

Great Lives
Supplement

VOLUME II

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Libraries of Hope

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Sir Henry Havelock
The Man Who Died to Save India
1795 – 1857 (Asia-India)

Long before war was the horrible thing it has become Sir Henry Havelock, who lived and died to save India for the British Empire, held that a soldier can be a saint, and a saint a soldier. He put his belief to the test in a career of shining nobility and valour. Two centuries after Cromwell he formed a little New Model army of his own, lived for it and died for it, and left a name that is imperishable.

The son of a Bishop Wear-mouth ship-builder, he seemed the last creature likely to become a soldier.

Instructed by his mother, he was a deeply religious boy, loving innocent fun and pranks but inclined to the company of a number of boys who afterwards distinguished themselves by their scholarship are held in memory for their good works.

Speculation cost his father his fortune and his fine home, but Henry was able to study for the law till a cloud arose between him and the old ship-builder, after which the youth was left to his own resources. It was at the time his brother William came home from Waterloo, laurels thick upon him, and Henry was easily persuaded to join the Army. He was twenty, and for the next eight years he studied and trained hard at home, adding the mastery of Hindustani and Persian to his accomplishments.

He sailed for India in 1823, to remain there for 26 years, passing St Helena while the turf was still new on the grave of

Napoleon. On the long voyage out he found a master and a pupil in an officer who, learning languages of him, preached anew the Gospel he had imbibed from his mother's teaching.

When he settled down in India Havelock got together a company of serious-minded soldiers and persuaded them to subscribe to a simple code of rules.

They were neither to swear nor drink, nor quarrel; they were to speak the truth at all costs; they were to do their duty and without complaint suffer hardship, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and all the evils inseparable from their lot. Havelock himself set the stern example.

We had a hard-drinking army in India in those days, and his men were mocked and derided as Havelock's Saints. But in 1824, during the Burmese War, the mockers received the surprising proof that this 19th-century New Model had the virtues of its Cromwellian predecessor.

It being vitally necessary to launch a night attack on an enemy position Sir Archibald Campbell placed a certain corps under orders. He was informed that they were too drunk for the task. "Very well," said he, "call out Havelock's Saints!" The Saints marched, and carried the position with magnificent success.

Six months later Havelock married the daughter of a missionary and joined the Baptists. An adjutancy he held was abolished, and the young couple were miserably poor, two little rooms on the ramparts at Dinapore being their home. A little family grew up about them, and in the hot weather of 1836, while he accompanied his regiment to Kurnaul, he sent his wife and children to a bungalow in the hills. There one night fire broke out. Mrs. Havelock and two boys were saved by the bravery of a native servant, but a baby girl was killed.

When the news reached Havelock he at once obtained leave of absence, and was preparing to start when word was brought that the men of his regiment wished to speak to him. In the courtyard he found his Saints drawn up in ranks. The

sergeant stepped forward with a salute, a blundering apology, and a murmur of sympathy, and the request that he would be so good as to accept a month's pay from the men to enable him to refurnish his ruined home.

For once their Ironside leader was shaken from his habitual self-control as he gently declined their moving offer.

That is the keynote of his relations with these stern, inspired soldiers of his, who never turned aside from his bidding, never faltered at the forlorn hope, but in the Afghan War that followed crossed mountain and desert, hauled guns and wagons when animal transport flagged and failed, and, true to their compact, made no complaint when famine rations were served in bitter weather at great altitudes and when, we are told, sickness was so rife that they had to halt at Kandahar until corn could be grown to feed them.

Havelock was A.D.C. to the commander of the Bengal division, and was present at the storming of Kabul; but, still poor, he returned to India when fighting had died down, with the intention of writing a book on the campaign.

Returning with recruits, he met General Elphinstone, brave but gouty, scouring across India at the rate of an agitated tortoise. The doughty invalid claimed Havelock as his Persian interpreter, and their breathless crawl brought them to Kabul in six months! Matters had gone badly; the hill tribes had been provoked into rebellion against us; the British force was isolated with the passes closed behind it, and it was essential that these should be opened.

Havelock volunteered to accompany the force sent under his friend General Sale to achieve this end, but the native attack was so heavy that he had to be sent back to Kabul for reinforcements. With these a way was fought through the pass to Gandamak, where a terrible story of massacre reached them. It was mainly on the advice of Havelock that Sale besieged and captured Jalalabad, keeping open the route to and from India, and so was able to join the force which later

avenged the treachery of the Afghans.

Promotion in those bad old days was by purchase, and Havelock was too impoverished to buy a commission; so, in spite of magnificent work as a soldier and diplomat, 28 years passed before he attained the rank of major. During all his fighting, his interpreting and peace-making missions, he kept up his religious services, his little chapels rising wherever possible, with cafes and rest-houses adjoining them.

But if Havelock was a saint, he was, as his brilliant record proves, an Old Testament type of saint, and when mutinous elements were found in the native army his advice was that the punishment should be stern and unsparing. He believed that drastic measures at that time, evidencing the will and the power to control, would have spared us the tragedy of the Indian Mutiny, and that leniency at that juncture was misplaced and dangerous.

He fought through the first Sikh War, the Sutlej campaign, and the second Sikh War; had his horse killed under him in one battle, and saw his brother struck dead at the head of his charging troops in another. Then, broken in health, he came home in 1849, still only with the rank of major, to rest for two years and return to India as quartermaster-general of all the royal troops in India, advancing soon afterwards to the rank of adjutant-general.

For the Persian War of 1857 Havelock drew up the whole plan of campaign. Meantime trouble on a widespread scale was brewing in India, where, in 1857, the terrible Mutiny broke out at Meerut and spread like a fire over the Dependency. So far, in spite of half-a-century's experience, Havelock had never had an independent command. His hour now chimed, and all his experience of territory and natives was to be needed for the salvation of the land which by this time he had come to love as a second home.

Reaching Bombay at the end of May, he was ordered to Galle, but on the way his ship was wrecked, and he had a

narrow escape from death. With all haste he made his way to Calcutta and while raising a force at Allahabad heard the dire story of a massacre at Cawnpore. Havelock had to regain Cawnpore before he could advance to the relief of Lucknow, which was also invested by rebels.

Havelock's little force, a mere thousand bayonets with six guns, won a succession of battles, and forced its way through teeming enemies in the height of the fierce Indian summer. He learned that there still lived 200 English women in Cawnpore, and he strained every nerve to arrive in time to save them. The rebel ruler, however, had them all murdered before taking the field to oppose the dauntless Englishman.

It was desperate work, with ambushes everywhere, bridges broken, rivers to ford, wounded and sick to be carried; but by fine strategy and magnificent bravery the last bridge was captured by a rush which took the relief force right up to the guns the Sepoys were firing at them. Havelock entered Cawnpore on July 17, after a nine-day's march, during which he had covered 120 miles under a pitiless sun and fought no fewer than four pitched battles.

The scene awaiting them was horrifying, with evidences everywhere of the massacre of English women and children; yet such was the influence Havelock exercised that revengeful fury was held in check and even pillaging was suppressed. But he could not stay; he left a little force in Cawnpore and pushed out in an endeavour to effect the relief of Lucknow, whose heroic commander, Sir Henry Lawrence, had just been killed by a cannon-ball.

He crossed the Ganges with difficulty, for the boatmen had gone over to the rebels, and each boat took eight hours to get over with its burden. The enemy awaited him in strongly entrenched positions. Cholera was at work among his troops, and when only a third of the way to Lucknow he had lost a sixth of his men and used a third of his ammunition. The enemy closed in on his rear, cutting his communications

with Cawnpore, and he had to steel himself to turning about, smashing the Sepoys in his rear, and returning to Cawnpore, there to await the coming of reinforcements.

The return demanded the resolution of a hero. Havelock saved his sick and wounded and the rest of his ill-fed army by his move. He had to fight another fierce battle before daring to retreat, and, that battle won, when he reached Cawnpore he found a Gazette informing him that Sir James Outram had been appointed to take charge of the position.

Outram arrived with stores and reinforcements, but with noble magnanimity he refused to displace Havelock, serving under him until the terrible series of battles for Lucknow had been fought and the situation had been saved.

The advance to Lucknow forms one of the most stirring chapters in our military annals, a little force, wretchedly equipped, called upon to hurl disciplined rebels out of carefully chosen positions heavily defended by artillery, by rivers and ditches, with storms breaking upon the tentless army, with bridges crowded with Sepoys and guns, with roads lined with houses and arsenals, and loopholed for sharpshooting like so many forts.

His men earned a hundred V.C.s on that terrible advance, none more gallantly than Havelock's own son. Step by step the force battled on, sleeping under pouring rain in the open, with arms in their hands. Position after position was carried after terrible fighting and with gravest losses, but at last, on September 25, by a masterly turning movement, Lucknow was reached, and, in spite of trenched streets and walled defences, the Residency, last stronghold of the British, was entered.

The relief was not effectual, for the force was too small; but Lucknow was saved, and Outram could await the coming of Sir Colin Campbell, seven weeks later, with a greater force of men and munitions.

Havelock bravely cooperated with Sir Colin Campbell,

but his life-work was now done. He had performed wonders with incredibly small numbers and equipment. His health was ruined, and eight days after the arrival of Campbell his courageous life ended—too soon to know that he had been made a baronet with a pension of £1000 a year.

His son was with him to the end, to hear him murmur "I am happy and contented," the Happy Warrior, indeed.

This is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be.

Henry Hudson

He Has Been Missing for Three Hundred Years

Died 1611 (Exploration)

Henry Hudson and his son have been posted missing for 300 years and more.

We do not know who Hudson was. What we do know is the way he came into history and the way he went out of it. It was in the Spanish Armada century. He was asked by the Muscovy Trading Company to sail across the North Pole into Asia and bring home a cargo from "the isles of spicery," these being the Moluccas. It was surely the coolest request ever made to mortal man; but Hudson agreed to go, agreed to sail a tiny barque through the icy latitudes which had mastered Martin Frobisher, and which every respectable mariner declared to be alive with imps and demons.

Hudson cared little for tales of demons; he was content to face them with ten men and a boy, his own son. There lay in the Thames at that moment the little ship *Hopeful* which had sailed these terrible waters. It was one of Frobisher's tiny craft, and Hudson commissioned this mite of a ship, a mere 60-tonner, to reach his enchanted goal.

How he was to do it the Muscovy Company did not explain, except that he must not go south, he must not go by the Cape of Good Hope; he must "penetrate directly to the Pole," and drop comfortably into the Pacific. So away he went, he and the boy and his ten men, quitting Gravesend in May 1607. His last journey to London included a touching

little ceremony, his visit to St Ethelburga's Church in Bishopsgate, where he and his crew, "proposing to go to sea in four days," attended Communion.

The *Hopeful* was driven under all the sail she could carry, and reached the coast of Greenland in six weeks. Making up the east coast to the north, he soon lost sight of land, but, coming in sight of it again, he named a new site in a way characteristic of him. He called it Cape Hold-with-Hope, as brave a title as John Bunyan could have devised. Hold with Hope! Hudson wrote the very spirit of his line nature in those words. He held with hope in those grim and forbidding fields of ice. He was faced by an enormous far-spread phalanx of ice, impenetrable, although he would not admit it. He had only sails to carry his ship, and he knew nothing of the strong under-currents of the seas he was fighting. He did not much want to know; all he wanted was to get his mad little ship wafted deeper and deeper into the ice, so that he might find the path of peace which he felt convinced must open to his unwearying endeavour. Eleven men and a boy in a cockleshell challenging the Arctic! Opposed in the north-west, he edged away along the ice barrier to the north-east, until he crawled up to the coastline of Spitsbergen.

Spitsbergen was a terrible test of endurance. The wind blew northward, but there was a current running southward. He got past a point in latitude 80 degrees, and for three days he strove to make further progress; but, finding that no advance was possible in this direction, he turned his little craft to the west, intending to force a passage round by the north of Greenland into Davis Strait. No ship has ever done what he tried to do in the tiny *Hopeful.* He himself discovered, as he wrote in his log, that, "from an icy skie and neereness to Groneland, there is no passage."

He was mastered by forces too strong for man, but he had added a great fact to the world's knowledge, for he had proved that there does not exist a short cut to China by sailing over

the North Pole. But he dared not go back without something positive to tell. He found the icy waters of the North to be alive with whales, and on reaching the Thames, in September of the year of his sailing forth, he set hardy English fishermen on fire with the prospect of whale fishing in the North. He became known as the father of the Spitsbergen whale hunt, which long brought wealth to the nation and steeled the fibre of our seamen.

If China and India and the isles of spicery could not be reached by way of the Pole, Hudson must get there either north-west or north-east. We all know how long it takes to prepare a Polar expedition in these days, what fine men are chosen, what perfect ships are commissioned, what mountains of stores and equipment are taken. But Hudson was off again through the ice within seven months; this time he and his boy with a mighty crew of 13 men—a prodigious expedition for an exploit which eventually took centuries to accomplish and cost hundreds of lives and scores of ships! He made a good run, for, leaving the Thames on April 22, 1608, he rounded Cape North, the farthest point of Sweden, by June 3, then turned east and plunged afresh into the ice-pack in the attempt to pass to the north of Nova Zembla.

All the artillery in the World War would have been required to blast a passage for him, and then the water would have frozen behind him; but for three weeks he tried to find a way through the roaring, heaving ice. Failing at last, he determined to go round another way. He turned south-east and sought to fight through the Kara Strait into the Kara Sea. If he could do that, he thought, it would be an easy voyage into a benevolent Pacific, then head for fabled Cathay!

The ice was impassable; it could have smashed a thousand ships like his and dropped them into the depths unseen; and in addition to ice, there was a terrific storm during which he anchored his ship to ride it out. The intrepid man then turned his helm and tried to get round the world by a north-west

route, though his provisions were short and the season more than half gone. He had a giant's courage, but he had a great man's discretion, and he would not risk the lives of his boy and his crew in pursuit of an absurdity; so when he found the North-West Passage impossible he abandoned it, and brought his ship home as taut as when he sailed her out.

The enterprising Dutch, hearing of Hudson's exploits, engaged him, and in March 1609 he set sail under their flag with two ships, the Good Hope and the Half Moon, and the same old mission. Back he went to charge the Kara Strait; but the Dutch sailors raised such a chorus of fear that he was obliged to turn west. To return to Holland? Not Henry Hudson. Instead of returning he carried the Half Moon away across the wide Atlantic, while the other ship went dismally home.

The Half Moon reached the coast of Newfoundland, where the vessel lost her foremast in a gale, compelling Hudson to put ashore at what is now Maine, where there was a fight with Red Indians, and much bloodshed, before the Half Moon sailed again, coasting "with a low sails because we were in an unknown sea." Sailing carefully south, he examined a virgin coastline as far as Chesapeake Bay, where great cities now stand. Next he entered what is now New York Bay, and explored a great waterway opening inland. Intercourse with friendly Red Men living on its banks led him to believe that here was the short cut to the Pacific at last. His guides had little more than local knowledge. They probably thought the river and the great lakes did actually cross the continent, of whose size they had no knowledge. Hudson sailed for 50 miles up the river which now bears his name, but, satisfying himself that the way to the East did not lie up the river, he regained the sea and sailed back to England twelve years after Hudson had completed his voyage the Dutch colonised in his footsteps and founded New York.

There was no rest for our hardy hero failure on the Hudson had made him determined to find a north-west passage by

another route, and so, in April 1610, he sailed again to seek it. He had a 55-ton ship, provisioned for six months, to get to the other side of the world by an undiscovered way! But the elements of defeat did not lie so much in his scanty stores as in his crew. Of these there were 20, with his son and himself, and among them was a wretch named Green, a dissolute fellow whom Hudson had befriended when his family cast him off. Sound men and sound hearts are essential to a great enterprise such as that on which this little company was setting out; unsound hearts corrupt others, and so our captain was to find.

All went well at first, with good sailing to the Orkneys and wonder and delight in Iceland. There was an island ice-bound and snow-covered, with a mountain vomiting fire and lava in its midst. In the lonely waste of that frigid land Mount Hecla was showing what a demoniac volcano can do. The sky was a glowing mass of rainbow tints from the fiery furnace, and the crew, landing, found that far away from the flaming mountain springs of water issued from the ground so hot that they could boil a fowl in them.

Leaving Iceland and skirting Greenland, Hudson pushed out west by north, and, though hampered by heavy winds, by ice-fields and those iceberg battle-cruisers of the Arctic, he crept into the strait which preserves his name, and into the inland sea which we now call Hudson Bay.

He was not the first to enter either the strait or the bay; but no one had ever gone so far as he, no one ever explored them so systematically and thoroughly as he. Entering the bay and finding an enormous tract of water, he thought this at last must be the sea that would take him to the East; but, alas! he was in a bay of half a million square miles, an inland sea more than twice the area of the entire North Sea. But he did not know it. He spent three months in exploration, naming capes and headlands and islands, but seeing no way out. The ice grew, the ship was again and again in peril of being closed in,

and the crew, secretly urged by Green, raised their voices in complaint at the hopelessness of the quest. Henry Hudson's heroic heart never failed him. It was a fight for life indeed, but a fight for honour too. He pulled out his chart and showed the men that they had sailed 300 miles farther than their countrymen had ever gone before. Would they continue or return? The crew were divided, so Hudson decided for himself, and went on seeking the North-West Passage. He had made up his mind, if necessary, to winter in the ice.

At one point men were put on shore to gain provisions. They were unable to shoot deer, for these, though abundant, were wary; but the men shot birds, and they came upon evidence of human occupation. Hidden in hollow cells of stone they found scores of birds hung up by the neck. Clearly there were men here and they had learned the secret of keeping flesh food by cold storage.

The crew pleaded to be allowed to remain to refresh themselves with food, but Hudson deposed two of the ringleaders and pushed on, sailing week after week in plain open water— straight to China, as he believed.

There is nothing finer in the history of the Arctic than the simple faith and valour of this man in that last long sail. He should possibly have stayed where the men had suggested, and resumed the journey in the following spring; but the fire burned too ardently in his breast to allow him to waste a single day. So it fell out that at last the ship approached a barren rocky shore, where, in deadly fog, they had suddenly to anchor amid shoal water. No sooner did a gale clear the air than Hudson, still afire for progress, insisted, against the wishes of his crew, on the anchor being hauled up; with the result that a great sea came aboard, knocked down and injured many of the crew, and carried the anchor away. Then on came the freezing gales and snows of winter, and Hudson had to ground his ship and let her be frozen in. They set up a camp, but the hut they built was riddled by the raging gales. Food was

appallingly short, and nearly every man was maimed by frost-bite. By good luck they managed to shoot a thousand ptarmigan, then a few ducks and swans, and with the coming of spring they ate moss, buds of trees, and frogs.

The ice began to break at last, and Hudson, taking stock, found that he had food for ten days left. With this they set sail and increased their larder by the addition of a few fishes; but the day came when they had nothing but five cheeses left. Everything had been fairly divided, but Green and the two men who had been deposed provoked a mutiny, on the plea that Hudson had not made a proper distribution of food. Suddenly they seized their captain and bound his hands behind him; they then rushed to a part of the ship where Hudson's strongest adherents were, and succeeded in making them prisoners.

Then Green ordered a little boat to be put out, and into this the mutineers thrust Hudson and his son. With them went the ship's carpenter, who fought for his master in a scrimmage in which four men were killed. After these three a number of sick and helpless men followed, so that they should not remain to share the food still on board. One of the eight men in the boat was left with his hands free so that he might release the others, all bound, when the boat was safely away. Then a fowling-piece and some powder, a cooking-pot, and a little meal were thrown in, and the boat was cut adrift, far from land, on that half-million square miles of uncharted water.

So, with his son and his sick men, the great captain drifted in his little boat into the mighty waste, with ice floating free about him, and not one friendly hand to wave farewell from the ship that he had so nobly commanded. When last seen he was drifting fast before the wind, deeper and deeper into the heaving icefield; and so he drifts out of history, lost evermore in that mighty bay which houses his bones and glorifies his name.

He passes out of history in company with his little son John. They shared together triumph and tribulation, and in death they were not divided.

Dr. Henry Harris Jessup

Missionary in Syria for Fifty-four Years

(1855 – 1910 A.D.)

Is it not sad to think that in Syria, from which land our Bible came, the light went out long ago, and needed to be rekindled? Missionaries were needed there for this work, and you will like to hear of one great, splendid man who spent fifty-four years of service in this old Bible Land.

In Montrose, Pennsylvania, in the year 1832, the boy was born who was to give such a long life of labour to Syria. He was the sixth of eleven children. All but one of these lived to grow up. It must have been a lively family group. It really was, and a happy one, too, with a devoted father and mother to bring them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The father was chairman of the Platform Committee in Chicago, in the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. After the committee had done its work, Mr. Jessup and another delegate went to their room at the hotel, knelt down together, and commended it all "to God who was the Judge of all and who could give success." This shows something of the character of the father of the missionary.

It is always interesting to know how the thought of going as a missionary first came to any messenger. With Dr. Jessup it came when he was twenty, and was leading a missionary meeting. He told what he could on the subject of the hour, and urged all to support the work, adding an appeal to those

to go themselves, who were able to do it. The thought suddenly came to him that it was very inconsistent in him to do that, when he was not ready to go himself. He felt that he ought to take his own advice. The Day of Prayer for Colleges strengthened the feeling, and the decision was made fully, not long after. He studied medicine as well as theology, and also dentistry, so that he might be better prepared for work. In June, 1854, he decided for Syria.

Before he went out the missionary talked to a large number of children in a meeting in Newark, N. J. He said to them: "When you go home I want you to go by yourselves, and write down this resolution: 'Resolved that, if God will give me grace, I will be a missionary.'" Thirteen years afterwards, when home on furlough. Dr. Jessup went to Newark to give the charge to a young missionary, Mr. James Dennis. He was entertained in the home of the young man's mother, who told this story: "After my boy came home from your meeting years ago, he said to me, 'Mother, I have written down that, if the Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary.' I said, 'Jimmy, you are too young to know what you will be.' He answered, 'I did not say "I will be," but "if God will give me grace I will be a missionary."' "And now," said the mother, "you are here to set him apart to be a missionary."

Long afterwards Dr. Jessup said, "Dr. James Dennis has done more for the cause of missions than any other living man that I know. For twenty-three years we have been intimate fellow-workers in Syria." Dr. Dennis' books in Arabic and English are of untold value, especially his "Christian Missions and Social Progress." Dr. Jessup said, "God must have put it into my heart to ask the children that day to make that resolution."

In December, 1855, the sailing vessel, the *Sultana,* sailed away for Smyrna, having eight missionaries and a cargo of New England rum on board. Mr. Jessup was one of the eight missionaries, who must all have deeply regretted the cargo of

rum. Mr. Jessup had to leave behind the lady who was his promised wife, on account of her ill health. It meant heroism for both, until they could be united.

In February, 1856, after a very stormy and wretched voyage, Beirut was reached, and the long term of missionary labour began. In forty-nine years seven trips home were made. On the field there was teaching, preaching, writing, journeying, organizing, and, as one of the greatest achievement's the superintending of the printing in Arabic of uncounted pages of Scripture and other helps in the tongue read by so large a portion of the unchristianized world. At home the time was largely spent in speaking to people about the field — not about the missionary, but about his field and the progress there. When, on being introduced to an audience, he was lauded for his great work, he bore it as well as he could, said nothing about it, but as soon as possible turned attention to Syria, and the people there, in all their need. He wrote modestly of himself, "I take no credit for anything God has helped me to do, or has done through me."

The great-hearted, gifted, devoted missionary that helped so many of us at home as well as abroad, fell asleep in Beirut, Syria, April 28, 1910.

Dr. Samuel Jessup

If you will notice carefully you will find that often more than one from a family goes to the mission field. Dr. Henry H. Jessup's brother Samuel, twenty months younger, inspired by his example, studied for the ministry, became a chaplain in the Civil War, and then went out to Syria in 1863.

President Lincoln offered him a consulship in that country, but he resisted the temptation, and gave up everything for sake of the work. He went about, a soldierly figure, on horseback a great deal, doing his tireless, noble work. When he was about to be removed to another station, where he would not have so much hard riding to do, the people

protested. When told the reason they said, "Then let him stay here and just *sit,* and let us come and *look* at him. That will be enough." A man of Sidon said, "When Dr. Jessup walked through the streets there was not a shopkeeper whom he passed but said, 'Our city is blessed in having such a man walk its streets.'" Little children ran after him, and were never disappointed in receiving the sweets he always carried in his pockets, to give with kindly words.

After almost fifty years of happy service, Dr. Jessup entered into rest.

Henry Martyn
Missionary to India and Persia
(1806 – 1812 A.D.)

Surely it was a wonderful young missionary, who, dying at thirty-one, after only six years of service, left a name that has been remembered and loved for a hundred years. Wasn't his life worth living?

In the town of Truro, Cornwall, England, in 1781, lived a labouring man by the name of Martyn, who had risen to the place of chief clerk, in a merchant's establishment, by his own industry and business ability. Into this man's home came a baby boy who grew into a sensitive, proud, ambitious, and impetuous youth. He was so bright that he obtained a scholarship in St. Stephen's College, Cambridge. His only thoughts were of scholarship and fame, till his father's death made him think of higher things. When he was graduated with high honour, and seemed to have gained his highest ambition, he said that he found he had only grasped a shadow. He must find something better than self to live for. He had intended to be a lawyer, but finally felt called to the ministry, and then to the work of preaching to the heathen. Reading about William Carey's work in India turned his thoughts in this direction, but it was the life of David Brainerd which influenced him most. The story of this devoted life given to work among the North American Indians, fifty years before this, led Henry Martyn to become a missionary.

When he was but twenty-two, he offered himself to the

Church Missionary Society to serve in India, and was accepted. But it was three years before he could go out. First he served as a curate in a village parish, in order to have better preparation for work abroad. And then he had to wait for a license. In those days no one could go from England to India without a license from the East India Company. The last trial which came to this young missionary about to set out was saying farewell to the lady he dearly loved, as he must do, if he went so far away. But he loved his Saviour so much that he gave up everything, even the one he loved best on earth, and sailed away, to see her no more. There was no other way.

The ship in which the young missionary sailed steered her course towards Africa. Then it was that the passengers learned, to their surprise, that there were soldiers aboard, who, at Capetown, attacked the helpless people there. Mr. Martyn was horrified, but as soon as he could, went ashore and ministered to the two hundred wounded men that he found in a wretched little hospital. At Capetown he met the old missionary, Dr. Yanderkemp, and asked him if he had ever been sorry that he had left all to become a messenger to the heathen. "No," said the brave man, "and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom." Have you ever heard of a missionary who was sorry? I never have. They seem to be the gladdest people anywhere.

Arrived in Calcutta, May, 1806, the young missionary wrote of the place that "the fiends of darkness seemed to sit in sullen repose in the land." It was very discouraging; but the brave heart trusted God the more, and began the work of overturning the idols of the heathen. At Calcutta he made his home with a missionary named Rev. David Brown, who gave him a beautiful pagoda to live in. The English people of the city were so charmed with the refined manners, bright mind, and lovely spirit of Mr. Martyn that they wanted him to settle among them as a permanent minister, but his heart turned towards the millions in darkness. He got an appointment to

Dinapore, whither he went to labour as almost the only one to stand up for Jesus in all the multitudes that swarmed about him.

It was as an English chaplain that he had been obliged to go out at first, not as a regular missionary, but he took this way in order to get a chance to do missionary work. He began to study Hindustanee diligently, and in two and a half years learned to speak it fluently. He began a school and afterwards established five. He began to translate the Bible, and to prepare tracts to give to the people. His native version of the New Testament was highly approved, but his Persic version, made for circulation among another set of people, was much injured by the malice of the interpreter, who put in words of his own choosing, which the common people could not understand.

A friend of those days writes of the missionary: "I perfectly remember the young man as he came into our home. He was dressed in white, and looked very pale. His expression was so luminous, intellectual, affectionate, and beaming with love, that no one thought of his features or form. Character outshone everything. There was also the most perfect manners, with attention to all minute civilities, and he was remarkable for ease and cheer fulness. He was the humblest of men."

While in Dinapore Mr. Martyn heard of the death of his two sisters at home from consumption, and the same disease began to show itself in him. He was ordered to Cawnpore, where he had a long illness. As soon as able to be out-of-doors, the missionary began his work again. He was so kind that he was soon known to a crowd of beggars who surrounded him when he went out. He arranged to have them come to him at a regular time once a week when he promised them each a small piece of money. In this way he gathered a company of about 500, who listened to his words after receiving his gifts. They were the lowest class and most wretched of the people. By and by he had to leave Cawnpore

for his health, but went to Persia, there revising his Persic New Testament. Growing worse, he set out for England, but died suddenly at Tokat, several hundred miles from Constantinople.

Hillel
The Father of the Golden Rule
c. 110 B.C.-10 A.D.

On a Friday afternoon, over a century after the victorious Maccabees brought freedom to Judea, a youth in ragged garments and torn sandals stood shivering before the great bolted doors of the Academy in Jerusalem. He hesitated; should he wander on and try to find shelter from the wintry winds? Should he seek rest and food and wait until tomorrow before he asked admittance? He shook his head stubbornly. No, he decided, I must begin my studies this very day!

In answer to the timid knock a burly porter swung open the doors just wide enough to inspect the visitor.

"Who are you?" he demanded sharply, not at all pleased to be called from his afternoon nap.

"My name is Hillel and I have come—"

"What do you want?"

"I wish to listen to the lectures of Shemaiah and Abtalion," answered Hillel, his voice reverent as he named the two great scholars of that day.

The porter gazed disapprovingly at the youth's poor clothing and hunger-pinched face. "First," he demanded, thrusting out his hand, "let me have your fee."

Hillel laughed. "If I had a single penny in my purse I would give it to you instead of keeping it to buy my evening meal. For is it not written that wisdom is better than bread? But surely there is no fee required. Even in far-away Babylon

where I have lived all my life and from which I have journeyed to sit at the feet of the great teachers of Jerusalem, I learned that no rabbi expects to be paid for his teachings."

The porter flushed angrily. "True," he admitted, "but before you started on your mad journey, it is a pity no one told you that I, as doorkeeper at the Academy, receive a fee from every student who enters. I cannot hope to live on 'wisdom' as you do," he sneered, "and must buy my daily bread."

He was about to bar the doors; then paused in something like pity for the drooping, frail figure before him.

"Listen to me, lad," he advised gruffly. "You do not know how severe winter can be in Jerusalem; nor do you look hardy enough to linger in those rags in the snow which is beginning to blow down from the mountains. Go—find some synagogue and lie down on a bench and rest. Soon it will be Sabbath eve. After the services are over, some kind soul will surely take you home for the evening meal."

As though he feared his temporary softness might lead him to play the host himself, the porter slammed and bolted the doors.

Cold and hungry, Hillel wrapped his tattered robes closer about him, and, bowing his head beneath the icy wind, trudged away through the gathering twilight.

The next afternoon in one of the Academy classrooms, Abtalion, renowned among the learned ones of Israel, lectured to a group of grey-haired scholars and beardless youths. Usually the students listened in respectful silence to their master, but on this Sabbath more than one stirred restlessly and drew his woolen cloak closer about him. A few even glanced longingly toward the charcoal braziers standing unlighted along the walls. For no fire might be kindled until the Sabbath was over.

Nor could the lamps be lit on the Sabbath day. Feeling the growing uneasiness about him, Rabbi Abtalion laid aside the scroll from which he had been reading, not without

difficulty in the growing darkness.

"Surely," he said, "it is not time to light the lamps. And yet it has grown so dark that I can scarcely see my five fingers before my face." He glanced toward the window. "Since we of Jerusalem are not accustomed to heavy snow, we sometimes forget how much can gather on the sills in a few hours."

"But, Master," said one of the younger students, who sat near the window, "I do not think it is the snow along that shuts out the light. From where I sit it looks as though some creature were huddled on the ledge."

Rabbi Abtalion sent for the porter. The man hurried outside; quickly he climbed the ladder leaning against the ledge. Those watching and listening within the lecture room saw the porter brush away the snow-drift and heard his cry of horror at what he discovered underneath. A moment later he staggered into the room, carrying in his arms the thinly-clad, snow-covered body of the unconscious Hillel.

"God forgive me for my hardness of heart!" cried the porter. "This is the penniless student I turned away just before the storm broke. He must have climbed up on the window ledge to listen to the lecture."

"And grown unconscious from the cold," said the master sternly. "If he dies from exposure, his death will be upon your head."

By this time the confusion and excitement had reached the lecture room of Shemaiah; the teacher and his students joined the group which crowded around the half-frozen youth.

The porter and Rabbi Abtalion had already covered the stranger with their woolen cloaks and were chafing his hands and feet.

"Bring all the braziers, light them and place them around the boy," the rabbi commanded without looking up. "And we must heat water at once. A hot bath may save him."

Several students hastened to obey him; but Shemaiah

stopped them with an authoritative gesture.

"Need I remind the pious Rabbi Abtalion," he asked, horrified, "that the Sabbath is not yet over, and we may not kindle a fire for several hours?"

"I have just learned from our porter," answered Rabbi Abtalion calmly, "that this youth so loved the Torah, which is our Law, that he risked his very life to listen to its teachings. Need I remind a great teacher in Israel that it is permitted us to violate the Sabbath to save a life, even of the humblest among us? Surely we may do so for this devoted soul who will keep many Sabbaths in return for the single one which is broken to keep him from death."

So before the most pious and learned men of Israel fires were kindled on the Sabbath afternoon that the poor unknown student from Babylon might be restored to life.

Hillel was saved not only to keep many, many Sabbaths but to glorify the Law which had been broken for his sake. He became one of the greatest teachers in all Israel. The land of Palestine was now under Roman rule; but purely religious matters were in charge of a court of seventy learned men called Sanhedrin. For many years Hillel was president of the Sanhedrin; Shammai, his greatest rival, was vice-president.

Never were two men so unlike. Shammai believed in such a strict interpretation of the laws of the Torah that he and his followers were responsible for winning much hatred for their party, the Pharisees, in later days. This was really unjust. The Pharisees with a few pleaded for freedom within the Law. Many of the leaders were like Hillel, always ready to give a broad and liberal interpretation of their religion.

