better off in the old days when we had smaller armies," murmured the scholarly-looking white-haired man whom the little boy had just called "grandfather."

His companion's eyes snapped angrily. "I wouldn't talk so loud," she half whispered. "And if I were you, father, I

wouldn't say such unpatriotic things in my classroom."

From far off came the sound of trumpets, high and sweet; Albert and the little boy on the curb beside him clapped their hands delightedly as they caught the first strains of the military band.

"Mamma," asked Albert, "when are the horses coming?"

"Use your eyes, little boy, use your eyes," advised the white-haired man, kindly.

Down the street came the shining black and brown horses, moving with stately pride as though they felt the crowds had come just to admire them. Albert noticed the long, wavy tails and manes.

"That second horse over there has hair just the color of yours," he told Maja.

"Oh, the beautiful flowers!" cried the blond woman. "They sit so tall and proud. And when the sun shines on their epaulets, they look like gold."

For the first time Albert noticed the riders. All the men stared ahead so intently that the boy was sure they wouldn't turn to look even if the towers of the nearby cathedral suddenly crashed to the ground. The officers' faces were as cold and hard as though they were carved from stone. Albert felt a little frightened, although he did not know why.

Now the infantry passed, their guns upon their shoulders, their feet lifted in perfect time with exaggerated stiffness to the barked commands of their sergeants. They held themselves so straight in their ordered ranks that they reminded Albert of the card houses he sometimes built to please Maja. If you pushed the last wall of the row, all the cards would fall down. Suppose I put out my hand and pushed an end soldier! He thought.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" exclaimed the tall, blond woman. Again she smiled at her son. "Some day, Hanschen, when you are big and strong, you will be a soldier, too, and mamma will stand here and wave at you when you pass."

"Will I really be a soldier, mamma?" asked Hans, his eyes big with envy as the troops goose-stepped past.

"Yes. Every good German boy must be a soldier," she answered.

Suddenly Albert began to cry. His mother tried to quiet him.

"Albert, whatever is the matter with you all of a sudden?" She bent over him anxiously.

"I don't want to be a soldier," sobbed Albert. "I don't want to be like those poor men who have to march in a straight line."

The white-haired man patted the boy's shoulder and slipped a sweetmeat into his hand. "You are right, my boy," he said softly, "soldiers are an evil thing. People will try to teach you differently, but don't believe them."

A few months later when Albert entered school, he hated the constant drill and the iron discipline for which the German teachers of that day were noted.

"I am like those poor men in the army," he often thought, "and my teachers are like the officers. They are always giving orders. They do not want me to think; they just want me to repeat word for word what the books say."

Religion was taught along with reading and arithmetic. As the majority of the citizens of southern Germany were Catholics, the Jewish boy learned a good deal about the Catholic religion. He listened to tales of the prophets of his own people and the teachings of Jesus. He loved the story of the healing of the servants of the High Priest. The man was among those who had come to take Jesus prisoner, but the Galilean did not wish his enemy to suffer and healed his wounds. Jesus must have been like that kind old gentleman at the parade, thought Albert. He didn't believe in war's soldiers.

After school was over for the day Albert often took long, solitary walks along the banks of the Isar River. One after-

noon he stopped to rest in the Frauen-Kirche, the Church of Our Lady. He slipped into one of the back pews and sat staring at the statues of apostles and saints along the walls of the great dim cathedral. He was fascinated by the candles flickering before the shrines where several women with shawls drawn over their heads knelt in prayer.

He puzzled over the questions he was too shy to ask his own rabbi or the religious instructor at school. Both had often said, "God is our Father and we are all His children." In those good days in Germany Christians and Jews lived together in peace. Albert remembered how one of the Christian neighbors had come to help take care of Maja when she was ill. His mother loved several of her schoolmates as though they were her own sisters.

Then why, he puzzled, if people were good friends and had the same God, did Christians have churches like this, while Jews prayed in their own synagogues? And if God was the Father of all men, why did they sometimes have the dreadful wars it hurt even to read about in the history books?

Even when, after many struggles, Albert Einstein graduated from the Swiss Polytechnic School in Zurich, the young scientist could not find the answer. In the Swiss university he met students from many countries, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Russians, Poles. There might be hatred and feuds between their own fatherlands, but these young people planned to devote themselves to the good of all humanity.

Although Einstein had made a brilliant record in mathematics and physics at the university, after graduation he found it very difficult to make a living. Considering himself a failure as a teacher, he was glad to work for the Swiss government in the Patent Office. But his active, inquiring mind soon grew bored.

"Examining the patents sent in and making reports for the files is a shoemaker's job," he told his wife with a patient shrug.

But his salary was large enough to support them and their two little sons, and, whenever he was able to snatch a few minutes form his work, he turned back to his scientific studies.

With feverish excitement he jotted down his calculations on the many scraps of paper which he thrust back into his desk drawer whenever anyone entered his office. Late at night he continued his explorations in the mysterious universe. Sometimes he sat slouched in his chair until dawn, trying to think out the problems which tormented him. Sometimes he felt he had found the solution and eagerly reached for his pencil.

After many weary months he wrote a little essay. When it was published in 1905 the leading physicists all over the world became excited. It was the first of Einstein's writings on Relativity. The picture he drew of Time and Space was so startling that fellow physicists began to hail him either as a genius—or a madman.

The boring days at the Patent Office were over. First he became lecturer, then professor at the University of Zurich; he taught for a year at the German University of Prague.

In his boyhood Albert Einstein had wondered why the children of the same God should form so many different religions to serve Him. In Prague, government regulations required that every professor before he was permitted to teach at the German university must declare his religion. Einstein registered as a Jew. He had never been observant of the rites of his religion, but little by little he was being drawn back to his people.

He rejoiced when he learned of the plans of a small group of Zionists to build a Hebrew university on Mount Zion. This would be a center of culture not only for the Near East but for the world. Albert Einstein at once gave the project his whole-hearted support. He knew how difficult it was for Jewish students in many European countries to obtain a

higher education. And he shared the old, old dream that the word of God and the law of justice for all mankind should some day flow from the heights of Zion.

His fame had grown so rapidly that he received a remarkable offer from Berlin. He was promised the directorship of the department of physics which was to be created in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, and offered the great honor of membership in the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, as well as a professorship in the University of Berlin.

As he gave few lectures, he now had many hours free for scientific research, and spent long hours working in his study, his only tools a pencil and sheets of paper which he covered with endless calculations.

"Maybe, tomorrow," he would say hopefully, and leave his apartment for one of his long, solitary walks. On his return he might pick up his violin to play his favorite Mozart. Or, of any new idea had come to him during his walk, he would sit down at his desk to work late into the night.

Albert Einstein, a fervent pacifist, grew soul-sick when Belgium was invaded and the First World War was declared. The tramp, tramp of soldiers on the way to the front seemed to penetrate even to his peaceful study. To him war meant murder, not only of human beings, but the destruction of all the ideals that made possible the Brotherhood of Man. He was hurt and bewildered when some of his fellow scientists, working in their Berlin laboratories as part of the national war machine, declared he was little better than a traitor.

With the end of the war and the defeat of Germany came a worldwide resurgence of pacifism. Idealists in every country, sick of slaughter, formed the group of War Resisters, pledging themselves to fight for their nation only in the ways of peace. This was a movement to which Einstein could give his whole heart. He contributed large sums of money to the organization and gave much of his time to writing and speaking in its behalf.

In 1915, ten years after the publication of his first paper on relativity, Einstein had brought out his General Theory of Relativity. Again there was much excitement among scientists who demanded that the German physicist's startling ideas should be proved before they could be believed. No one was more eager than Albert Einstein himself to see his theories proven. He had stated that light rays might be attracted by the gravitational forces of the sun. This might be established, he suggested, during a solar eclipse.

Even while the war still raged, a number of leading English astronomers began to collect money to fit out expeditions to observe the next eclipse and to record their observations. One group journeyed to northern Brazil, the other to the island of Princepe in the Gulf of Guinea. It seemed safer to send two expeditions because during the short time a total eclipse lasts cloudy weather might make the investigations doubtful or even worthless.

When the investigators returned to London a few months later, they studied and compared the photographic plates they had made. Just a year after peace had come to the world, England's leading astronomers listened to a report at the Royal Society. The Astronomer Royal told them that the pictures taken of the stars during the eclipse had shown an actual bending of the light rays. No longer would it be said, as it has been for ages, that light always moves in a straight line.

"[This] is the greatest discovery in connection with gravitation since first Newton enunciated his principles," announced the president of the Royal Society to his fellow scientists.

Albert Einstein was especially happy that his vindication had come from the former enemies of Germany. This was further proof that science knows no national boundaries.

Now Einstein captured the imagination of thousands who had never read a word of his scientific writings, and would not have understood his theories even if they had attended his

lectures. Cigars and babies were named after him; newspaper men and photographers pounded on his door, demanding interviews and pictures. Einstein could no longer enjoy a quiet evening at the theater or opera or at his favorite restaurant without begin mobbed by autograph hunters.

He was bewildered. "So few people understand my work, but everybody wants to know about me!" he exclaimed.

Although Einstein had been acclaimed as the Newton of the twentieth century, there were still many physicists who declared that his discoveries were doubtful and sensational. Some of these detractors were honest in their belief. But a number of militant Germans, hating Einstein for his pacifist teachings and as a Jew, also denounced his scientific work.

Einstein refused to take part in politics. He had long dreamed of a world without national boundaries and hatreds. He had admired the tolerance and freedom he found in Switzerland during his student days, and although he felt himself a world citizen, had assumed citizenship in the little republic. Now he actually became a German citizen again; for he felt that his growing fame might reflect credit on his native land, now humbled so cruelly, and suffering the poverty and privations of a conquered people. It was a generous act for which he was later made to pay cruelly.

Dr. Einstein was constantly invited to address meetings of the world's foremost scientists, in Holland, in Belgium, in France, in the United States. In our country his coming brought pride to both German and Jewish Americans. His countrymen, suffering from humiliation and misunderstanding during the war, felt a reflection of his glory. The Jewish people were equally eager to welcome him for he had come on a mission to raise funds for Palestine.

In 1922 Einstein and his wife began a triumphal tour through the Orient. In India, in China, in Japan and in Palestine, they received a really royal welcome. Sometimes the modest simple man grew weary of public banquets and

flattering orations and magnificent gifts. But everywhere he went he was touched at the whole-hearted affections of the common people, often downtrodden and ignorant. They could not understand his achievements, but they loved him for his warm smile as his carriage passed down the crowd-blackened streets.

He returned to his native land even more famous than he had been before. During his absence he had been awarded the Nobel prize in physics. He was the first German since the war to receive this greatest of international honors; his countrymen grew almost hysterical in their homage.

Einstein's fiftieth birthday was marked with tributes ranging from a gift of tobacco from a laborer out of work to the unveiling of his statue in the great new observatory at Potsdam which bore his name. While from all over the world came the messages of congratulation and various gifts, from unknown, humble strangers and rulers of great nations. A present that made him very happy was a letter from the Zionists of the United States, saying they had collected a large sum of money to plant in his honor a grove of trees in far-off Palestine. Pleased but perplexed, he went over is letters and gifts, demanding to know why everybody was so kind to him.

A present that brought him needed relaxation was a boat built after his own specifications. Clad in a shabby leather jacket, his bushy hair flying in the breeze, he spent long, peaceful hours sailing near the Berlin suburb of Caputh, where he had built a simple country home. This spot became so dear to him that even during the winters he spent in California, teaching at the Institute of Technology, he sometimes longed to return home.

Although he had never taken part in politics, Einstein, like all thoughtful observers, realized that the storm above Germany was about to break. When in 1932 he left Caputh for his third winter of teaching in California, he looked long and mournfully at the little house near the lake. "I want to

say 'good-bye' to our home," he told Mrs. Einstein. "Something tells me we will never see it again."

Germany had never recovered from the war. The people were sullen from defeat. Everywhere in the once proud and prosperous nation there was unemployment, hunger, despair. The liberals who governed the new Republic were blamed. Young men and women who had grown up in the hard post-war years listened eagerly to an ex-corporal, Adolf Hitler. He would give them work and bread, he cried. He would restore Germany to its former greatness among the nations which now sought to destroy the Fatherland. But first every true German must help him crush the enemy within.

The Jews, declared Hitler, had betrayed the Fatherland in the war. He falsely charged that they monopolized the leading posts in university life and the arts; they controlled big business and were responsible for the misery which had overtaken the German people. Hitler and his Nazis were very clever propogandists; many Germans believed their lies. Jews were driven from their positions and their property was confiscated. The nightmare of the Nazi terror, which was soon to threaten all the decent citizens of unhappy Germany, had begun.

Einstein, once the idol of Germany, now found himself an exile with a price upon his head. Because he had reassumed his German citizenship, he could not claim the protection of an adopted country, and his large fortune and home were confiscated. The Nazis hated him as a Jew and a pacifist. They even forbade the teaching of his accepted theories in their universities.

Dr. Einstein, who had taught several winters at Pasadena, California, had been very happy in the United States. Now he eagerly accepted an invitation from the Institute of Advanced Studies and came with his family to begin a new life in Princeton.

Although as soon as possible he became a citizen of the

country which had welcomed him so warmly, Einstein still felt himself a citizen of the world. Even in the midst of the Second World War, he still wrote and pleaded for a world government devoted to justice and to peace. But he was no longer a pacifist. When every day brought new stories of Nazi cruelty to the people they enslaved, Einstein realized that submission to evil can be more terrible even than war itself.

Yet on a memorable August day in 1939, he still drew back from entering the world struggle. Two refugee physicists, Leo Szilard and Enrico Fermi, sat in the study of the Princeton house. The book-lined room had seen many other visitors: refugees from Europe, seeking advice and aid; world-famous scientists; great musicians, who had felt honored to play for the music-loving, gentle old professor.

Szilard and Fermi repeated what Albert Einstein had already heard with a fearful heart, stories that had leaked from enemy laboratories of the progress German physicists were making toward the production of the atomic bomb.

Not only German scientists, but physicists in all the warring countries were seeking desperately to produce this deadliest of weapons. Einstein shuddered to think that their work had grown out of the formula he had given the world thirty years before. This had stated that matter and energy, the two basic factors of the physical world, were really different aspects of the same reality; that energy could be changed into matter and matter changed into energy. Any attempt to produce the atomic bomb would have to be based on this idea of turning matter into energy.

Einstein agreed with his visitors that the nation which discovered the secret of the atomic bomb would become truly invincible. Yes, he said, he had heard that Lisa Meitner, forced to leave Germany because of her Jewish ancestry, had come nearest to solving the riddle. But, surely, other German physicists were on the brink of the epoch-making discovery. And now there were rumors of greatly increased importations

of Germany of uranium which is necessary for the bomb's manufacture.

Szilard and Fermi urged that the work already begun in many American laboratories must be speeded up that our government might be the first to manufacture and control this all-powerful weapon. They felt it was too early to discuss their plans with the War Department. But orders for research and experimentation should come directly from the Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Since it was necessary to keep all early operations secret, it seemed best to appeal directly to the President.

"You must write to the President," pleaded the two physicists.

Einstein shook his tousled white head.

"Why should I write to the President?" he asked. "We have never met, he doesn't know me."

"But he had heard of you and will be interested in anything you say!" The visitors exchanged amused glances; it was like the best-known scientist in the world to be so modest.

Einstein hesitated. How could he, a lover of humanity, raise a finger to help bring this plague on his fellow men? Yet, if there were truth in the rumors that Hitler would soon use the atomic bomb to conquer not only the remnants of Europe, but the whole world! Einstein remembered the stories that half-crazed refugees who had escaped from the Nazi concentration camps had sobbed out to him; he shuddered. The atomic bomb spelled death but what could life mean to a world ruled by madmen?

"Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard," he wrote President Roosevelt, "leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. This would lead to the construction of extremely powerful bombs…. A single bomb of this type carried by boat and exploded in a port might very well destroy the whole port…together with the surrounding

territory."

Shortly after this letter reached the President, the government began its work on the atomic bomb. When it was secretly and successfully tested at the Alamogordo Reservation in New Mexico, Einstein was one of the first of American scientists to urge that its power should be demonstrated only in some uninhabited spot. If representatives of enemy nations witnessed the destruction brought by the new secret weapon, surely, they would be ready to plead for peace.

But the new President, Harry S. Truman, and his military advisors felt this would not win the war. The civilian populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki suffered woundings and mutilations and death.

The use of the atomic bomb did much to bring the Second World War to an end. But Einstein and many of the foremost physicists of the United States feared that the weapon they had helped to forge still menaced the peace and security of mankind. As the secrets of its manufacture become known, Einstein predicted in another war two-thirds of the human race may be destroyed. Although he felt he could hardly spare the time from his own studies, although he had grown frail and ill, the aging man helped to organize and become the first chairman of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists. This group began at once to raise a fund of $1,000,000 for educational purposes "that atomic energy will be used for the benefit of mankind and not for humanity's destruction."

Still modest and gentle, Albert Einstein looks back over seventy years crowned with achievements and honors. He rejoices when word comes to him that atomic energy, developed from his formula, is in the hands of the scientists bringing hope of freedom from hardship and disease. But the old warrior continues to fight for a greater freedom. He would free mankind forever from the horror of war; he dreams of an atomic age of peace.

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.

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."

Allen F. Gardiner

1794–1851 A.D.

When the Inca chieftains of Peru fought their way southward among rebel Indian tribes, they found Hving in lower Chile a race of men who refused to be conquered. A little later the Spanish invaders made the same discovery. Here were a stubborn, independent people who loved their liberty and meant to keep it. They proved to be as vigorous warriors as the Spaniards themselves, and quick to imitate their weapons and methods of warfare. So great an honor did these Indians consider death in battle that their chiefs had to hold them back rather than urge them forward. One of their generals, when dying, ordered that his body be burned, so that he might rise to the clouds and there keep on fighting with the souls of dead Spaniards. These Indians, "with bodies of iron and souls of tigers," are the Araucanians, the only natives of the Western Hemisphere who were able to resist European invaders. They have always regarded outsiders as beings inferior to themselves, and this racial pride has made them slow to accept modern ideas. "The most furious and valiant people in America," they have been called, and to this day they have kept a large part of their independence.

At the tip end of South America among the islands of Tierra del Fuego, in Patagonia, live some wandering tribes of grotesque, savage, unkempt natives who are considered about the most degraded and repulsive specimens of the human race. Instead of an articulate language they speak in hoarse,

jerky, unintelligible grunts. No vestige of religious belief has been found among them. There is no word, no grunt, in their language to express deity. When Darwin visited this region he declared that these hopeless creatures were lower than many animals and incapable of being civilized.

These two races more than any others roused the interest and sympathy of Captain Allen Gardiner, an English naval officer, as he traveled in different parts of the world; and among them he tried, but failed, to establish missionary settlements. To a man who has sailed all over the globe, big distances grow trivial, and the races of men seem like members of one large family. Captain Gardiner was never a minister or an appointed missionary. When he started out he had no connection with any mission board; he was simply a Christian layman, anxious to hold out a helping hand to the people in the human family who needed it most.

The superficiality of all religious life in the cities on the west coast of South America which he visited while cruising in H. M. S. Dauntless, had particularly stirred him to indignation: the harshness and intolerance of the priests; the contrast between the spectacular ceremonies in elaborate cathedrals and the poverty and ignorance of the masses of people. If this was the best specimen of Christianity that the most civilized centers could produce, there would seem to be little hope for the Indians. He appreciated the splendid possibilities of the Araucanians, the fine material going to waste; while for the poor Fuegians, utterly neglected and hopeless, he felt the greatest compassion; he knew in his heart that they were worth saving though it might take a hundred centuries. Some one must plunge in and make a beginning. His plan of procedure was to enter these inaccessible regions, live among the natives, learn their customs and language and win their confidence, and when the way was clear bring in missionaries to found a permanent settlement. He worked on the principle that: "We can never do wrong in casting the gospel net on

any side or in any place."

At that time he had no success in rousing a similar enthusiasm for South American Indians among the members of the London Missionary Society. With his own income and the moral support of the Society he went first to South Africa and initiated the Zulu mission. "Poor Captain Gardiner! We shall never see him again," said those people who always look with suspicion upon anything new and novel. With "his clothes, his saddle, a spoon, and a New Testament," he settled down among the natives. "We do not wish to learn it," they told him ominously when he produced his Testament, "but if you will show us how to use the nice musket you may stay." The present of a red cloak put the chief into a most friendly frame of mind, and for three years the mission prospered until a war between the Zulus and the Boers drove all white people from the district.

Then with his wife and two children Captain Gardiner went to South America, eager to begin on his own responsibility a tour of investigation among the Indians. Traveling was no hardship for him. He was a born wanderer and explorer. He loved roughing it in the open: sleeping under the stars, galloping over the plains to visit some rascally Indian chief, crawling through mountain passes on muleback, fording treacherous rivers. He was a superb horseman and swimmer. One time on coming to a river too high to be forded, he says, "I engaged an Indian to swim across with me, and away we went, leaning together on a bundle of reeds. The current was fully four and one half or five knots, but we gained the opposite side in good style, the Indians all aghast to see that a white man could swim as well as themselves."

At Buenos Aires the Gardiners packed themselves and their baggage into a galera, or omnibus, drawn by five mounted horses, which was to carry them over the Argentine pampas to Mendoza. The family slept and did most of its housekeeping inside the galera or by the side of the road,

because the post-houses along the way, usually miserable hovels with mud floors, were quite uninhabitable. The main discomforts were the ragged roads on which the clumsy wagon was "not merely rocked, but agitated to excess"; and the rain leaked in upon the family apartment so freely that Captain Gardiner had to drill holes in the floor to drain it off. One large river had to be forded, and the entire contents of the galera were transferred to a raft floated on casks, while the horses, with the peons on their backs, half swam, half scrambled across with the wagon bumping along behind. There was always danger from wandering Indians who sometimes came galloping down upon travelers, whirling their metal-tipped lassos, and with this possibility to spur them on, the party reached Mendoza in fourteen days, record time.

The next stage of the journey was crossing the Andes on mule-back. The procession which ambled forth from the town began with a piebald mare on a leading string with a jangling bell around her neck. The mules liked the sound of this bell and it kept them from stopping to browse. After the seven baggage mules came the children in panniers, one on each side of a mule, led by a mounted peon. Captain and Mrs. Gardiner in the rear kept a watchful eye on the whole party. "While ascending the winding pathway which leads to the 'Bad Pass,'" writes Gardiner, "one of the mules had, unperceived by me, been stopped by the arriero to have his pack adjusted. Just as we had reached a point where it was impossible for two animals to pass abreast without one of them being hurled down the precipice into the river below, I perceived this liberated mule hastening towards us with apparent determination to pass. So imminent was the danger that the poles were within three or four feet of Mrs. Gardiner's head, who was riding immediately behind me; in another second a mere twist of the animal's body might have proved fatal. Sliding off my horse, I providentially was enabled as promptly to unseat her as I had done myself; we then crept into a

hollow formed by an overhanging rock, and with the children waited in safety until the whole cavalcade had passed by."

The River Biobio bordered the territory belonging to the Araucanians. The commandant of this frontier warned Captain Gardiner that his plan to enter was unsafe, but helped him in every way he could. With a servant and a government interpreter, Gardiner rode to the nearest Indian district, and the first person he met happened to be the chief himself, Corbalan. "He received me with much hospitality," Gardiner wrote in his journal, "and before even a hint was given of any intended present, a sheep was ordered to be dressed and killed for our supper. Before we retired, for which purpose Corbalan ordered a smooth bullock's hide to be spread for us on the floor, much conversation took place around the fire, for besides his two wives and other members of his family, some men from the neighborhood had joined the party. Corbalan was informed of my desire to acquire his language, in order that I might impart to his people the knowledge of the true God, as also of my wish to obtain his consent to bring my family and reside in his immediate neighborhood. Such a purpose seemed altogether strange to his ears; still he made no objection, and after some further explanation, he seemed to enter cordially into it."

The next morning neighboring chiefs arrived by invitation to welcome the newcomer. Two of them presented him with boiled fowls. "Where to bestow this unexpected token of friendship in my case was rather puzzling; the interpreter, however, at once relieved me of my dilemma by depositing them in his saddle-bag." Then Captain Gardiner produced some colored handkerchiefs and brass buttons and returned the compliment. A few days later he selected a site for his mission-house. "But," he says, "I had no sooner pointed it out to Corbalan than it became evident that his mind on this point had undergone considerable change… He plainly acknowledged that, notwithstanding what he had said before,

he must withdraw his consent. His neighbors, a large and warlike tribe, would be offended; they would not permit a foreigner to live so near them, for as soon as they heard it they would attack him, and he should not be able to resist them."

In four other districts and the island of Chiloe Captain Gardiner made every effort to get permission to settle. The chiefs were friendly, but either prejudiced against him by the Catholic friars, or fearing that he had some ulterior motive in coming among them, they refused everywhere to let him stay. In one place the chief told him that he had never allowed a stranger to live among his people, but in this case he would make an exception on condition that he be presented with a bar of salt and a pound of indigo. Afterward when Captain Gardiner had rented a little cottage in the village, moved all his furniture into it, set up the bedsteads and prepared everything for his family, the old chief abruptly informed him that in one moon's time he would have to go. This meant repacking all his possessions and carting them back to the frontier, for it was not worth while moving his family for one month's stay. Another chief "quite laughed at my design of passing forwards to visit some other chiefs beyond. No Spaniards, he said, were living in these parts; they were not permitted to remain."

He wrote to a friend: "Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian inhabitants where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the south…. Happily for us the Falkland Islands are now under the British Flag. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and spend the summer among the Patagonians." Patagonia was a land of which a Spanish captain in the 18th century reported that "he had surveyed all…without finding one place fit for forming a settlement upon, on account of the barrenness of the soil."

The government station on the Falkland Islands was small and dreary, but the people welcomed the Gardiners and

helped them build a little wooden house on the barren, treeless shore. The weeks went by and no regular sailing vessel came which could take the Captain over to Tierra del Fuego, Finally the master of a rickety old schooner agreed to make the trip for £100.

The first encounter with the natives was discouraging. Two of them appeared on the beach to meet their callers. "Each had a bow and quiver of arrows. They spoke loudly and made very plain signs for their visitors to go away…. They received the presents which were offered them, such as brass buttons, a clasp knife, and a worsted comforter, and condescended to sit down with what seemed a kind of sullen resolution not to relax their features or utter another word." On making a second landing the party found a more responsive tribe. As soon as they had pitched their tent, the natives with grim curiosity, moved their own tents, seventeen of them, with all their belongings, into a row behind Captain Gardiner's where they could watch proceedings, and in two or three hours had transferred their whole village. Gardiner met here a friendly chief named Wissale and a woolly-haired North American Negro, Isaac, who could speak English. He explained his errand, how he wished to live with them in order to teach them good things out of the Book which he had brought. Wissale was agreeably impressed with this program, enjoyed the refreshments served him, and replied: "It is well. We shall be brothers."

So peaceable were the natives and so friendly was the cheerful old chief that Gardiner joyfully began to plan for a mission-station. With his family he returned to England to collect funds, but he met with little response. The missionary organizations were not prosperous enough to undertake the business, and the popular feeling about South America seemed to be: "It is the natural inheritance of pope and pagan; let it alone." It was not till three years later that he could at last carry out his plan. A new organization named the

Patagonian Missionary Society, now known as the South American Missionary Society, was formed for the purpose by Gardiner, with the help of men who had caught the contagious spirit of his enthusiasm. But by that time it was too late; the golden opportunity had passed. When Gardiner reached the Strait of Magellan once more, bringing a missionary with him, he found that Wissale had lost his wealth and prestige, an unfriendly chief was in power, and the padre in a new settlement not far away had begun to teach the Patagonians to become "Catolicos," Against this combined hostility of natives and white men no Protestant mission could have made headway.

When the two missionaries who had set out with such high hopes returned home again to report complete failure the members of the Society were naturally discouraged. Not so Captain Gardiner. He was a quick, impatient man, so intensely active that when the way seemed closed in one direction he would hurry off on some other enterprise without delay, that he might not waste time where so much had to be done. "Whatever course you may determine upon," he said, "I have made up my own mind to go back again to South America, and leave no stone unturned, no effort untried to establish a Protestant mission among the aboriginal tribes. They have a right to be instructed in the gospel of Christ." Paying his own expenses and those of a young assistant, he sailed back to America, and there selected another desolate, neglected territory for his investigations, the interior of Bolivia. "There is not a single mission in the Chaco, and the whole country is before us," he wrote home.

One after another he visited eleven Indian villages. Each chief received him cordially, and to each he made his request to be permitted to live among them. Pie explained that he was no Spaniard, but belonged to a friendly nation; he promised never to take their land, but to support himself, pay for everything he wanted and bring presents for the chiefs. Eleven

times he was refused on one pretext or another. By the time the two travelers reached the frontier again, they were too ill with fever to explore any further. "We have traveled 1,061 miles," wrote Gardiner, "on the worst roads perhaps in the world. We cannot fly about here as in Chile." After repeated efforts, permission was secured from the government to establish a mission on condition that no proselytizing be done and that the work be carried on among Indians only. With the way thus opened Gardiner went to England to urge that a missionary be sent at once. Just at the time, however, when two Spanish Protestants were about to open the Mission under the auspices of the Society, revolution broke out in Bolivia and with a change in government the attempt had to be abandoned.

It had been a long, disheartening series of failures for Gardiner, but with tireless energy he went ahead with new plans. The cautious committee of the Patagonian Missionary Society failed to dampen his enthusiasm, and he toured through England and Scotland lecturing on the need of a mission among the Fuegians. Often it was difficult to collect an audience. The aborigines of South America were too remote to arouse popular sympathy. On one occasion when a lecture had been widely advertised, Gardiner arrived at the hall, hung up his maps, and waited. Not a soul appeared. On the street, as he walked away afterward with the maps under his arm, he met a friend who inquired if it had been a good meeting.

"Not very good, but better than sometimes."

"How many were there?"

"Not one," said Gardiner, "but no meeting is better than a bad one."

Though his personal magnetism won him many warm friends on this trip, the funds contributed were not sufficient to provide for the expedition he had planned. He proposed, however, to use the money as far as it would go. With four

sailors, one ship's carpenter, one decked boat, a dingey, a whaleboat, two wigwam huts, and supplies for six months, he sailed, in 1848, for the Strait of Magellan on board the Clymene bound for Valparaiso. The little outfit proved pitifully inadequate; the boat should have been twice as substantial to withstand the squalls of that region, and on the first exploring trip was almost swamped.

Gardiner erected his huts on Picton Island. Immediately the Fuegians gathered to watch this remarkable performance, and play mischievous pranks on the white men. One seized a large inkstand and with malicious glee poured its contents over the memorandum Captain Gardiner was writing. They showed alarming partiality for anything they could carry away with them, even the ship's biscuits which had been hidden in a kettle, and articles disappeared so rapidly and mysteriously that the exploring party had to return to the boat to save their property. "A mission vessel moored in the stream must be substituted for a mission house erected on the shore," decided Gardiner after this experience. It meant returning to England, raising more money, and trying to convince the Society that more thorough equipment was essential.

The committee appointed to consider his proposition decided that they could give him nothing but their permission to go ahead, providing he could find the money. An interested woman gave him £700; he himself added £300. With his nautical experience he realized all too well that the little party which finally sailed for Tierra del Fuego a second time was poorly prepared and he warned his companions of all the dangers they must expect. The alternative was abandoning the expedition indefinitely. In 1850, a steamer bound for San Francisco gave them passage: Richard Williams, surgeon; John Maidement, a catechist; Joseph Erwin, the ship's carpenter; three Cornish fishermen, and Captain Gardiner. Supplies for six months were provided, arrangements completed for the delivery of more provisions later, and the two

launches. *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, built for use among the islands, "were the admiration of all nautical men who saw them." They were, however, better suited for use on the Thames River than on the tempestuous Strait of Magellan.

By the end of one month the *Pioneer* was wrecked. The hostility and thievishness of the natives wherever the party landed drove them to take refuge in a retired bay, called Spaniard Harbor, while they waited for the relief party. Their launch seemed like a toy on a big ocean, and Dr. Williams, in his journal, wrote emphatically: "We are all agreed that nothing short of a vessel, a brigantine, or a schooner of 80 or 100 tons burden can answer our ends, and to procure this ultimately the captain has fully determined to use every effort. Our plan of action now is to rough all the circumstances which it may please God to permit to happen to us, until the arrival of a vessel; to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falkland Islands, there learn the language, having acquired it, and got the necessary vessel, to come out again and go amongst them."

At Picton Island where they had arranged for the relief ship to land, they buried bottles containing directions: "We are gone to Spaniard Harbor, which is on the main island. We have sickness on board; our supplies are nearly out and if not soon relieved we shall be starved." White stakes with black crosses showed where the bottles were buried, and on the rocks Captain Gardiner painted "Gone to Spaniard Harbor."

But the weeks passed by and no vessel came. It was difficult to catch fish, the supply of powder gave out, and on a steady diet of pork and biscuit, most of the men became seriously ill. "All hands are now sadly affected," wrote Dr. Williams in June. "Captain Gardiner, a miracle of constitutional vigor, has suffered the least, and if I listened to his own words he is still none the worse but his countenance bespeaks the contrary." For days they lived on a fox which "had frequently paid them visits during the night…making

free with whatever came to hand, pieces of pork, shoes, and even books. To the great mortification of Mr. Maidement his Bible was amongst the latter which being very handsomely bound in morroco was doubtless a booty to the hungry animal!" In July Gardiner wrote: "We have now remaining half a duck, about one pound of salt pork, the same quantity of damaged tea. a pint of rice, two cakes of chocolate, four pints of peas, to which I may add six mice, the latter are very tender and taste like rabbit." Even seeds were made into broth, and rockweed boiled down into jelly.

Gardiner, Maidement and one of the fishermen lived in the wrecked *Pioneer*, drawn up on the beach and covered with a tent, while the other men remained in the *Speedwell*, anchored at the mouth of a little river a mile and a half distant, out of the reach of storms. As they grew weaker it became difficult to make the trip back and forth between the boats. Toward the end of August Gardiner wrote: "One and another of our little missionary band is gathered by the Good Shepherd to a better inheritance, and to a higher and more glorious appointment. Our lives are in his hands, and he can raise up others, far better qualified than we are, to enter into our labors." Not a word of complaint, alarm or impatience appears in the journal which Gardiner kept almost to the last hour.

On August 30, the entry is: "Wishing to spare Mr. Maidement the trouble of attending upon me…. I purposed to go to the river, and take up my quarters in the boat. Feeling that without crutches I could not possibly effect it, Mr. Maidement most kindly cut me a pair (two forked sticks) but it was no slight exertion in his weak state. We set out together, but I soon found that I had not strength to proceed, so I was obliged to return." Alone in his boat dormitory Gardiner wrote farewell letters to his family. To his wife he said: "If I have a wish for the good of my fellowmen, it is that the Tierra del Fuego mission may be carried on with vigor."

During those last few days he worked feverishly on the "Outline of a plan for conducting the future operations of the mission," and an "Appeal to British Christians in behalf of South America," anxious lest he might grow too weak to finish them. One day in the early part of September Maidement retired to a cavern which had been used for sleeping quarters when the tide was not too high. He never returned, Gardiner, the last survivor of the seven, still kept his journal, "He left a little peppermint water which he had mixed, and it has been a great comfort to me," reads the entry, "for there was no other to drink. Fearing that I might suffer from thirst, I prayed that the Lord would strengthen me to procure some water. He graciously answered my petition, and yesterday I was enabled to get out, and scoop up a sufficient supply from some that trickled down at the stern of the boat by means of one of my india rubber overshoes," The next day the journal ended. Afterward on the shore was found a penciled note, torn and discolored and partly illegible:

> Yet a little while, and though…the Almighty to sing the praises…throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food…Maidement's kindness to me…heaven.
>
> September 6, 1851.

Twenty days later the relief ship arrived. Three others were then on the way, sent by anxious friends. The captain wrote in his report: "Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left, and being too weak to climb into it again had died by the side of it." After reading the journal, he added: "As a brother officer, I beg to record my admiration of his conduct in the moment of peril and danger; and his energy and resources entitle him to high professional credit. At one time I find him surrounded by hostile natives, and dreading an attack, yet forbearing to fire,

and the savages awed and subdued by the solemnity of his party kneeling down in prayer. At another, having failed to heave off his boat when on the rocks, he digs a channel under her, and diverts a freshwater stream into it; and I find him making an anchor by filling an old bread cask with stones, heading it up, and securing wooden crosses over the heads with chains."

To the secretary of the Mission Society in London, Captain Moreshead wrote a sympathetic letter, valuable because it gave the opinion of a hardheaded, practical man: "I trust neither yourself nor the Society will be discouraged from following up to the utmost the cause in which you have embarked; and ultimate success is as certain as the present degraded state of the natives is evident. Their state is a perfect disgrace to the age we live in, within a few hundred miles of an English colony."

Far from discouraging further missionary activities, the story of Allen Gardiner, published far and wide, and discussed all over England, gave great impetus to a lagging cause. "They buried themselves on the desert shore," it was said in a current magazine article, "but all the people of England attend their funeral." Those who had been faintly interested began to do something; those who had been utterly indifferent began to think. The public conscience felt an unaccustomed prick. The Society which Gardiner had founded, now on a sound and permanent basis, and profiting by his experiences, energetically arranged to establish a mission on the Falkland Islands. It was resolved "from thence to hold a cautious intercourse with the Fuegians by means of a schooner named the *Allen Gardiner.*" The plans were submitted to experts who recommended that "the vessel be well armed, of from 100 to 150 tons, rigged American fashion fore-and-aft sails, no square ones." Such was the ship launched in 1854, and one of the first volunteers to join the mission party was Gardiner's only son, Allen. On Starvation Beach, Spaniard Harbor, is a

tablet bearing seven names. The inscription reads in part:

> "THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF A VESSEL BUILT ACCORDING TO THE WISHES OF THE ABOVE-MENTIONED CAPTAIN GARDINER, AND NAMED AFTER HIM… THE WHOLE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE PATAGONIAN OR SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, TO WHOM THE VESSEL BELONGS, AND OF WHICH SOCIETY CAPTAIN GARDINER WAS THE FOUNDER."

The names of Allen Gardiner, his son and his grandson have all been closely associated with Araucania. At the time of the Society's jubilee in 1894, a special fund for increasing the work among these Indians was raised, and a new and larger mission established in memory of Captain Gardiner. The superintendent of the mission wrote: "Wonderful is the thought that our brave founder tried so hard and failed to gain a footing in this country about fifty years ago, whilst to-day it is our happy privilege to preach the gospel of peace and goodwill towards men in camp, village and town throughout the length and breadth of Araucania."

In one of the finest of the histories of the Argentine Republic there is this little paragraph: "The South American Society has done noble work in supplying buildings and chaplains, and the courage and enterprise of the hardy colonists is a striking episode in the history of colonization." Through those who came after him Allen Gardiner finds his place in the history of the continent.

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.

Arthur Jackson
He Sacrificed His Life in a Far Country
1885-1911 (Asia-China)

This is the story of a young doctor who won the undying gratitude of the Chinese. One wing of the great Medical College of Mukden bears the name of Arthur Jackson; it was built by the Chinese themselves to show their remembrance of a man whose "heart was in the saving of the world."

He was a Liverpool boy, famous no less on the football field than in the classroom. From Liverpool College he went up to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he won distinction on the playing-fields and in the study of medicine. Some of his friends remember him in the summer camp by the shores of Sussex. There he attended to the minor ills which befall boys in camp; to the *Camp Journal,* a paper not too serious, he contributed a column *At The Sign of the Blue Pill;* he could also sing a good song. He was as much at home in a sing-song as he was in prayers, and he was never ashamed to acknowledge that he was pledged to the service of his great Captain.

His training complete, he set out for China, and his friends did not see him again.

It was in January of 1911 that the plague drew near to the great city of Mukden in Manchuria. The snow lay thick on the ground. Everything looked beautiful to the young doctor, who had arrived in November from England. For work as a doctor in China our camp doctor had been preparing, and now he was struggling with the language, and was seeing life,

as he put it, with all the freshness and joy of his nature. He was a gifted doctor; he had magnificent health; his new friends loved him; and it seemed as if Jackson would live many days in China and save much suffering.

But the plague drew near, the same Black Death which swept over Europe in the fourteenth century and attacked London in the days of Charles the Second. From this plague no one recovered, and it was terribly infectious. Something had to be done in Mukden to keep it at bay, for Mukden was a great railway centre. The time was near the Chinese New Year, when the Chinese were coming south to join their people at the greatest of all their festivals. Something had to be done to prevent the disease from spreading to Peking and to all the millions of Chinese.

The railway station became the most important post in this battle against the plague, and for service in the railway station Arthur Jackson volunteered. Fear he did not know, for he had the love which casts out fear. He did not make much of the risk in his letters, but it was great.

At once he had 470 cases on his hands, not of coolies stricken, but of coolies who had been with others who had died of the plague. Jackson had to find quarters for them. It was the middle of winter, and bitterly cold; there was nothing to do but to take possession of Chinese inns and lodge them there. Two died the first night. Jackson had to examine them all. A railway carriage was his dispensary. He went down the ranks of the coolies, separating those who were already in the grip of the plague from others.

Day by day the doctor went the round of the inns dressed in a white overall, with a mask and hood to cover his face and head. He slept at the station so that his work would not be interrupted. In his first week 70 of the men died. He did all he could for them, and his only thought was to lessen their pain; and many a poor Chinese saw his kind face as they passed out of this life.

But so great was his faith that he went about his work with a cheerful mind, putting hope into all who met him. "It is a chance few fellows get," he said.

Thanks to his planning a new and spacious place was secured for the suspected cases very much better than the inns. The coolies were taken into it. But Jackson could take no further part in the battle. He had taken every precaution, but one morning he woke up feeling ill. The plague had seized him. His friends did all they could, but in the evening he died. Less than three months he had given to China, but in that brief time he did a work which will not die.

Ba-al Shem Tov
The Humble of Heart
1698-1760 A.D.

So many stories are told of Israel Ba-al Shem Tov, Master of the Good Name, that if we tried to tell you even half of them, they would fill this book, and there would not be any room for the other famous Jews who came after him. For whenever the disciples of Rabbi Israel met, each tried to outdo the other in his tales of the wonder-working saint. He became the hero of the legends the Jewish story tellers told their enthralled listeners as they traveled from town to town. In the eighteenth century little Jewish children, without story books or radio or moving pictures or television, often found their greatest happiness in listening to the legends of the Ba-al Shem.

Today it is difficult to separate the legend in the life story of Israel Ba-al Shem Tov from history. For not only his own life but the story of his father and of many of his disciples reads like a fairy-tale.

We are told that Israel's father, Rabbi Eliezer, was so hospitable that he actually set servants on the outskirts of his little Carpathian village that they might bring any passing traveler to his house. This pleased God and His angels; but Satan, always trying to confound the pious, begged permission to go to earth to trick the good man into showing discourtesy to a wayfarer. But instead God sent Elijah, the prophet, who entered Rabbi Eliezer's house in the form of a poor traveler;

although it was the Sabbath day, the prophet carried a staff and a knapsack.

Carrying any burden on the Sabbath was forbidden by Jewish law. But Rabbi Eliezer, although a very religious man, was too courteous to rebuke a guest, and offered the supposed traveler food and shelter for the night. The next morning, before he departed, the stranger blessed his host and said, "I am Elijah, the prophet. You will be well rewarded for your kindness, for your wife will bear you a son who will make the eyes of the people of Israel see the Light."

It was recounted as one of the many wonders of Israel's wonderful life that he was born in the year 1700, which in the Jewish calendar is reckoned as the year 5459 after the creation of the world. To those who believed in the magic of numbers this was a most significant date.

Five, representing the powerful five-sided figure, the pentagon, is the keystone of the whole; here it is derived by subtracting the first two numbers from the last two. The first number in the date, multiplied by the fourth, also equals six multiplied by itself; the first added to the third gives us ten, always a sacred number; while the second added to the last number of our date equals thirteen, the number of the articles of the Creed, as set down by Maimonides.

The child's mother died shortly after his birth; a few years later the death of Rabbi Eliezer left little Israel an orphan. Fortunately for him, the Jews of the little village of Okup, although most of them were bitterly poor, were glad to obey the old Jewish law of protecting the orphan. The community managed to feed and clothe the fatherless boy, and what was considered even more important, it was arranged that he should be enrolled in the Cheder. This was the Hebrew school, where every boy past five studied, from early in the morning until it grew too dark for him to read.

Israel had always been an obedient child. But now he shocked his guardians by refusing to remain in school. He

really tried to behave; but after sitting for a few hours in the crowded schoolroom, he would slip away into the woods to lie under a tree and listen to the birds. When he was brought back to the Cheder, he said he was sorry he had run away and promised to study. But the next day he ran away again.

"The son of such God-fearing parents!" mourned Rabbi Eliezer's friends.

"He should be soundly beaten; that would teach him to remain in school," said an old man, severely.

"No, the boy has had no real home and no parents to teach him to want to study the Law," objected another. "We must not be too harsh to an orphan."

"Neither beatings nor kindness will drive knowledge into that thick head," said the teacher. "The boy is little better than an idiot. Who ever heard of a Jewish boy who preferred to lie under a tree and dream instead of studying the Torah?"

In time everyone in the village came to agree with the teacher, and Israel was no longer forced to attend Cheder. Sometimes when the weather was mild he remained in the woods for days at a time, living on berries and playing with the squirrels and rabbits, which soon learned not to fear him, and listening to the birds.

When Israel was about ten years old, it was decided that he must earn his own living. The teacher of the Cheder hired him to call for the younger children every morning and to bring them safely to school. At first the little boys marched after Israel in sober procession, dressed in long black coats and skull-caps like their fathers, silent, their eyes on the ground. But after Israel had sung to them the happy songs he had learned from the birds in the woods, the children also sang. At first timidly, because Jewish children of that day were taught to behave decorously; but little by little, they began to sing out loud and clear and even romped and shouted on their way to school.

It is said that the happy, childish voices rose to heaven

where God and His angels rejoiced to hear them. But again Satan was troubled because he felt that a powerful force was growing against him down on the earth. So the Evil One entered the heart of a sorcerer who dwelt in the woods just beyond the village.

This sorcerer had the power of turning himself into a werewolf; now, prompted by Satan, he attacked the children on their way to Cheder. But Israel took a huge stick and drove it through the snarling beast's heart. The next morning the sorcerer was found dead in his hut in the forest, the gnarled stick still buried in his breast.

When Israel grew older he became a sexton at the synagogue. He swept out the House of Study every morning and arranged the books. No one saw him study for after his duties were over, he either went to the woods to meditate, or curled up on a bench in the corner and went to sleep. But late at night, when the place was deserted and all the scholars were asleep in their beds, Israel would rise to study and to pray.

Now in a far-off city dwelt a Jew, a master of miracles, named Adam. But he was also called Master of the Good Name, because it was said that he knew the secret name of God, and through its power was able to heal the sick in body and those with troubled souls. When Adam grew old and knew he was about to die, he grieved that he had no one to whom to impart his secret. His only son was both learned and pious; but Adam knew he would not be able to make use of such terrible wisdom.

Adam prayed for guidance; then he dreamed that in the distant village of Okup lived a youth who was to succeed him as the Ba-al Shem Tov. So Adam's son, carrying his father's precious writings with him, journeyed to Okup and found Israel, then a boy of fourteen, in the synagogue there. After much pleading the stranger persuaded the boy to accept the dead miracle worker's instructions. Together they secretly

studied the writings Adam had charged his son to deliver. And no man knew what strange wisdom had come to the simple youth.

It was after this revelation that Israel became a teacher. No one dreamed of his great powers; but after he had shown great shrewdness in deciding a law case, one of the contestants, Rabbi Hirsch, offered the young man his daughter in marriage. So the betrothal agreement was signed; but Israel said he wished to conclude his year of teaching before he came to claim to bride.

Rabbi Hirsch died before the day set for the wedding. The betrothal contract was found among his papers, and his son, Rabbi Gershom, was greatly troubled because only the name of the bridegroom was given, and no one knew where he could be found. Then Israel appeared, no longer dressed in his respectable black garb, worn by teachers and rabbis, but wearing a peasant's rough sheepskin coat. Now he spoke like an uneducated man and used a peasant's rude gesture.

Rabbi Gershom, the bride's brother, was horrified.

"My sister," he said, "see what a man our father has chosen for you. It is not right that a maiden of a family of rabbis and scholars should be allowed to marry an ignorant Jew."

"If my father commanded this," answered the girl, "then it is also God's command."

Israel drew her aside. He said he was no longer the respected young teacher her father had admired. He told her of the secret wisdom bestowed upon him by Rabbi Adam which he made her promise never to reveal to anyone. He warned her that if she married him and followed him in his poverty, her life would be hard and bitter. But the maiden returned to Rabbi Gershom and said, "Brother, I will marry this man as our father promised."

Israel took his wife to live in a mean little hut in the foothills. Although she aided him in his work as a lime-burner, they earned scarcely enough to buy their food and clothing.

She was often lonely, for Israel spent many hours high in the mountains, praying in the solitude.

When Rabbi Gershom heard of his sister's poverty, he was so grieved that he bought an inn so that Israel and his wife could make a living. One day he said to his friend, Rabbi David, "I hear you are going on a journey. If you pass my brother-in-law's tavern at Itrup, be sure to visit him; for I want you to bring me news of my sister."

When Rabbi David reached the inn at Itrup, he was so sleepy after his journey that he went to bed directly after supper. But Israel, who gave many hours to his study of the Torah, sat down in a corner of the kitchen, opened his Bible and began to read. He needed no lamp for as he read a great light seemed to pour about him.

Rabbi David awoke suddenly. Through the half-open door of his room he saw the light and was afraid. He rushed into the kitchen, crying, "The house is on fire!" He picked up a pail of water that stood near the door, but before he could pour it on the flame he saw Israel's face, aglow with happiness, beaming through the shower of light. Now Rabbi David knew that the fiery glory flowed straight from the Ba-al Shem's saintly soul, and that he stood before a holy man.

When Rabbi David returned home, he went at once to Rabbi Gershom and said, "I have visited your sister and she is well."

"And what of the dolt whom she married?" asked Rabbi Gershom. "I often wonder what sin my sister has secretly sinned to be cursed with such a stupid husband. For I need not tell you that she comes of a family long known for its learned and pious men."

"Your brother-in-law, Israel, is holier than any of the most saintly men of your family," said Rabbi David. Then he described the light that had flowed about Israel when he studied the Torah. Rabbi Gershom did not know how to answer him.

By the time Israel reached his fortieth birthday year, the

news had spread of the wonders wrought by the Master of the Good Name. Jews traveled for many miles to visit his humble house, to listen to his teachings, to ask for help in their troubles. Always he listened to their woes with tender sympathy; for he was much like St. Francis and carried in his heart a great love for all men.

Those who came to Rabbi Israel for advice and aid returned to their homes with many stories of his great wisdom and power, each tale more astonishing than the last.

"His prayers caused rain to fall after a drought of many months," reported one.

"It is said that the Ba-al Shem Tov recently went on a journey," one man said. "It was on a Friday afternoon and before he knew it, the three Sabbath stars shone overhead. So he stopped in a field and began to recite the prayers to welcome the Sabbath Bride. There were many sheep grazing in that field; when the rabbi began to pray they rose on their hind legs and listened with reverence."

"That is nothing," cried another, hardly waiting until the story was finished. "For we all know that he knew the language of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air and has power over them."

"But this story," exclaimed one of the listeners, "I have from the lips of one of the Ba-al Shem's disciples, a very holy man. On a wintry night, he told me, he went with the master to take the ritual bath in a pool in a cave in the forest. The water was as ice; but after the two had prayed and purified themselves it grew warmer. Then the disciples noticed that the candle he held in his hand began to drop and sputter.

"'Rabbi' he said, 'my candle is going out.'

"'Break an icicle from the roof of the cave,' said the Ba-al Shem, 'and light it. If God spoke to the oil in the candle and it burst into flame, He will speak again and the icicle will kindle.'

"And, friends," ended he who told the tale, "the icicle

burned until they were bathed and purified. And when the disciple came out of the cave, he found a little icy water in the hollow of his hand."

One of the wonders which Israel is said to have performed concerned his daughter, Udel. When she arrived at the age of marriage, her father said to her, "Your husband is among the many scholars who come to visit me. A sign will point him out to you."

When the Feast of the Rejoicing of the Torah came that autumn, there was the usual feasting and dancing in Ba-al Shem's house. As the students wildly danced about their master, one of them lost his shoe. He began to sing:

"A maiden will put
The shoe on my foot,
A mother will rock
The babe in her cradle!"

"Udel, my daughter!" called the Ba-al Shem.

Everyone turned to look at the girl who had been standing modestly at the door with the other maidens, and now blushed to attract so much attention. She came forward to look for the missing shoe; but she was so embarrassed, as she felt the eyes of the whole company still upon her, that she could not find it. She started to run out of the room.

"Udel, my daughter!" her father called again.

Remembering that she must obey the promised "sign," the girl took off one of her own tiny slippers. She handed it to the young student who laughingly tried to fit it on his own foot.

As usual the Ba-al Shem had decided wisely. The young student made Udel a fine husband. Two sons were born of the marriage; one grew up to be a great scholar, the other became a Tsadik, a holy man, to carry on the teachings of his grandfather.

If the Ba-al Shem Tov were known only for tales like

these, we should place him with other half-legendary miracle workers of his day. But the Master of the Name was also a builder and fighter. Although a man of peace, he really fought in his own way for the freedom of his people. He wanted to free them from the prison they had erected for themselves.

For hundreds of years the Jews had found an escape from their many griefs in study. Just as in the time of Rashi and Maimonides, the scattered and insecure people exalted learning. The child at his first lesson was reminded that the words of the Torah are sweeter than honey. The young boy spent his days standing before a tall desk, reading until the Hebrew letters danced in blurred lines before his weary eyes. If he acquired a reputation for learning, the richest man in the community was eager to have him for a son-in-law, for scholarship was esteemed above wealth. Then the youth, his wife, and any children they might have would be supported so that he could spend the rest of his life in study.

Even when he married a poor girl, it was considered desirable that the young husband should continue his studies while his wife kept a shop to make a living for the family.

Unfortunately, many Jews carried their reverence for learning to such extremes that they thought it more important than almost anything else in the world. They not only studied the Law day and night, but they divided every precept into its smallest possible parts over which they held long hair-splitting arguments. What was worse, many of the most highly educated became arrogant. They insisted that only the learned could really understand God and truly serve Him. They looked with scorn upon such humble people as tailors, water carriers, and shoemakers, who sometimes knew just enough Hebrew to read their worn prayer books and recite the Psalms.

Ba-al Shem Tov helped to restore democracy to his people. He reminded his followers how the greatest rabbis of old not only studied and taught Torah, but earned their own

living by the work of their hands. He did not say the study of the Law was unimportant; he himself is said to have slept only two hours that he might spend the rest of the night pondering over his books. But he insisted that the most ignorant man who truly loved God was equal to the wisest scholar. And the love of God, he taught, meant the love of man and all His creatures. Like the gentle Francis Assisi, this Jewish saint loved not only all mankind but the dumb beasts and the birds who had taught him his first lessons.

To illustrate how he regarded the common man, Ba-al Shem told his disciples this parable:

"Consider a man who is so busy in the market-place all day making his living that he almost forgets there is a Maker of the world. But when it is time for the late afternoon prayer, he is sorry that he has spent so many hours on other matters. He runs into a quiet alley and prays. And his prayer pierces the firmament and goes straight to God"

"The lowest of the low you can think of," he said at another time, "is dearer to me than your only son is to you."

Many Jews were not ready for such a revolutionary idea; they opposed the Master of the Name and his ever-increasing group of disciples. Certain learned rabbis felt that Israel was a dangerous influence and would foster ignorance and superstition among the people.

It is true that like many leaders the Ba-al Shem Tov was regarded by his followers with such reverence that in time extravagant practices arose among them. At the Sabbath meal those grouped about the long table often actually struggled to seize a bit of the bread which Rabbi Israel had held while pronouncing the blessing. They believed that his touch had sanctified the food and that even a taste of it would bring them health and strength.

Above all things the Ba-al Shem taught his followers to find joy in God.

"No man should bend his mind on not committing sin,"

he said. "His day should be too full of joyous service."

When the Chasidim prayed with such fervor and happiness that they burst into gay song and danced as joyously as David once danced before the Ark, some rabbis said such conduct was improper in a synagogue. But the Master of the Good Name answered them with this parable:

"Once a fiddler played so sweetly that all who heard him began to dance. Everyone who was near enough to hear joined in. Then a deaf man, who could know nothing of music, came by. He thought the dancers were madmen."

It happened that Rabbi Israel once came to a strange town. He asked what manner the cantor chanted the prayers during the holy days in the fall; these prayers are the most solemn pronounced in the whole year.

"He recited all the confessions of sin in a cheerful voice," was the answer.

"Sin is ugly," said the Ba-al Shem. "But your cantor is like the humblest of the king's servants: his task is to sweep the dirt, which is sin, from the courtyard. But while he does so, he sings a merry song, for he knows what he is doing will gladden the king."

Unlike the scholars Rabbi Israel left no teachings in writing. He taught only by word of mouth and his disciples repeated his words one to the other. One day, when he had grown old, a student came to him with a book and said, "Master, these are your words which I have set down. This is the Torah of Rabbi Israel."

The aged man read a page here and a page there before he spoke.

"My son," he said, "not one word of this is my Torah." And he went on to say that God's truth is not revealed in books of the sages but is revealed to His servants who seek Him in contemplation and prayer.

He did not wish his teachings to be set down in writing and become cold and formal. He wished his words to be

remembered as he had spoken them, alive with fervor and bright with happiness.

But what happened to the mystic book revealed to Rabbi Adam, which his son was not permitted to read? The Chasidim believed that this Book of Wisdom had been entrusted to only seven men. First, they said, it was given to Adam, then to Abraham, Joseph, Joshua, Solomon, Rabbi Adam and, finally, to the Ba-al Shem.

Just before the master's death, said the Chasidim, Rabbi Adam came to him in a dream and told him, "You have no more need for the Book of Wisdom. It is in your heart."

"Who shall read in it after I am gone?" asked Ba-al Shem.

"It must remain hidden for many years," answered Rabbi Adam.

Then, so runs the story, he led Rabbi Israel into the mountains. Here they found a huge stone. When Adam touched the stone it split open and the Ba-al Shem Tov placed the Book of Wisdom inside. He touched the stone and it closed.

No man has ever found the Book and no man will ever find it and read in it again, say the Chasidim, until the Great Day. Not even the Master of the Good Name was holy enough to lead his scattered people back to Palestine. But when God wills, his disciples teach, the Book of Wisdom will be found and read by one of David's line. For a descendant of the Shepherd King, an observant Jew, will be the chosen Deliverer of Israel.

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."

Benjamin of Tudela

The Greatest Treasure

1130-1173 A.D.

It seemed to Joshua that every Jew in Tudela had hastened to his inn that summer night in the year 1173. Old and young; women with children clinging to their skirts sleepily in their arms; even some inquisitive Spaniards had elbowed their way into the candle-lighted, low-ceilinged room, and had tried to find a place on the benches drawn up to the tables or ranged along the walls.

"If they all came to drink and make merry," grumbled the old inn-keeper, "I'd have no trouble in paying my taxes this year. But these greybeards, these women do not drink. Some of the youths do not have a coin to pay for more than a glass of wine. And that fine Spanish gentleman with the lace ruffles still sits with his first glass before him, while he chats with Rabbi Mendoza. Talk, talk, forever talk! Why do they come to my inn if they are not thirst?"

Joshua knew the answer to the question he had asked himself so peevishly. He himself was just as eager as his unprofitable guests to welcome back to Tudela Benjamin ben Jonah who, thirteen years before, had left his native city to travel from land to land. Every traveler had wondrous tales to tell the less venturesome stay-at-homes; he was like a living story book to those who crowded about him to listen to his adventures.

These travelers came from every class of society: a

merchant whose desire for gain overcame his fears of untried paths; a Soldier of Fortune ready to sell his sword to the highest bidder; a great lord, or his humblest serf, filled with zeal to join the Crusades to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Moslems.

There were comparatively few Jews among these wayfarers. Travel was dangerous enough at best with the roads swarming with outlaws and companies of discontented, thieving soldiers. And every hand seemed raised against the sons of Israel. A prince often seized a wealthy Jewish merchant and held him for ransom; the serfs, slaving in the fields, set their dogs upon the stranger. Yet Benjamin of Tudela had ventured forth into many far countries—and this very night was actually returning, whole and unharmed.

"A man must love wealth beyond all reason if he is willing to risk his neck to gain a fortune along the highways and the by-ways of the world," commented a stout merchant, enviously.

His neighbor, a white-haired rabbi, shook his head.

"You are wrong Benjamin ben Jonah, if you think he has braved dangers and suffered hardships all these years only for gold," he said. "I talked with him just before he left Tudela. True, he is a shrewd maker of bargains; I have no doubt he will bring back great treasures. But I believe he spoke truly when he told me that trade was not the only object of his long journey."

"What then?" demanded the merchant.

The rabbi made sure that the Spanish gentleman, who had seated himself at another table, was not listening. Yet he lowered his voice.

"May our sons be as happy in Spain as our fathers were before us," he murmured. "Here in the land we have so long called home, even here, there have been rumblings of the coming storm."

"Yes, yes!" was the impatient answer. "But what has that

to do with Benjamin and his wanderings?"

"He told me that on his travels he would study every land, seeking out our brethren and learning from them what countries might prove a safe harbor in time of sudden storm. And he promised me that for the profit of our people he would keep a careful account in writing of all that he saw and heard on his travels."

"So he would become a writer of books," sneered the merchant, never dreaming that the writings of Benjamin of Tudela would become well known. "He should leave writing to scholars and stick to the figures in his account book."

He stopped abruptly as someone in the courtyard cried, "Welcome, Benjamin ben Jonah! Welcome home at last!" Others took up the cry. A moment later Benjamin of Tudela, the traveler, his clothes dusty and worn, a huge bag hanging over his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

Joshua, the landlord, hastened to lead the distinguished guest to the place of honor reserved for him at the end of one of the long tables. He called to a serving man to bring a bowl of water and a towel that Benjamin might wash; bellowed to another to hasten with food and drink.

A smile played about Benjamin's stern mouth; his eagle-sharp eyes softened.

"It is good to be home again," he repeated again and again, as his old friends and neighbors hastened to gather about his chair and greet him.

Even before Benjamin had time to wash his hands and pronounce a blessing on the bread and wine set before him, a dozen eager voices rose in questioning.

"Did you find the River Sambatyon of which Eldad the Danite wrote so long ago?" demanded a scholar. "Is it true that great stones roll in it all the week long, but that on the eve of the Sabbath, the river rests and flames rise on either side that no man may approach its banks?"

"Did you reach Jerusalem?" asked the rabbi, and when the

traveler nodded, the old man sighed in painful envy.

"And what treasures have you brought back with you?" cried the merchant, glancing curiously at the huge bag, which Benjamin had flung beside his chair.

"Quiet! Quiet!" commanded the landlord, waving the questioners back to their seats. "Let him eat and drink and rest for a moment before he begins his story."

Benjamin set down his empty wine cup. "It is meat and drink to me to tell my tales," he said. "And no traveler ever grows weary of repeating his adventures."

"First show us what goods you picked up on the way," demanded the merchant again.

"No, tell us of our brethren as you found them in far-away lands," urged the old rabbi.

"Thirteen years are a long time and I have wandered far from Spain and back again. Shall I tell you of Constantinople, that great city, where the emperor dwells in indescribable splendor? Or the wondrous churches there, as man, men say, as there are days in the year? Or the Hippodrome, where lions and leopards, bears and wild asses are gathered together to do battle for the king's amusement?"

"What do we care for the sports of the heathen?" cried a scholar. "Tell us of the Jews of Constantinople."

"No Jew live in the city proper," Benjamin answered him, "they all reside together in a quarter behind an inlet of the sea. They have among them many skilled workers in silk and many rich merchants. But no Jew, not even the Chief Rabbi, is allowed to ride on a horse in Constantinople, except the royal physician. The emperor has showered gifts and honors upon him and for his sake granted certain favors to his Jewish subjects.

"What shall I tell you next? In the land of Ararat I saw in a synagogue a red stone which Ezra the scribe brought with him—one of the stones of the Temple of Solomon. And in Rome—you will not believe this, but I swear that I speak the

truth—I found a Jew, Rabbi Yechiel, serving as chamberlain to the pope!"

"Tell us of Bagdad," demanded a youth, from his seat on a window ledge, his eyes bright with excitement.

"In Bagdad rules the caliph, the head of the Mohammedan religion. He is kind to Israel and many of our people are counted among his attendants. He is even learned in the Law of Israel. In Bagdad swell about forty thousand Jews in security and peace; amongst them are many great sages, who head our academies there and study and teach our Law. Some of these sages are skilled musicians and chant the melodies of the synagogues as they were sung when the Temple still stood in high Jerusalem."

"But even under the good caliph, as here in the pleasant land of Spain, we are still exiles," murmured several voices.

The landlord looked about him nervously. But as the hour was late, the scattered Spanish guests had already left. He looked relieved and refilled Benjamin's wine glass.

"Who is there to lead us from our captivity?" sobbed the rabbi, his frail old body shaking with sudden grief.

"Yea, what did you hear of David Alroy who promised to restore Israel?" cried the boy who crouched on the window ledge.

"I heard much of him in Kursitan," answered Benjamin heavily. "David Alroy, after long study of our Talmud and the books of learned Mohammedans, was lured away from the truth; he began to believe the words of magicians and soothsayers. He plotted against the king of Persia and planned to gather the Jews into a great army, which would march forth and capture Jerusalem. And in time he won many to fight beneath his banner.

"Our learned and holy men warned Alroy, saying, 'The time of redemption is not yet arrived.' But he would not listen to their warnings. So in the end he fell beneath the sword, and those who had followed him were hunted down like wild

beasts in the mountains of Persia, until the king was appeased by a gift of one hundred talents of gold and forgave them their rebellion."

He was silent for a little space and no one dared to question him further as he brooded over the young leader's broken dream.

At last Benjamin spoke again, "No, Aloy did not bring redemption, and who is there among us who can say when that time will arrive? I know only what I saw with my own eyes, and you may believe my words. For I am not like many travelers, trying to charm your ears with tales of strange sights and unbelievable adventures.

"Everywhere I wandered—and I have traveled even across the Persian Gulf to India and the lands that lay beyond—I observed carefully the manner of life our brethren led. Here, so I have set down in my book, they were prosperous and honored; there they were poor and oppressed. In one land the sages were many; in another the lamp of learning burned feebly and I feared our people would perish in the darkness of their ignorance.

"But," cried Benjamin, his voice rising high in excitement, "Wherever I went I found that when they bowed in prayer, our brethren turned their faces toward Jerusalem and prayed that in their own day God would call His scattered exiles home."

Again he fell silent and there was no sound but the old rabbi weeping softly in the stillness.

"And you—you saw Jerusalem?" asked several voices, some in awe, all in envy.

The traveler nodded.

"Yes. From the cities of Antioch and Sidon I passed at last into the land of our fathers. Israel has become a barren and unhappy land, for many armies have trampled over its holy soil. Everywhere I thought I heard our Mother Rachel weeping for her children whom the strangers carried off into

captivity. Sometimes I found a few families, sometimes only one. And in Jaffa, which is on the Great Sea, I found only one Jew, a skilled dyer of cloth which he colored purple with the murex that abounds on the sands there. And at Jabneh, where Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai, of blessed memory, planted his vineyard, I found not a single Jew to study the Torah. I visited Bethlehem also and thought of David, our shepherd king, watching his flocks upon the hills; and Hebron where our patriarchs sleep in their rocky cave. And I stood frightened and lonely among the ruins of Tiberias and the shattered, towering shrines of Baalbek.

"And I visited Jerusalem, which I have kept till the last, the most precious jewel of all my treasured memories. In Jerusalem I felt my heart would break, for in the city of my fathers I stood among strangers. Upon the site of our Sanctuary, where in days of old our priests offered sacrifices to the God of Israel, the followers of Mohammed have built a huge mosque with a magnificent dome. But not far off—" his voice broke and he paused to sip from the goblet the innkeeper placed at his elbow.

"You saw the Wester Wall?" prompted the rabbi.

"Yes," answered Benjamin and his voice was strange mixture of pride and sorrow. "I saw the Western Wall, the last remaining stones of our Temple. And there, with the Jews who had come like me from a distant land, I stood and wept for the glory of my people that has departed. And I prayed also for the Lord our God to restore Zion to her ancient splendor."

Many among those who listened to the traveler wept at this words. Although far from Jerusalem they, too, had prayed long and passionately for the restoration of their land and Temple. But none among them dared to dream that some day he might know the answer to that prayer.

"And so," said Benjamin at last, "I have come back to Tudela. Perhaps the story of my travels which I have set down

in a book will not be without value."

He spoke modestly for he did not realize that until the time of Marco Polo his story would be a source of wisdom for all travelers and scholars.

"And after all these years of danger and hardship," he added with a little rueful smile, "I have come back no richer than when I left Tudela." He opened his tattered leather money pouch and showed its emptiness. "All the wealth I gained I have stored here—and here," and he touched his head and heart.

"But, surely, you have brought back a few treasures to sell in the market-place that you may live in comfort for the rest of your days," commented the merchant. "For the bag you bore upon your shoulders seemed heavy."

As all crowded about him eagerly, Benjamin drew from his bag one curiosity after another and held it high for the company to see. His townsmen murmured with admiration or envy over cloth of delicate weave and dye; a length of silk so fine it could be drawn though a finger ring; a bit of carved mother-of-pearl; a bowl of polished olive wood; a goblet of brass. At last the bag was empty.

"No jewels?" asked the merchant, disappointed.

"No jewels," Benjamin of Tudela answered him. "Although I did bring back with me one treasure, richer than any our friend the goldsmith has in all his glittering trays."

"What treasure? Is it for sale?" chorused many voices.

Benjamin shook his head. "I value my treasure more than any jewel in the caliph's crown. You will agree I do not hold it too dearly when you see it. But it is not for sale. I would rather wear rags and live on dry crusts the rest of my life than part with it even for a handful of gold."

From the bosom of his dusty robe Benjamin drew forth a small back of coarse weave and held it high that all might see it in the wavering candle-light.

"This is my treasure," said Benjamin reverently.

Old Rabbi Mendoza nodded as though he understood.

"Before I left the land of Israel," went on the traveler, "I gathered up a little of its holy soil. I have carried it close to my heart since that day; there it shall remain until my life's journey is over. Then—and I bid you all bear witness to my words that you will see that my wish is granted—then, when my heart is quiet forever, let those who prepare my body for the grave place this precious soil beneath my head. For I would sleep my last long sleep with the blessed soil of Palestine for my pillow."

Burke and Wills

Two Men Who Made a Brave Pilgrimage

Died 1861 (South Seas-Australia)

They paid with their lives for one of the most heroic feats in the history of exploration. They were the first men to cross Australia from south to north.

Robert O'Hara Burke was born of good family at St. Cleram, Galway, in 1820. Educated in Belgium, he entered the Austrian army at 19 and in eight years attained his captaincy. He returned home, entered the Royal Irish Constabulary, but when he was 32 he sailed for Australia, where he became Inspector of Police in Melbourne.

He sailed again a year later in the hope of getting a commission in the Crimean War; but the war had ended. He settled the affairs of his father, who had recently died, and returned to his duties in Victoria. He was an ideal adventurer, bold, enduring, charged with fiery hope, capable of inspiring men to great deeds, but, as events were to show, too confident and prone to persistence in courses that seemed wise to him only because they were his own.

William John Wills was of another stamp, a quiet hero with a splendid brain and that philosophic, deep-seated courage that characterised the immortal Wilson of the Scott Antarctic tragedy. He was born in 1834 at Totnes in Devon, the son of a doctor. The old spirit of enterprise that made the sons of Devon glorious in our annals survived in Dr. Wills; and though he brought William up to his own calling, had

him trained at Guy's and St. Bartholomew's and articled him to himself, it was only with the view of sending him and his brother out to Australia, where he afterwards joined them.

Young Wills took to the life as to the manner born and began his Australian career as an ordinary shepherd at £30 a year. When his father arrived he had to take up medicine again with him; but his heart was in the open and he secured employment as a Government surveyor in Melbourne, and as a side line distinguished himself as an astronomer. The last of the continents to be colonised, Australia longest retained the secret of its vast interior. Generation after generation new areas were added to the map of knowledge, but until the Burke and Wills expedition nobody had marched from one extremity to the other due north.

Burke and Wills, with a man named Landells, came together and were commissioned to undertake the terrific task. Burke was leader, Landells second in command, with Wills as third man. Experience of the parts of the frightful desert interior that had been explored, where horses' hoofs split with the heat, prompted the introduction of camels which, at a cost of £5500, were brought from India to Australia for the first time for this expedition. Some of their descendants are running wild, like the dingo dogs, in the island continent to this day.

Sixteen of the batch were assigned to the trip, with a number of horses, and a start was made from Melbourne on August 21, 1860. Before the wilds had been deeply penetrated quarrels arose, and Landells, with subordinate members of the party, turned back, leaving Wills second in command. In three months the depleted party reached Cooper's Creek in Queensland.

Cooper's Creek is an area through which runs a river that in a wet season is two miles broad and 20 feet deep, but in a dry season crawls and contracts to nothing. Here Burke established a depot of stores. He should have waited longer for a

new convoy from Melbourne; but, full of impetuous ardour, he hastened on, taking with him Wills; two other men named Gray and King, six camels, two horses, and provisions for only three months.

He left a man named Brahe with three others in charge of his depot, with instructions that they were to wait three or four months for his return. The risk he ran was obvious, but he determined on a gamble with Fate. The four heroes made a magnificent march through the unmapped wilds, plodding through deserts and stony wildernesses, through quagmires, through thorn and scrub, as well as pleasant watered ways, straight for the Gulf of Carpentaria.

On February 4, 1861, they tracked the Flinders River to its estuary, which they knew opened into the ocean. They had passed from the southern seaboard of Australia to the northern, they were the first to cross the continent. Their insufficient food supply forbade further exploration, and they turned back, committed to a race with death.

Could they reach Cooper's Creek in time, or would they be all dead by the way? Food ran short, so they killed a camel, dried is flesh, and lived on it for a month. After that they ate one of their horses. Vegetable food there was none, or at any rate none that understood and dared eat.

The four men tottered on, gaunt spectres, hungry and parched with thirst, striving with enfeebled steps ever toward the goal of their dreams, Cooper's Creek with its stores. Just before the end Gray died, and with declining strength they stayed to dig a grave and bury him, little realizing that it was their own grave as well that they dug, for when they staggered into Cooper's Creek the delay over the little funeral in the wilds was found to be fatal to their hopes.

They discovered that Brahe and his companions had departed, taking with them for their own sustenance practically all the stores. On a tree was engraved the one word, Dig. They dug and found a few beggarly handfuls of food. All that

happened on the journey up and back, and the events that followed we know in the main from the splendid, restrained diary of Wills.

When the reality of their disaster at Cooper's Creek broke upon them he wished to march on in the wake of Brahe, but the imperious will of Burke asserted itself. He insisted that their only hope lay in a quest of sheep-farms in South Australia. Against the advice of his comrade, this course was followed and they tottered on and on only to totter back again.

The distances enormously exceeded the estimate of Burke, and not a sign of civilisation could be found in the waste. They killed and ate their last camel. Natives met them and, although themselves pinched by want, gave them of their little-seeds. These were food to Aborigines but they made the sick white men still more sick.

When they again reached Cooper's Creek they made the agonising discovery that during their absence Brahe had returned. He had found that Burke and Wills had arrived and departed, and had himself gone this time for good. With death staring them in the face Wills insisted that Burke and King should go on without him to seek help and return if possible to succour him. They left him with a starvation diet that might just keep him alive for eight days.

There he lay slowly dying, tranquil, brave, and uncomplaining. His feeble fingers still entered up his precious diary. The last entry he made reads:

My pulse is at 48 and very weak, and my legs and arms are merely skin and bone. I can only look out, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. But starvation on nardoo is not very pleasant, save for the weakness one feels and the inability to move oneself. As far as appetite is concerned the food gives me the greatest satisfaction.

The quest of Burke and King was hopeless. Burke struggled on until he dropped dead of sheer starvation. King, the

toughest of them all, just managed to survive until friendly Natives came up and found him, carried him to their village, and sustained him until a rescue party coming up from Melbourne on September 16 discovered and carried him back to safety.

In the meantime great alarm had been excited in Melbourne by the news brought by Brahe, and at the instigation of Dr Wills a relief expedition was hurried up country. First Burke and then Wills were found. Burke lay as he had desired King to leave him, face upward, a revolver in his right hand. Wills lay, a mere skeleton where he had died, with his open diary beside him. In that diary was the account of one of the bravest pilgrimages for the extension of knowledge ever undertaken.

The bodies were buried where they lay, but public sympathy was so stirred in Melbourne that another expedition was sent up, and the poor skeletons were disinterred and carried with stately honours to the city to which their efforts had brought fame. They were buried with great pomp in January 1863, after having lain in state for twenty days, and a monument to their memory stands opposite Parliament House so that the story of their deeds shall never be forgotten. It is deserving of note that Melbourne, which was a comparatively small city, spent £57,000 on the expedition and the searches to which it gave rise.

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.

Captain Cecil Foster

The Wonderful Journey in an Open Boat

Died 1930 (South Seas-Australia)

Back and forth swung the derricks of the *Trevessa*, picking up the steel tubs from the wharf at Port Pirie and shooting the contents (zinc concentrates, which looked like mud) into the holds, where it settled in a semi-solid mass, much more valuable than its appearance suggested. The derricks handled the slime at the rate of 400 tons a day, and by the time the *Trevessa* shipped her last two or three hundred tons from the lighters at midnight on May 14, 1923, she carried over 6500 tons, which was estimated to be worth about £100,000.

Obtaining her clearance papers Captain Cecil Foster next day set sail for Antwerp, and as they steamed into the Australian Bight they met a gale and heavy seas that swept them for day after day. The captain, like a prudent man, nursed his ship through the heavy weather.

The seas swept the decks, life-lines were rigged to enable the crew to get about without being washed overboard, but the ship rode comfortably.

"We're going to be unlucky," said some members of the crew.

They could not get out of their heads the black cat that jumped ashore as they were leaving; and when their favourite cat died they felt sure that something untoward was going to happen.

It was sheer superstition. The weather was bad, but they had lived through worse. The ship was riding all right; there was no reason at all why they should have fears for her. She was passed A1, was loaded under expert supervision, and commanded by a good master.

Calling in at Fremantle for coals on May 24, they set out next day to make the long passage across the Indian Ocean. For a few hours the weather behaved; then it grew worse again. The *Trevessa* drove her nose into the seas until she was 1600 miles out. Her decks were awash most of the time, and on June 3 the seas grew so heavy that they smashed a couple of her boats.

Captain Foster heaved-to in order to ride out the gale. Late that night a sailor named Scully detected unusual sounds forward in Number One hold. Listening carefully, he heard water washing about above the noise of the storm. Other men heard the same ominous sounds.

Scully hastened to the bridge.

"She's taking water in Number One hold, sir," he reported.

At once Captain Foster sent a man to sound the tanks and bilges, but they were quite dry and the pumps could not find a drop of water in them.

Yet Captain Foster, with his ear to the deck, heard that dread swish, swish, that betokened a body of water swinging to and fro; he felt that the bow of the ship was heavy in the sea instead of buoyant. He set his men searching for leaks. They were baffled. Not one could they find. Yet Number One hold was undoubtedly full of water, which ought to have drained into the tanks, where the pumps could have dealt with it easily.

The mystery of the pumps finding no water was due to the cargo. It was packed so solidly that the water could not get through it to the tanks, and although the engineers made an attempt to knock out some rivets to drain the water off she

was too far gone for them to save her.

Her S O S crackled out again and again giving her position, and at 2:15, in the darkness of the night, the crew took to the two boats and pulled away to watch the ship go down half an hour later. They waited in vain until the afternoon for ships to come and pick them up; then Captain Foster decided they must try to make land.

What chance had they? They were over 1600 miles away from the nearest point in Australia, with the trade winds blowing in the opposite direction. They were about as far from Rodriguez Island or Mauritius, on the other side of the Indian Ocean, where lay their only hope. With favourable winds they might strike one or the other, and if they missed them they might make a landfall in Madagascar or carry on to the east coast of Africa.

"We'll try to make Mauritius," said Captain Foster to his First Officer, T. C. S. Smith.

Failing a ship picking them up their position was pretty desperate. They were adrift in the middle of the Indian Ocean, riding the stormy seas in two open boats equipped with mast, one sail, and oars. In the captain's boat were 20 men all told, and the first officer's boat held 24. Each boat had two or three cases of tins of milk, four or five tins of biscuits, and about 14 gallons of water. That was all they could look forward to in order to sustain life, but the captain had the good sense to order cigarettes and tobacco to be placed in each boat, for he knew full well how much the men depended on a smoke. Nor were matches forgotten.

With those meagre supplies Captain Foster had the courage to face the long voyage across the Indian Ocean, if needs be to the coast of Madagascar. He knew it would be a bitter struggle, that some might die on the way, that from the beginning they would have to cut down the rations of water and milk and biscuits to the smallest quantity that would keep them alive. He could not guess how long they were likely to

take on the voyage, but he was determined to bring his men safely to land if it were humanly possible.

A plank in his own boat was split when it was launched, and they were kept busy baling out the water until they managed to repair the damage by caulking the crack. That might have scared them at the start, but Captain Foster was so confident, it was so obvious that he knew what he was about, that his example infected the men. They carried out orders cheerfully, baling the boat and repairing the mast and tackle before starting on their long trip.

The boats were very crowded. The men had not much room to move. Waiting about to be picked up and getting the boats in trim for their trip took up a whole day, and it was at dawn on June 5 that they hauled up their sails to make a serious start to reach land. The captain, who wished to keep the two boats together, soon found that his own boat sailed so much faster than the other that he had to wait for it to come up. All the men were in grave danger. None knew whether they would ever reach land, or how soon a storm might sweep them out of existence. In spite of this Captain Foster did not like to go on and leave the other boat to make the best time it could.

After they had been in the boats for six days, however, he saw it was folly to keep company longer. It was not fair to the men in either boat. If his own boat went on ahead and made land it could send help to the others; if both boats were apart a steamer had two chances of sighting them instead of one, and here again the boat picked up could send help to the other, for both were trying to keep the same course.

On the morning of June 9 Captain Foster came up to the first officer's boat and told him what they proposed to do. They arranged their course.

"Good luck!" said Captain Foster, shaking hands with Mr. Smith.

"Good luck!" said Mr. Smith; and as the two boats drew

apart all the men cheered.

From the first day their mealtimes were fixed, as well as the rations. At eight in the morning each man was served with a cigarette tin lid full of condensed milk and one biscuit; at two o'clock in the forenoon each had a third of a cigarette tin full of water; at four in the afternoon another lid full of milk was served. It took three tins of milk to serve a ration to the 20 men. These rations were small, but Captain Foster calculated they were sufficient to keep them all alive; and he had to conserve supplies, especially supplies of water, against eventualities. Having bitter experience, he knew the men would get on all right for the first couple of days on milk and biscuits, so he did not serve out any water at all until the third day.

Thirst was the great enemy. With ample supplies of water they could have done with even less food. Captain Foster gave them all a solemn warning not to touch seawater, and told them how to gain relief by pouring the seawater over their heads and necks and by soaking their bodies in it.

Covers were rigged fore and aft as some protection, and they prepared to catch as much water as possible when it rained. Scoops were made out of cigarette tins, and a suitcase was split in halves; the sail and pieces of canvas were used for this purpose. When the rain came they were delighted, and sometimes caught enough to have a good drink. A few of the men spread their handkerchiefs whenever there was a slight drizzle and squeezed the drops into a cigarette tin. Meanwhile they sucked buttons or pieces of coal all the day long to help to assuage their thirst.

"Still no rain and no breeze," wrote Captain Foster in his log when the eleventh day came.

Got the oars out again to give the men something to do and get the boat ahead. Very little progress made. All hands getting weak but keeping wonderfully cheerful. They swear at each other occasionally, and that lets off a bit of steam. Most

of the crew take every available opportunity to run water over their heads. A few have been over the side (coloured men). None of the whites try it as there are sharks about. (We have seen a few, but they don't keep along with the boat for any length of time.) The baths and keeping the head wet are a great relief.

Later in the morning he wrote:

Down sail and all hands catching water. With this shower caught quite a nice little drop. When it passed we up sail and put the oars out to pull across the track of a big squall we could see coming up. Got about the middle of it as it broke, and I took off my coat, which was rubber lined, and spread it lining up. We had a good downpour of rain and caught enough for everyone to have a really good drink. Am very wet now, but feel better than I have done since I got off the boat. All hands feeling cheerful and ever so much better. Going to it now with a good heart and quite convinced we shall get to port all right.

Day after day it went on. Sometimes they were becalmed; at others the storms were so heavy that they had to ride them out under a bare pole. Often the boat shipped a lot of water and kept them busy baling. Many an evening they were drenched and shivered through the night as they huddled together in that little boat.

Some suffered from nausea when they strove to eat the biscuits. The captain himself took nothing but milk for the first 13 days, when it sickened him and he managed to eat biscuit.

Throughout that wretched time they gained some comfort from cigarettes and pipes without them they might easily have broken down. They were so cramped for space that they were bound to get on each other's nerves, but they always responded to the leadership of the captain. They had faith in him, and they did their best to back him up.

Steamers scoured the Indian Ocean for them and missed

them; no one thought they could possibly survive; yet both those little boats lived through terrible storms and made their way to land.

After 23 days the captain navigated his boat to Rodriguez Island, and two days later First Officer Smith brought the second boat to Mauritius.

When they came to safety they were a pitiful sight, unshaven, weak, and terribly emaciated; and they were so cramped in the boats that they had lost the use of their legs. Eleven died on the voyage, but 33 of the men survived.

The calm courage and determination of Captain Cecil Foster, backed by the corresponding courage of First Officer Smith, pulled them through.

That journey of 1700 miles in open boats is one of the most remarkable voyages ever made. It was not only a fine feat of navigation but it proved what resolution and courage can achieve.

Chaim Weizmann

The Long Road

1874-1952 A.D.

Young Chaim Weizman, looking down at his university diploma, thought: I've come a long way, but still I'm only at the beginning of the road.

He smiled a little as he remembered that Cheder he had attended at the age of four: an ill-ventilated room which served not only for a school for the younger Jews of the little Russian village, but for the living quarters of the teacher's family. In cold weather the household washing dripped above the benches and the family goat bleated mournfully in the corner. Often the pupils ate their lunches with their books spread open before them. When the early dusk of a Russian winter blotted out the grimy windows, the boys lit candles that they might still follow the Hebrew letters which often blurred before their weary eyes.

As he grew older, Chaim decided that the teacher of the Motel Cheder taught him very little. The old, old laws of Moses the boys studied were hard to understand; there were intricate and confusing passages about divorce and the transference of property. The teacher never tried to explain anything; he was a tired, nervous man, always reaching for his strap when a bored pupil whispered or wriggled on the hard benches.

It was so much better when Chaim entered another

Cheder and studied the teachings of the prophets. The new teacher made the boy feel the beauty of the Hebrew poetry, the wisdom and the courage of Amos and Jeremiah. Chaim not only grew to love the Bible but the gentle, patient soul who taught it so lovingly. When he grew up and went out into the world, Chaim Weizmann never forgot his friend and corresponded with him until the teacher's death.

This man was more than a Hebrew scholar. He had come under the influence of the growing movement among Jews in eastern Europe called Enlightenment, which brought some of them the benefits of modern education. Although secular learning was still considered sinful in the little community, he had smuggled into his schoolroom a textbook on chemistry. It was the first work of that kind ever to be studied in Motel.

As the teacher had never entered a laboratory or had even read any other scientific literature, it is not likely that he understood much of the work he shared with his more advanced and trusted pupils. He would have been driven out as a heretic had the community learned he was sharing his forbidden knowledge. So when he read the textbook aloud to his eager young listeners in the evenings, he always raised his voice in the traditional Talmudic chant. Passers-by never stopped to listen closely, and Chaim safely learned his first lessons in chemistry.

Chemistry became the greatest interest in his life—after his love for Palestine. When he left Motel forever, he carried away the memory of those secret lessons, and two pictures on the wall of his father's home, one of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, the other a portrait of Baron de Hirsch, friend of Palestine. And Chaim remembered also how his grandfather had often told him stories of Sir Moses Montefiore.

"When he came to Vilna," the old man usually ended his tale, "the Jews honored him so much for his aid to our people that the unharnessed the horses from his traveling coach and dragged the carriage through the streets."

I wonder what I can do for the Jewish people when I grow up? thought the boy.

Even then he realized that before he could realize his dream he must have a better education—and through his own efforts. Although Mr. Weizmann's lumber business made him what was considered a prosperous citizen of Motel, there were eleven children beside Chaim to be fed, clothed and educated. So the boy supported himself through the high school at Pinsk by tutoring a wealthy fellow student.

But he could not hope to enter a Russian university where the enrollment of Jewish students was cruelly limited. Realizing that he was too poorly prepared to study in a German university, the ambitious youth paid for his tuition at Darmstadt with the money he had earned as a teacher of Russian and Hebrew. With a little assistance from home he managed to live frugally. But between teaching and studying, he grew sadly overworked; suffering from a breakdown, he was obliged to return home.

After a year of gaining practical experience in a small chemical factory in Pinsk, he was ready in 1895 to take up his studies again. He went to Berlin to enroll at the Polytechnicum, which was then considered one of the three best scientific schools in all Europe. Three years later, at the age of twenty-four, he went to Switzerland to continue his work in chemical research. The boy from Motel had advanced a long way from his first secret lessons, but he knew that a long, hard road still stretched before him.

In Switzerland young Weizmann met the philosopher-writer of the Zionist movement, Asher Ginzberg, better known by his Hebrew pen-name, Ahad Ha-am, one of the people. The older man's friendship meant much to the idealistic student. By this time Weizmann was devoted to the struggle which was to influence his own life—and the fate of the Jewish people. He loved his work and wanted to devote all his energy to scientific study. But his desire to serve the

Jewish people had been rekindled and intensified when he first read Herzl's Declaration of Independence, "The Jewish State."

Chaim Weizmann was always deeply regretful that he had not attended the First Zionist Congress at Basle. His father, although never a party Zionist himself, had offered the youth five dollars that he might make the journey. Weizmann, knowing that at that time his father could not afford even that small sum, refused the gift. But he was to boast that he never missed another Zionist congress.

Although he sincerely admired Theodor Herzl, he often differed strongly from the leader on principles. He deplored "Herzl's pursuit of rich men and princes who were to give us Palestine." He became the spokesman of the Russian delegation which argued for practical upbuilding of the homeland as well as political influence in gaining a foothold there.

In 1898 Dr. Weizmann was appointed instructor in chemistry at the University of Geneva. There was no fixed salary; his only pay was the set sum each student paid for the course of lectures. But Chaim Weizmann was happy in the position as it was the first real step toward a coveted professorship. He had little patience with theorists and dreamers. He decided that he must first of all fit himself for making a living in his chosen profession. This accomplished, he would devote all his spare time to the upbuilding of his unhappy people.

Although he was now on the way to becoming a success as a chemist, he felt himself still apart of the ignorant, downtrodden Jews of eastern Europe from which he had struggled. Their misery was his misery; their uncertainty was his own.

When he went to England in 1900 to attend the Fourth Zionist Congress in London, he met his Uncle Berel from Minsk, who was passing through the city. Although his nephew did not know English and was himself a stranger in the great city, the older man greeted him with tearful enthusiasm.

"God has sent you to me, Chaim!" he exclaimed. "You are the 'traveled one' of our family and can help me. I am on my way to take a ship to America where my children will take care of me. But I have lost the package of kosher food which I brought along to eat on shipboard. And I have also lost my prayer-shawl and phylacteries. If you do not help me, how can I pray or eat on my long journey?"

After a half-day's search, Chaim managed to help Uncle Berel find his missing treasures and to get him on his ship just before it sailed.

He is a symbol, thought the young man sadly, of the misery of all wondering Jews—and the chaotic condition of the congress which is trying to bring them to their homeland.

Several years later Weizmann returned to the land of his birth to make Zionist propaganda in a number of Jewish communities. He himself had known the difficulties of a Russian Jew seeking a higher education. Now he was eager to further plans for a Hebrew university in Palestine where Jewish students from every land would be welcome. This was a dangerous mission; the czarist police were seldom discriminating; they were likely to confuse an appeal for funds for a center of Jewish learning at Jerusalem with revolutionary plotting against the government.

When Weizmann traveled to visit a relative in Nikolaiev, local Zionists persuaded him to address a public meeting.

"We do not dare to ask for a permit," they explained. "But it will be perfectly safe if you give your talk in our synagogue. There are no rules against praying!"

But the ever-watchful police decided that the unusually large crowd had gathered for some purpose other than prayer. During Chaim Weizmann's speech, Cossacks surrounded the synagogue and marched the entire audience, as well as the speaker, to the police station.

Dr. Weizmann, who had creditably passed a number of examinations at the leading European universities, now found

himself not examined by a board of learned professors but by a not-too-well-educated chief of police.

The young propagandist tried to explain how harmless his mission really was; but the official, who confused Zionist with the Russian Empire's most hated foe, Socialism, gave him a severe scolding.

"I'll let you off this time," he concluded. "But you'll have to take the next train out of town."

Weizmann promised to do so, bowed respectfully and hastened to escape from the lion's den. But the still angry lion roared after him.

"What is it, sir?" asked Weizmann, pausing fearfully at the threshold.

The chief of police rose and laid a heavy hand on Weizmann's shoulder.

"Wait a minute; I've got a piece of advice for you," he promised.

"Thank you, sir, what is it?" asked Dr. Weizmann, glad to be detained for advice instead of consignment to Siberian exile.

"Look here! I can see you're not a bad young man," went on the official, and now he actually smiled. "Take my advice and have nothing more to do with those Jews. For if they ever get to this kingdom of theirs, the first man they'll string up on a lamp post will be you!"

Chaim Weizmann as he journeyed down the road of a long and stormy political career never forgot that pleasant prophecy.

The year 1903 was stained with the blood of the martyrs of the first Russian pogrom of the twentieth century. At Kishinev forty-five men, women, and children were killed and more than a thousand were wounded. Fifteen thousand homes and shops were looted by the rioters or destroyed. Instead of returning to his university teaching in Geneva, Weizmann hastened back to the Pale, where the majority of

the Russian Jews huddled together, helplessly awaiting their butchers.

He helped his friends organize self-defense groups in all the larger Russian centers. Now, instead of meeting their fate like sheep, many Jews began a desperate guerilla warfare and tried to defend themselves and their families.

"We were at war," Weizman wrote in his autobiography nearly half a century later. "Our dream of Palestine, our plans for a Hebrew university receded into the background or were blotted out. Our eyes saw nothing but the blood of slaughtered men, women, and children; our ears were deaf to everything but their cries. When at last I did return to Geneva, I found no peace in the laboratory or lecture hall. Every letter I received from Russia was a lamentation."

The next year Chaim Weizmann left Switzerland and, restless and unhappy, went to England to continue his research. He had no knowledge of the language and few English friends. So at Manchester, the center of the British chemical industry and the seat of a great university, he felt that he was really beginning all over again.