Shammai was cold and stern; Hillel was so gentle and forgiving that soon the saying arose, "He is as patient as Hillel."

Many years after Hillel had knocked at the barred doors of the Academy, Simeon, the porter, who had refused to admit him, sat nodding over his wine cup in a Jerusalem tavern

frequented by students. He had grown very old and no longer stood in the doorway to admit rabbis and students to the classrooms. But he was still eager for news of his former friends. Now he suddenly forced himself to keep awake to listen, for he had caught the name of Hillel.

"Do you mean to say you have never heard how our master, Hillel, confounded the impudent Roman?" asked the older student. "I thought everybody in Jerusalem had already laughed over that story."

"You forget, Uriah, that I came to Jerusalem only last week to begin my studies."

"True, I had forgotten. Well, this Roman thought he would have great sport with our two greatest teachers, Shammai and Hillel. First, he went to Shammai's house. When admitted, he bowed respectfully before the master, and said, 'Rabbi Shammai, I have heard that you are one of the wisest men in Jerusalem. I promise to become a Jew if you can tell me all that there is to know about the Jewish religion and its many laws while I stand on one foot. Now hurry, because I cannot stand on one foot very long.'"

"Rabbi Shammai must have been very angry at such mockery."

"I see that you have already learned of Shammai's sternness," laughed Uriah. "Shammai knew that the Roman did not really want to learn about our religion and only mocked our Torah. So he drove him away."

"And the Roman went next to Hillel?"

"Yes. To Hillel he repeated the same promise to become a Jew if the whole Torah with its laws were explained to him while he stood on one foot.

"Hillel said, 'I will gladly teach you the whole Torah in the little time you are able to stand on one foot.'

"The Roman was astonished. 'How is that possible?' he asked. 'I have been told that there are so many laws in your Torah that it would take many months of study for a Gentile

to learn them. And now you promise to teach them all to me in a few minutes.'

"'Roman,' commanded Hillel, 'stand on one foot.'

"Then, while the Roman swayed back and forth, trying to keep his balance, our gentle teacher, Hillel, repeated slowly, 'Do not unto others what you would not have done to yourself. That is the whole Law. All else is just an explanation of this Golden Rule.'

"The Roman was so touched with Hillel's patience and courtesy that he became his friend and pupil. He was sure that a religion based on such a rule for living must be the true one; he continued to study with Hillel until he was sure that he really wanted to become a Jew.

"'I want to keep the promise I once made in jest,' the Roman told Hillel. 'I am ready to accept all the teachings of your Torah and will follow your religion as long as I live.'"

"He has become a good Jew, as I myself can testify," declared the former porter, coming to join the two students at their table. "For he is now my neighbor and we are close friends. He has often told me how glad he is that Hillel was not offended by his mockery, but instead taught him the Torah so patiently and so well."

"But has anyone ever seen Rabbi Hillel angry or impatient?" asked the student who had lately come to Jerusalem.

"A foolish man once tried to tease the master into showing anger," said Simeon. "A very rude fellow," shaking his white head, sadly. "I am ashamed to tell you he was a Jew and should have shown more respect for a rabbi in Israel. Well, this fellow pounded on the door of Hillel's house while the rabbi was taking a bath until the master put on a robe and came out into the courtyard.

"'What is the matter?' asked Hillel.

"'I want to ask you a question, a very important question: Why have the Babylonians such oddly shaped heads?'"

"I'd call that a very rude question," said the young

student. "Since Hillel came from Babylon, the man must have tried to insult him."

"Hillel is never easily insulted," answered Simeon, laughing. "He just said, pleasantly, 'The Babylonians have oddly shaped heads because their nurses bind the heads of babies so tightly that their tender skulls become deformed.'

"He went back to his bath. Again the rude fellow pounded on the door; again Hillel put on a robe and came out into the courtyard.

"'And what is the matter now?' he asked.

"'I must know why the Tadmorians have weak eyes.'

"Now Hillel was certain that his visitor was trying to tease him. But still he refused to be angry. He said, 'I believe the Tadmorians have weak eyes because they live in the desert and their eyes are inflamed by the hot sand.'

"'I shall have no peace until I know why the Africans have such broad feet,' bawled the visitor.

"Hillel was just as courteous as though his troublesome visitor had asked a really sensible question. 'Because,' he answered, 'their broad feet make it easier for the Africans to walk in the marshy land in which they live.'

"Would you believe it," cried Simeon, "this fellow, who had been troubling our master with his foolish questions, grew very angry!"

"But why?"

"'Your everlasting patience has caused me to lose a handful of copper coins!' he shouted. 'I wagered that I could make you lose your temper; but you have caused me to lose my bet.' And Hillel told him, 'It is better that you should lose your wager than that I should lost my temper.'"

"That is a good story and you have told it well," said the student. "I think your dry throat must be rewarded with another cup of wine. What fine wine you have in Jerusalem. I have never tasted better."

"That reminds me of another tale of Rabbi Hillel," said

Uriah. "Of course, you know that none of our rabbis in the Academy receives any salary for his teachings; so all of them, except those from wealthy families, follow some trade. With his earnings as a woodcutter Hillel has managed not only to support his own family, but to give generously to the poor."

"He has never forgotten his own poverty, when he came to Jerusalem, cold and hungry," said Simeon, nodding sagely.

"Perhaps that is why he so often exceeds his tithe. It is said that for many months Hillel sent a regular allowance to a poor man to buy wine and delicacies for the Sabbath. One day Hillel's son came to him, very angry.

"'Father,' he said, 'I have just discovered how your pensioner wastes the money you give him. He buys wine that is of rarer vintage and costs much more than you think you can afford to spend for the wine at our own Sabbath meal.'

"'Then I fear I have done the poor man an injury.'

"'What do you mean? And aren't you angry at him for being so extravagant?'

"'I am angry at myself for being so careless,' Hillel answered his son. 'I should have found out more of his way of living before he became poor enough to depend on my charity. If he still buys such good wine, he must be used to better food and drink than I have given him; he must feel offended that I have allowed him so little. I must increase his weekly allowance that he will not grieve over his poverty, at least on the Sabbath when all men should rejoice.'"

"And that reminds me of another story of Hillel," began Simeon.

But the two students laughingly reminded the old man that they had no time for any more stories and would have to hasten back to their next lecture at the Academy.

Here, at the greatest center of Jewish learning, Hillel continued to teach for many fruitful years. It may be that when Jesus was first taken to Jerusalem by his parents, Hillel, now an old, old man, was among the rabbis who listened in

astonishment to the child from Nazareth. There is no record of such a meeting. But it is certain that as a boy Jesus in the House of Study at Nazareth heard many of the judgments and sayings of Hillel. When the boy himself became a teacher and was asked to give the entire Law in a few words, he may have remembered the story of Hillel and the Roman scoffer, for he repeated Hillel's answer, although in a slightly different form.

Hillel had said, "Do not unto others what you would not have done to yourself." Jesus taught his followers: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." In giving this Golden Rule the two Jewish teachers agreed that no man need be a slave to many ceremonial laws but must above all else seek to live with his neighbors in freedom and in justice.

Hiram Bingham
He Led the Pilgrims of Hawaii
1789 – 1869 (South Seas-Hawaii)

When we English speak of the Pilgrims we are thinking of the Mayflower and the men who sailed to Plymouth in 1620. But the Americans think of the Pilgrims who set sail in 1819 from Boston in the tug Thaddeus.

They were led by Hiram Bingham, and their purpose was to carry Christianity to the lovely Hawaiian Islands.

Each island is in reality a mountain rising out of the sea, but Hawaii itself is four mountains, the highest 13,825 feet. Islands like these, with coral reefs on which the breakers thunder, and over which towers a great volcano, are among the loveliest scenes in the world. But when Hiram and his pilgrims went there they found a people with much to learn; they were held down by their fears of the dark spirit which was believed to dwell in the fiery mountain. Human sacrifices were not uncommon.

When the Americans arrived they began a new day in those lands. Some of them were farmers' sons, who could teach the use of the modern ploughs; others were carpenters and boat-builders; all were teachers and preachers.

The pilgrims had to rough it, as all pioneers do; if they wanted a house they had to build one. The people soon came to trust them and were willing to learn from them; and they very early won the attention of the rulers. There were Hawaiian women of high rank on the islands.

One of them, Kaahumanu, held the post of Prime Minister. She began to learn her letters; when she had learned them she cried out to her women, *Ua loaa iau!* (I have got it!)

Thanks to the sympathy of this great woman and others like her the Pilgrims made rapid progress.

They had to invent for the people the arts of reading and writing, by no means an easy task.

Soon they set up a printing press, and Hiram began the translation of the Bible into the language of the people. Like many missionaries, he proved himself a great translator.

It is curious at the present time to think of this little band of Americans discussing at their General Meeting what letters should be used in writing the Hawaiian language. They fixed the number at twelve: a e i o u h k l m n p w. It was not always easy to find a translation for words in the New Testament. When they came to the word angel they had to choose between two Hawaiian words, one meaning a god, the other a flying man.

In four years there were more than 20,000 islanders receiving instruction; and among them a great number living Christian lives, including many of the leading men and women.

When Hiram came to review his work on the 19th anniversary of his landing they had 1400 members of the Church.

The Christian Church was truly established in the islands before Hiram and his family returned to Boston in 1843. They had had a great part in a great work which is honoured still in those Pacific islands.

Hugo de Groot

1583-1645 (Holland)

In days when Prince Maurice of Orange, son of William the Silent, was Stadtholder of Holland, and the Spaniards had been all but driven out of the land, there arose a fearful wrangling and squabbling between religious parties in the Dutch republic. And one party said: "Every man in Holland must believe what I believe!" And the other party said: "Nay, not so! Every man in Holland must believe what I believe!" And with that, they fell to fighting, hurling volleys of words at each other, and flinging self-will and hatred abroad, just as though neither side had ever heard that the Christian religion was founded on the simple law of love.

Well, at this time, there were certain men who had the wisdom to see that each man must believe what to him seems right, and that, if he be honest, he cannot be changed by force. And among these peace-loving gentlemen, were John van Olden Barneveldt, an old man, grown gray in devoted service to Prince Maurice, and one, Hugo de Groot, or Grotius, a young man of thirty-six, statesman, historian, poet, learned above all others in matters of the law.

And John van Olden Barneveldt and Hugo de Groot became leaders of the party that stood for patience and toleration, but Prince Maurice had opened his heart to jealousy of the fine old man to whom he owed so much. In whatever way he could he meant to stand against him, and so he became the leader of the opposing party, which would have forced its

dogmas down every Dutchman's throat!

Then the States of Holland sent Grotius to Utrecht on business to the Party of Toleration which was powerful in that city. But Prince Maurice entered the town with troops. In anger and fear, he bade his soldiers disarm the civic guard, and he would have taken Hugo a prisoner, had he not fled for his life.

And now Prince Maurice had entered on a course from which he would not draw back. He was afraid of John van Olden Barneveldt. He was jealous of his power and the place he held in the hearts of the people; and so he had Grotius and the grand old man arrested and brought to trial. Olden Barneveldt was condemned to death, a hideous mistake which left on the name of Prince Maurice a stain he could never blot out. As to Grotius, he was condemned to life imprisonment in the fortress of Loewestein.

On a beautiful day in June of the year 1619, he was carried off to that lonely place, an island stronghold near the town of Gorcum, its grim old towers surrounded by water on every side. And Grotius was only thirty-six. What a young man he was to have naught to look forward to, save imprisonment all his days. From his little cell in the height of the tower, he could look out over all the broad land and breathe the free breezes that came and went, but he himself could not come and go. He was shut in there for life.

It was good that he was a scholar and could find a world for himself in books. He loved to read and to write, and a friend was allowed to send him books, which were returned at stated intervals in the great chest that bore his washing to Gorcum.

Now the wife of Hugo de Groot, one Maria van Reygersberg, was worthy of her husband, a woman of tender devotion, but likewise of spirit and courage. When friends asked why she did not throw herself at the feet of Prince Maurice and beg him to release her husband, she cried: "No,

I will not do that. If Hugo has deserved this, let them strike off his head!" But though she would not beg where so much injustice had been shown, she did consent to ask the authorities for permission to share her husband's confinement. This favor was granted on one condition, that she should never come back if once she left the fortress. Accordingly one fine day, Maria arrived with Elsie, her maid, at Loewestein. Then the little gray cell was enlivened with the swishing of skirts, and the bright eyes and gentle laughter of women. But, better than that, Vrouw Maria and Elsie had come to use their wits. They looked down at the water around them and the guard of soldiers below and wondered how they could help Hugo to escape.

Soon Vrouw Maria noticed that the guard which had been exceedingly strict at first in searching Hugo's laundry chest whenever it went off to Gorcum, had grown quite careless of late. It had been so long a time that they had found nothing in it save harmless linen and books. On perceiving this, an idea struck Vrouw Maria — her husband could be hidden in that chest and carried out in safety! She and Elsie whispered much together before they revealed the plan to de Groot.

Hugo smiled at the scheme, but he did as the women requested. Every day he lay in the chest with the top fastened down. A few air holes were made, and soon he had accustomed himself to staying in the stuffy little hole for a long time at a stretch. Then all was ready for action.

Great was the excitement of Lady Maria and her maid, when the great day came and two soldiers arrived for the chest. De Groot, they were told, was in bed, and the covers of his rude prison pallet were stuffed out in such a way that a figure appeared, indeed, to be lying beneath them. Elsie went along with the box to see that it was not roughly handled.

"Be careful," she said. "Don't you know that the books in that chest are of value. Nothing must happen to them."

"The chest's as heavy as though a man were hidden inside," one of the soldiers grumbled — a moment of awful suspense for de Groot, but Maria, his wife, calmly answered:

"Books are heavy things."

Then the chest vanished out of the cell and was carried off on a canal boat. Thus it arrived at last at the home of Hugo's friend. Scarcely had the prisoner stepped safely from his painful hiding place, when he was helped to dress in the costume of a mason. Bending his head beneath the weight of a hod, he made his way to Paris.

And all this time, Vrouw Maria had bravely remained behind in the cell, in order that none might suspect what great thing was going forward. Not until she was certain that Hugo was out of the land, did she inform the guard what had happened. Then, you may well believe, a great hue and cry was raised, but raised in vain. Hugo was safe on his way. The angry authorities suggested that Maria should be retained in her husband's stead, but public opinion ran too high. All Holland applauded what she had done, and so they were forced to set her free.

Thenceforward Grotius lived in Paris, Sweden, England or Germany, with Maria and his children, but he never again came back for any long stay in Holland. In the pretty chateau of a kindly French nobleman, he wrote the book of which his countrymen are most proud. Concerning the law of War and Peace, the first great book that ever set down the laws which should govern nations in their relations to each other. Before de Groot no such international law had ever been worked out. It was the first step in getting nations to work together and consider each other's rights. And for this reason, above all others, Holland is proud of Hugo de Groot, whom the world has called the Father of International Law.

In Siam and Laos

It has been said that this field is second only in importance and opportunity at present to Korea. We ought to associate some names with this part of the Orient. There is Dr. M'Kean who is toiling persistently and heroically for the poor lepers, hitherto neglected. And Dr. Cort is investing his life without stint, day and night, under mountains of difficulty. Dr. Briggs is another name that stands for unmeasured service, and Rev. J. H. Freeman has been exploring new sections of the field.

How many can you add to this suggestive roll,
Of those afar and near, who pay the hero's toll?

Isabella Thoburn

Founder of the First Woman's College in India

(1869-1901 A.D.)

Imagine ten children in one family — five boys and five girls — would there not be lively and bustling times in that home? No doubt this was true of the Thoburn home, in St. Clairsville, Ohio, where devoted and godly parents reared this flock. The mother, especially, was a wonderfully strong character who had great influence over her children.

The ninth child and youngest daughter but one, was Isabella, who was born in 1840.

There was nothing very extraordinary about her in her childhood, but she grew up to do an extraordinary work, and was well prepared for it by a very good education, and an experience in teaching, first, at the age of eighteen in a country school, and later as a teacher in two different seminaries for girls. One characteristic should be noted especially. Isabella was most faithful and thorough in everything she did. She would not leave a thing till she understood it absolutely when a student, nor till she had done her very best as a missionary.

This young woman did not grow up with the thought of going to the foreign field, but when a great need caused the call to come, she was ready, and soon made her decision.

Dr. James Thoburn, first missionary bishop in India, who has served there fifty years, was the brother who summoned his sister to the work abroad. He has had a wonderful and heroic history himself, and at one time had the greatest

baptismal service in India. But there was a time, after the death of his wife, that was so filled with difficulty and anxiety, because he was so unable to do anything for India's women, and was so weighed down with their needs that he wrote to his sister, asking her to join him in the field. This she did, in 1869, to minister to those poor degraded women, "Unwelcomed at birth, unhonoured in life, unwept in death." Oh, the pity of it all!

But you are not to think that it was an easy and simple thing for Miss Thoburn to go when called and ready. There was no society in the Methodist Church to send her. She might have gone out under the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, but she longed most ardently to be sent by some organization in her own church, to which she was devotedly attached.

Just at this time of need, Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, founders of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in India, and afterwards in Mexico (heroic workers they), came home, with the wife of Dr. E. W. Parker, of India. These three talked to their Boston friends about the things that burned in their hearts, and at last a meeting for organization of women was suggested and appointed. With the day came a pelting rain, and but six women gathered to meet Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker, who spoke as eloquently as if to hundreds, nothing daunted, the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was formed by these eight brave women.

At the first public meeting it was made known that a missionary candidate was ready to be received. But there was little money in the treasury. Then a Boston lady sprang up and said, "Shall we lose Miss Thoburn because we have not money to send her? No! Rather let us walk the streets of Boston in calico dresses and save the money. I move the appointment of Miss Thoburn to India." The ladies cried out, "We will send her," and they did. So she went, and Dr. Clara

Swain, shortly afterwards found and sent as a medical missionary, went with her.

From the beginning Miss Thoburn felt that the India girls and women must be educated, and as soon as possible began the school which grew into the famous Girls' Boarding-School and High School, and finally in 1870 into Lucknow Women's College. But the beginnings were feeble. Seven frightened girls were coaxed in, and a sturdy boy set at the door of the room with a club to keep off any intruders who might venture to interrupt the proceedings.

To this school and to this remarkable teacher came, in due time, the high caste, gifted girl, Lilavati Singh, whose father's views of education were in advance of the times. Upon one of the enforced visits home in thirty-two years of service. Miss Thoburn brought this cultivated, charming woman with her. It was in 1898. She brought this "fragrant flower of womanhood from India's garden," as sweet as ever bloomed, in order to have her plead for money for the college buildings, $20,000 being the quick response.

It was of Lilavati Singh that President Harrison said, after hearing her at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference at New York, that if *this one only* had been the result of all money spent for missions, it was well worth the whole amount.

Miss Thoburn was obliged to remain at home for some years, but they were not idle. She was for some time busily engaged with Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer had begun their spreading work of deaconess homes and training schools. Miss Thoburn helped to "mother" the girls in training, and assisted in organizing the work later in Ohio, planning to introduce it into India. For this reason she became a deaconess herself.

The girls all loved Miss Thoburn dearly, and her work for and among them was a beautiful one. A little touch may show you that this strong and heroic character was "one of us" after all, in a way. She had an odd terror of street cars in that day,

and when crossing a track would run as fast as she could, in spite of her somewhat generous avoirdupois. She said that it always seemed to her when she saw one coming, especially at night, as if it threatened, "I'll have you yet, Isabella."

Returning to India in 1900 for further devoted service, she was attacked with cholera, and went triumphantly Home in August, 1901, leaving a sorrowing multitude.

By and by Miss Singh was given large responsibilities as professor in Miss Thoburn's college, which she discharged with rare ability and devotion. She came to America to beg help in enlarging the college buildings, but died in 1909 after a serious operation. Her loving friend, Mrs. D. C. Cook of Elgin, gave her body burial and memorial, and she sleeps afar from home, but unforgotten.

Jacqueline

1401-1436 (Holland)

She was the daughter of one of the mightiest lords of Europe. Throughout the realms of Holland, Hainault, and Zealand she was the "goode and greate ladie" of an adoring peasantry. Yet she was a prisoner in the gloomy old tower of Ghent for no other crime than because her possessions were coveted by the powerful duke of Burgundy, who thought that to confine her would be the surest and quickest way of getting her to sign her holdings over to him. He was her cousin, too, but in the turbulent early part of the fifteenth century cousins were not all given to loving and kindly deeds.

Underneath her prison windows, across the turbid waters of the moat, the market-women were chattering over their wares, laughing whenever they chanced to sell a bit of lace or a nosegay for a penny. As Jacqueline watched them through the bars she thought of her own vast holdings in three provinces, and she knew that while these poor ones feasted tomorrow because of trinkets sold to-day, her neck might feel the edge of the executioner's ax. The sunlight wove bronze and silver lacework as it filtered down between the tree-tops, and youth and life pulsated in the streets. It seemed strange and unjust to her that she could have no share in them, although she, too, was part of youth.

There was a sudden thudding at the door that shut in her prison room, and at sound of it her serving-woman, who was dozing in the corner, started up in alarm. Perhaps the soldiers

of the duke were coming to lead her mistress to more terrible quarters.

The princess thought so too and shivered. Then she remembered she was daughter of a house whose motto was, "Die, but flinch never!" She gripped her hands as if striving to cling to every shred of courage she possessed, stood by the window, and waited.

The heavy door swung open, and a man came into the room, a large man with a kindly face and dressed in the flowing mantle that in that day marked the judge and the lawyer.

At sight of him her wildest fears were realized. He was counselor to the duke of Burgundy, and why should he appear there except as the bearer of evil tidings?

"Van Borselen!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, lady," he replied. "I come from his Highness with word for you."

She had expected that. With the first grating sound at the door she thought of the death summons, yet now, for some strange reason, a ray of hope came. Might he, after all, be bearing good news instead of bad?

The lawyer watched her with a puzzled expression on his face. Perhaps the appeal in the beautiful eyes aroused his sympathy, for after a moment he said in a rich, deep-ringing voice, "The message I bring will give you freedom."

Freedom! The sound of that word was like music to her ears. Freedom to live again an untrammeled princess of Hainault; freedom to be out with the brooks and birds and the fresh, green-growing things; freedom to feel the cool, sweet winds as they blow from the four corners of heaven! But when the counselor spoke again the glad vision vanished.

"If you will sign away your titles and holdings to the duke," he said, "he will revoke the sentence against you and give you liberty within an hour."

Jacqueline shook her head. Would her father, the proud earl of Hainault, have bought freedom at such a price? Was it

in a craven way that her cousin Philippa, who became the famous and beautiful Queen Philippa of England, the founder of Britain's weaving industry and the friend and protector of Geoffrey Chaucer and Jean Froissart, met the burghers of Ghent when they surrounded her in the Cloth Hall and declared they would confiscate the bundles that held her marriage robes? Often had she heard her father tell of how this spirited sister of his had defied the whole lot of them, and by her intrepid demeanor so aroused the admiration of the gild leader that he made her a gift of the purchases and gave her his everlasting friendship. She was proud to be of the same blood as that princess and would not by any act of cowardice sully the luster of the name Philippa had helped to brighten.

"No," she answered sadly. "Go to Philip and say that he may put his seal to my death-warrant, but Jacqueline will not surrender her dominions away."

Tears came into her eyes, tears that touched the heart of the lawyer and brought a very gentle look into his face. He knew how hard and unjust great overlords could sometimes be, and as he watched the captive girl who had done nothing to merit punishment he made a resolve. He knew it would be at a great cost to him, certainly of exile and perhaps of his life; but Justice spoke in his ear, and he determined to heed her.

In deep, low tones he said to her: "You have my fealty, lady. Be not afraid to tell me if there is any way in which I can serve you."

For a moment Jacqueline looked at him in mingled distrust and amazement. A hireling of Burgundy's overlord approaching her with offers of succor? Did treachery lie behind his words, and if she spoke her mind would it but seal her doom the more speedily? Yes, it must be he was that most hateful of all things, one feigning friendship but meaning really to do malice. She would shut her lips to him as tightly as if they were held closed by a vise.

Without answering, she turned from him and moved over

to the window. As she did so a sudden gleam of sunlight, flashing in from without, fell full upon the man's face, illuminating both eyes and features so that for the moment it seemed she could read them like a book. No, double-dealing was not written upon those lineaments. Honesty was in the clear gray eyes. Kindliness and sympathy lay dormant in the curves of the lips; sympathy, but determination and justice, too. Almost instantly, as she had distrusted his offer of friendship, she realized there was neither malice nor deceit in this calm-faced judge and lawyer.

"Your generosity wins my gratitude," she spoke impulsively, "although I doubt if all the judges in Flanders could profit the cause of any one in the bad graces of the duke."

She told of the high hope that had been hers when, as a free princess, she had dreamed of ruling over the realms of Holland, Hainault, and Zealand with such justice and gentleness as to make her people the most fortunate and joyful in all of Europe; told of the sound advice her father had given her when in dying he bequeathed his dominions to her and bade her continue in the path of righteous rule he had traveled throughout his lifetime. Then, sometimes with tears choking her voice, she told of the unhappy aftermath that came with the greed of Philip: passing into captivity instead of reigning as a powerful and beloved sovereign, facing death at the hands of a jailer instead of living a buoyant life filled with the promise girlhood craves.

Straightway upon her father's death, Philip of Burgundy, yclept the Good by his henchmen but deservedly remembered as the Bad because of some of his ill deeds, set about scheming to get the girl-sovereign Jacqueline into his power. He influenced some of the mighty nobles to force her into a marriage with his nephew, John of Brabant, who had at best the brain of a fool, and through whom the duke knew he could rule over her holdings.

The church decreed the union unlawful, but his Highness

of Burgundy cared not a whit for that. He declared he would make laws that suited himself and that he would hold the princess to the marriage. For a while he did. But when drunken John mortgaged her provinces without so much as mentioning the matter to her, Jacqueline indignantly proclaimed her freedom and sailed away to England.

Then Philip snatched her lands. Duke Henry of Gloucester, who was brother to King Henry IV and a puissant man in the British Isles, espoused her cause. With his aid she set out from England with an army of a thousand archers, to return to Zealand and teach the usurping sovereign manners; and when she arrived in the home-land the people rallied to her support to the man. They fought so fiercely in the just cause that they succeeded in overcoming the duke's followers and held the provinces for the earl's daughter.

But it was for a short time only. Maddened by defeat and goaded by determination to possess his cousin's broad acres, the Burgundian raised a larger army and came at her again, and this time he was victorious.

Followed then her imprisonment in the tower of Ghent. Now, besides the bitterness of captivity, she had the bitter knowledge also that John of Brabant, the stupid, drunken youth the duke of Burgundy had ordered her to marry, had usurped her titles.

All this she told to Van Borselen as they talked together, and although he already knew much of the story, he listened as if every word of it were new. Then he left the room, but he did not leave the castle. He went down the winding stairs to a hall under the tower, the windows of which held no bars, and which was not damp and moldy like the chamber of the princess. It was the council-hall of the Gravensteen, but no assemblage was in session there—only a solitary painter busily plying his brushes upon a canvas that was to add beauty to the Burgundian's castle halls and glory to his memory. With treasure wrested from Jacqueline, Philip set about embellish-

ing his palaces with tapestries and paintings, and had commissioned the greatest of Flemish colorists to prepare some canvases for him. So it happened that the artist working there was Jan Van Eyck, and the picture he was painting was the masterpiece the world knows as "The Adoration of the Lamb." He and Van Borselen were very excellent friends. The counselor often stopped to chat with him and to note the progress of the painting. Consequently it was nothing more than natural that he should go there now.

The picture-maker was so absorbed in what he was doing that he did not see the lawyer as he entered the room. But he stopped long enough to talk, and the talk was of the pitiful fate of the princess and was in no way complimentary to the duke.

"I gave her assurance of my fealty," Van Borselen said as he turned to go, "and knew that when you heard the truth she would have yours, also."

Van Eyck nodded and returned to his painting, but he did not work in the absorbed way of an hour before. Several times he stopped and sat as if planning something. Once, on the leg of the easel, he marked the outline of a passageway.

"It is a straight, short cut to the chapel," he murmured. "His lordship himself told me the secret and revealed the place of the spring did I ever want to work on the frescos there without going outside the castle and across the moat."

Morning dawned with a burst of golden sunlight over Ghent, and sunshine such as she had not known in many weeks gleamed in the heart of Jacqueline. Down in the council-chamber the painter smiled and whistled. While up in the prison-room the serving-woman lilted one of the Zealand peasant songs she had often sung in the old, free days. And he who is hopeless has not the heart to sing.

Toward noon a former serving-man of the princess went to Van Eyck's workshop. He told the guard at the Gravensteen gate that he came as a model, but once in the

quarters of the artist, he did not pose as models do. In low tones he and Van Eyck held converse together and as they conversed cast cautious glances toward doors and windows, as if to assure themselves that no one overheard.

Twilight came. Then Van Borselen arrived at the castle, bringing with him pages' garments for two. The jailer at the door of Jacqueline's prison, knowing he was the duke's counselor, admitted him without question, especially when the judge pressed into the fellow's hand a very handsome gold piece.

"We move at midnight," he spoke a moment later as he greeted the princess. "All is so well arranged that the plan cannot go wrong. Before daybreak your dream of liberty will be realized."

Jacqueline did not answer, but trust and gratitude were in her eyes as she looked at the judge. She signaled her maid to follow her and went into her sleeping-apartment for the few hours of rest she knew might be the only ones she could obtain for several days to come.

Night settled down over Ghent, enveloping it in the silence that marks a sleeping city. Only the wind whipping the tree-branches or the moan of an owl broke the silence, except now and then, the voice of the night-watch calling the hours. The lights in the windows had long been extinguished, but down in the studio of Jan Van Eyck a few tapers glimmered as the painter bent over the canvas of "The Adoration of the Lamb." In the empty streets below not a footfall sounded save those of the guard who paced back and forth on his rounds to make certain that all was well. The jailer slept on his bench, for was not the duke's counselor free to come and go as he chose? Moreover, was not the gold piece in his pocket assurance that this high official believed a faithful warder deserves a rest period now and then? There were those who might need watching, but not the ones who clinked coins freely and were in high favor with his Exalted Highness.

A bolt moved, and Jacqueline's prison door swung open. Out of it crept Van Borselen, and following came two pages, one of slighter build and statelier carriage than any seen that day around the castle. They crept down the stairway that led to the workshop of the artist. As they entered it where Van Eyck and the model awaited them, the painter touched a spring that threw open a hidden door. Without a word he beckoned them and the model to follow, and into a dark and foul-smelling passage they disappeared into the night.

Jacqueline shuddered, for the slender page was none other than the princess, yet she did not hesitate as they crept forward over the slimy stones. Once she slipped and would have fallen but for the quick hand of the model behind her, whereupon Van Borselen whispered: "Hold thy courage, lady. This passage leads to a chapel beyond the city walls. We shall reach it ere long."

Even as he spoke, however, the night-watch was upon them, for it happened that this secret avenue had a side gate of which they did not know, and this was kept always guarded.

Then the artist proved he could ply cudgels as deftly as paint-brushes, for he laid the fellow prone with the rod he carried, while Van Borselen and the serving-man despatched the others. Straight ahead then they pressed, and through the murk lights began to glimmer like flowers on invisible stems.

"The tapers of the chapel," the lady of Hainault whispered. "Truly God is with us, for safety is at hand."

But before she had time to dwell upon the thought, with a mighty rush and roar came a sound of flowing water. Terror dulled the hearts of all of them, for in that moment they knew this underground passage connected with the moat, that their flight had been discovered at the castle, and that a hideous death was in store for them unless they reached the chapel before the current.

The presence of mortal danger puts strength into body and alacrity into limbs, and they covered the ground with

amazing swiftness. But upon gaining the end of the passage they found the chapel gate locked. The steps that would have lifted them to safety were on the other side, and the murky waters were rushing after them.

It was a high gate, of heavy iron, such as medieval kings were wont to set about their shrines and crypts. Van Eyck clattered against it with his cudgel in the hope of dislodging a bolt, but this only added to their peril. The noise brought a band of halberdiers who set upon them fiercely and vowed they would take them all to the duke. But the judge bought off their captain with a bag of gold, and then the fugitives went ahead without danger. Beyond the city walls a company of merchants bound for Holland, who had been hired by Van Borselen to meet them there, took her ladyship and maid into their company. And who would question the presence of two youths in a group of strolling traders? Van Eyck took his way back through the city to the studio, while Van Borselen went to the house of a money-lender to arrange about financing a campaign against the duke. He meant to support Jacqueline by force of arms as well as get her to safety, and he needed only word that she was safely across the Dutch border before striking the blow.

Three days later the message came.

Then the princess marshaled her armies. Peasants from Hainault and Zealand who had loved the old earl, and who cherished a like affection for his daughter, flocked to her standard with fine loyalty.

"The princess will command the forces in person!" This word sped like wild-fire to the four corners of her dominions, and as the message went forth soldiers seemed to rise out of the ground to rally to her support. With lance and spear they came from the farthest nooks of Holland, shouting wild fealty to the girl who had the courage to strike at the duke of Burgundy in an attempt to regain her possessions. Unwaveringly as ever men followed a commander these huskies rode

at the word of Jacqueline, shouting as they moved forward the watchword of the Hainault house, "Die, but flinch never!"

They swept along the Zealand plains. They met Philip and his hirelings on mead and hill and morass, fighting him with fortunes sometimes favorable and sometimes bad. For two years the princess struggled on, braving the hardship of camp and battle-field like a common soldier and uttering no word of complaint. But the superior numbers of the duke's forces gave him the advantage, and town after town went down before the Burgundian standard.

There came a day when the princess could hold out no longer. Weakened, sick, and with but the broken remnant of an army, she was forced to yield and to acknowledge Philip of Burgundy lord of her provinces.

But fortune smiled at last, even though it had wrested from her both titles and lands. The night she fled from the tower of Ghent she learned something of the fine loyalty of Frank Van Borselen, and during the warring months that followed she came to know the great, true heart of the man. For Van Borselen thought not of profit to himself but only of what profited the princess. When she was sore pressed for funds with which to continue her campaigns, he placed his own great fortune at her disposal, and when the greed of Philip made her homeless he persuaded her to make use of his Dutch castle of Martinsdijk as freely as if it had been her own holding. And having suffered much because of treachery, it was good to find a loyal and unselfish soul.

So the counselor and the princess were married and began life anew in a chateau at the Hague, thinking little of the troubled years behind them but much of the roseate ones ahead. But Philip of Burgundy meant it should not be so. Once again he came with lance and horse, and this time put Van Borselen into prison.

Then Jacqueline, no longer the proud noble-woman but a very grief-stricken lady, went humbly to his Highness and

agreed to give up every foot of the property she still possessed, and every bit of both money and treasure, if he would but free her husband. And the Burgundian, his, greed satisfied after having wrested all from her, promised her freedom from any further molestation. Whereupon she and Van Borselen went to live at his castle of Martinsdijk, and there they stayed for twenty happy months until death put an end to the career of one of the fairest, bravest, and most ill-fortuned princesses of the Middle Ages.

And Jan Van Eyck, was he punished by the lord of Burgundy for the part he took in the escape of the lady? Nobody knows. Perhaps the duke never found out how much the artist had to do with her break to freedom; perhaps he prized the genius of the painter so highly that he forgave the acts of the man. We know only that Jan stayed in the employ of this overlord for a long time afterward, making many canvases and frescos and adding such luster to the name of Philip that it gleams far more brightly as a patron of art than as a sovereign. And always he spoke with reverence of the high-born captive he guided to liberty.

"She has an eye that would adorn an angel," he wrote to Van Borselen in marriage greeting, "and is withal a most gracious, faire, and sweete ladie."

And who, better than a painter, could know?

James Calvert of Fiji

About 1813 – 1892 (South Seas-Fiji)

The schoolboys of the Fiji Islands know him well; when they learn their history lessons the name of James Calvert, the Yorkshire Methodist who came to their, islands in 1838, is like an old friend to them.

From the time Calvert and his colleague arrived until 1864, when they left, Fiji saw tremendous transformations. "I saw these two men land with pale faces and weak voices," a Fijian wrote of them. "They could not wield the club as we can; their wives were not strong like our women; but (he went on to remark) what changes have been wrought on this island!"

These pale-faced men did for Fiji something ships of war could never have done. The Fijians would not have given up their old customs if an army had come against them, but they were impressed by these missionaries who "not only preached the Word of God, but lived it."

Calvert was first trained as a printer and afterwards as a missionary. He was a young man of 25 when, with his young wife, he began his service in the Fiji Islands, first at Lakemba and afterwards at Viwa. Viwa was a most important centre, being near to Mbau, where the Head Chief lived. There was much here for a teacher to do, for the Fijians had a number of barbaric customs; they ate the enemies they killed in battle and they made human sacrifices.

The greatest man in Mbau was Thakombau, and for a

long time Calvert did all he could to induce him to give up his cruel ways, for among primitive people to win the Chief is to win the tribe. Thakombau, who, though his father was living, was the ruler of Mbau, was hostile to Christianity and would not allow its worship in his domain. War broke out, and all the old cruelties were repeated, though Calvert worked endlessly to persuade the Chief not to sacrifice human lives and to make peace with his enemies.

When his father died Thakombau, according to the ways of his people, slew five women. Calvert offered him valuable gifts if he would spare them—he even offered to have his finger cut off; but the Chief would not listen. With the same horrible customs he entertained his guests when he was installed as Head Chief in his father's place.

Throughout this difficult time Calvert did not despair; and at last, 16 years after he had come to the islands, Thakombau sent word that he was ready to accept Christianity. It was the turning-point in the history of the islands. The Chief was far from being a Christian, but he severed himself and his people from their old ways, and started learning to read and write, with his little son as one of his teachers.

There were many troubles to come, and Thakombau did not find his place as Head Chief any easier after he accepted Christianity; but he did not turn back. When peace was made after eleven years of war with Rewa, a hostile island, Calvert had his place in the fleet of 40 canoes in which Thakombau and his friend the King of Tonga visited their former enemies; and it was an honoured place, for he was one of 140 people in the royal canoe.

During such wars Calvert ran many risks as peacemaker. Once he called at a certain island to warn the people that their enemy was about to attack them; but they took him for an enemy himself, and as he waded to land he was surrounded by hostile islanders chanting his death-song as they dragged him to shore. Happily for him, the Chief of Mbau, who knew

him well, had just arrived on the island. Had he not been there Calvert might have suffered the fate of John Williams and James Chalmers. He had had fifteen years of rough work, he reminded himself as the warriors surrounded him, and it would be a fitting end if he were killed on such a mission.

But that was not to be the close of his life. After seeing an amazing spread of Christianity in the Fiji Islands Calvert lived to preach in England and Africa. He had always been a keen student of the Fiji language, and as an old printer he had a special interest in preparing books for the people. This he continued to do after he left them, and till he died at Hastings in 1892 he was always ready to act as ambassador for the islanders.

James Calvert
The Printer Missionary to Fiji
(1838-1855 A.D.)

There seems to be no profession or trade that a missionary may not find useful in both home and foreign fields. Now this one, James Calvert, who was born in England a hundred years ago, was apprenticed to a printer, bookbinder, and stationer, for seven years. He had some education first, and seems to have made good use of all his early opportunities.

The young man's heart turned to the foreign mission work, and in good time he was appointed to labour in Fiji, and went bravely to the field to which the Wesleyan Missionary Society sent him. It took three months' travel to reach the island, in 1838. One of the first tasks that came to the heroic missionary was to gather up and bury the bones of eighty victims of a cannibal feast. You see what he had to deal with in his new field, and what the young bride had to face. But they had no thought of turning back — not they. Six months after landing in Fiji, Mr. Calvert had charge of thirteen towns that had no roads at all connecting them, and of twenty-four surrounding islands, some of them a hundred miles away. To reach his island-field, the missionary had only a canoe that was hardly seaworthy, but he used it somehow, and was kept from drowning, and from being killed and eaten by the savages. He and his wife mastered the queer language very soon, and showed very great courage and tact in dealing with the natives.

The name of the king was Thakombau. The conversion of his daughter had a great influence upon the savages. There was a custom in the islands of strangling the women of the household when a king died. Mr. Calvert offered, Fiji fashion, to have one of his own fingers cut off if Thakombau would promise not to strangle any women when the *old* king died. Just this offer showed the cannibals what sort of stuff the man was made of. He did a great deal to abolish the dreadful custom.

When, by and by, the king of the Cannibal Islands became a Christian, he ordered what had been the old "death drums" be used thereafter in calling people together to worship the true God, in whom he now believed. He openly confessed his faith and put away his many wives. Among his last acts was the ceding of Fiji to the Queen of Great Britain.

Mr. Calvert's knowledge of printing and book-binding was very useful indeed, as was the printing-press set up not long after his arrival. The press was carried from one island to another, and thousands and thousands of printed pages were scattered abroad. In 1847 the New Testament, well bound and complete, was ready for the natives. After seventeen years of labour in Fiji, the missionary spent some time in England, then went on a mission to Africa. In 1855 he attended the Jubilee of Christianity in Fiji. He found over 1,300 churches, ten white missionaries, sixty-five native ones, 1,000 head teachers, 30,000 church-members, and 104,585 church attendants. He died in 1892.

James Hannington
"The Lion-hearted Bishop" of Africa
(1882 – 1886 A.D.)

The boy who was afterwards "The Lion-hearted Bishop," was known among his mates as "Mad Jim." This was because he was so very fond of fun and adventure, and was never afraid of any risk that promised to bring what he set his heart upon. He was a great lover of nature and would climb daringly to get a good view, or scramble recklessly to get a fine specimen. This merry boy was born in England in 1847. When he was fifteen he left school, because he was not fond of study, and was put in his father's counting room at Brighton. He had the spirit of dauntless perseverance in anything that interested him, and would do anything rather than be foiled in what he set out to accomplish. "When quite a young man, he was at one time commander of a steam yacht, and at another, captain of a battery. In these positions he showed that he had a gift in managing men, and of making the best of difficult circumstances. But he did not like business any better than he liked study. From boyhood there was one sheet-anchor that held this merry and irrepressible boy, and that was his devoted love for his mother. That speaks well for him, does it not?

Outwardly, this boy and youth never neglected religious duties, but he was not at peace. He felt that he was living apart from God. When he was twenty-one, he made the important decision of his life, and began to prepare for the

ministry of the Church of England. At Oxford he gained great influence over his fellow students. You can see that he was a born leader.

In 1874 Mr. Hannington took a small parish in Devonshire. In his case, as in that of Dr. Scudder, what seemed a small thing led to very great ones, and changed the course of the life. This gentleman, a year after he began to serve his small parish, had a talk with two ladies about missions. It led him to study the whole subject carefully — something he had not done before. Three years later his whole soul was moved by the story of the cruel death of two missionaries in Africa. He thought to himself, "I believe that I have some characteristics and some experience that would fit me to go as a missionary to those wilds." But his wife could not go with him. What should be done? The two talked it over. The wife bravely gave her consent to an absence of five years, and the husband as courageously decided to go to Africa. He was sent out as leader of a party of six to reinforce the Central African Mission at Bubaga. An appeal in the London *Times* brought in subscriptions that allowed the purchase of a boat for lake travel. In 1882 the party sailed for Zanzibar.

But on arriving, Mr. Hannington was taken ill. His strength was wasted by African fever and other disorders, and he had to return home next year. He recovered his health, happily, and went back to the Dark Continent, this time as the Bishop of Equatorial Africa. Freretown was the place where he decided to make his home, and the indefatigable missionary began to make a visitation of all the mission stations within 250 miles of the seacoast.

There was one important station on a mountain, 2,500 feet above the plain, which was very hard to reach. The Lion-hearted Bishop had to travel over dreadful swamps, and over 200 miles of desert full of dangers, to reach the place. But, nothing daunted, he took the journey and made the visit.

The missionary had a variety of experiences, and one that

you will think very odd. He wished a Christmas pudding and determined to make it himself, since there was no one else to do it. There was nothing to make it of but sour raisins and spoiled flour, but he made the pudding. I could not find out who ate it. Perhaps the natives did not "mind."

And now the missionary was strongly possessed with the idea of opening a shorter route to Uganda, through a higher and healthier region than that which cost him his health when travelling it before. With 200 porters he started from Mombassa. After many adventures the party reached Victoria Nyanza, and Bishop Hannington, with a portion of his men, pushed on towards Uganda. Nothing was heard of them for some time, when, November 8, 1885, four men, out of the fifty who went with the Bishop, returned with the heart-breaking news of his death, and that of their fellows.

It seems that the natives had become angry over the coming of so many foreigners to their country. They decided to put a stop to it, and the cry was "Kill the missionaries." It was believed that they were the forerunners of the invaders who were to be driven out and kept out. Especially in Uganda did this feeling run high. It was just at the most critical time that Bishop Hannington's arrival was announced, and it was decided that he must die. The chief was unwilling at first, and proposed sending him back. But there was the booty, and the temptation to take it proved too much. The brave Bishop was enticed away from his men, kept in a filthy hut for eight days, then killed with his own rifle. His men were also put to death. He died fearlessly, telling the soldiers to tell the chief he "died for the Baganda, and purchased a road to Uganda with his life." The Baganda were the men of the place.

James Diego Thomson

1788-1854 A.D.

By the brisk tap of his ruler or a toot on the whistle attached to his watch-chain young schoolmaster Thomson would bring his class of one hundred boys to order every morning promptly at ten o'clock to begin the day's program of "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic." In all Buenos Aires this was the only school where a poor man's son could afford to go, and James Thomson, a Scotchman, had been sent all the way from London by the English and Foreign School Society, in the year 1818, to start it and others like it in South America.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century an English boy named Joseph Lancaster, although he had almost no money and less education than a high school boy of to-day, opened a little school in his father's house and taught all the children in the neighborhood without requiring any tuition fee. When the classes grew too large for him to manage all alone, he trained his oldest and brightest boys to be teachers themselves and hear the recitations of the smaller children. Early each morning he would hold a special class for his monitors, as he called them, and teach them the lessons which they in turn were to teach that day. Lancaster's experiment was so successful that in the United States and in many countries of Europe schools just like his were opened, and he became famous as the inventor of the first public school system.

Thomson's business was to establish Lancasterian schools.

But he had still another errand in South America. As an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society he had charge of distributing and selling Spanish Bibles and New Testaments wherever he went. These two projects fitted together very conveniently, for under the popular new school system the Bible was the chief textbook for all reading classes, and even the smallest children learned their a-b-c's from Bible stories. Thomson had home lessons printed on large sheets of foolscap paper, and when the children gathered around the family lamp at night to study and read aloud the next day's lesson, their parents listened, and enjoyed the selections so much that they began to buy Bibles. Every day an imposing array of visitors came to inspect the new school, and before they left had usually ordered reading books, curious to see what the children were studying. An old Indian chief, who came to "visit school," bought a Bible and took it home as a great prize to show his tribe. One enterprising gentleman stole a dozen copies because he knew he could get a good price for them. "It's too bad," said Thomson, "but he will be sure to sell them and so they will be put in circulation anyway."

Few of the people of South America had ever read the Bible, many of the priests knew nothing of what it contained, and it was almost impossible to secure a copy even had it occurred to any one to want to read it. When Thomson arrived in Buenos Aires the custom-house officials frowned darkly upon his boxes of Testaments and hinted that they would have to be examined by the bishop, until he explained that his chief business in their country was to open schools, and that the Bibles were needed for his pupils. This was an "Open Sesame." As he wrote home to his friends: "My prominent object here is the establishment of schools. I freely and openly confess this, and in consequence am everywhere hailed as a friend."

Wherever Thomson went he found encouragement and a warm welcome. He was a Protestant in a Catholic country,

but he was too broad and sympathetic to try to force his opinions on other people, and he had a genius for making friends. He met only one priest in all his travels who disapproved of his sale of Bibles, although just a few years later the distribution of Bibles was absolutely forbidden by the Catholic Church. This priest thought that the Scriptures ought never to be sold indiscriminately to any one who wanted a good new book to read. It might be misunderstood, particularly if no notes were added to explain difficult passages. Thomson and the priest became good friends and spent many an evening amicably discussing their differences of opinion.

As soon as his own school Math all its branches in Buenos Aires was running smoothly, Thomson accepted an invitation from the officials of the Chilean government. They had been begging him to come and open schools for their young people, and had sent the boat fare for his long journey around the cape. In 1821 he left his classes in the care of a priest who had been his right-hand man, and sailed in the brig Dragon for Valparaiso.

In those days, when South Americans were fighting for their independence, they felt a newly awakened ambition for the privileges so long denied them by the Spanish ruling class, and the first thing they wanted was schools. An editorial appeared in the Chilean press a few days after Thomson had landed, under the title of "Public Education":

"Ignorance is one of the greatest evils that man can suffer, and it is the principal cause of all his errors and miseries. It is also the grand support of tyranny, and ought, therefore, to be banished by every means from that country which desires a liberty regulated by laws, customs and opinion…. The only way we can form an acquaintance with great men is by reading. The happy day is now arrived when the infinitely valuable art of reading is to be extended to every individual in Chile. Our benevolent government has brought to this place Mr. James Thomson, who has established in Buenos Aires

elementary schools upon that admirable system of Lancaster…. He is going to establish schools on the same plan in this city, from which, as a center, this system will be spread through all the towns of the state. There is therefore no obstacle in the way for every one in Chile to obtain education."

Governor O'Higgins of Chile, San Martin's friend and ally, was the leading spirit in all public enterprise. He met Thomson with the greatest enthusiasm, and reserved for his use the largest classroom in the University of Santiago, Within two weeks two hundred children were enrolled in the first school. "They are docile and agreeable," wrote Thomson, "I have just been interrupted by one of my scholars who has called upon me and brought me a ham, a present from his mother."

All the important men in the city were interested in the new schools and liked to visit Thomson's classes. With General O'Higgins as president, a School Society was founded in Chile, and a little printing office opened so that primers and lesson books, especially prepared by Thomson for the children, could be published for home reading. There were no shelves in the public libraries packed with books for young people, no low tables covered with children's magazines. There was almost nothing for them to read, and Thomson often wished that he had a large publishing house as a part of his school system.

In 1822, the year when San Martin was living quietly in Lima, Thomson left his schools in Chile in good running order, and went to Peru to begin his work there. With a letter of introduction he called on the great general, "Next day, as I was sitting in my room," he says, "a. carriage stopped at the door and my little boy came running in, crying, 'San Martin! San Martin!' In a moment he entered the room accompanied by one of his ministers. I would have had him step into another apartment of the house more suited to his reception; but he said the room answered very well and sat down on the

first chair he reached." Then they talked over the subject of schools. San Martin could hardly do enough to help. A convent was given Thomson for his headquarters. On the Saturday after his arrival the friars who lived in it were ordered to move to another house; by Tuesday they had gone and the keys were in his possession. The huge dining-room was promptly remodeled to serve as a schoolroom with places for three hundred children, and in a few days the school was well under way.

The Patriotic Society in Lima cooperated with Thomson in establishing the schools, and all expenses, including his salary, were met by the government. Every one treated him so cordially and expressed such interest in his work that he predicted a glorious future for South America. He believed that in another decade or two her republics would outstrip many European nations. 'T do think," he wrote, "that never since the world began was there so fine a field for the exercise of benevolence in all its parts."

Then came a turning point in the history of Peru. The first Congress met to draw up an outline of the new constitution. The whole city buzzed with speculation about the clauses which might or might not be inserted, and groups of gesticulating people stood on the street corners, till it looked like an election day in New York. The clause of state religion was the chief bone of contention, and Thomson was always on the spot when it was debated in Congress. One man proposed that the clause read: "The exclusive religion of the state is the Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome." Since all South Americans were then Roman Catholics anyway, the only Protestants were foreigners like Thomson. The whole question then was whether foreigners should be allowed to worship as they pleased.

"But," said one member of Congress, "why such ado about toleration? Who is asking for it? Or who stands in need of it? We ourselves do not need any such thing, and foreigners who

are here seem very little concerned about the subject. It was not religion that brought them to this country, but commerce. Give them money, therefore, in exchange for their goods, and they will seek nothing else."

A white-haired old gentleman on the committee rose and said: "Gentlemen, this is the first time I have risen to speak in this house, and it is not my intention to detain you long. I understand that the grand and principal features of our religion are these two: to love the Lord with all our heart and strength and to love our neighbor as ourself.... Now I ask whether foreigners residing amongst us are to be considered our neighbors or not. If they are, then we ought to love them. Gentlemen, I have nothing further to add."

One fierce old senator demanded again and again that Roman Catholicism be the only religion tolerated in the country. The majority agreed with him. The clause for toleration was voted down. In those few dramatic moments Peru bound herself for almost half a century to the policy which has kept her lagging behind other nations, even other South American republics, and has retarded her intellectual, spiritual, and commercial development. The article finally inserted in the constitution was this: "The Roman Catholic Apostolic religion is the religion of the state, and the exercise of every other is excluded."

Among Thomson's best friends and helpers were the priests. Protestantism was then such a minute influence in the land that the church had hardly begun to fear its power. One bishop who had voted against the proposed toleration clause afterward learned to know Thomson well, and told him that he had always supposed Protestants to be unfriendly to any kind of religion, and that the article finally adopted was only a safeguard against scoffers, such as the men who had written books on atheism printed in England and France and sold in South America. Thomson pointed out to him just how Congress had cut off its own nose by inserting the clause:

"Your law prohibiting the public religious exercises of those who differ from the Catholic Church does not hinder atheists from settling in this country, as these have no form of religion they wish to practise. It serves only to prevent the coming of those men who are sincerely religious and moral, and who would be of great use to the country by bringing into it many branches of the arts as well as manufactures."

In 1823 war broke out again, and the Spanish army, 7,000 strong, crossed the Andes and descended upon Lima. The administration "judged it most suitable to remove from the scene of military operations," and the patriot army retreated to Callao. With an old friend, a priest of the cathedral of Lima, Thomson escaped to an English vessel lying in Callao harbor, and after waiting several days for a possible opportunity to return to his school, he sailed for Truxillo in northern Peru where thousands of patriots from Lima had already gone. "I supplied myself with some dollars from a friend," he said afterward, "as I had left Lima without money and with scarcely any clothes other than those I had on."

As long as he had to be away from his schools Thomson planned to make good use of his time by traveling along the banks of the Amazon to visit the Indian tribes living there. Just as he had bought a complete stock of glittering brass buttons, needles, scissors, knives, ribbons, and fish-hooks with which to win the good opinion of these natives, word came that the Spaniards had evacuated Lima. Thomson acted decisively, took the first boat back, and reopened his school.

The longer the war continued the poorer the people grew. "This war rivets the attention of all, and devours all the resources," Thomson wrote in a letter.

During the month when they held Lima the Spaniards had destroyed or confiscated property worth $2,000,000, and business everywhere was sadly crippled. The city which had once been the richest in the world was now the poorest. The work of the schools was hampered. Some of the older boys

dropped out because their parents feared they might be seized on the way to school by recruiting parties and forced into the army. Some of the children had to stay at home because they had no shoes to wear. The government which had pledged Thomson's support became too poor to pay his salary. With prices higher than they had ever been he found himself utterly destitute and hurriedly prepared to leave Lima. Just as he had finished his packing he received a message from the parents of his pupils urging him to stay. They pooled all the money they could spare to pay his salary, and promised to support the school until the government was able to do it.

Thomson had a great vision and a great hope for South America. His chief regret was that, because of the unsettled state of the country, it was impossible to open a girls' school, though a large hall had been selected for it and now stood empty. "The education of women," he declared, "is the thing most wanted in every country; and when it is properly attended to the renovation of the world will go on rapidly." He gave much of his time to translating. For the use of a class of twenty-three men who were studying English he prepared a Spanish-English grammar and a volume of extracts from great authors. He heard the story of the Incas and saw the ruins of their empire. Two thirds of the people in Peru were their descendants and spoke their language, Quichua. With the help of an officer of the Indian regiment Thomson translated the Bible for them. For five years he hunted in vain for a man able to translate the Bible into Aymara, another native language spoken in Peru. Then one day after he had returned to London, he met a stranger in a Paddington coach. The two chatted a bit together, and Thomson, seeing that the man was a foreigner, asked him where his home was. He proved to be a native of the very district in Peru where Aymara was spoken, and he knew the language perfectly. Eventually he was appointed to translate the Bible for his countrymen.

Meanwhile Thomson was selling so many Bibles that he

wrote home: "If I had ten times as many I am persuaded I could have sold them all." He used to see shopkeepers seated in front of their little establishments, spending leisure moments in reading their Testaments. The priests encouraged it. One showed his interest by offering to correct the proof-sheets of the Quichua translation.

Thomson was a great admirer of Bolivar, who, like the other great men of the day, supported every movement for the betterment of the people. "Bolivar's weatherbeaten face tells you that he has not been idle," Thomson said of him. "No man, I believe, has borne so much of the burden, or has toiled so hard in the heat of the day, in the cause of South American independence as Bohvar."

For another year Thomson remained in Lima and then the Spaniards again took possession of the city and he declared he felt as if he had been "transported to Spain." The schools were allowed to go on as usual, but the printing of translations had to be postponed because the printing presses were shut up for safe keeping in Callao castle. Until the government should be restored to order no improvements could be made in the schools, and Thomson decided it was the most favorable time to visit other cities.

His supply of Bibles had been exhausted, and no more had come to him from England, so he started off on his trip with eight hundred New Testaments and one sample copy of the Bible. On the way to Guayaquil his ship called at a small port. "I went ashore to see the place," he said, "and took three Testaments with me. I went into a store near the landing place and being invited took a seat upon a bale of cotton. After some general conversation I opened my treasures, and offered the New Testaments for sale at one dollar each. In a few minutes they were bought. Some little time afterward I was asked if I had any more. I replied that I had but that they were on the ship. I immediately went on board and just as we had got the anchor up a boat came alongside in which I

recognized the person who had asked me for more Testaments. He came on board and bought two dozen for which he paid me eighteen dollars."

At another port Thomson went ashore with three Testaments, and was invited to exhibit them in a private house.

"Here," said a neighbor who had come in and was looking at the sample Bible, "here is a book that will tell you all about the beginning of the world and a great many other things."

"I'm not interested in the beginning. I want to know something about the end of it," said another man.

"Then that book in your hands is the very book that will suit you," replied Thomson, pointing to a New Testament. "It will tell you a great deal about the end of the world."

Thomson was a fine salesman, and knew how to advertise his wares. As soon as he reached Guayaquil he had handbills printed which read:

"To be sold at Blank's Store, the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, in one volume, well printed and neatly bound, at the low price of eight rials. This sale will continue for three days only, and it is expected that those who wish to procure for themselves this sacred code of our holy religion will improve the occasion now offered them."

At noon these bills were posted. By one o'clock fifteen books had been sold; by the end of the afternoon one hundred and twenty-two had gone. One of the three days of the sale proved to be a holiday, and all stores were closed, but during a few minutes before breakfast when the store had to be opened for some trifle, eleven people came in to buy Testaments, At the end of the third day the receipts amounted to five hundred and forty-two dollars. While Thomson was waiting at the little river wharf for the boat which was to take him on to the next town, he sold over one hundred more Testaments to people who had missed the sale. Then he climbed into one of the passenger canoes which plied along the river and his boxes were loaded in after him. The canoe

was the same shape as the usual Indian canoe, but so large that it could hold perhaps twenty passengers. "The South American rivers abound in alligators," he reported. "Great numbers of them lie basking on the banks with their horrible mouths wide open, and when the boat approaches them, they plunge into the river and swim around like so many logs floating about you. At one time I counted alligators, in a very short distance, all at one view and on one side of the river, to the number of forty."

After his river trip the rest of the journey had to be made on muleback. The officials of the towns along the road to Quito treated him with great cordiality. Once when he had taken refuge from a sudden storm in a dreary hut among the mountains, a courier arrived, sent by the governor of the town he had just left, bringing a large hamper of luncheon. The best part of it, Thomson said, was a batch of home-made drop-cakes. He was often entertained at the home of the governor of the town where he happened to halt for the night, and more than once he held his sale in the governor's own house, where it had all the festivity of a grand social event.

While riding along an unfrequented road one day he fell in with a talkative friar and the two ambled along together. The friar was bound for a Dominican convent in the next town, and he liked his new acquaintance so much that he invited him to spend the night at this convent and next day hold his sale there instead of at a store. Thomson accepted the invitation, and as soon as the sun rose next morning he posted his handbills and waited for customers.

"The advertisements were scarcely up," he wrote, "when one and another and another came tripping in to purchase a New Testament. In a little the buyers thickened, whilst the friars stood around enjoying the sight, and warmly recommending the books to all who came, and assisted me in the sale when occasion required." In two hours and a half one hundred and four had been sold. People constantly offered

large sums for the sample Bible. He told them all it was not for sale, but he sometimes lent it, and he took hundreds of orders to be filled as soon as the publishers in England could send over a supply. When the priests in the convent found they could not buy the Bible they immediately sat down to read it aloud, and before he left they had promised him to hold a sale themselves. "We were all pleased with each other," said Thomson.

From Quito to Bogota the trail was especially rough and dangerous. Bandits galloped about over the countryside and not long before had robbed and murdered some merchants who had been well protected with arms and guides. Of the mountain traveling Thomson said: "You may be said to be riding upstairs and downstairs in these places," Part of the trip was made in a balsa, a kind of craft consisting of long poles or trunks of trees laid close to each other, with more poles laid over them crosswise. With its bamboo floor and thatched roof it looked like a little floating house.

Thomson's chief desire in going to Bogota was to found a Bible Society. Three hundred of the most prominent citizens of the city attended the first meeting. The question to be voted upon read: "Is it compatible with our laws and customs, as Colombians and as members of the Roman Catholic Church, to establish a Colombian Bible Society in this capital, as a national organization, whose only object is to print and circulate the Holy Scriptures in approved versions of our native tongue?" The motion was carried almost unanimously. It was decided to hold the meetings in a Dominican convent, and a priest was elected secretary. Catholic and Protestant were working together in harmony to introduce the Bible.

In 1826 Thomson returned to England to make a report of his eight years in South America. "I have no hesitation in saying that the public voice is decidedly in favor of universal education." The elective franchise in Peru had been opened to all men who could read and write. But because the Span-

iards had kept the Creoles in ignorance so long. Congress permitted them a little leeway, and the rule was not to be put in force until 1840. Thomson, encouraged by his experiences in Peru, prophesied that by then every one would be qualified to vote!

To-day 75 per cent of the population of South America are illiterate. When the wars for independence were over, the people fell back into their old apathy, the schools declined, the church forbade the use of the Bible. In a few years the results of Thomson's labors had almost disappeared. In Chile the man who had been appointed to superintend the schools returned to England for his health; there was no firm hand to manage the system and it was finally abandoned altogether. After Thomson had left Peru, Bolivar decreed that a central school be opened in the capital city of each province of the state, and a number of young men were sent at the expense of the government to receive the best possible education in England to fit them as teachers. But Bolivar's influence was waning and there is no record that anything came of his plan. The Lancasterian system reached a premature end of usefulness and disappeared with nothing to take its place. The church, the mightiest power in the state, reached out to crush the initiative of the people, and the priests followed the Spaniards as tyrants in the land. They no longer bought Bibles. They burned them in the public squares.

Thomson's eight years made a slight oasis in the barren history of Spanish-American absolutism. It was the time when Protestantism, and the Bible, and religious liberty might have been put there to stay. They were years of wonderful opportunity. The doors were opened a wide crack to let the light shine in and then slammed shut. Progressive forces ever since have been trying to pry them open again. Singlehanded, James Thomson labored in the one golden decade of the Continent of Lost Opportunity.

Jan Steen

1626-1679 (Holland)

Now when the brush fell from the hands of old Franz, the King of Smiles, who was to carry on the smile in painting? Well, there was Franz's student, Adrian Van Ostade, who painted merrymakings and junketings of peasants with no less joy than Franz, and there was Adrian Van Ostade's student, Jan Steen of Leyden, who had often made merry with Franz. Jan to be sure, was no less jolly a fellow than Franz.

Jan's father, who was a brewer, did not think much of painting as a means of earning a living. "No," said he. "There's nothing in painting. I'll set my son up as a brewer." And he was as good as his word. But Jan and his good wife. Greet, were a happy-go-lucky pair. They had little eye for business. When times were dull and customers few. Greet said to Jan with a shake of her head:

"If you are to pay the landlord, there must be more life in this place."

Jan said he would see to that, and off he went to the market. But did he bring home customers? No, he brought home geese. These he put in the kettle ordinarily used for brewing, where they flapped their wings in excitement and flew noisily about with a mighty stir and racket.

Greet came running into the room. What on earth was the matter!

"Well," said Jan. "You said there must be more life in this place. Is there now enough life to suit you?"

Then Greet fell a-laughing and Jan fell a-laughing, but the landlord who came to collect his rent could by no means see the joke. What was to be done, indeed, with such a clownish couple?

Often Jan had to pay off his debts with pictures instead of money. Ten or twenty guilders apiece contented him for a picture. He had a good heart, did Jan, but no head for business whatever. Nevertheless, if a customer beat him down, and drove too hard a bargain, he rewarded the miserly skinflint with a joke at his expense. Once a man insisted on having a picture of Noah's Flood for a price that would scarcely have purchased a string of first-class sausages. Jan agreed, but he did not intend to spend his time painting a lot of objects for such a price as that. When the picture was completed, it consisted of nothing but a sheet of water, in the midst of which floated a large Dutch cheese bearing the coat-of-arms of Leyden. The astonished purchaser cried out in dismay. How was this a picture of Noah's Flood, and what was the meaning of that cheese with the coat-of-arms?

"Why, the cheese proves," said Jan, "that there were Dutchmen on the earth before the flood."

"But where are Noah and the Ark?" cried the purchaser.

"O," replied Jan. "They are just beyond the point I painted in the picture!"

But for all his roistering and recklessness, Jan was a lovable fellow. He painted the comedy of human life with genial toleration — tavern scenes of jollity, card parties, marriage feasts, festivals of St. Nicholas, and children. Ah! what children!

Once on St. Nicholas Day, Jan Steen's whole family gathered together, to enjoy the gifts St. Nicholas had left the night before in the shoes of the children. One little girl went toddling about with a pail full of toys and a doll clasped tight in her arms. Tenderly the mother held out her arms toward the happy child. Behind these two, a big boy with a baby

perched on his arm, pointed skyward to show the baby and a little fellow beside him how St. Nicholas came riding over the roofs on his great white horse and listened at the chimneys to find out if they had been good. Beside this group, a little boy, his eyes dancing with mischief, pointed laughingly to his big brother, who was howling in dire distress and digging one fist in his eyes. Alack, he had set out his shoe the night before, but what had he received? Nothing, nothing at all, nothing, that is, but a switch. He had been a naughty boy. St. Nicholas had brought him nothing, nothing but a switch. His older sister joined the little fellow in laughing at the offender, while Grandfather Steen sat smiling in the center of the group. But, in the background stood Grandma, and what was Grandma doing? If no one else felt sorry for the lad who had been naughty, there was still Grandma. She was going out of the room, but as she went, she turned around and smiled and beckoned. Ah, Grandmothers' hearts are very soft! She could not let her grandson take his punishment unrelieved. She meant to beckon him out of the room and give him something in secret to make up for the switch in his shoe.

It was thus that Jan Steen set the family down to live through the ages on canvas. All across the front of the picture he painted a litter of things — a child's shoe, two bright colored balls, a basket full of little cakes, each painted in such detail that one can see the squares in the waffles, and could almost pick off the nuts and the tiny black caraway seeds that adorn the crisp, brown cookies. Against a table leans a great square loaf of bread with chickens and animals traced on the crust, and how that crust shines with butter!

No picture could better express the sense of innocent family festivity. The room, indeed, is a muddle. The mother has hard work before her, if she would restore it to a Dutch pitch of order and cleanliness, but how jolly every one is. To this very day, when the dignified quiet of Dutch family life has been disturbed by feasting or upset by the play of children,

with toys strewn all about, they say in Holland:

"This looks like a household by Jan Steen."