He managed to set up his laboratory in a small basement. From the first week he began a systematic study of English, spending several hours a day trying to master the new tongue. He learned whole pages of his chemistry textbook by heart. "It was easy to follow the scientific language," Weizmann recalls, "but what I did to pronunciation!" To save time, he brought his lunch to the laboratory where he worked without a break from nine in the morning until seven or eight every evening. Whenever he felt he could take time off to relax, he read chemistry textbooks or articles in the scientific reviews. Meanwhile, he struggled against a permanent cold brought on by the unaccustomed Manchester fogs.

After a few months Weizmann ventured to ask permission to deliver a weekly lecture in chemistry to the university students.

"If my English is good enough," he added humbly.

"I had the same difficulty when I first tried to speak German," the chemistry professor reassured him.

Dr. Weizmann really dreaded facing his first audience in Manchester. He had had plenty of experience as a university lecturer and public speaker. But now, handicapped by his awkward use of a new language, he wondered how the students would behave. These English youths seemed so informal, so boisterous even, compared to the stolid Germans, always so quiet and well behaved in classroom and lecture hall.

"I am a foreigner," he frankly prefaced his first lecture, "who has been in your country only a few months. I will do my best, but I know I shall make many comical mistakes. But will you please wait until the lecture is over? Then my feelings will not be hurt if you make a few jokes at my expense."

The students appreciated his sportsmanship. They listened attentively and at the end of the lecture some remained to ask questions, which showed that they had understood all the points the speaker had tried to make. After that Weizmann welcomed the offer to instruct special classes in chemistry.

While in Switzerland Weizmann had met a young Russian woman, Vera Chatzman who was studying medicine in Geneva. They fell in love but agreed not to marry until she received her medical degree. After her graduation six years later they were married and set up housekeeping in Manchester. The young bride had won honors as a medical student, spoke four languages fluently and was a brilliant pianist; but she had never found time to study housekeeping.

However, her husband was patient and she was eager to learn her new duties. Soon their comfortable, smoothly running home became a center for their many friends. When her first son could safely be left with a nurse, his mother began her graduate studies in her chosen profession. Five years after

her marriage, Vera Weizmann became the medical officer for a group of public health centers and city schools for mothers. The couple's joint income was now large enough for Weizmann to help his younger brothers and sisters through universities in various parts of Europe.

Weizmann made his first visit to Palestine in 1907. He regretted that the majority of the Jews lived in cities; though there were twenty-five agricultural colonies, some of them were not yet self-supporting. Dr. Weizmann was also disappointed because at that time much of the labor in the colonies was done by Arabs with Jewish overseers. But he rejoiced when he visited colonies like Huldah, Merchaviah and Ben Shemen, where young men and women from Europe tilled their own soil and reaped their own harvests. Much had been accomplished, but so much more remained to be done!

No wonder that when he was disappointed in his hopes of receiving a full professorship at the University of Manchester, he was almost tempted to give up his research that he might go to Berlin to head the Zionist organization there. A step which would have ended his scientific career and certainly greatly changed the history of Israel! During the First World War his work in explosives brought him a responsible position under the English Ministry of Munitions. He met many leading statemen, among them Lord Arthur Balfour. It was largely Weizmann's influence that induced the British cabinet to issue the momentous Balfour Declaration, which stated: "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object."

Another mile or so gained on the long, long road.

Weizmann again visited Palestine, this time to take part in laying the corner-stone of the long dreamed of Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus overlooking Jerusalem. The war still raged; General Allenby, in charge of British forces in the

Near East, tried to persuade Weizmann and his co-workers to postpone the ceremony.

"We may be rolled back any minute," he warned. "What is the good of beginning something you may never be able to finish?"

"This will be a great act of faith," answered Chaim Weizmann. "Faith in the victory which is bound to come. And faith in the future of Palestine."

And so on July 24, 1918, the foundation was laid in the presence of General Allenby and his staff, representatives of the Allied armies, Moslem and Jewish officials and representatives of the small, besieged but dauntless community of Palestinian Jews.

Weizmann, in his address, while the sound of the Turkish guns sounded faintly from the northern front, reminded his listeners that a week before Jews all over the world had observed the Ninth of Ov, the day on which the Temple had fallen and Jewish nationalism seemed to be extinguished forever. He spoke hopefully of the new life for Israel of which the university was a symbol. But he warned that the Balfour Declaration was no more than a framework which had to be filled in by the efforts of the Jewish people themselves.

When the Turks were defeated, and Palestine, after the armistice, came under English control, many difficulties arose. In Europe whole Jewish communities had been destroyed; the survivors could no longer send financial help. Countries like England and the United States suffered a depression. It became almost impossible to raise the funds necessary to rebuild Palestine, itself sadly impoverished by the way, and to care for its poverty-stricken European immigrants.

Worst of all, the Arabs, already restive, now broke out in open hostility to the Jewish settlers. The effendis, the rich landlords, rightly feared that the western civilization the Jews brought into Palestine would endanger their long oppression

of the poor Arabs. Although every acre of land the Jewish settlers held had been legally purchased, it was not hard to convince an ignorant and oppressed people that the Jews meant to rob them of their miserable little farms.

Since 1917 Weizmann had been president of the English Zionist Federation. Three years later he was elected president of the World Zionist Organization. Accompanied by Albert Einstein, he visited the United States. Their ship reached new York on the Sabbath. Thousands of Jews, whose piety forbade their riding on that day, came on foot all the way from Brooklyn and the Bronx to welcome the two best-known leaders of their generation.

Whenever he spoke in various parts of the country, Weizmann never failed to tell his hearer that enthusiasm and love for Palestine were not enough. He reminded his huge audience that the homeland could not be rebuilt through the labor of the devoted pioneers alone. "The Chalutsim," he cried, "are willing to miss meals twice a week. But cows must be fed and you cannot feed a cow with speeches." Money poured in from rich and poor alike to aid these modern Maccabees in their struggle to conquer the land for their people.

When the World Zionist Congress met at Basle in 1931. Chaim Weizmann suffered his most crushing political defeat. He had made many enemies among Zionist leaders. They felt that he was too cautious in his policies, too patient with England's partiality toward the Arabs, too quick to forgive her broken promises to the Jews.

George Washington, who had long fought what seemed a hopeless fight for his country, also had faced harsh criticisms and dissensions. But he always proved himself stronger than his opponents. Weizmann was less fortunate. At Basle he received a vote of no confidence and found himself out of office.

"I was particularly sorry for my children," Weizmann says

of his two sons, "who took the turn of events as a bitter affront to their father who, in their opinion, had given up the whole of his life to the movement. But they were extremely happy when I announced my intention of opening a laboratory in London, and going back to my chemistry which I had neglected for so many years."

This was not easy. Weizmann was fifty-eight years old and had not worked in a laboratory for thirteen years; he had not been able to follow the great advances made in the field of chemistry. His mind felt rusty, his hands awkward. But he worked doggedly until his old skill returned, and he soon lost himself in his experiments. During the Second World War he performed a unique service to the Allied nations through his research in the making of synthetic rubber.

Of course, it was impossible for him to cut himself off entirely from Jewish work. When Hitler came into power in 1933, Weizmann became chairman of the Central Bureau for the Settlement of German Jews. Nothing he had accomplished in his whole life had ever given him greater joy than helping to rescue Jewish scientists from Germany. In Palestine many of them found more than a refuge from the Nazi gas chambers; they could continue their work in the new Hebrew University and other scientific institutions in the homeland.

Chaim Weizmann's speedy vindication came when he was reelected president of the World Zionist Organization in 1935. His fellow Zionists believed he was the one man able to weld the many divergent parties together. He held this position until 1946.

The next year found him again in Palestine where he had settled with his family in the charming little town of Rehoboth. Although he was now in his seventieth year, he continued with his scientific work. He had been largely responsible for the founding and the success of the Sieff Institute, which had made Rehoboth the center of chemical research in the Near East. Now, in honor of his seventieth

birthday plans were made to greatly extend the project which was to bear the name of the Weizmann Institute of Science.

The long and heart-breaking struggle, both in the halls of the United Nations and on the hard-won battle-fields of Palestine, to establish the State of Israel makes an inspiring and heroic story. The story of the modern Maccabees is too involved and too lengthy to tell here; it has already been written in the book of world history. But before we take our leave of the old statesman and the young State of which he had dreamed since boyhood days in Motel, we have time for one more page.

In May, 1948, Chaim Weizmann, sitting in a New York hotel room, received word that he had been elected the first President of Israel. He was touched to learn that Ben-Gurion, a Zionist leader with whom he had differed so often and so violently in the past, had seconded his election, saying, "I doubt whether the presidency is necessary to Dr. Weizmann, but the presidency of Dr. Weizmann is a moral necessity for the State of Israel."

It had been a long, hard road blocked with many trails and disappointments; but he had never lost faith either in himself or his people. And this was his reward.

Chaim Weizmann was seventy-four years old; but his eyes sparkled with the fire and hope of youth as he drove toward the White House a few days later for his first official conference as President of Israel with the President of the United States. Many had asked him, some in scorn, others in pity, "Why do you have that flag at your Zionist meetings? How can a people without a country have a flag?" Now, left and right, down Pennsylvania Avenue he saw waving side by side with the Stars and Stripes the newly acknowledged blue and white banner of the State of Israel.

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."

Christina of Sweden

1626-1689 (Scandinavia-Sweden)

There were tears and trouble in Stockholm; there was sorrow in every house and hamlet in Sweden; there was consternation throughout Protestant Europe. Gustavus Adolphus was dead! The "Lion of the North" had fallen on the bloody and victorious field of Lutzen, and only a very small girl of six stood as the representative of Sweden's royalty.

The States of Sweden—that is, the representatives of the different sections and peoples of the kingdom—gathered in haste within the Riddarhaus, or Hall of Assembly, in Stockholm. There was much anxious controversy over the situation. The nation was in desperate strait, and some were for one thing and some were for another. There was even talk of making the government a republic, like the state of Venice; and the supporters of the king of Poland, cousin to the dead King Gustavus, openly advocated his claim to the throne.

But the Grand Chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern, one of Sweden's greatest statesmen, acted promptly.

"Let there be no talk between us," he said, "of Venetian republics or of Polish kings. We have but one king—the daughter of the immortal Gustavus!"

Then up spoke one of the leading representatives of the peasant class, Lars Larsson, the deputy from the western fiords.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" he demanded. "How

do we know this is no trick of yours, Axel Oxenstiern? How do we know that King Gustavus has a daughter? We have never seen her."

"You shall see her at once," replied the Chancellor; and leaving the Hall for an instant, he returned speedily, leading a little girl by the hand. With a sudden movement he lifted her to the seat of the high silver throne that could only be occupied by the kings of Sweden.

"Swedes, behold your king!"

Lars Larsson, the deputy, pressed close to the throne on which the small figure perched silent, yet with a defiant little look upon her face.

"She hath the face of the Grand Gustavus," he said. "Look, brothers, the nose, the eyes, the very brows are his."

"Aye," said Oxenstiern; "and she is a soldier's daughter. I myself did see her, when scarce three years old, clap her tiny hands and laugh aloud when the guns of Calmar fortress thundered a salute. 'She must learn to bear it,' said Gustavus our king; 'she is a soldier's daughter.'"

"Hail, Christina!" shouted the assembly, won by the proud bearing of the little girl and by her likeness to her valiant father. "We will have her and only her for our queen!"

"Better yet, brothers," cried Lars Larsson, now her most loyal supporter; "she sits upon the throne of the kings; let her be proclaimed King of Sweden."

And so it was done. And with their wavering loyalty kindled into a sudden flame, the States of Sweden "gave a mighty shout" and cried as one man, "Hail, Christina, King of Sweden!"

There was strong objection in Sweden to the rule of a woman; and the education of this little girl was rather that of a prince than of a princess. She was taught to ride and to shoot, to hunt and to fence, to undertake all of a boy's exercises, and to endure all a boy's privations. She could bring down a hare, at the first shot, from the back of a galloping

horse; she could outride the most expert huntsman in her train.

So she grew from childhood into girlhood, and at thirteen was as bold and fearless, as willful and self-possessed as any young fellow of twenty-one. But besides all this she was a wonderful scholar; indeed, she would be accounted remarkable even in these days of bright girl-graduates. At thirteen she was a thorough Greek scholar; she was learned in mathematics and astronomy, the classics, history, and philosophy; and she acquired of her own accord German, Italian, Spanish, and French.

Altogether, this girl Queen of the North was as strange a compound of scholar and hoyden, pride and carelessness, ambition and indifference, culture and rudeness, as ever, before her time or since, were combined in the nature of a girl of thirteen. And it is thus that our story finds her.

One raw October morning in the year 1639, there was stir and excitement at the palace in Stockholm. A courier had arrived bearing important dispatches to the Council of Regents which governed Sweden during the minority of the Queen, and there was no one to officially meet him.

Closely following the lackey who received him, the courier strode into the council-room of the palace. But the council-room was vacant.

It was not a very elegant apartment, this council-room of the palace of the kings of Sweden. Although a royal apartment, its appearance was ample proof that the art of decoration was as yet unknown in Sweden. The room was untidy and disordered; the council-table was strewn with the ungathered litter of the last day's council, and even the remains of a coarse lunch mingled with all this clutter. The uncomfortable-looking chairs all were out of place, and above the table was a sort of temporary canopy to prevent the dust and spiders' webs upon the ceiling from dropping upon the councillors.

The courier gave a sneering look upon this evidence that the refinement and culture which marked at least the palaces and castles of other European countries were as yet little considered in Sweden. Then, important and impatient, he turned to the attendant. "Well," he said, "and is there none here to receive my dispatches? They call for—houf! so! what manners are these?"

What manners indeed! The courier might well ask this. For, plump against him, as he spoke, dashed, first a girl and then a boy who had darted from somewhere into the council-chamber. Too absorbed in their own concerns to notice who, if anyone, was in the room, they had run against and very nearly upset the astonished bearer of dispatches. Still more astonished was he, when the girl, using his body as a barrier against her pursuer, danced and dodged around him to avoid being caught by her pursuer—a fine-looking young lad of about her own age—Karl Gustav, her cousin. The scandalized bearer of dispatches to the Swedish Council of Regents shook himself free from the girl's strong grasp and seizing her by the shoulder, demanded, sternly:

"How now, young mistress! Is this seemly conduct toward a stranger and an imperial courier?"

The girl now for the first time noticed the presence of a stranger. Too excited in her mad dash into the room to distinguish him from one of the palace servants, she only learned the truth by the courier's harsh words. A sudden change came over her. She drew herself up haughtily and said to the attendant:

"And who is this officious stranger, Klas?"

The tone and manner of the question again surprised the courier, and he looked at the speaker, amazed. What he saw was an attractive young girl of thirteen, short of stature, with bright hazel eyes, a vivacious face, now almost stern in its expression of pride and haughtiness. A man's fur cap rested upon the mass of tangled light-brown hair which, tied

imperfectly with a simple knot of ribbon, fell down upon her neck. Her short dress of plain gray stuff hung loosely about a rather trim figure; and a black scarf, carelessly tied, encircled her neck. In short, he saw a rather pretty, carelessly dressed, healthy, and just now very haughty-looking young girl, who seemed more like a boy in speech and manners—and one who needed to be disciplined and curbed.

Again the question came: "Who is this man, and what seeks he here, Klas? I ask."

"'Tis a courier with dispatches for the council, Madam," replied the man.

"Give me the dispatches," said the girl; "I will attend to them."

"You, indeed!" The courier laughed grimly. "The dispatches from the Emperor of Germany are for no hairbrained maid to handle. These are to be delivered to the Council of Regents alone."

"I will have naught of councils or regents, Sir Courier, save when it pleases me," said the girl, tapping the floor with an angry foot. "Give me the dispatches, I say—I am the King of Sweden!"

"You—a girl—king?" was all that the astonished courier could stammer out. Then, as the real facts dawned upon him, he knelt at the feet of the young queen and presented his dispatches.

"Withdraw, sir!" said Christina, taking the papers from his hand with but the scant courtesy of a nod; "we will read these and return a suitable answer to your master."

The courier withdrew, still dazed at this strange turn of affairs; and Christina, leaning carelessly against the council-table, opened the dispatches.

Suddenly she burst into a merry but scarcely lady-like laugh. "Ha, ha, ha! this is too rare a joke, Karl," she cried. "Lord Chancellor, Mathias, Torstenson!" she exclaimed, as these members of her council entered the apartment, "what

think you? Here come dispatches from the Emperor of Germany begging that you, my council, shall consider the wisdom of wedding me to his son and thereby closing the war! His son, indeed! Ferdinand the Craven!"

"And yet, Madam," suggested the wise Oxenstiern, "it is a matter that should not lightly be cast aside. In time you must needs be married. The constitution of the kingdom doth oblige you to."

"Oblige!" and the young girl turned upon the gray-headed chancellor almost savagely. "Oblige! and who, Sir Chancellor, upon earth shall OBLIGE me to do so, if I do it not of mine own will? Say not OBLIGE to me."

This was vigorous language for a girl of scarce fourteen; but it was "Christina's way," one with which both the Council and the people soon grew familiar. It was the Vasa[1] nature in her, and it was always prominent in this spirited young girl—the last descendant of that masterful house.

But now the young Prince Karl Gustavus had something to say.

"Ah, cousin mine," and he laid a strong though boyish hand upon the young girl's arm. "What need for couriers or dispatches that speak of suitors for your hand? Am not I to be your husband? From babyhood you have so promised me."

Christina again broke into a loud and merry laugh.

"Hark to the little burgomaster[2]," she cried; "much travel hath made him, I do fear, soft in heart and head. Childish promises, Karl. Let such things be forgotten now. You are to

---

[1] Vasa was the family name of her father and the ancient king of Sweden.

[2] Prince Charles Gustavus, afterward Charles XI., King of Sweden, and father of the famous Charles XII., was cousin to Christina. He was short and thick-set, and so like a little Dutchman that Christina often called him "the little burgomaster." At the time of this sketch he had just returned from a year of travel through Europe.

be a soldier—I, a queen."

"And yet, Madam," said Mathias, her tutor, "all Europe hath for years regarded Prince Karl as your future husband."

"And what care I for that?" demanded the girl, hotly. "Have done, have done, sirs! You do weary me with all this. Let us to the hunt. Axel Dagg did tell me of a fine roebuck in the Maelar woods. See you to the courier of the Emperor and to his dispatches, Lord Chancellor; I care not what you tell him, if you do but tell him no. And, stay; where is that round little Dutchman, Van Beunigen, whom you did complain but yesterday was sent among us by his government to oppose the advices of our English friends. He is a greater scholar than horseman, or I mistake. Let us take him in our hunting-party, Karl; and see to it that he doth have one of our choicest horses."

The girl's mischief was catching. Her cousin dropped his serious look, and, seeking the Dutch envoy, with due courtesy invited him to join the Queen's hunt.

"Give him black Hannibal, Jous," Christina had said to her groom; and when the Dutch envoy, Van Beunigen, came out to join the hunting-party, too much flattered by the invitation to remember that he was a poor horseman, Jous, the groom, held black Hannibal in unsteady check, while the big horse champed and fretted, and the hunting-party awaited the new member.

But Jous, the groom, noted the Dutchman's somewhat alarmed look at the big black animal.

"Would it not be well, good sir," he said, "that you do choose some steadier animal than Hannibal here? I pray you let me give you one less restive. So, Bror Andersson," he called to one of the under-grooms, "let the noble envoy have your cob, and take you back Hannibal to the stables."

But no, the envoy of the States of Holland would submit to no such change. He ride a servant's horse, indeed!

"Why, sirrah groom," he said to good-hearted Jous, "I

would have you know that I am no novice in the equestrian art. Far from it, man. I have read every treatise on the subject from Xenophon downward; and what horse can know more than I?"

So friendly Jous had nothing more to say, but hoisted the puffed-up Dutch scholar into the high saddle; and away galloped the hunt toward the Maelar woods.

As if blind to his own folly, Van Beunigen, the envoy, placed himself near to the young Queen; and Christina, full of her own mischief, began gravely to compliment him on his horsemanship, and suggested a gallop.

Alas, fatal moment. For while he yet swayed and jolted upon the back of the restive Hannibal, and even endeavored to discuss with the fair young scholar who rode beside him, the "Melanippe" of Euripides, the same fair scholar—who, in spite of all her Greek learning was only a mischievous and sometimes very rude young girl—faced him with a sober countenance.

"Good Herr Van Beunigen," she said, "your Greek is truly as smooth as your face. But it seems to me you do not sufficiently catch the spirit of the poet's lines commmencing

[gr andrwn de polloi tou gelwtos ouneka].[1]

I should rather say that [gr tou gelwtos] should be—"

Just what [gr tou gelwtos] should be she never declared, for, as the envoy of Holland turned upon her a face on which Greek learning and anxious horsemanship struggled with one another, Christina slyly touched black Hannibal lightly with her riding-whip.

Light as the touch was, however, it was enough. The unruly horse reared and plunged. The startled scholar, with a cry

[1] The commencement of an extract from the "Melanippe" of Euripides, meaning, "To raise vain laughter, many exercise the arts of satire."

of terror, flung up his hands, and then clutched black Hannibal around the neck. Thus, in the manner of John Gilpin,

"His horse, who never in that way
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.
"Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He never dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig."

Minus hat and wig, too, the poor envoy dashed up the Maelar highway, while Christina, laughing loudly, galloped after him in a mad race, followed by all her hunting-party.

The catastrophe was not far away. The black horse, like the ill-tempered "bronchos" of our western plains, "bucked" suddenly, and over his head like a flash went the discomfited Dutchman. In an instant, Greek learning and Dutch diplomacy lay sprawling in a Swedish roadway, from which Jous, the groom, speedily lifted the groaning would-be horseman.

Even in her zeal for study, really remarkable in so young a girl, Christina could not forego her misguided love of power and her tendency to practical joking, and one day she even made two grave philosophers, who were holding a profound discussion in her presence over some deep philosophic subject, suddenly cease their arguments to play with her at battledore and shuttlecock.

A girlhood of uncontrolled power, such as hers, could lead but to one result. Self-gratification is the worst form of selfishness, and never can work good to anyone. Although she was a girl of wonderful capabilities, of the blood of famous kings and conquerors, giving such promises of greatness that scholars and statesmen alike prophesied for her a splendid future, Christina, Queen of Sweden, made only a failure of her life.

At eighteen she had herself formally crowned as KING of

Sweden. But at twenty-five she declared herself sick and tired of her duties as queen, and at twenty-eight, at the height of her power and fame, she actually did resign her throne in favor of her cousin, Prince Karl—publicly abdicated, and at once left her native land to lead the life of a disappointed wanderer.

The story of this remarkable woman is one that holds a lesson for all. Eccentric, careless, and fearless; handsome, witty, and learned; ambitious, shrewd, and visionary—she was one of the strangest compounds of "unlikes" to be met with in history.

She deliberately threw away a crown, wasted a life that might have been helpful to her subjects, regarded only her own selfish and personal desires, and died a prematurely old woman at sixty-five, unloved and unhonored.

Her story, if it teaches anything, assures us that it is always best to have in youth, whether as girl or boy, the guidance and direction of some will that is acknowledged and respected. Natures unformed or over-indulged, with none to counsel or command, generally go wrong. A mother's love, a father's care, these—though young people may not always read them aright—are needed for the moulding of character; while to every bright young girl, historic or unhistoric, princess or peasant, Swedish queen or modern American maiden, will it at last be apparent that the right way is always the way of modesty and gentleness, of high ambitions, perhaps, but, always and everywhere, of thoughtfulness for others and kindliness to all.

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.

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.

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.

Dagmar of Denmark

The Golden Dawn

1847 – 1928 (Scandinavia-Denmark)

She stood at a tower window of the ancient castle of Prague, a girl with hair the color of corn-silk and eyes that were like blue flowers as they watched a cloud of dust sweep toward her. A mighty cloud it was, high and swift-rolling, as if whisked into being by the hoofs of countless steeds. As it came steadily nearer she could distinguish the helmets of cavaliers, scores of them, riding five abreast, the sun glinting on their burnished armor until it hurt her eyes.

In the street below hundreds of people watched, too, peasants in from the country and tradesfolk away from their shops for the day, laughing, chattering, throbbing with excitement over the thought of what was about to occur. And as with the proud bearing of sovereigns the cavalcade approached the castle gate, the eager crowd rushed forward to meet it, waving pennants, clapping hands, and singing the holiday songs of old Bohemia.

Dragomir at her window wished she, too, might go to meet the train of knights, because to her their coming meant a thousand times more than to any of the street-throng. But she was the only child of Bohemians loved sovereign, Ottocar, and kings' daughters do not surge along with the populace, no matter how much they may long to have a share in the people's merry ways.

"Look, Lubiska!" she exclaimed to a woman who stood beside her. "Didst ever see a knight sit more grandly in his saddle than the center of the five who lead the van? I wonder if Valdemar is anything like him?"

Lubiska, the faithful nurse, made answer:

"'Tis said his majesty of Denmark is the handsomest sovereign in all Europe, and his deeds proclaim that he has a heart of gold."

But Dragomir felt more fearful than joyous as she thought about it. The cavaliers whose steeds were champing that very moment along the streets of Prague had come to ask the hand of Bohemia's princess royal in marriage to the young king of Denmark, and what girl wouldn't be fearful about wedding a man she never had seen? He might be the handsomest sovereign in Europe and yet far from good to look upon, she thought, because, excepting her own splendid father, the kings she had seen had been an unpleasant lot.

What if the story that Valdemar's kindliness and sincerity were quite as great as his beauty and knightly bearing should prove false? What if he should prove ugly and warped of mind and soul, and yet affairs of state require that she marry him?

She did not have long to wonder about it, for just then a servant came to the door.

"His majesty, your father, commands that you appear in the throne-room when the clarion sounds."

Appear in the throne-room! That meant the matter was settled. Her father had given ear to Valdemar's suit, and in a few weeks—a few days, perhaps—she would have to leave the land of her childhood, all the dear, familiar faces that had been part of her life in Prague, and go to a country where the people, the customs, and even the language were strange, there to become the bride of a man she never had seen. It was with a queer pounding of her heart that she bade the servant bear word to her father she would obey the summons. Then she turned to Lubiska to have her curls arranged in a golden

coronet, as befitted a sovereign's daughter on her betrothal day.

Suddenly through the echoing corridors rang the blare of silver trumpets, the clarion that in those days was the signal of kings. With a good-by kiss to Lubiska, Dragomir hurried to the antechamber where already her maidens waited, the six fairest and most nobly born girls in all Bohemia, chosen because of their rank and beauty to be ladies in waiting to the princess royal. But she was a lass of such simple tastes and gentle ways that she never regarded them as attendants. They were the comrades who made merry her joyful hours and shared the confidences of her sorrowful ones, just as girls of today share one another's confidences. And as they moved along beside her on this day of days, the wish of each girlish heart was that all the joy a maid can desire should be in store for her as queen of Denmark.

"Something tells me he is a debonair person, this Valdemar who is to be thy lord," Sonia Chevenski said in an effort to cheer her.

Dragomir turned her gentle eyes upon her friend.

"Pray that he's true of heart and fair-minded," she answered in a low voice, "even though he be not a god in form and face."

Then, remembering she was Ottocar's child, she lifted her head proudly and went forward determined to meet with courage whatever might come to her.

As the train of the princess moved into the great ceremonial hall, there advanced to meet it a knight of truly splendid face and figure. It was Sir Strange Ebbeson, the one about whose kingly bearing she had remarked to Lubiska a few moments before. He was the emissary of Valdemar, which meant he was the proxy sent by the Danish ruler to ask the hand of the princess and speak the betrothal words in his stead, it being deemed not in keeping with the dignity of a monarch for him to go and press the suit himself. As this

chivalrous Dane bent knee in greeting, Dragomir could not conceal her curiosity concerning his sovereign. So she said with a shy smile, "Tell me, is Valdemar like thee?"

The cavalier's eyes twinkled at her question.

"Like me?" he returned with merry good humor. Then right gallantly he added: "As commonplace as the goose beside the swan am I beside my king. Methinks a man of nobler soul is not to be found in any land."

The speech of the loyal knight cheered the princess much, for Sir Strange was a man no maid would fear.

"Then forsooth he must be most pleasing," she answered, and went on to where her father sat.

A fortnight passed. Then one morning heralds went up and down the streets of Prague proclaiming that at noon that day Dragomir and her maidens would depart with the Danish cavaliers for the land of Valdemar. To her father, great-souled Ottocar, it was a day of heartbreak, for he loved this child of his above everything else on earth, and now that she was going to a stranger country, he hoped with all his heart she would go to happiness. And much as he wanted her to be happy, he desired her to keep the sunny, unspoiled nature that had made her the joy of Bohemia's court, the idol alike of peasants in the highway and haughty lords and ladies. Therefore when he bade her good-by, he spoke this charge to her:

"In piety, virtue, and fear of God
Let all thy days be spent;
And ever thy subjects be thy thought,
Their hopes on thy care be bent."

Dragomir bent her fair head and made a vow ever to bear those words in memory. Then, mounting her palfrey, she rode away toward the place of embarkation, followed by the fluttering of a hundred thousand pennants, the cheers, the smiles, and tears of all who loved her.

"Her going is like the setting of the sun that leaves darkness where beauty has been," King Ottocar thought sadly as he watched her depart with the Danish knights.

And tens of thousands of others in that land of Bohemia felt as he did.

Across the gray waves of the Baltic they sailed, past Riigen, up through Kiel Bay and the Little Belt, into the Cattegat and down the Skager Rack until they came to Ribe. This was Denmark's capital in those days, although now it is just an unimportant town. There, on the shifting sea-shore. King Valdemar awaited his bride. When the vessel reached the harbor and the young ruler strode toward her, a thrill of satisfaction went through the heart of the Bohemian girl.

"As the goose beside the swan," Sir Strange had spoken when she asked if he were like his sovereign. Now, as she glimpsed that sovereign's countenance and manner she knew the man had spoken the truth.

"Dragomir they called thee in Bohemia," the young monarch said as the vessel moored and he greeted his queen that was to be; "but to me thou art Dagmar, the golden dawn, the beginning of a new and beautiful morning in my life."

"'Tis a sweet name, sire," the princess answered with the smile and grace of manner that were so much a part of her; "and since it is of thy chosing right joyfully will I bear it."

So Dagmar King Valdemar called her, because in the ancient Danish tongue that word means daybreak; and when she was crowned queen of Denmark she left behind forever the name she had borne in Prague. But she kept the grace of soul and the sweet, shy ways that had made her the flower of the Eastern capital, and as the coronet was placed upon her head she thought of the parting charge of her father and the vow she had taken to be true to it.

It was the beginning of a very beautiful story, for Queen Dagmar kept her vow. So, to the people, as well as to the king, it seemed that a new and glorious day had dawned for them.

From the moment of her marriage she thought above everything else of the welfare of her subjects, and as her wedding gift she gave to the tillers of the soil a happier lot than they had dreamed of knowing.

It came about in this way:

In Denmark, as in most countries of the northland, there was a law in those days by which the bride of a king was privileged to ask for any gift she chose. No matter what the request might be, it was granted, and sometimes both ruler and country fared sadly because of it. Queens had come and gone who had demanded as a marriage portion a casket of jewels, a palace with gold and silver ornaments bedecking each hall and room, a fleet of ships, or even a province. But Dagmar pleaded for none of these. When Valdemar told her to name the wish of her heart, she looked at him with deep longing in her eyes.

"I pray that the plow tax be forgiven the peasant, my lord, and that those in irons for rising against it be set free."

The plow tax was license money that, according to the ancient law, the country folk were required to pay for the privilege of tilling the soil. Since they earned very little even under the best conditions, the payment of it made their lives hard indeed. It was such a terrible thing to them that often some of the bolder ones rebelled against the law and refused to turn over the taxes. But they only suffered the more because of their action, for then they were shut up in prison or were put into irons and forced to work, dragging heavy chains. It was of the sad plight of these people that Dagmar thought, and the only wedding gift she craved was relief for these unfortunate ones from the unjust law.

King Valdemar granted the request, and as fast as the tongues and feet of men could speed a message, the glad news went by courier from province to province. Never had such rejoicing been known among the lowly folk as when the prison doors were opened to free those who had rebelled against

the plow tax and it became known that never again would it bring them misery. Some of them declared Dagmar was a saint, and from the Skager Rack to Kiel Bay the whole country sang the praise of the lovely young queen:

Who came without burden, came with peace,
Came the good peasant to cheer.

Joyfully passed the months for the Bohemian girl who was queen of the Danes, for she believed the king to be not only the handsomest ruler in Europe but, excepting her father, the bravest and best man in the world. In their devotion to each other, the life of this royal pair was a beautiful idyl. And never was a queen more beloved of her people than this one who had now been named Dagmar.

Yet with it all she was just a glad-hearted girl, as different from a haughty sovereign as midday differs from twilight.

She loved merriment, action, and all the things girls love. And lustily the people cheered when, almost every morning, she went galloping along the streets of Ribe and into the royal hunting-preserves on Lubluck, her favorite charger; for she was a true daughter of Bohemia, and an open road and a horse's back meant the joy of life to her. No steed was so fiery or so vicious she could not handle him, and without fear she mounted horses that only the bravest knights would attempt to ride.

It was her delight to speed forth unattended, without any of the grooms following that in those days were always at hand when women of high degree went forth on horseback.

"I need not their help in managing Lubluck," she said when Valdemar suggested she should have escort, "and who among the people will harm me? Grooms are for those who fear danger. I do not. Therefore let them go with somebody else."

So he let her ride alone as she desired, and wherever she rode smiles and loving words greeted her.

There came a day when joyful tidings went among the people of Denmark. The bells of the royal castle proclaimed that a son was born to Dagmar and Valdemar, a boy who some time would rule over the land as king.

"Dagmar's child!" the glad peasants exclaimed when they received the message, for although they loved Valdemar, they loved even more the great-hearted queen whose pleading had annulled taxes and opened prison doors. They took from their scanty savings coins with which to buy a gift for the babe, and for the mother whose coming had meant so much to them.

Now it happened, in the time when Valdemar reigned, that kings often had to be away from home for many weeks, because, there being no railroads, they could not travel speedily, yet visits must be made at least once a year to the chief town of every province. Valdemar went more often than that, because he believed that in order to rule his realm wisely a king must get close to the people. So several times each month he rode with his attendants out from the gates of Ribe to learn at first hand the desires and needs of his subjects.

One day—it was in the spring of the year, the very early spring that in lands like Denmark is a thawing time, when ice-bound rivers spring to life and begin leaping and flowing; when green turf peeps from under white snow-cushions, and flower-petals begin unfolding along what have been frozen wastes—King Valdemar had gone to a distant part of the country, to the castle of Skanderborg, from which he might visit a hundred villages and see the people as he wanted to know them. Dagmar stayed at Ribe with her maidens and her small son. And because she loved the awakening of nature that April brought, she chose to ride abroad and drink in the fragrance of the freshly thawed earth. She summoned a groom to fetch Lubluck and, mounting him, galloped through the park that encircled the castle and on past fields where the plows of peasants were turning up the earth and preparing it for sowing. They cheered as she dashed by and waved to

them, cheered from the depths of hearts made happy by the sweet spirit of the young queen.

"Ah," she thought, as she kissed her hand in answer to their greeting, "happy indeed am I with all hearts in Denmark loving me."

Suddenly, without a move of warning, Lubluck shied and plunged into the air. Had not Dagmar been a matchless horsewoman he would have thrown her to the ground. But the agile daughter of Bohemia, accustomed from babyhood to unexpected moves of a mount, quieted the fiery creature and set about finding the cause of his sudden fright.

It did not require any searching. Extending from under some bushes at the side of the road was the head of a man, a white-faced, silent figure stretched there like one dead.

With a low cry she sprang from her horse and ran to him, and as she did he opened his eyes and looked at her as if in great pain.

"Robbers felled me as I hurried home with the gold from the sale of my master's kine," he said, in answer to her question. "All night I have lain here on the ground."

He was dressed in the garments of a cowherd, which showed he was of the humblest peasantry, one a queen might hardly deign to notice. But to Dagmar he was of neither high nor low degree. He was a human being in need of help, and the great, tender heart of her went out to him instantly.

"I'll lead you to yonder hut," she exclaimed as she pointed to the cot of a swineherd about half a mile across the fields.

But the man could not rise, even with her help.

"I'll have to summon the peasants," she said. So she took off her thick fur coat and wrapped it about him as a shield from the sharp March wind. Then she turned to remount Lubluck.

But it occurred to her that if she left the man lying there with his head almost in the road some horse's hoofs might strike it, or the cartwheel of a strolling vender might roll over

it.

So she turned to the charger whose intelligence made him not only her mount but her comrade and said, "Take care of him, Lubluck."

The beautiful creature neighed and squared himself beside the stranger, while Dagmar ran back across the freshly plowed fields to where the peasants were working.

In her eagerness to get help she did not realize that with every step she took over the moist earth the soft kid of her boots grew damper and damper until it was soggy wet. She did not realize how sharply the wind cut through her satin dress, or how chilled she was, having suddenly exposed her body, hot from the exercise of riding, to the early spring blast. She thought only of the man lying white and miserable at the side of the road, and as she came within sight of the peasants she plunged ahead more rapidly than before, waving frantically and calling.

They saw her and heard. They sped to the rescue and carried the unfortunate fellow to the cot of the swineherd. Then Dagmar put on her cloak and, remounting Lubluck, galloped back to the castle. But as she went it seemed to her the marrow in her bones was frozen. She shivered and shook with cold, and that night the queen of Denmark tossed with fever.

Two days passed, and the illness of the girl sovereign grew alarming. On the morning of the third the court physician shook his head when the ladies in waiting asked how fared their beloved mistress and answered, "We must send for the king."

Couriers were despatched to the distant province where Valdemar had gone. It was far south and east of Ribe, and it meant days of riding by land and sailing by sea before a messenger could reach him.

Now it happened that Valdemar, after many hours of going from one village to another, traveling afoot in the guise of a strolling peddler that the peasants might not know he was

king and might talk freely to him of their lives and needs, went back to Castle Skanderburg for a much-needed rest. But to lie down during the daytime was no rest at all for this energetic sovereign.

"I'll have a game of checkers," he exclaimed to Lars Sunderson, one of the train of knights who had gone south with him.

Accordingly the two sat them down at a table to match their skill in moves with the little wooden men.

Both played well, and both grew so interested in the game they did not hear the clang of armor just beyond the windows as a rider galloped into the courtyard. But when Dagmar's page hurried into the hall where they sat the king leaned forward in consternation, his mind filled with wondering fear for the wife and babe he had left behind.

"The queen," he exclaimed in question as the velvet-robed youth bent knee before him.

"Her Majesty is very ill," came the answer.

An old folk-song tells what Valdemar did then.

The king his checker-board shut in haste,
The dice they rattled and rung.
Forbid it, God who dwells in heaven,
That Dagmar should die so young.

He dashed into the courtyard and mounted his charger, followed by all the knights who had fared south with him.

Over moor and fen he sped. The songs of that day say that never in all the history of Denmark did cavalier ride at such hot speed, and although the knights of his train bestrode mounts of much mettle and swiftness, and pushed forward with all their might, one by one Valdemar left them behind. The ancient minstrel lay describes how the train grew smaller and smaller because of the fierce speed of the ruler.

When the king rode out of Skanderborg

Him followed a hundred men,
But when he rode over Ribe bridge.
Then rode the king alone.

After what seemed ages instead of days, he reached the bedside of Dagmar too late to be with her long. With the same beautiful smile that both peasants and nobles of two kingdoms loved, she greeted him. Then, with a tired sigh, she closed her eyes and said:

"The bells of heaven are chiming for me.
No more may I stay to speak."

That night the bells of Ribe tolled the passing of Dagmar, and a king in his palace and peasants in their huts wept because of the going of the sweet Bohemian girl who

Came without burden, came with peace,
Came the good peasant to cheer.

She had asked as her marriage portion the gift of freedom for the tillers of the soil. She had put sunshine into lives where shadows had been, and finally gave her own life in trying to save that of a cowherd beside the road. She had fulfilled in both letter and spirit the promise given to her father, good King Ottocar, when amid the cheers and tears of all Bohemia she rode away from Prague to become King Valdemar's bride.

In piety, virtue, and fear of God
The whole of her days were spent.
And even her subjects were her thought.
Their hopes on her care was bent.

Is it strange then, although almost eight hundred years have passed, and not a stone is left of the palace where she lived and wrought for the welfare of Denmark, that her name and memory are to the people of that country like the fragrance of some rare flower? Is it strange that in hut and hall of

that northern land poets still sing the praises of the lovely queen, and mothers tell the children of her whose life and deeds make as sweet a chapter as is to be found in the whole great book of history, Dagmar, whose coming was as the dawn of a new and beautiful morning to a people and a king?

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.

David Crockett

1786-1836 A.D.

I.—A Neglected Child.

A little ragged boy with frowzy hair and dirty face stood on the bank of a river screaming with rage. He was angry with his older brothers, who were paddling about in a canoe. They did not heed his screams, and would soon be carried out of hearing by the swiftly flowing water.

His little heart was full of anger because they had not taken him with them. But since there is no use in crying when there is no one to hear, the child presently began to sob more quietly.

In a little while he saw a workman running toward the stream, and his screams grew louder. But to his surprise the man ran past him, plunged into the water, swam to the canoe, and with great efforts dragged it ashore.

The little boy did not understand that if the man had been a few minutes later his brothers would have been swept over the falls and dashed to death on the rocks below. But he did know that they were badly frightened, and he thought they deserved it.

No one told him that it was wrong to lose his temper, or that he should be very thankful to have his brothers still alive. For no one cared very much what little David Crockett thought or how he felt.

He was left to take care of himself. No one coaxed him through the mysteries of the alphabet, no one sang him to sleep, or taught him to lisp a prayer.

His hard-working father and mother did not wish to be troubled with children's quarrels. Each one was allowed to fight his own battles. As David had several brothers older than himself, he learned early to stand up for his rights with voice and fist.

He usually had his own way with the boys; for when he did not, he made a great trouble about it, and they found it easier to give up to the headstrong youngster than to oppose him.

His mother scolded him when he bothered her. His father whipped him if he did not mind. The only commandments the boy knew, were: "Mind your father," and, "Don't bother your mother."

David Crockett's first home was a poor little floorless log hut near the present village of Limestone in East Tennessee. There he was born on the 17th of August, 1786, and there he was living at the time of the incident of which I have told you.

The cabin was a comfortless place, with nothing in it to make life cheerful and happy. But David had never known anything better, and so he enjoyed himself, in his own way, as well as though he were living in a palace.

His father was a restless man, never satisfied to remain long in one place; and in a short time the old home was abandoned, and the family moved to another about fifty miles farther west.

Thus the Crocketts went about from one part of Tennessee to another, seldom staying in any one locality longer than two or three years. Wherever they went the wild, wooded country was beautiful. But the shanties in which they lived were always dark and dismal. David spent most of the time out of doors and grew to be a rugged and active boy.

He had a strong will and generally succeeded in doing

whatever seemed worth while. He thought it worth while to make his play fellows do as he wished. They looked upon him as their leader and liked him.

On the other hand he had learned that it was not worth while to displease his father. He therefore did his best at any work that his father told him to do. Mr. Crockett thought David a handy boy and found plenty of small jobs to keep him busy.

II.—A Homesick Boy.

When David Crockett was twelve years old his father kept an inn on a forest road where teamsters stopped for food and rest.

One evening David came in whistling. He knew by the wagons outside that there were guests at the house, and he was sure of a good supper. He noticed that everybody stopped talking and looked at him as he entered. He glanced at his mother, who was working over the fire with tearful eyes. Then he saw that his father was dropping silver pieces into his drawer with a look of satisfaction.

He listened with a fast beating heart while his father explained that a driver had hired him to help drive his cattle to market and told him to be ready in the morning to start to Virginia with his new master. A great lump rose in his throat and he found it hard to talk. His mother piled his plate with good things, but he could not eat. The thought of going so far from home among strangers gave him a queer, lonely feeling.

On that other day, long before, when his brothers had left him alone on the shore, he was angry and wished to punish them. But now he had no idea of objecting to his father's order and he knew better than to make a scene. He struggled manfully with his feelings and kept back the tears.

That was in 1798, and there were then few roads or

bridges between East Tennessee and Virginia. A four hundred mile tramp over mountainous land was a hardship for even so strong a boy as David Crockett.

Our little hero often got cold and tired and hungry. He was glad when night came. Then after a hearty supper of wild turkey or venison he would throw himself upon a bed of dry leaves and sleep, and dream of home.

The journey ended a few miles from the Natural Bridge in Virginia. David's master was pleased with the work he had done and was kind to him. In addition to what he had paid Mr. Crockett he gave the boy six dollars. No plan had been made for David's return. His employer wanted him to stay with him, and offered to do well by him. But David was so homesick that no place seemed good to him without his father and mother and sisters and brothers.

One day when he was alone he saw some teamsters traveling west. He knew them, for they had once or twice stopped at his father's inn. He begged them to take him home. They were afraid they would get into trouble if they did so without asking his employer; but they felt sorry for him and promised to let him go with them if he would join them at daybreak the next morning at a tavern seven miles up the road.

That night David tied his clothes into a little bundle and went to bed, but not to sleep. He was so happy thinking of going home, and so fearful lest he might oversleep, that he could not close his eyes. In the middle of the night he got up and left the house while every one was fast asleep.

When he opened the door large snowflakes blew against his cheeks. It was dark, but he could see that the ground had a heavy coating of white and the snow was falling fast. This would make his tramp harder. But he had no idea of giving up.

Blinded by the snow and the darkness, he stumbled along toward the highway. He was afraid lest some one should find out that he had left and follow him. When he reached the

road he felt safe, for he thought they would not follow far in the dark, and in the morning his tracks would be filled with snow so that they would not know which way he had gone.

With a lighter heart he trudged along in the night and the storm, and reached the tavern a little before daylight. The men were already up and harnessing the horses. They were surprised to see the lad wading through snow almost up to his knees. They warmed and fed him, and then the party started in the gray dawn.

David made himself so helpful that he won the good will of the men, and they wished to keep him in their company all the way. But the heavy wagons moved too slowly for the impatient boy. When within two hundred miles of home he left his friends and set out on foot alone through the wilderness.

Just before he reached a large river he was overtaken by a man riding in his direction. This man was leading a horse and kindly invited the small adventurer to mount it. David continued in the care of this good-hearted man until within twenty miles of home. There their ways separated and David hurried to his father's house as fast as his nimble feet could carry him.

In this adventure the boy showed the energy and determination that in later life won for him the title of "Go-ahead-Crockett."

III.—A Runaway.

David stayed at home that summer and helped his father. In the following autumn a school was opened in the neighborhood. The settlers were glad to give their children a chance to learn to read and write. The young people, large and small, gathered in the log schoolhouse, where the new schoolmaster set them to work to learn their letters. David was one of the pupils.

The first day he watched, in wide-eyed wonder, everything that was done. Then he grew tired of school and thought it very stupid to sit still all day and study. Most of the people whom he knew were unable to read and write, and he did not see why he need know more than they did. It seemed to him much more manly to be at work. However, he persevered for four days, and was beginning to make some headway with the alphabet, when his school education was brought to a sudden check.

He had a quarrel with one of the school boys. The two boys had a fight on the way home from school. Although the other was the older and the larger boy, David proved to be the stronger. He bruised and scratched his foe unmercifully, and the next day he was afraid to go back to school, lest the teacher should find out about it and punish him.

For several days he left home in the morning with his brothers, but went to the woods instead of to school. Most of the boys liked him too well to tell his father, and the others were afraid of displeasing him. Finally the schoolmaster wrote a note to Mr. Crockett to ask why David did not come to school.