Merry old Jan Steen, the Laughing Philosopher of Dutch Art.

Jochanan ben Zakkai and Josephus

Two Men of Jerusalem

30 B.C.-90 A.D. and born 37 A.D.

Joseph, the son of Mattathias, just appointed general over the army of Galilee, strode swiftly and proudly through the great marble Hall of Judgement. As he reached the door, he felt a hand plucking his cloak. Joseph frowned impatiently. Another greybeard of the Sanhedrin, he thought, who will remind me that I am a descendant of the Maccabees and must prove myself worthy of such honor.

He turned to look into the troubled eyes of Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai, one of the oldest and one of the most respected members of the court.

"May the Lord guide you in the mission to which you have just been called, Joseph ben Mattathias," ran his greeting, "for you are still a young man and sorely need His guidance if you are to save our people as your great ancestors did in days of yore."

"Youth does not always signify weakness and folly," answered Joseph. "You may recall that I was but an untried youth when I was sent to Rome to plead for the freedom of two of our imprisoned scholars. Was I not successful? Was I not treated with respect even by Nero and his empress?"

"No one denies you proved yourself skilled in diplomacy," said Rabbi Jochanan. "But the very different art of war—"

The untried general interrupted him. "While in Rome I secretly studied the methods of the Roman generals who lead the most powerful armies the world has ever seen."

Rabbi Jochanan sadly shook his white head.

"And having seen their power with your own eyes, you still dare to counsel Israel to throw off the yoke of our Roman Masters!"

"Yes, because, like all true patriots, I am weary of the governors the Romans have sent to rule over us and the cursed publican who grind us to the earth with their everlasting taxes."

The rabbi pointed to the street below. At the bottom of the marble steps stood a group of Roman soldiers. One of them carried the standard of his company topped by a brazen eagle.

"See how proudly the kind of birds shines in the sunlight," said Rabbi Jochanan. "Rome is the cruel, strong eagle; little Israel is like the dove. The eagle swoops down from the clouds, seeking what he may devour; the dove is content to remain in the nest where morning and evening it chants praises to God. How shall the dove make war against the eagle?"

But the warnings of Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai and other leaders of the Peace Party were already drowned by the clamor of those who cried for ward. Every day more young men joined the rebellious, hard-fighting zealots. A group of these warriors called themselves Sicarii, after the Greek word for dagger, since they carried two daggers, one to be used against the Romans, the other to be sheathed in its wearer's breast when further resistance seemed impossible.

Now in the year 66 of the Christian Era the Jews decided they were strong enough to take up arms against Rome. At first Joseph ben Mattathias, as the general over the Galileans, was outstanding among Israel's defenders. Galilee in the north was in the first line of defense. Its natural, rugged barriers are favorable to guerilla warfare. The soldiers, remembering the exploits of Judah Maccabee and his army among the rugged hills of his birthplace, felt sure of victory.

The young general gave orders to fortify every city under his control; he saw that these strongholds were stocked with enough provisions to enable their defenders to withstand a long siege. Soon he became the idol of the large army which he had organized and drilled.

But there were some Galileans who did not trust Joseph in spite of his proud family descent and stainless record; they did not wish him to be their governor. These rebels said that his heart was really with Rome; that he felt certain his people would be defeated in the war; that he had been forced into it because he was afraid of being called a traitor. These zealots gathered under the leadership of John of Gischala, a strong fighter, who tried to force Joseph from his position as governor and general of the northern army.

"How can we trust him with our honor and our very lives?" John told his followers. "This Joseph is not a Jewish patriot at heart. He does not come of peasant stock like you and me. He is proud of his patrician blood. Secretly he favors the rich and aristocratic. Sadducees who have long tried to save their skins and their gold by cringing to Rome."

While Galilee was weakened by a civil war between the two parties, the Roman army steadily advanced upon the doomed province. The Jews under John's leadership fought stubbornly. When they were finally defeated, John of Gischala escaped to Jerusalem to take up the long and bitter defense of the city.

For a while it seemed that Joseph ben Mattathias had been wronged and that he really intended to defend his native land. When the stronghold of Jotapata was besieged, he remained with his men during forty-day siege. But when forty thousand soldiers had fallen and further resistance seemed useless, the general urged the handful of survivors to surrender to the Romans. This they refused to do and he reluctantly hid himself with his soldiers in one of the huge stone cisterns near the city.

Here they were surrounded by the enemy who demanded immediate surrender. Again the general told his men that all was lost and again advised yielding to the Romans.

"Never!" shouted forty angry voices. "We know that we must die; but we will die here as free men rather than live as slaves to our conquerors."

"Then I am no longer your leader," answered Joseph. He unfastened the sword that swung at his side. "Remain here and perish of hunger as you must surely do if the siege continues. But I will surrender my sword and seek an honorable peace with the Romans."

His soldiers barred his path.

"No," cried one of them, drawing his sword. "Before you stain your sword which until this day has fought for Israel, mine will be buried in your heart."

Joseph ben Mattathias hesitated; then he seized his comrade's hand and spoke so manfully that all who heard his words believed him and were ashamed of their suspicion.

"My brother," said Joseph, "did you dream that I would betray my people to save my own miserable life? I feared that some of you were weakening and I meant only to test you. You have spoken well and I am proud of you. We know that we must die and that it is better to die courageously as Jewish soldiers than to be taken alive by our enemy. Now, all of you, draw your daggers, as I draw mine, and listen to my last command to my faithful comrades."

Every soldier drew his dagger and waited.

"Let each man clasp the hand of a comrade and bid him farewell," said Joseph. "Then let him thrust his dagger into his brother's heart. When the Romans break in upon us they will find us dead and still unconquered."

Fired by his words, the soldiers obeyed their general's last command. A wounded man died, even as the others prepared for death; there were just forty warriors, including Joseph, ready to defy Rome to the last. Bidding each other farewell,

they slew each other, and in their dying prayers called upon God to deliver Israel from its enemies.

Only Joseph and the last of his soldiers remained. For a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. Then with a sudden movement Joseph struck his comrade's dagger to the ground and hurried his own weapon in the soldier's heart. Now he knew that he would be allowed to surrender to the Romans.

We have learned from the traitor's own writings how the Romans received him into their camp and spared his life. He was taken into favor by Vespasian, the Roman general, and soon changed his name from Joseph ben Mattathias to that of Flavius Josephus. This was in compliment to his patron, the founder of the Flavian dynasty of Rome. All this we know; but we can only wonder whether he regretted losing the last tie which bound him to the glorious line of the Maccabees, or whether he secretly suffered shame for deserting his people in their greatest need.

But what part did Rabbi Jochanan play in the last of the Jewish wars which Josephus recorded in his gilded Roman prison?

For four terrible years the slowly weakening defenders of Palestine defended themselves against the armies of General Vespasian and his son, Titus. Finally, in the year 70, even the staunchest of the zealots realized that the walls of Jerusalem would soon crumble before the onslaughts of the Roman battering-rams.

Within the doomed capital pestilence and starvation brought death as surely as the Roman arrows directed against the defenders on the city's walls.

"If I had only a crust of bread for my children, I would not ask for a morsel for myself," sobbed a mother standing before one of the empty stalls in the market-place. "But my husband died defending our city; now everyone seems to have forgotten the commandment to protect the widowed and the

fatherless."

Her listener, a shriveled, mad-eyed old woman, laughed scornfully.

"How can the rich succor the poor when they themselves are starving?" she demanded. "Do you remember the days when Martha, daughter of the High Priest, deigned to leave her splendid house and walk down the streets of Jerusalem? She ordered her servants to spread fine red carpets under her feet; 'tis true, once on a festival day, when she went to the Temple, I saw those carpets with my own eyes."

Again she laughed bitterly.

"But have you heard what happened only yesterday? Our great lady took the last of her jewels to the goldsmith and offered him his choice for a bit of bread. He threw the jewels back across the counter and laughed in her face. Then Martha flung them into the street since they had grown as worthless as so many bits of glass. It is said she joined poor common folk like you and me over yonder in the square where horses were once stalled and fed. Yea, our proud lady went down on her knees with the others to search for a few oats that might have fallen among the cobblestones lying on the street."

Yet even in the midst of such misery and desolation no man dared to speak of surrender. For all knew that surrender to the Romans, if it did not mean the mercy of instant slaughter, would bring a life of cruel and shameful slavery.

"Peace!" cried a young captain of the Sicarii, and he flashed his dagger before Rabbi Jochanan's eyes. "This is our answer to any traitor who counsels surrender. We who still remain have learned from our more fortunate brethren how to die."

Rabbi Jochanan shook his white head sadly. "Alas, my son," he said gently, "if all Israel die, the Law also dies. I would save the Torah alive for those who shall come after us."

"And save your own miserable life as well," sneered the

youth. He turned to his men. "I charge you and I will also charge the keepers of the gates that this cowardly greyhound will not be allowed to pass out of the city. It is enough that the traitor Joseph ben Mattathias has saved his skin though his treachery and now is safe from our wrath. But this man at least will remain here and die with his people."

"That, my son, will be as the Lord wills," answered the rabbi.

A few days later as dusk descended over Jerusalem, a group of the rabbi's disciples walked slowly and sadly with bowed heads toward the gates of the city. Their cloaks were rent like the garments towards the gates of the city. Their cloaks were rent like the garments a mourner wears. The first four carried a plain wooden coffin.

"Halt!" cried one of the sentries at the gate.

The young men stopped and waited silently, their eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Where are you going?"

"We go to bury our blessed master, Jochanan ben Zakkai," replied one of the youths. "He has just died of the plague."

"You may not pass. If you are his disciples you are among the handful who counsel peace with the Romans. Is this the way you seek to escape to their camp?"

"What shall we do?" asked the disciple. "Need I tell you it is the law that all who die of the plague must be buried at once outside the city? Let us pass."

"Everyone knows that your master has long planned to escape to the Roman camp," insisted the sentry. "Let me open the coffin and see—"

"Stop!" warned another soldier. "If the rabbi truly died of the plague, we dare not risk—"

The sentry raised his spear above the closed coffin. "Then I will not open the casket. But I will pierce it so many times that these men will indeed carry a corpse through the gates."

The youngest of the disciples, a lad of fifteen, threw

himself across the coffin. "Kill me, if you will," he cried, "but as long as I draw breath you shall not dishonor the body of a respected teacher in Israel."

Several comrades caught the sentry's arm.

"Have we of Jerusalem not been punished heavily enough for our sins," exclaimed one, "that you will anger God further by your sacrilege?"

The sentry lowered his spear.

"Pass on," he commanded sullenly and the disciples of Rabbi Jochanan reverently lifted their burden and moved through the opened gates.

They continued to walk slowly until they were well out of sight of the watchers at the gate. Then, in the growing darkness, they tore the planked cover from the coffin and looked upon the pale, hunger-pinched face of their teacher.

"He is already dead!" moaned several voices.

"No, he still breathes." "Do not crowd too close; the air will revive him." "I have still a few drops of water left in my flask."

Although water was more precious in Jerusalem than gold during those last days, the young man recklessly bathed the rabbi's face and forced a little water between his lips. Slowly Rabbi Jochanan stirred and raised his head.

"Have we indeed escaped? Where are we?" he said, his voice barely a whisper.

"Yes, Master, we are safe." The youngest disciple was so relieved from his panic that he burst into tears. "We thought you had really died in your coffin, but you must have fainted from weakness and hunger."

"Now lie back and rest," urged the leader of the party who had managed to outwit the watchers at the gate, "and we will carry you up to the Roman camp."

At last they reached the camp, high in the hills which look down on Jerusalem. We do not know how the fearless little band ever succeeded in passing the sentinels who stood

in their path; or with what words the rabbi persuaded the Roman soldiers to bring him before their commander. But those who repeated the tale in later days told that when Rabbi Jochanan finally stood before Vespasian in his tent, he uttered just the prophecy the ambitious Roman longed to hear.

Bowing low, the teacher, trembling with age and weariness, murmured a few Hebrew words.

"What is the old Jew saying?" Vespasian impatiently asked the interpreter who sat beside him.

The man, who had once borne the proud title of governor of Galilee and general of the army of the North, lowered his eyes before the aged scholar's quiet gaze. Josephus, as he was known throughout the camp, remembered how carelessly he had cast aside the rabbi's warnings. Now, treated little better than a slave by his Roman master, he was ashamed to face the patriot who had long suffered the horrors of besieged Jerusalem.

Alas, thought Josephus, turning ashy pale with terror, what madness now prompts him to greet Vespasian with such wild words?

Josephus knew, as did every man in camp, that Nero's throne was tottering in far-off Rome. Yet even to repeat the words he had just heard might be held treason to Cæsar and might cost him his life.

Vespasian rose from his low chair and towered over his luckless henchmen. His broad peasant face flushed angrily; he clenched his huge fists.

"Fellow, have you suddenly grown both deaf and dumb?" he shouted. "What did the greybeard say that you fear to translate his greeting?"

"It is a custom among his people," stammered Josephus, "to pronounce a certain blessing when they approach a ruler."

"What did he say?"

"My lord, do not blame your servant for another's speech!" Slowly and fearfully, the interpreter translated the

Hebrew into Latin: "Hail, O Emperor! Peace be with thee, O King!"

Now it was Vespasian who grew pale with terror and he glanced fearfully at the soldiers who guarded his tent. They stood as stony-faced and expressionless as statues; but he knew that they had heard and might repeat the visitor's strange greeting.

"The old man is mad," he muttered. He turned back to the trembling interpreter.

"Ask him," he commanded, "why he dares to call me 'emperor,' since Nero is Cæsar and rules the world."

The interpreter obeyed and Rabbi Jochanan answered him.

"He says," explained Josephus, "that it is written in the book of Isaiah, a holy prophet of his people, that 'Lebanon shall fall by a mighty one.' He believes by Lebanon is meant, not the mountain, but the Temple of the Jews and that you are the mighty one, or emperor, who will destroy it."

At that moment a soldier, standing outside the tent, cried out, "A messenger! A messenger!" Someone at the entrance repeated the cry. A man, covered with dust and almost dead from exhaustion, slipped from his horse and stumbled into Vespasian's presence.

"I have ridden day and night from Rome," he gasped through his heat-parched lips. Baring his head, he fell upon his knees. "Let me be the first to cry, 'Hail, Cæsar!'"

From man to man the news spread until the camp was in a frenzy. "Nero is dead." "Cæsar is dethroned and slain." "The army in Rome has proclaimed our general, 'Cæsar.'" "Hail Vespasian! Hail Cæsar!"

Titus, Vespasian's son and heir, rushed into the tent; he bowed low before the new emperor. A dozen soldiers lifted their commander from the ground and raised him high on their extended shields, screaming like madmen in their excitement. And through all the shouting and confusion Rabbi

Jochanan ben Zakkai stood waiting patiently, a grave little smile playing about his lips.

"You must have food and drink and sleep," said Vespasian, turning to the messenger from Rome. "But first let me reward you for being the first to hail me in my new dignity."

From his neck the general took a heavy gold chain and dropped it into the man's hand. Then he turned impatiently to the interpreter.

"What is the old Jew muttering now?" he demanded.

"He is reminding you, O Cæsar, that he was the very first to give you your new title and he humbly begs for his reward," answered Josephus.

Vespasian threw back his shaggy head and laughed heartily.

"And he shall have it. One, two, a dozen chains of gold. No, ask him to name any gift he desires. Stop! All except one. I have sworn to level Jerusalem to the ground for its stubborn resistance. Not one stone shall remain upon another in the city that has defiled me for so long. So warn him I will not spare Jerusalem for his sake."

Josephus, although he had broken every tie with his people, bowed his head in sorrow at the thought of the destruction to come. But his look of grief gave way to amazement as he translated and repeated the rabbi's request. "He asks only that you grant him a single vineyard," said Josephus.

"A vineyard? The hills are covered with vineyards. Why not the governor's palace at Tiberias with its marble baths and pleasure gardens? Why does he only ask for a vineyard?" demanded the emperor.

"He says he desires a vineyard on the seacoast at Jabneh which he and his young disciples may cultivate in peace."

"Is that all?" asked Vespasian. "tell him his prayer is granted. More: tomorrow I shall send soldiers to escort him and his

disciples to Jabneh and to protect them until the war is over. But what a strange request! I thought all men want gold; yet this one asks only a vineyard. I do not understand."

The quick-witted Josephus, himself a distinguished Jewish scholar, understood. But, suddenly loyal to his people whom he had betrayed, he did not attempt to warn his Roman master.

Nor did many Jews in besieged and dying Jerusalem understand. They called Jochanan a traitor. When the city was destroyed and the shining Temple lay in blackened ruins, they cursed his once-honored name. But little by little the survivors, wearing out their lives as slaves in the mines, or living in exile throughout the far-flung Roman empire, began to learn what the rabbi had meant by a vineyard and what fruit he and his faithful followers cultivated there.

These two men of Jerusalem never met again.

In Jabneh on the seacoast Jochanan ben Zakkai established a little school. In time other scholars joined him that they, too, might continue to study the Jewish way of life and teach it to their scattered people. So the Torah, the holy book of Israel, became the vine which never entirely perished. Its fruit fed the souls of the Jewish people, now without a land or a Temple, but still faithful to their God.

Perhaps in his luxurious villa in Rome, to which he had been carried by his conqueror, Josephus heard of the workers in the vineyard. When Emperor Vespasian died, his son, Titus, who succeeded him, befriended the Jewish scholar. Now he began to write; it is by these writings that he is known today.

In his *Antiquities of the Jews,* the former general set down the story of his defeated nation from the earliest times. This was followed by *The Jewish Wars* which told of the last terrible struggle against Rome and the fall and destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70 of the Christian Era.

Josephus knew that every Jew hated him for his desertion.

Yet, he must have told himself, he was still serving his defeated, dispersed people. For, as he wrote at the beginning of *The Jewish Wars*, "I thought it monstrous to see the truth falsified in affairs of great consequence, and to suffer those Greeks and Romans that took no part in the war to be ignorant of these things." While near the end of this book, which is still read and esteemed by historians, even in our own day, Josephus passed his judgement upon himself:

"And as for those who have died in the war, we should deem them blessed, for they are dead in defending and not in betraying their liberty; but as to the multitude of those who have submitted to the Romans, who would not pity their condition? Abuses and slavery are not such evils as are natural and necessary among men; although such as do not prefer death before those miseries, when it is in their power to do so, must undergo even them on account of their own cowardice."

When Flavius Josephus penned those lines, he enjoyed the privileges of a Roman citizen; his royal patrons had granted him a generous pension. Yet he envied his comrades whose bones whitened in the battered cistern at Jotapata and the heroes who had fought the good fight at Jerusalem.

Pushing the last of the completed scrolls aside, Josephus' fingers strayed to the heavy gold chain, one of the many gifts the emperor had given him, which was wound about his throat. Like the cruelly heavy fetters of a prison, it seemed to choke him. As he thought of the Jewish teachers at Jabneh, humble, poor, uncertain of their future, but keeping Israel alive amid the ruins, he envied them with all his heart.

John Adams and the Transformed Island

(Pitcairn) 1789-1829 A.D.

Now you shall hear a very wonderful story of what came about through one copy of the Bible and one man, in a tiny island in the Pacific Ocean.

The little speck of an island, but two and a quarter miles long, and one mile broad, is about 1,200 miles from Tahiti. This is a tale of the South Seas.

In the year 1767 (how long ago?) Captain Carteret, of Great Britain, was cruising round in those latitudes, and with him a young midshipman named Pitcairn. He was the first to discover the hitherto unknown island, and gave it his name. The poor young man died not long after. His naming of the island went down in the ship's log-book, and the next man who made a chart of the South Seas put a new dot on it for Pitcairn, and that was the last of this speck in the ocean for a long, long time.

Twenty years after, the good ship *Bounty,* flying the British flag, took her way homeward with plants of the breadfruit tree, which the government wished to introduce into the West Indies. Captain Bligh was in command. The master's mate was Fletcher Christian, a bright young man, but quick-tempered and revengeful. The captain was not as wise and kind as he might have been, and the mate was ready to resent everything, so that there was a bad state of feeling on board. At last Fletcher Christian, who was not well named, led the men in a mutiny. They overpowered the captain and his

handful of faithful men, put them into a small boat loaded to the water's edge, within a few inches, and carrying a small allowance of provisions, and sent them adrift. It is dreadful to think of.

The mutineers then turned the vessel back to Tahiti, where they told a lie to account for their return, saying the captain had gone, with some of his crew, in another boat, with a friend, met on the sea. But the wicked men were in terror every moment, afraid they would be found out somehow and pursued to their death. They left the island, landed upon another, leaving some of the men behind, and taking some natives of Tahiti with them. They tried to build a barricade, but the work did not go well, and soon the *Bounty* was at sea again. Then was discovered the little island of Pitcairn, that seemed so solitary and forsaken that it promised safety. They landed and took up their residence there.

Let us imagine the scene. The men unload the chip and cast all her lading upon the shore. If we look carefully, we shall see an old Bible among the things tossed down. Now it is decided to "burn their bridges" by burning the ship, and soon the *Bounty* is a mass of flame, burning to the water's edge. Now these men must live with the savages brought with them, and see their English homes no more.

But shall we follow Captain Bligh and crew, set adrift nearly four thousand miles from any European settlement, with scanty supplies of food and water? They dare not land upon unknown islands for fear of being killed by savages. With two cocoanut shells for scales, and a leaden bullet for a weight, the captain daily measures and weighs the supplies for each man. Sometimes the storm-tossed boat quivers between waves "mountain-high" as the story-books say. Daily they pray for help, and God is good. At last they reach home, and tell their strange story. The ship *Pandora* scours the seas for the mutineers. Some are found at Tahiti but two have been murdered. Three are drowned on the homeward trip, the rest

are punished with death on reaching England. But of Fletcher Christian and the rest not a trace is found.

The life in Pitcairn is very terrible. The men are in hourly dread of a visit from a man-of-war, and many a false alarm sends them scuttling to their hiding-places in the rocks, Fletcher Christian is so cruel that by and by the natives of Tahiti kill him and four other whites. Then the whites left, struggle with the natives, till all the Tahitan men are killed. It seems as if the tiny island runs blood. But time goes on. Children are born. A man who knows how to make an intoxicating drink from native plants brings this curse upon them.

At last one man only, of the crew of the *Bounty* is left. He used to be called Alexander Smith but takes the name of John Adams. He taught himself to read, when a boy, from the signs and handbills on the London streets. One day he goes rummaging among the old things taken from the *Bounty* and finds the Bible. Sick at heart over all the wickedness on the island, he reads God's Word. He prays. He finds and trusts God's promises. He gives his heart to God.

It is twenty-five years since the mutiny on the *Bounty*. Two men-of-war, one September evening, find an island not laid down in their charts. Next morning they see the homes of people on the shore — neat and comfortable they look. See. A canoe from the shore, with two young men, comes towards the ships, and hails them in the English tongue. How amazing! They are taken on board and given some refreshments. Before they eat, they fold their hands and say earnestly, "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

By and by the story all comes out. John Adams has been the missionary who has taught those on the island to worship God and love His Word. It is this which has changed everything. He dies in 1829, forty years after the mutiny.

Another missionary goes out by and by, and the wonderful story goes on in the Transformed Island.

John Eliot

Apostle to the Indians (1645 – 1690 A.D.)

Come, let us take a thought-journey back over two hundred and fifty years. Can you do it? Of course you can. You can think back thousands of years to the Flood, or to the Garden of Eden, for that matter. You can think back much farther than you can remember.

Let us imagine that we are about eighteen miles southwest of Boston, on the Charles River, in the town with the Indian name, Natick. There seems to be something interesting going on in this little place, with woods around it. Look at the people coming together. Why — they are red men. Yes, they are Indians. Let us not be afraid of them. They are red, but they do not look fierce and wild. Now, see! A horseman is coming near. What a good face he has. He has come from Foxbury, we bear, where he has long been the pastor of a church. How kindly he greets the Indians. And now we hear what is to be done to-day. These Indians are to be formed into a church of their own. It is the minister, Rev. John Eliot, of Roxbury, who has gathered the red men together. Every two weeks he comes to preach to them. In ten years we find that there are fifty of these "Praying Indians," as they are called.

Surely we wish to know something about the good man who has done so much for these children of the forest, who were in our land when the Pilgrims came.

John Eliot was born in England in 1604. The father died

before the son was very far along in his education, and he left eight pounds a year to be used, for eight years, in keeping his boy at Cambridge University. After finishing at Cambridge, John Eliot taught school. He became a minister of the Church of England when he was twenty-seven years old, and soon after that came to America with three brothers and three sisters. Miss Hannah Mumford, to whom he was engaged, came the next year, and they were married — the first marriage to be put down in the records of Roxbury, Massachusetts. For sixty years this good minister was settled over Roxbury church.

But his heart yearned over the Indians. He believed that they had souls to be saved, and he felt that he must tell them of the Saviour. It was not easy to win them at first, but the minister was so kind and friendly that by and by the red men became devoted to him. Across the country he went, once a fortnight, as you know, riding on horseback to preach to his Indians. One after another he formed more settlements of Praying Indians. He taught them other things besides the Bible. He showed them how to raise crops, to build bridges, to make houses and homes, and how to clothe themselves properly. He made them comfortable, and by getting help from others, he made it possible for them to work, and to live as did their civilized brothers.

The red men had a government of their own among themselves, and it was wonderful how well they got on. Mr. Eliot was forty-one when he began to preach to them. In fourteen years there were thirty-six hundred Praying Indians. The government set apart six thousand acres of land for them.

After preaching a while, and explaining the Word of God, Mr. Eliot thought that these people ought to have the Bible in their own language. A very queer language it was, and hard to learn, but the good minister was not discouraged by that. He had the help of an Indian, taken captive in the Pequot War, in the work of translation. It was finished and printed in

1663, and was the very first Bible ever printed in America. Later, a revised version was printed at an expense of nine hundred pounds. Mr. Eliot gave towards this from his own small salary, the rest of the money coming from England. There are very few copies of this Indian Bible to be found now. One sold for five hundred and fifty pounds a while ago in England. Some words had to be supplied; the Indians had no word for "salt," nor for "Amen."

Three years after the first printing of the Bible the busy missionary printed the grammar for the Indians. At the end of it he wrote this sentence which has become historic everywhere: " Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything." Do you not wish to stop right here, and say that over, until you know it by heart? Please do. It will help you.

There are only fourteen or fifteen copies of the first edition of this grammar now to be found.

Mr. Eliot had a salary of only sixty pounds for his work in Foxbury and fifty for his Indian work, but he was one of the most generous men that ever lived. One time the treasurer, on giving him the money then due, tied it up in a handkerchief to keep him from giving away any of it. Visiting a poor family on the way home, and wishing to help them, the minister found the knots too hard to untie, and gave the kerchief to the mother, saying, " God must have meant it *all* for you."

He died in 1690, at the age of eighty-six, but is still unforgotten.

John G. Paton
"The Saint John of the New Hebrides"
(1857 – 1907 A.D.)

Let us look at some fascinating pictures which this wonderful missionary has left for us in the story of his life. The first one is that of his little home in dear old Scotland, in the county of Dumfries. We see the boy's birthplace, a little cottage in the parish of Kirkmahoe, where, on May 24, 1824, he saw the light. This place is in the background. In the foreground stands the home in the busy village of Torthorwald, whither the child was taken when five years old, and where the staunch, godly Scotch parents, in the forty years that went by, brought up their five sons and six daughters, and saw them go out into the world.

The cottage has stout oaken ribs, which the years of peat smoke have "japanned" until they shine, and they are too hard to drive a nail into them. The roof is thatched, the walls are of stone, plastered, or pointed, with sand, clay and lime There in the front of the three roomed house we see the mother's domain, kitchen, parlour and bedroom in one, and in the rear room, the father's stocking-frames, five or six of them, which busy fingers keep in use betimes. The merchants of the county know and prize the good work of those frames.

There is a middle room, called a closet, which is "the sanctuary"; for here, in the bare little place, with only space for bed, table, and chair, with a small window to light it, the

father goes by himself and "shuts to the door" daily, and often three times a day. The children know that he is praying, and sometimes hear his voice through the shut door, but it is too sacred a thing to talk about. The one who is to become a great missionary never loses the memory of that place and those prayers, and often says to himself, "He walked with God, why may not I?"

The thatched cottage with oaken ribs is the scene of busy days and happy Sabbaths, when churchgoing, and Bible stories and the Shorter Catechism at home, are not tasks but pleasures. Then we see the school days, and, when the boy is twelve, the learning of the father's trade, with long hours daily, and all the spare minutes spent in study of first lessons in Greek and Latin. The boy has early decided to become a missionary, and even at the stocking-frames learns some things in the use of tools, and the watching of machinery, worth much to him in coming days and far-off fields.

The second picture that we look upon, as we follow the early days of the youth who is to be a missionary to distant savages, shows us many things We see him working, saving, studying, going to school, earning money, going through all sorts of struggles and trials, teaching school, managing the unruly scholars without beating them with the heavy stick given him with which to "keep order," and finally, we behold him as a city missionary. His district is dreadfully poor and degraded, and after a year's work, there are but six or seven won to churchgoing to show for it.

But the indefatigable young city missionary struggles on. A kind Irishwoman whose husband beats her, when drunken, and whose life is a toilsome one, gives the lower floor of her house for meetings. Classes are organized, meetings held in various places, visits are made continually, and the work grows wonderfully. The churches near receive many new members from this field, and eight lads work their way through educational courses to enter the ministry. So ten

busy, burdened, and useful, happy years pass by.

Now comes a third picture, which shows us the call to the foreign field. The Reformed Church of Scotland, in which Mr. Paton has been brought up, calls for a new missionary to help Mr. Inglis in the New Hebrides. Not one can be found, after most earnest prayer and the use of all possible means.

Young Mr. Paton is deeply interested. He hears the heavenly Father's voice saying, "Since none better can be got, rise and offer yourself." He almost answers aloud, "Here am I, send me," but is afraid of being mistaken. At last, however, he feels impelled to make the offer, and he is joyfully received and accepted. His city mission parishioners rebel, and every effort is made to keep him from leaving them, but nothing now can dissuade him. His parents bid him Godspeed, saying, "We long ago gave you away to the Lord, and in this matter also, would leave you to God's disposal." Then he hears for the first time that at his birth he was dedicated to missionary work, if God should call, and that they have prayed ever since, that their first-born might be prepared and sent as a messenger to the heathen. The young missionary's happy marriage follows, and his departure with his bride for the cannibal island of Tanna, New Hebrides, in the far South Seas. He is now thirty-two and the time is December, 1857.

Let us turn to the fourth picture, which shows us the island of Tanna. Dr. Inglis, and some native Christian teachers from the partly Christianized island of Aneityum, go with Mr. Paton, while Mrs. Paton stays for a while with the missionaries' wives who can tell her much of mission work, and she joins her husband later. The first view of the naked, painted, miserable savages gives a feeling of horror as well as of pity. They come crowding round to see the building of a wooden, lime-plastered house, chattering like monkeys.

"Whatever interchange there is, must be by signs at first. One day the clever missionary notices a man lifting up some article that is strange, and asking another "Nungsi nari enu?"

He decides that this means "What is it?" and tries it again and again upon different natives. They always answer by giving the name he wishes. Again he hears a stranger asking, "Se nangin?" pointing to the missionary. "He is asking my name," thinks Mr. Paton. It is true, and another phrase of the language is added to his vocabulary. So he goes on, picking out words and meanings.

The natives have quantities of stone idols and charms, which they reverence with boundless superstition. They also have devil-kings and witch-doctors. And, as you know, they are cannibals, and several men are killed and eaten not far from the new house going up. The boy from Aneityum, once a servant of Dr. Inglis, is much distressed that the blood has been washed into the water of a boiling spring, and no water can be found for the tea. He seems to think this is the very worst of these savage doings — they have spoiled the tea-water.

The days go on, the house is occupied, a little son brings gladness. But alas, the house is built too near the shore. Says an old chief, "Missi, you will die here. We sleep on the hills and trade-winds keep us well. You must go sleep on the hill." But before this can be done, ague and fever attack the young mother of the wee baby boy, and before long, there is a quiet grave in which mother and child lie asleep, and the broken-hearted missionary says afterwards, "But for Jesus and His fellowship, I must have gone mad beside that grave and died." He has many sweet memories, and among them the words before his wife died, "I do not regret leaving home and friends. If I had it to do over, I would do it with more pleasure, yes, with all my heart."

This picture of life in Tanna is a panorama, and we watch it as it moves. We see the good missionary's constant kindness and patience, as he lovingly tells the savages of Jesus, gathering them together as he can, bearing with them in spite of their treacheries, continual thieving, lying, and cruelties.

Sometimes they pretend to be friendly, sometimes there is encouragement in the work, and then they grow fierce and abusive, and again and again try to kill the man who has come, for love's sake, to help them.

One day there comes a ship of war from England to touch at the island. "Missi, will the captain ask if we have stolen your things?" asks a frightened native. "I expect he will," answers Mr. Paton. "I must tell him the truth."

Now what a scurrying hither and yon to bring back stolen things, till men come running, this one with a pot, another with a blanket or a pan, and so they gather a great heap together. "Missi, Missi, do tell us, is it all here?" they cry. "I do not see the lid of my kettle," he says, and one answers, "It is on the other side of the island. I have sent for it; tell him not, for it will be here to-morrow."

For a while the wholesome effect of the ship's visit lasts, then is lost. The natives have a ceremony called Nahak, a sort of incantation by the sacred men. causing the death of any one made the subject of it. To carry this out, they must have some fruit, of which the victim has taken a taste. Mr. Paton, when threatened, gives them some plums, which he has tasted, and the men vainly try to work Nahak. They explain their failure by saying that Missi is also a sacred man and his God works for him.

Again and again the missionary is beset, muskets aimed at him, "killing stones" thrown, clubs raised to strike, but all in vain. He never shows fear, but stands praying inwardly, and, as by miracle, his life is spared.

But wars multiply, opposition grows, sickness wastes, and at last the faithful missionary has to escape, after unimaginable perils, and take refuge in a passing vessel. It wrings his heart to leave Tanna, but it is the only way to save his life.

And now we see the brave man travelling in Australia and elsewhere, securing money to build the mission ship *Dayspring*. Thousands listen to the story of peril and of need which

he has to tell, and the money is given.

Again we look, and see him in Scotland, and it would be wonderful to follow him in his tours in which he accomplishes so much for the beloved Work.

The last picture upon which we may look shows Dr. Paton returning to the New Hebrides — not alone, for he takes a devoted wife with him, and he only touches at Tanna, where he may not stay, though some who remember his teachings beg him to do so. Other missionaries finally take up the work there, and blessings follow. Dr. Paton goes to Aniwa, and here the islanders receive him kindly. Yet they have a savage way of asking for anything, and swinging the tomahawk to enforce their requests.

A mission house of six rooms is finally built, then two orphanages, a church and schoolhouses. An old chief becomes a Christian. Many poor creatures began to wear a bit of calico by way of clothing — the first sign of turning in the right way.

And sometimes very funny things happen in this connection. Nelwang elopes with Yakin, who has thirty other admirers, and they keep out of the way a long time. When at last they come to church, Nelwang is wearing shirt and kilt, but Yakin's bridal gown is a man's drab greatcoat buttoned tight to her heels, with a vest hung over this. A pair of men's trousers are put round her neck, on one shoulder is fastened a red shirt, and on the other a striped one, and around her head is a red shirt twisted turban- wise, a sleeve hanging over each ear.

The thing which at last "breaks the back of heathenism" is the sinking of a well in the island where water is very scarce and precious. The natives are affrighted at the thought of trying to bring "rain from below," but Dr. Paton digs first and then hires the men with fish-hooks, and prays earnestly as he works, and at last water is found — enough for all, and the natives say "Jehovah is the true God." Triumphs of grace

follow — journeys in other lands to tell the story, and in 1907 this missionary hero enters into rest.

John Coleridge Patteson

Famous English Oarsman, Then Bishop, and "Martyr of Melanesia," South Sea Islands.

(From about 1856 to 1871 A.D.)

A young man can be an athlete and yet become a missionary, and, very likely, be all the better missionary for it. Certainly a strong body is an excellent missionary asset.

John Coleridge Patteson was a leader in all athletic sports as a youth, and was a famous oarsman. He was a grandnephew of the poet, Samuel T. Coleridge, and was born in London in 1827. He was finely educated, being graduated from Oxford.

The young man became a curate of the Church of England, but a year after he was ordained, sailed to the Melanesian Islands in the South Pacific. He went with the famous Bishop Selwyn, who, through a simple clerical error in making out the boundaries, was given the largest diocese ever assigned to a bishop.

On the voyage to the South Seas, Mr. Patteson studied the Maori language, and was soon able to speak it. He helped Bishop Selwyn for five years in conducting a native training school for preparing assistants. In 1861 he was made Bishop of the Melanesian Islands. After this he reduced to writing several of the island languages which had never before been written. This was a great service, for which his native ability as a linguist, and his wide studies, had prepared him.

Grammars in these languages were next prepared, and parts of the New Testament translated into the Lifu tongue.

The Bishop's headquarters were at Moto, in Northern New Hebrides, and from there he went about to other islands of his diocese in a mission ship called *The Southern Cross.* It might be said to have been fitted out by the point of a pen, for this was done by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the writer, with the proceeds of her book, "The Heir of Kedcliffe." Was it not a beautiful thing to do? It should be known by all who read the interesting book.

One day you might have seen the Bishop cruising among the islands, and nearing Nakapu. A boy has been stolen lately from this island by some white traders. The islanders are fiercely set upon revenge, but the good Bishop is unsuspicious. He lowers his boat from *The Southern Cross* and rows out to meet the men coming in their canoes. After their custom, they invite him to enter one of their boats, which he does, and is taken ashore. He is never seen alive again. Search is made for the unreturning friend, and his body is found pierced with five wounds. So, in the year 1871, the Martyr of Melanesia wins his crown.

His place among the hero-dead
    Who still are truly living,
This martyr takes, whose hero-life
    Gave cause for such thanksgiving.

He is but one, but he is one
    Of that great host uncounted.
Whose valorous souls, by sword and flame
    To heights celestial mounted.

Why still the moving stories tell?
    Because the tales are deathless,
And we should do far more this day
    Than listen, thrilled, and breathless.

Not to their crowns may we aspire,
But to their quenchless, high desire.

Dr. John Scudder
The First Medical Missionary from America
(1819 – 1855 A.D.)

Once upon a time, a lady who was ill sent for her physician whose name was Dr. John Scudder. The place was New York While in the anteroom for a few minutes, he took up and read a tract called "The Conversion of the World." It made such a deep impression upon the young doctor's mind that he could not forget it. After thinking it over and thinking it over, he finally decided to give his life to helping in the great Cause, and in 1819 he sailed for Ceylon under the American Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Scudder was the first medical missionary to go to the foreign field from America. Surely his name should be remembered for this, and also for the fact that in 1820 he was the only medical missionary in the world.

After some years Dr. Scudder went from Ceylon to Madras, India. Those who know his name usually associate him especially with India, because that was his last field, and a good part of his thirty-six years of missionary labour was spent there. He made one long stay in the home-land when he had to return, but while in America he did a great deal for the Cause he loved. He loved to talk to children, and while he was at home, spoke to a hundred thousand at different times and places. A lady now living said to me that one of the sweetest memories of her childhood was seeing and hearing dear Dr. Scudder, and having him speak to her when she was

a little girl. The good missionary's health failing, he went to Cape of Good Hope, Africa, for medical advice, and was returning to his field when his life ended with a sudden stroke of apoplexy, at Wynburg, South Africa, in 1855.

Dr. Scudder gave more than his own one life to missions. He gave seven sons and two daughters to the work in India, and another record says fifteen grandchildren besides. Isn't it simply splendid to think of such a family as that? At one time a whole mission station was carried on by five sons of the Scudder family, their wives and one sister. Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder was the first son of a missionary to be sent forth as a preacher to the heathen. He was a very skillful physician.

Dr. John Scudder, Jr., was another missionary-physician, and three of his children became missionaries. Rev. William Scudder was another son of this family. He gave twenty-two years of service to India, was then a congregational pastor for eleven years in America. When he was sixty years old he went back to India for nine years of labour, and died in 1895. And one tract was the beginning of all this!

Jorgen Bronlund
The Immortal Eskimo
1877 – 1907 (Scandinavia)

He is the one Eskimo who lives immortal in the story of endurance and sacrifice. A Greenlander he was, of a stock that owned the great island sub-continent ages before the Vikings arrived. Civilisation had caught and carried him to school, and he could read and write. But it was as guide and hunter that he was chosen to accompany the Danish expedition that first crossed the north-eastern corner of the great island of Greenland in 1906.

Mylius Erichsen was its leader, and having added great areas to the map and traced the land 200 miles east of the farthest point to which it had been known to reach, he split his party into detachments for further exploration. Taking with him Lieutenant Hagen and Bronlund, he turned west with food for three months packed on a sledge which they pulled after them. He completed a survey of the coast, and then, with supplies dangerously short and clothing much worn, he set out to march to the ship, 600 miles away.

Terrible weather, heavy going, failure of the dogs, shortage of food, and repeated frostbite foretold the end long before it came. A foreboding caused Erichsen to write up his journal and leave it in two parts, in cairns at a considerable distance from each other on the way back. Winter was on the devoted trio in a trice, and the night that lasts four months

descended on them. Starving and exhausted they toiled on, marching with difficulty in the cold and darkness, covering only two miles a day, sometimes only one.

Famished and frozen, they were overtaken by a snow storm which lasted day after day. The three men huddled together at the foot of a sheltering rock, seeking by contact to communicate to each other the last flicker of warmth in their bodies. But Nature proved inexorable and at the end of two days of bitter wind and storm Hagen sank and died.

The leader and the Eskimo tied his body to their sledge and for ten days dragged it through the darkness. Then Mylius Erichsen died, and Bronlund was left with two dead men out on the ice of a fiord off Lambert's Land. He himself was dying he could not fail to realise it, his paralysed feet were almost useless, his knees were locked with pain so that he could only shuffle a little way at a time.

But his leader's precious notes and diaries, his maps of an unknown Greenland his letters, all that was to make him lastingly famous, were out on the sea-ice, which would break up and carry all away with the coming of next year's summer. The bodies Bronlund could not move; the papers he must save, for the sake of the man he had served and loved.

He placed the maps in a bottle which he tied by a thong to his neck, and with the rest of the papers safe he struggled on and on through the cold and gloom. He knew he was dying, but he knew that his precious charge would one day be found. He entered up his diary, and his last words he set down for the instant reading of an expedition he knew would come to seek him. This was it, 79 Fiord, after attempt to return over the inland ice in November.

I came here in waning moon, and could get no farther, owing to frostbitten feet an darkness.

The bodies of the others are in the middle of the fiord, opposite the glacier, about two and a half leagues.

Hagen died November 15, and Mylius about ten days after

Jorgen Bronlund.

Two years elapsed before a rescue part found his body. There he lay amid the snow partly screened by a crevice that had formed his deathbed. Attached to his neck was the bottle with the maps. By his side in order and carefully stacked, were the precious manuscripts. In his pockets were the last letters of the white men. In the diary was that tragic message, his own epitaph, written with his dying hand. The brave Eskimo, though he knew it not, had succeeded in bearing back to civilisation the secrets his master had discovered.

It needed not the cairn above his body or the winding sheet in which tender hand wrapped him to do him honour. Jorgen Bronlund, by his magnificent devotion had woven his garland of fame.

José de Anchieta

1534 – 1597 A.D.

In the midst of the ancient forests of Misiones, a province in northern Argentina, half hidden by banks of gorgeous wild-flowers and riots of shrub and fern, are a few remnants of dark stone wall, and bits of broken, moss-covered statue — all that is left of the busy Jesuit mission towns which once stretched from the coast of Brazil inland to the Paraguay and Parana Rivers. To this remote region of the world the Jesuit priests had first penetrated in the sixteenth century, and collected the wild, roving Tupi-Guarani Indians into peaceful villages with such ease and dispatch that "every one published that the new order, whose founder was born at the time Christopher Columbus began to discover the new world, had received from heaven a special mission."

The Franciscan monks who came to South America with the conquistadores had forced their religion upon the Indians. A few had even dared to say a good word for the poor natives, and a Dominican bishop named Las Casas had fiercely championed their cause in Mexico and Peru; but the first concentrated effort to make the Indians contented and industrious, as they had been before ever the white man appeared, and to protect them from the cruel exploitation of Portuguese and Spanish settlers, was this great enterprise of the Jesuit fathers, the earliest missionaries on the continent.

First they came to the Brazilian coast. Brazil was not

Spanish territory like all the rest of the New World. A Portuguese nobleman named Cabral had happened upon the eastern shores of South America while he was trying to find the East Indies. A year later Amerigo Vespucci hurried across from Lisbon to inspect this new piece of Portuguese property, and he called the country Brazil, because, instead of the gold and silver he wanted, he found nothing of commercial value except brazil-wood, used in Europe for dyes. One of the earliest large settlements in Brazil was built up on the capacious Bay of Bahia, and when, in 1549, several hundred colonists came to live there, among them were a number of Jesuits, sent by John III of Portugal to convert the Indians, just as the Franciscans had been sent with the Spaniards by Charles V.

The priests were assigned plots of land and with their own hands chopped trees, sawed wood, hauled stones, and built a church, a college, and small houses for themselves. By that time their clothes hung in rags, they had no money, and often they were reduced to begging alms. But they had no desire for property, or comforts, or even the necessities of life. By law of their order, self-denial and the "acquisition of eternal goods" were the sole aims of a Jesuit. One father describes their early settlements: "What houses are these that the clergy inhabit? A few miserable straw huts. What furniture do they possess? The breviary and manual to baptize and administer the sacraments. What is their nourishment? Mandioca root, beans and vegetables; and the majesty of God is witness that they have passed twenty-four hours without even partaking of roots, in order not to beg of the Indians and thus become a burden to them."

When a new governor was sent to Bahia, he brought with him more Jesuits, who scattered among the Indians in all directions, building rude settlements, gathering the tribes together, and teaching them not only good morals but how to work their farms. Among these pioneers was a pale, ascetic youngster, Jose de Anchieta. He had been born in Teneriffe,

one of the Canary Islands, of rich and aristocratic parents. They sent him at fourteen to the Portuguese university at Coimbra, where he won many honors, especially in rhetoric, poetry and philosophy. His reputation for brilliancy reached the ears of the Jesuits who were always anxious to discover talented young proteges, and by the time he was seventeen they had persuaded him to join their order and begin training for the priesthood. During his novitiate, part of his day's schedule was to attend mass eight times, and his duties at each service required such constant kneeling that sometimes he would almost faint from exhaustion before night. His knees grew lamer and lamer, yet he refused to give in to what he considered a wicked bodily weakness, and he kept his suffering secret until he became dangerously ill. As a result of this neglect his spine was permanently injured, and all the money his father possessed could never smooth out the hump in his back. The fear that he might have to give up his training tortured him more than all the pain of his three years of illness, until he was reassured by one of the priests who predicted: "Do not worry so about it, my boy, for God intends that you shall yet serve him in this order."

Then in 1553, when the expedition was preparing to sail from Lisbon for Bahia, Anchieta's friends decided to send him along for his health. No one knew much about Brazil, but glowing reports had convinced the Portuguese that the climate and food were a sure cure for all ailments.

Anchieta reached Brazil eager to begin immediately on some branch of the mission work, and the provincial, or chief Jesuit, appointed him to go to the colony of Sao Paulo to start a little college for the training of young settlers who wished to join the order. There in the wilderness this teacher, twenty-one years old, gathered his pupils into the first classical school in America, instructing them in Latin, Spanish, and the Tupi language. Within a year, besides opening the school and teaching his classes, he had found time to learn the Indians'

language, and to write a Tupi grammar for the use of the Jesuit missionaries.

In the report which he sent back to the provincial, he said: "Here we are, sometimes more than twenty of us together in a little hut of mud and wicker, roofed with straw, fourteen paces long and ten wide. This is at once the school, the infirmary, the dormitory, refectory, kitchen and storehouse. Yet we covet not the more spacious dwellings which our brethren have in other parts. Our Lord Jesus Christ was in a far straiter place when it was his pleasure to be born among beasts in a manger."

The little house had no such luxury as a chimney, and was usually so full of smoke that the classes would adjourn to the front yard to recite under the shade trees. A mat, hung at the entrance, served the purpose of a door, and the pupils slept in hammocks slung from the rafters. Banana leaves were the only dishes.

"I serve here as barber and physician," Anchieta wrote, "physicking and bleeding the Indians, and some of them have recovered under my hands when their lives were despaired of." He also learned to make alpargatas, a variety of tough shoe which could stand hard wear. "I am now a good workman at this," he said, "and have made many for the brethren, for it is not possible to travel with leathern shoes among these wilds."

There were no textbooks in this little school. The only way of assigning lessons was for Anchieta to write out on separate leaves copies enough to go around. This sometimes took him all night, and the class, when it arrived in the morning, would find its teacher just where he had been the night before, the pen still in his fingers. For Anchieta persistently ignored every feeling of weariness, and forced himself to go without sleep until he grew accustomed to the loss of it. For many hours in the night he would be on his knees in some quiet, remote spot under the stars, praying for strength to do

all he saw needed to be done.

After the Tupi grammar was finished, he commenced on a dictionary. Both of these were sent to Portugal and printed there for the use of Jesuits who were preparing to work among the Indians in South America, Anchieta was not only the first scholar and the first educator, but the first poet in Brazil and the father of Brazilian literature. Instead of forbidding the Indians and the townspeople to sing their merry, ribald ballads, he wrote beautiful canticles for them which became so popular that the boys whistled them on the street, and they entirely took the place of the old songs. Some of his hymns, chanted daily by his pupils, told whole Bible stories which he had turned into verse.

Then he wrote a play, and the settlers came from far and wide to the first theatricals ever given in the New World. Like the old English morality plays, Anchieta's comedy was presented for the purpose of teaching the people a lesson, and he chose it as the most vivid way of driving home a few good morals. It was given out-of-doors on a summer afternoon. The acts of the play were written in Portuguese, but interludes in Tupi were inserted between acts so that the Indians in the audience could follow the action.

The Jesuit priests were always supposed by the simple, ignorant people to be capable of performing wonderful miracles. Legends of the supernatural powers which Anchieta possessed would fill large volumes. All the traditional wonder-stories seem to have collected about his name. At this outdoor play he first won his reputation. After the people were all seated and the actors were about to sally forth, heavy clouds gathered, and the audience was on the verge of rushing for shelter when Anchieta appeared on the stage and held up his hand for quiet. There would be no rain, he said, until the play was over. For three hours the storm held off, and then, just as the last person reached shelter, the clouds broke and the rain poured down.

Anchieta really loved the natives and they knew it. He never regarded either an Indian or a half-breed as an inferior being. They were all his friends. Men held him in such reverence that they believed the elements and all living things obeyed his will. "The birds of the air," it was said, "formed a canopy over his head to shade him from the sun. The fish came into his net when he required them. The wild beasts of the forests attended upon him in his journeys, and served him as an escort. The winds and waves obeyed his voice. The fire, at his pleasure, undid the mischief it had done, so that bread which had been burnt to a coal in the oven was drawn out white and soft by his interference."

Reports of his remarkable powers and his influence over the wild Indians reached the ears of the provincial, and he was recalled from Sao Paulo for promotion. Though not yet a priest, he was sent out on journeys into the wilderness with the Jesuit fathers who went to convert and collect into villages the roving bands of Indians. One of his feats which won the admiration of his order was the conversion of an old Indian reprobate, aged one hundred years, who had lived long enough, one might suppose, to become set in his ways.

In small groups, often only two men together, the Jesuits pushed their way through regions where white men had never gone, exploring, learning native customs, establishing settlements. Those who traveled with Anchieta always had a tale worth telling at the end of their trip. One time in the mountains they camped for the night in a tent. Toward dawn Anchieta went out to pray as usual in the open country. When he returned to the tent he took something from the store of provisions and threw it outside.

"There, my little ones! Take your share!" they heard him say.

"Whom did you give that to?" they asked.

"To my companions."

Next morning in front of the tent they found the foot-

prints of two panthers. While Anchieta prayed they had sat by his side, then followed him home.

The natives were easily attracted by the elaborate ceremonies and ritual of the church, by the processions, the banners with mysterious words on them, the gorgeous priests' robes, the drums and flutes which made them want to sing and march and dance. The crude magnificence of the churches filled them with awe. Religion to them meant a series of delightful entertaiimients full of mystery and emotion. Sometimes they were allowed to vary the monotony of their work-a-day lives by a holiday, which "appeared necessary to the missionaries, as well to preserve the health of the Indians as to keep up among them an air of cheerfulness and good humor." Besides all these attractions the Jesuit settlements were the only safe refuges from the plantation owners who wanted slave labor. No wonder, therefore, they flourished mightily!

During these years of his wanderings Anchieta constantly exerted his influence to keep the peace between the Portuguese and the powerful tribes of Tamoyo Indians who had formed themselves into a confederation to drive out the settlers, and forever put a stop to their slave-hunting. With an immense war fleet of canoes, each one formed of the trunk of a single tree, they attacked and ravaged Portuguese villages. Young Anchieta and two other Jesuits volunteered to enter the territory of the Tamoyos and propose plans for a truce. Fearless and unarmed they marched straight into the haunts of the enemy, and stayed there two months while negotiations were in progress. The chiefs consented to the truce and Anchieta remained with them three years longer as a hostage, pledging with his life the good faith of his countrymen.

Sometimes the Indians grew restless and wanted to break the truce. Those were crucial moments for the young Jesuit.

"Prepare thyself," they told him one day; "satiate thine

eyes with the light of the sun, for we are determined to make a solemn banquet of thee."

"No," said Anchieta calmly. "You are quite mistaken. The hour of my death has not yet come."

With prayer and good works he filled his days, and gradually the Indians became his friends. "The Tamoyos narrowly watched the conduct of the holy young man," says one writer, "and the contrast between his manners and their own filled them with wonder and admiration. They looked upon him as something come from heaven and they loved him exceedingly because in their illnesses he taught them the use of different remedies; in addition to all this several prodigies were witnessed by them, which tended not a little to exalt him in their estimation."

In his boyhood Anchieta had made a vow to the Virgin to illustrate her life in verse. During the years of his captivity he composed nearly 5,000 stanzas in Latin, writing them out on the sand and then learning them by heart, for, "having neither books nor pens, he could only describe the work on the tablets of his memory." This, his "Hymn to the Virgin," is one of the masterpieces of religious poetry.

After his release Anchieta served for two years as chaplain of an army sent by the king to protect his colonies from the Tamoyos. Then the provincial called him back to Bahia, where his boyhood ambition to become a priest, in spite of his crooked back, was fulfilled.

In the midst of a sermon one day after he had returned to Sao Paulo, Anchieta stopped abruptly and covered his face with his hands. After a pause he seemed to recollect where he was. "Let every one of you recite the Lord's prayer," he said, "in thanksgiving to the Divine Goodness which has this day granted us victory over the Tamoyos." The people were vastly astonished at this revelation, but when the soldiers returned a few days later, it was found that the battle had been won just at the moment when Anchieta halted his sermon.

No one in all the community equaled Anchieta in pluck and energy. The districts where he asked to go on preaching trips were always the most dangerous and exhausting. If any of his flock went astray he would drop everything else and go and search for them. Once when two Portuguese soldiers escaped from jail and with some of their followers went off into Indian territory to stir up trouble, he set off after them to bring them back. On a stream in the wilderness his canoe was overturned in deep water, and though he was too crippled to swim, one half hour after the accident he was sitting safely on the bank — a miracle which his friends never tired of recounting. Anchieta never could tell them afterward just what happened or how he got ashore; he was conscious only of three things, one writer remarks naively: "Christ, Mary, and not to swallow any water." An illuminating little comment, perhaps, on the fact that with all his faith in the miraculous, the holy father had considerable common sense of his own to depend upon in emergencies! The story ends with rain coming down in torrents, paths full of rocks and brambles, no sign of shelter or chance for a cozy fire and something to eat, and at last, when the dripping, ragged priest hobbles into their midst, the fugitives straightway repent because they have caused him so much pain, and obediently follow him home.

To the people of Sao Paulo and Sao Vicente, Anchieta had become very nearly a saint. The fame of his good deeds, his bravery, his wonderful powers, spread far and wide, and it was not long before he was appointed superior of the Jesuit colony of Santo Spirito, a district about half way between Bahia and Sao Paulo. Rigid self-discipline by now had become a habit with him. While "thinking on divine matters" he forgot to eat. He slept on the bare boards of his dwelling with his shoes, or perhaps a neat bundle of brambles, for a pillow. The three things he needed the most were a desk, a pen and a horse. The first two he borrowed, for of personal property he wished none; and he refused even the gift of a poor old

work horse because it would have been too great a luxury. It suited him better to take his trusty staff and make the rounds of his district barefooted. Day and night he was ready to answer calls for medical aid, though when he was in great pain himself and needed assistance he never could bear to disturb any one, and by sheer will power forced himself not to call for help. Yet Anchieta was by no means a doleful sort of person, and discomfort and illness seem never to have put an edge on his disposition. People loved him for his gayety and friendliness and the most miserable old Indian in town would cheer up when the padre came to pass the time of day.

Once when walking with another priest barefooted through muddy paths, Anchieta said with a simple earnestness: "Some of our fathers wish to be overtaken by death in this college or that, hoping thus for greater security at the last moment and to be helped by the charity of the brethren; but for my part, I could not desire to be in a better condition to die, than to quit life in one of these quagmires, when sent by obedience to the assistance of my neighbor."

By piety alone Anchieta could never have reached so high a place in the community life. He was a good business man, and under him the colony grew and prospered. It took a clear head and a high order of executive ability to govern a settlement, with its church and hospital, its schools, its agricultural and industrial activities, and its outlying towns with hundreds of Indians, whose every move had to be directed. The whole structure depended on the Jesuits in charge.

In the typical Indian village built up by the Jesuits, each inhabitant had his share in the work of the colony, and his plot of land. They were all like happy, contented children whose parents protected them and amused them and saw to it that they were healthy and busy. But they had neither initiative nor self-reliance, their religion was grafted rather than deeply ingrained, and they became so dependent upon the guidance of the fathers that when, in the beginning of the

seventeenth century, the Jesuits were gradually driven out from Brazil, the Indians fell into hopeless confusion and returned to their old wild life or were snapped up by the slave-hunters, while the neat little villages were left to fall to pieces with neglect. The same process was repeated when the Jesuits centered their efforts in Paraguay and northern Argentina. Town after town was abandoned and the once prosperous Indians scattered, when the entire order was finally driven out from all South America by royal decree in 1769.

One day, so tradition goes, Anchieta was sitting on a log of wood by the hearth fire with an old woman who had sent for him to come and hear her confessions. He was politely offered a stool in place of the log, but declined it. "A far more uneasy seat awaits me than that log," he said. Just then a letter was brought to him, sent post-haste by the provincial, directing him to start for Bahia without delay. It said nothing of the reason for this order, but, with his sixth sense, Anchieta knew. When he arrived he found them preparing to install him as provincial of air Brazil.

For seven years the little hump-backed priest held the highest religious office in the New World, and Jesuit power in Brazil reached its zenith. Then, as he grew too ill and feeble to lead the active life of an executive, he resigned, and began on a task of which he had always dreamed, the writing of a history of the Society of Jesus in Brazil.

In 1597, just before the power of his order was broken in Brazil, Anchieta, the noblest product of as fine and self-sacrificing a band of missionaries as ever lived, died after forty-seven years of constant service, dating from the days of his novitiate in the old university town of Portugal. "His body was carried and accompanied by all the Indians of the converted hordes, and by hundreds of inhabitants who in two days traversed, on foot, fourteen leagues," as far as the little coast town of Victoria in Santo Spirito, his burial place.

In the years that followed, open war broke out. The

hatred of the Portuguese for the Jesuits, who took away all their slave labor, reached the breaking point. The government which, nominally at least, had always protected the priests, was not powerful enough to hold back the rising tide of rebellion. To save the Indians and mollify the plantation owners, negro slavery had been introduced. It became the most hideous blot on the tablets of Brazilian history, but it accomplished neither of the results hoped from it. The Indian settlements were destroyed, and the raging Paulistas drove the Jesuits further and further back into the wilderness toward the borders of Paraguay.

It was the end of the prelude of Jesuit activity in South America. During the next century and a half the order flourished in Paraguay and the province of Misiones — Arcadia, it has been called — a land of sunshine and plenty, dotted with peaceful little towns where the missionaries had collected their flocks of Indians. Then came the decree which sent the Jesuit fathers quietly and without resistance out of the country forever, and laid waste all they had built up through the years. The crops grew wild, the herds scattered and dwindled, and a whole race of natives turned from civilization back to savagery. "The life, crafts, and arts of the missions were no more. The successors of the Jesuits found themselves flogging a dead horse." The spirit of the enterprise had vanished, and the Spanish money-makers who expected to reap the profits of the missionaries' industry saw their hopes crumble away. The old missions, the finest heritage of Catholic orders in South America, passed into oblivion.

José de San Martin

1778 –1850 A.D.

A few years after George Washington had won his last battle and the North American colonies were lost forever to Great Britain, the Spanish colonies in South America likewise began to feel the oppression of their mother country's supervision. The Spaniards as lords of the land held every desirable government position and picked all the plums of trade for themselves; while the Creoles, those who had been born in South America of pure Spanish descent, were treated as inferior beings quite incapable of managing the affairs of the country which by inheritance belonged to them.

In Europe a great secret society had been formed by a fiery South American patriot, Francisco Miranda, who dreamed night and day of freeing his country from Spanish oppression. The members pledged themselves to work for this end. Among the initiates of this society was Jose de San Martin, a native of Argentina, who had been sent to Europe for a military education. He had learned the business of war in every branch of the service during almost twenty years of fighting in Spain and France, and he had watched the greatest generals of the day manipulate their troops until he too was master of armies. Yet he had none of that spectacular brilliancy which a great many people seem to expect of a hero. His associates never dreamed that this silent young man, who did a good deal of thinking and not so much talking, was to

be a leading figure in the war for independence in South America.

When, in 1812, San Martin arrived in Buenos Aires to help his country fight for liberty, the sparks of revolution had almost been snuffed out in all the colonies except Argentina. Here the Creoles had declared their independence, deposed the Spanish governor and elected their own officials. The first thing San Martin did was to train a model regiment of cavalry to serve as the backbone for an army, and he showed such splendid powers of leadership that in 1813 he was given command of the patriot forces. Peru, of all the colonies, was the most thoroughly Spanish, and it was so hemmed in by mountains and deserts, by fierce Indian tribes and by Spanish strongholds that no attack on its frontier could ever be successful. San Martin had to plan a way to carry the cause of independence from one small patriotic center, Buenos Aires, right into this heart of Spanish supremacy in America. His solution of the problem he kept as secret as possible so that the Spaniards would be taken by surprise, and even his own staff could only guess at what might happen next.

First he asked to be appointed governor of Cuyo, an Argentine province lying at the foot of the Andes, and in Mendoza, its capital, he began to organize his campaign. The people of this province, many of them exiled Chilean patriots, thoroughly hated the Spaniards and, as he had wisely foreseen, made excellent helpers. San Martin, with his persuasive personality, could always make others feel as he did. Wherever he went patriots sprang into existence as if by magic, and now the entire community set to work to help him prepare his army. Even tiny children drilled and carried flags; and the ladies gave their jewels to pay for arms and provisions, worked on uniforms for the soldiers, and made a great battle flag bearing a glowing sun — the ancient symbol of the Incas.

To only one friend did he reveal the magnificent plan he was working out in the shadow of the mountains: "A small,

well-disciplined army in Mendoza to cross to Chile, finish off the Goths (Spaniards) there, and aid a government of trusty friends to put an end to the anarchy which reigns. Allying our forces we shall then go by sea to Lima. This is our course and no other." But between San Martin and Chile stretched the enormous snow-crowned Sierras of the Andes! No one had ever dreamed that an army with guns, baggage and horses could cross those treacherous passes, some of them 12,000 feet above the sea, and often too narrow to allow more than one mounted man to pass at a time. No wonder San Martin once remarked: "What spoils my sleep is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains."

It took just three years for San Martin, using all the resources of his province, to prepare for his task. This meant drilling his troops, gathering provisions, supervising the manufacture of arms and powder; and planning ahead each move of the army. He gave personal attention to every detail of his plan, from providing portable bridges for use in the mountains, and sledges to carry cannon over the snow, down to hiring the last cook for the commissariat and ordering shoes for every mule in the transport.

His chief diversion during this time was campaigning with chessmen in front of his own hearth fire and many an evening he spent in winning all the games from his friends. He took a fatherly interest in the people, and his quiet kindliness and sympathy were in marked contrast to the tyranny and injustice of Spanish officials. One day a farmer was sentenced for bitterly attacking the patriot cause. There was no room in San Martin's big nature for resentment. With a sparkle of fun in his eye he annulled the sentence on condition that the man supply the troops with ten dozen fat pumpkins. Another day a penitent officer came to him to confess that he had lost at cards a sum of money which belonged to his regiment. San Martin quietly turned to a little cabinet in the corner and took from it a number of gold coins. These he gave to the

miserable officer, saying sternly: "Pay this money into the regimental chest, and keep the secret; for if General San Martin ever hears that you told of it, he will have you shot upon the spot."

There were many periods of great discouragement during these years of preparation, when the Royalists seemed everywhere victorious, but San Martin had only one way of meeting bad news, to go calmly and confidently ahead as if nothing had happened. When word came of a great defeat of the patriots in the north, San Martin invited all his officers to a banquet, and after the dessert was served he rose to propose a toast: "To the first shot fired beyond the Andes against the oppressors of Chile!" The room rang with cheers, and from that moment there was never a doubt in the hearts of his men. They had caught that contagious enthusiasm from their general which was to lead the army to victory.

In January, 181 7, all was ready. A pen-and-ink sketch of the route to be followed and written instructions had been handed to each major officer by San Martin himself. From January 14 to 23 the troops, in six divisions, started off from different points in the province to cross the Andes at intervals along the 1,300 miles of unbroken mountain ranges. The time it would take each to cross had been so accurately reckoned that on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of February, the entire army poured forth from the six passes upon the Chilean plateau, exactly as planned, to find the Spaniards quite distracted and only half way prepared for defense. The two main divisions of the army filed out from the mountains simultaneously and, uniting on the plain of Chacabuco, defeated the Spanish forces on February 12, and marched into Santiago, then the capital, with flags flying. To this day in the great military schools of the world San Martin's march from Cuyo into Chile is used as a model of how a campaign should be conducted.

San Martin refused the honors which people now wanted to heap upon him, even the commission of brigadier-general,

the highest military honor the Argentine government could bestow. The only reward he seems to have accepted was a life pension for his daughter, Marie Mercedes, which he used for her education. With 10,000 ounces of gold given him by the Chileans for his personal use he built a public library in Santiago. And when they unanimously named him as their governor he flatly refused the position. Neither then nor later did he wish any political office which would not directly help along the cause of independence. Personal conquest, glory and profit had no part in his big plan.

The Spanish troops were expert soldiers and greatly outnumbered the invaders of Argentine. After sending for reenforcements, on March 19, 1818, they defeated the patriot forces at Talca, just outside Santiago. It was reported that San Martin had been killed and his army scattered to the four winds. The city rang with Royalist celebrations. But even as the shouts of *"Viva el rey!"* sounded through the streets, San Martin himself rode calmly into town, drew rein before his own house, and as he dismounted, grimly announced to the excited people that he expected to win the next battle and very soon, too.

With the help of friends in Santiago who showered him with money for supplies, he re-equipped his army and marched out to the plain of Maipo to meet the enemy. As he watched their lines forming for battle, he exclaimed: "I take the sun for witness that the day is ours!" At that moment, it is said, the sun in a cloudless sky rose over the crests of the Andes and shone full in his face. Before sunset the Spanish army was put to rout, and the Patriots, within seventeen days of their defeat, had established forever the independence of Chile.