When the severe father learned that David had played truant for fear of a whipping, he said he would give him a harder thrashing than any he had ever dreamed of if he did not go back to school. As David refused to obey, he cut a heavy hickory stick and started after him in a rage.

The boy outran his half-drunken father, and hid till the latter gave up the chase. He felt well satisfied with his escape; but when he began to be hungry he was afraid to go home. He remembered how easily he had made friends among strangers, and decided to run away.

He went to the house of a man who he knew was about to take a drove of cattle to Virginia. As David had had experience in this kind of work, the man very willingly hired him to go with him. When the work was done, instead of returning

to Tennessee, the boy found other employment.

He went as far east as Baltimore and engaged to work on a ship bound for London. The wagoner, whom he was with at the time, was a sensible man and would not let him go to sea. This seemed to David great cruelty, for he did not know what a miserable, friendless little drudge he would have been on the ship.

Compelled to stay on land, he wandered from place to place working on farms, driving cattle, and tending horses. It was never hard for him to make friends or get work. He was a cheerful, jolly boy; every one liked him, and he was so lively and industrious that his work always gave satisfaction. But, work as he would, he could not make more than enough to feed and clothe himself. And new friends and new scenes could not make the faithful boy forget old ones.

He often thought of home, but his father, with a hickory stick, was the most prominent figure in the home picture, and he could not make up his mind to go back. If his father had been angry with him for running away from school, how much more angry would he be with him for running away from home! He was fifteen years old before his longing to see home and friends overcame his dread of punishment.

When at last he came in sight of the familiar little inn after his long absence, he saw wagons before the door. He knew strangers were there and the idea occurred to him to ask for a night's lodging as if he were a passing traveler. He was curious to see if any one would recognize him.

When he went in, the men were lounging before the fire, and the women were getting supper. He sat in the shadow of the chimney corner and took no part in the conversation.

When they went to the supper-table the women gave their attention to their guests, and David could not escape the sharp eyes of his eldest sister. She looked at him keenly for a moment, then jumped up and rushed at him, crying: "Here is my long lost brother."

There was great rejoicing over the returned runaway. When he found how glad all were to see him again, and when he realized how great grief his mother and sisters had suffered, he felt humbled and ashamed. He saw that it would have been more manly to stay home and take his punishment than to make others suffer so much; and he wished that he had done so.

It is needless to say that in his joy at the homecoming of his big boy, the father forgot the threatened whipping.

IV.—A Hired Hand.

The law of Tennessee required a man to give his son a home and support until he was eighteen years old. In return for that the son's time, labor, and money were under the control of his father.

David Crockett had shown that he could take care of himself. He had unlearned the lesson of childhood, "Mind your father"; and Mr. Crockett saw that it would be hard to keep him at home unless he chose to stay. So he promised to give him his liberty if he would work out a debt of thirty-six dollars which he owed to one of the neighbors.

David was ready to do that. He went at once to the man and agreed to work for six months in payment of his father's debt. He worked faithfully, never missing a day for half a year. At the end of that time he was his own master. His father had no more right to his time or labor.

The youth had no money, but he was capable of making his own way. The man for whom he had been working wished to keep him. But he refused to work longer for him, because the men who met at his place were men of bad habits and character, and he did not wish to become like them.

He went to an old Quaker farmer and asked for employment. The Quaker allowed him to work on trial for a week.

Then, being satisfied with his services, he told the boy that if he would work for him six months he would cancel a debt of forty dollars that Mr. Crockett owed him.

David thought it over. He was not responsible for his father's debts. He had done his duty; and his father expected nothing more of him. Surely he owed nothing to the man who had hired him out when he was twelve years old to work among strangers, and who in drunken fury had driven him from home. But he was a generous boy, and the thought of giving his old father a pleasant surprise pleased him so much that he accepted the Quaker's offer.

For another six months he worked hard and faithfully without even visiting his home, though he was only fifteen miles away from it. At the end of that time the Quaker gave him his father's note for the forty dollars. Then he felt proud as a king.

One Sunday afternoon he brushed his hair and his old clothes, borrowed a horse, and rode over to his home. The family gave him a warm welcome. He was now the family pet. He had traveled so much and had so many interesting experiences to relate that even his father listened with respect to his conversation. Then, too, he was his own master, making his own living; and that made them all feel proud of him.

As they sat chattering about various things he took out the note and handed it to his father. The old man looked at it with a troubled face. He thought David had been sent to collect the money. He shook his head sadly, and said he didn't have the money and could not see how he could get it. That was a proud and happy moment for David, but he tried to speak carelessly: "You needn't bother about the money. The note's paid. I paid it myself and just brought it to you for a present."

The hard old man knew that he had not been a very good father to David, and he was so moved by this undeserved kindness that he shed tears. When David saw his father so

overcome by his generosity he felt repaid for his six months' labor.

He had now worked a year for his father, and, as he had had no money in all that time, his clothes were nearly worn out and too small for him. So he bargained to work for the Quaker for a suit of clothes.

While he was doing that, a niece of the Quaker came to the house on a visit. She was a pretty girl and David fell in love with her. When he told her so, and asked her to marry him, she said she had promised to marry her cousin. The poor boy thought he never could be happy again. He could not be gay and light hearted. He became dissatisfied with himself. He thought that if he had had some education the Quaker girl would have liked him better, and so he decided to go to school.

He was seventeen years old, but had never attended school but four days in his life. He did not even know his letters. The Quaker was willing to give him his board and allow him four days a week for school if he would work for him the rest of the time.

Poor David was a big fellow to start to school. But it was not unusual to find boys of his age in the A, B, C class at that time; for there were few schools, and many boys, like David, had had no chance to go to school when they were children. He tried hard and in time learned to write his name, to read from the primer, and to work problems in addition, subtraction and multiplication. But he made slow progress and liked active life better than study.

In the course of time he forgot his disappointment and began to enjoy life again. He was fond of fun and enjoyed dances, harvest frolics, and such rude backwoods amusements. He liked to hunt and was considered one of the best shots in the neighborhood. It was much easier for him to hit the center spot of a target than to get the correct answer to a problem in subtraction.

One of his keenest pleasures was a shooting match. The good Quaker with whom he lived did not approve of this pastime, but David and the young men of his time thought there was no better sport.

When a farmer wished to raise a little money he would put up one of his fine cattle to be shot for. Tickets were sold for twenty-five cents each, and one man could buy as many as he wished. Bach ticket entitled the owner to one shot. Boards with crosses in the center served for targets. Every young man who could get a gun came to try his luck in winning a portion of the beef.

The one who shot nearest the center was given the hide and tallow; the next got his choice of the hindquarters of the beef; the third got the other hindquarter; the fourth was given his choice of the forequarters; the fifth took the remaining forequarter; and the sixth got the lead in the tree against which they shot.

David was very successful. He sometimes bought several tickets and won not only the first but several other portions of the beef. He could easily sell the meat for money. And you may be sure a youth who worked so hard and was paid so little was glad to hear silver clinking in his own pockets.

V.—A Householder.

In all the country there was no young man more popular than David Crockett. The old people liked him because he was honest, kindhearted, and industrious. The boys thought him the best company in the world, for no one could tell such a funny story, or invent such prime jokes. The girls admired him very much; for they liked to dance with the graceful youth who wore his tattered buckskin suit with the air of a prince.

It is not surprising that after several disappointments he

at last found a pretty little Irish girl about his own age, who loved him so much that she did not object to his poverty. His only possessions were the clothes on his back and an old horse he had bought with half a year's work. But he felt so rich in the love of the little maid that he did not think that the possession of houses and lands was at all necessary to happiness.

After the wedding David took his bride to his father's house, where a large company had gathered to welcome the young couple. They stayed there for a few days, and then returned to the bride's mother, who gave them a spinning wheel and two cows and calves for a wedding present. David rented a cabin and a few acres of ground near by and started farming.

He had the horse and cows to begin with, but no furniture or tools. They could make chairs and tables and beds; and as for a stove there was no need of that, for everybody cooked by the fireplace in those days. The Crocketts' cabin was better fitted up than that of most young couples of that neighborhood.

David's former employer, the Quaker, gave him fifteen dollars. This seemed like great wealth to David and his young bride. They went to the store together and bought pans, dishes, tools, and such other things as they needed, but could not make; and they soon had a cozy home.

The little housewife was a beautiful weaver and her fingers were never idle. David worked on the farm and sometimes went hunting, but he had a hard time to make enough to pay his rent.

A good many families were moving further west, and David Crockett thought it would be a sensible thing for him to move also. It would be pleasanter to support his family by hunting than by farming. Game was, of course, more plentiful in the more unsettled parts of the state.

It was little harder for people who lived as he did to move from one home to another than it is for Indians or Arabs to

change their dwelling places. The few household articles worth moving could be packed on two or three horses. The wife and the small children were made comfortable on the back of some old nag. The rest of the family could walk. Wagons were sometimes used; and in some places where roads had been made through the wilderness, long trains of movers might be seen making their way slowly towards the unsettled west.

In fair weather the travelers spent the night under the open sky by a camp-fire, with perhaps a watchman to keep off wolves and mountain wildcats. If it rained a rude shed was made of tree boughs. A tender wild turkey browned over the wood fire furnished the hungry wayfarers with a delicious repast. When a spot was found that seemed good for a home, it required but a few days' work to clear a garden patch and make a "camp" or hut of logs. In this way David Crockett moved several times.

Hunting was then as profitable an occupation as farming, especially for a poor man who did not have money enough to buy good farming implements and stock. Young Crockett was a fine hunter, and, after moving to his new home, he spent most of the time in scouring the woods for choice game or in dressing skins. The fame of his woodcraft and marksmanship spread through all that part of the country.

This seems to us a shiftless way to live, but it was the best way those poor backwoodsmen knew. We are glad they could be happy and contented with so little. We shall find that they were intelligent and brave, as well. When Crockett was living in Franklin County, Tennessee, trouble broke out between the Creek Indians and the white people. The Indians suddenly attacked the settlement at Fort Minns, in southern Alabama, and murdered about four hundred people. Men, women, and children were killed without mercy. This happened far away from Crockett's home in Tennessee. He had no friends there to write to him about it. He had no daily

paper and there was no telegraph then. But one man told another, and not many days passed before the lonely settlers on the remote frontier were talking over the terrible deed with fear and anger.

David Crockett had always been opposed to war, but he was one of the first to volunteer to fight the Indians. When he told his wife that he was going to the war she urged him not to leave her and her two little children alone in the wilderness. It was hard for him to withstand her tears and entreaties. But he told her that no pioneers, not even they themselves, would be safe unless the Indians were punished. He reminded her that there was a good supply of meat and corn, sufficient to last till his return; and he said that he would probably be back safe and sound in two months.

He did his best to comfort her, but never wavered in his determination to do what seemed as much his duty as any other man's. He could talk well, and his wife, who was really a brave, sensible woman, was soon won over to think as he did. Each went to work to provide for the other's comfort during the separation.

VI.—A Soldier.

The Tennessee boys proved to be the heroes of the war with the Creek Indians. In that war Crockett did good service as a private soldier. He liked adventure, change of scene, and excitement, and the war offered these. Because of his skill with the rifle and knowledge of forest travel he was chosen as a member of a scouting party.

This little band of men went before the army to see where the Indians were and what they were doing. The country was unknown to them, and they were in danger of falling into an ambush of Indians. It was hard to find the silent, swift-footed foe. But the scouts were helped by some of the Cherokee

Indians who were friendly to the whites.

When the scouts found a Creek village they sent word to the army. If the town was deserted when the soldiers reached it they plundered and burned it. But sometimes the soldiers came upon the towns before the inhabitants knew they were near. Then the troops surrounded the surprised Indians. The Indians usually tried to break through the line of soldiers, and sometimes did so. But generally the fire from the guns was so terrible that the Indians were driven back. They then rushed frantically against another part of the wall of soldiers, only to meet the same deadly fire.

At one time when so many of the Indians had fallen in this way that there was no hope of escape, the women and children asked for mercy and were made prisoners. But the warriors were too proud for that. Nearly forty of them crowded into a log house hoping to fight from that shelter. But the soldiers set fire to it and burned them, or shot them as they ran from the flames.

The white people were so infuriated against the Creeks that they treated them as if they were wild beasts. Detachments of soldiers were sent out to scour the country for Creeks and destroy them by fair means or foul.

While our soldiers caused great suffering they had a very hard time themselves. At times the Indians surprised them. Once the famous General Jackson himself was almost defeated by them. But the enemy that gave the United States soldiers the most trouble was hunger. They were in the south far from any source of supplies. Before deserting a town the Indians destroyed their crops and provisions so that they would not fall into the hands of the white men. Therefore the soldiers got no food from the country through which they traveled. At times they had nothing to eat but acorns. Their horses became thin and feeble, and the men were nearly starved.

David Crockett was not less cruel than others to the

Creek Indians. But he did much to relieve the hardships of his fellow soldiers. He was always ready with a hearty laugh and a funny story to rouse their drooping spirits. By nature strong, patient, and generous, he was able and willing to help those less fortunate than himself.

Often he got permission to go hunting and risked his life alone in the forest. Men offered him large sums for the squirrels and wild fowls he brought back. But he refused their offers. He might have gained favor with his officers by giving them his game. Instead he gave all to some sick soldier or divided freely with his messmates.

His popularity with the men, his good common sense and ability, might have secured him promotion to the rank of an officer, had it not been for the independent way in which he sometimes conducted himself.

At one time, becoming dissatisfied with the way in which the captain divided the scant provisions, he led his mess off in the night. It was a good thing for the starving men, for they found plenty of fat turkeys and some bee trees full of honey. The party rejoined the army with a fine buck, and just at the same time some men from the settlements arrived with a supply of corn.

Crockett was one of the men who went home in spite of Jackson's order to stay in the field. The volunteers had served one month longer than the time for which they had enlisted. Their clothing was in tatters and their horses almost worn out.

But Crockett was also one of the few who went back to the war. After visiting his family he supplied himself with new clothes and a fresh horse and returned to the army to serve six months.

In all he enlisted three times. The Indians were then so subdued that there were no more battles. Soldiering became very uneventful and uninteresting. Then Crockett was glad to go back to his cabin on the western frontier.

VII.—A Leading Citizen.

After so much roaming about, David Crockett was at last content to settle down to the quiet life of a farmer. For two years he worked away happily enough. Then a great sorrow came into his life. His wife died, and all the cheer and comfort that had made home sweet to this restless man left the little cabin and it seemed a very poor place.

There was no one now to object to his going to war; no one to welcome him when he came home. He missed the busy hum of the spinning-wheel. The room she had kept so tidy refused to look neat. The children were forlorn and dirty. They cried, and he could not comfort them. They quarreled, and he could not settle their disputes. He saw that he could not fill their mother's place.

He felt helpless and homeless and began to think it would be best for him to marry again. This time he did not select a gay, dancing, rosy-cheeked girl, but a sensible, kindly woman, a widow with two children of her own.

After his marriage, he wished to move again and start afresh. Having been pleased with the country he had passed through during the war, he organized a little party of friends and they started out to explore. When far from home in the wilderness he was taken ill with malarial fever.

He did not lack for good care and kind, if clumsy, nursing. Those were days of true hospitality. The pioneer living alone in the forest had no neighbor on whom he could shift the responsibility of caring for the needy stranger. The sick man was received at the home of a backwoodsman and taken care of. He was ill for a long time. When he reached home at last even his wife was surprised to find that he was still alive.

Soon after his recovery he moved to a famous hunting-ground in southwestern Tennessee that had been purchased from the Indians. At first there was no law or local government in the new settlement, and none was needed; for the

few people who lived there were honest and industrious. But as the fame of the district grew, great numbers of settlers came.

Some of these settlers were selfish and ready to take advantage of the weak. Some were wicked men who had come west to escape punishment and find new victims to cheat. With such characters in the settlement trouble began, and some sort of government was needed to protect the good from the bad.

The settlers met and chose officers to take charge of affairs. They selected good men and left them free to do whatever they thought was right. Thus the officers had great power. David Crockett was one of them. When word was brought to him that a man had stolen, or had refused to pay a debt, or had injured another in any way, he sent his constable after the offender. He listened attentively to both sides of the story. If he found the accused guilty he had him punished.

Sometimes the punishments were very severe and humiliating. Whipping was very common. One of the most frequent crimes was pig-stealing. The pigs were marked and turned loose in the woods. They were an easy and tempting prey for the hungry man.

During the time David Crockett served as officer no one ever questioned the justice of his decisions. He knew nothing about law. He could scarcely write his name; but he had a great deal of shrewdness and common sense, and he understood the men among whom he lived.

Later, when the settlement was recognized by the state, Crockett was appointed "squire" by the legislature. The work of his office became more formal. He had to keep a book and write out warrants for arrests. At first he had to ask the constable for help in this. But now that he saw a use for writing he tried hard to learn and soon was able to write his own warrants and keep his own books.

When David Crockett started to do anything he was pretty sure to "go ahead." That was true of him in his boyhood when he ran away from his employer to go home, and again when he ran away from school and home. When he was older and began to work he went steadily ahead and gave his father double service. Then, as hunter and marksman, he had won distinction as the bravest and most skillful. In the wars, his neighbors had been satisfied with two months of service, but he had enlisted three times. As a pioneer he had moved again and again; keeping always in the vanguard of civilization.

It was still his disposition to make the most of his opportunities, and having gained some prominence among the settlers he became ambitious. He borrowed money and built a large grist mill, distillery, and powder factory. He was very popular among the backwoodsmen and was made colonel of a regiment of militia. He was ever afterwards called "Colonel" Crockett.

His friends urged him to be a candidate to represent his district in the state legislature. He consented and gave his name as a candidate in February. In March he went to North Carolina with a drove of horses, and was gone three months.

When he returned home he went to work to secure his election. He knew nothing about government. He did not even know the meaning of the word. But he knew that the men who did the voting understood as little about governmental affairs as he did. He knew also that most of them were willing to elect a man whom they could trust to take care of their political interests. So he sought to be popular with the voters. His reputation as a hunter, his ability to tell laughable stories, and his timely "treats" did more to win the good will of the voters than his rival's learned speeches. He was successful from the first.

At that time people came from far and near to the political meetings and had a good time. The first one that Colonel Crockett took part in was held in Heckman County. Both

parties joined in a squirrel hunt that lasted two days. After the hunt, they were to have a great feast in the open air, and the party that got the smallest number of squirrels had to pay all of the expense. Crockett shot many squirrels in that hunt and his party brought in the largest number.

The feast was to be followed by dancing, but as they lingered at the tables talking, some one called for a speech. Both candidates were present, but Crockett was called for first. This was new business for him. He had never paid any attention to public speeches and did not know how to begin. He felt ill at ease and made excuses. But all clamored for a speech, and his rival was especially eager, for he knew Crockett was an ignorant man, and he wished to see him fail.

Perceiving that he could not escape, he mounted the stump of an old forest tree and began. He told the people bluntly that he had come to get their votes and that if they didn't watch out he would get them too. Then he could think of no more to say. After making two or three vain attempts to go on with his speech he gave it up, saying that he was like a man he had heard about who was beating on the head of an empty barrel by the road. A traveler passing by asked him what he was doing that for. He answered that there was some cider in the barrel a few days before, and he was trying to see if it was there yet. Crockett said that he was in the same fix. There had been a little bit of a speech in him a few minutes ago, but he couldn't get at it. At this the people all laughed. Then he told several funny stories.

Seeing that he had made a good impression, he stopped. As he got down from the stump he remarked to those around him that he wasn't used to speaking, and his throat was so dry that he thought it was about time to take a drink. His friends gathered about him and he entertained them in true backwoods fashion, while his rival was left to make his speech to a slim audience.

Before Crockett was called on to speak again he had the

good fortune to hear several strong speeches on both sides. In that way he acquired some political ideas which he was able to mix with his funny stories in such a way as to make a very popular stump speech. When election day came there was good evidence of his success. He received twice as many votes as his competitor.

He had a quick, active mind and, by listening to discussions and debates in the legislature, Crockett soon knew as much about public affairs as the other members. He was not at all timid, and spoke frequently.

His wit, his easy, familiar manners, his blunt, straightforward ways, gained him many friends and admirers. He could argue as well with funny stories as most men could with sharp words.

When the session closed and the members went to their homes in various parts of the state, they repeated his stories, and the name of "Davy Crockett" became known all over Tennessee.

VIII.—A Bear Hunter.

A heavy misfortune befell Colonel Crockett while he was in the legislature. His mills were washed away by a spring flood. He was obliged to sell all the property he had left to pay what he owed on the mills. Then he resolved to make another start in the world.

With his little boy and a young man, he went farther west to look for a suitable location. He found a place that seemed to be what he wanted, on the Obion River not far from the Mississippi. The traveler was reminded by the yawning cracks in the earth, that a great earthquake had visited that section. There had also been a great storm or hurricane there not long before, and the fallen timber made a good retreat for bears. The region was almost uninhabited; but many Indians came

there to hunt. It was wild enough to suit any hunter's fancy, and Crockett began to make preparations for the coming of his family.

With the help of some passing boatmen who were taking a cargo of provisions up the river he hastily built a cabin. The men had to wait for the river to rise to take their boat up the shallow stream. They helped Crockett build his house and gave him some provisions, such as meal, salt, and sugar. In return for this, he went with them up the river and helped them unload their boat.

He then went back to his new dwelling. He spent some time hunting deer and bears, clearing a garden, planting and tending his corn, and making rude furniture. When all was ready he returned for his wife and children.

It seemed like old times to live in a little forest cabin, miles from any other white family, depending on the hunt for food and clothes. But since poverty made it necessary to live so humbly, David Crockett could take up the old life cheerfully. His patience and fortitude were as well displayed in the small things of life as in the great.

That winter his supply of powder gave out. It was time to hunt. Then, too, Christmas was coming and the most glorious part of the Christmas celebration was the firing of Christmas guns. Clearly he must have some powder.

There was a keg full of powder that belonged to him at his brother-in-law's, who had settled about six miles from him. But the river was between them, and the country was flooded by the fall rains. In order to reach that keg of powder he would have to wade through water for a mile. There were four inches of snow on the ground, and the water was almost freezing cold.

His wife begged him not to go. But it was of no use. He cut a stout stick to feel the way, so that he should not fall into a ravine or hole, and started. He waded through water almost up to his waist. Once in crossing a deep place on a floating log

he fell into water neck deep. He was so cold that there was scarcely any feeling in his limbs. He tried to run when he got out of the water, but found that he could scarcely walk. Still he struggled on through five miles of rough forest, and at last reached his journey's end.

After hot drinks and a night's rest, he awoke refreshed and well. A thin coat of ice was forming over the water, and he waited two days hoping it would become strong enough to bear his weight. The ice was not so heavy as he had hoped, but he knew that his wife would worry about him and that his children were without meat, and so he shouldered his keg of powder and went ahead.

In some places the ice was thick enough to support him, but he could never tell at what moment or in how deep water it would break. When he fell through he had to take his tomahawk and cut a path for himself through the thin ice.

He reached home safe, and you may be sure the Crockett family fired a merry salute to Christmas that year and feasted on juicy steaks of bear's meat and plump wild turkey.

Bear hunting was Colonel Crockett's favorite sport. In one year he killed one hundred and five bears. The meat was considered a great delicacy, and bearskins were very useful to the hunter and brought a good price in the market.

Then there was enough danger and excitement in hunting those great ferocious creatures to suit Crockett. He had several dogs, scarred like old soldiers from many a battle with the bears. They loved the sport as well as he did. He would tramp through the woods with Betsey (as he called his gun) on his shoulder, and Tiger, Rattler, and the rest of his dogs at his heels, until one of them got the scent of a bear. Then off it would go, followed by the others barking in full chorus. Crockett hurried after them, guided by their barking, and usually found them at the foot of the tree in which old bruin had taken refuge.

He took careful aim, fired, and the great creature would

come tumbling to the ground, sometimes dead—usually wounded. Then while the hunter was reloading his gun the nimble dogs would beset the enraged animal, biting it here and there but keeping out of the way of its sharp teeth and strong paws.

If the bear was small the dogs would not give it a chance to climb a tree, but would attack and pull it down before their master came up. In that case he would slip up quietly, put the muzzle of the gun against the bear and shoot, or draw his hunting knife and plunge it into his prize.

He then went home, marking the trees with his tomahawk so that he could find his way back with horses and men. The skin was dressed and the choice parts of the flesh were dried or salted down for food.

The bear often led the dogs and men a hard chase through the thick cane and underbrush, and a faint-hearted hunter would call off his dogs in despair. Crockett rarely gave up. Occasionally he followed the game so far that he had to stay out in the woods alone all night.

Once after a long chase he succeeded in killing a bear in the dark with his hunting knife after a hard tussle. Then he spent the rest of the night in climbing a tree and sliding down it to keep from freezing to death.

In the winter time the bears go into winter quarters. They usually choose some place very hard to reach, like a hole in a dense canebrake or a hollow tree. Then the dogs worry them out of their snug quarters to some place where the men can shoot and handle them conveniently.

Colonel Crockett did not spend all his time hunting bears in the cane. He was engaged in numerous enterprises to increase his wealth; but none of them was successful. Once he tried to make some money by taking two boat loads of staves down the Mississippi to market. But his men were unacquainted with the river. They could not manage the big boats. They had an accident, and Crockett lost his boats and his

staves.

IX.—A Congressman.

David Crockett had gone into the wilderness to get a new start. He was not the man to lie around and wait for a job to turn up. He was poor and must earn a living. As he was a good hunter he found a hunting ground and went to work. He did it simply and naturally, without any idea of attracting attention by it.

But this move made him more prominent than ever. People remembered the odd man who could tell such sound truths in such laughable stories and usually had his way and gained his point with a joke. When they asked what had become of him they were told that he was "hunting bears out in the cane." Then followed thrilling stories of his narrow escapes and the great bears he had taken. When he went to market to sell his skins people crowded around to see them and to hear his stories.

It was no wonder that his friends wanted to send him a second time to the legislature. The opposing candidate was a man of some wealth and culture known as Dr. Butler. He lived in a frame house, and in his best room had a carpet which covered the middle part of the floor.

The pioneers of that region had never seen a carpet and were ignorant of its use. One day the doctor invited some of them, whose votes he hoped to get, to come in for a friendly talk. They accepted his invitation, but could hardly be persuaded to set their feet on the wonderful carpet. They soon went away in no pleasant humor.

"That man Butler," they said, "called us into his house and spread down one of his finest bed quilts for us to walk on. He only wanted to make a show. Do you think we'll vote for him? Not much! Davy Crockett's the man for us. He ain't a

bit proud. He lives in a log cabin without any glass for his windows, and without any floor but the dry ground. He's the best hunter in the world, and a first-rate man all round. We'll vote for him."

And so the man of the people carried the day. At the election he had a majority of two hundred and forty-seven votes—and this was a great victory in that sparsely peopled district.

His friends were now so proud of their "bear-hunter from the cane" that they wanted to send him to Washington to represent them in the national Congress.

The first time he ran for that office he was defeated. He was bitterly disappointed. But he did not lose confidence in himself or in his friends. He said the election had been conducted unfairly. When the time for the next Congressional election came around he tried again.

Crockett had two opponents, Colonel Alexander and General Arnold. Each was more afraid of the other than of Crockett. On one occasion all three had to make speeches. Crockett spoke first and made a short, witty speech. Colonel Alexander then made a long political speech. When Arnold spoke he made no reference to Crockett's speech, but discussed all the points made by Alexander. While he was speaking a flock of guinea-fowls came near and made such a noise that he stopped and asked that they be driven away. When he had finished, Crockett went up to him and said in a loud voice: "Well, Colonel, I see you understand the language of fowls. You did not have the politeness to name me in your speech, and when my little friends, the guinea fowls, came up and began to holler 'Crockett, Crockett, Crockett!' you were ungenerous enough to drive *them* away."

This amused the spectators very much, and they went away laughing and talking about Crockett's cleverness, and all forgot the long speeches of the other candidates.

On election day Crockett was chosen by a large majority

to represent one hundred thousand people in our national Congress.

His fame had gone before him to the capital and he found himself the center of observation. He had too much self-respect to feel uncomfortable or shy in his new surroundings. He was himself under all circumstances, and did not affect the manners of others. He saw that he differed from the men about him in many ways; but what of that? Their manners suited their lives and were the outgrowth of their habits; they were like the people they represented. His manners suited his life; they were the outgrowth of his habits; he was like the people he represented. He had nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, he was proud of himself.

However, when the president of the United States invited him to dinner, the thought occurred to him that the table-manners of a huntsman, used to dining on a log in the forest, might not fit the presidential dining table. But he decided to watch the others and "go ahead."

Of course the newspapers made a great many jokes about the uncouth manners of the backwoodsman and held him up for ridicule. But most of the jokes were made in the spirit of fun and only served to whet the curiosity of the readers, and make them wish to know more of the "gentleman from the cane," as he was called.

At the close of his first term Crockett was re-elected. This time he gave the newspapers more to talk about than his bad manners. He had been sent to Congress by a people who regarded Andrew Jackson as their hero. Crockett had served under Jackson in the Indian wars and had been a Jackson man. But when Jackson was elected president, Crockett did not think some of his measures right and voted against them. He knew this would displease most of the men who had sent him to Congress, but he said he would not be bound by any man or party to do what he thought was wrong. By this time he was well acquainted with public questions, and had strong

convictions as to his duty. He was independent of parties and men in his views.

He was a candidate for the next election, but his turning against Jackson had made him so unpopular that, much to his disappointment, he was defeated.

X.—A Traveler.

After two years more of hunting in the backwoods, David Crockett was again returned to Congress by his district. It was during this term that he made his famous tour of the north-eastern states.

He started in the spring of 1834 and visited most of the large cities. On this trip he saw a train of railroad cars for the first time. This is his description of it:

"This was a clean new sight to me; about a dozen big stages hung to one machine, and to start up hill. After a good deal of fuss we all got seated and moved slowly off; the engine wheezing as if she had the tizzick. By and by she began to take short breaths, and away we went with a blue streak after us. The whole distance is seventeen miles and it was run in fifty-five minutes."

Crockett received a warm welcome at Philadelphia. Thousands of people were at the wharf to meet him. When he stepped from the boat he was greeted with cheers and the waving of hats. Men came forward with outstretched hands, saying: "Give me the hand of an honest man."

Colonel Crockett was not a modest man, but he was surprised and a little overcome by this reception. They put him into a fine carriage drawn by four horses, and drove him to a hotel. There was another crowd there, calling for a speech. He was so surprised that he could not make a long speech then, but after a few pleasant remarks he promised the people to talk to them on the following day if they cared to hear him.

He received calls from many distinguished citizens. On the next day, when he stood before a vast crowd and looked into the expectant, friendly faces, he felt abashed for a moment. But some one shouted: "Go ahead, Davy Crockett." The sound of his old watchword gave him courage and he went ahead and made a speech that did him credit.

Some of the citizens presented him with a watch chain and seal. On the seal were engraved two race horses at full speed. Above them were the words "Go ahead." The young Whigs of Philadelphia gave him a fine rifle.

He was received with great kindness in New York and Boston, where he was invited to banquets made in his honor, and taken around to see the sights of those great cities. At each of the places he made short speeches, greatly to the entertainment of his hearers. Harvard University had recently conferred the degree of LL.D. upon President Jackson; and when Crockett was in Boston, he was invited to pay a visit to that famous seat of learning.

"There were some gentlemen," he says, "who invited me to go to Cambridge, where the big college or university is, where they keep ready-made titles or nicknames to give to people. I would not go, for I did not know but they might stick an LL.D. on me before they let me go…. Knowing that I had never taken any degree, and did not own to any—except a small degree of good sense not to pass for what I was not—I would not go it. There had been one doctor made from Tennessee already, and I had no wish to put on the cap and bells. I told them that I would not go to this branding school; I did not want to be tarred with the same stick; one dignitary was enough from Tennessee."

Crockett was astonished at the comfort and elegance of the homes of the eastern people, especially in New England where the land was so poor. For he was used to measuring people's wealth by the richness of their land. The extensive shipping business of the coast cities was new to him and filled

him with wonder.

His eyes were open to all that was strange or new. He noticed the New York fire department, which was a great improvement on the bucket system to which he was accustomed. On visiting the blind asylum he was astonished to find that the blind were taught to read. Even the distribution of work seemed strange. It looked very queer to him to see New England women working in the factories and New England men milking cows.

Crockett visited several other cities. He found friends wherever he went, and he always left more than he found. He had many warm sympathizers and admirers in the northeast because of the stand he had taken against President Jackson.

Some people were curious to see him because they had heard so much about him. He did not disappoint the curious. He could shoot as wonderfully as rumor had reported. His stories were as ludicrous and his grammar was as bad as any one had imagined. But at the same time his sense and sincerity won the good will and respect of those who laughed.

He went back to Washington pleased with the East and the eastern people, and well satisfied with himself.

At the close of the session he returned to his Tennessee cabin to work for his re-election, proud of the honors he had received and sure of more to come.

XI.—A Daring Adventurer.

David Crockett was greeted at all the large towns he passed through by crowds of people. They always wanted a speech and he was always ready to make one; for his head was full of ideas on public questions. He said some wise things. Men called him a great man and said he would be president some day. No doubt he thought that they were right. But in the meantime a seat in Congress was worth working for and

much more certain.

He made tours of his district, speaking to the people more earnestly than ever before. Though he knew that his enemies were working hard against him he felt sure of success. When the news came that he was defeated, he was almost crushed with disappointment. He was so deeply interested in politics, and so much better fitted for the position than ever before. It seemed cruel that, just at the time he felt most ready to help and be of real use, his services should be rejected.

Hunting had lost its charm. He could not stay in the wilderness doing nothing. There was a war in Texas. The people were trying to throw off the government of Mexico. There was a field for action and glory. David Crockett resolved to go to Texas and help the people in their struggle for freedom.

He arrayed himself in a new deerskin hunting suit and a fox-skin cap with the bushy tail hanging down behind. He was well armed with tomahawk, hunting knives, and his new rifle. His good wife in the dreary cabin bade farewell to her hero with tears. Her heart was full of regret for his past disappointment and full of fears for his future success. But he had not lost his happy faculty of turning his back on bad luck and going ahead. New sights soon made him forget the family parting, and even the bitterness of defeat wore off as he pressed forward, hoping for new and greater honors and victories.

He stopped for two or three days at Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was treated with great cordiality. A feast was made in his honor and when he left the town a company of men rode with him fifty miles. He rode across the country to Fulton, on the Red River, where he took a steamboat for the village of Natchitoches.

On the boat he met a curious vagabond who was gambling in a small way and winning money from the passengers by a game that he played with a thimble and some peas. He played

this game so constantly that Crockett gave him the name of Thimblerig.

Any one else in Crockett's position would have scorned this trifler. But he was pleased with the fellow's wit and good nature. He learned his history of idleness and wrong-doing, and persuaded him to go with him to Texas and at least die better than he had lived.

At Natchitoches he met a handsome young man with a free, graceful bearing and a clear, ringing voice. He said that he was a bee hunter and had been over the Texas prairies many times. He wanted to go to the war, and hearing that Crockett was going had come to join him.

The three men, well mounted on prairie mustangs, left Natchitoches in good spirits. They told stories, or the bee hunter sang spirited songs, as they rode along. The country was new to Crockett, and full of interest. Canebrakes, loftier than those "the gentleman from the cane" was accustomed to, crossed their way. In one place they rode through an avenue of cane, wide enough for two horses. The tall, slender rods of cane, each as long and slim as a fishing pole, fell towards each other at the top, making an arched roof that completely shut out the sun for a quarter of a mile. Wolves, wild turkeys, and droves of wild horses roused the instinct of the hunter. Crockett longed to have a buffalo hunt, but the bee hunter told him he would surely get lost if he attempted it.

One noon as the travelers were resting in the shade of one of the little clumps of trees that dotted the great prairies, David Crockett said he had made up his mind to have a buffalo hunt. The bee hunter said he thought they ought not to separate, and Thimblerig shook his head solemnly as he played with his thimbles and peas on the top of his old white hat. Suddenly the bee hunter sprang from the ground, where he had been lying gazing at the blue sky, jumped upon his mustang, and without a word started off, leaving his com-

panions in wonder. He had seen a bee, and forgetting his advice to Crockett, had started off in quest of its hive.

While his deserted companions were talking over his strange conduct they heard a low rumbling. The sound grew louder and the earth trembled. The two men seized their weapons and sprang to their horses. A herd of five hundred buffaloes came careering towards them with the speed of the wind and the sound of thunder.

The leader of the herd was an immense fellow with long mane almost sweeping the ground, and stout, bony horns ready to bear down everything that came in his way.

"I never felt such a desire to have a crack at anything in my life," says Crockett. "The big buffalo drew nigh to the place where I was standing. I raised my beautiful Betsey to my shoulder and blazed away. He roared, and suddenly stopped. Those that were near him did likewise. The commotion caused by the impetus of those in the rear was such that it was a miracle that some of them did not break their heads or necks. The leader stood for a few moments pawing the ground after he was shot, then darted off around the clump of trees and made for the uplands of the prairies. The whole herd followed, sweeping by like a tornado. And I do say I never witnessed a sight more beautiful to the eye of a hunter in all my life."

Colonel Crockett now realized that they were escaping from him and he could not resist the temptation to follow. He reloaded his gun and started in full chase. He rode for two hours, but he could not keep pace with the fleet buffaloes. At length he lost sight of them. Then he gave up and began to think of his friend.

In his attempts to go back by a short cut he lost his way entirely. The country was so fair and beautiful it was hard to realize that it was uninhabited. But Crockett looked in vain for signs of the hand of man. Seeing that he made no headway, he determined to find a stream and follow that.

He soon came upon a herd of mustangs. They noticed his horse and began to circle around it. The circle of prancing horses grew ever smaller and smaller until Crockett found himself in the midst of the herd. His pony seemed to like the situation well enough and frisked and played with its new friends. Anxious to escape, Crockett plied the spurs without mercy and his horse darted forward to the front of the herd. A wild race followed. Every member of the herd strove to overtake the stranger, but encouraged by voice and spur, Crockett's mustang kept in the lead for some time.

"My little mustang was full of fire and mettle," says Crockett, "and as it was the first bit of genuine sport that he had had for some time, he appeared determined to make the most of it. He kept the lead for full half an hour, frequently neighing as if in triumph and derision. I thought of John Gilpin's celebrated ride, but that was child's play to this. The proverb says: 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' and so it proved in the present instance. My mustang was obliged to carry weight, while his competitors were as free as nature had made them. A beautiful bay that had kept close upon our heels the whole way now came side by side with my mustang, and we had it hip and thigh for about ten minutes in such style as would have delighted the heart of a true lover of the turf. I now felt an interest in the race myself, and determined to win it if it was at all in the nature of things. I plied the lash and spur, and the little beast took it quite kindly, and tossed his head, and neighed, as much as to say, 'Colonel, I know what you're after—go ahead!'—and he did go ahead in beautiful style, I tell you."

At last, however, the unburdened horses gained, and one after another galloped past. Crockett was not able to turn his horse from the race until they reached the brink of a river. Here the other mustangs leaped down the bank, plunged into the swift stream and galloped away on the other side.

But Crockett's horse seemed too tired for the leap. It was utterly exhausted. He relieved it of its saddle and did what he could for its comfort. As evening was coming on he looked around for a safe place to spend the night. There was a large spreading tree near the river. He began to examine the tree to discover its possibilities as a resting place. He was interrupted by an angry growl, and was startled to see, almost within reach of his arm, a huge cougar glaring at him.

He stepped back hastily and shot at the beast. The ball struck the skull and bounded back, merely scratching the skin. There was no time for reloading. The animal sprang at Crockett, but he stepped aside and it fell upon the ground. He gave it a blow with his rifle. The cougar turned upon him. He threw away his gun, drew his knife and stood ready to meet it. Then came a desperate struggle. He tried to blind the creature, but only cut its nose. He tripped on a vine and fell. The beast was upon him. It caught his leg. The hunter grasped its tail and plunged his knife into its side. He tried to push it over the bank. Man and beast rolled down together. Fortunately Crockett was uppermost. Quick as thought his knife was buried in the creature's heart and he was safe.

He looked at the dead cougar in silent thanksgiving for a moment, and then returned to the tree. He made a bed in its topmost branches by spreading a mat of the moss, that hung from the branches, upon a network of twigs. He threw his horse-blanket over the moss and had a comfortable bed; not a safe one, perhaps, but that did not disturb him. He soon fell asleep, and did not wake till morning.

In the morning his mustang had disappeared. The thought of being alone in that wild country, without friend or horse, was not pleasant. While eating his breakfast he heard the sound of hoofs, and looking up saw a party of fifty Comanche Indians mounted and armed coming directly towards him. They looked very fierce and warlike, but proved to be friendly. Crockett asked them how they knew he was

there. They pointed to his fire in answer. They asked about the big cougar that had been wounded so many times. When they heard the adventure they said, "good hunter," invited Crockett to join their tribe, and gave him a horse. He told them he could not stay with them, but would be glad to travel in their company as far as the Colorado River.

Before they had gone far, they saw a herd of mustangs. One of the Indians rode towards them swinging his lasso. All fled but one little fellow. It stood still and ducked its head between its legs. It was easily taken and was found to be Crockett's horse. He was astonished, and wondered why it had allowed itself to be caught. The Indians explained that a mustang never forgets the shock of being thrown by a lasso and is so much afraid of one afterwards that it will never run from it. While on the march they saw many buffaloes and Crockett had the good fortune to shoot one.

When they were nearing the river the alert Indians noticed a thin blue line of smoke curling up against the sky from a clump of trees. The whole party dashed to the spot. Whom should they find but Thimblerig playing his foolish game?

"The chief shouted the war whoop," says Crockett, "and suddenly the warriors came rushing in from all quarters, preceded by the trumpeters yelling terrifically. Thimblerig sprang to his feet and was ready to sink into the earth when he beheld the ferocious-looking fellows that surrounded him. I stepped up, took him by the hand, and quieted his fears. I told the chief that he was a friend of mine, and I was very glad to have found him, for I was afraid that he had perished. I now thanked the chief for his kindness in guiding me over the prairies, and gave him a large bowie-knife, which he said he would keep for the sake of the brave hunter. The whole squadron then wheeled off and I saw them no more."

Thimblerig explained that soon after Crockett had left him the bee hunter had come back with a load of honey, and

thinking that Crockett was lost, they had started on to Texas without him.

While they were talking the bee hunter arrived, bringing a fine turkey for supper. The three were glad to be together once more and went to work with a will to prepare a good supper. Thimblerig plucked the feathers from the turkey; Crockett made forked stakes, which he erected on either side of the fire, and sharpened a long stick. This was thrust through the bird and suspended on the forked stakes so that the turkey might be turned and browned evenly. The bee hunter brought fresh water and made coffee, and they had a merry feast.

XII.—A Hero of the Alamo.

These three men were shortly afterward joined by three others, who were going to the war. They were glad to have company, for they were getting so near the scene of war that they were in danger of meeting parties of Mexican scouts.

They were all bound for the fortress of Alamo, just outside of the town of Bexar, on the San Antonio River. They kept on the lookout for the enemy, but did not encounter any until the last day of their journey. When within twenty miles of San Antonio they were attacked by fifteen armed Mexicans. They dismounted and stood back of their horses. From that position they returned the fire of their assailants with such effect that the party scattered and fled. They then went on their way without being further molested.

They were received at the fortress with shouts of welcome. The bee hunter was known and admired by many of the garrison, and all had heard of Colonel Crockett. Thimblerig, too, though unknown, was warmly welcomed.

The town of Bexar, which is now known as San Antonio, was at that time one of the most important places in Texas.

It had about twelve hundred inhabitants, nearly all of whom were Mexicans or of Mexican descent. It was held by a small band of Texan rangers, most of these being adventurers from the United States. Through the influence of such adventurers the Texans had declared their independence of Mexican rule and had set up a government of their own. This had of course brought about a war; the Mexican army had invaded Texas; and the scattered people of that great territory were forced to fight for their liberties.

David Crockett was well impressed with the "gallant young Colonel Travis," who was in command of the fortress, and thought that he and his little band of one hundred and fifty soldiers would be a match for the entire Mexican army. He was glad also to meet Colonel Bowie, of Louisiana, and hear his tales of adventure and see him handle his famous knife.

On the twenty-third of February the Mexican army marched against San Antonio. Their president, the cruel Santa Anna, was at their head. The impossibility of holding the town against such a host was apparent. The soldiers withdrew to the Alamo, as the fortress was called, and the troops of Santa Anna marched into the town carrying a red flag, to show that no quarter would be given to those who resisted.

The little band of patriots did not lose heart. They raised their new flag—a great white star on a striped field—over the fort. While the flag was going up, the bee hunter sang: "Up with your banner. Freedom"; then the drums and trumpets sounded. Santa Anna sent a message to Colonel Travis demanding the unconditional surrender of the fort. He was answered with a cannon shot. So the siege of the fort was begun. That night Colonel Travis sent a messenger to Colonel Fanning asking aid. But, even if the colonel had received word in time, he would have been unable to send assistance to the beleaguered fortress. The little garrison must defend themselves as best they could, and with small hope of

success.

The Mexicans cannonaded the Alamo from various points. One morning Crockett was awakened by a shot against the part of the fort in which he was sleeping. He dressed hurriedly and ran to the wall, gun in hand. He saw that, opposite the fort, a cannon had been charged and the gunner was stepping up with lighted match.

Crockett took careful aim, fired, and the man fell. Another took his place. Thimblerig, who was with Crockett, handed him another rifle. The second gunner met the same fate. Five men tried in turn to light that cannon. All fell before the deadly fire of Crockett. The others were seized with fear and ran off, leaving the loaded cannon. The sharpshooters of the fort kept watch, and any one venturing within gunshot of the fort had little chance of escaping.

There were occasional skirmishes, as when the messenger sent out by Colonel Travis returned pursued by the enemy. The bee hunter saw and, calling to some of his friends to follow, rushed out to help him. The brave fellow succeeded in driving back the Mexicans, but he received his death wound in the fray.

Day by day, the fortunes of the besieged grew darker and darker. There was no hope of aid. Food and water failed them. The force of the enemy increased constantly, and the attack upon the Alamo became more and more determined.

David Crockett kept a journal of the daily happenings in the fortress. On the last day of February he wrote: "Last night our hunters brought in some corn and had a brush with a scout from the enemy beyond gunshot of the fort. They put the scout to flight and got in without injury. They bring accounts that the settlers are flying in all quarters in dismay, leaving their possessions to the mercy of the invader. Buildings have been burnt down, farms laid waste, and Santa Anna appears determined to verify his threat to convert this blooming paradise into a howling wilderness."

On the sixth of March the entire army attacked the Alamo. The resistance was desperate. When the fort was taken only six of its defenders were living. Crockett was one of these. He was found in an angle of the building behind a breastwork of Mexicans whom he had slain. A frightful gash in his brow made him look grim and terrible. His broken musket was in one hand and a bloody knife in the other. Poor Thimblerig was found dead not far from him. It is said that in this assault upon the Alamo the Mexicans lost more than a thousand men.

The six prisoners were taken before Santa Anna. Crockett strode along fearless and majestic. Santa Anna was displeased that the prisoners had been spared so long. He frowned, and said he had given other orders concerning them. The swords of his men gleamed and they rushed upon the unarmed prisoners. The dauntless Crockett gave the spring of a tiger toward the dark leader, Santa Anna. But before he could reach him he had been cut down by a dozen swords.

Crockett had had no thought of such an ending of his Texas expedition. But as the dangers had increased, he expressed no regret that he had come. He displayed the utmost devotion to the cause of the Texans. His last written words were: "Liberty and independence forever!" At the time of his death he was not quite fifty years old.