Before the army could hope to find a foothold in Peru, a patriot fleet must sail up the coast to clear the way. Lord Cochrane, an experienced English admiral, took command of the navy in 1818. His ships swooped down on several towns

along the coast of Peru and captured them, and his energy and daring struck terror to the Spanish heart. His fiercest onslaughts were directed against Callao, a seaport, six miles from Lima, capital of Peru and headquarters for the royalist army. By the time then that San Martin's land forces were ready to set out, they had the sea to themselves, and the satisfaction of knowing that the Spanish fleet dared not poke its nose beyond Callao harbor. On August 20, 1820, the United Liberating Army boarded transports at Valparaiso and, under the guidance of Cochrane, sailed for Pisco, a port 150 miles south of Lima. Here San Martin divided his army. A force of 1,200 men were detailed to march northward in a great semi-circle around Lima, and to spread the seed of rebellion through the whole countryside. On the way these soldiers defeated a Royalist detachment sent against them. This success boomed the patriot cause, which already had friends in the neighborhood, and it became so popular that one entire regiment deserted the Spanish camp and begged to be allowed to fight with the newcomers. With the main part of his army San Martin made the other half circle around Lima by sea. Both sections were to meet at Huacho, some 70 miles north of the capital. It was a splendid pageant which sailed in regular order past the port of Callao: first the ships of war flying the scarlet and white flags, designed by San Martin for the new Republic of Peru; then the transports, their decks crowded with eager soldiers. It seemed as if every one in town had come out to stand on the walls and watch the squadron go by.

San Martin had no wish to win battles. He issued this proclamation to his men: "Remember that you are come, not to conquer but to liberate a people; the Peruvians are our brothers." Now that he had shown the Spaniards what they might expect of his army and fleet, he planned to stay quietly in the neighborhood of Lima, and by stimulating the Peruvians with a desire for liberty, lead them to assert their

own rights. He formed secret societies which carried the new ideas into every nook of the capital, and through his agents and publications acquired enough influence to cut off the supply of provisions from the city.

Meanwhile Lord Cochrane had put the finishing touch to his naval victory by capturing the *Esmeralda,* the prize ship of the Spanish fleet. His men in fourteen rowboats stole into Callao harbor by night, crept between the twenty-six gunboats which protected the big ship, boarded her before any one knew what was happening, and carried her off right from under the 300 guns of Callao Castle.

The situation in Lima, cut off from supplies by land and sea, where it was treason even to mention the subject of independence, grew worse every day. A merchant, just arrived from independent Chile, compared its capital with Lima. "We left Valparaiso harbor filled with shipping; its custom-house wharfs piled high with goods; the road between port and capital was always crowded with convoys of mules, loaded with every kind of foreign manufacture, while numerous ships were busy taking in cargoes. In the harbor of Callao the shipping was crowded into a corner and surrounded by gunboats; the custom house stood empty and its door locked; no bales of goods rose in a pyramid on the quay; no loaded mules plodded over the road to Lima." Indeed, this visitor concluded, every one in the city was miserable except the donkeys, who presumably enjoyed having nothing to do.

During the first six months of 1821 a truce was declared at the suggestion of the viceroy, who thought that if the situation were explained to the government in Spain some compromise might be possible. There was no such word as "compromise" in San Martin's vocabulary, but he consented to the truce because he knew it meant just so much more time for his cause to win adherents.

During this truce San Martin spent much of his time on board his own little yacht which lay at anchor in Callao

harbor, and there he received visitors. An English sea captain named Basil Hall came to talk with him a number of times, and in his *Journal* — as good reading as any story book — the captain tells his impression of the great general. "There was little at first sight to engage the attention; but when he rose and began to speak, his superiority was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a big surtout coat and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, handsome man with thick black hair and immense, bushy dark whiskers extending from ear to ear under his chin; his eye is jet black; his whole appearance being highly military. He is unaffectedly simple in his manners; exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindliness of disposition; in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible."

Sitting there at his little table the general explained himself to his friends: "People ask why I don't march to Lima at once; so I might, and instantly would, were it suitable to my view, but it is not. I do not want military renown, I have no ambition to be conqueror of Peru, I want solely to liberate the country from oppression, I wish to have all thinking men with me, and do not choose to advance a step beyond the march of public opinion, I have been gaining, day by day, fresh allies in the hearts of the people."

For a long time Spain had been too busy with her own revolution against monarchy to help her colonies. Neither ships nor advice were forthcoming, and on July 6, 1821, the viceroy hurriedly left Lima with his troops, and took to the mountains. The patriotic army, in a semicircle, settled down on the heights to the north of the city, in plain sight of the residents, but made no move to enter. A few prominent citizens immediately sent an invitation to San Martin to come and protect them from threatened uprisings of the slave and

Indian population. The general replied most politely that he would not enter the city as a conqueror; he would come only when the people themselves invited him because they wished to declare their independence. But to protect them, he ordered his troops to obey any directions given them by the officials of the city.

When the people heard this splendid offer they could not believe it had been made in good faith. The great general must be mocking them! They shook their heads suspiciously and solemnly gathered to discuss the matter. Tongues wagged excitedly all night long till at last a bright idea occurred to "a strange little man folded up in an old dingy Spanish cloak, with a broad-brimmed yellow hat, hooked loosely on one corner of his small square head, and shadowing a face plastered all over with snuff which, in the vehemence of his agitation, he flung at his nose in handfuls." This little person proposed that they order a certain troop of San Martin's cavalry to move one league farther away just to see if it would. The messenger who sallied out to carry this order returned to say that the troop had packed up its baggage and moved exactly as ordered. This put the Peruvians in high good humor and San Martin became more popular than ever. A formal deputation invited him with great cordiality to enter the city, and on July 9 the first section of the United Liberating Army marched into the capital of Peru while cheers of welcome rang through the streets.

San Martin himself rode into the city the next evening in his usual simple, informal manner, accompanied by only one aide. The story is told that he intended to stop on the way and rest for the night at a cottage outside the city. Unluckily this retreat was discovered by two admiring friars who made San Martin miserable with their extravagant praises. When they began to compare him with Caesar he could bear it no longer.

"Good heavens! What are we to do? This will never

answer," he told his aide.

"Oh, sir! Here come two more of the same stamp," warned the aide from the window.

"Indeed!" replied the general. "Then saddle the horses again and let us be off."

More praises and compliments were awaiting him in Lima, and the people crowded to greet him. One cold, sedate young priest suddenly forgot his dignity as he shook hands with the great general and burst' forth with a loud shout of *"Viva! Nuestra General!"*

"No, no," said San Martin, "do not say so; but join with me in calling: *'Viva la Independencia del Peru!'*"

On July 15 independence was declared, and the scarlet and white flag waved over a new republic. A great question now confronted the Peruvians: "Who shall govern us?" San Martin's policy had always been that as soon as he had liberated the people his task was over and they must work out their own plans for government, as the Chileans had done. But the Creoles in Lima knew as little about organizing a government as they had known how to break away from Spanish rule. San Martin believed this backwardness was due to their geographical situation which had cut them off from outside influences, and that they needed his help before they could be able to help themselves. He issued a decree which temporarily gave himself the title of "Protector of Peru." In a proclamation to the people he explained his position: "Since there is still in Peru a foreign enemy to combat, it is a measure of necessity that the political and military authority should continue united in my person. The religious scrupulousness with which I have kept my word in the course of my public life gives me a right to be believed; and I again pledge it to the people of Peru, by solemnly promising that the very instant their territory is free, I shall resign the command, in order to make room for the government which they may be pleased to elect."

By his first act in office, San Martin showed that his definition of independence was big enough to include not part but all the people. He wanted liberty for the slaves in Peru as well as for their masters, so he declared free every person born after Independence Day and every slave who voluntarily enlisted in his army. An English teacher living in Lima during this prosperous year of 1822 wrote: "I never mentioned a wish to San Martin that was not granted in the most obliging manner. After his going away, I scarcely mentioned anything I wished done, that was not refused."

The harbor now opened to all the world. Ships with rich cargoes sailed in and out; the donkeys again had great loads to carry from the wharfs; and the shops were filled with inexpensive articles of foreign manufacture which before this had been rare luxuries. But in spite of their sudden prosperity the Peruvians hampered San Martin in his two-fold task of putting affairs at home in good order and planning for further military campaigns. As he well knew, the national spirit which he had aroused might turn against him at any moment, and he had continually to be on his guard against uprisings. The Creoles grew jealous and factious at the slightest pretext. San Martin was after all an outsider and came from a rival republic. Nearly two thirds of his original army, moreover, unaccustomed to living so near the equator, had been ill of fever and were in no condition to fight.

San Martin now looked for help from quite another quarter. At this time a patriot general named Bolivar had reached the northern frontier of Peru with his army. He was fighting for the cause of independence in the North as San Martin had fought in the South. Here in Peru, these two great Liberators who between them had aroused all Spanish America met for the first time. San Martin, without a thought of possible rivalry, rejoiced in the strength and support so near at hand and planned an alliance which should speedily bring final victory. With great enthusiasm he arranged for an

interview at Guayaquil, a province just over the borderline of Peru. Bolivar, however, found the idea of sharing his military triumphs with another not at all to his liking. He "wanted the glory of driving out the last Spaniard," and he received the proposal of an alliance coldly, even though San Martin offered to take a subordinate position. At the end of the interview Bolivar seemed agitated and restless, while San Martin appeared as calm, grave and unruffled as always. That night a banquet was given in honor of the visitor, at which both generals proposed toasts. Bolivar's came first: "To the two greatest men of South America — General San Martin and myself." Then San Martin, there at the table of the man who had failed him just as the completion of his career was in sight, again showed the quality of his patriotism. "To the speedy conclusion of the war," he cried; "to the organization of the different republics of the continent; and to the health of Bolivar, the Liberator of Colombia!"

The only comment San Martin seems to have made on his interview with Bolivar was contained in a message to his friend O'Higgins: "The Liberator is not the man we took him to be." Without a word to any one of all that had happened, he decided simply to give up his career and leave Peru. If he remained it would mean civil war between himself and Bolivar who would always be intriguing against him. The cause of independence must not be threatened by quarrels between two rivals. No matter what people said of him he knew he must never tell the real reason for his going, because his own men would turn against Bolivar when they ought to help him. His friends must now be Bolivar's friends. His own career, even his good name, were of small importance compared with the fortunes of the republic. From Lima he wrote his decision to Bolivar: "I have convened the first congress of Peru; the day after its installation I shall leave for Chile, convinced that my presence is the only obstacle which keeps you from coming to Peru with your army."

For the next few weeks he worked hard to leave things in order. First he put his army in the best possible condition for service, and drew up a careful plan of the campaign in which he would have no other share. Then, on September 20, the representatives from the liberated provinces of Peru met, and before this new congress he took off his scarlet and white sash, the emblem of authority, and resigned his office. "I have witnessed the declaration of independence of Chile and Peru," he said in his farewell address; "I hold in my hand the standard which Pizarro brought over to enslave the empire of the Incas. My promises to the countries in which I made war are fulfilled; I gave them independence and leave them the choice of their government."

San Martin had only lame excuses to give for his sudden departure, such as: "My health is broken, this climate is killing me;" and on retiring from office, "My presence in Peru now after the powers I have wielded would be inconsistent with the dignity of Congress and with my own." He was accused of cowardice, and of deserting the republic at the time of its greatest need. No one thought of blaming Bolivar, Not until years later when San Martin's letters were published, and the true reason for his going became known, were the shadows cleared from his name.

On the night of the 20th he rode away from Lima as quietly as he had first entered it, and boarding his yacht at Callao sailed for Chile. But there was no longer a place for him in South America, even in his own province of Buenos Aires, for he despised the small civil wars in which the Argentines were always entangled. So, besides career and honors and reputation, he gave up home and country.

In a little house on the banks of the Seine near Paris, San Martin spent many quiet years with his daughter, reading till his eyes grew too dim, caring for his garden, absorbed in his trees and flowers. He died on August 9, 1850. In his will he left his sword — there was very little else to leave — to the

Argentine Dictator.

It was an expression of the deep interest and eager hopes with which he had followed the fortunes of his country to the very end of his life. His last wish came true and is now written upon his tomb in the cathedral of the Argentine capital: "I desire that my heart may rest in Buenos Aires." Statues have been erected to him in the three States to which he gave his services, and to-day he is honored as the greatest of all their men.

San Martin was a good winner. When he won a victory he used it for the glory of his people and the success of his cause, not for his own fame. He was a good loser — there never lived a better. Just before he left Peru for the last time he sent a message and a present to Bolivar. The message read: "Receive, General, this remembrance from the first of your admirers, with the expression of my sincere desire that you may have the glory of finishing the war for the independence of South America." The present was a war horse, the thoroughbred which San Martin himself might have ridden at the head of the victorious patriot armies.

Sir Joseph Banks

He Did a Greater Thing Than He Knew

1743-1820 (South Seas-Australia)

Here is a jolly little picture coming down to us from a hundred years ago in London streets—a picture of a little native of Tahiti, brought home from his Pacific island by Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks.

He would roam about London by day or night, and would inevitably be lost; but he had a sure way to find himself. Whatever English he did not know, he knew enough to cry out in the streets: "Take me to Sir Joseph Banks! Take me to Sir Joseph Banks!" And the people of London, seeing this odd little figure from the other side of the world in their streets, would take him to Sir Joseph Banks, for they all knew Sir Joseph then, though the world was to forget him for so long.

He was one of the discoverers and builders of the British Empire. If he had never lived we should probably not have colonised Australia. And yet if he had had his way it would hardly have been worth while our having Australia, for there would probably have been no steamships to go there.

Great scientist as he was, the honoured President of the Royal Society, he pooh-poohed the steamship as certain scientific men in a later day pooh-poohed the aeroplane. "A pretty plan," he said, "but it overlooks one point that an engine must have a firm base!" He did not see any way of giving an engine a foundation at sea, though we have now given

engines developing a thousand horse-power a foundation in the clouds!

But we can forgive Sir Joseph Banks. He did a very great work for the world, and when he was wrong he was honestly wrong, and fought for his case in the earnest belief that he was fighting for the truth. He opposed steamships, but he brought the first india-rubber into England, and so we may think of him as preparing a way for the motorcar. He may, for a while, have hindered travel to the Antipodes, yet Australia regards him as her father.

There is an enormous balance of good in his favour, and everybody loved him. When a broken traveller, after unjust imprisonment in Russia, was turned adrift, starving and in rags, he mentioned the name of Sir Joseph Banks, and it sufficed; he was allowed to draw as much money as he needed. When Mungo Park wished to go to Africa it was to Sir Joseph Banks that he turned. When Jamaica needed a new food supply the people wrote to Banks, and he sent them the bread-fruit tree. When Iceland was perishing of starvation, the Danish fleet being unable to send supplies, it was the unfailing Sir Joseph who got supplies sent to them.

An extraordinary man this, known in every civilised country, honoured on sea and land, even during all those years when Napoleon kept the world on fire with war. We have had no other man quite like him. He charmed and commanded men wherever he went, and all the world looked up to him, wars or no wars. And yet we may almost say that the astonishing career of this great man turned on a late evening swim and a lonely walk home through a lane bedecked with flowers.

He was born in London, the only son of a wealthy father, whose country home was at Revesby Abbey in Lincolnshire. The Bankses were an old landed house, but a Derbyshire heiress came into the family and added her money to the lands, so that Joseph inherited £30,000 a year.

It was in his schooldays at Eton that there happened the incident upon which his career may be said to have turned. The boys were out bathing one evening and Banks was left to find his way home alone. He walked slowly along a lane brilliant with flowers, and the sight of these glorious blossoms filled him with delight. "How beautiful!" he thought. "It is surely more natural that I should be taught to know these things than Latin and Greek." Latin and Greek were his father's command, but Joseph from that hour resolved to study flowers as well. We may say that British Australia was born in that lane that night.

To learn botany he would go about among old women who collected plants for chemists, and if they told him anything interesting would give them sixpence. At home he found a tattered old book on botany, with pictures which enabled him to identify flowers. When, after a short stay at Cambridge, he settled down at Oxford, he found that the University had no lecturer on botany, and he was able to get one appointed.

The Elizabethan spirit of discovery was strong within him when he left Oxford, and he set out on a trip to Newfoundland and Labrador, where he made his first natural history collection, the first flower from the seed sown in that English lane. He had begun his task of transplanting seeds from one side of the Earth to the other.

Most young men of his age, inheriting such a fortune as his, would have made the usual round of the chief cities of Europe. Banks made a grander and wider tour. Captain Cook was setting forth, in 1768, on his first great voyage, to observe the transit of Venus and to explore the less-known parts of the southern Pacific, and Banks had influence enough to enable him to join the expedition. His grand tour was to be around the globe. He did it all on a great scale. He took artists and draughtsmen and servants, and as his guest went Dr. Solander, a Swede whose name is still famous in natural

history. If his company was princely and his equipment luxurious Banks acquitted himself like a scientist and a student rather than as a mere traveller.

At Tahiti they witnessed the passage of Venus across the Sun, but during his stay on the island Banks interested himself in everything. He planted melon and other seeds that he had managed to smuggle from Rio de Janeiro. He became friendly with the natives, and learned much of their customs, so much so that he attended one of their funerals, first stripping to the waist and blackening his body with charcoal. Some of the natives stole the only quadrant he had, but he went into the depths of the forest and redeemed the precious instrument.

At length, after a journey right round New Zealand, they reached Australia—quite a different Australia from that which had horrified Dampier as he approached it long before from the western side. Banks and his fellow-naturalists were delighted with the new flora they discovered in the first bay they entered, and to celebrate their finds named the place Botany Bay.

A few days after their arrival two strange ships were seen at the entrance of the bay. It proved to be the expedition of La Perouse, the great Frenchman sent by his Government to take possession of Australia in the name of France. He was just too late; he found the British flag already flying, and the gallant Frenchman, leaving his letters and journals for the English to forward to France, went his way, never to be seen alive again. It is one of the finest things in Banks's life that, though we were at war with France, never a ship left England for distant seas that did not carry a commission from him to seek for La Perouse, the noble rival of Captain Cook. Every sea and every ocean cranny were searched, until the tragic mystery of La Perouse and his two ships, wrecked on a coral reef, was cleared up.

Banks's presence with the expedition lent additional fame to the enterprise of Captain Cook, and the voyage was so

successful that a second cruise was organised. Banks was to have accompanied it, and he engaged a staff and rigged up cabins on deck for their accommodation, with great receptacles for the plants, seeds, and animals he was to bring home. But the cabins made the ship top-heavy, and in consequence of un-pleasantness the naturallist party withdrew. Instead of going a second time round the world he supported the expedition with all his zeal, but he himself went to Iceland; and on the way to Iceland explored the mysterious Isle of Staffa, which, though it had a name and a pinprick spot on the map, was all unknown. In Iceland he collected examples of literature as well as plants and insects, and he ascended Hecla, the ice-covered volcano, of which he said that after his exhausting climb he found one spot at the top free from snow and ice, but too hot to sit down upon! The people of Iceland never forgot him; a quarter of a century later, when they were cut off from their mother-country Denmark, they turned to him in their trouble.

His travelling days were over with his return to Iceland; he married and settled down to a life of intense activity at home. The great pity for all time is that he wrote not a word for publication. He became President of the Royal Society in 1778, and kept the position until his death; he formed what is now the Royal Geographical Society, and sent out many travelers. He was a trustee of the British Museum; he was interested in every learned body of the day, and was consulted by kings and princes, statesmen and scientists, travellers and adventurers. His correspondence was world-wide, but not one word for publication did he write. He could not be bothered. He gave his experience to other men, and they wrote in their own name from the knowledge he had risked his life to get.

He built up an incomparable scientific library, and every scientist and earnest student was free to labour in it. His collections of birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, and plants were at the disposal of all the world. He brought together rich men and

deserving poor men; he helped good men in need with counsel and money. He did more than that, for the spirit which prompted him to search for the lost La Perouse animated his nature always. It was he who persuaded the Government to allow foreign scientists to go in peace on land and sea during the Napoleonic Wars, and Napoleon's reply was to accord the freedom of the seas to Captain Cook. In his own circle Sir Joseph Banks was a king, and he wielded his sceptre for the good of knowledge everywhere. Our ships were always snapping up prizes, but, when they brought home collections gathered by foreign scientist, Banks would hunt the cases down and return them to their owners, even to enemy nations. Ten times during wars did he succeed in sending to Paris collections captured from the French, and a note accompanying one of them was truly characteristic. "I send them back to France," he wrote, "without having even glanced at them, for I would not steal an idea from those who have gone in peril of their lives to get them." If he heard of men of science imprisoned abroad Banks would send money for their release or comforts to sustain them.

There was never anyone else quite like him. People called him an autocrat and autocrat he was, but the most benevolent autocrat who ever lived.

It is good that he did attain so commanding a position, for when Australia was lying bare, with nothing but the remnants of a British flag on its shores and a few marks scored on trees to show where Cook and Banks had been, it was Banks who, by years of effort, finally persuaded the British Government to send out and colonise the land. He did not know how great a thing he did, but he was founding the Australian nation.

He worked at science until the last, in spite of years of agonising illness. When, crippled by gout, he died, there was nothing to tell of his fame save a few communications he had made to scientific societies. It was as if, like Prospero in The Tempest, he had renounced the magic power with which he

had commanded admiration:

> I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.

His name and fame faded, and he who had known everybody in his generation throughout the world became himself forgotten. Over a century elapsed between the writing and the publication of his Journal. His papers and diaries were either locked up in museums or sold and scattered.

But Time has saved the fame of Sir Joseph Banks, and we remember him today as one of the men of two empires—the Empire of Britain overseas, and the empire wider and greater yet, of knowledge everywhere.

Joseph Hardy Neesima

Founder of "The One Endeavour Company" of Japan

(1874 – 1890 A.D.)

How do you suppose it would feel to be born in Japan? You cannot imagine anything so strange. But perhaps you can imagine a little of a Japanese boy's feelings after hearing what he thought about, as a little fellow, in that far-away island kingdom.

When this boy, whom we know as Joseph Hardy Neesima, was little, he used to think a great deal about religion, but it was not the true religion, for he did not know anything about it. His parents taught him from babyhood to pray to the idol-gods made by hands, and to worship the spirits of his ancestors — his grandfathers and grandmothers ever so far bade. He often went with them to the graveyards to pray to these spirits. Sometimes the small boy would rise very early, and go to a temple three and a half miles away, and pray to the idols, coming back in time for breakfast. Of course it did him no good, but he did the best he knew, and kept on bravely, without minding how hard it was. Yet some boys and girls in this country have been known to think that it was too hard to get up early enough on Sabbath morning to be in good time for Sabbath school at half -past nine. Neesima was ten years old when Commodore Perry, of the United States, came sailing into the Bay of Yedo, with a message to the emperor from our President; and the closed doors of Japan, that had long been

shut against foreigners, were first pushed open — to open wider by and by. Neesima was much stirred up over the coming of the commodore. He wished above everything to become a brave soldier and fight for his country. The Japanese seem to be born with love of country in their hearts — most of them. The ten-year-old boy went often to the temple of the god of war, and asked him to make him a good soldier, ready to fight. But one day he read the saying of a Chinese writer, who showed that one could become a braver man by studying books, which would help him to conquer thousands, than by practicing with a sword which could only kill one man at a time. Neesima decided that he would stop sword-practice and study books. So he did, and with all his might. Sometimes he did not go to bed till after cock-crowing in the morning — a foolish thing, but it shows how much in earnest he was! He began to study the Dutch language, and sometimes ran away from the office where he was, to take his lesson from the Dutch master, after which he was beaten more than once, by order of the prince.

Time went on and Neesima was fifteen. About this date, he borrowed some Chinese books to read. He opened one of them and read the first sentence. It was "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The boy had often asked his parents who made him, and who made all things. They could not satisfy him with their answers. This sentence seemed an answer. He said to himself "God made all things. God made me; I must be thankful to Him, and obey Him. I must pray to Him." As he said afterwards, from this time "his mind was fulfilled to read English Bible" and "burned to find some missionary or teacher to make him understand." But he waited and watched six years, in darkness, not finding any one to tell him about the Christian's God, although praying all the time to this unknown Being. Do you not think that he did the best he could?

When he was twenty-one, Neesima asked leave to go to

Hakodate, but was refused, and flogged besides, for the mere asking. But at last he got away safely, telling his mother he would be gone a year. It was ten years before he came back. While in Hakodate, he made up his mind to go to America to find the Christian's God. If a Japanese was found trying to leave his country he was put to death, in those days; but a friend rowed Neesima out to a ship at midnight and he got on board. There the captain hid him, so that the officers who came next morning to look for him did not dis cover him. Arrived in Shanghai, the young man took passage for Boston. The ship was owned by a merchant prince named Honourable Alpheus Hardy. God guided the youth to him, to find out about God. Mr. Hardy took him into his own home and for ten years gave him the best education to be had anywhere.

After some years, Neesima took his stand for Christ by uniting with the Church. After he was graduated from Amherst College, he entered Andover Theological Seminary. Two years before graduation, he was sent for by the Japanese Embassy that came to Washington. He did not fall on his face before them, as a Japanese would, but greeted them as an American and a Christian should. They asked him to go with them to the capitals of Europe, and a year of wonderful travel followed. But Neesima steadily refused to journey on Sunday. He always stopped off and followed on Monday.

After being graduated from the theological seminary, Neesima was made a member of the Japan Mission of the American Board, and Mr. Hardy undertook his support. His great desire now was to found a Christian college in Japan. The first speech he ever made before the Board put him all in a tremble, so that he could not do anything but pray by way of preparation. But when the time came, he bad such a feeling for the poor people of his country that he said of himself, "I shed much tears instead of speaking for them, and before I closed my poor speech (less than fifteen minutes long) about $5,000 were subscribed on the spot."

When Neesima went back to Japan in 1874 he found great changes everywhere: a new calendar, the Sabbath made a holiday, newspapers being printed, an army and navy created, a mint established, lighthouses, railways, telegraphs, and other new things in operation in the country. The young graduate was offered a high position by the government, but kept steadfastly to his purpose, and founded the Christian college which was called The Doshisha, meaning "One Endeavour Company." Was not that a good, active name? It was founded in Kyoto, with eight students in the beginning. Of the first 178 who were graduated in seventeen years, all but about ten were Christians. In twenty-five years, 4,611 students entered, and of the 936 graduates, 147 engaged in teaching, and ninety-five preached the Gospel.

For the first six years the work was hard, but Neesima never wavered. Prosperity came at last, and large gifts for the institution. Finally the founder's health gave way. The doctor said he might live several years if he would rest for two years, but the brave man decided to do what he could while life lasted, and kept on, in weakness and pain, labouring for his beloved college. He died, January 23, 1890, with the words "Peace, joy, heaven" on his lips. Three thousand people followed his body to its resting-place. "The work-man dies but the work goes on."

Juan Manuel Rosas
"Restorer of the Laws"
1793 –1877 A.D.

While the South American Republics were still in the making, about one hundred years ago, Juan Manuel Rosas, not yet eighteen years old, managed his father's great stock farm on the southern plains of Argentina. He was a handsome young giant, of an unusual Creole type, fair enough to look like an Englishman, and so strong, daring and reckless that he became the popular idol of the whole countryside.

The people among whom Rosas lived, whose interests he made his own, belonged to one of the most romantic races in the world, the half-savage Gauchos or herdsmen of the Argentine pampas, descendants of European colonists and native Indians. The homes of the Gauchos were the backs of their own cow-ponies, they galloped over the country as they pleased, and clung as fiercely to personal liberty as to life itself. Once a week they rounded up their herds just to keep track of them. The rest of the time they spent in catching wild cattle, and breaking in horses. Like the llaneros of Venezuela, who refused to fight in places where they could not ride and deserted if their horses were killed, the Gauchos did everything on horseback — fishing, hunting, carrying water, even attending mass.

Viscount James Bryce says of the Gaucho: "He could live on next to nothing and knew no fatigue. Round him dings all

the romance of the pampas, for he was taken as the embodiment of the primitive virtues of daring, endurance, and loyalty. Now he, too, is gone, as North American frontiersmen like Daniel Boone went eighty or ninety years ago, and as the cowboy of Texas and Wyoming is now fast going,"

Rosas had been born in the city of Buenos Aires, but he loved and belonged to the rough, wild, free life of the pampas and there he grew up. Everything the Gauchos did, he could do a little better; even his feats on horseback were more spectacular than theirs. He would mount a horse which had never before been ridden, and with a gold-piece placed under each knee, let the enraged pony buck under him until it was worn out, without displacing the coins. A favorite performance was suspending himself by his hands from the cross bar of a corral filled with wild stallions; at the moment that the fiercest of these dashed by beneath him, he would drop down on its back and without saddle or bridle ride off over the plains till the horse was tamed. Sometimes he would "dare" a Gaucho to lasso the hind legs of his horse as he rode at full gallop, and as the horse was thrown forward, Rosas, pitched over its head, would land gracefully on his feet.

Few ever lived who could control a band of Gauchos. Rosas managed them as easily as he did an unbroken colt. He was the dominant figure of the region where he lived. To him, the young master of great estates, the Gauchos flocked hoping for employment, and so many came that to keep them all busy Rosas had enormous corn and wheat fields planted. His was the first large agricultural enterprise in South America, and the cultivation of crops as an Argentine industry began from that date.

Those were merry and exciting days for Rosas and his Gauchos. "Every festive occasion, every return of the young patron from a visit to town," so the gossip ran, "was celebrated by fiestas and dances lasting two or three days, when a dozen

or twenty oxen were roasted in their hides, and Rosas, of course, always won the palm in the dance and in improvisations on the guitar." But there was plenty of hard work and hard riding done on the estate. Rosas demanded absolute obedience from his laborers, and every rule he laid down for them he was scrupulous in keeping himself. So perfectly disciplined were they that they constituted a small, invincible army, ready to repel all attacks from the dreaded Indian tribes who roamed over the pampas seeking plunder.

Even the Indians themselves fell under the spell of the young leader. One famous chief gave him the title Cacique Blanco, or White Chief, because he had so many followers. Years later when Rosas was governor of Buenos Aires, a large party of his old Indian friends came up to the city to pay him a visit. Some of them caught smallpox while they were there, a disease much dreaded by the Indians, for whole tribes had practically been wiped out by epidemics.

Rosas called on an old chief who had it. Then he showed the little mark on his arm to the other Indians, who had deserted their sick friends, and told them how it had enabled him to visit the chief without danger. With the greatest delight and anticipation 150 Indian men and women begged to be vaccinated, proudly regarding the mysterious little pricks as an infallible charm against the evil demon who brought them the disease.

At the age of eighteen, because his parents criticized his management of the estate, Rosas resigned the position, refused to be dependent on them any longer for money or assistance, and started off to make his own way in the world. For a time he worked in Buenos Aires as a cattle dealer, collecting the cattle from various farms and driving them to the city to sell. Then, with a partner who supplied the capital while he contributed brains and experience, he began the business of salting meat for exportation to Brazil and Cuba. This industry up to that time had been unknown. To-day it is

an important feature of Argentine trade. By order of the government, which feared a depletion of stock, Rosas was soon obliged to give up his enterprise. But he had now made enough money to buy land of his own, and he became a cattle-farmer down on the Indian frontier, 150 miles south of Buenos Aires.

Here he formed another army of devoted Gauchos and peasants for protection against the Indians. His own peons, called Colorados or the Reds, from the color of their picturesque uniforms, served as a mounted guard, and a band of friendly Indians were the vanguard. No one else could have controlled, much less formed into an efficient military machine, these wild, undisciplined elements of the plains, yet without them Rosas might never have become the great military leader of the Republic. When a bitter political war broke out in Buenos Aires, he rushed into the fray at the head of his Gaucho army and took the city by storm. The administration called him the "Liberator of the Capital," and he became the acknowledged commander-in-chief of all the fighting men of southern Buenos Aires. On returning to his farm he added to his popularity among the country people by starting a subscription of cattle to make good the losses incurred during the outbreak.

Then for several years Rosas remained quietly in his own district, organizing his independent army which the loyal Gauchos joined in preference to the government troops. One of his men who had been arrested for murder gave as his excuse: "He spoke disrespectfully of General Rosas, and I killed him." So successful was Rosas in all dealings with the Indians that the government commissioned him to fix a new southern boundary line between Argentina and the Indian territories. Under his influence many wandering tribes which had been a menace to life and property were induced to settle peaceably on farms.

In 1829 another conspiracy threatened the capital.

General Lavelle of the Argentine army, returning from a successful campaign against Uruguay, proposed to make himself governor of the province. Rosas with his country militia completely spoiled the general's plans and forced him to come to terms. There was now no further question of Rosas' growing influence. He had become a power to be reckoned with in the affairs of the Republic.

Rosas and General Lavelle were always deadly political enemies, but it is reported that one night the general rode out all alone to the enemy's camp to talk things over. Rosas was not there, so he sat down to wait. "He was tired after his long midnight ride; for many nights, too, he had slept on the ground, and the sight of a comfortable bed was an irresistible temptation; when Rosas returned to his quarters he found his own bed occupied by the commander of the hostile army fast asleep. Lavelle on awakening accepted his enemy's courteous invitation to remain tucked up between the blankets, and in that comfortable attitude he arranged terms of peace with Rosas."

It took the South American Republics a long time to learn how to govern themselves. The policy of Spain to exclude Creoles from sharing in the business of government had left them unprepared. The rising generation hardly knew what it meant not to live in the midst of revolutions. There had been the great war with Spain; wars between the republics; wars between the provinces within a republic; wars between political parties; and wars between ambitious leaders of the same party who tried to oust each other. In Argentina there had been thirty-six changes of government between 1810, the date of her Declaration of Independence, and 1835, when Rosas became dictator. The strongest and most cruel tyrant kept in power longest. Lawlessness, bloodshed, and murder were commonplaces. It was considered an extraordinary piece of mercy when on one occasion a victorious general ordered only one out of every five of his prisoners to be shot.

Rosas grew up in the midst of revolutions and when he came into power he used the only weapons then in vogue: force, cruelty, contempt of human life. By trampling ruthlessly on every opposing element, he controlled the high-spirited, rebellious republic for seventeen years, and from a half dozen quarreling provinces he whipped it into a solid nation at a time when union of any kind had seemed an impossible dream.

As a reward for his services in defending the capital against Lavelle, Rosas was elected governor of the province for a three-year term. He put an end to civil war by ordering all who rebelled against his administration to be shot without trial. Thus he organized the first substantial government the Argentine Republic had ever known. The legislature loaded him with honors and gave him the title of "Restorer of the Laws." When his term of office expired he declined reelection, because the legislature refused to give him all the power he wanted.

The next year Rosas headed a great expedition against the wild Indians of the southern pampas who had become so bold and outrageous in their attacks on the country people that no one felt safe over night. They were completely subdued. Twenty thousand are said to have been destroyed, and seventeen hundred captive white women and children liberated. Rosas became more popular than ever — "Hero of the Desert" he was called.

Meanwhile the people of Buenos Aires had been finding out to their sorrow that no one but Rosas could cope with the political situation. Five times they urged him to accept the presidency of the Republic under a national constitution. Before doing so Rosas wisely demanded for himself what other dictators had usurped — an absolute authority, which he urged as necessary for the safety of the State. Into his hands the people of this so-called Republic put "the sum of the public power," and having done so immediately began to hate

him and plot against him, as seems to have been the custom in those days. His word was law. If he wanted a man murdered his orders made the murder a legal act.

He used his vast powers to put the various departments of state on a sound basis, and to get rid of all his enemies or rivals. He organized a police and spy system which ferreted out crimes and plots in the remotest corners. No criminal could escape. He put an end to the mishandling of public funds by requiring every official to give an accurate account of all sums received or paid out. During his presidency not one cent was embezzled or lost from the treasury; the employees of the government were paid like clockwork; foreign debts were reduced by a fixed amount each year; and the taxes were lighter than ever before. He encouraged the immigration of peasants who were used to tilling the soil, as an example to his own people, and agriculture prospered so that the country was able to supply its own grain. The cattle industry flourished, for the herds were protected from cattle thieves and Indians, and each owner's brand respected as never before.

Rosas worked as hard as any of his officials to put the public affairs in good order. He personally superintended every department of the administration, working day and night without fixed hours for sleep. He seldom appeared in public, and gave interviews while he walked in his garden. His daughter, Manuelita, was the only person in whom he ever confided. She is said to have been a second edition of her father. He had brought her up like a boy, and she knew so much about national affairs that he often asked her advice on important matters. With her beauty and assumed naivete, she made an excellent spy on occasion, leading on her poor admirers to reveal political secrets which it would help her father to know.

There had gradually emerged from the tangled Argentine politics two distinct parties, the Unitarians and the Federal-

ists. The province of Buenos Aires had always aspired to being a powerful central government, as Paris in the French Republic, controlling the other provinces. The outlying provinces on the other hand were jealous of her power and wanted a union of states all having equal liberty and privileges, like the United States. Rosas and the Gauchos naturally belonged to the latter party, the Federalists. But during his dictatorship, party lines became decidedly vague, for he at once began to group under the head of Unitarios all who opposed him, no matter what their party preferences. Federalists came to mean Rosas' friends. Unitarians his enemies.

As the Rosista reign of terror began it became an act of treason for man or woman to appear in public without a rosette of scarlet, the Federalist color. Even horses and carriages, houses and shops flew the red flag and bore mottoes with Rosas' slogan: "Long live the Federals! Death to the savage Unitarians!" To be seen on the street without some such mark of loyalty meant suspicion, and suspicion usually meant sudden and violent death. When two harmless ships arrived in port one day from Portland, Maine, loaded with brooms, buckets, and washtubs, the Americans found that their wares could not be sold at any price because they were painted green or blue, the Unitarian colors! A yacht on one of these ships, ordered by Commander Brown of the Argentine navy, could not be received because green and white were its colors. The shrewd Yankee sailors, glad to be obliging, sandpapered off the green paint and laid on two coats of bright Vermillion. On the stern, in neat gold letters, they painted the Rosista motto, and then a crew wearing scarlet and white costumes delivered the boat. The next day the rigging of the American ships displayed long red lines of freshly painted brooms and buckets hung up to dry. They were afterward sold at very fancy prices.

In the first part of his "reign" Rosas' position was often

desperate. He was fiercely jealous of foreign interference and his high-handed measures led him into trouble with both France and England. For two years the French navy blockaded Buenos Aires, but no nation on earth was big enough to tell Rosas what he ought to do. When the French admiral threatened to bombard Buenos Aires, Rosas replied: "For every ball that falls in the town, I will hang a French resident." His stubborn insistence on Argentine rights won great praise from San Martin and it was to Rosas that he willed his sword.

It is said that the Dictator loved to torment and flout foreign naval officers and ambassadors. Sometimes he would keep them waiting months before receiving them at all. One day when two dignified Spanish officers paid him an official visit in the customary full-dress uniform he greeted them in his shirt sleeves. Another time he boasted that he intended to have the maize for his breakfast porridge pounded by the English ambassador. When the minister was seen approaching the palace Rosas sent his daughter to stand in the entrance-hall and pound the maize in a mortar. The visitor politely took the pestle to help her. Rosas and his retinue then appeared upon the scene. Once when he was requested to reply to an ultimatum in forty-eight hours, he waited twenty-five days before condescending to notice it at all.

Montevideo in Uruguay, on the opposite shores of the Plata River, was the refuge for anti-Rosistas, and from there they stirred up trouble. One of them published an article called: "It is a Meritorious Action to Kill Rosas." Another sent a parcel containing a bomb to the Dictator, purporting to be a valuable collection of historic medals. It lay in his library for two days till Manuelita and one of her girl friends happened to open it. The machinery was imperfect and it never exploded.

Opposition to Rosas was in the air, and it culminated in a huge conspiracy. Some of the plotters were among the most prominent citizens of Buenos Aires. But no one could catch

Rosas unawares. He was more than a match for the Unitarians who had kept the country humming with civil war for years. By hospitality and friendliness he liked to lead his enemies on to thinking they had pulled the wool over his eyes. Through his spies he would keep watch of all their little tricks and then turn the tables on them just in time to save himself. On the evening before he knew the outbreak would occur, he invited his friends and his enemies to a wonderful fete in the palace gardens. Among the guests were all those in the conspiracy to execute Rosas next day and confiscate his estates. Within two hours after the last guest had departed that night every one of the conspirators was quietly arrested, brought back to the palace grounds and shot. People heard the steady firing of the guns, but sup- posed it to be "a parting salute" from Rosas to his guests of the evening — and so it was.

The next morning the citizens were invited to hear a public address by the Dictator. At nine o'clock he appeared on a little balcony of the palace, attended only by Manuelita, who carried a red banner bearing the Federalist motto. Then he told the crowds below him what he had done to rid the country of its greatest enemies, the "savage Unitarios."

At about this time a terrible secret society called the Mazorca Club was formed and there were no more revolutions. Like the Klu Klux Klan it did its deadly work in the middle of the night and few on its black list ever escaped. Men merely suspected of being Unitarians or friends of Unitarians were stabbed in their beds. Tiny red flags, stamped with the signet of the club, which could not be duplicated by non-members, were attached to the victims. People hardly dared whisper to each other the news that "Last night ten throats were cut!" Even women and children were murdered, and no man dared hide when the Mazorqueros called at midnight, for it might mean death to his family instead. Patrols guarded the coast all night to prevent the escape of suspects. One man

managed to get away by embarking openly at noon. Another hid in a cellar for twelve years, living on food which his wife smuggled in to him. On the day of Rosas' downfall a pale, white-bearded figure crept up out of the cellar into the sunlight like a ghost.

There were only two men in Argentina powerful enough to be possible rivals of the Dictator. One of these, Quiroga, a far worse tyrant than Rosas, showed signs of having designs of his own. Rosas despatched him to a distant province on an errand. On the way Quiroga and his attendants, even the horses drawing the carriage and a dog inside of it, were set upon and killed by unknown ruffians. The other rival, Vincente Lopez, died shortly afterwards, and it was reported that his physician received a handsome reward from the private purse of the president.

By 1842 Rosas, with the help of his favorite general, Urquiza, had either murdered his enemies, driven them to Montevideo, or frightened them into helplessness. The power of the "savage Unitarios" was broken; people were in a state of sullen acquiescence. He had forced internal peace upon the country. Thomas Dawson says of Rosas during those dreadful days in Buenos Aires: "For political reasons he did not hesitate to kill, and to kill cruelly, but he did not kill for the mere sake of killing."

The first man who dared, without having his throat cut, to defy the Dictator was Urquiza himself, once his friend and staunch ally. Urquiza had been appointed governor of Entre Rios, the most independent of all the provinces; he was a loyal Federalist and anxious that his province should receive fair play. The break between the two men occurred because Rosas, though professing to be a Federalist, lived and ruled like a Unitarian. All the power of the Republic was concentrated in Buenos Aires. From there Rosas dictated laws which gave that city special privileges. He even forbade other cities to engage directly in commerce with outside nations; every-

thing had to be sent to Buenos Aires first and shipped from there subject to duty.

In 1851 Urquiza issued a public decree which declared Rosas to be "a despot who has trodden under his feet the brow of a youthful Republic." With the anti-Rosistas who had fled to Uruguay and some of Rosas' troops who had been besieging Montevideo and deserted, besides his own followers, he crossed the Parana River, which separates Entre Rios from the rest of Argentina. His army of 24,000 men was the largest that had ever been assembled for a South American battle, and their thousands of horses swimming across the river presented an extraordinary spectacle. On February 3, 1852, Rosas was defeated. With his daughter he fled to the British Consulate, and thence they boarded ship for England. It was reported that they escaped to the ship disguised as sailors.

Rosas once said to his grandson long afterward: "I want you to remember what I am going to say. Whenever anything was done over there in my name, but which was not directly attributable to me, I always got the blame for it; anything good and right my enemies always put to the credit of my ministers." Rosas has been called the most bitterly hated man in Argentine history. Even to this day they celebrate the date on which he was finally driven from the country. Monuments have never been erected in his memory, nor public squares named after him. But his hands first shaped the constitution of the Argentine nation, and his cruelty and tyranny brought about a reaction in favor of Republicanism. No one ever wanted another Dictator.

Urquiza, who became the next president, finished the work of consolidation; a Federal Constitution, outlined years before by Rosas, was adopted and is in effect to-day. The Republic began to learn her first lessons in self-government, and the stage was clear for the prosperity and industrial development of modern Argentina.

At the age of fifty-six Rosas, in England, again took up the

old life he loved so much, the raising of cattle and breeding of horses. For twenty-five years he lived as a peaceful country gentleman, popular with his neighbors and with his workmen. "No one would have thought," someone used to say, "that the singularly handsome old gentleman who lived quietly and unobtrusively on a little farm near Southampton was the once famous despot of Argentina."

Judah Halevi
Minstrel of Zion
1075-1141 A.D.

The thunder roared; the lightning tore jagged streaks across the midnight heavens. The storm-whipped waves of the Mediterranean Sea rose higher and higher; they tossed and seethed like a burning cauldron as though they would surely overwhelm the frail sailing vessel. The burly captain by turns cursed the weary sailors and tried to reassure the sick and frightened passengers, who huddle despairingly in the cabin of the swaying ship.

"Why did I ever leave Spain?" moaned a Jewish merchant, once portly and dignified, now scarcely able to lift his dizzy head. "Why was I tempted to risk my very life for the gold I might acquire from trading in Egypt? Better to live a poor man on the safe and pleasant land that to die far from my kindred on this treacherous sea."

A tall, middle-aged man turned from the prostrate woman he had been comforting.

"Do not be afraid," he said quietly. "God who protects His children on the dry land still watched over them on the stormy sea."

"But even if we are not drowned," sputtered the suffering merchant, "I, who have always had to guard my health most carefully, am not likely to recover from this sickness which has overwhelmed me."

"I have never heard of even a weak man dying from the effects of a rough voyage; you seem strong and vigorous. Here, let me take away this heavy cloak you have propped beneath your head. I will cover you with it; if you are warm it will be easier to relax."

"You speak like a physician."

"I have long practiced the art of healing."

The light from the shifting, swaying lantern fell on the man's sensitive features and beard just flecked with grey.

"You are of the House of Israel?"

"Yes."

The merchant's whining voice sank to a whisper. In the year 1140 no wayfarer was foolhardy enough to boast of his wealth before his fellow travelers. "I am rich, very rich," he mumbled. "If you promise not to stir from my side , if you will remain near to care for me—and if we both survive this storm —I will reward you well for your trouble!"

The physician took a cup from the pouch that dangled from his girdle and first poured water into it from the small flask he carried, then a few drops from a vial.

"Drink this that you may fall asleep," he commanded. "After a few hours' rest you should be fully restored to health."

"I will pay you—"

"Do not rely on my healing along," a little sternly, "but thank God who has given me my knowledge of medicine."

"So said Judah Halevi in one of his poems!"

The speaker was a slender boy in his teens who had made his way across the pitching cabin floor. "One of my teachers in Toledo boasted that he knew Judah Halevi well before he departed to practice medicine in Cordova. My rabbi often quoted 'The Physician's Prayer.' I think it began: 'My God, heal me and I shall be healed.'"

"Yes; and it ended:

"Not upon my power of healing I rely;
Only for Thine healing do I watch."

"So you know the poem also?"

"That is not strange," smiling, "as I wrote the verses."

The boy bowed in bashful reverence.

"For the last few hours I have cursed the ill fortune which sent me on this treacherous sea. But now I feel repaid, since I am privileged to meet Judah Halevi, whom my master considered the greatest Jewish poet and philosopher not only in Spain but in the whole world."

"Your master did me too much honor," murmured the poet.

"I know many of your verses by heart," the young man continued eagerly, "Your poems of love and marriage, your religious songs. I am not a scholar like you, sir," he bowed respectfully, "But because I have studied your great work, the *Kuzari,* I have often been able to hold my own against Christian and Moslem disputants. When they boast that their religion is the best, I tell them how the heathen kind of the Kazars chose our religion for himself and his people, and I repeat your arguments."

A sailor, his gaudy turban set awry on his tangled black curls, thrust his head down the hatchway.

"The captain says you need no longer fear," he bawled. "The storm has died down; soon the sea will be calm and you may enjoy fresh air upon the deck."

"Which will be a blessing!" exclaimed the youth. "I am almost smothered in this close, foul air."

"I have been too busy caring for our stricken shipmates to notice any discomfort," said Judah Halevi. "But now since no one seems to need my ministrations, I can enjoy a little rest. Come, let us go together and sit under the open skies."

Together the two mounted the ladder and made their way to a sheltered and dry corner near the stern. Here a lantern

hanging low from a mast showed the poet's face white and wearied. The younger traveler hastened to make him comfortable by propping his pack behind the poet's shoulders. Judah Halevi leaned back with a tired sigh.

"May I sit here, sir, beside you? I promise not to disturb you with my chattering since you are so tired."

"I shall be glad of your company. But do not think me discourteous if for a little while I seem to forget you. When the storm began, an idea came to me for a new poem—"

He closed his eyes. But his companion knew he did not sleep for his lips moved frequently as though repeating phrases not yet set down. At last Judah Halevi sat up, took a writing tablet and quill pen from his girdle and began to write.

The young man sat watching the poet as the pen crossed and recrossed the parchment. He remained respectfully silent when the poet, seemingly lost in thought, pondered on the next line. Even when Judah Halevi had set down the last word and had started to roll the manuscript, the youth waited for the older man to break the long silence between them.

"Tell me," asked Judah Halevi suddenly, "why, since the storm is over, you still look so grave?"

"It has been a solemn time for me, sir. I feel—" he hesitated, "I feel that tonight I have witnessed what I shall be proud to describe to my children and my children's children. That I sat beside you while you composed one of your poems."

"Do you intend to return to Spain shortly?"

"Yes, after a brief visit with my uncle in Alexandria."

The poet thrust the rolled parchment into his companion's hand.

"When you return to Spain, seek my daughter in Cordova and give this to her. Perhaps when her little son who bears my name has reached your years, he will cherish these verse because his grandfather wrote them." His eyes grew heavy with pain. "I have found it hard to leave my only daughter, whose face daily brought back to me memories of my dear,

dead wife in her youth. And I shall sorely miss her son, for as I have just written, 'How should Judah forget Judah?' Ah, it was not easy to leave them both—and the pleasant land of Spain where I was born!"

"But, surely, you hope to return."

"No. I shall never return."

He walked to the edge of the deck and leaned upon the rail, his sad eyes scanning the waters now placid in the moonlight. The young man followed him, seemed about to ask a question, but remained silent.

"You wonder, do you not, why I speak like an exile?" The other nodded. "So did my family, my many friends. I have been honored as a writer and physician not only among our brethren but also among our Moslem neighbors. I have grown rich. Then why, when I am able to spend my remaining years in comfort, should I risk the dangers of travel through many lands? For everyone knows how wayfarers are beset by robbers; Christian and Moslem and Jew alike are their prey. And often the sons of Israel are sold into slavery and must remain in bondage until their compassionate brethren buy their freedom. So why should I venture on a journey from which I may never return?"

The youth hesitated. "Sometimes I, too, have longed for adventures in far-away lands," he confessed, "but you—"

"But you are young and restless, and, though you are too courteous to say it, I have reached the age where a sober man should be content to bide safely at home. But, tell me, lad, have you ever been in love?"

The boy, flushing a little, nodded.

"Then you will understand how I long to look upon the face of my beloved. When I was young like you, I wrote many love poems to the fair woman who became my wife. When I grew older, I turned to a new love and like the heathen minstrels sang of the beauties of my faraway princess—although I had never seen her face."

"You mean," the other spoke slowly after a long silence, "you mean your songs of Zion?"

"Yes. My longing for Zion has grown stronger year by year. How can I remain content in Spain when my heart lies in the far-off land of Israel? That is why I was able to bid farewell to home and dear ones; that is why I have taken up the wanderer's staff to journey over land and sea until at last my feet shall stand within the holy walls of Jerusalem."

"But," the young man lamented, "our city lies in ruins."

"The shattered stones where once our Temple stood will be more precious to me than the gold and marble palace of the greatest of kings."

"But even if at last you should reach Jerusalem in safety, new dangers await you there. What of the enmity of the Frankish kings who now rule over the City of David?"

"Our God still dwells in the Holy of Holies," answered the poet steadily. "How then shall I be afraid when once I stand in the city of my fathers?"

* * * * *

In Alexandria, where the young Spanish Jew bade Judah Halevi a weeping farewell, the entire Jewish community of that ancient Egyptian city gave the poet a hearty welcome. His fame had preceded him; Jews of great learning and influence begged him to spend the rest of his years in their midst. But he lingered among them only through the joyous eight days of the Feast of Tabernacles. Where, he thought, will I celebrate the festival next year? Then he journeyed on to Cairo.

Again he was given a royal welcome; again he was warned of the dangers of the lonely roads and of the wilderness stretching out before him.

"Israel is in exile and strangers dwell in our house," mourned the elders of the synagogue. "Here in Egypt we know security and you may spend the years that remain to you in

peace and greatly honored by your brethren."

Judah Halevi shook his head stubbornly.

"Was it for peace and honor that I left the land of my birth?" he asked the Jews of Cairo. "Even in Spain where I knew both, my soul hungered for Zion."

Again he bound his traveler's pack upon his shoulders and continued eastward. Now he was honored by the Jewish communities of proud Tyre and lofty-towered Damascus. Again the leading men of the community begged him to linger. Again he was warned of the dangers that threatened his very life.

"It is only through the mercy of God that you have not been slain by fierce Bedouins who prey upon travelers," said the venerable rabbi of Damascus in whose house Halevi lingered, sick from the many hardships he had suffered upon the road. "And every step you take when you leave us will be threatened with greater perils."

"Our God who brought me here from distant Spain will protect me even to the gates of Jerusalem," Judah Halevi told him.

The old rabbi shuddered. "Jerusalem! Not a Jew escaped alive when the Crusaders captured the city."

"Were not our martyrs truly blessed to die for the glory of His Name in the city of our God?" asked Judah Halevi.

The rabbi for all his great learning could not answer him.

And now at last Judah Halevi, travel-spent and weary, stood before the gates of Jerusalem. He had worn his last pair of sandals to tatters and his feet were rock-wounded and bloody; his ragged robes were grimy with dust. But he stood proudly as a king before the City of David.

The rays of the rising sun gilded the few remaining towers that had withstood through the centuries the cruel onslaughts of wind and weather, the more deadly attacks of many invading armies. Behind the high, forbidding gates the crusaders held as their own the city which, after long years of

bitterest battle, they had wrested from the Moslem enemy. But as Judah Halevi stood before the walls, his face uplifted to the brightening sky, he did not see the armed sentries slowly pacing along the walls. His eyes visioned the Temple of Solomon restored to its ancient golden glory; to his ears came the chanting of the white-robed priests and the worshipping congregation of Israel.

He had waited so long for this blessed moment that now he was like a man who dreams. Through his tired brain faltered the words of the ode he had written out of his love and longing for Jerusalem, his ode to Zion still repeated by his brethren wherever they may dwell. He stretched his arms toward the gates he was about to enter and triumphantly recited the song he had penned in his exile:

"Happy is he that waiteth—he shall go
To thee, and thine arising radiance see
When over him shall break the morning glow;

"And see rest for thy chosen; and sublime
Rejoicing find amid the joy of thee,
Returned unto thine olden youthful time."

Overcome with the great joy that welled in his faithful heart, the poet fell upon his knew. Had he not written long ago that he longed to kiss the sacred soil of his fatherland? His happy tears blinded him as he flung himself upon the ground, his face pressed against the dusty road.

The gates flung open; through them dashed a horseman splendid in shining armor. He looked neither to the right nor the left for he carried a message with a royal seal to Acre and had been ordered to suffer no delay. So he did not see the figure lying in his path; was not aware when the flying hoofs of his stallion ground it closer to the earth.

The royal messenger sped onward with the swiftness of an arrow, leaving death behind him. Judah Halevi lay at peace,

smiling as one who sees the face of his beloved after many years of longing.

Judith of France

Arm of Iron

843-870

Judith the Merry Heart was the favorite child of Charles the Bald, king of France and emperor of Rome. She was a golden-haired, gay-voiced maiden, and her blithe laughter, sounding through the castle halls at Senlis, was sweeter to the ears of her royal parent than any music made by minstrels at his court. She loved life and action, the daring, romping games the young princes played, and was so expert at racing, climbing, and practising at tilts that her brothers, Charles, Raoul, and Pepin, regarded her as one of themselves.

The high-born dames who were ladies-in-waiting to the queen, her mother, arched their eyebrows in disapproval when they saw Judith leaping over the iris-beds in the garden, or chinning herself on one of the beams above the arbored walk, for in the ninth century daughters of the blood royal were expected to keep within the castle and devote their time to tapestry weaving and learning how to swing a train and carry a coronet gracefully. But when they spoke to the king about her carefree ways he shook his head and answered: "Let the Merry Heart alone to enjoy her childhood. She is quick of head and, when the time comes for her to know them, will become versed speedily in court manners and the weaving arts."

So Judith went on playing with her brothers, and the royal

father would do nothing whatever about it, no matter how much the proud dames disapproved.

Then something happened that shocked the court ladies even more than the princess's romping ways. She came bounding into the castle hall one morning with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, her long hair streaming out behind her like a golden flag.

"I am learning to read and inscribe on parchment," she exclaimed, as she hurried to where her father was talking to one of the nobles.

Dame Isabeau Maringy, sitting close by with the queen, stared in open-mouthed amazement, while Clarinette de Courtant, mistress of the robes, who was just then exhibiting to her Majesty a piece of cloth from the looms of Lyons, gave a loud exclamation. Even Queen Judith looked dumfounded, for although her life with Charles had held so many surprises as to prepare her for almost anything, she did not expect a daughter of hers to want to read and write like a common scribe. Such an attainment was regarded as being not within keeping of the dignity of a princess, for during the Dark Ages priests and monks in monasteries were the only ones who made books or read them, either, and kings and great lords hired scribes to take charge of their letters and documents and do what they did not know how to do for themselves.

To Charles the Bald, this idea about learning being a vulgar thing seemed very foolish. When little more than a boy he made up his mind to be as wise as the monks and, with the aid of a scholarly priest, mastered the arts of reading and writing, so that when he came to the throne he was one of the few educated kings in Europe. It was an amazing thing to Queen Judith that he possessed such an ambition. When he announced that he meant for his sons to know as much as he did, she was amazed still more. But now that little Judith craved a scribe's lore, she was distressed. It was not only humiliating but dangerous, the mother thought, for she had heard

that devil's charms were sometimes contained in books and feared that knowing how to read and write would send her child to some terrible end.

She spoke her objection to Charles, but he shook his head.

"Knowledge will do her no harm," he insisted, "and much pleasure she will have out of it. But how," he added, as he turned to the glowing-eyed girl beside him, "can you learn to read and write without a teacher?"

"I have three already," Judith answered with a merry laugh. "I coaxed the boys to teach me, and they are good masters, too. We have just finished the first lesson, and I have learned much."

The court ladies looked straight over their noses, and Queen Judith threw up her hands in dismay. But Charles the Bald declared that though Judith had five, twenty, or fifty lessons, nobody should interfere. She might learn as much as she pleased, and that was the end of the matter.

The young princes were glad of the decision of their father. They reasoned that since Judith could run as fast and climb as high as they could, she might be their companion in knowledge also, and the lessons went on from day to day. Every morning there was school in the hall or garden at which Charles, Raoul, and Pepin were masters and the gay-hearted sister the only pupil. All this was very annoying to the queen and her ladies, but very amusing to the king when sometimes he came and listened to recitations.

Judith worked as hard as she played. Before a year had passed she could read and write better than her brothers. At fourteen, she was known throughout Europe as "the learned princess," for there was not in any country a girl of her age who had mastered what she had. But to her father, the king and emperor, she was always the Merry Heart. The happiest of his busy and sometimes troubled hours were spent with her.

One morning the two sat together in the pleasance, the

great summer-house that stood in the loveliest part of the castle garden, looking at a volume that had just been sent to Charles by the monks of St. Gall. These men, among the most skilful book-makers in the world of their day, had prepared a group of chants for the king, and a beautiful tome it was, each character formed with skill and patience, each page edged with a border so gorgeously illuminated it was a joy to the eye. Many months they had labored in their retreat high up on the shores of Lake Constance to make the volume a worthy example of the best bookmaking of the day and a worthy tribute to the monarch who loved learning. They had succeeded so well that now as Charles bent over it pleasure brightened his eyes.

"See," he exclaimed, as he ran his finger along the line of gold that separated border from text, "did'st ever behold such perfect drawing, such beauty of color and gracefully transcribed words?"

"Nay," Judith answered, "'t is so lovely methinks 't will be among the rarest treasures of the Frankish court."

Before the king could reply, an attendant appeared at the door of the pleasance and announced that a messenger had come with word that the train of Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons, would reach the castle within an hour.

"His Majesty sends greetings and beseeches you to grant the boon he asked by courier a fortnight ago."

Charles the Bald handed the volume to the princess and started for the castle.

"The lord of the north country comes on a mission of high importance," he explained, "and I must haste to be in readiness to receive him. You, too, are to be attired as befits a daughter of the Carolingians when a stranger monarch comes to court, so get to your women and don the finest raiment your chests afford, for the visit of Ethelwulf affects your welfare as well as mine."

The Carolingians were the members of the line of royalty

descended from Charlemagne, and prided themselves much upon having the blood of the great emperor in their veins.

Judith took the volume under her arm and skipped along the flower-bordered avenue and through the wide portal into the castle. As she went she wondered in what way the coming of the Saxon king would affect her.

Then, like a young wiseacre, she nodded as if certain she knew.

"They plan to form an alliance for strength in war-time," she thought, "and whatever keeps France in safety doth certainly affect me."

It was as she imagined, but little did she dream how vitally that alliance was to touch her own life.

The gate through which Ethelwulf, king of the Saxons, approached the seat of Charles the Bald was on the opposite side of the castle from the tower that held the apartments of Judith, and so she did not see the entry of the northern monarch, although she heard the blare of trumpets that heralded his arrival.

"Get me prepared quickly," she called to the maid who arranged her hair, "for I would fain be in the throne-room when the strangers arrive and see what manner of person this Saxon king may be."

Then, as the waiting-woman fastened across her shoulders the cloth of gold robe she was to wear, she laughed merrily and added, "I'll wager he dresses in skins and looks the part of a savage, for in the diary of Paulo de Carnaire, who for five years labored as a missionary among the natives of Britain, I did read me that the Saxons be not as well schooled in manners as the Franks."

But as she descended the stairway into the hall from which there was a view of the throne room she saw naught of the savage about the northern king. The velvet and ermine robe he wore was as costly as the one that wrapped the body of her father, and there were both grace and gentleness in his

manner as he answered Charles's greeting.

The young princes and a score of nobles in fine regalia were grouped around the guests, and Judith wished she might join the company, too. But the queen and her ladies had not yet appeared, and for all her tomboy ways she was well enough versed in court customs to know she must wait until summoned, no matter how high her curiosity concerning the visitors ran. In her sumptuous cloth of gold robe she could not go into the garden, and she hated waiting idly for the trumpet-call. Then she remembered the volume over which she and her father had been poring when word of the approach of Ethelwulf came and knew she could spend the intervening moments pleasantly, albeit she had to spend them indoors.

"I'll get me the tome the brothers of St. Gall did send," she thought, as she hurried to the low-ceiled chamber that was the favorite retreat of her father when he wanted to be alone with his books, and where she had left the volume as she hurried to her apartments.

The gift was on the table where she had placed it, and she began looking again at the beautifully done pictures, words, and characters. She was so eager in her examination of the work of the monks that she did not see a child come to the door, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little fellow of about eight or nine. He moved close to where she sat and, when he caught a glimpse of the illuminated pages, gave a cry of delight.

"A book!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was pleasant to hear. "It is prettier even than the one mother gave me."

Judith looked up in astonishment. She never had seen the small speaker before. He was dressed in a style that was strange to her, which told he could not be the son of any lord at the Frankish court. How he came to be in the castle was a mystery.

"Who are you?" she asked, as the eyes of the little stranger met her own. "And how did you get here?"

"I am Alfred," the new-comer answered, "and I came with

father. He is Ethelwulf, king of the Saxons."

Then, going closer to the bright-colored pages, he said in an appealing way, "Will you show me the pictures?"

The princess nodded.

"Did you say you have a book of your own?" she asked.

"Yes, but it is not as nice as yours. A wise man brought it to mother, and she promised she would give it to whichever of us boys learned to read it first. Ethelred and Ethelbert said the learning was too hard, and he would not try; and Ethelbald was busy with other things. Mother taught me the first page and said because I did well with it I might have the book. Then she died," he added, a wistful look in his eyes, "and now I have nobody to teach me. But I look at the pictures very often."

Judith was a big-hearted, impulsive girl, and the yearning eyes of the motherless little fellow made her suddenly warm to him. Forgetting all about the costly robe she wore, she drew him to her side, outspread the vellum before him, and said: "I'll teach you to read. I can do it as well as anybody."

The child laughed delightedly.

"I know some words already," he said, pointing here and there at the carefully drawn characters. And as he moved his finger along the page Judith nodded when he gave the answer correctly, but spoke the right name when it was wrong. So the lesson began, and the young Saxon learned so quickly the princess decided teaching little boys was a very pleasant pastime. It seemed no time at all until the trumpet signaled the entry of the ladies into the throne room, and she had to hurry to greet the visitors.

As Charles the Bald said when he and his daughter sat in the pleasance, the visit of the king of the Saxons affected the welfare of Judith as much as his own. In fact, it affected her more. The northern monarch had been left a widower a few months before and was casting about for a suitable bride to take the place of Queen Esburga, mother of little Alfred. As

he went over the list of the princesses of Europe he could think of no alliance so propitious to his country and himself as one with Judith; for it would be good in times of warfare to have the support of the lord of France, and the princess, being a learned maiden, would be a fit guide for his young sons, whose mother had been one of the most scholarly persons of her time. Consequently, two weeks before, he had despatched a courier to Charles to ask for his daughter's hand and now had come himself to know the answer.

It pleased his majesty of France to grant the northern monarch's request, and almost before she knew what was happening Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulf and became a bride when not quite fifteen. She would rather have gone on with her life at Senlis, where there were romps with the boys and long, enjoyable hours with her father; but she had nothing to say about it. The custom of those days required that princesses marry because of reasons of state, and, being the daughter of one of the mightiest sovereigns of Europe, she was too proud to complain about her fate.

So the Merry Heart rode away from the place of her childhood to become queen in a land where everything was strange to her. Ethelwulf was kind, but he was old enough to be her father; and the girl who was still enough of a child so that she loved romping games above everything else wanted playfellows instead of a husband. There were times when life in Britain seemed unbearable, but she was helpless as a linnet in a cage, and had enough of the iron will of the Carolingian line from which she came to bear with dignity what she knew she must endure.

One comfort the girl queen did find at the stranger court, however. That was the companionship of the king's five sons, three of whom were older than herself. Especially did she have joy in Alfred, youngest of the group. His sweet nature made him lovable. The fact that he was motherless touched her warm heart, and she tried to fill the void in his life that was

left by the going of the woman who had been queen before her. All the time she could spare from court duties was given to her little stepson. The work of teaching him to read, which was begun on the day of his father's arrival at Senlis, went on regularly; and very often messengers were despatched to France with orders to return with books for the young prince, learning being a rare thing in Britain in those days, when there was but one scholarly priest or monk to ten in Judith's native land. Thus she became teacher, comrade, and foster-mother to Alfred, and but for her joy in this charming child, her life as queen of the West Saxons would have been pitiful indeed.