In studying the life of this remarkable man we must always keep in mind the fact that he had no opportunities when a boy to improve his mind. He grew up among ignorant people, and knew but very little about the refinements of civilized life. He was therefore rough and uncouth in manners, and lacked the polish of the gentleman. He was naturally a man of strong character; and whenever he undertook to do a thing he devoted all his energies to it and never gave up until he succeeded. He was very vain of his own achievements, and for this we may pardon him when we remember how much he accomplished with so little capital.

In 1834, less than two years before the tragic close of his career, Crockett had written and published a highly entertaining history of his own life. It was full of grammatical blunders and of misspelled words, even after it had been revised and corrected by his more scholarly friends; but as the work of a man wholly without school education it was not discreditable. On the title page of the little volume was the motto which he had adopted as the guiding principle of his life. Although he may have often failed to observe this motto as wisely as could have been wished, it is well worth repeating and remembering. It is this:

"I leave this rule for others when I'm dead;
Be always sure you're right—THEN GO AHEAD!"

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.

David Trumbull

1819 – 1889 A.D.

A long, narrow strip of crowded, bustling wharves and business streets, a steep rise of two hundred feet to quiet green hills topped with gay gardens and pretty villas washed in white or blue, snow-crowned Mount Aconcagua in the background, and down in front the blue bay full of ships from all over the world — this is the Valparaiso of to-day, chief port on the western coast of South America. But when David Trumbull, from New England, stood at the railing of the Mississippi as she sailed into the harbor on Christmas day in 1845, "there was not a tree in sight save a cactus on a hilltop. The houses were so scattered as to make little impression, and one would say, 'Where is the city?' "

On every side were sailing vessels. All the ships from New England and the eastern coast of the Americas on their long journey around Cape Horn up to the northwest coast after whales and seals, or to California a few years later when gold was discovered, put in at Valparaiso for supplies and repairs. The old town was a port of call for all merchant and fishing vessels plying along the coast. In the course of one year 1,500 of them anchored in the bay, representing nearly thirty different nations, and 15,000 sailors ran wild in town. To reach this rough, ever-changing population, much of it British and American, David Trumbull had volunteered to go to Valparaiso. His was the first sailor mission in South America.

Trumbull belonged to a fine old New England family, staunch Congregationalists, descendants of John Alden and "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," and later of old Jonathan Trumbull, governor of Connecticut when Washington was president of the United States. One of this famous family, Henry Clay Trumbull, once said: "The question is, not whether you are proud of your grandfather, but whether your grandfather would be proud of you. It is a good thing to be in a family line which had a fine start long ago, and has been and still is improving generation by generation. It is a sad thing to be in a family line where the best men and women were in former generations." David was always proud of his ancestors. He once "danced like a schoolboy" when he found proof that the only one ever charged with illiteracy had written his own will. His ancestors would have been equally proud of him, for his is one of the greatest names in the Trumbull family.

After his school days were over, he had a taste of business life in New York — his only "commercial experience," he called it. But it was the wrong trail for David and he quickly changed his mind. He prepared for Yale, and entered in the fall of 1838, just before his nineteenth birthday, bent on being a minister. In the intimacy of school and university life men are quick to discover the caliber of their companions. Trumbull passed muster with high honors, and his status in the college community was an enviable one. "In all that he said or did," said a Yale friend, "there was displayed a certain nobility of character which was the more attractive as it seemed so natural to him. He had a rich vein of humor; and we will add — as it seems to have been a characteristic that was often made a subject of remark during all his life — his face wore a peculiarly joyous expression, which was quite remarkable, and gave an additional charm to the genial smile with which he always greeted those to whom he spoke."

The very year that he graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, he heard that the Foreign Evangelical

Society wanted a young minister to go to Chile. It was a splendid opening for a man of big mentality equal to grappling with difficult situations. There were no Protestant missions, no Protestant churches on the whole west coast. Pioneer work was what Trumbull wanted. It would be like owning his own business — he could build it up just as he pleased. Out of nothing at all he could create something of great and lasting value. Before he left the family home at Colchester, Connecticut, for Chile, he took his pen and wrote down definitely, so that "he might be able to keep it more in mind," what he considered to be the agreement with God which he had made. In it he said among other things: "My God, I will begin a new life…. I will aim to please thee every day forward. … In my public life as a minister, I will study thy word, and all truth where it can be found, in candor, with prayer; and will apply myself to find out suitable languages, figures and thoughts, that others may be taught by my efforts…. Accept me then with all my powers, not as a gift, but as a favor to myself. Fit me to serve thee, and then make use of me. Do just thy pleasure." Then he signed his name to the prayer as to a contract.

Trumbull preached his first sermon to the sailors on board the Mississippi, anchored in Valparaiso Bay, a few days after his arrival; his first sermon on shore at a little printing shop, with a "printer's horse" for a pulpit and rolls of paper for pews. His first friend in the strange, ugly little city was the chaplain of a small Episcopalian congregation which met in a private room for services on Sunday.

Public worship was forbidden. A Protestant in South America was as much lost as a man without a country. He had no church, no social position, no legal rights. Civil marriage was not allowed, and it was almost impossible for him to find a way to be married, except on board an English or American ship outside the three-mile area of sea over which a country has control. All the cemeteries were owned by the

Catholic Church, and the only burial place for a Protestant in Valparaiso was the dumping ground outside the city. Many well-to-do residents, English, Scotch, American or German business men, once Protestant, had drifted into the Roman Church, simply because there had been nothing else to do, or because their friends or the Chilean women they married were Catholics. "Some of the most potential Roman Catholics here today," Trumbull wrote home, "are of British origin; their parents or grandparents, having had no public worship to attract them, have attended none, and their wives, worthy and good Catholics, have carried their children into that connection, unless they have gone into free thinking."

To conserve this drifting population he organized a Union Church in 1847, with fifteen charter members. All those who had no church of their own he welcomed into his. At first a warehouse was rented for the services, but It was small and so dark that whale-oil lamps had to be lighted even in broad daylight. For seven years the church had no home of its own. Then enough money was saved to buy a plot of land and put up a little building — the first Protestant church in South America. It was hard work even to finish making it. City officials ordered Trumbull to give up his absurd plans, and threatened to call out the police. A Protestant church would be an outrage to the community, and a service held publicly would be breaking the law. Good Catholics were horrified and the priests prepared for battle.

But Trumbull was a capable fighter himself, and he had substantial backing in a. number of English and Scotch merchants, influential residents, who belonged to his church. For six months matters were at a stand-still. Then the government compromised. Services might be held on these conditions: that the building be entirely surrounded by a high wooden fence with one small, inconspicuous gate, shutting off any view from the street; and that hymns and anthems be sung so softly that passersby could never hear them and be

tempted to step in to listen. Now at last the Protestant had his niche in the community, and David Trumbull's great ambition was to widen it until Protestant and Catholic should have equal rights and one church no longer control the affairs of state. The vision of the young minister who had come to preach to the sailors of one port had widened until it took in a whole country, a changed constitution, the overthrow of century-old tradition. "The symbols of religion remain," he wrote of Latin America, "but religion itself has gone. The shadow remains, but the substance has fled." And so, sailors, foreign residents, Chilean people — Trumbull set himself to reach them all, to give them a bit of the genuine spirit of Christ which is the foundation for thought and conduct among all the great nations of earth.

His work among the seamen was the entering wedge. On the ships, in the city hospital where there were always sick sailors, in the jails where other unhappy specimens spent most of their time ashore, Trumbull searched them out, and not a sailor but felt that he had at least one friend in the city. Officials who at first had wanted nothing better than to find fault with him, began to appreciate the neighborliness and good will of the young minister, and gave him permission to go ahead and do anything he liked so long as he worked only among the crews of vessels anchored in the harbor, and among non-Spanish-speaking people. So down on the water-front he opened a Bethel, headquarters for his mission, with flag flying over it so that no sailor could miss seeing it when he passed by.

In 1850 he married a girl from his own New England State, and with her help started a school for girls, "for the education of those who were to be the mothers of the next generation of Chileans." All schools were Catholic then, and the authorities looked with suspicion upon this upstart school in their midst. They hastened to send an examining committee to pick flaws in it, but the committee found nothing it

could honestly condemn and came away with high recommendation for the whole enterprise.

Editing newspapers and publishing pamphlets were two of Trumbull's favorite diversions. He wanted to discuss the big questions of the day before the widest possible audience, and, like Sarmiento, hammer daily on the public conscience until ideas of progress and reform were firmly lodged in people's minds. He published and edited the first Protestant paper in Spanish, calling it La Picdra, which means "The Rock." On the title page were those words of Christ to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." It came out as often as he could gather enough funds to print it. He also published The Record in English, El Heraldo, a Santiago newspaper, and wrote sermons and editorials for a number of Spanish dailies. One time a letter came to him from a society of workingmen, which he sent home to show his friends because it pleased him so much:

"We make it our duty to give you our best thanks in the name of the society. Our statutes do not allow the discussion of religion or politics while in session, but afterwards, adjourning, your periodical is read and each offers his remarks upon it…. Progress and knowledge are advancing rapidly and are waking up minds that have been asleep. Sons of the common people, we from our youth have been educated in the practises of Romanism, and they who know the truth pure and spotless are very few; hence it is necessary that those apostles who try to make it known should be unfaltering in the use of the press in bringing out their publications."

Whenever Trumbull found something he wanted the people to read he had it translated and printed first, and collected the money to pay for it second. He was so often in process of securing funds for one and another good cause, and so successful in doing it, that he said his epitaph ought to be: "Here lies a good beggar."

He began a campaign for circulating Bibles, which, since

the days of James Thomson, had gradually disappeared from the land under ban of the church. The archbishop published a letter declaring the Bible to be fraudulent and heretical, and forbidding its use. Trumbull then rode into the lists armed to the teeth with repartee. He answered the letter and kept on answering letters till his opponent "withdrew in confusion," He liked a chance for a good newspaper skirmish, because of the wide publicity it always gave to his ideas, but "he was always the gentleman and always the friend, and his polemics were full, not of hard hitting only, but also of his genial kindness and irresistible love." This was the secret of his success. He knew how to get along with people.

The most celebrated skirmish of those years was a series of public debates between Trumbull and a fiery Catholic named Mariano Casanova. Dr. Robert E. Speer tells the story: "In Chile there is a Saint of Agriculture who guards the fortune of farmers, giving them rich harvests and sending rain at the appointed times. Since the seasons are fairly regular the good offices of San Isidro are seldom required. Occasionally, however, the rains are delayed, much to the loss of the sower and the distress of the eater. At such times mild measures are used to begin with, and the saint is reminded of his duty by processions and prayers and placated by offerings. If he still refuses to listen, his statue is banished from the church, even manacled and beaten through the streets. In 1863 San Isidro answered the prayers of his devotees with commendable promptitude. Eighteen hours after supplications had been made at his altar rain fell in copious showers. In view of this signal blessing the archbishop called upon the faithful for contributions to repair San Isidro's shabby church. It was at this juncture that Dr. Trumbull entered the lists, and in an article entitled "Who Gives the Rain?" he attacked the practise of saint worship. Casanova replied and the battle was on. Charge and countercharge followed in rapid succession. The affair got into the provincial papers and was discussed all

over the country. San Isidro and rain became the question of the day; and at last Casanova withdrew from the field, routed foot and horse."

In all enterprises which were for the public welfare Dr. Trumbull cooperated heartily with the Roman Catholics, adapting himself just so far as he could to the life of the community. Once when a bishop wanted to publish an inexpensive edition of a Catholic New Testament, Dr. Trumbull helped him collect funds, some of which came from members of Union Church. One year a terrible cholera plague raged in the city. Dr. Trumbull was appointed a member of the relief committee and joined forces with the Catholics in relieving the distress of the poor and providing extra hospital space. Again he set to work to collect money, sending a substantial sum to the cure of San Felipe, who afterward wrote him: "That God, who has promised to reward the cup of cold water given in his name, may crown you with all good, is my desire."

In all communities there are men who have a hand in every good work, whose names appear on committees and governing boards, whose influence is felt in matters of state, of commerce, of education. Trumbull was such a man, a leader of national reform, the friend and adviser of the Liberal party. He had once been looked upon with suspicion and hatred. As the years passed by he gained such recognition and respect in Valparaiso and other parts of Chile that "a prestige began to surround him." His dream of reaching the Chilean people as well as the foreign population began to come true. With the backing of the Liberal party he made the first feeble little step toward religious liberty by pushing a bill through Congress which permitted "dissenters" to worship in private, and to establish private schools for their children. But they were not allowed to build any church which looked like a church. It must be elaborately disguised. There must be no telltale bell or steeple to distinguish it from any private house or hall. Before this the services in Union Church had been

allowed as a favor to influential British merchants. Now they became strictly legal. Ten years later he could write: "The elections for Congress and president are approaching; in the platforms of the parties it is encouraging to notice that religious freedom occupies a prominent place."

The cemetery bill and the civil marriage act were the two reforms upon which Dr. Trumbull had set his heart, not only for the sake of foreigners but for the great masses of Chileans who were too poor to pay the exorbitant fees demanded by the priests for burial and marriage rites. The marriage ceremony had become such a luxury that a great percentage of the people decided they could get along very well without it, and the moral fiber of the state grew steadily weaker. After eight years of fighting, the cemetery bill, allowing free burial, was passed by Congress in 1883, and four months later Dr. Trumbull reported: "Our Congress has just passed a civil marriage bill which deprives the Roman Catholic Church of all superiority over other denominations and must reduce its emoluments immensely."

Meanwhile Union Church grew influential and wealthy enough to support its own ministry, so that when the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions took charge of the mission work in Chile, it found an independent congregation, which, far from needing help, stood ready to give both money and cooperation to the Presbyterian mission. Dr. Trumbull longed to have the Board extend its mission work to other cities. "As yet this whole line of coast seems to be left out of everybody's calculations," he wrote. "Its inhabitants would be better off if they lived in Asia. Is America so poor a name to divine by? … Why are these less important to care for than people in the center of Africa, so that when Stanley tells of them half a dozen missionary societies rush to occupy the ground, and here not a single one?" Another letter says: "The manager of the steamship company told me only yesterday that they have five hundred men, English, in Callao, but that there is no

service. I know from a number of these men that they desire to have worship; their decided preference is Presbyterian, and you are the people that ought to give it to them. If you will provide it, you will win credit and you will have assistance. Only do not wait for anybody to ask it, nor for anybody to promise anything. Just sail in like Farragut into Mobile Bay; consider yourself that gallant and daring admiral up in the maintop of the *Richmond*, tied by your waist so as not to fall, and capture the forts of Callao harbor."

The Trumbull home in Valparaiso, built high on the cliffs overlooking the city, was a delightful place to visit. Dr. John Trumbull, one of the sons, says: "With all that my father did, he ever found time to be with and help his children. After my father married Jane Wales Fitch, they came out to Chile on an independent basis, supporting themselves by conducting a young ladies' school for eight or ten years; then, at the request of Union Church, he consented to give it up and devote himself entirely to pastoral and church work, though they were only able to offer as a salary half of what he was then making. At that time I can remember that we had to give up horseback riding — for my brother David and I had been in the habit of riding out to Fisherman's Bay every morning with father for a dip and a swim — in fact, I was but five when he taught us to swim and even to jump off of the spring-board into deep water — and take to footing it. He believed in all manly sports, which, according to him, included everything but shooting, of which he never approved; and he taught or encouraged us to walk, run, play cricket, ride, climb, swim, dive, row, fish, cook, and so forth. On holidays we often went off as a family on picnics to the country, or up the hills and ravines back of Valparaiso, and were taught, like the Boy Scouts of the present day, to be self-reliant and ready for any and every emergency.

"Winter evenings he was in the habit of reading aloud to us Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*,

Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, Scott's *Old Mortality*, and Irving's *Knickerbocker Stories* and *Life of Washington*.

"People might wonder how he found time for all he did. The secret of it was that he was ever an early riser. By five we were off on our rides or walks, and before that he had often got in an hour's work; and during his later years he had by eight o'clock already done a good day's work,

"As to his children, it was often said the Trumbull children never had any bringing up — that, like Topsy, they simply 'growed.' Certainly I can remember but two trouncings — one for playing with matches at bon- fires on the shingle roof of our house, which, as firemen, we had to extinguish; and again for playing with my brother at William Tell, using a potato which we alternately balanced on our heads, and an old-fashioned musket on which we used up half a box of caps.

"To show that my father's discipline was guided by a tactful wisdom it might be worth while to record that when, as a boy just fifteen years of age, I was sent off alone to the United States, the only sermon which I got was the following: 'John, my boy, there is only one fear that I have in your going from home; and that is, that, since you are so good-natured and ready to please, you may not have the manliness to say no.' That remark drove home, as you can well understand, for once a boy realizes the cowardice of yielding to temptation, the battle against it is more than half won, and I am free to acknowledge that that did more to stiffen my moral backbone than any other spoken word I ever heard.

"We were a large family — four boys and three girls who lived to grow up. All of the boys were sent to Yale and studied professions, while the girls went either to Wellesley or Smith, and were sent, too, by a pastor who had no private means. Good business instincts he had, and that helped; but what really enabled him to give his children an education was that he and my mother were willing to take in young Englishmen as boarders, giving them a home and at the same time

receiving payment, so as to let their children have an education. On that he laid great stress, saying that all his desire was to give us an education and let us 'shift without a penny.'"

While Dr. Trumbull was working so hard for the people of Chile, three of his big, merry family died within a short time of each other and just at the age when they were beginning to be of greatest use in the world. The oldest son, David, a student in Yale School of Theology, dived from a yacht off the coast of New London, in an effort to save a boy's life. There was no tender or small boat with the yacht, and by the time his friends were able to tack and reach him he sank. The boy, whom he held up with his last ounce of strength, was saved. Mary Trumbull died a few months after graduating from Wellesley, and Stephen, a physician, died of yellow fever at sea, on the way to Valparaiso.

As Dr. Trumbull grew old among the people he had learned to think of almost as his own countrymen, he decided to adopt the country where he had lived and worked for forty years. One day he appeared before the proper authorities and asked for the privilege of taking out naturalization papers. The usual legal proceedings were waived in his case and the president and all his Chilean friends rejoiced in this proof of his love for Chile. There was no doubt of his welcome. One friend said: "Valparaiso has before felt honored in claiming him as the most worthy and best known of her foreign residents. Now we regard him as a fellow countryman and a true brother." When some of his American friends wrote how surprised and disturbed they were that he had renounced his American citizenship he confessed his reason for doing it. There had been times, during the long years when he was fighting for reforms, that everything seemed utterly hopeless. Then he had made another vow to God. If ever his wishes were realized and the reforms became law, he would express his gratitude by becoming a citizen of Chile. He had kept his vow.

But a descendant of the Aldens must always have loved America best. One of Dr. Trumbull's friends says: "Surrounded by foreigners, he defended his country as bravely as his Continental ancestors did before him. No Britisher, even in friendly jest, could speak slightingly of the States and escape unwounded. Once an Englishman at his table remarked, 'I never could understand, Doctor, how you keep that picture on your wall, and in such a conspicuous place, too.' The picture represented the Essex in Valparaiso Bay, striking her colors to two English men-of-war. With a smile, and in his dulcet voice, the host replied: 'I wouldn't take anything for that picture. It's the greatest curiosity in the house; for it is the only instance in history where an American vessel ever hauled down her flag to an enemy. Can you duplicate that in English history?'"

On a great stone in the cemetery of Valparaiso is one of countless tributes from his best friends, the people of Chile:

MEMORIAE SACRUM

The Reverend
David Trumbull, D.D.
Founder and Minister of the Union Church, Valparaiso
Born in Elizabeth, N. J., 1st of Nov., 1819
Died in Valparaiso, 1st of Feb., 1889

For forty-three years he gave himself to
unwearied and successful effort
In the cause of evangelical truth
and religious liberty in this country.
As a gifted and faithful minister,
and as a friend he was honored and
Loved by foreign residents on this coast.
In his public life he was the
Counselor of statesmen, the supporter of

every good enterprise, the
Helper of the poor, and the consoler of the afflicted.

In memory of
His eminent services, fidelity, charity
and sympathy this monument
Has been raised by his friends in this community
And by citizens of his adopted country.

One of Dr. Trumbull's Yale friends, writing an "In Memoriam," says: "Perhaps never among any Spanish-speaking people, in either hemisphere, has an Anglo-Saxon, or a Protestant, received such a testimonial of the popular respect. … What Livingstone did for Africa was done for South America by David Trumbull."

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."

Domingo F. Sarmiento

1811 –1888 A.D.

In the town of San Juan, near the foot of the Andes in eastern Argentina, lived a fine old family named Sarmiento which could trace its ancestry back in a straight line to the early colonists. On the mother's side, generation after generation had produced men of remarkable intellectual ability — writers, teachers, historians, bishops. The youngest of the family, Domingo, born in 1811, had all the brilliant talents which seemed to be the inevitable heritage of these people. His relatives were "personages," but they were very companionable ones even for a small boy, and there was never a dull moment in the Sarmiento household. With his uncle, a clergyman who had once been chaplain in San Martin's army, he would spend hours talking on history, politics, and good government, and learning a variety of fascinating things about the world.

"I never knew how to spin a top, to bat a ball, to fly a kite, or had any inclination for such boyish sports," Domingo confessed many years later. "At school I learned how to copy the knaves from cards, later I made a copy of San Martin on horseback from the paper lantern of a grocer, and I succeeded, after ten years of perseverance, in divining all the secrets of caricatures." He especially loved to mold saints and soldiers out of mud and play with them. For the saints he invented elaborate ceremonies of worship; the soldiers he and

his young neighbors arranged in two armies, and fierce battles were carried on with wax balls, seeing who could knock down the most figures with the fewest shots.

The family was desperately poor. Domingo's mother — one of those great mothers of great men — had married a man who had no money and never quite succeeded in making any. He worked on a farm driving mules, and did various odd jobs for a living, always dreaming of wonderful projects which never amounted to anything. It was the plucky young mother who built their little home. Before her marriage, although it was an unheard-of thing for a woman of good family to work for wages, she had earned a little money by weaving. With this she hired two peons to build a two-room house on a bit of land, "thirty yards by forty," which she had inherited. She put up her loom under a fig-tree on the grass, and while she wove directed the workmen, sometimes even stopping to help them. Each Saturday she sold the cloth she made during the week and from the proceeds paid the men their wages.

"The sunburned bricks and mud walls of that little house might be computed in yards of linen," Domingo once said. "My mother wove twelve yards per week, which was the pattern for the dress of a friar, and received $6 on Saturday, not without trespassing on the night" — quaintly elaborate Spanish phrase! — "to fill the quills with thread for the work of the following day."

With the picture of his mother always before him Sarmiento had the deepest respect for honest work, whether it was done with the hands or with the mind. He kept as a precious treasure the shuttle, two hundred years old, which his mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother had used. No one appreciated better than he the dignity of manual labor, and that in a day when Creole gentlemen scorned to lift a finger in any kind of industrial work. By her own efforts his mother supported the little family, and though sometimes she hardly knew where the next day's meals were coming

from, she never told of her poverty. Her wealthy relatives and her brothers, the parish curates, never dreamed how hard the struggle was.

Each morning at sunrise the noise of the whirring loom would wake the family, a signal that it was time to be up. "Other industrial resources had their place on the narrow territory of twenty yards not occupied by the family mansion," Sarmiento wrote. "Three orange trees shed their fruit in autumn, their shade always. Under a corpulent peach tree was a little pool of water for the solace of three or four geese, which, multiplying, gave their contribution to the complicated and limited system of revenue on which reposed the existence of the family; and since these means were insufficient, there was a garden which produced such vegetables as enter into South American cookery, the whole sparkling and illuminated by groups of common flowers, a mulberry-colored rose-bush and various other flowering shrubs…. Yet in that Noah's ark there was some little corner where were steeped and prepared the colors with which she dyed her webs, and a vat of bran, from whence issued every week a fair proportion of exquisitely white starch." Candle-making, baking, and a "thousand rural operations" went on in the busy little household.

"Such was the domestic hearth near which I grew, and it is impossible that there should not be left on a loyal nature indelible impressions of morality, of industry, and of virtue."

Domingo's father was determined that the boy and his two sisters should have opportunities which he himself had missed, and he constantly encouraged them to read and study. "He had an unconquerable hatred for manual labor, unintellectually and rudely as he had been brought up. I once heard him say, speaking of me, "Oh, no! my son shall never take a spade in his hand!" He used to borrow learned works — the *Critical History of Spain*, in four volumes, was one of these — and insist that his son read them every word. Long

before school-days Domingo had learned to read. His uncle afterward told him that at the age of four he "had the reputation of being a most troublesome and vociferous reader." The first book he ever owned was a Roman Guide Book which he used to pore over by the hour. Sarmiento always said that he was indebted to his father for his love of reading.

When he was five years old he went to school. Argentina's declaration of independence had given her colonists a new pride in themselves, an impetus to educate their children who were going to be free citizens of a free country, and the provincial government had opened a primary school, the first of its kind in San Juan. Before that even the children of wealthy parents received almost no education except what they could pick up at home.

"In this school," Sarmiento says, "I remained nine years without having missed a single day under any pretext, for my mother was there to see that I should fulfil my duty of punctuality under the penalty of her indescribable severity. From a child I believed in my talents as a rich man does in his money or a soldier in his warlike deeds. Every one said so, and after nine years of school life, there were not a dozen out of two thousand children who were before me in their capacity to learn, notwithstanding that toward the end I hated the school, especially grammar, algebra, and arithmetic."

After he had gone as far as he could in the elementary school he studied Latin with his uncle, and mathematics and surveying with an engineer. At fifteen he was teaching a class of eight pupils twenty years old who had never learned to read. A year later he became an apprentice in a merchant's shop, spending all the money he could spare for books and all his leisure in reading them.

"I studied the history of Greece till I knew it by heart, and then that of Rome, feeling myself to be successively Leonidas, Brutus, Aristides…. During this time I was selling herbs and sugar, and making grimaces at those who came to draw me

from my newly-discovered world where I wished to live."

He read every book he could lay his hands on. Among them were the Bible, a *Life of Cicero*, and two formidable treatises entitled: *Natural Theology and Evidences of Christianity,* and *The True Idea of the Holy See.* He liked them all, and in his imagination lived over and over again the lives of the characters he read about. He loved best the *Life of Benjamin Franklin.* "No book," he said, "has ever done me more good. ... I felt myself to be Franklin — why not? I was very poor like him; I studied, as he did, to be a *doctor ad honorem!* and to make myself a place in letters and American politics."

Then one day his career as shopkeeper came to a sudden end. "I was told for the third time," he wrote, "to close my shop and mount guard in the character of ensign of militia to which rank I had of late been promoted. I was very much opposed to that guard, and over my own signature I complained of the service, and used the expression, 'with which we are oppressed'!" For this offense Sarmiento was speedily summoned to the presence of the governor. As the boy approached, the governor neither rose in greeting nor lifted his hat. "It was the first time I had presented myself before one in authority. I was young, ignorant of life, haughty by education and perhaps by my daily contact with Caesar, Cicero, and other favorite personages, and, as the governor did not respond to my respectful salute, before answering his question, 'Is this your signature, sir?' I hurriedly lifted my hat, intentionally put it on again, and answered resolutely, 'Yes, sir.' …"

After this bit of pantomime the two eyed each other suspiciously, the governor trying "to make me cast down my eyes by the flashes of anger that gleamed from his own, and I with mine fixed unwinkingly to make him understand that his rage was aimed at a soul fortified against all intimidation! I conquered, and in a transport of anger he called an aide-de-

camp and sent me to prison."

"You have done a foolish thing, but it is done; now bear the consequences," his father told him.

Various officials tried to force him to tell the names of people he had heard complain of the government, but he said to them: "Those who spoke in my presence did not authorize me to communicate their opinions to the authorities."

Not long after his release, as the governor was riding through the streets with a train of fifty horsemen, young Sarmiento on a sudden impulse fired a sky-rocket at the hoofs of some of the horses. "We had a wordy dispute," he says, "he on horseback, I on foot. He had a train of fifty horsemen, and I fixed my eyes upon him and his spirited horse to avoid being trampled upon, when I felt something touch me behind in a disagreeable and significant manner. I put my hand behind me and touched — the barrel of a pistol, which was left in my hand. I was at that instant the head of a phalanx which had gathered in my defense. The Federal party was on the point of a hand-to-hand encounter with the Unitario party, whom I served unconsciously at that moment." The governor rode on, worsted for the second time by a mere boy. His spirited rebellion against the tyranny of the government in those dreadful days of revolution and civil war was the cause of these two incidents, and he never hesitated to attack the evils which roused his indignation.

He definitely allied himself with the anti-administration party, the Unitarios, and for the next month gave all his time to studying the political principles of the two great parties of the republic. "I was initiated thus by the authorities themselves into the party questions of the city, and it was not in Rome or in Greece but in San Juan that I was to seek national liberty."

At eighteen he left his shop and joined some troops that were preparing to march against the tyrant Quiroga. He barely escaped being taken prisoner, and finally landed in

Mendoza with his father, who followed him everywhere "like a tutelar angel," possibly to restrain his son's hotheadedness. At Mendoza he was appointed a director of the military academy because of his knowledge of cavalry maneuvers and tactics, most of which he had picked up in the course of his reading. Here he discovered one day a French library which inspired him with a great desire to learn French. He found a soldier from France who agreed to give him lessons. By the end of six weeks he had translated twelve volumes. He kept his books piled on the dining-room table except at meal-times, and it was usually two o'clock in the morning before he closed his dictionary and blew out his candle.

No Unitario's life was safe at this time, and the Sarmiento family with many prominent citizens of the province of San Juan were obliged to seek safety in Chile. In Los Andes on the Chilean side of the mountains Sarmiento taught for a time in a municipal school, the first and only one in the town. Then he walked all the way to the coast to accept the position of a merchant's clerk in Valparaiso at a wage of about sixteen dollars a month. More than half of this he invested in learning English, part going to his professor, and ten cents a week to the watchman on the block for waking him at two in the morning for study. He never worked on Sunday, but he made up for this by sitting up all Saturday night with his books and Spanish-English dictionary. After six weeks of lessons his teacher told him that all he needed further was the pronunciation. Not until he visited France and England years later did he have a chance to learn to pronounce correctly the languages he had acquired in six weeks.

Intensely alert for every opportunity of advancement, Sarmiento shortly became foreman in a great mining plant. With all the rest of his duties he managed to read in English one volume a day of all the works of Sir Walter Scott. The Argentine workers in the mine, most of them exiles like himself, used to meet in a big kitchen after the day's work was

over to discuss politics. Sarmiento was always on hand in his miner's costume of "doublet and hose," with a red cap and a sash to which was attached his purse, "capable of holding twenty-five pounds of sugar." Whether it had any money in it, as is the habit of purses, no one knows. In these discussions Sarmiento was the court of last resort. The men asked him questions, and strangers who sometimes dropped in to listen were often surprised at the remarkable attainments of this young man who looked in his rough clothes like the humblest peon. He used to draw birds and animals and make caricatures to amuse the miners, and he even gave them French lessons. He had a passion for telling others everything he knew himself, and a marvelous gift for making those he taught eager to learn.

But as time went on he longed to recross the mountain pass which lay between himself and home. Ill and almost penniless he arrived in San Juan to find few of his old friends left there. It happened that the government officials needed an expert to solve a complicated mathematical problem. Sarmiento was able to help them, and gained considerable prestige for his cleverness. He made new friends among the brightest of the young Liberals, and together they began to wake up the sleepy, apathetic, intellectually barren little city with a great variety of activities, in which Sarmiento was always the leading spirit.

Under his direction a college for young ladies was founded. Nothing had ever been done before in the province for the education of women, and Sarmiento wrote a vigorous article; setting forth the need of such a school as he proposed. For two years it was his pet enterprise and through it he exerted a very real influence on the community. The energetic little group also started a dramatic society, the first in the country, and invented many public amusements which raised the general tone of society life.

With the help of three of his friends Sarmiento published

a periodical named *La Zonda,* which treated of public education, farming, and other topics about which he thought people ought to know. The first two numbers contained nothing to which the government could reasonably object, but it feared what he might say next. The governor on some flimsy pretext fined him twenty-six dollars. When Sarmiento would not submit to such oppressive methods he was marched off to prison. On the advice of his friends he yielded the point for the sake of his school and the affair blew over. But he was wholly unsubdued.

"My situation in San Juan became more and more thorny every day," he says, "as the political situation became more and more charged with threatening clouds. … I spoke my convictions with all the sincerity of my nature, and the suspicions of the government closed around me on every side like a cloud of flies buzzing about my ears." It was not long before his fearless articles led to his rearrest, and he was imprisoned in a dungeon designed for the worst political offenders. For months his life was a series of narrow escapes. At one time a howling mob of Federalists in the streets demanded his death, and the governor would have ordered his assassination had he dared.

Sarmiento left the prison to go into exile once more in Chile. "*On ne tue pas les idées,*" "Ideas have no country," he said, and went right on contributing articles to the press. For a time he edited a political journal, then gave it up to found a magazine of his own, the Nacional. His vigorous writings on all kinds of subjects thoroughly aroused public opinion and started violent controversies which made men think. There was no greater evil in South America than the indifference of the mass of the people to all questions of public welfare and prosperity. Sarmiento proved a tonic for mental laziness.

When he heard one day that a bitter enemy of Rosas, Colonel Madrid, was in Mendoza preparing to defy the government, Sarmiento turned his back on his editorial desk

and determined to return to his own country, and help to fight against the president. Just as they had reached the summit on their way across the Andes, Sarmiento and his companions spied in the distance hundreds of black, hurrying specks coming toward them. Madrid and his men in retreat were taking refuge in the mountains. Their position, without food, shelter, or medicine, was desperate. Sarmiento fairly ran down the mountain side to Los Andes, hired a secretary, invited himself into a friend's house, and for twelve hours worked to save the lives of those Argentine troops. Before the day was over he had sent twelve mountaineers to help the fugitives, bought and despatched six loads of food and bedding, written to the Argentine minister in Chile for government aid, started appeals for charity, arranged an entertainment for the benefit of the soldiers, and written one of his stirring articles to rouse public sympathy. People responded instantly and in three days sufficient food and medicine for a thousand men had started over the Andes.

"My mother brought me up," Sarmiento wrote, "with the persuasion that I should be a clergyman and the curate of San Juan, in imitation of my uncle; and my father had visions for me of military jackets, gold lace, sabers, and other accouterments to match." But from the time when he was a small boy in the government school Sarmiento had known what he wanted to do more than anything else in the world with his life. Many years later, on the occasion of laying the cornerstone of the Sarmiento School in San Juan, he said in the course of his address: "The inspiration to consecrate myself to the education of the people came to me here in my youth."

The idea of educating the common people in schools supported by popular taxes had never occurred to the people of Chile. In Santiago, now that his project of fighting for Argentina had come to an end, he organized primary schools for the poor, and founded the Monitor for Schools, a journal for teachers, in which he discussed educational problems.

Perhaps nothing he did was more important than raising the profession of teacher to a higher plane. At that time teaching was considered to be not only a humble but an unworthy occupation. A story is told of a robber who had stolen the silver candelabra from a church altar. As punishment he was condemned, not to the penitentiary, but "to serve as a schoolmaster in Copiapo for the term of three years." To this despised profession Sarmiento gave new dignity and importance. He founded the first normal school in either North or South America for the training of men who should make the profession of teaching an honorable one.

One of his students during those years writes of him: "Sarmiento always treated us as friends, inspiring us with that respectful confidence which makes a superior so dear. He was always ready to favor us and help us in our misfortunes; he often despoiled himself of his own garments to give them to his pupils, the greater part of whom were poor. He often invited us to accompany him in his afternoon walks, in order to give us more importance in the eyes of others and to comfort our hearts by encouragement. … He treated his pupils thus, not because we were individually worthy of the honor, but to give importance to our profession, then humiliated, calumniated, despised. He himself, in spite of his learning and his influential relatives, was called by the disdainful epithets of clerk and schoolmaster, and was insulted every day by the supercilious Chileans!"

After Sarmiento had directed the normal school for three years, all the time continuing his writing, editing, and newspaper work, he was commissioned by the Chilean government to visit Europe and the United States to study school systems. During his travels he met distinguished men in all the large countries of the world, and received honors wherever he went. One interesting result of his trip was a conversation he had with San Martin, in which he learned why the great general had ended his career so abruptly. He was the first one

admitted to the secret, and it was through him that the Argentines discovered the truth about their greatest patriot. In the United States he became a friend of Horace Mann, who had first introduced the common school system of education. As soon as Sarmiento reached Chile again, he established this system there.

While he was in exile, he did a large part of the writing which has distinguished him not only as educator and statesman but as a man of letters. Aside from the numerous periodicals he founded from time to time, he published many books, some of them political treatises, some of them travels, and one, Recollections of a Province, largely autobiographical. Perhaps his best-known work is a history of Argentina in the days of the tyrants, called Civilisation and Barbarism, in which he poured out all the bitter rebellion in his heart against the policy of the government.

While Sarmiento was giving so lavishly of his genius to his adopted country, he stood ready at a moment's notice to respond to his own country's need for help. Rosas had decreed a ban of perpetual banishment upon him, but when Sarmiento heard in 1851 that General Urquiza was preparing to march against Rosas, he left Chile at once to offer his services. As a colonel he fought in the famous battle which drove Rosas from the country. Then, seated at the tyrant's own desk, and using his pen, he wrote a vivid description of the battle. Six days later he left the army because he realized that Urquiza had every intention of making himself another such dictator as Rosas. The minute he decided on this he wrote a note to the general in which he told him with his usual uncompromising bluntness that he had chosen a thorny path which could lead only to disaster.

He began now to take a still deeper interest in politics, but refused to accept office because he could not approve of the policy of the government of Buenos Aires which had refused to join a Confederation of Argentine Provinces. But he did

accept the directorship of the department of schools of the municipality of Buenos Aires. When he began this difficult, uphill work, a resolution was passed appropriating $600 for all the schools in the city! After a year he was granted $127,000 for his department, and with it a splendid Model School was erected. When soon afterward he was elected state senator from Buenos Aires, he immediately proposed that extensive public lands recently held by Rosas should become school property and that school-buildings should be built through all the provinces.

He used his great influence to bring about the final union of Buenos Aires with the Argentine Confederacy, and he made a brilliant address before a convention of provincial delegates, opposing a bill to establish a state religion. It was largely through his influence that absolute religious toleration and liberty of speech were declared legal.

The interests of the people were his first concern in public life. He obtained permission to divide a large tract of land near the capital into small farms, and these he sold cheaply to prospective farmers. In the center of this land he built a "Chicago of the desert," as he called it. Squares and streets were laid out, a church, a schoolhouse, a bank, and a railroad station were built, the whole settlement springing up as quickly as a Western mining town in the United States. Thousands of people went on excursions out to the desert to see the marvelous spectacle. At that time thirty-nine farmers held the land. Ten years later 20,000 people lived in the district, and a railroad was built giving it connection with Buenos Aires.

Soon after this he returned to his own province as governor. He founded a university; high schools for boys and girls; and primary schools in every section of the province. After the bad governors who had held sway, the people could hardly believe their good fortune! He left this office after a short term to go to the United States as ambassador from the

Argentine Republic. While he was there he determined that his country should have the benefit of every progressive idea that the United States could suggest, and through his books and reports describing American education, industries, and institutions, he kept the ruling minds of Argentina in close touch with these ideas. The Argentines were devoted admirers of Abraham Lincoln, and Sarmiento wrote a life of Lincoln which he printed at his own expense and sent to South America for general distribution. He started an important review called *Ambas Americas* — "The Two Americas" — which he hoped would bring the two countries into closer sympathy and understanding — a precursor of the work that is being done to-day to promote the mutual friendship and helpfulness of the continents.

After seven years of absence from home he heard from his friends that he was a candidate for the presidency of Argentina, and they urged him to return at once to conduct his political campaign. This he refused to do. He announced no party platform, gave no pledges, took none of the customary measures to influence the voters in his favor, but remained in Washington quietly attending to his business as usual. In 1868 he was elected almost unanimously. "His election," says one writer, "is said to have been the freest and most peaceful ever held in the republic and to have represented as nearly as any the will of the electors." With his administration the old revolutionary days of the republic vanished into the past, and the period of modern Argentina began in peace and prosperity. Even his opponents admitted that the great Schoolmaster President's administration promoted only the best interests of all the people, their education, their resources, and harmony between provinces which had once fought in bitter rivalry.

After his six-year term was over he served in Congress and shared in every intellectual and moral movement, giving all his best powers, up to the time of his death at the age of

seventy-seven, that the people of his country might have a little of all they missed in opportunity and happiness during the terrible years of revolution and bloodshed.

In the midst of all the honors which the grateful Argentines heaped upon their noblest statesman, and the incessant demands of public life upon his time and energy, Sarmiento never ceased to work for what, as a boy in school, he had conceived to be the foundation of national life. "Give me the department of schools," he once wrote to a friend. "This is all the future of the Republic."

Donna Gracia Mendes
A Woman of Valor
1510-1569 A.D.

Friday, the Mohammedan rest day, had drawn to a close; now it was time for the Jews of Constantinople to light their Sabbath candles.

Gathered around the long table, gleaming with crystal and vessels of silver and gold, sat the family of Donna Gracia Mendes and the many guests she had invited to her palatial home in the suburbs to welcome the Sabbath Bride. These guests, for variety of background and station, could not have been duplicated in all Turkey, or for that matter, in any country in Europe.

For on that Sabbath eve in 1569 the great lady had, as usual, thrown her doors wide open to the high and the low, old friends and neighbors and strangers from afar. Here, still wearing his gabardine but with the hated yellow badge no longer on his sleeve, sat a merchant prince from Venice; beside him, quite bewildered by the noise and lights, huddled a very old rabbi from Salonica. Across the board a physician from Holland heatedly argued a Talmudic problem with a shabby scholar. Here and there a bright-eyed Jewess mingled with the male guests; for even in turkey the Jews did not follow the Moslem custom of the harem, and separated the sexes only in the synagogue.

At the head of the table, a very queen of a hostess, Donna

Gracia of the House of Nasi presided over the mixed multitude. She had been very beautiful in her youth. Now, although she approached her sixtieth year, her dignified bearing and gracious smile made her appear even more attractive than her lovely daughter, Reyna.

By special permission of the sultan, himself, Donna Gracia, her daughter, and the other women of the household did not wear the veil and robes of old Spain prescribed for other Jewesses in Turkey, where every group rigidly followed a set pattern in dress. On her white, abundant hair Gracia Mendes wore a small coif set with jewels; other precious stones gleamed from her crimson satin bodice of the Venetian fashion, cut very low over the shoulders and tapering to an incredibly narrow waist.

"Our kind hostess is as beautiful as she is generous and pious," the merchant prince murmured to the old rabbi at his side.

The rabbi nodded. "A true Woman of Valor," he agreed, and gravely repeated King Solomon's poem in praise of the ideal matron:

> "A woman of valor who can find?
> For her price is above rubies.
> The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,
> And he hath no lack of gain."

"What a pity that our good lady's husband, Don Francisco, was not spared to enjoy her worth and devotion," said a middle-aged Portuguese Jew at the rabbi's left hand. "My father, a refugee from the persecution of the Spanish peninsula, knew her husband well; as I remember he was a physician to the king. Don Francisco Mendes was a man of great wealth, a banker and a dealer in gems. He died only eight years after their marriage, leaving his young widow to care for their one child and his immense fortune."

The speaker paused for a moment, his dark face grown

suddenly flushed with anger.

"Perhaps it is well the Don Francisco died at such an early age," he went on heavily, "for he was spared knowledge of the grief that came to his family and to all our brethren in Portugal. He, at least, did not share in the misfortunes of the 'New Christians.'"

"Those Jews who escaped from Spain and found safety in Portugal by declaring themselves faithful sons of the Church," said the rabbi in harsh rebuke.

"Many of us remain Jews in secret," protested the younger man. "And when new rulers made our lot too heavy in Portugal, some of us Marranos like Donna Gracia fled to Belgium with our families."

He smiled a little. "Those of my father's house, like many other refugees, brought no gold with us to the Low Countries. We were not overburdened with business cares like Donna Gracia, who had not only her own fortune to manage, but that of her brother-in-law; he left his widow and his little daughter and his great estate in Gracia Mendes' charge. The lady is a shrewd as she is beautiful; her wealth seemed to increase day by day."

"As King Solomon sayeth," the rabbi reminded him, and he quoted:

> "She is like the merchant-ships;
> She bringeth her food from afar."

"Yes spices from the Orient which her agents sold at a great profit," agreed the Portuguese dryly, "profits she invested with much shrewdness in government loans to England and France and Germany."

"Our hostess is far too busy with a thousand and one affairs to spend her time weaving clothing for her household," laughed the Venetian Jew.

The old man did not seem to hear him. He had slipped away into the past and was in Salonica again. Now he was

returning home from the synagogue; his young wife met him at the door of their house; all was clean and bright in readiness for the Sabbath. He seemed to see again the Sabbath table with the freshly baked loaves, the wine cup, the candles which the mistress of the house had just blessed. And to the remembered image of the woman, dead these many years, the aged husband repeated again the traditional verses of Sabbath eve:

> "A woman of valor who can find?
> For her price is above rubies."

His head drooped on his breast and for a little while he slept the light, easy sleep of old age; for the glare of the swaying brazen lamps and the innumerable tapers in their candelabra, the clatter of dishes, and the hum of many voices had caused him to grow very weary.

In her high-backed carved chair at the head of the long table Donna Gracia stirred uneasily for she, too, was very weary. Like her humble guest, nodding above his plate, she allowed her mind to wander far, far back into the past. Like pictures in a slowly unfolding scroll, she saw her native land of Portugal, long hazy with dreams. She passed on to Flanders with its new responsibilities, its difficulties and triumphs. Smiling, she now recalled how, although a New Christian and suspected because of her Jewish blood, she had won the friendship of many nobles of the Brussels court and was envied as the companion and confidante of the queen, herself.

Remembering that friendship, Donna Gracia Mendes now frowned a little. Sometimes one pays too highly for royal favor, she thought. Although a proud and doting mother, she had realized that it was more than her daughter's acknowledged beauty that had caused so many suitors to seek her hand in marriage. The girl was a great heiress; many an impoverished prince was willing to forget the maiden's Jewish ancestry as he computed her probable dowry. There had been

bridegrooms already interested even in Gracia's niece and ward, then little more than a child.

"I agree with you that she is still too young for marriage," the queen had answered Gracia Mendes, when urging the suit of one of her favorite nobles. "But, surely, you know that among us of the court it has long been the custom to betroth our children while still in the cradle." She added that her brother, Emperor Charles, was personally interested in the marriages of the young heiresses.

Donna Gracia dared not tell the all-powerful queen that although a New Christian she was still a faithful Jewess at heart and wished her daughter and niece to marry among their own people. Yet, in spite of the greatest diplomacy, she and her sister were accused of disloyalty to the Church. A portion of their property was confiscated; but the Mendes family escaped to Venice. Donna Gracia shrugged aside her losses. No price was too high, she decided, to pay for the privilege of choosing a husband for her only child.

She had soon found him, the desired son-in-law, Joseph Nasi who now sat at her right hand during the Sabbath feasting. Donna Gracia looked toward him with proud affection; he well deserved his Hebrew title, the Prince, she thought, for he was truly a leader among his brethren. The Gentiles also recognized his worth: the first and only Jew to attain princely power in Europe, he ruled over Naxos with ability and honor.

Her sensitive face saddened as she remembered her sojourn in Venice. It was too dangerous for her to declare herself a Jewess in the Republic of the Doges. But she had grown so weary of wearing a mask. Her own sister made Gracia's life miserable by quarreling with her for the right to control the property of her niece, still a minor. There was a degrading law suit; the proud Gracia Mendes was actually placed under arrest to prevent her escaping before her trial.

But Donna Gracia refused to surrender what she considered her just rights. She had for a long time desired to live

in Turkey where there was no danger of punishment for deserting the Church. She knew that in a Moslem land she and her family would be allowed to live openly as Jews.

Little by little, she smuggled out of Venice as much of her fortune as she could gather together and sent it to her agents in Constantinople. She was fortunate enough to win the friendship of Moses Hamon, the sultan's physician, the descendant of Spanish refugees. He persuaded the sultan to use his influence with the Venetian Republic and she was permitted to seek a new refuge. In 1558 Gracia and her family and a great retinue of followers arrived safely in Constantinople.

Tonight, sitting at the head of the banqueting table, she remembered the triumphant ending of all her journeys. The ladies rode in four magnificent coaches with their waiting-women, all so richly dressed that the populace, standing by the roadside, wondered what royal personage was entering the city. Around them rode forty armed men, who had protected the company along the dangerous bandit-haunted roads through the Balkan Mountains.

After so many upheavals, it had been good to find a warm welcome in Constantinople. Not only the wealthy and the powerful like the Mendes family had found refuge there. The wandering Jews from Spain and Portugal brought their knowledge of foreign languages and their experience as foreign traders. Jewish doctors and scientists offered their skills to high and low alike. In time of war, Sulieman, known as the "Magnificent," and the rulers who followed him looked to their Jewish subjects for the production of firearms, gunpowder and cannon. Jews who had long practiced the arts of goldsmiths, weavers, and dyers aided Turkish industry in days of peace.

The Jews were grateful for their haven. No wonder a Jewish poet compared the new refuge to the Red Sea, which God had divided for the children of Israel when they fled from

Egypt, allowing them to enter the Promised Land in safety.

"If it were only Palestine!" thought Donna Gracia, with sudden longing as she looked down the table toward her guests gathered from so many places. After many difficulties she had succeeded in having the body of her husband transported to the Holy Land. Some day—would it be soon, she wondered, for she was often weary and ill—she would rest beside him there. But first, if God were merciful, she might spend her last days in the land of Israel.

Again she looked with pride toward Joseph Nasi, dear to her as nephew and son-in-law. The Duke of Naxos had actually created a Jewish center near Tiberias to which his own ships brought refugees. Many of these pilgrims to Palestine were Italian Jews; they hoped to establish there the silk weaving they had practiced in their native country.

Tonight Gracia dared to dream of Palestine reborn, the sandy wastes again blooming and fertile. The land would be dotted with farms, with schools and synagogues. She herself would live in a modest little house, which would be far less wearisome to supervise than this splendid palace. No retinue of servants, she decided, just a maid or two, and a man to tend her fig-trees and prune the vines.

But when could she journey to her last, her true home?

Great lady though she was, she was bound by many duties and less free than the porter at her gates or the water carrier in the streets beyond. Her weary mind sorted over the morrow's interviews: letters and funds to dispatch to refugees, who waited with the impatience she herself had known to escape to Turkey; a conference with the elders of the synagogue she had built in her own palace and richly endowed; another with her steward who, she suspected, had grown miserly with the meal to which she invited daily over four hundred of her impoverished brethren; yes, and she must confer with the great scholar whom she supported while he made the first translation of the Bible into the Spanish

tongue.

And now Joseph Nasi, leaning toward her, reminded her of the project to which she had devoted so much of her restless energy.

"A little more wine?" He lifted the golden flagon and filled her jewel-set goblet. "Let us drink to the project dearest to your heart. But not," he raised a warning finger, "to the success of another boycott."

Donna Gracia frowned. She hated to be reminded of the one great failure of a life crowned with success.

Her mind flashed back to the year 1556. Could it be thirteen years ago? she thought. Is it true that when one grows older, time passes ever more quickly? News had come to Constantinople that Pope Paul IV had suddenly withdrawn the protection his predecessors had granted the Jews of Italy. A group of former Marranos from Portugal had long lived in security in the port of Anocona; they had grown prosperous and much of the oversea traffic of the papal states passed through their hands.

Now the Holy Office was reinstated; the horrors of the Inquisition were renewed. Twenty-five Jews who refused to recant were burned at the stake; others confessed their sin of backsliding and were granted the doubtful mercy of being banished to Malta to serve as galley slaves. Some managed to escape to the nearby seaport of Pesaro, to live under the protection of the Duke of Urbino, who hoped their business enterprise would help fill his coffers.

It was then that Gracia Mendes, splendid in her wrath and pity, had tried to organize a boycott of the papal states.

"Jewish merchants control the sea trade of Turkey," she argued. "Let their trading centers be removed from the dominions of the pope and be centered at Pesaro which is safe from the Inquisition."

In her enthusiasm, she even advocated that the rabbis of Jerusalem should launch a ban of excommunication against

Pope Paul.

Both projects failed utterly. The Palestinian rabbis not only refused to utter such a cruse against the head of Christendom, but argued against it. Although the Jewish communities of Constantinople, Salonica and Adrianople approved a commercial boycott, other Jewish groups were against it. While the Jews of Anocona, entirely exposed to their enemies, begged that all attacks on the papal government should cease.

The failure of these plans to aid her people was the greatest sorrow and disappointment the proud and militant woman was ever to experience.

No, not the greatest.

When the goblets of the Duke of Naxos and his mother-in-law clinked together, and the young man proposed a toast to the lady's dearest wish, Donna Gracia's lovely daughter leaned forward in her chair. The eyes of the two women met in loving sorrow.

"I know what is the dearest wish of your hear, my mother," Reyna longed to say. "All these years you have wished for a grandchild. But I am your only child and I have borne no children to carry on the name and the good deeds of our noble house."

She spoke no word, but Donna Gracia bowed her proud white head as though she understood.

The tall candles burned low and sputtered in their sockets. The mistress of the house rose from her place and her guests rose also. All waited as she smoothed her shining, voluminous skirt, and, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, moved slowly to the door of the banqueting hall.

She stopped for a moment to exchange greetings with the merchant from Venice; they had been close friends during her sojourn there. Tomorrow he must come again to tell her how their people fared on the bustling Rialto and behind the barred gates of their ghetto. Even as she spoke, her eyes rested

kindly on the shabbily dressed rabbi from Salonica. He had been roused to rise with the rest; but his eyes were still heavy with his dreams and his memories.

Gracia lingered to murmur a greeting.

"A woman of valor," the old man quoted again. Then, slipping back through the years, he seemed to see his own young wife before him, as he repeated the closing lines of Solomon's tribute:

> "Many daughters have done valiantly,
> But thou excellest the all.
> Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
> But a woman that feareth the Lord, she
> shall be praised.
> Give her of the fruit of her hands;
> And let her works praise her in the gates."

"I thank you," said Donna Gracia humbly, and her keen eyes grew suddenly soft with unshed tears.

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.

Edward William Bok

1863-1930 (Holland)

Edward Bok was not quite seven years old when the great adventure of his life began — the adventure of turning a little Dutch boy into an all-around American. He was born in the Netherlands, that land of thrift and courage, where strong dikes and untiring energy keep for men's uses the land hardly won from the sea. When he played as a tiny child by the great sea-walls or watched the turning windmills that pumped water from the low-stretching fields, he began to understand that the world was alive with many interesting things.

In his own home he listened to stories of high adventures of his own people. He was never tired of hearing about the rocky island where his grandfather had gone to drive away the pirates and make a place where people could live in safety and happiness. He could see the story in pictures as if one were turning the pages of a book while his grandmother told about the adventures of the strange long-ago times.

Five miles out from the Dutch shore in the North Sea was a bleak island where many ships were dashed up against the rocks in a time of storm. There pirates, like evil birds of prey, fell upon the shipwrecked voyagers, murdered those who were able to escape the fury of the waves, and seized their goods.

Edward could picture his grandfather at the time when he was a fearless young man, who had already proved himself to be a success as a lawyer, standing in the presence of his king.

"Your country is sending you to a dangerous island as mayor and judge," said King William. "You are not a man to run away from a hard task. We feel sure you will prove to be a leader who is not afraid of danger or hard work."

It was soon clear to every one that the king had chosen wisely. The young man brought hope and courage to the frightened people of the island. Soon all of the robbers and pirates had left a place where lawless people could no longer count on escaping punishment.

The mayor-judge looked about one day at the place that he now called home. What a bare ugly land it was — no trees, no parks, no gardens! The people thought that it was too cold for beautiful things to take root there. "We must make the best of it," they said.

"That is what I want you to do," replied the young mayor. "Make the best of it by making gardens and planting trees."

The people, however, were stubborn. "We are poor people with no time or money to spare," they said. "We will not waste the little we have on trees that cannot live through the winter storms."

Their mayor answered by planting a hundred trees. These were hardy pioneers that seemed to have in their sturdy growth something of the courage of the man who planted them. Each year they stretched up new branches and each year the young leader planted more trees. The once bare island was now a place of greenness, famous for its song-birds. The "Island of Nightingales," people called it. Travelers from many lands came to see the beauties of the island and listen in the evenings to the song of the birds that had found a place of safety on that once forbidding shore.

There were not only nests of thriving birds, but also a large family of healthy, happy boys and girls growing up in the home nest that the mayor had built. The days for them were full of merry play and worth-while work. When any one of them was tempted to give up some hard thing as a bad job he was

shamed out of it by just looking around at the proof of the way one person had persevered in the hard task of making his world a better place for all who lived there.

The story of the winning of the Island of Nightingales through the work of one man was told again and again.

"Don't forget that good work lives and grows just as trees do. Soon happy lives make their nests in places where once there was neither shelter nor safety," the grandmother would say; and then she would add, looking straight into the eager faces of the children, "Always remember that each of you must make the world better and more beautiful because you have lived in it."

Edward Bok could not remember when he had first heard those words. It must have been long before he was really able to understand their meaning. They were a part of his earliest memories of summer — a time of sunlight glancing through green branches, beneath which he and his brother used to play.

Then everything was suddenly changed. The family fortunes were at a low ebb and the father and mother told the boys that they must go to find a new home across the ocean, not on a little island, but in a country much larger even than Holland — the United States of America.

The big steamer called *The Queen* landed the family in New York, a strange place where everybody spoke a language new to the two boys of six and eight, who, the day after a place was found in Brooklyn for them to stay, were sent to a public school. The children could not answer back when a group of lively boys plied them at recess-time with questions. These boys thought it fun to see how far one could go in tormenting the newcomers.

It was evident, however, that even small boys from the Land of Pluck could take care of themselves. We know that bullies are always cowards and quick to give way before those who have the courage to stand up for their rights. These

Dutch boys were not slow in proving that they had strong bodies and quick wits, as well as a plentiful supply of grit. Pluck is understood by every one, no matter what language happens to be spoken at the moment.

Edward and William Bok showed themselves quick to learn not only the ways but also the speech of their new country. It was not many weeks before the boys on the playground who called Edward "Dutchy" had forgotten that he was a new-comer in their midst.

Life was not easy for the boy. His father had hoped that America, which had proved for many a land of opportunity, would open the way to new wealth for one who had been so unfortunate as to lose a fortune in his native land. It is hard, however, to get a start anywhere, especially for those whose abilities and experience have been matched to conditions different from those they are forced suddenly to meet. Mr. Bok was no longer a young many and though he had learned to speak English in the excellent schools of the Netherlands, he was unable to find the kind of work that he was able to do.

If Edward had not been the sort of boy who could find real fun in proving himself equal to hard work, he might have hated the first years of his American adventure. As it was, many times he was tired at the end of a day when, as often happened, he came home from school to help about the house. His mother was not strong enough to meet alone the many demands of the new life. She was used to Dutch cleanliness and order, but in the Dutch home there had been servants to share the drudgery. And as a good housewife who had been brought up in the ways of Dutch thrift, she often sighed and looked anxiously at her children when she saw everywhere signs of waste.

"We seem to have come to a strangely reckless land," she said. "I believe all the poor of the Netherlands could be fed on what American women throw out from their kitchens. Don't forget, Edward," she added, "that the person who wins

in this life is the one who learns to turn things to good account, whether on a rocky island or in a wide country rich in many of Nature's gifts. People and nations gain when they use in the best way all that they have. When we waste we lose not only an opportunity but also something of real power in ourselves."

As she spoke there flashed before Edward's imagination the picture of an island of fair gardens and parks for rest and play. He, too, would try to make the world a better place because he lived in it.

First, there was the need of earning wherever possible, for the little family could not stop eating while a new-comer from Holland was trying to make the right sort of start for success in a new world. There were chilly mornings when there was neither wood nor coal for a fire, and the two boys went out to glean pieces of wood left on vacant lots and coal that was littering the streets near sidewalks where fuel had been delivered.

"It's all right for us to get what people have thrown away or wasted," argued Edward, when his mother shook her head as her two boys brought in before school a scuttleful of coal that had been collected along the neighboring streets. "This is America, where a person can do any sort of honest work."

One morning as Edward stood looking at the fresh buns in a baker's window and wondering how he could earn the money to add food to the family store, the chance came for his first real job. The baker too came to the shop door, to admire his display.

"No one could help seeing how good your things are if somebody would wash your window for you," suggested the boy. "Would you like to clean it?" asked the baker; and a bargain was made that Edward should come to the shop Tuesdays and Fridays after school to keep the show-window clear and shining for fifty cents a week. Since an opportunity well met generally opens the way to new adventure, Edward

was soon finding that the precious after-school hours might be filled with different kinds of earning and learning. The baker gave him the chance to wait on customers and take home as wages another dollar, together with some of the bread and buns that could not be sold the next day as newly baked.

On Saturday afternoons as he went about delivering a weekly paper the idea came to him of a way to get a job as a news-gatherer. He wrote a paragraph about a party to which he had been invited, giving the names of all the boys and girls present, and took it to the office of the "Brooklyn Eagle."

"This is all right," he was told. "People will buy papers when they can see their own names and those of their neighbors in print. You can count on three dollars a column for this kind of copy." Soon Edward's schoolmates were enlisted as scouts to hand over timely items and the young reporter was often able to bring together enough to fill two or three columns.

The fortunes of the family were now beginning to look up. Mr. Bok succeeded in getting a position with a telegraph-company as translator. The man who was able to read several languages had at last found suitable employment.

Though there was no longer so great a need for help in the home, when he was thirteen Edward persuaded his parents to allow him to go to work as office-boy in the telegraph-office. "You will see that I shall not stop learning," he said.

As he worked, he watched the men in the office and tried to discover what it was in each that had helped him to win success. One day he decided that the prizes of life were won by those who could look far enough ahead to be ready to meet new opportunities and make the most of them.

At that time shorthand was a comparatively new art, but Edward was quick to see that if he could be equipped with this means of saving time for busy men by taking down rapidly their directions and letters he would be able to advance in the

office. He attended, therefore, a class in stenography at the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., and because two lessons a week did not take him forward fast enough, joined a second class in a business school.

The instructor of each group was amazed at the lad's talent for the quick pen-strokes and encouraged him to follow up his success.

The boy did not need urging to improve the opportunities that came his way. Indeed, he was always looking ahead for new possibilities just around the comer. He knew that it was his grandfather's steady hard work which had brought order and beauty to the Island of Nightingales. He had heard some one say that genius is at root a great "capacity for taking pains," and he believed that nothing could be won without persistent effort.

Some of his precious savings were spent for an encyclopedia, which he hoped might give him a clue to the different ways that great men had worked for success. Evening after evening he turned the pages, but somehow the living secret did not seem to be hiding between the covers of the volumes. Perhaps one of the men who had triumphed over difficulties would be willing to give a boy who had been forced to educate himself, a golden hint from the riches of his experience, which would help him to go ahead in the right way.

He had read in his encyclopedia that General Garfield (at that time a candidate for President of the United States) had taken the first steps of his career when as a boy he trudged along behind a mule on the tow-path of a canal. Edward decided to write a letter to the great man and ask if the book spoke the truth in so describing the first stage of his journey in life. He would ask also for a word that might help an ambitious young Hollander to win success in his adopted country.

General Garfield wrote a cordial answer, which increased the boy's interest in the biographies of great men and also gave him a new hobby. He would add to the information that

books and newspapers might furnish by writing for first-hand reports on points of real interest. As the months went by he assembled a most interesting collection of letters, many of which (since the typewriter was not at that time in general use) were in the handwriting of the senders. Here was a collection of autographs of real importance, which proved not only the generosity of men in high places but also the genuine interest that the boy's letters aroused in different quarters.

General Grant not only answered his question concerning Lee's surrender, but enclosed a little sketch indicating the exact situation. Longfellow told the story of the writing of "Excelsior" and Whittier wrote something about "The Barefoot Boy."

Edward prized his collection of letters and autographs, which were not only interesting and valuable in themselves but led to a number of real adventures that had a great influence on his life. He watched the newspapers to learn when the writers of his friendly letters were staying in New York and ventured to call upon them. In one evening he was able to talk with General Grant, Jefferson Davis, and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

He spent a summer vacation in Boston, where he went to see the famous group of New England poets — Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes. This was a time of high adventure for an ambitious boy, who was working now as a stenographer in a publishing house and hoping some day to command success as an author or editor.

The steps by which he advanced through seeing some opportunity unnoticed by others make an interesting story.

One evening at the theater his attention was caught by the restlessness between acts of the women in the audience. Als his eye fell on the awkward, badly printed sheet that contained only the program and a few advertisements, an idea took shape in his mind.

"I believe an attractive booklet, easy to handle, and giving

some lively items of interest, would be profitable because it could carry considerable space for advertising at a good rate," he said to himself.

Following this gleam of inspiration, he obtained from the theaters exclusive right to furnish without cost programs in the general form that is still in use. The little publication launched in this manner with a guaranteed circulation brought in from the start a dependable income through its advertisements.

Next there was a venture called "The Brooklyn Magazine," which was materially helped through a policy already tried out in the collecting of autograph letters from celebrities. Edward appealed directly to some of his generous correspondents for contributions to the columns of his paper and often secured without cost letters and articles of general interest. He thought of such topics for discussion as "Should America have a Westminster Abbey?" The next move was to write for the opinions of a group of prominent people and assemble their answers in a way to seize the eye and provoke debate. The paper for which he wrote was moved to New York with the new name of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," but about this time Edward Bok decided to turn his efforts in another direction.

He thought that articles of general interest might be sold to a number of newspapers for publication in different cities, thus helping both publishers and writers. He soon learned, however, that he was not the first to take up the idea of "syndicate" news-material, and that he would have to furnish something novel, and better than that which two news-agencies were already putting out.

He looked over different papers and magazines to see if he could supply something of importance that was lacking. In a flash he made a discovery. There was nothing of especial interest for women. That was the reason, he felt sure, that women did not read newspapers as much as men did. If he

could provide material to fill columns that would appeal especially to home-makers he was sure it would meet a real need.

For several years he divided his time between providing "Women's Page" features and advertising. Then came the offer from Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the publisher of "The Ladies Home Journal," to take the position as editor of that paper. This was in 1889, when the young man was twenty-six years old. At once he determined to take hold of the work as a new adventure and make of the magazine something that would be really worth while.

"I must discover what the readers of the 'Journal' want and then give them something in that line but just a little bit better. It is a good rule to find out the kind of room a person likes and make him comfortable there but also to see that the windows give him a view of something beyond," he said to himself.

He offered prizes for the best answers to three questions:

1. What do you like best in this magazine and why?

2. What do you like least, and why?

3. What feature or department would you like to have added?

The thousands of answers that came into the editor's office were a great help to him in making plans for his magazine. Years after in telling his story, Edward Bok said:

"I learned that I was right in believing that the public expects its leaders to keep a notch above or a step ahead. People want something a little better than they ask for, and the successful man in catering to public demand is he who follows this golden rule."

Perhaps he remembered at this time his grandfather's adventure for beauty in his island home. When he planted the first trees there he was giving the islanders something a little better than the things that they knew they wanted. This policy, we know in advance, made the magazine a success and

also opened the door to new opportunities for adventure.

"Why is it that builders of small houses give no thought to what is beautiful or homelike f he said to himself, as he looked out of a train window one day. "Nature has given America a rich and beautiful land, but the people do not seem to care for beauty in their homes."

He decided to offer prizes for the best plans for houses that would not cost more than five thousand dollars. The winning plans were given a prominent place in the magazine, which also offered full descriptions and estimates so that any builder would be able to use the plans. In this way thousands of people who were unable to pay for the services of an architect could secure well-planned and attractive homes.

The magazine next went on a crusade for more beauty within the homes. Pictures were shown of well-planned rooms in contrast with furniture that was poorly chosen and arranged. The reader was told, "Look on this picture and then on that." There could have been no better way of driving a point home.

Other campaigns in behalf of "Beautiful America" followed, to make people realize the extent to which signs and bill-boards had been permitted to spoil the charm of the country-side. Again pictures, of the before-and-after sort, told the story. Another series of pictures showed up "dirty cities," and while anger was aroused, together with threats to boycott the magazine, clean-up and paint-up drives became the order of the day in many places.

These are only a few of the ways in which Edward Bok was able to make his work as editor a real service to the cause of beauty and better living for many. It was, therefore, a great surprise to his friends, when, after thirty years of work with the magazine, the editor declared that it was time for him to retire.

"You're not an old man," they said, "and you're not ill, are you? Why should you give up such successful work when

you're only fifty-six years young!"

"Because others are ready to carry on this work," was the reply, "and they should have a clear field. I, too, want the chance, while I am still young enough, to set out on a new trail. People spend many years in making a living, but often forget to take time to live," he added.

"What may I say you are planning to do?" asked a young newspaper reporter.

"If you must say something," replied Bok, with a smile, "you might inform your readers that I am planning nothing more than to be a citizen of Philadelphia."

It was soon evident that this citizen had only been waiting for the opportunity to do a number of interesting things. He wrote the story of his life, which he called "The Americanization of Edward Bok." He said that all of the events of the years since he came as a little boy to this country were adventures in the making of an American citizen. America had given him a chance to do worth-while work and he had been happy in the doing of it. He wished now to give to his adopted country some special service in return for the opportunities that he had enjoyed.

The idea came to him that most people were too much taken up with their special concerns to think about others who were doing different kinds of important work for their city. He decided that he would do something to make everybody wake up to the worth-while things that were going on around them. Prizes were provided each year for a policeman and a fireman who had done some outstanding service. This was, of course, a fine thing for the man, who was given an award of a thousand dollars, together with the recognition that he deserved from his fellow-citizens. It was an even better thing that all of the people stopped to think about those who were doing important work for the city.

The idea of a prize came to Bok as a means of leading many to take active part in work that would benefit all the

people. He put the idea to the proof in several ways.

A prize was offered each year for the citizen of Philadelphia who was voted as the one who had done during the preceding twelve months something of outstanding worth for the whole community. One year the prize was given to the leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra, whose concerts were among the most important musical events in America; another time it went to the manager of the baseball league team who had helped his men win the championship for that year. These two instances will illustrate the way that the prizes encouraged many kinds of work for the city's welfare and happiness.

After the Versailles Treaty, which brought an end to the World War, had been signed, the people who had lived through the years of frightful destruction and suffering said there should be some way to stop the madness of wars between nations. Edward Bok hoped that his idea of an award might set thousands of people to working on plans for keeping the peace of the world.

"If the nations prepare for peace as thoroughly as they have prepared for war, the greatest menace to the safety and happiness of people everywhere will be conquered," he said.

Soon all of the papers and magazines in the country told the important news of the prize of $100,000 that Edward Bok was offering for the best plan by which America might "cooperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world." Early in January, 1924, the winning plan was published, together with suggestions that other people had brought forward. Many minds had been put to work, and millions of people were made to realize the need for making plans to prevent war.

It is clear that Edward Bok was using his time and his money to good purpose. As we have seen, he was trying in different ways to show his gratitude to America for the opportunities that had been given him in this land. During the last

years of his life he was able to show his love for his adopted country by a wonderful gift to his fellow-countrymen.

The story of that gift had its beginning long ago in the making of a bleak island into a place of beauty and in the message which he felt had been sent to him to carry on that work. The Dutch boy who came to the New World never forgot the splendid adventure of his grandfather across the sea. Always as he went on from one kind of work to another he knew that he was adventuring for beauty.

The great opportunity to make the thought of the Island of Nightingales take root and blossom in America came to Edward Bok while he was on a vacation in Florida. He chanced one day to see the bodies of some song-birds lying near the beach. "Many birds that are migrating from the North to Cuba or South America lose their lives here every year" he was told. "Often when they are caught in a storm their strength does not hold out for the long journey that they make every spring and autumn."

In a flash then Edward Bok remembered the storm-driven birds that had found a refuge among the trees of the Island of Nightingales. Now he knew that he must make an island of rest and safety for tired birds and people in America. It should be a place of beauty and peace where many in need of renewal of strength and joy could come.

In the center of Florida, about midway between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, is a place three hundred and twenty-four feet above sea level — the highest ground in the State. This stretch of land, barren save for a growth of noble pine trees, Edward Bok selected for his island of beauty. A year was spent in providing the needed system for insuring a supply of water. Trenches were dug and pipes laid. Then a landscape architect began to transplant to the high ground trees and bushes, that grew in abundance in near-by swampy districts. Bushes with berries for the birds and underbrush for shelter were planted.

Among the trees that were introduced were the dogwood, magnolia, live-oak, wild plum, and mulberry. There were also masses of feathery golden acacia, hundreds of brilliant azalea plants, and everywhere the Florida blueberry bushes making a soft background with their dull gray-green foliage.

Two lakes were dug and surrounded with lilies and iris. Here wood-ducks, herons, and flamingoes were made welcome. A dozen nightingales were brought from England to found a colony in this bird paradise.

In the midst of Nature's gifts, rising more than two hundred feet from the hilltop, is a lovely Singing Tower. The base is made of the Florida coquina rock — the same mellow, light-tan stone that was used by the Spanish settlers in the building of the ancient fort at St. Augustine. Above this, built of pink Georgia marble, is the tower, which holds a wonderful carillon of sixty-one bells.

The name "Singing Tower" comes from Old-World times when the people of Belgium and Holland built watch-towers from which sentinels could look out over the land and give warning of a break in the dikes or of danger from an enemy. A horn was blown in time of need as a signal from the watchers. Later on, bells placed in the tower sounded instead of the horn. In the seventeenth century famous carillons of bells pealed with the passing of the hours. The music of the bells that Edward Bok had heard as a child echoed in his memory with the quaint stories of long-ago times. That is the reason it came to pass that a Singing Tower was built in the heart of the bird sanctuary at Mountain Park, Florida. The bells from the tower are played at sunset each day and at noon on Sundays. There are, besides, special programs on Christmas Eve, New Year's and the birthdays of the three great Americans, Washington, Lincoln, and Lee.

At the entrance to this place of beauty, which was dedicated by President Coolidge at the time Edward Bok presented it to the American people, is placed this sign:

The Sanctuary
For the Humans and the Birds
"I come here to find myself. It is so
easy to get lost in the world."

In January, 1930, when Edward Bok came to the end of his earthly journey, his body was laid to rest in a crypt under the Singing Tower. The last of his adventures for beauty led to this sanctuary where we may hear echoed in the songs of birds and of pealing bells the message: "Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it."

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.

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 pre-scription 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 with-

out 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.

Eleanor of Pottov, Duchess Aquitaine
Blithe Heart of Aquitaine
1122-1204

As clear as the notes of a bell, the voice of a girl pealed out in merry laughter, "Methinks you jest, Gawain. Grandfather William loves his throne and has no intent of handing it over to another. Mayhap the day will come when I shall be duchess of Aquitaine, but something tells me it will be a day far distant.'"

Eleanor, countess of Poitou, nodded emphatically as she spoke these words. She was not yet fourteen years old, but as an heir presumptive, which means that in the event of the death of the ruler she would have the right to inherit the throne, she had been schooled in the laws of royal procedure and knew that very likely, when the reign of her grandfather ended, she would be exalted in his place. Her father was dead. Her Uncle Raymond, the only surviving child of Duke William, had gone forth into the world seeking adventure. At Antioch, in Palestine, he had fought the Saracens in the Holy Wars, and, conquering, had been made the Christian ruler of that city. Word borne from the east declared he would not come back, so that Eleanor knew that eventually the crown of Aquitaine would come to her. But she believed it would not come for a very long time yet, not until death called her grandfather to his ancestors. He was a remarkably sturdy man for all his sixty-eight years, a match in strength and agility for

any of the young courtiers. She was sure he would live for many years to come, until she was twenty or thirty, perhaps, or even forty.

But Gawain d'Angers, the squire who had just hastened to her in the sunlit, vine-embowered garden that lay between the castle and the moat, shook his head at her confident speech.

"Then something tells you wrongly," he declared with eager assurance. "Only five minutes ago, when I bore away from Duke William the drinking-cup he had just emptied, I heard him tell the ministers assembled in council that he means to abdicate in your favor."

The girl looked at him with mocking eyes.

"Nay, nay, Gawain," she insisted, "you cannot fool me thus. You jest, and I know it." Very seriously then she added, "I cannot imagine Grandfather William doing aught so amazing as what you say."

Before the boy could reply a clamor of wild cheers sounded from the castle.

"Long live Eleanor, duchess of Aquitaine," a chorus sounded from more than a hundred throats. The strains echoed through the garden, reverberated over the walls that shut the royal residence from the world beyond it, and like the clarion of a messenger, went winding down the pleasant valleys toward Bordeaux. Nut-sellers filling their baskets in groves that cloaked the hills beyond the château, shepherds following their flocks along the grassy slopes and gulches, and women gossiping in dooryards—everybody stopped to listen and looked in eager interest toward the great stone pile that was the residence of the lord of the realm. But nobody needed to ask the meaning of the chorus. Very plainly the words said to all who heard them, "William of Aquitaine is about to abdicate the throne." If harm had come to the ruler, if death had suddenly ended his career, the cry would have been, "The duke is dead! Long live the duchess!" That was the age-old

way of announcing that the reign of one sovereign had ended and that his successor's was about to begin. Therefore the people for long rods around knew that William meant to be done with affairs of state and hand over his scepter to his granddaughter.

For a moment, as Eleanor understood that what Gawain had told her was true, she was amazed, bewildered. Then, realizing what the proclamation meant, she exclaimed: "Come! Methinks there is much within doors to interest me now."

They hurried from the garden and sped along the broad, long hall that led to the council-chamber. There, all in the gorgeous apparel that in the twelfth century marked the state attire of men and women of the nobility, the courtiers and ladies were assembled; and before them, on a dais, in the gilded, jeweled chair that was the throne of Aquitaine, sat the duke. He had just given word for a servitor to summon his granddaughter, but she entered before the fellow had time to go forth with the message. With lusty, joyous cheers the throng greeted her as she moved through the great apartment. Smiles and nods of approval were exchanged when at a gesture from the Duke William she mounted the steps of the dais and took a seat beside him. A minister read the proclamation that declared that two months hence, on the fourteenth birthday of his granddaughter, William meant to surrender all affairs of state to her and devote the remainder of his life to quiet in a monastery in Spain.

"With all my titles and lands do I endow my son's child, Eleanor," the proclamation read. "Upon the day I quit the throne she shall become ruler absolute of Aquitaine."

Cheer upon cheer followed the reading of the document, cheers of whole-hearted approval that told that the young countess was a pleasing choice to the entire assemblage.

But as she looked down into the sea of faces and heard again and again the words, "duchess of Aquitaine," she felt

just a little frightened. Until now the idea of being a sovereign, wearing magnificent clothes, and doing as one pleased had seemed splendid to her. But suddenly she realized that a ruler has much to do besides looking beautiful and gratifying her own desires. Like a flash the thought came that there would be many subjects to please, many difficulties to adjust. She wondered if she could please her people and solve their problems.

There was little time for her mind to dwell upon that question, however. Throughout the remainder of that day, and for many days thereafter, every minute was filled with preparation for the coronation. There were hours upon hours of conference with costume-makers, for a reigning duchess must have a sumptuous wardrobe. There were hours of studying and practising for the coronation ceremonial. Princes from a score of other lands would come with glitter and magnificence to represent their kings when the granddaughter of William was exalted to the rank of sovereign, and everything must be done with the luxurious pomp and perfection that befitted the rank among nations of the realm over which she was to wield scepter.

A jewel among countries was Aquitaine, and, although called a duchy, it was more powerful than many a land whose ruler bore the title of king. Her fertile, beautifully tilled leagues of hill and lowland extended from the mountains of Auvergne to the Biscay Gulf, and were bounded southward and northward by the rivers Garonne and Loire. Beyond, on the east, lay Languedoc, stretching as far as the Rhone. Beyond Languedoc, still further toward the rising sun, was Provence, washed by the Mediterranean and bordered by Italy, and to the south of these three realms lay Roussillon, Guienne, and Gascony, each an independent country that reached to Spain. This was southern France when Duke William came to the throne. He inherited just the country between the Loire and Garonne, but before reigning many

years by his able sovereignty he had changed the map of the entire land. Guienne, Roussillon, and Gascony became a part of the territory over which he held sway. Languedoc and Provence remained nominally independent, but they were virtually under his control, so that by the time Eleanor was ten years old the power of Aquitaine extended from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean and from the Loire to the Spanish border. William built up a mighty commerce. He had boats upon the high seas, carrying on trade with all the lands of the world, at every voyage bringing wealth to his capital of Bordeaux and to the entire realm. Even the king of France began to look with a jealous eye in his direction; France in the early part of the twelfth century consisted only of what is now the central part of that land, the portion bordering the English Channel and the Belgium that we know making up the duchies of Normandy and Burgundy.

"If I be not watchful this southern lord will become a sovereign of greater might than I am," Louis VI more than once remarked in alarm. And his fear was not without good reason. Rulers everywhere followed with admiration and amazement Duke William's marvelous nation-building, and from the Scandinavian oceans to the Greek and Italian seas men spoke with enthusiasm of Imperial Aquitaine.

A realm of culture and happiness was Aquitaine, even as it was a realm of power. The language of its people was the tongue history knows as Provençal, an elegant, musical form of speech combining the best points of the French language and the Italian. It was a dulcet, flowing tongue that lent itself to poetry, and, as the people of this southern French territory were a beauty-loving, rhythmic race, poets rose in numbers, expressing their happiest thoughts in verse, and setting this verse to melody. West of the Rhone these bards were known locally as trouvères; east of it they were spoken of as troubadours. But the world in general called the entire company troubadours. Duke William was himself a troubadour of much

talent and reputation. It was his delight to have always at court a group of poets with whom he could match his own ability as a maker of verses.

Over this sun-glorified, elegant, fortunate realm, Eleanor at fourteen was to reign as sovereign.

The day of days drew near. Then in the midst of the excitement that enveloped the entire country as preparations for the coronation progressed, a piece of news went forth that roused the people to a frenzy of pride.

"The duke has arranged a marriage between his granddaughter and Louis le Jeune, son and heir of the king of France!"

The wedding, it was declared, would immediately precede the coronation.

Eleanor had nothing to say about the arrangement, although it affected her more than any one else, for in France, as in every other land of Europe, a princess had no more voice in the matter of whom she would marry than a horse had as to the direction in which it was to be driven or ridden. She was even more helpless, in fact, for the horse could run away. If a princess attempted anything like that she was shut up in a tower.

"I hope Louis proves not to be a boor," Eleanor remarked to Gawain as one morning in the garden she and the squire talked about the approaching marriage.

Gawain scowled at her words, for the news that she was to wed Louis was anything but pleasing to him. He detested the thought of the coming of the French prince to Bordeaux, because he knew it would put an end to the jolly frolics he and Eleanor often had in the castle and garden; the companionship between himself and the girl was one of his greatest pleasures.

Sulkily he replied to her, "Like as not he is an awkward dolt who will stumble and sprawl on the cathedral steps as you go to your coronation."

Eleanor's eyes flashed with sudden spirit. "If Louis does such clownish thing," she returned a bit snappily, "I shall box his ears right soundly, and my first imperial act will be to order him shut up in a dungeon until he is schooled in manners."

Picturing the girl's disciplining of her future spouse, the two laughed merrily. There was much of bravery in both of these young folk, and bravery prevents whining when things go not according to one's desires. Both Eleanor and Gawain were distressed by the thought of the approaching marriage, but they chose to laugh over it instead of spoiling their hours together by vain pouting.

The joint ceremony of the marriage and coronation was celebrated with great pomp. Never in her history had Bordeaux witnessed so splendid an event, with lords from every land of Europe riding in the great processional. Princes from far Hungary and Russia, each attended by a magnificent suite and attired in barbaric elegance, bore with them, lifted to the gaze of spectators in the streets, the costly gifts they had brought from their rulers as tokens of homage to the young duchess. Lords of Germany, Austria, and Sweden were there, also, from Britain, Spain, and Portugal, each vying with the other in bringing the richest presents and being the most gorgeously dressed. The courtiers and ladies of Aquitaine glittered in jewel-studded velvet and satin that dazzled the eyes of all who saw as they moved forward in the sunlight. Behind the courtiers moved troubadours, crimson-robed and garlanded, eight and forty in all, singing at intervals ballads that one of their number had composed for the ceremonial, accompanying the songs on viols and lutes. Close behind the troubadours, riding in the golden ducal carriage, were Eleanor and Louis, the young prince of France. Beside the grace of the agile squire, Gawain d'Angers, he seemed cumbersome indeed, although he did not stumble on the cathedral steps or sprawl in the doorway. Excellently well demeanored was he as he stepped from the carriage and took his place behind the

courtiers of Aquitaine, but, as the people watched him, they believed they would not love him overmuch. He was a solemn-faced lad, one who looked as if he might be given to puzzling moods.

"Poor Eleanor!" thought Gawain, as, standing in the guard-of-honor within the church, he watched the prince stride by him. But Eleanor, moving to the altar with head held high, looked anything but a cause for pity. She meant to act the part of duchess of Aquitaine. But within she was torn between a wish to box Louis's ears so soundly that he would go spinning from her and never come back again and a desire to speed to some far place where nobody would have power to make any one marry a person she did not choose for herself.

Eleanor began her reign as duchess of Aquitaine in a manner that delighted her subjects. She was possessed of a brilliant intellect as well as beauty and grace of manner, was excellently educated, and had the wisdom to heed the advice of those better versed in state affairs than she was. Under her rule prosperity and happiness held sway in Aquitaine. The populace loved her with deep loyalty and gave her the full measure of their homage.

But Louis they never learned to like. They were children of laughter, these folk of Aquitaine; and the serious-faced, gloomy prince seemed a very disagreeable person to them.

"To live with him is as staying in a dark cellar," a chronicler of that day wrote.

But Eleanor managed very well. When the moods of Louis depressed her, she added to the gaiety of her court. Additional troubadours she invited there. Entertainers and jesters were brought at the cost of many gold pieces from Italy, and every week was brightened with tournaments, balls, and contests of poetry. Like her grandfather, she, too, was a poet of ability and composed many excellent verses which she sang to her own accompaniment on lute or viol. She acted as judge of the merits of the verses of the others and bestowed handsome

rewards upon the winners. Louis might moon in the garden or in his apartments a week at a time if he chose, but she did not let it spoil her days. Blithely she filled them with tournament and with troubadour song, making her realm so much a haunt of pleasure that people spoke of it as "gay Guienne." Guienne having become a part of the duchy of Aquitaine, the name was often poetically applied to the entire province.

"It is very nice being a sovereign," she remarked to Gawain, after she had held the throne for almost five months.

But soon after that there came a day when Eleanor's carefree life in the southland ended. The king of France died. Louis succeeded him as Louis VII, and Eleanor was forced to leave her loved capital of Bordeaux and take up residence in Paris.

There, away from the laughter and sun of the southland, she was very unhappy. In the realm inherited from her grandfather she was sovereign in her own right and could plan things as she chose to have them, but in Paris she was but the wife of the sovereign.

Louis made life within his palace as gloomy as the gloomiest of his moods.

"Royalty is a public trust, for the exercise of which a rigorous account will be exacted by Him who has sole disposal of crowns and scepters."

Thus spake King Louis VI when dying, and his son remembered and cherished his words. In striving to fulfil the trust he determined to devote all his time to serious thought, believing that by so doing he would be a better sovereign. He forbade dancing, poetry contests, tournaments, the things Eleanor loved. The French capital was a place of such wretchedness to her that she thought longingly of "gay Guienne"; and the only really happy times in her life as queen of France were the visits that several times each year she made to her own realm. During them she could have the days and nights

of color, music, and laughter that she craved. In Aquitaine she was free as a wild bird. In Paris she was like a lark or nightingale with clipped wings. Both peasants and courtiers in the south country knew that whenever she left Bordeaux she went like an unhappy captive, and it was whispered in both hut and castle hall that such state of things could not last.

Ten years rolled by, however, with Eleanor dividing her time between Paris and Bordeaux.

It happened then that Bernard of Fontaines—known as St. Bernard in history—preached a crusade in Burgundy. The French king and queen journeyed northward to hear the eloquent monk, and Eleanor was so much moved by his plea that the hosts of Christianity go to defense of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem that she vowed she would ride to the east herself at the head of her own forces of Aquitaine.

She did that very thing. Organizing her ladies into a company of Amazons, she formed a lightly armed squadron. Their distaffs and embroidery-frames they sent to all the knights of the realm who refused to join the expedition, and they taunted them in so many ways that hundreds who intended to stay at home set out for Palestine.

Eleanor and her Amazons fought with the Arabs. In a valley in Laodicea they were cut off from the rest of the Christian forces by a troop of Moslems and escaped death only by a battle that took the lives of several hundred knights, Gawain d'Angers being one of the number. It would have been better, it would have cost less in chivalrous French blood, had Eleanor and her Amazons stayed at home and left the fighting to men who understood it. But to the romantic-minded queen it seemed a great and holy undertaking, and she always gloried in the thought of having gone as a crusader to the Holy Land.

That expedition to Palestine caused a breach between Louis and his queen that was never mended. Eleanor's

obstinacy in commanding her forces as she chose, instead of listening to the advice of skilled military men, and by that obstinacy causing a battle that brought death to some of the most chivalrous knights of France, was a thing for which he could not forgive her. Shortly after the royal pair returned to Paris they were divorced.

Then Eleanor married Henry Plantagenet, duke of Normandy and prince of England. These two established a residence in a castle on the shore of the British Channel, where they duplicated the luxury and gay entertainment that had been a part of Eleanor's life in the south. It was no longer like going to prison when she had to leave "gay Guienne." But still she loved Aquitaine better than any other place.

Not for very long, however, did the ex-queen of France live in the castle on the channel. A little more than a year after her marriage to Henry Plantagenet that prince became king of England, and the two repaired to London for the coronation. Eleanor, when she went to the throne of England, took with her as a part of her coronation gift to her husband a fleet of ships from the goodly number of the vessels of Aquitaine. Until the accession of Henry, England's ocean commerce had been of no importance. But with the fleet Eleanor brought him the newly ascended king gave much attention to building up trade by sea. As the vessels returned him wealth he added to the number, gradually forming a great navy and merchant marine.

Many varied events marked Eleanor's life as queen of England, some sad, some gay. Gladdest of all was the birth of a son, who, even as a babe, showed that he inherited his mother's blithe nature and keen intellect. He was christened Richard, and throughout his boyhood Eleanor called him le Joyeux, the Joyous. She told him stories of her girlhood in the distant southland, of hours of merry comradeship with Gawain d'Angers, of days filled with tournaments and troubadour song. Always to these tales the boy listened with such

eager interest and keen enjoyment that one day his mother exclaimed: "The south is in you, its color, warmth, and brightness. To my Aquitaine you shall go to hear the melodies of the troubadours and drink the magic of its sunshine!"

Accordingly she sent him to her native realm, and Richard loved the luxurious, graceful life as passionately as ever his mother had loved it. He, too, became a poet, a troubadour of merit, who wrote verses of such excellence that had he not been a prince he would have been welcome at lordly seats as a maker of songs. For many joyous moons he roamed over the land that had been the sovereign seat of his mother's people until affairs of state beyond the channel took an unexpected turn and he had to journey north to become king of England.

But Richard was too restless by nature to stay quietly upon a throne. Crusaders fared to Palestine once more, and he journeyed with them, one of the most spectacular and picturesque figures in all the great company that went to the Holy Wars, fighting the Saracens as his mother had done before him. He fought gallantly and fiercely, too. He could guide a steed and swing a sword with amazing skill, and was so fearless in the face of danger, so laughingly, recklessly daring as he looked death in the face, that men called him Cœur de Lion, Lion Heart. And often when comrades praised him for some act of courage he would answer gallantly, "It is from my gracious mother that the fitness for doing it came."

Eleanor of Aquitaine lived throughout the reign of the son she adored, and always she was his closest friend and adviser. She ruled in his stead as regent while he was absent on the crusade and on several other occasions when he went away to fight in foreign wars. She ruled ably, too, as ever since her girlhood she had ruled in the realm inherited from her ancestors.

Eleanor of Aquitaine was one of the great women of history. Ruler of a realm at fourteen, and a ruler of such ability

and fairness that she was the idol of both the nobility and the populace, queen of France and queen of England, mother of Richard the Lion Heart, and poet of such merit that she deserves to rank among the early authors of France, there is no more romantic character in the story of any land than that of this blithe-hearted daughter of the French southland, whose coronation gift to England was the beginning of that country's navy and merchant marine.

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.

Elisha Kent Kane

The Dauntless American in the Arctic

1820-1857 (Exploration)

Since the days of Edward the Sixth, when Sir Hugh Willoughby and his men all perished, frozen at their posts among the treacherous rocks around Spitsbergen, the infinite silence of the Arctic Seas has been the setting for supreme heroic deeds; yet have any been more heroic, we wonder, than the search of Elisha Kent Kane, an American scientist and explorer, for the lost ships of Sir John Franklin? The lost man was not even a fellow-countryman, but Dr. Kane needed no other incitement for his chivalrous adventure than the call our common humanity made upon him.

He was born at Philadelphia. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia, and in 1842 received his degree of M.D., entering the American navy as a surgeon the following year. In 1850 an expedition was organized to search for Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane was appointed surgeon and naturalist to the party. After an absence of 18 months Dr. Kane returned, but though in feeble health he was determined not to give up the search.

He lectured throughout the States with the object of raising enough money to finance a second expedition, and in 1853 this hope was realized.

A second expedition, financed by Henty Grimell, set out with Dr. Kane at its head. The little ship Advance sailed up

Baffin Bay, through Smith Sound, and so into an enclosed sea now known as Kane Basin, thus preparing the way for many future Polar Expeditions.

The whole expedition was heroic in conception and realization, but we must concern ourselves only with one striking incident. In September the ice closed in on the Advance, and throughout the dark night of the Arctic winter the men were confined to their ship, preparing for the hazardous search-parties which would begin with the first gleams of early spring. In March eight men were sent out to prepare a food depot for future use. Ten days later, toward midnight, Kane and his men were stitching moccasins in the warm cabin when they heard shambling footsteps above, and in staggered three of the men, haggard, swollen, with frost-bite, scarcely able to speak. At length they learned that four of the men were lying frozen and disabled in their tent, and the fifth man had stayed to look after them in peril of his life. These three men had set out for help, but they were so exhausted and bewildered that the only information Dr. Kane could elicit from them as to the whereabouts of their companions was that they were somewhere among the hum-mocks to the north and east, and that the ice was "drifting heavily."

Instantly Dr. Kane prepared food, packed up a small tent, made ready the sledge, and the rescue party set out. The least disabled of the three officers was wrapped up in furs and eider-downs and strapped into the sledge in the hope that he would be able to guide them, and then the nine men, with Dr. Kane at their head, set forth across the icy wilderness in cold 78 degrees below freezing-point.

The disabled officer, who had fought against sleep for 50 hours on the terrible journey back to the ship, fell at once into a death-like sleep, and the ten rescuers struggled on for 16 hours, their only landmarks huge icebergs whose forms they recognized jutting out at intervals across the bay. And when at last they found themselves in unknown regions their sick

comrade awoke delirious and quite useless. They only knew their messmates must be within a compass of forty miles, somewhere in those infinite frozen stretches and soft, fatal snows.

They came at last to a long, level ice-floe, and Kane, thinking it would have proved attractive to weary men unable longer to combat the rugged surfaces and hummocks, decided to search it. To halt for a moment would have meant certain death, for the temperature had fallen 30 degrees lower.

All the members of the party suffered greatly from thirst, for they could not wait to thaw the ice; and in such intense cold, if unthawed, ice burns like acid, leaving the lips and tongue bleeding. Dr Kane ordered his men to spread out so that the search might be more thorough; but willy-nilly the men found themselves drawing close together, the awe of those unconquerable solitudes—remote, austere—and the intense stillness playing havoc with their shattered nerves. Dr Kane himself fainted twice in the snow.

All the men were exhausted. They had been 18 hours without food and water, but with indomitable courage they pressed on and at length they saw the American flag, a splash of colour, drooping from a hummock of snow just behind the tent of their lost comrades.

Instinctively the men stayed without the tent waiting for their leader to come up, and in that awe-full moment, uncertain whether his men were living or wrapped round in the deepest of all silences, Dr. Kane crawled into the darkness of the tent.

He saw the four helpless figures stretched out upon their backs, and they cried through blackened and frozen lips: "We were sure you would come." And instantly there came a ringing cheer from outside. That was a great moment!

There were now 15 men to be brought back to the ship. The rescuers had had no rest for 21 hours, the tent would only hold eight men, and outside only incessant motion could

prevent death. The sick men were undressed, rubbed, and packed again in furs and reindeer skins. This took four hours more, and by now the rescuers were dazed and exhausted, their fingers numb with frost-bite.

But Dr Kane prayed, and then began the long trek back to the ship over ice and snow and bleak ridges, wild and rugged beyond conception.

They travelled for some hours, upheld by an inspired cheerfulness; and then quite suddenly the spirit went out of them, and they were all conscious of hopelessness and failure. Hans, the Eskimo guide, was found under a drift, nearly stiff and unable to speak. All the men begged their leader to let them sleep—"they were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a little sleep was all they wanted." One man flung himself down in the snow and refused to rise.

It was a fateful moment. Only a great man and a born leader could have saved that little band of brave men who, through exhaustion, were indifferent to their fate. But Dr Kane did not know the word failure. He was a born leader, with that inspired courage which waxes stronger as the need for it grows more desperate, with that grim determination which hardens when faced with imminent disaster. Thoughtless of self, he fought against the deadly languor which was overpowering his men. He wrestled, commanded, jeered, and stormed; but in vain. Then he helped them to pitch the tent.

The cold had become so deadly that their hands would scarcely do their bidding. But at last the tent was up. The men staggered into it, and Dr. Kane, after bidding them follow after a four-hours rest, pushed on with one companion to the half-way tent that he might prepare food and drink against their coming.

Happily the way lay over a smooth stretch of ice. Neither of the two was in his right senses, but with indomitable spirit they moved onward, talking resolutely, though what they said was meaningless. They lost all count of time, and as in a

stupor they watched a bear knock over their tent, they were too dazed with cold to care much. Fortunately the bear ran off at their approach.

They succeeded in raising the tent with difficulty and crawled inside, dead to the world. When they awoke three hours later Dr Kane's beard was frozen so fast to his buffalo-skin that his companion had to cut him loose with a jack-knife. But they were refreshed and in their right senses, and were able to light a fire and prepare food before the others came.

Now began the last and most severe stage in all that terrible journey. The way was wild and rough, and supreme exhaustion was leading to that most fatal thing, loss of self-control. Some, mad with thirst, ate snow, whereupon their mouths and throats swelled and made them speech-less. All were over-powered by the deadly sleep of cold, and were constantly falling on the snow.

Then Dr Kane found that if forcibly roused at the end of three minutes these little sleeps did them good; so each in turn was allowed a short sleep on the sledge, watched, and wakened. The day was windless or else all must have perished. As it was the men were delirious and remembered nothing of their journey. Yet, though all sense of perception and memory were lost, the instinct for obedience and devotion to duty lived on. These hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men still held on, tugging the sledge which bore their disabled comrades. One man was sent tumbling ahead to get help from the ship, and so strong was his sense of loyalty and obedience that though quite delirious he repeated the leader's message perfectly.

The ship's surgeon hastily prepared a sledge and set out to meet the gallant band. He was shocked beyond words at their appearance. The ten rescuers who had set out three days before, hardy and vigorous, were now bent and feeble, and covered with frost. Most terrible of all—they gave no glance

of recognition, only a wild and vacant stare, and staggered on, dragging the sledge, everyone delirious. They stumbled on unheeding, unseeing, until they came to the ship's side. Dr. Kane gave the halt. Like automata they dropped the lines, mounted the ship side, rolled into their beds, in their icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep. Dr Kane held on until all his companions were settled as comfortably as possible; then he, too, fell asleep, and woke raving. So each man in turn awoke frantic, and for two days the ship was like a madhouse. Dr Kane himself was the first to recover. Two of the men died; all suffered severely.

Throughout that summer and, a second terrible winter the ship remained immovable while the men carried on with their self-imposed task. They suffered greatly from hunger and disease, brought on by malnutrition; for rats, puppies, and scurvy grass are but ill substitutes for fresh meat and vegetables. They explored new fields accomplishing much geographical as well as scientific research, during which time they attained what was for 16 years the highest northern latitude. At last they decided to take to the boats, and eventually found their way to Greenland and so home.

Dr. Kane, never a strong man, died not long after his return, but he lived long enough to record one of the most beautiful stories of patient devotion and selfless courage the world has ever known.

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."

Miss Ethel McNeile
The One Who Was Left
Died 1922 (Asia-India)

When the *Egypt* went down in 1922, after colliding with another vessel 25 miles south-west of Ushant, she took with her something far more precious than all the gold in her bullion-room—human lives and brave hearts, and among them a woman whose soul triumphed in that hour of sacrifice.

In the confusion and dismay before the *Egypt* went to the bottom there was a mutiny of Goanese stewards. It was quelled, but the time left for getting out the boats was then short. The women and children were lined up. They could not stand on the deck, so sharply tilted it was, but they lay along the rail, edging their way as best they could toward the waiting boat. A number of passengers had failed to get their lifebelts at first, only to find later that the water was too deep in the cabins to reach them. The assistant Marconi operator took off his own life-jacket and gave it to a lady who had none, and that brave fellow did not come home.

The Chief Purser, who was superintending the loading of the boat and counting heads as the passengers were helped into it, called "Three more." Number Three in the line was Miss Ethel Rhoda McNeile, known in India as Sister Rhoda of the Church Missionary Society. Hers was the last place. As she realized her chance of life she heard a married woman just behind her murmur her last agonising thought: "Oh, my

children! What will they do without a mother?"

As if it were the most natural thing in the world Miss McNeile put her arm round the woman and moved her in front of her.

"If you don't mind," she said, "we will change places."

There was no time for anything more to be said, no time for a message to her friends and relations in England. The woman to whom she had given her place was at once seized by the sailors and pushed into the boat. The last place was filled; the boat was cut adrift, and a moment after the *Egypt* heaved over and sank.

The one was taken and the other left. But she who gave her life saved her soul and gave the world an imperishable memory of sacrifice and greatness. Her brother, a Norfolk vicar, has said of her:

My sister naturally gave up her place because she was a Christian. It would have hurt her more that the children should be motherless than that her own life should be at an end. She was always capable of rapid thinking and quick decision, and she used both in that second of mortal peril in order not to miss her opportunity.

There were two chances. Her chance of life and her chance of giving life to another, and it did not take her a second to choose between them. She chose immortality, and her name is graven among those of the noble army of martyrs and heroes. All her life she had learned to sacrifice herself for others, and in her death she left behind her an imperishable spirit and the glory of a great example.

It is with a full heart that all who know her story will stand in the Church of Bishops Sutton, near Alresford in Hampshire, where her father and brother lie, and read there the inscription to her memory.

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?"

Francisco Penzotti

1851–1925 A.D.

"Never in my life have I fought so much with priests and friars as in these last months…there hardly passes a night when I do not dream of being in combat with them." These, his own words, tell a common experience of Señor Francisco Penzotti's life in South America as distributing agent of the American Bible Society. The business of such an agent is to sell Bibles to all who will buy them, and like all evangelical work it has been carried on in the face of the most desperate opposition on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy, who control the religious life of the State. One of the beliefs of the Roman Church is that the Bible, as we know it, should not be placed in the hands of the ignorant because they will misinterpret its teachings. The only version allowed for common use is the result of careful pruning and editing by the papal hierarchy, believed to be the only infallible authority.

And so, when the agents for the Bible Society opened Bible shops, and canvassed city and town from door to door, peddling the best book in the world, not in English — that would not have bothered the priests — but in Spanish, the people's own language, the alarmed bishops rose up in their pulpits and urged that all unite in their efforts to crush "these monsters of heresy."

Ignorant, fanatical, warped in spirit and morals, the majority of clergy in South America have done little credit to

their Church, and it is with this powerful priest ring, never truly representative of the Catholic faith at its best, that progressive elements have continually been at war. The dramatic experiences of Señor Penzotti first held up for ridicule before the eyes of the whole world the absurd spectacle of fourteenth century bigotry lingering on at the end of the nineteenth.

Penzotti was born in Italy in 1851, of staunch Roman Catholic parents. When thirteen years old he was invited by relatives to go with them to South America. It seemed to his boyish imagination like a fairyland of promise, and he set off with the same high hopes that bring the ambitious immigrant to New York. For many years he lived in Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, passively accepting the only religious faith he knew anything about. Then one night — he was now twenty-five years old — a friend proposed in an idle moment that, just for the novelty of it, they drop in at a theater where a preaching service was to be held.

"I went with him more from curiosity than interest," Penzotti said afterward. "We entered what had been a theater, and what was then the only place of preaching the gospel in the city. Later the house became known as the Thirty-third Street Temple of the Methodist Episcopal Church. … I went out from there that night profoundly impressed." No Protestant in the city was half so energetic during the next few weeks in attending services as Penzotti. His enthusiasm and his talents attracted attention and he was appointed an evangelist of the little embryo church which was struggling so hard to make a place for itself in the community. "Naturally I did not have the experience at that time which I now possess," he says, "but instead I should like to possess to-day the zeal and energy of those times."

Arrangements to launch the work of Bible distribution in the northern republics, particularly Bolivia, had just been completed. Penzotti was chosen to accompany Mr. Andrew

Milne, the agent, on a preliminary trip through these new and difficult regions. The last man who had dared to sell Bibles in Bolivia had been murdered and thrown into the river, and the exploring party received due warning of what they might expect: "Huge mountains bar the way to the circulation of God's word there; mountains of prejudice and obstacles, that are only equaled by the immense Andes themselves for altitude and difficulty, have to be scaled and overcome." They met with unexpected success, however. The civil authorities helped them; the people, when not too much afraid of the priests, were eager to hear the preaching and read the Book; and in a few months over 5,000 Bibles were sold.

The next year Penzotti was put in charge of the campaign. Traveling in Bolivia in those days meant riding on mule-back over abominable roads or no roads at all. There were no inns; no hospitable friends waiting to welcome him; often nothing but the bare ground to sleep on after a hard day; and no extra money for comforts of any kind. But there were no monotonous moments in that adventurous trip of Penzotti's. The unexpected always lay in wait around the next corner. In one of his audiences he was surprised to see a number of priests who listened with courteous attention to all he had to say. After the service they hastened forward to shake hands and congratulate him on his eloquence. They had come to propose that he return to the Catholic fold, and as a special inducement they promised that he should be an ordained priest in a year's time. In the next city he was given the municipal hall for his meetings and people crowded to hear him. When the priest heard of this he sent all the boys he could muster, armed with rockets and tin horns, to interrupt the meeting, and for a few minutes it was a hand-to-hand fight until the rowdies were driven away.

The worst hornet's nest of all was the city of Cochabamba. At first Penzotti made good sales, but as soon as the priests discovered what was going on, trouble began. The bishop,

whose slightest word carried great weight, circulated a warning among the people against this "mutilated, adulterated and false" Bible. Penzotti managed such situations with a high hand. He took his Bible and a copy of the warning and proceeded to the bishop's house. He always liked to have it out face to face with the priests. "As he did not know me, he gave me an entrance into his study," Penzotti tells the story. "Once there I told him that I was the one who had introduced the Bible which he was calling false. I put one of my Bibles in his hand and said to him: 'Be so kind as to prove what you have said, since, if you do not, I have the right to accuse you of libel before competent authorities.' It seemed to me that he was more frightened than I should have been able to be. If he had been another kind of man he would have had the people after me, and there would not have remained any more than my ashes!" But the bishop carelessly flipped over the pages and remarked profoundly that these might be the very best of books, yet since they were not approved by the Church he had a papal order not to admit them.

By this time the harm was done and the whole city grew threatening. Five hundred women belonging to a sacred order hurried from house to house to warn families not to buy Bibles under pain of excommunication. Priests trailed Penzotti wherever he went, crying: "Here comes the heretic! Beware!" A bonfire in a public square meant that his wares were being disposed of in the priests' own favorite fashion. "I went on with my work as before," he writes, "going from door to door, but in vain; there was not a living soul that did not know, and the sale stopped entirely. Indeed I had much to do to resist the return of the books already sold, and had it not been for the protection of the authorities I don't know how it might have fared with me. Several warned me that I ought to withdraw, as my life was in danger."

Penzotti always has a ready answer for priestly sallies. Once when he caught a priest in the act of twisting the

meaning of a Bible verse, he publicly exposed the fraud. "Let me tell you that though you have the best of me this time," said the priest furiously, "this same Book says that the gates of hell shall not prevail."

"Much less the gates of the Vatican," returned Penzotti.

During his travels Penzotti found that the terrible poverty of the people was often a hindrance to the sales. Sometimes a fifty-cent Bible would be paid for in several installments. He frequently distributed books on approval. One old lady who had the rare opportunity of comparing her Romish Bible with the priest's own Bible, was greatly astonished to find the latter just like the Bible the dreadful stranger had left at her door. When she came upon the second commandment, she exclaimed: "To think that this should be here and the padre not teach it to us! He must be deceiving us in other things, too; I shall learn for myself." She kept her new Bible.

"After I left Cochabamba," Penzotti reported, "several persons rushed into print, each one giving my ears a pull, but withal I have no doubt it will in the end contribute to the furtherance of the work." It did. As often happens, opposition makes fine advertising, and the fame of Penzotti and his book spread far and wide.

From Bolivia he crossed over into Chile, a difficult journey over the mountains. "You have to cross at a height of 18,000 feet," he wrote, "where there are no living beings nor vegetation of any kind. The only indication of the way is the line of white dry bones of beasts of burden and travelers killed in snow storms." In the Chilean towns he was well received and preached to large audiences who usually gathered in the town hall or a theater. From one town he reported: "Mr. Milne was here last year and sold so many Bibles that most people have them. As a result, there is a greater demand now for other instructive books of which we have only a limited supply." At the end of thirteen months of constant preaching, canvassing and traveling Penzotti returned to Montevideo. In

all this time not a line from his family or friends had reached him because, as he said, "in the places where I visited and was persecuted, one of the forms which the persecution took was the capturing of my correspondence."

Penzotti tells the story of a little colony of enthusiastic Protestants which sprang up all by itself in one Chilean town: "A little more than a half century ago this place was destroyed by a tidal wave. When the waters retired the people went to remove the ruins in search of what they could find. One man found, below a strata of sand and mud, a book. For curiosity's sake he carried it to his house, where he cleaned it and put it out to dry. It happened to be a New Testament. It was a book unknown to him, so he read it to see what it was all about. Various neighbors gathered to listen to the reading of the marvelous book, and when I visited this place I found the man at the head of an interesting group of people, all converted by that book dug out from the mud."

Because of his rare gifts as a Bible salesman, Penzotti was appointed agent for the Pacific coast by the American Bible Society in 1887, the year after his trip through the north. "He is one to go forward where others turn back," it was said of him, "and he not only understands his work but loves it." So they gave him the most important and difficult field of all, Peru. With his family he went to Callao to live and there in the heart of the enemies' country he tackled the problem of religious freedom single-handed.

"Very little had been done with the Bible," he says, "and the gospel had never been preached in the language of the country. My first care was hunting a place where I could preach to the people. Then I went from door to door with the Bible, reading to the people, explaining it to them, and inviting them to attend the meetings.

"My first audience consisted of two people besides ourselves. The following Sunday four people came; the next ten; then we went up to twenty; after that, to forty, fifty, sixty,

eighty, until the hall could hold no more, and the problem of hunting a larger place presented itself. It was with difficulty that we were able to find anything, and then what we found was in such poor condition that with our own hands we had to fix the ceiling, floor, lights, and make benches and other necessary furniture. Many of those who were interested came every night to get it ready. At the same time I had to raise funds for the rent and to buy materials."

From pulpit and press attacks came thick and fast, and the civil authorities, wishing to keep their popularity with the ruling class, did little to stop outbreaks of violence in the streets. One city official at least was not afraid to express his opinion. The clergy brought him a petition demanding the banishment of Señor Penzotti. He told them he would attend a meeting and see for himself what terrible harm there was in it. He liked it. When the priests called next day he said to them: "What do you wish to do to the gentleman anyway? He preaches the truth and that is precisely the thing we need."

Among other little tricks, the ingenious priests sold thin paper images of the Virgin for which they claimed miraculous powers. Whenever a foreigner carrying a valise came into sight, this figure must be rolled into a pill and swallowed as a means of protection against the impending evil! Processions formed and marched past Penzotti's house shouting: "Long live the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion!" and "Death to Penzotti! Down with the Protestants!" Showers of stones and mud were thrown at the house and insulting epithets were chalked on its walls. Crowds of men, and even women, would gather in front of the old warehouse used for the services, and he in wait to molest any one who went in or out. The keyhole was so often stopped up with pebbles that a padlock finally had to be put on the inside of the door. One night a priest fastened on a padlock of his own and locked in the whole audience. Then he crossed to the sidewalk opposite to watch what happened.

"There was no other way of getting out than by that door," says Penzotti. "There were a number of windows but they were very high and had gratings. One of the brothers did not come to the meeting that night. About nine o'clock he felt a desire to come, but said to himself: 'It is very late; the meeting will be over now.' Yet it seemed that something told him to go to the hall; and so he just put on his hat and came. On reaching the door he heard us singing a hymn. He wanted to come in but the door was locked with a padlock on the outside. He could not imagine what had happened, and then the thought came: 'Some enemy has done this!' Feeling around in his pocket he discovered a key that unlocked the padlock. He opened the door. The priest who was observing on the opposite sidewalk, lifted his hands to his head exclaiming: 'These heretics have the devil's own protection!'"

Penzotti had been particularly warned to keep away from Arequipa, the most Catholic city in the whole country. Sure enough, he had been there only a few hours when his arrest was ordered by an influential bishop, he was clapped into jail on the charge of selling corrupt literature, and his boxes of books confiscated. During nineteen days of imprisonment Penzotti made friends among the other prisoners and held services for them. They seemed to like what they heard, especially the inspector who had arrested him at the mayor's command. When the order for his release came from the president at Lima, Penzotti found the beaming inspector waiting at the prison door to congratulate him and invite him home to breakfast.

A few months later, in July, 1890, Penzotti was arrested and imprisoned in Callao without bail. The article of the Peruvian constitution which he was accused before the court of crimes of violating was this: "The State professes and protects the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion, excluding all other public worship." As a matter of fact Penzotti had taken great pains beforehand to understand this law and act within

his rights; for he had been told by the Peruvian minister of justice, through the United States legation: "You can do whatever the constitution allows and nothing that it forbids." A service of worship, to be considered "private," had to be held in an orderly manner, with closed doors, and no one admitted except by tickets obtained in advance. These requirements had been scrupulously met. For seventy years the Church of England in Peru had held services in English and met with no opposition; while on the same block with Penzotti's warehouse, the Chinese population peacefully worshiped in their joss house.

The whole situation was just this: the Roman Church would not tolerate Protestant preaching in the Spanish language.

"The plan of my enemies in placing me in an unbearable cell," said Penzotti, "was that I might die in it, or solicit liberty on condition that I leave the country. When I had been in prison forty days my wife went to Lima to talk things over with a representative of a foreign government to see if he could do anything. He replied: 'I believe I could do something at once to secure his liberty on condition that he goes directly on board ship and leaves the country.' My wife said to him: 'Mr. Consul, we have come to remain in Peru, and it has not entered our minds to leave it.'"

In his broken English Penzotti wrote to the Bible Society in New York: "To-day is sixteen days I am shut in the prison with the criminal people. The Catholic people are doing very much to make our work stop, but for all that I can see, they are lighting more the fire and doing the work good.

"In Peru the people are thinking of asking the government to grant them liberty of worship and the president is going to do all he can for it. Many distinguished people from the capital come to see me in my prison and want me to explain the Bible, and have much love for our work. The alcalde told me I am gaining more in these days of prison than in ten years

of work. I am doing what I can with the prisoners. They have made a petition for me to preach to them Sundays."

It was in a dark, damp, underground dungeon that the priests had landed their quarry while they tried to prove that holding religious services for a handful of Protestants in a private room was illegal. This dungeon was an arched place built into the side of a hill, and had been used in the days of the Spaniards for a gun-powder vault. Now that it was occupied by human beings the people called it Casas Mafas, or "The House that Kills." Penzotti found written on the wall of his cell a little Spanish verse. In English it is this:

> "Cell of my sorrows,
> Grave of living men;
> More terrible than death,
> Severer far than fetters."

The worst criminals in the State were kept here, any one of whom "would willingly have stuck a knife into him for $5 and a promise of freedom." Meals consisted entirely of raw peas and parboiled rice. The governor of the prison liked Penzotti and allowed him to receive visitors who often brought him food. Through them he continued to direct his work.

"My family and my congregation were also persecuted," he wrote. "However, they were not annihilated, but went on with the work without missing a single service during those months that I remained in prison."

The lawsuit dragged along as slowly as the priests could make it. Three times Penzotti was acquitted, and the case taken to a higher court. On the obsolete principle that a man is guilty until he can prove his innocence he was paying the penalty for what he had not done. Excitement over the case spread through the whole country. In Lima 2,000 people, among them the leading citizens of the city, held a mass meeting to agitate the question of religious liberty. The press

and all liberal elements were roused in his favor, and when even political pressure had failed to free him, loud were the demands for a change in the constitution. So great was the popular interest in Penzotti's predicament that merchants referred to it in their business advertisements:

THE PENZOTTI QUESTION

Rice and Cocoa at Reasonable Prices.
For Sale at Blank's

On walls and sidewalks enthusiastic citizens expressed their sentiments in chalk. Some of these signs read: "Death to Penzotti! Down with all Protestants!" Others said: "Hurrah for Penzotti! Down with the priests!" Whenever the Penzotti children left the house they were followed by jeering mobs, and it became necessary to send the two oldest daughters to Santiago to school, so great was the danger and humiliation of their position in Callao.

Then help came from an unexpected quarter. A prominent New York mining engineer, Mr. E. E. Olcott, had been making a tour of the desolate mining regions of Peru. One Sunday morning just after he had returned to Lima from the wilderness, he saw a clipping from a New York paper saying that a Protestant missionary was confined in a Callao jail. He gave the item little thought, believing it to be merely newspaper talk. But after attending service at the little Episcopal church, he dropped in at the English Club to make inquiries from his acquaintances there.

"Any truth in that statement? Well, I should say so!" he was told. "You're a nice Christian to be going to church this morning! You ought to be doing something to get this man out of jail. Come down on the one o'clock train to Callao with me, and you'll have a chance to see for yourself."

That afternoon Mr. Olcott found Senor Penzotti out in the courtyard of the prison, surrounded by friends from his

congregation. One woman who was there said to Mr. Olcott: "Oh, we must get him out from here. He is the first one who ever told me I could go directly to my Savior and talk things over. I always thought I had to go to the padre."

"Show me where you sleep," Mr. Olcott asked him. "They say that it's pretty hard." It was one large room, unlighted and unaired. At night the 165 prisoners, men and women, some of them murderers, were all huddled in there together to sleep as best they could on the damp floor.

"I'm going to send my photographer down here tomorrow," said Mr. Olcott when he was leaving. This was before the day of the kodak and snapshot.

"You can't get a picture without permission, and they will never give you permission," Penzotti told him.

It was two days before Mr. Olcott had to sail for New York. He went back to Lima and said to his young assistant: "I want you to go over to Callao tomorrow and take photographs of the cathedral and the post-office and the custom-house and the city hall. Then go down to the jail and find a prisoner there with a long, bushy black beard, named Penzotti. Get him to show you where he sleeps. When he goes inside, you stay outside and push the door shut. He'll look out of the window to see what's become of you. Then take a picture of him looking through the bars."

The next night the boy returned pale and trembling and so excited he could hardly tell what had happened. "They almost kept me in the jail too," he said. "I'd just taken the picture when a guard rushed down and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him I'd only just arrived, and I got away with the plates, but the police are after me!"

They set to work at once to develop the pictures. The plates were put to dry in an air bath and a little later Mr. Olcott came in with a lighted candle to see if they were behaving properly. A loud explosion followed. With his hair and eyebrows badly singed Mr. Olcott hastened to examine the

oven, expecting to find his plates destroyed. But the explosion, it proved, had been in the lower part, and there on the top shelf sat the plates uninjured. The next day they were smuggled on board the steamer and hidden under the pillow in Mr, Olcott's stateroom.

The picture of Penzotti gazing from the prison window was published in the *New York Herald* with an article which caused extensive comment. Other influential people became interested, and diplomatic pressure was brought to bear. On the same day cablegrams from the Court of St. James and Washington reached Lima. "A taste of feudalism like this," said an editorial in the *Herald*, "gives us a new and strange sensation. When the Pope declares himself in favor of religious liberty it seems odd for one of the South American States, and that a Republic, to hang back. But we haven't any doubt that Peru will pull herself together and see that the stigma of imprisonment for religion's sake is wiped out."

"It is no longer Penzotti, a prisoner before the whole world," people said, "it is Peru which is a prisoner in the hands of the clergy."

Just three weeks after Mr. Olcott reached New York Penzotti was released from "The House that Kills." Years after the two men met in Panama when Penzotti embraced Mr. Olcott in true South American fashion and greeted him as "Mi Salvador."

"I left the prison at five o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by a great number of people who surrounded and congratulated me. On the following Sunday the church was packed with people until there wasn't even room for a pin. From that time the work continued to grow without many persecutions or difficulties." The record of Bibles sold in Peru showed one result of the impetus which publicity gave the work: in 1892, 18,000 more were sold than in 1891.

After his acquittal Senor Penzotti called at the headquarters of the foreign legations in Lima. In a newspaper next

day, one of the officials said this of him: "We were able to appreciate for ourselves the magnanimity which characterizes him. Not a single word of reproach fell from his lips, nor a single complaint against his persecutors."

He started at once on a trip down the coast to superintend the work of the Bible Society. That was Penzotti's way of taking a much-needed vacation.

The next year he was appointed agent for Central America and the Isthmus of Panama, and since 1908 he has superintended the work of the River Plate republics. His successor in Peru, Dr. Thomas B. Wood, wrote: "The work that Penzotti has accomplished in Peru as a founder and pioneer is a success that not many can gainsay. The way seems open to go up and possess the whole land." In November, 191 5, the Roman Catholic clause of the constitution was struck out, and to-day any form of worship is legal.

"Now, on going to Peru," says Penzotti, "all doors are open to me except the prison doors, thanks to God."

Francisco Pizarro

1476 – 1541 A.D.

On a large farm in Truxillo, a town of old Spain, about the time that Columbus discovered America, young Francisco Pizarro held the useful but unromantic position of swineherd. His parents cared nothing for him, he hardly knew what a piece of money looked like, no one ever thought of teaching him to read or write; but his heart was full of pluck, and his head of vague plans for great adventures. Those were exciting years in Spain, for wonderful stories of her new possessions poured across the Atlantic, and certainly lost nothing in glamour and romance as they were repeated. Sailing off to an unknown land on an uncharted sea held no terrors for Pizarro, and the rumors of gold-mines sounded pleasantly in his ears. Fired with ambition to begin life afresh, in 1509 he set out from Seville for the New World where all men stood an equal chance of winning fame and treasure. His baggage consisted of a sword and a cloak. His two sole assets were pure grit, and a dogged perseverance that knocked difficulties out of the way like ninepins.

As yet only a small fragment of America had been explored: the West Indies where Columbus landed on his first voyage; the Atlantic coast region of what is now Central America; and the neighboring South American shore to the east of the Isthmus of Panama, or Darien as it was called then. By the end of ten years Pizarro was neither rich nor famous,

but he had made a name and place for himself in the new colony, and was engaged in raising cattle with a business partner named Almagro. He owned his own house on the outskirts of the city of Panama, his farm and his Indian servants, and was held "as one of the principal people in the land…having distinguished himself in the conquest and settling, and in the services of his Majesty." During these years Pizarro had many times experienced the emergencies and hardships of the explorer's life, and he had seen before his eyes the rainbow vision of gold. A hard worker, afraid of nothing under the sun, always dependable, he became the right-hand man of Balboa, who was a leading spirit in many excursions over the isthmus.

Balboa, unlike most of these Spanish leaders, was diplomatic in his relations with the Indians, and soon made friends with the caciques, or chiefs, of neighboring tribes. It was in 1511, when they were paying a visit in the home of a powerful cacique named Comogre, that Pizarro and Balboa first heard the dazzling tale of the wealth of Peru. As a polite little attention their host presented them with many golden trinkets. At this windfall the guests completely lost their heads and good manners and began such a "brabbling" about the dividing of the gold, that the dignified Indians listened in astonishment and disgust.

Finally, as the chief's son stood watching the beautiful ornaments being weighed and haggled over as if each Spaniard's life depended on grabbing the most, he lost his temper and struck the scales with his fist. As the gold scattered about the room he cried the fateful words which led to the conquest of Peru:

"What is this, Christians; is it for such a little thing that you quarrel? If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes and to risk life itself, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you." The Indian prince pointed toward the west, and told about a sea of which

the white men had never heard. It lay beyond the mountains of the isthmus, and whoever would find the land of gold must sail south for a distance of six suns. "But," he added, "it is necessary for this that you should be more in number than you are now, for you would have to fight your way with great kings."

Two years later Balboa proved the truth of the Indian's words when he crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Pizarro, his chief lieutenant, was the first man to scramble after him to the top of a high peak and look down upon the southern sea. When this news reached the court of Spain the king appointed a governor named Pedrarias to go to the isthmus and superintend the sending out of expeditions to the south. Hundreds of adventurers clamored to sail with him, for they had heard that in the New World "the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers."

The 1,500 men who set out for Panama with such high hopes found disease and fever instead of gems, and hunger instead of gold. In the first month 700 died. The cavaliers in their brocaded court costumes could be seen in the streets choking down grass to keep themselves alive, or trying to exchange a gorgeous embroidered cloak for a pound of Indian meal. As time went on a few adventurers who had sailed a little way down the coast brought back gloomy reports, and most of the colonists had had enough of expeditions which usually turned out to be all danger and no reward. Pizarro saw his opportunity. He was over fifty years old then, but he had lost none of his adventurous spirit, and if there was any gold in Peru he determined to find it.

In 1524 he and his partner sold their farm, and with a third associate formed a company to fit out an expedition. Each promised to contribute his entire fortune, and since Pizarro had the least money he agreed to do the most dangerous part of the work, the taking command of the exploring

party. It was almost impossible to find volunteers, and the crew had to be made up largely of newcomers who had no idea what lay in store for them, and "black sheep" who felt that they could be no worse off than they already were.

By the end of the year one little ship was tossing its way through heavy tempests along the shores of an unknown land, and one hundred miserable men were complaining bitterly because Pizarro had brought them on a wild-goose chase. They had found neither food nor inhabitants, only tangled, dripping forests and vast swamps. Sheets of rain closed in about them day and night; they could see nothing but the black, angry ocean and gray sky; none knew where they were going or what worse horrors lay in store for them. The ship had to be sent back for supplies and while it was gone twenty-seven of the men who remained behind with Pizarro died of exposure and starvation. When they finally discovered a few solitary hamlets, the Indians were suspicious and unfriendly and attacked the little party. Only Pizarro's fierce bravery, so spectacular that it awed the Indians, saved the expedition from ending then and there. No explorers ever chose a worse time of year or wore a more inappropriate costume; there in the dreadful humidity of the rainy season, right in the region of the equator, these poor soldiers, every time they landed to search for food or villages, had to drag along as best they could under the weight of full suits of armor.

It was all a dismal failure, but Pizarro had not the slightest intention of going back empty-handed. Instead he went back part of the way and waited until another expedition could be organized by his partners. Then he started out all over again. For 500 miles he sailed along the coast of what is now Colombia, and the farther his ship went the more mythical seemed the great empire he was seeking. Again and again the ship would have to be sent back for supplies or repairs, while Pizarro and some of his men stayed behind in the midst of every danger of disease, starvation and Indians. Through all

these periods of desolate waiting Pizarro never allowed himself to show a moment's discouragement before his soldiers. No one worked harder than he in foraging for food, and in caring for those who were too weak to look out for themselves. "In labors and dangers he was ever the first." Whenever he had a chance he would remind the men of the great rewards that lay before them, the gold they were going to find, and the triumph of bringing it home to show the scoffers in Panama.

When the ship returned they would sail a little farther. One time when Pizarro landed, hoping to have a chat with the Indians, an ominous troop of warriors gathered on the beach. The only thing that saved the Spaniards, too few in number to protect themselves, was a cavalier who fell off his horse. The Indians had never seen a horse before, and supposed that horse and rider were all one great monster. When they saw it divide into two pieces they fell back in alarm and the Spaniards had time to hurry on board their ship.

The greatest difficulty always came when Almagro would go back for supplies. On one occasion the soldiers, angry at the thought of another long, miserable wait, wrote letters to their friends protesting against "the cold-blooded manner in which they were to be sacrificed to the obstinate cupidity of their leaders." These letters Pizarro ordered to be destroyed, but one ingenious soul wrote a gloomy account of all their sufferings and hid it in a ball of wool which he sent to the governor's wife as a sample of a product of the country. He added a postscript in the form of a rhyme which caused great excitement in Panama:

"Look out, Señor Governor,
For the drover while he's near;
Since he goes home to get the sheep
For the butcher who stays here."

This not only prevented any new volunteers from joining

the expedition, but the governor was so enraged at the loss of life and at Pizarro's stubbornness that he sent off two ships with orders for every Spaniard to return. When the ships came to take them back to home and comfort, Pizarro and his men were half dead with hunger and exposure, and so haggard and unkempt that they were hardly recognizable.

Pizarro had sunk his whole fortune in this enterprise. His good name depended on it. He was not a young man with the world before him. Life would hold nothing more if this great hazard failed. It was an investment and he intended to collect the dividends. With the ships riding at anchor behind him, he stood on the beach and faced his little company. Drawing his sword he traced a line in the sand from east to west. "Friends and comrades," he said, pointing with his sword as he spoke, "on that side are toil, hunger, fatigue, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south." And he stepped across the line. Thirteen others followed him and together they stood and watched the ships, bearing their companions, vanish on the horizon. They had no food, no shelter, only the clothes they wore, no ship to take them farther, and they knew nothing of the empire they were seeking. Building a crude raft, they conveyed themselves to an island not far off where they were able to shoot game with their crossbows, and there for seven months they waited for help to come.

Meanwhile the two partners in Panama argued with the stubborn old governor until they won his consent to fit out a relief ship on condition that within six months Pizarro return and report what he had been able to accomplish. It was on this little ship that Pizarro reached Peru and the Empire of the Incas.

Just three years after he had sailed from Panama, Pizarro anchored off Tumbez, on the Gulf of Guayaquil, about where

Ecuador joins Peru to-day, and sent friendly messages and presents to the Indians. The messenger returned with such marvelous stories of wealth that none believed him until they had seen for themselves. There were houses of stone, vessels of gold and silver, a temple lined with plates of gold, and gardens adorned with animals carved from gold. The Spaniards went wild with joy; the last grumbling skeptic had to admit that they had found their El Dorado. The Indians were generous and hospitable, and when the six months were nearly over Pizarro had been presented with enough gold ornaments and llamas to convince any one of the glorious success of his expedition, and he returned to Panama in triumph. But a new governor now held sway on the isthmus, and he refused to be impressed with Pizarro's report. "I have no desire to build up other states at the expense of my own," he told them; "nor throw away more lives than have already been sacrificed by the cheap display of gold and silver toys and a few Indian sheep." The three partners had no more money. Yet there lay the magic empire waiting to be plundered, the greatest prize a nation ever dreamed of appropriating. Pizarro made up his mind to go to Spain and tell his wonderful story to the king, Charles V, carrying with him specimens of the treasures he had found. Charles, impressed with the sincerity and reliability of the rough old soldier, appointed him governor of Peru with the title of marquis, and put into his capable hands the double duty of converting the Indians and stealing their empire.

This race of Indians, whose country stretched for 2,000 miles along the western coast, were far more intelligent and civilized than any other natives of the western hemisphere with the exception of the Aztecs of Mexico. Their government was orderly and prosperous, a veritable Utopia founded upon implicit obedience to their king, called the Inca, and devoted worship of their deity, the sun-god. Land and work were allotted to the head of each family, and rigid laws

protected the lives and rights of the people. Not a foot of land was wasted. By a remarkable system of irrigation dry ground was prepared for cultivation; the Indians had spent years of labor in making land by carrying earth in baskets and covering up the bare rocks. Their fine roads and fortresses, and the plentiful provisions of grain which they thriftily stored away in their great granaries each year were used to good purpose by the Spaniards and in no small degree helped them in the conquest.

Within two years the conquerors, or *conquistadores*, though at no time numbering more than 300, had subdued these hordes of prosperous, contented Indians, and had replaced the Inca dynasty with the first Spanish viceroyalty. The real stimulus behind all their bravery and sacrifice was wealth and fame; religion was their ostensible reason for the conquest, and in the name of the Church they practised all the cruelties and treacheries necessary to crush the empire.

When Pizarro arrived in Peru an Inca had just died and bequeathed his kingdom to two sons who were now fighting each other. In the midst of the war Atahualpa, Inca of the northern half, heard that a party of strange white men had landed in his country, that they carried extraordinary weapons, and rode upon great, terrifying beasts which galloped over the ground with marvelous speed. He consented to an interview with the white chief. With a force of about 150 soldiers the dauntless Pizarro struck into the heart of the Indian territory. In the native city of Cajamarca, 200 miles south of San Miguel, the first Spanish settlement, he met the Inca.

Pizarro had conceived a plan so daring that another man would never have dreamed of its possibility. He believed there was only one way for so small a band of men to conquer so great a nation. Atahualpa must be kidnapped. The Indians from the beginning of their national existence had been so completely under the domination of their Inca, whom they believed to be a divine being, that without him they must fall

into utter confusion. If, as Pizarro reasoned, the Inca with his huge armies had treacherous designs on the Spaniards, their only hope lay in trapping Atahualpa before he could trap them. In the open square in the middle of the city he pitched his camp and sent word to the Inca that he was waiting to receive him as "a friend and a brother."

The next morning the royal procession passed through the city gates. First came 300 Indian boys with bows and arrows, singing, followed by 1,000 men resplendent in livery of red and white squares like a chess-board. Other troops wore pure white and carried silver hammers. Eighty chiefs in costumes of azure blue bore the glittering throne of the Inca in an open litter high above their heads. As Atahualpa approached the square not a Spanish soldier was in sight, but a priest, Pizarro's chaplain, stepped forward to greet him, with a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. The pope, he announced briskly, had commissioned the greatest monarch on earth to conquer and convert this land and people, and in a learned theological discourse he pointed out to the Indians the necessity of being baptized at once. The Inca gravely inquired where he had learned these things.

"In this," said the priest, handing him the Bible.

The Inca opened the book eagerly and held it up to his ear.

"This is silent," he said. "It tells me nothing," and he threw it to the ground.

This so enraged the priest that he cried to the Spaniards: "To arms. Christians, to arms! Set on at once! I absolve you."

The governor gave the signal and the soldiers rushed from their hiding-places. With their horses, muskets and swords, they terrified and slaughtered the helpless Indians until they fled in confusion. Pizarro himself snatched the Inca from his throne and carried him off to the Spanish camp.

The governor treated the prisoner with much kindness. The Indian was quick and intelligent. In twenty days he had

learned enough Spanish to converse with his jailers, and was a good match for them in chess and cards. He soon perceived that what the Spaniards were after was gold. One day he made a bargain with Pizarro. In return for his freedom he promised to fill the whole room in which they were standing as high as he could reach with gold ornaments. The room was seventeen feet wide and twenty-two feet long, and the point he had touched on the wall was nine feet from the floor. He dispatched his messengers to all parts of the empire, and the Spaniards marveled at the treasure which was being heaped up in their camp without effort on their part. As the gold in the room rose higher and higher they became too impatient to wait until all of it had been brought; they began the melting and weighing. When all was ready for division the entire amount was valued at the equivalent of $15,500,000, the largest sum in gold that men ever saw in one place at one time. One fifth had to be reserved for the crown; the rest was divided among the men. The outcome of the adventure was far greater than the wildest hopes and dreams of those who shared in it.

Now that Atahualpa had paid his magnificent ransom he naturally demanded his freedom. But Pizarro knew too well the danger of allowing the Inca to return to his own people. On the pretext of punishment for conspiracy, of which there was never one particle of evidence, he was condemned to death after the formality of a mock trial.

"What have I or my children done, that I should meet such a fate? From your hands too," he said to Pizarro; "you, who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from me!"

Pizarro was not the man to allow any feelings of sympathy to stand in the way of his great enterprise. Atahualpa, the last of the Inca dynasty, was strangled in the public square. There were many fierce battles with the Indians after that time, but

they never recovered their power. They had always been dominated by any force which they believed mightier than themselves — their Inca, the sun-god, and now the Spaniards. They never really believed they were capable of resisting the white men whom they thought so vastly superior to themselves; and this racial lack of self-confidence was the reason for their downfall.

Associated with Pizarro in the conquest were his three brothers, all as valiant and persevering as himself. While they took command of the Spanish troops, the governor with his extraordinary executive ability began to plan for settlements and cities. In a fine strategical position, near the coast and connected with the Indian cities by the Inca's military roads, Pizarro founded Lima. All the Indians living within a hundred-mile radius were mustered to lay out streets and build houses. Farther up the coast Truxillo, named after the governor's birthplace, was founded as headquarters for the northern region.

The soldiers explored in all directions, plundering palaces and temples in their search for gold. In Cuzco, capital of the empire, they found a mine of wealth in every building, and in a cavern near the city, where the Indians had tried to conceal them, they found ten statues of women and four of llamas wrought from gold and silver. "Merely to see them," writes one of the Spaniards naively, "was truly a great satisfaction."

As soon as the Indians found what the Spaniards were hunting for, they began to hide their treasures. All the gold which Atahualpa collected is said to be far less than the amount which the Indians buried or threw into lakes because they could no longer guard it. Many years later an Indian once took a large measure of maize, and dropping one grain out of it, said to the white men: "The Christians have found just so much; the rest is so concealed that we ourselves do not know the place of it."

The rough soldiers, most of whom had never known what

it meant to have money to spend, now became habitual gamblers, and many a night with one throw of the dice or flip of a card a man would lose all the treasure he had sacrificed so much to win.

As the news of the conquest reached Europe other adventurers flocked to Peru. One of them wrote: "I determined to go to Peru, a newly discovered land, where there is an infinite quantity of gold. But the gold is not to be obtained for nothing, for 80 men out of every 100 who go in search of it die. It is very certain that a great prize is never gained at small cost." Another cavalier told his friends: 'T declare, on my faith that, if they offered to make me a king on condition that I went through all this again, I would not do it, but I would rather be a doctor's stirrup boy."

While Pizarro was building his city of Lima, he heard that Cuzco had been burned to the ground by the Indians, and that his brothers were holding the fortress against the besiegers. Before he could send them aid worse news reached him. Ahnagro, who had been granted by royal permit the privilege of conquering and plundering the southern half of the empire, where Chile is to-day, had returned from a fruitless journey. The tribes in the south, which had been subdued previously by the Incas, were poor and ignorant, and Almagro was dissatisfied with his share of the bargain. Finding Pizarro's men in Cuzco worn out after their months of fighting, he attacked them and took the city himself. Civil war now supplanted Indian wars. The two Spanish factions engaged in a fiercer battle than the natives had ever seen, and from the surrounding heights the Indian spectators yelled in triumph as they watched their enemies kill each other. Almagro was captured and executed by the orders of one of the brothers, Hernando Pizarro, the governor refusing to intercede to save the life of his old friend and business partner.

The followers of Almagro, called "Men of Chile," who had shared their leader's ambitions, were bitter enemies of Pizarro

and stirred up much discontent in Lima. The governor was constantly warned of his personal danger from conspiracies and urged to banish the offenders from the colony, but he hardly gave the matter a second thought. "Be in no pain," he told his friends, "about my life; it is perfectly safe as long as every man in Peru knows that I can in a moment cut off any head which dares to harbor a thought against me.

One day in June, 1541, while Pizarro was dining with twenty guests in his own house, a band of "Men of Chile" broke into the entrance hall. "To arms! The Men of Chile are coming to kill the marquis!" cried a page. Most of the guests dropped through the open windows into the garden below. Pizarro rushed forward to meet the assassins as they poured into the dining-room. "What shameful thing is this?" he cried. "Why do you wish to kill me?" He was over seventy years old, but he fought so valiantly that the struggle lasted several minutes, and two of the conspirators were killed. Then some one exclaimed: "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and they dashed his brains out upon the stone floor. "The old lion died fighting and, in his death agonies, kissed the sign of the cross, which he traced on the floor, in blood which flowed from his own veins."

The Men of Chile poured into the streets at the news of the governor's death and took possession of the city.

A viceroy was sent out by the king to rule in Pizarro's place, and as settlers began to flock to the new country, Spanish colonies grew up like magic. The invaders became a ruling caste dependent for their livelihood on the unpaid labor of their Indian serfs, who worked the mines and tilled the land which had once been their own. The race, but a few years back so contented and prosperous, became a race of slaves, almost without exception treated harshly or cruelly by their masters. The atrocities of Spanish officials two and three hundred years later, James Bryce says, "were at once the evidence of what Spanish rule in Peru had been and a prestige of its

fall…. There were dark sides to the ancient civilization, but was it worth destroying in order to erect on its ruins what the Conquerors brought to Peru?"

Franz Hals

1580-1666 (Holland)

In Haarlem, on the street called Peeuselaersteeg, lived one Franz Hals, a painter of portraits, with his wife, Lysbeth. They were a jolly couple. They laughed in the morning; they laughed at noon; they laughed at night. Indeed, they loved nothing better than laughter.

On fine afternoons Franz put on his wide-brimmed black beaver hat and went for a stroll about Haarlem, passing the time of day in genial fashion with the burghers of his acquaintance. Along the banks of the Spaarne with its jumble of boats, he wandered, through the great square with the old town hall, and past the tall mass of the Groote Kerk. Ah, the Dutch in those days were a proud and happy folk. They walked with a swagger, in their silks and ruffs and fine laces. They had fought the long fight for freedom and won. They had "singed the beard of the King of Spain," and driven the Spaniard out of their land. Their vessels sailed the Seven Seas, their sturdy adventurers roamed afar, discovering lands before unknown. And, to crown their glory, a series of brilliant painters had suddenly appeared, to startle the world with the beauty of their pictures.

As Franz walked the streets of Haarlem, he greeted many a fellow member of the Civic Guard, or dropped into some stately old Guild Hall where the guardsmen met, as in little clubs, to hold shooting contests or banquets. And it chanced

that the officers of the Guild of St. Joris began to say:

"It is long enough that we have seen kings and dukes and counts looking down at us from the portraits on our Guild-house walls. Let us put the kings and the dukes in the cellar and have our own faces painted to hang in the places of honor."

So the officers sent for Franz Hals at the time of their yearly banquet. He came to the Guild Hall as they sat around the table with the last of their food still before them. There they were, twelve in number, with ruffs about their necks, all dressed in dark-colored clothes relieved by scarlet silk sashes. Middle-aged men they were, full-bearded and moustachioed, save for the two dandy standard-bearers who were little more than youths. And the Colonel, Pieter Schoutts Jacobsen, a stout old fellow, who was sitting with his back to Franz, turned around, with his right arm akimbo, and quoth with a genial smile:

"We would have you paint our portraits, Franz Hals, to hang on the Guild-house walls."

Then Franz set to work in good earnest and painted the officers just as he had seen them, bold and laughing around the table, a genial, masterful group. And no sooner had the good folk of Haarlem beheld the finished picture, with its figures all so lifelike, than the officers of all the other shooting guilds in Haarlem wished to follow suit, and have pictures painted, likewise. Soon an endless procession of sitters began to besiege Franz's studio, demanding to have their portraits. And Herman and Sara and Jan and Franz and the rest of the little Halses, peeping through the curtain of their father's sanctum, saw a wondrous array of full-dress mynheers and mevrouws sitting before his easel. There was Mevrouw van Beresteyn in a velvet brocade with a gold embroidered stomacher sticking out stiffly a mile in front of her. There was Mynheer van Huythuysen, with an excellently good conceit of himself, his left arm on his hip, his right arm extended to

rest his magnificent sword on the ground, and his head, in its wide beaver hat, held high in the air as one who would say: "And what do you think of me? That's what I'd like to know!"

Often it happened, too, that the full-dress mynheers and mevrouws brought with them to Franz's studio exceedingly full-dress children, who wriggled and squirmed in their satins and laces, and would far rather have played than have had the honor of being painted. Indeed, they could not be kept out of mischief, but played all sorts of high jinks, in spite of their costly finery, and made monkey faces at any small Hals, whose bright eyes might chance to appear through the opening of the curtains.

Ah! those were happy days, days when the little Halses had plenty of money to spend on heete koeken and sweetmeats, for these burghers paid Franz good guilders, a generous price for their pictures.

One day Vrouw Hals, the jolly Lysbeth, said to her goodman, Franz:

"Franz, you are getting famous painting other husbands and wives! Why don't you paint yourself and me, pray tell?"

And she put on her best Sunday-go-to-meeting dress of black brocade with its stylish purple bodice, and went to the expense of the newest things in ruffs and cuffs and caps. Then she made Franz don his town hall suit of black silk and brocade, his best beaver hat, his cambric cuffs, and his collar of fine Mechlin lace. Sitting down beside him on a bench, she put her hand on his shoulder and said:

"Now, Franz, paint us like this!"

But as she sat there, desiring to look impressive like a sober and dignified matron, Franz told her a funny story, a story so funny that she could not keep her face straight. She laughed and laughed and laughed. And Franz, the rascal, painted her just like that, trying to straighten her face that was a-tremble with laughter.

And there in that picture on the walls of the Ryks

Museum in Amsterdam, they sit to this very day, all in a garden green beneath a shady tree, with a sunny vision of fountains and marble pavilions beyond.

But Franz, for all his success, began to come in for a great deal of trouble in painting his huge group pictures of the officers of the guilds. Captain Visscher would come with his lordliest swagger, to interrupt the artist's work and say that Captain Van der Venne was standing in front of him and shutting him out of the picture, and since he was paying the same amount as his friend for the honor of having his portrait painted, he must demand that his own figure be brought forward where it could be seen to the best advantage; or Captain de Herbst would drop in to twirl his moustache and say that he noticed he was being painted so that only three quarters of his face was turned to the front and he must really insist most positively on having his full face shown! Such bickerings and corrections! There must be naught but a row of figures, all equally large, all turned full face to the front! What a problem for an artist, whose artist's soul demanded that some figures be in the background and some in the front, with a variety of positions. At last Franz settled the question once for all. He would paint no more portraits in rows, but—and here he showed his cleverness—those who paid the most should have the places of honor! Henceforth the Colonel, who was generally one of the wealthiest members of the guild, had to bid up and pay a very high fee to become the most conspicuous figure: captains paid for second place, lieutenants for third, while sergeants must needs be content with peeping out from the rear.

It was a troublesome business at best, painting these worthy burghers. What Franz really loved was laughter. He liked to wander away from the respectable patrons of his studio to the bustling fish-market in search of more picturesque subjects — fishwives crying their wares, queer old sailor-men, tavern heroes with mug or flute or viol, saucy young market

lassies boldly passing him by with a quick-flung joke or a jibe. He joined the rollicking company at kermisses and fairs in the country round about. He played high jinks with every one who would laugh, and a series of jovial couples and merry groups danced off his palette, the merriest of figures. Their mouths laugh; their eyes laugh; their noses laugh; their cheeks laugh. What do they care for, but pranks and frolics?

Down by the sea among the sand-dunes, which rise high as little hills along the coast near Haarlem, Franz met fisher lads and lassies, strong and blithe of build, full of life's gaiety. Scores of these he painted. Indeed, he painted so many dirty urchins and beggar children, that people began to twit him with the lack of a sense of elegance. To prove that he had not entirely lost his love for what was fine, he painted the infant son of a wealthy tulip-grower of Haarlem, an elegant little rascal, in the arms of his good-natured nurse. The dress of the child is a splendid piece of gold brocade, with the lace so carefully painted it seems as though Franz must have cut off a length of rare Mechlin point and pasted it on the canvas. But in spite of his finery, the tiny imp has a mischievous smile, as he seizes the brooch at his nurse's neck.

Now at this time, Franz had living with him, besides his own lively children, several young lads who were learning to paint. Among these apprentices, were that monkey, Adrian Brouwer, and the brothers, Adrian and Isaac van Ostade. Adrian van Ostade painted peasants merry-making, and Isaac painted winter scenes, frozen canals with skaters and sledges on the ice. These rascals loved laughter as well as Franz. Sometimes they painted on the sidewalk bits of money, tempting pieces of gold or silver. Then they hid themselves to watch how passers would try to pick up the treasure. So carefully had they done their painting, so true in each detail, that scarcely a man or woman came by, who did not stoop down and try in vain to pick up the painted coins.

Between the years 1630 and 1640, Franz was recognized

as the foremost, painter of Holland. To Haarlem, as to an artists' Mecca, flocked teachers and students from every land. Now in those days, Frederick Henry of Nassau, Prince of Orange, and son of William the Silent, had succeeded his older brother, Maurice, as Stadtholder of the Netherlands. Under Frederick Henry, the Dutch finally defeated the Spaniards and drove them from every corner of their land. At such a pitch of power and glory, Frederick Henry summoned Anthony Van Dyck of Antwerp, a Flemish artist, to Holland, to paint a family portrait. Van Dyck, who had studied under the great Flemish master, Rubens, had been for the past ten years court painter to James I of England. Having finished his work for the Stadtholder, and being on the point of embarking again for England, Van Dyck wished to see for himself Franz Hals, the master about whom gossip had spun such wonderful stories.

One bright morning in June 1630, Van Dyck knocked at Franz's front door. Vrouw Hals greeted the stranger politely, though he did not tell her his name.

"My husband is not at home," she said, but she sent her son, Jan, to look for his father. Jan found Franz in the little back room of a tavern.

"There's a smart gentleman all the way from The Hague to see you," said the lad. "And he wants you to paint his portrait."

Franz left his retreat in bad humor. "It's the dickens of a nuisance to be interrupted," he scolded. And he welcomed the stranger coolly.

But Van Dyck, never telling his name, offered him a tempting fee if he would paint his portrait. Picking up an old canvas from the floor, Franz began to lay on the paint, with unwilling but masterly hand, and in a couple of hours he had completed such a likeness that his visitor was delighted.

"Now," said Van Dyck, "I beg one more favor. Let me, in return, paint you."

Franz opened his eyes in amazement, but he seated himself in the model's chair, and, as the stranger progressed in his work, he grew more and more astounded.

"Why?" he cried. "There is but one man in the world who could paint such a portrait! You must be Anthony Van Dyck!"

Now Van Dyck had been summoned to England by Charles I, to paint himself and his court, and he eagerly urged Franz to go with him across the channel. But no inducements whatever could move Franz out of Holland. Holland was his world. Dutch of the Dutch was Franz. So Van Dyck sailed off for England alone, and Franz went back to his pots. Year after year passed by, till the pots became too much for him. Love of laughter and junketing, companioning with tavern heroes made a drunkard of Franz. He began to grow lazy and shiftless. No fine procession of mynheers and mevrouws came now to his studio. He painted little, and poverty began to look in at the windows of the house on Peeuselaersteeg. There were no extra pennies for heete koeken and goodies. But Lysbeth did not chide him. Whatever her good man did, she never scolded. Her love was warm and tender. In spite of his faults, they still continued to smile and laugh together.

At seventy, Franz delighted, as he had in earlier years, to wander off to the market, but his friends were no longer lads and lassies. He hobnobbed now with a few ancient cronies. One old lady in particular took his fancy. She was ugly as a scarecrow, but the striking play of her features and the wrinkles of her leathery skin fascinated Franz. Men called her Hille Bobbe, and she lived in a hovel by the Fish-market. She used her tongue and let every man know what she thought of him and his, if he happened to displease her. Franz painted her once, holding a tankard, with an owl perched on her shoulder, and her mouth open as though she were screeching shrilly her opinion of some interloper.

And now the colors on Franz's palette grew dark and dull

and gray. His pictures were full of shadows and so was his life. Poorer and poorer he grew. Shabbier and shabbier grew the house on Peeuselaersteeg. One after another, his good bits of furniture had to be sold. The place looked sadly down at heels, pathetic, ragged and seedy.

Then certain old chums of Franz, who were on the Board of the Old Woman's Alms House in Haarlem, met in solemn conclave and agreed to commission the aged master to paint two portrait groups — one of themselves and one of the Lady Governors of the Old Woman's Home. At the age of eighty-four, Franz painted these two groups. They were not distinguished for youth or beauty, or swaggering with conscious power like his early soldier groups, but the old ladies, in particular, were attractive in their sternness, their garments as plain as their persons, but their faces alight with interest, eager, intelligent, bright.

And so the last days of Franz, thanks to his loyal friends, were busy and happy, with work well repaid, and Lysbeth, his life-long comrade, still smiling by his side.

Fridtjof Nansen

Captain Greatheart of the Frozen North

1861 – 1930 (Scandinavia)

Prince of Arctic explorers, pioneer of the Polar ocean, he crowned a life of matchless courage and endeavour as a Captain Greatheart of peace.

He added vast areas of the Frozen North by land and sea to the map of the world; and when the world he knew and lived in had been shattered by the Great War he stood among the greatest who strove to bind the fragments together again in the bonds of peace. When he died he left it richer in the memory of a man who in all he did and all he sought to do was of unstained nobility of character.

In him from his earliest manhood burned the divine prompting which sends men to seek the unknown places of the world. It urged him to probe the secrets of the Arctic, and it inspired him with the knowledge of a new way to seek them. He was not satisfied with the personal glory of one unprecedented achievement in exploration; he continued while his powers and vigour sufficed to endeavour to enlarge the boundaries of geographical knowledge. Never was there an explorer who more completely commanded the approbation and admiration of other explorers in the same field, and the reason was that in none of his work appeared a trace of self-seeking. When his work of active exploration was over his inquiring and well-furnished mind was still busy with the problems he

had himself raised, and all his vast knowledge was ever at the service of those who might follow him. So it might be truly said that his services to exploration never ended. But when his own personal share was accomplished he sought and found a greater task awaiting him, and he turned as fearlessly and as whole-heartedly to the work of helping to regenerate a stricken and devastated Europe.

He was one of the soldiers of Christ, a warrior to whom no man owed his death but to whom thousands of sufferers from famine and pestilence in Russia and Armenia owed their lives. At Geneva he stood like a rock for peace among men. If we read Fridtjof Nansen aright he would in all humility have hoped that the trumpets which sounded for him when he passed to the other side should speak of what he did for the suffering and afflicted or for what he schemed for the future of peace. In his great simple heart the long-drawn efforts of his mind and body in the Arctic would have seemed by comparison a very small matter. Yet because the world so readily forgets the peace-makers it may well be that his voyage in the Fram across the Polar ocean will be his most enduring memorial.

It is a chapter headed with letters of gold in the story of the Arctic. It shined out with the lustre of the great idea inspiring it. In that way it was an isolated achievement, but it was one of long preparation on the part of the hardy Norseman who realised it. He came of a family with a 300-year-old tradition of voyaging in Arctic seas, and from his earliest years the desire to explore grew within him. As a boy he had attempted a ski journey with a companion; it had elements of danger and daring and fell not far short of disaster. As a young man he was seized with an almost sudden desire to attempt to cross Greenland by a more northerly route than had ever been attempted. Greenland, the second largest island in the world, is still partly unexplored, and at that time, nearly 50 years ago, the most daring attempt to

cross it had been that of Peary.

This consideration and the knowledge young Nansen had acquired from another famous Arctic explorer, Nordenskjold, determined the young man to undertake this new journey across the inland ice of Greenland from the east to the west coast. His proposal received very small encouragement, especially when he asked the Norwegian Government's help to the amount of £300. Except in scientific circles and among the young and ardent the opinion was that his undertaking was only worthy of a madman.

Nansen was so resolved to go that he would have paid his own expenses, but help was forthcoming from a Danish gentleman, Mr. Gamel, and with this encouragement the young Norwegian started, accompanied by his friend Sverdrup and four others.

They were all young and all hardy, but they needed all their vigour and resolution to make a journey which began with many dangers on the coastal ice-floes and continued with a tremendous ascent to 8000 feet over the great ice-cap of North Greenland. They had to drag themselves and their sledges over what seemed interminable miles of ice; but in spite of cold and snow-storm, hunger and thirst, frostbite, and all the hardships that beset Arctic travellers, they got across and triumphantly confuted the hostile critics who had predicted failure. So ended the first venture of the young Viking, and Norway was willing to make a Saga of it but still unwilling to encourage a further one. But the journey itself rather than the triumph had bred in Nansen an unshakeable determination to go farther and do better. To his rare qualities of courage and endurance he added the rarer gift of a scientific imagination. A friend had said to him after the Greenland expedition that he would next be going to the Pole, and he replied that he certainly was.

But he considered the problem of the Pole with scientific detachment, studied the possibilities carefully and long, and

evolved an entirely new method of attack. Before his time the attempts to reach the Pole had been a long series of glorious defeats: the problem was how best could defeat be turned into triumph?

There had been a tradition among Arctic explorers, and especially among the Norse seamen of whom he was the heir, that behind the wall of ice of the Frozen North lay an ocean. Explorer after explorer had been turned back by the wall of ice; it moved to meet and repel them. After they had burst their way a greater or less distance through the barrier they had all been borne back by fresh battalions of ice-floes carried on currents flowing south.

We may imagine the circle round the Pole enclosing the circumpolar ocean as a great clock face, and for convenience of illustration we may imagine it studded with the figures of the hours. Polar explorers endeavoured to force their ships into the interior of the clock face at one of four points. The sea route most favoured was by way of Hudson Bay and Smith Sound, situated at about nine on the clock. Another was between Greenland and Spitsbergen, somewhere between seven and eight o'clock. A less-favoured one was from Franz Josef Land, on the other side of the clock just after four. There was also the way by Bering Strait from Alaska, just after eleven.

From whichever point on the clock face the explorers started they sooner or later encountered a current against them, and found their ships held up, so that if they wanted to go farther north they must take to sledges. One expedition ending tragically had conveyed to Nansen's perceptive mind a proof of the theory he had formed in it. His point was that if currents flowed out of the Polar ocean, in which he firmly believed, it followed that they must flow into it. The expedition which established this belief in his mind was that of De Long, a lieutenant in the American navy.

De Long started at Bering Strait, his ship stuck fast in the

ice shortly after starting, drifted two years in a north-westerly direction, and then foundered on the New Siberia Islands. His was the only ship not driven southward by currents, but to Nansen's way of thinking there was another inference to be drawn from the tragic story.

Two years after the disaster some articles belonging to the ship were found on the south-west coast of Greenland. They had drifted right across the clock face, therefore showing that the Polar ocean was moving and that there were currents right across it.

That was what Nansen thought, what he said, and what he proved. By the voyage he made on the Fram, when with the utmost difficulty he had persuaded the people to support his enterprise, he put the circum-polar ocean on the map. He declared that if instead of sailing against the currents a ship could sail with them it must cross the Polar ocean, perhaps the Pole itself.

Hardly one of the practised Polar explorers believed in his theory or thought that he could prove it true. They questioned his experience, for which he had only to show a sledge journey across Greenland. They declared that a ship, however carefully built, must be crushed by the ice in any such attempt. Of the dozen famous men who had striven to pierce the secret of the Arctic not more than two would say a favourable word. Nansen went on.

He had not only the courage to dare the impossible, he had the insight and the knowledge to tell him the risks; he carried within himself the assurance that he would triumph. Something in the man was able to convince a sufficient number of the half-hearted to enable him to get together the money for the vessel he wanted. It was a proof that when the right prophet comes he is not without honour in his own country. Today the Fram, built on the principle of an orange pip that the ice might squeeze but could not crush, is one of Norway's national possessions, and England may take pride in

her own contribution to its preservation, which was a tribute not only to Nansen the explorer but to Nansen the peacemaker.

The Fram's voyage is one of the milestones on the map of the world. It started in July 1893, and Nansen records the gush of relief he felt when all the preliminaries were over and the great adventure begun. After a number of set-backs along the northern coast of the Old World the Fram was frozen in off the New Siberia Islands, half-past one on the clock face, in the last week of September, and the real Polar voyage began. Henceforward the voyagers must trust themselves to the grip of the Polar ocean, hoping that it would not be the grip of an enemy and trusting to Nansen's belief that it would prove an ally.

We might speak of the journey as a romance, but it was a terribly tedious one. The wearing, wearisome Arctic night descended on them and still they drifted on. It was hard to resist the gloom of the long waiting, for week after week the Fram might appear not to move a foot. Even Nansen confesses to the desperate strain of prolonged inaction; but his fits of depression never lasted long and he was conscious that it was his business to resist them.

In his story we can read of the gales, the blizzards, the onset of the ice which crashed over the Fram but could never crush her; that was emblematic of Nansen himself.

He might be staggered, he might be cast down, but he could never be kept down. He pined in inaction. Therefore he set himself fresh tasks to do on the Fram, undertaking microscopic work and scientific observations to help him to keep his soul in patience. The greatest conquest this active energetic man accomplished was over himself. Spring came and summer, and the Fram moved little faster, now and then slipping backward under the influence of some perverse current, now sideways like a crab, but yet onward. Even a crab, Nansen observed in his diary, ultimately reaches its goal.

Summer went, the autumn of 1894 arrived; a year passed and another winter came, with the blizzards and the northern lights in the darkness. Then the question arose in Nansen's mind whether, if the Polar ocean would not help them on, they ought not to explore it on foot. If the Fram had got so far in 1894, where would it be in 1896? If it could drift no nearer to the Pole, was it not a duty to try to get there by sledge?

He reasoned it out with Sverdrup, his right-hand man, and, as with every Arctic explorer, the idea that he might reach the Pole strongly attracted the Fram's commander. It would be a journey there and back of 483 miles over the ice; it might be done by two men and 28 dogs for the sledges in a possible 50 days. The only question was whether it was justifiable to deprive the ship and its crew of the food and dogs and other necessaries for the journey.

Finally Nansen determined to try. He left Sverdrup on the Fram in the firm and justified conviction that the ship must drift across. He chose for himself the harder and more perilous task of making the Polar dash in company with Hjalmar Johansen. The two left the ship on March 14 and Sverdrup went a little way with them. They said goodbye on top of a hummock. Presently the Fram's rigging disappeared beneath the margin of the ice, and Nansen and Johansen struck out into the unknown.

Sometimes the weather and the going favoured the travellers, fine sunsets and smooth ice; then it changed to hummocky roughness, with the ice itself moving southward in its capricious drift.

Sometimes the two men would fall asleep as they strode along, being awakened suddenly by falling over their snowshoes. The ice grew worse and worse, and on April 7 even the inflexible Nansen, hoping against hope, had to admit that they were doing no good. They had reached the 86th parallel, farther north than man at that time had ever stood before,

but the attempt to reach the Pole had failed. With a heavy heart Nansen resolved that they must turn and shape their course back to Cape Fligeley, which was 370 miles away, if they wished to leave the Polar basin alive.

The journey to safety was no easier than the path toward the Pole. Storms and fogs assailed them; lanes of water in the ice barred their path.

Not till July 24, more than five months after they had started, did land come in sight, and, Nansen suffering from lumbago, they dragged themselves toward it.

They reached it at last, and a bitter land of promise it was when they found it. Bleak and barren though it was, they had to winter there, and it was next summer, the June of 1896, before the travellers could attempt to sail south in their boat. It was one day in the middle of June when, awakening as if from a dream, they heard the barking of dogs, not their own, for these were all dead, but those of the Jackson-Harmswortb expedition at Franz Josef Land.

So the great adventure ended, and Jackson's ship Windward took Nansen back with flying colours to Norway. A week later the Fram also reached Norway in safety under Sverdrup. She had drifted north after Nansen had left her and had returned by the west coast off Spitsbergen.

With the voyage on the Fram Nansen's life as an explorer came to an end, and he became actively interested in the affairs of his country, which ten years later appointed him Minister to England. He retired after two years from that honourable post, and in ten years after that returned from the service of his country to the service of the world. He threw himself into the work of the League of Nations. He was the first to organise from Geneva the rescue of the soldiers of many nations who were scattered all over the world at the close of the war.

In the end Nansen got nearly all of them back to their own countries, and he expanded his original plan so as to

include the return of refugees of all kinds to the homes from which the war and the treaties had evicted them. Nansen and his committee handled between three and four million of them.

This giant among men was almost too strong for Geneva, where the slowness of movement of some of its machinery moved him to impatience. Just as when a young man his schemes had seemed too great and impulsive in the judgment of slower-witted men, so his splendid confidence that the world must be made better at once and without delay troubled his colleagues of the League, who thought he hoped too much and feared too little. But that was the keynote of his life and career. He hoped on and feared not at all.

Gaw Hong

The Man in a Brown Coat

Died 1769 (Asia-China)

Although a thousand years should pass you will still be alive.

This is the lovely epitaph the Chinese wrote on Gaw Hong's statue in the island of Formosa. About 160 years ago there were head-hunters in the mountains who made raids on the Chinese in the plains.

Living in the island then was a man named Gaw Hong, who was universally beloved, and the plainsmen begged him to go into the mountains as their ambassador and sue for peace.

Others had gone, and been killed. But Gaw Hong accepted the mission. What a marvellous mystery is Personality! Not only did the head-hunters, who could not understand a word he said to them, make no attempt to kill him, but they quickly grew to like him.

Gradually he learned their language, and as soon as he could talk with them taught them the wickedness of human slaughter. Such was his influence that for a time they stopped raiding, until the day came round for the yearly sacrifice.

And then they would not listen to him: they must have a head.

In vain he pleaded. One head once a year they must have.

Finally he said: "Very well. At dawn tomorrow a man in a

brown coat and red hat will come along the road by my house. You may have his head."

It was only after the man in the brown coat had been ambushed and killed that the head-hunters found that they had killed their friend Gaw Hong.

How could they atone? Only by doing what he desired. They gathered together from 48 villages and vowed never again to kill for sacrifice. A great stone was buried as a symbol of their promise, and since 1769 the promise has been kept.

George Edward Pereira
Greyhead Walks 3000 Miles
1865 – 1923 (Asia-China)

He lies in a Chinese graveyard, but he should live in all our hearts, this greyhead who walked for thousands of miles for his country.

His name was George Pereira. He had won the C.B. and D.S.O., served with the Grenadier Guards in the European war, and had made himself remarkable for two things: courage and consideration for his men. As a boy he had received an injury to his spine, which lamed him for life. He was also suffering from the effects of frost-bite in one of his feet, and was liable to attacks of sciatica and lumbago.

At 56 he set out alone on his tramp across Asia because he had the heart of a boy. He reached Lhasa from Tientsin, after a journey of 6360 miles, and then crossed the Himalayas into India. For a time he was in a nursing home in Calcutta, suffering from clots of blood in his leg. But as soon as he was well he set off again, this time travelling from west to east, from Burma to Shanghai. Then he marched in another direction, from south to north, leaving Yunnan in the hope of reaching Kansu. But he never finished that last journey, for his frail body was worn out by his spirit, and he died on the way.

Before we can appreciate Pereira's achievement we must consider the difference between travelling in England and

travelling in the Chinese Empire. China is haunted by bands of brigands; most of them are soldiers who have been given arms but no pay, and so have turned bandits in order to live. Besides the danger threatened by them there was the difficulty of finding food when passing through the famine districts. After that came the perils of mountains and rivers and intense cold. But there were consolations. Very beautiful were some of the Chinese valleys, filled with the pink blossoms of peach and apricot trees and the white plum-flower, while the mountainsides were sometimes clothed with lilies, pansies, and honeysuckle. Little temples would be set among the cedar forests on the hillsides, and often magnificent views lay below, where the great Yellow River wound its way through woods and mountains.

Pereira grieved over the corruption and almost hopeless disorder that existed under the Chinese Republic. His heart bled for the patient labouring people, who were cheated by corrupt officials, raided by brigands, and forced to give food or transport animals to the soldiers. The coolies he found patient, likeable, hardworking people; and in strange contrast to the complete corruption of the Government officials was the action of a Chinese innkeeper, who walked twelve miles in Pereira's track to give him something he had left behind.

The inns are deplorable in China; one is known as the Grave of Ten Thousand Men. They are for the most part very dirty. The guest room has a platform at one end on which the traveller puts his bedding. Beneath the platform is a flue heated by burning long millet stalks. The traveller is roasted while they burn, and frozen when they die out. The walls are infested with vermin. The door is ill-fitting and draughty. The windows are of paper.

Pereira considered that Tibet was detestable. Although parts of it are picturesque, the typical landscape is a monotonous treeless plain. In this desolate land live a people whose lot is wretched in the extreme, but they seem quite resigned,

and even sunny-hearted. They wander about riding the shaggy yak. These simple tribesmen were servile and friendly, bowing low to Pereira, and putting out their tongues as a sign of homage. Among these queer folk Pereira was amazed to find an elderly white woman. She was not a missionary, but a student of Asian things, and her native city was Paris.

For the most part Pereira slept in his tent. Sometimes he was fortunate enough to come on a Buddhist monastery; now and again he slept in a Tibetan inn—often a one-roomed hovel which serves as a stable as well as bedroom and kitchen. It was typical of the primitive life he led that when his watch failed Pereira bought two cocks to wake him in the morning.

Despite the intense cold of Tibet Pereira used to get up at half-past five in the morning. When his journey for the day was done (sometimes it was a march of 24 miles) he would make detailed notes in his diary and on his maps. He was a man of scrupulous accuracy. For instance, when he reached Lhasa he recorded the distance and noted that, although he had ridden in mule carts, or on yaks, or in coracles, for part of the way, he had actually walked 3527 and a quarter miles. He would note not only distances and heights, but also the number of families in each village he passed through, and many other details.

Pereira's diaries are plain records of facts and figures. He notes that he had seen Chinese with wheelbarrows fitted with sails, but he does not stop to say that the sight was picturesque. He tells how he heard bagpipes playing *The Campbells are Coming*, and, looking out, saw that the pipers were Mongol soldiers who were marching a monk away—to have a finger cut off, as Pereira afterwards discovered.

While he was yet ten miles from Lhasa he saw a golden glitter; it was the roof of the Potala, the official residence of the Dalai Lama, the monk ruler of Tibet. It stands on a hill. Below it cluster stone houses, dirty streets, and a few villas with gardens of willow trees. There were some shops, where

he could buy such luxuries as sugar, eggs, and potatoes. There was a telegraph office. Pereira went in and telegraphed to his brother "Lhasa. Englishman first." Then he wrote in his diary:

After all the worries, anxieties, and hardship it seems like a dream that the great trek is really over. I would not make the return journey for a million pounds.

After a short stay in Lhasa he set off anew. The cold mountains tried him sorely and he wrote:

I long to look back upon Tibet as a reminiscence. How nice it will be in the winter to sit by the blazing fire in a comfortable chair and think of the sufferings I endured there, and of the marvellous way in which Providence protected me from even worse. I think a second such journey would kill me.

He died on the third stage of his great Chinese tour. Up to the last he worked on his maps, and he passed away in the arms of a friend.

Gerard Dou

1613-1675 (Holland)

In days when Rembrandt's pictures sold for a song, there was one among his students who could get a thousand florins for a tiny two foot canvas. This was Gerard Dou of Leyden. Nobody cared for a Rembrandt, but a Dou was a royal gift. When King Charles II returned from Holland to England, the States General of the Dutch republic presented him with a painting by Dou as the choicest of their art treasures.

So tiny were the pictures of Dou, and so carefully painted every detail, that one must look through a magnifying glass to take in all their wonders. A fussy, particular man was Dou. He would work for days on a hand, one day on each finger. None ever surpassed him in painting cabbages, and ah, how he could paint broomsticks! One could actually count the twigs of which the broomstick was made! One day a friend paid him a compliment on a broomstick in a picture. But Dou replied, "I have still three days' work to do before I complete that broomstick!"

It was little, indeed, that Dou learned from Rembrandt, his great master. He had none of Rembrandt's rugged strength. From him he took nothing more than his charm of light and shade. His tiny Night School in the candlelight, with its contrast of light and shadow, is a pocket edition of Rembrandt's huge and splendid Night Watch. The genius of Gerard Dou was not the genius of power. It was the genius of

patience, of taking infinite pains.

Vermeer of Delft, rejoicing in cool, clear blues and quiet, elegant figures, and Peter de Hooch, with his charming views through open doors, were friends of Gerard Don's, all little masters, who painted on tiny canvases, simple domestic scenes, genuine, radiant, sweet.

And the end of the story is this — no country has ever given the world, in a single age, such a group of great painters as Holland. French paintings were made for palaces, Italian paintings for churches, but Dutch pictures were made for homes, for homes or guild-halls of burghers, to be lived with, day by day, in intimate, tender friendship.

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.

Mrs. H. C. Mullens
"The Apostle of the Zenanas" and "The Lady of the Slippers"
(1845 – 1861 A.D.) (India)

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.

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.

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."

Henrietta Szold
Mother of Palestine
1860-1945 A.D.

The little moving picture house in Jerusalem was crowded to the doors. Every seat seemed to be taken. The group of tightly packed-in Jews, with a few Arabs scattered here and there, stirred impatiently as they waited for the theater to darken and the picture to begin. Suddenly, as though moved by one common impulse, the entire audience rose to its feet.

"What's happened?" an American tourist asked his son, a sturdy, tanned youth from one of the farm colonies.

"Miss Szold has just come in," answered the young man. "We always pay her this respect when she comes to the theater."

"Like visiting royalty?"

"But she is greater than any queen," the youth said reverently, as the usher led the white-haired woman down the aisle. "Henrietta Szold is the Mother of Palestine."

This is how it all began in the sandy, sunbaked streets of Tiberias in 1909.

Two American women, one still brisk and rosy-checked in spite of her advancing years, the other middle-aged, dignified of carriage, with keen but kindly eyes, talked to each other as they walked through the dingy city.

"It is hard to believe that the Roman rulers once lived here in their splendid palaces, isn't it, mamma?" commented

Henrietta Szold, glancing over the few mean shops and shabby houses.

"Yes. Like everything in Palestine except the Jewish farm colonies and villages, it seems poor and forsaken," agreed her mother. "Maybe, Henrietta, your anti-Zionist friends back in America were right when they told you it would be a great disappointment to visit Palestine."

"Well, it isn't as cheerful as France or Germany," Henrietta admitted. "But I just had to see Palestine." Her eyes grew tender. "Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to come here. Remember how papa used to lean back in his armchair in his study in Baltimore, and tell me stories about the Land of Israel? I think that made me a real Zionist even before Herzl dreamed of trying to give us Jews a country."

Suddenly a look of horror flitted over Miss Szold's rather stern features.

"Mamma, look at those children sitting on the wall. Look at that baby's eyes!"

"They're all bruised and black," murmured her mother.

"No. Its eyes must be sore like the eyes of all those children we saw in Jerusalem. And flies have settled on them."

She took a step toward the ragged children, curiously watching the strangers; Mrs. Szold dropped a restraining hand on her shoulder.

"Henrietta," sharply, "you can't fondle that child the way you always do the children in the colonies! Eye diseases here are very contagious."

A few days later the two American women visited the Jewish Girls' School in Jaffa, supported by European Jews. The principal boasted that although a shocking number of Palestinians, both Jews and Arabs, were blinded from trachoma, not a single pupil in his school suffered from the dread disease.

"We have a doctor who visits us twice a week," he said. "And a nurse examines the children's eyes every day. But if a

child with perfect eyes is forced to live in a home where there is trachoma, it is almost hopeless."

"It shouldn't be," cried Mrs. Szold. She turned to her daughter. "Henrietta, there's that literary society you belong to in New York. Aren't most of the women Zionists?" Henrietta nodded. "When you get back home, why don't you tell them about the poor sick children in Palestine? I'm sure you'll be able to do something for them if anybody can."

She spoke with a mother's pride; but she did not overpraise her energetic daughter. For Henrietta Szold even before this first epoch-making visit to Palestine already had a life of important accomplishments behind her.

Although she had grown up in a day when higher education for women was still frowned upon, and had never gone to college, she really deserved the designation of "the most learned Jewess in America." Her father, Rabbi Benjamin Szold, one of the foremost Jewish scholars of his time, had been her first teacher. To him she owed her fine background of history and literature and a knowledge of Hebrew and modern languages that was to be of the greatest value to her in years to come.

Shortly after Henrietta's graduation from high school with a gold medal and other honors, she worked with Russian immigrants. There were no public night schools in Baltimore at the end of the nineteenth century, where these refugees from czarist persecution might learn English and how to fit themselves to earn a living in the United States.

She helped a group of the younger men to rent the second floor of a store; they swept, scrubbed and painted, and managed to purchase several blackboards and a few books. At this school, one of the first of its kind in America, Miss Szold acted as superintendent, teacher, and janitor. Soon the original thirty adult pupils had grown to a hundred and fifty. Years later, when the school was taken over by the city of Baltimore, it had instructed more than five thousand

immigrants, Christians as well as Jews.

As Henrietta always said, she had first learned to love Palestine by hearing her father's stories of the ancient homeland. Now she heard from some of her young Russian friends of groups of dauntless pioneers who had left their European homes to build a new life for themselves in Israel. Some of the Russian immigrants formed what was perhaps the first Zionist society in America and Miss Szold gladly joined them. Her conservative Baltimore friends marveled that such a level-headed young woman could believe such nonsense.

"We are moderns," they declared, "and live in a modern world. We are Jews only in religion and America is our Zion."

But Miss Szold, who was as loyal an American as any of her critics, continued to write and speak for Zionism. This was in 1893, even before Theodor Herzl, born the same year as Miss Szold, had issued his call for the first Zionist congress at Basle!

Then at thirty-three, Miss Szold became secretary of the newly-founded Jewish Publication Society of America. Her work brought her contacts with the foremost Jewish writers and scholars of her day. She edited a number of important books, but, unfortunately, she found little time or energy to write more than an occasional article herself.

When she became ill from overwork in 1909, the Jewish Publication Society rewarded her for her faithful years of service by sending her to visit Europe, and, of course, Palestine. Here, with her own eyes she saw the forgotten children of her people, roaming, neglected and diseased, in the filthy streets. She returned to the United States, wondering what could be done to help them.

As always, she took up the work that was nearest at hand, and did it well. She was elected secretary of the Federation of American Zionists. Now she spent long hours over her desk, even while she took on extra burdens, such as indexing the volumes issued by the American Jewish Historical Society.

"There are 1,600 pages to be done, and I have done about 200," she wrote wearily to a friend.

Again her health failed; now her eyes made close work impossible for a while. Should she retire and devote her leisure to her aging mother, with whom she now lived in New York City, and her sister's children whom she loved so dearly?

Henrietta had been the oldest of five daughters, always to be depended upon in a family "crisis" like house-cleaning or preserving time or spring sewing for the family. Mrs. Szold had often playfully called her efficient, self-sacrificing daughter, her "little camel" because she seemed to thrive under burdens. Now, almost fifty, utterly worked out after years of labor that taxed nerves and mind, Henrietta began what was to be her greatest contribution to her people. With the help of a few devoted Jewish women she organized Hadassah.

The group met in New York City in 1912; as their first meeting took place on Purim, they chose the Hebrew name of the festival's heroine, Queen Esther. And for their motto, the forty-odd women took the words of the prophet Jeremiah: "The healing of the daughter of My people."

Miss Szold and several members who had visited Palestine told of the needs of that unhappy country. The appealed for money to send healing to the land of Israel.

Soon other chapters sprang up in other cities, to become affiliated with the original New York group of Hadassah, with Henrietta Szold as its first national president.

As a beginning two American-trained nurses were sent to Jerusalem to do pioneer health work in the old, unsanitary city. They began their labors in a tiny clinic to which both Jews and Arabs might come for free treatment. Like the visiting nurses of America they visited the sick in their homes, they taught the ignorant mothers how to bathe their babies and to feed the older children. They carried on a long but successful battle against the scourge of trachoma. They clothed the ragged with clean whole garments of Hadassah women in

far-off America had sewed and knitted. Soon "Hadassah" meant "hospital" for the people of Jerusalem.

"My baby is sick, I must take her to Hadassah," a mother would say. "Yes, I took my boy to Hadassah and the American lady made him well," answered her neighbor.

Meanwhile in America, Miss Szold worked early and late to organize more chapters. The members all over the country collected money to send more nurses, money to keep up the Jewish hospital in Jerusalem, money for health stations which soon dotted the waste places, far off from any doctor. To these stations came not only the Jews of the isolated farm colonies, but the Arabs from their mud huts in the neighboring villages.

Hadassah's health program expanded rapidly. It was not enough to make sick people well, they must learn how to remain healthy. Immigrants were inoculated for malaria. Mothers were given white nettings to protect their babies from flies and taught how to sterilize nursing bottles. School children formed armies "To Fight the Fly"; groups of these boys and girls visited grocery stores and demanded that food should be covered. Their demands caused considerable excitement in the Orient where food had always been sold in the dirty open booths of the bazars.

Because so many of the immigrants were poor, Hadassah started a fund to serve first milk, then luncheons to school children. Many of the mothers had continued to give their children the same type of meal they had prepared in Europe. Now the teachers taught their pupils what foods to choose in a hot country and how to serve native products in a tempting way.

In time a group for younger women, Junior Hadassah, was founded. Its principal project was the founding and support of Meir Shefeyah, a farm village for orphan children. Here the pupils and their teachers do all the work: baking bread and cooking the meals, picking fruit, feeding the live stock, milking the cows. In this way they prepare themselves for working

on the farm colonies as soon as they are old enough to graduate.

In 1918, while the First World War still raged, the American Zionist Medical Unity arrived in Palestine; its forty-four men and women wore the Star of David upon their uniforms instead of the more familiar Red Cross. These doctors, dentists, and nurses brought relief to a population which had long suffered from Turkish misrule and now knew all the privations of a long war. The first mission of the unit was to the overcrowded city of Tiberias, where a cholera epidemic had broken out among the soldiers and civilians.

When peace came to a sick and torn world, Palestine was in a sad state of confusion. True, the Turks had been driven out, and, with the Balfour Declaration issued by the English conquerors, came the promise of the right to establish a "national home" under the protection of Great Britain. But the flood of immigration which followed the peace brought many new problems. Many troubles beset the medical unit. Miss Szold, always an excellent "trouble shooter," was urged to come to Palestine to restore order.

Mrs. Szold was dead, and Henrietta, who had nursed her so tenderly during her last illness, now felt herself free to take up her leadership in Hadassah. But she was nearly sixty, very tired and far from well. She had been in public life since her youth. But she knew that in Palestine, a country with so many oriental prejudices, there would be a strong feeling against a woman in public work. She would also be considered a "foreigner" from America; she wondered whatever she would do in a Hebrew-speaking community. For she had been so busy working for Zionist education all these years that she knew only "book Hebrew" and was ignorant of the tongue as a living language.

Although her doctors warned her against taking on new responsibilities, she set sail for Palestine. Just a short visit, she told herself. Then she would return to America, really retire

from active work and spend her last quiet years over the tatting and crocheting she never seemed to have time for any more. But from that day the Land of Israel became her home, and its development and her own life became one history.

When passport difficulties forced Miss Szold to remain a month in Naples, she spent six hours a day studying modern Hebrew. But the new language proved the least of her troubles. The medical unity suffered from begin too successful. Its work had expanded too fast for its budget. Demands poured in from every side; but funds from America to pay salaries and buy medical supplies and food for the hospital patients were often late in coming.

She no longer felt ill; she decided she had no time to grow old and tired. Her work took her to every part of the country. Sometimes she traveled by automobile, sometimes in a springless wagon drawn by mules; often, when the roads were almost impassable, on the back of an unreliable donkey. She visited the ports where the immigrants, who had come to upbuild Israel, often lay stricken with malaria and too ill to leave their beds. She inspected hospitals, both Jewish and those built by the British, and discussed health measures with the officials. She made improvements in the first training school for nurses in Palestine and enlarged the program of school hygiene. And always she complained that she had had no training to fit herself for her new position!

When the affairs of the medical unit were put in shape and a sufficient annual budget assured from America, Henrietta Szold spoke of returning home. She loved Palestine and had made many, many friends there; but she longed to return to her own family and a less active life.

But that was impossible. She had made herself indispensable. When she was able to resign from her duties with the Hadassah Medical Organization as it was now called, she was urged to oversee the rapidly expanding school system of Palestine. Then, when she felt she might rest, she became

convinced of the need of uniting all the many charitable organizations in Palestine, and introducing modern methods of social work.

So she continued to work and live in Palestine with hasty trips back to the United States where Hadassah gathered to pay new honors to its founder. She always shrank from oratorical tributes and personal gifts. She never asked anything for herself, only money in always greater sums for her people in the homeland.

Always her first thought was for the children. Hadassah had done its work so well that Palestine was no longer a plague spot but the most healthful country in the Near East. Poverty-stricken immigrants from Europe and the Orient were being helped toward self-support. But it was hard for parents from vastly different countries to learn the new language, and especially the new ways of Israel, as easily as their children.

No one realized this more keenly than Henrietta Szold who did so much to bring harmony into disorganized homes. There were no truancy laws in Israel, but she tried to urge parents, even if they needed the support of their children, to allow them to remain in school. It was necessary, she urged, to learn a trade or to fit oneself for farm work in the colonies. Everyone seemed to trust the aging American woman and to come to her with their troubles. An old woman who could not manage her modern cook stove appealed to Miss Szold to show her how to use it.

In the autumn of 1933, when as always Henrietta Szold thought longingly of the bright-foliaged trees on the hills around Baltimore, she prepared to return to America.

"Now I shall do nothing but rest," she thought, grateful that her heart, which had often troubled her, had endured under the long strain.

But in London she heard of a project to send young people out of Hitler's Germany to grow up in safety in the Jewish

colonies. Although the new ruler had not yet decreed mass transportations to the concentration camps, and no one dreamed of the horror of the mass executions of his victims, it was painfully evident that no self-respecting Jew could continue to live in Germany.

Miss Szold hurried to Germany, where she found a number of Jewish youth groups already under training for agricultural work in Palestine. But German Jewry had become impoverished under the discriminatory Nazi laws. Huge sums of money for the transportation of these young people and their future support must be collected at once.

Miss Szold returned to Palestine to found what was to be the last and most outstanding work of her long and useful life. She formed the Youth Aliyah for the return of these young fugitives to the land of their fathers. In February, 1934, the first group of these children arrived at Haifa. They found the Mother of Palestine at the port, waiting to welcome them. Group after group came as the terror in Germany increased.

Because of her failing strength Miss Szold had at first promised only to help raise money for this project. But she knew her children needed her and she could not spare herself. Whenever possible, she not only met the newcomers as they left the ship, but accompanied them to the colony in which they were to live, inspected the arrangements made for their comfort, and remained long enough to make them feel at home. One little girl cried bitterly for her mother until Miss Szold sang her to sleep; a group of older rebellious boys, unable at first to fit into the new life, promised to try to adapt themselves—if Miss Szold would only promise to visit them again.

There were many trips to America for the raising of funds, to Germany to persuade unhappy parents that it was wisest to send their children away—perhaps forever. Here the fluent German she had learned in childhood, her gentle manner, won her countless friends.

"My child will be safe in your care," a weeping mother told her.

She made a last visit to America. Mayor LaGuardia of New York presented America's most famous Jewess with the keys of the city. The membership of Hadassah pledged itself to carry the ever-growing expenses of Youth Aliyah. In Baltimore elderly women whom Miss Szold did not recognize reminded her that she had been their former teacher or club leader.

It was hard to leave her two sisters, all that remained of the large, devoted family circle. But she resolutely returned to her work in Palestine.

As the Second World War spread, frantic Jews in every country threatened by the Nazis struggled to escape to safety. At least, they prayed, if they could only send their children to Palestine! The story of the thousands of little ones who died in the concentration camps and the gas chambers need not be repeated here. Their sacrifice filled Henrietta Szold's mother-heart with agony. But she rejoiced over the many who came by land and sea to begin a new life in the refuge she had helped to prepare for them.

As she grew older, Henrietta Szold protested more and more vigorously against the public celebration of her birthday.

"If you must celebrate a fact that I have had little to do with, and which shouldn't cause so much excitement every year, have a different program," she demanded. "Emphasize the last eighty years in Zionism, in Palestine and in America. That will really mean something."

So the American woman's eightieth birthday became a national celebration of growth and progress in the Old Land. The program was carried over the radio to every schoolroom, where even the youngest children learned of the Mother's efforts to give them a beautiful home. While countless tributes pour in from the United States: a book signed by more than 80,000 members of Hadassah, with the signature of her

admirer, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the first page; a check for $25,000 to be spent as Miss Szold decided on the needs of Palestine.

Perhaps she had never been so happy as at the birthday party given in her honor at the Ben Shemen children's village. The children formed a chain from the schoolhouse to the highway, where they had hung a sign with the traditional Hebrew words, "Blessed are you in your coming." Every pupil was dressed in her best, for the day had been proclaimed a public holiday. There were gifts made by the children themselves in their workshops; feasting and music.

An Austrian refugee girl spoke for Youth Aliyah, "We will follow the road which we have taken, forward and upward." She turned loving eyes toward Miss Szold, seated at the head of the banquet table. They sparkled with tears as though she suddenly realized how soon she and her comrades must part with their old friend. "And you will be with us on the road."

A little over three years later, Henrietta Szold lay dying in the Rothschild-Hadassah-University Hospital which, in its white splendor on Mount Scopus, overlooks the city of Jerusalem. She could only hope that her co-workers would continue dauntlessly along the road she had marked out for them.

Henrietta Szold could not foresee after her death more thousands of rescued children living in Israel, at last an independent state among the nations of the earth. But she had seen how the shabby, inadequate old Rothschild Hospital had grown into the finest medical institution of the Near East. She had lived long enough to rejoice that among the refugee doctors who served there were many world-famous specialists who, by their medical discoveries, had already brought honor to their adopted country.

Yes, she thought, triumphantly, my work will go on.

And so, even on the day she died, a weary Hadassah nurse slipped on her cloak, took up her little satchel and started her

rounds down the dark, narrow streets of old Jerusalem. "She would want me to go on working even today," the nurse told herself.

At Athlit on the sea, a tiny boy, held in the detention camp for refugees, asked his older sister, "Why is everybody crying?" and the girl answered, through her tears, "The lady who takes care of us says we must always remember Miss Szold and work hard for the land, just as she did."

And to the thousands who gathered at her memorial meeting in New York City, one said, "She is already become a legend of her people.