Two years passed, at the end of which King Ethelwulf died. Then Judith looked longingly toward France and dreamed of returning there, but it was not to be. According to Saxon law, if a king died and left a widow she must marry his successor, unless that sovereign already had a wife. So, with no more to say about the arrangement than she had had to say before, the daughter of Charles was wedded to Ethelbald, Ethelwulf's eldest son and successor, and reigned again as wife of a British monarch. Ethelbald was more nearly her own age than his father had been; but of all the five sons of Ethelwulf she liked him least, and, if possible, her life with him was more distasteful than it had been with her first husband. The one bright spot in it was her devotion to Alfred and the companionship of her books.

With the passing of another two years Ethelbald died and was succeeded by Ethelbert, his brother. Fortunately for Judith, the young sovereign was married, and so she was free to follow her desire and return to France. She was still just a girl, not quite nineteen, beautiful, talented, and quivering with desire for the joy of life because of the years of youth she had missed.

Now, it happened that in his realm of France, and in the Belgian provinces over which he held sway, Charles the Bald

was hammering away at the Northmen. From the far shores of Scandinavia these sea-rovers had sallied some years before, ascending the great French rivers and plundering everything in their way. They sacked Bordeaux, Tours, Orleans, Nantes, Toulouse, and even Paris, and although several times they were beaten back, they had not been completely subdued. The king lived in deadly fear of them and one day summoned to his support chieftains throughout his possessions.

"I would rid my realm forever of worry caused by these ocean-dogs," he spoke to the assembled leaders. "If ye strike with all the brawn ye do possess methinks we shall not need to strike again. Therefore gather together your followers and do the part of men toward clearing our land of the curse of the sailing scoundrels."

Among the chieftains attending the conclave was a Flemish warrior named Baldwin, in whose veins the blood of the ancient Nervians flowed. He was a forester of Flanders, which means he was of the line of tribal leaders who were empowered by Charlemagne to govern in the name of the French king the people over whom they held sway. For almost seventy years these chiefs had been lords in the Belgian provinces almost with the power of sovereigns, and Baldwin, as head of the most powerful tribe, was mightiest of the group. He was fiery and youthful. He wore a suit of heavy iron armor which he discarded not even in days of peace, and because of this—and his courage —he was known far and wide as Bras de Fer, Arm of Iron. He was fearless as the wolves that howled in his native forest. A task that he once began he never left until it was finished, and his people followed him with the same fierce determination that characterized their chief.

With France in the grip of the Northmen, the Forester now threw his whole mighty energy into the cause of delivering the country from the sea-wolves. A week after the conclave at Senlis he met the Scandinavian chiefs in battle and dealt them such a blow that they feared to risk another. They

signed a truce to give up fighting and become peaceful citizens in the land.

As was very natural, because of this service, the king prized Baldwin's friendship greatly and invited him often to Senlis.

One day—it was but a few weeks after Judith returned from Britain—Charles the Bald and the Forester were in deep converse in the council-hall. The former queen of the Saxons entered, in her eyes the glow of content that had come of joy at being again in the home-land.

As the king presented them Baldwin smiled at her as he had smiled at no woman before. The moment he saw the rippling hair and shining eyes of the Carolingian girl he knew the time had come for him to take a wife. And as the princess smiled back at him she realized that here was a hero as splendid as any of her dreams.

Baldwin stayed three days at the castle, then departed to return within a week. When he came back he told the king he craved the hand of Judith in marriage.

Charles the Bald was a devoted father, but he was an ambitious sovereign, too. Twice already his child had been the wife of a crowned king, and he had no notion of allowing her to become the bride of a forester who, no matter how brave and capable he might be, was but a tribal leader. He liked the idea of saying, daughter, the queen of So-and-so." Therefore at this very moment he was negotiating a third marriage for this child of his with the king of Navarre.

Consequently when Baldwin spoke his wish Charles the Bald shook his head.

"Nay," he answered pompously, "Judith is already promised to a lord beyond the Garonne."

But the eyes of the princess herself, as they looked into the eyes of the Forester, said very plainly, "This thing shall not come to pass."

It did not come to pass, for Judith married Baldwin. Her

royal father stormed and vowed he would certainly send the chief to his death. But Charles had a soft heart where his daughter was concerned, and his threat of destruction finally surrendered to his deep love for her. Moreover, as he thought upon the question, he knew he could ill afford to lose the support of the fiery northerner, for well he realized that if word went forth that he and the forester were at enmity, the sea-rovers would break the truce and revolt. He forgave the Iron Arm. In order that he might be a husband of sufficient station for a descendant of Charlemagne, Charles knighted him, and Baldwin the Forester became Baldwin, count of Flanders, taking rank among the peers of France. The lands bestowed upon him by his father-in-law comprised all the territory between the rivers Scheldt and Somme and the ocean, almost the whole of what is now Belgium and a corner of northern and western France.

Northward, through the fragrant woods of Flanders, rode Baldwin and his bride, establishing a residence of what to-day is known as Bruges. Here he built a fortress with thick walls and four strong gates, a church and a *ghiselhuis*, or prison, for the safe-keeping of hostages and any marauders who might need to be confined. And here he and Judith dwelt happily for many years.

Not free from strife were those years, for although the Northmen within the French and Belgian borders kept the truce others swooped down from the far white seas, and very often the prows of their barkantines pierced the dunes along the shore. But whenever the rovers swept landward, Baldwin and his Flemish vassals hurled them back.

As Bras de Fer, Arm of Iron, he was still known by both friends and foes, who declared that even as he was strong in warfare, he was strong in peace, and because of the firm yet generous and wise way in which he governed his people he merited the title. But when any one spoke to him concerning it he declared: "'T is Judith who is the real strength, the Iron

Arm. But for her courage and words of wisdom I would be a poor chief at best."

Much truth was in those words, for no matter what discouragement came to him, the merry heart, high spirit, and devotion of the Carolingian princess who was his wife gave him renewed courage to meet it. "To go back to her and the children," he often said to his soldiers, "is to make me forget the most bitterly fought campaign."

Three children in all were born to these two, and each inherited in full measure the courage, charm, and graciousness of the parents.

Westward in the land of Britain the boy Alfred had become King Alfred and ruled his land so well that to this day the world knows him as Alfred the Great. He drove out the Danes when they overswept his territory. He built schools and monasteries and invited scholars to his court, for he was himself, thanks to the devotion of Judith during his early years, one of the greatest scholars of his day, and delighted in the companionship of wise men. He translated into Saxon the "Ecclesiastical History" of the Venerable Bede, corrected several translations from the Latin that had been done by men of less learning than himself and not done well, and strove in every way to lift his subjects out of the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge. His people loved him even as Judith had loved him when a child, for his kindly nature and gentle manners he kept until the end. Sometimes, when the seasons made voyages possible, he despatched to Flanders books he had made himself, or that were the work of the wise men who surrounded him, for gifts to his "best friend and second mother," as he called Judith. And Judith sent back to him volumes that she loved, beautifully inscribed tomes out of her own collection or that of her learned father. Then, as the daughter of Charles the Bald reached the Indian summer of her life, a culminating link in the chain of affection that united these two was formed, for her son took as his bride

Elstrud, daughter of Alfred, and this, if such thing were possible, strengthened a friendship that had remained deep and binding throughout many years.

Every day of glory has its close, and there came a time when the happy reign of the princess and the Forester ended. Bras de Fer went to his final rest; and the white-haired Judith, who had been the Merry Heart of other days, followed him there, leaving their son and namesake to succeed to his titles and rule over the country. Through the children of this son and Elstrud, daughter of Alfred, the blood of Saxon, Carolingian, and ancient Nervian went down the Flemish royal line. It descended to Godfrey of Bouillon, one of the first and most glorious of the crusaders. It coursed in the veins of Philippa, the princess who became queen of Edward the First of England, the friend and benefactor of Froissart and Geoffrey Chaucer, and glowed in the cheek of the ill-fated girl sovereign, Jacqueline. And today it runs through the Belgian royal line, blended with the blood of many another lineage, but still possessing the ancient, dauntless attributes.

Bruges, the city Bras de Fer founded, became during the Middle Ages one of the most splendid capitals on earth. Enriched by the craftsmanship of her weavers, and blessed with a port in which as many as a hundred ships could anchor at one time, she grew to such magnificence that the entire western world spoke of her as the Venice of the North. Bruges la Belle—the Beautiful—men called her; and she was Bruges the Powerful, too, for galleons flew her standard on every sea.

But the ocean, which in the beginning made her mighty, eventually destroyed her matchless commerce. Sands choked up her harbor, and because vessels could no longer get up to her docks they sailed to other ports. She came to be Bruges la Mort—the Dead. And dead she is compared with the marvelous olden days, although her palaces, churches, and cloth-halls are still a joy to the eye, as noble in the majesty of decay as they were in their day of power.

Of the stronghold where Bras de Fer lived so happily with Judith there is not to be seen a trace. Two centuries after the Forester erected it the prison and hostage-house gave way to the Hôtel de Ville, or Town-Hall. On the site of the church is a grove of chestnut-trees, beneath which, on summer days, flower-sellers swing their baskets and, between pinning nosegays on purchasers and counting coppers, tell of how their fathers laid the first rude foundations of the City of Cloth and Lace, of how the first Baldwin fought the Northmen in the French forest and Flemish morass, driving them back whenever they assailed him, and surrendering only to Judith, the merry-hearted daughter of Charles the Bald.

The Three Mrs. Judsons
Helpmeets to the Missionary in Burma

Miss Ann Hasseltine

There was a pleasant stir in the little village of Bradford, Mass., one day, in the year 1810. It was the occasion of a meeting of the Missionary Society, or General Association of Massachusetts, and the delegates were entertained with great hospitality. A number of these worthies, older and younger, were gathered at the table of a Mr. Hasseltine for dinner, and among them young Mr. Adoniram Judson, who had just signified his great desire to go as a missionary. Pretty Ann Hasseltine waited on the table. A gifted and sprightly girl she was, as well as beautiful and good. She looked with curious interest upon the young man whose bold missionary projects had made a stir in the meeting, but to her mind, he was wholly absorbed in his plate. How could she guess that he was that very moment engaged in composing a graceful bit of verse in her praise? Yet so it was, and he must have found courage to tell her this, and other things, by and by, for she afterwards went to Burma as the wife of the bold missionary. At that time it was India that was the chosen field.

Ann Hasseltine was born in Bradford, Mass., in 1789. She was a restless, merry, vivacious girl, richly gifted. At sixteen she entered the service of her Saviour with all her heart, and her brightness and beauty became His. She taught school for some time after leaving Bradford Academy, which gave her

added fitness for the life of a missionary, which she entered, in 1812, on her marriage to Mr. Judson, afterwards Dr. Judson. She was one of the very first lady -missionaries. The *first* from America was Mrs. Kaske, going with her husband in 1746 to South America.

The two missionaries had a serious time reaching their field. The East India Company decided that missionaries were not desirable, and ordered them back to America, but finally allowed them to go to the Isle of France. They then planned to go to Madras, but the East India Company had jurisdiction there, and finally, the only way that opened was to Rangoon, Burma, a place always held in great dread. But they embarked for Rangoon in a crazy old vessel, and were tossed about so violently that Mrs. Judson was dangerously ill. She recovered after landing. Everything was forlorn and gloomy enough, but they took courage and set about their work.

Mrs. Judson learned the language very quickly, and used it to advantage. Four years after setting out upon the voyage to Burma, little Roger Williams, who had for eight months been the joy of the missionary home, was taken from them.

Twice Mrs. Judson had to return to America, once for two whole years, to recover her broken health. She was a great help in the mission field, having a school for girls, and busying herself in many ways.

In a time of war with England, Americans were not always distinguished from Englishmen, and Dr. Judson, then at Ava, was thrown into prison. It was a wretched building of boards, with no ventilation but through the cracks, and had never been cleaned since it was built It was to this dreadful place that Mrs. Judson brought the tiny baby Maria for her father's first sight of her. Through all the imprisonment, the loving and courageous wife visited her husband in the midst of all sorts of dangers, as she was the only white woman in Ava. She brought him clean linen as she could, and food, day by day.

One day, having a little more time than usual, she

thought she would surprise Dr. Judson by making him a mince pie, as he used to be fond of the dainty at home. She contrived to make it out of buffalo meat and plantains, sending it to him by the one faithful servant. But alas! The poor prisoner was moved to tears at the sight of it and at the thought of his wife's devotion, and could not eat the pie. A fellow-prisoner ate it instead After a few months, a lion who had been presented to the king was placed in a cage near, and made night and day hideous with his roarings till he died. His cage was so much better than the prison that Mrs. Judson by dint of much begging at last got permission to move her husband into it.

The months wore on, and Dr. Judson was secretly removed to another place to a death-prison. When Mrs. Judson heard it, she set forth, with little Maria in her arms, and partly by boat, partly in a jolting cart, reached the wretched prison. "Why did you come?" her husband cried. "I hoped you would not, for you cannot live here."

The keepers, cruel as they were, yielded at last, and gave her a little room near, which was half full of grain, and there she spent the next six months.

By and by Dr. Judson was sent as an interpreter on a trip, and at last, after many delays and dangers, was released. Coming back to Ava, he hurried to find his wife. He was startled to see a fat half-dressed Burman woman holding a baby too dirty to be recognized as his own child. On the bed lay his wife, worn and pale, her glossy hair gone, her fine head covered with a cotton cap. But she recovered, and the family left the scene of so much misery.

The Judsons began mission work in a new station, and Mrs. Judson was planning a girls' school, and many activities, when Dr, Judson was summoned to Ava on very important business. She urged him to go. While he was absent, she was stricken with fever. With no missionary friend at hand, only the weeping Burmans bewailing "the White Mamma," she passed away. Her husband received the tidings, and hastened

home to find the grave under a hopia (hope) tree, surrounded by a rude railing. Little Maria lingered six months, then she was laid beside her mother.

Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman

Reenforcements were not lacking through all the years of Dr. Judson's service. There came out to Calcutta to join the Burman Mission, as soon as might be. Rev. George Dana Boardman, and his wife, who was pronounced by some English friends in Calcutta to be "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." In 1827 these friends reached Burma. Mr. Boardman died after a few years of very fruitful ministry, and for three years his wife stayed on, making long journeys through drenching rains, "through wild mountain passes, over swollen streams, deceitful marshes, craggy rocks, tangled shrubs and jungles." In 1834 she was married to Dr. Judson. She had a very fine knowledge of the Burmese tongue, and could speak and write fluently. She had great power in conversation, and translated also very accurately. She held meetings with the women for prayer and Bible study. After his eight years of loneliness, Dr. Judson found the home ties sweet, and the help he received in his work very great. Mrs. Judson translated part of "Pilgrim's Progress," several tracts, twenty hymns for the Burmese hymn-book, and four volumes of a Scripture Catechism, besides writing cards with short hymns. She learned the language of the Peguans, another tribe, so that she might help them by translating, which she did by superintending the translation of the New Testament and tracts into their strange tongue. Little children came to bless the home, and joy and love reigned there.

But after her twenty years upon the field, Mrs. Judson's health failed. Her husband started home to America with her, but, when reaching the Isle of France, she became so much better that she urged Dr. Judson to return to the work that

needed him so much. He expected to do this, but there came a sudden change for the worse. As the vessel neared St. Helena, Mrs. Judson died, and the worn body was laid away in mission ground upon the island, where a stone afterwards marked the spot.

Miss Emily Chubbuck

There is a volume of attractive little sketches which some people used to read before any of you younger readers were born, which bears the name of "Fannie Forester" as the writer. Her real name was Emily Chubbuck. But when she wrote "Alderbrook," and another book of lighter sketches called "Trippings," she used a nom de plume. This young lady was born in Eaton, N. Y., but taught school in Utica in that state, besides writing sketches, poems, and Sunday-school books, so that she was a busy person, as you can see. And a lovely young person she was, too, by all accounts.

When Dr. Judson was at home the last time in America, after his long absence upon the mission field, he travelled about a good deal, and on one of his journeys he read the book called "Trippings," which some one had given him to beguile the way. He thought it a very bright book, and asked his friend about the writer. He said that one who could write as well as that could write better, and he would like to see some of her work on greater themes. His friend told him that he would have the pleasure of meeting "Fannie Forester" before long, as she was a guest in his home at present. When Dr. Judson first saw the attractive and gifted writer, she was undergoing the interesting operation of vaccination. After this was over, he led her to a sofa, saying that he wished to talk with her.

Miss Chubbuck said that she would be delighted to have him do so, and then he spoke about using her talents upon the most worthy subjects. She told him that she had been obliged to write because she was poor and must make a living, and the light and trifling subjects seemed to be most popular.

Dr. Judson was full of sympathy for her. He had it in his mind to find some one to write the story of Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson's life, and offered the opportunity to Miss Chubbuck.

After some time the intercourse thus brought about resulted in marriage, and the cultured and talented, dauntless spirit, schooled in poverty, went back with the missionary, to prove a great help to him in finishing his wonderful work. She soon acquired a good knowledge of the language and prepared Scripture questions for use in the schools.

When her little Emily Frances came, the poet-mother wrote the sweet verses so many have read, called "My Bird."

After Dr. Judson's death and burial at sea, on his way home to regain his health, Mrs. Judson came home, much broken herself, to care for her parents and her children. She died at Hamilton KY., in 1854.

Fru Kristin Sigfusdottir
The Wonder Woman of Iceland
1870's (Scandinavia-Iceland)

She was born on a lonely farm in the 70's of last century (1800's), a Viking child who would have been at home in the conditions of the island when her ancestors first colonised it a thousand years before.

She spoke the Viking tongue; she had the courage and determination of the Vikings without their ferocity. Her family was unlettered, but the old spirit and energy of her valiant forefathers survived in her in gentler form.

It was the sea of knowledge that she yearned to sail. She longed to read and write, but was mocked and derided by the household. She persisted; she managed to borrow books and to master the three Rs unaided; she became the first scholar produced by her toiling farming family.

She married young, and the eldest of her six children was only seven when the youngest was born. Life was hard and wearing. She was cook and doctor, nurse and counsellor; she laboured on the farm, among the crops and animals, and at harvest time kept place and time with the rest of the reapers. In winter she spun wool and wove it into garments for her family.

She looked out on the same forbidding scene that her ancestors had so long known: the great fields of lava and barren sand, the ice-hills with their smouldering volcanoes, the ice-

sheet and the boiling springs, the icebergs drifting down from Greenland each summer.

Whenever and wherever she was able to do so she borrowed books and read with glowing delight. As her family grew up and the first suggestion of leisure came to her, imagination stirred in that strong, fertile brain, and she began to create. She wrote a book called *Strangers*. She followed that with a play, and after this play came a second book called *Wishes*. The three works have been acclaimed as Icelandic classics.

The women of Iceland recognised that a genius abode out in the wilds, and invited her to Reykjavik, the capital of the island. She went wondering, for never before had she seen a town; she knew nothing of the life lived by people assembled in the comforts of civic life, nothing of a theatre for which she had written a play.

Here was an Icelandic ugly duckling of learning, a swan come suddenly to fame. The learned women of the Iceland capital acclaimed her their queen of intellect, a happy reversion to those Viking scholars who in the 12th and 13th centuries gave Iceland the richest native literature then known in the world.

So she had her triumph, then went back to her few ungenerous acres of sorry land, but mistress of that boundless universe that exists in the reflective, imaginative mind. Time will test and try her work, but contemporary judgment ranks it with the masterpieces of the greatest age of Icelandic literary genius.

Lawrence Edward Oates
The Greatest Defeat in the World
1880 – 1912 (Exploration)

Did we think victory great?
So it is—but now it seems to me, when it cannot be helped, that defeat is great.
And death and dismay are great.

All the life of Lawrence Edward Oates would seem to have been a preparation for those hours in the Antarctic when he walked to his death in a blizzard to try to save his companions beset by hardship. Never was a greater example of the truth that no man can tell till the end of his life what has been the most important hour in it.

He was only 32 when he died, and his biographer, Commander Bernacchi, himself a veteran of the Antarctic, confesses to a difficulty in finding material for the story of his life before he went with Scott on his second expedition to the South Pole. He was the typical young English cavalry officer, popular with his comrades, who nicknamed him Titus; fond of sport, fonder still of adventure. He had seen service in the South African War, where he had just missed the Victoria Cross.

He was with the Inniskilling Dragoons in India when he wrote to Scott, who was on the eve of his Antarctic expedition, to beg to be taken as one of his party on the Terra Nova.

At Mhow in Central India time hung heavily on the young soldier's hands and inactivity irked him; but it was admiration of Captain Scott and the feeling that here was a man who was about to do something great that dictated Oates's letter to the explorer. He told Scott that he was keen to serve with the expedition in any capacity whatever, and wanted no pay. Something in his blunt letter appealed to Scott, who wrote to ask what his qualifications were; and Oates replied that he was a cavalry officer with a considerable knowledge of dogs and horses, that he had been to Tibet with mules, and modestly hoped that he was not unfitted to take charge of the dogs and ponies. He was asked to come to London to talk it over, and, the two men recognising in one another a kindred spirit, the sailor took the soldier. Oates, rather shyly, asked Scott whether he would have a chance of going on the actual sledge party to the Pole, the Commander replied briefly that he intended to take the four fittest men, and if Oates proved to be one of these he would certainly go on with him.

With this conditional promise Oates joyfully embarked, and once on board turned his hand with swift adaptability to any job that was offered him, from shortening sail to shifting cargo or washing down the paintwork.

His story is not that of this Antarctic Expedition which began with such bright hopes and ended in such tragedy. The voyage was the least part of it. The record of the 900-mile sledge journey to the Pole on which Oates was taken is best told in the diaries of Captain Scott, found near the dead bodies of himself and his last companions. The most heart-rending sentence in it is in the message Scott penned to England. It reads:

Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. That hardihood and that courage belonged to Lawrence Oates in full measure. He

added to them an act of sacrifice which raised this simple soldier to a height where he shines as an inspiration to the world, leaving a name that can never be forgotten. Almost from the beginning, the sledge journey to the Pole was dogged with mishap. The preparations for it were long and difficult after the party had reached their starting base. Scott had worked hard during the winter months for the southern journey. One of the questions hard to decide was whether to take ponies or dogs or both. He at last decided that the ponies should haul food and equipment as far as the Beardmore Glacier, 400 miles away and rather less than half the whole distance to be traversed Oates, we now know, did not think that the ponies were fit for the work, but very naturally allowed himself to be over-ruled by his leader.

The decision to take the ponies involved a delay of some weeks because they could not stand the late winter climate. The delay also caused another entirely unexpected misfortune, the character of which was only learned when it was too late. All unknown to Scott, while he delayed, Amundsen with his Antarctic party was starting on the same journey by a shorter route, and with more fitting equipment. Fortune favoured the Norwegian; it seemed to set its face against the English party from the first. The story of that sledge journey on its successive sections is one of almost uninterrupted and unexpected hardship and difficulty. Blizzards whirled down on them half the way to the Beardmore Glacier; the going was far worse than had been expected. They arrived at the halfway house, where the ponies were to be left behind, with vitality more exhausted than it should have been.

The second half of the journey with sledges to haul showed no improvement. The party were behind their scheduled time; they dared not pause for rest lest their food rations should prove insufficient. There was nothing for it but to go trudging on, hauling their sledges with agonising effort.

In spite of the heavy going over soft snow or crumbling ice

they contrived to keep to nearly ten miles a day. But it was at terrible cost to themselves, and each began to ask himself how long he could keep the pace, and each to fear that his weakness might betray the others. What their nights were when they shivered, half frozen and half thawed, through brief hours of exhaustion, and when they seemed neither asleep nor awake, we hardly find it possible to think.

At last, when the lessening stock of food had lightened the sledges, they had only 27 miles to go; another two good marches would take them to their goal. Their exhaustion was beginning to break down their resistance to the cold, but it seemed that their task was all but accomplished.

On January 16 they had been marching about two hours when the seaman's eyes of Lieutenant Bowers, one of the five explorers, saw something that looked like a cairn of stones. But how could it be a cairn? Were they not the first to cross this untracked solitude? They marched on another half-hour and there was a black speck far ahead. The bitter truth burst on them. There should be nothing black on that white icefield. With sinking hearts they came to a black flag tied to part of a sledge. Then, drawing nearer, they saw sledge tracks and the marks of skis and the foot-prints of many dogs pointing to and from the Pole. Amundsen had beaten them; the intrepid Norwegian explorer had come and gone.

Our own hearts sink as we try to realise the bitter shock of disappointment to these worn and bewildered men. Had they indeed been the first to set their feet at the South Pole the exultation might have so lightened their spirits that they would have set out on the return journey with bounding pulses and renewed vigour. It was not to be. They must face the miles back with the bitter consciousness that, though they had done their duty, it was not enough.

The return journey had no mercy for these men who had suffered so much in body and in mind. Its difficulties multiplied when judgment had to be exerted as to the best and

quickest path to be taken at some stages; judgment more than once failed. We may surmise that the physical havoc wrought on the constitution of their leader lessened the insight of his explorer's mind. But even the elements waged war on them. They should have had at their backs for nearly all their journey the wind that blows from the Pole northward. It dropped to a calm. For days it turned and met them.

All this was learned long afterwards in Scott's diaries. It is from those pages, steeped in disappointment but to the last never tinged with despair, that we learn the part paved by Oates in the tragedy befalling them all. His feet had been frostbitten; he could scarcely stumble along; even his iron will could not keep him in the traces of the sledge. He was left to sit on it while the others searched for tracks, and then to plod behind alone with his thoughts. He asked his nearest friend among them what he should do, and all his friend could reply was "Slog on— just slog on," though both knew death was certain.

So Oates tried to battle to the end, though doubts came with every dawn and lasted through every agonising day. His hands were useless; his feet would barely support him. Try as he would he kept the whole party waiting. He came to the end of his endurance. He could not go on. He asked them to leave him behind in his sleeping-bag. They would not leave him, though they knew that his hours were numbered. He struggled on a few miles more and then they camped, knowing themselves to be companions of death.

He awoke in the morning after a little sleep, and as he woke knew what he must do. He struggled to his swollen feet and limped out into the blizzard howling about his last camp. He bade no goodbye; he said only:

I am just going outside; I may be some time.

Thus he spoke his own epitaph, with no unneeded word. He was going outside so that his companions should not be burdened with the hindrance of his company. The chance

was faint, but his departure might give them some hope, however slender, of life denied to him.

Long afterwards, when the bodies of the rest were found, a service was read over them beginning with the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Over the body of Oates no service could be read, for the snow of the blizzard had enfolded it forever; but near the camp where he went forth into the whirling snowstorm a rude cross has been set up, and on it are the words:

Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman.

Leo Tolstoy

Author of War and Peace, Fables for Children

1828 – 1910

"It is a very great secret, and I have written it on a little green stick and buried the stick near the edge of yonder deep valley."

"What does it say on the green stick, Nicholas?"

"'Sh! that is the secret. But when men know it they will not quarrel any more or be angry, and they will be happy." This was what Nicholas Tolstoi said to his little brother Leo.

Leo was born in 1828 at Bright Glade (Yasnaya Polyana) in the plain of Russia—a place where a river ran, and four lakes glistened, and birch trees grew, and the Tolstoi family lived in a large house and the farm-laborers in huts.

While Leo and his brothers were returning homeward one day from a walk they saw near the barn the fat steward Andrew, followed by a serf named Squinting Kouzma, and the serf had a most dismal face. Andrew said Kouzma was being taken to the barn to be flogged for a fault. Young Leo felt wretched, though no blow fell upon him. He told his Aunt Tatiana of the scene.

"Why," she cried—"why did you not stop him?" She hated to see one human being strike another. Leo was, indeed, too young to stop the steward; but the idea was lodged in his little mind that cruelty was not only to be looked at and hated, it was to be stopped.

Leo Tolstoi became a soldier in the Russian army, and he fought in the Crimean War.

"Mortar!" called a sentinel on the walls of the fortress of Sevastopol—meaning that a bombshell was flying hither, shot from an English or French mortar.

A man groaned. Stretchers were brought to carry away the wounded sailor whose breast was cut open by the shell. The sailor was borne to the hospital covered with blood and dirt. Tolstoi and the Russians aimed shot and shell at the enemy, and rejoiced when Englishmen and Frenchmen were wounded like the Russian sailor.

Rejoiced. But the tenderness in the child's heart which had sorrowed at the pain suffered by the serf Kouzma was not dead; it lived still. When the war was ended, Tolstoi traveled in many lands—Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, and for a few weeks visited London. He wrote tales, and thousands of people read them eagerly. He came home to the Bright Glade and carried on a school. A strange school, indeed, where the children sat where they liked, on benches, tables, window-sills, floor, or in the arm-chair, and sometimes romped and rolled over and fought! But they loved their lessons, and would beg the teacher to go on long past the hour for ending a subject; so that Tolstoi says:

"During lessons I have never seen them whispering, pinching, giggling, laughing behind their hands, or complaining of one another to the teacher."

You see, what Tolstoi wished to do was to carry on a school where there should be a love of learning, and no birch, cane, boxing of ears, or punishments. We need not wonder that not many people try to conduct such schools. Perhaps they need the secret of the little green stick.

Tolstoi was married in 1862 to Miss Sophia Behrs. But when children were born to them, and what with the family and the estate, there was plenty to fill up Tolstoi's mind; his thoughts wandered to a great world of things and thoughts

beyond Yasnaya Polyana—the great God, and the Gospel, and Love, and the sorrows of the common people, and the wrong of killing animals for food, and the wickedness of war, and of mistaken plans of ruling men by police and prisons. And lest his mind should be led away by thoughts of rank and wealth, he would dress in a rough sheepskin coat and sheepskin cap and greased high boots, like a peasant; and he would chop wood, draw water, plow fields, make boots, clean boots, so that he might know the hard labor of the poor and the chill and heat of the weather as they, unsheltered, have to feel it. When a friend who had once been a boy in the strange school visited Yasnaya Polyana, about 1885, he heard this story from an old aunt, eighty years old:

"I have nothing, not a stick of my own. But the Count be thanked, and God give him health! He stands up for us forlorn ones; he has brought in my hay, and carted the manure, and plowed the fallow, and done the sowing. God give him health and strength! And see now! He is rebuilding our homestead. He brought the timber himself.

The old hut was ready to fall in on us altogether."

And there was Leo Tolstoi, shirt-sleeves turned up, hair tousled, chisel stuck in belt, hand-saw hung at his waist, wielding an ax, and cutting a beam of wood, so as to fit the rafters crosswise for the roof.

Was this, then, the secret of the little green stick—this spirit of love and service toward one's neighbor?

Not that Tolstoi's way was certain to be the best or wisest. A man to whom the Count had given a pair of boots, made by himself, was asked by Mr. Aylmer Maude whether they were well made.

"Could not be worse," was the reply.

But at the same time it was true that the boots were made and given in the spirit of brotherly kindness.

Tolstoi often repeated the Gospel words, "Resist not evil." To him it was wrong to wound or kill an enemy; wrong to

drill, to train, to fight as a soldier. One winter's day in 1894 a schoolmaster died in a Russian prison. Some three years before his death he had been called to the ranks under the law of conscription, or military service. As a Christian he said he dared not handle weapons for slaying his fellow-men. He was kept in a prison, in a cell by himself, for a year. Then he was sent to another prison for fifteen months, suffering cold, hunger, and loneliness. The doctors agreed that he was unfit for military service, but he was nevertheless sentenced to a further term of nine years' imprisonment. On the way to the prison he was kept standing for a long time in the street, on a very cold day. His lungs were injured, and he died in three weeks. Tolstoi heard of the death with much grief. In Russia and in other countries young men have often refused to do what is called a citizen's duty or soldier's duty. They were willing to do innocent work that might be a danger to themselves, such as laboring in mines or on railways, but they were unwilling to do injury to other men. For this cause they have borne contempt and hardship. Less than a year before his death Tolstoi—an old man over eighty—wrote to a Japanese and spoke of religion; his faith being that men should live, not for the things of the body, and for property, and for power over other people, but for the spirit, for brotherhood, and love:

"To my great joy I, now, before my death, see every day an increasing number of such people, living not by the body, but by the spirit; who calmly refuse the demands made by those who form the government, to join them in the ranks of the murderers; and who joyfully accept all the external, bodily tortures inflicted on them for their refusal. There are many such in Russia. Men still quite young who have been kept for years in the strictest imprisonment experience the happiest and most tranquil state of mind— as they recount in their letters, or personally to those who see them. I have the happiness to be in close touch with many of them and to receive

letters from them."

Tolstoi died in 1910; and millions of people all over the earth gave a grateful thought to all the good he had taught during his long life.

This noble Russian pointed his finger to the time afar off—the time of peace; and he bade men do what is very hard to do—to give up all armies, all weapons of war, all the bright array of the soldier, all the plans for keeping the world in order by prison and truncheons and violence. We know, indeed, that this great change cannot be brought about as quickly as he wished and hoped. We cannot all of a sudden pull down the old rules and laws and customs. But of one thing we may be quite sure—that it is the duty of all common-sense women and men to hasten as fast as possible toward the newer and better society when war shall be no more, and the secret of the green stick—love and union and harmony—shall be the open law and gospel of the world.

Lady Lily Clotilda Burgundy
The Lily of the Merovingians
474-545

"A maiden such as you seek is not easy to find, sire."

Thus spoke Rémi, the missionary to the young Frankish chieftain, Clovis—Rémi, the high-souled apostle who five years before had left the Italy he loved in an effort to spread the Christian faith in lands west of the Rhine where the people were still heathen.

Sometimes it seemed to him that his labor had been in vain, for although he was not without converts, the powerful Frankish and Burgundian leaders scoffed at the message he brought and went on with the worship of their Druid war-god, Beltane. But by his gentleness he had gained their friendship even if he had not won their hearts to his cause; and now Clovis, lord of them all, was minded to get him a wife and had come seeking the Christian's counsel.

A glorious blond giant of a fellow was this king of the Salian Franks, and his blue eyes were very winsome as he declared he would wed only a maiden who was beautiful as she was nobly born.

"She must be lovely of nature, too," he added with a stamp of foot that sent a clang along his heavy Roman armor, "for the bride of Clovis is to be all that is desirable in woman."

The Christian looked at him in silence for a minute, then slowly shook his head.

"There be many damsels of high virtue and birth in the broad realm of Gaul," he replied, "but very few among them are surpassing fair."

"Lily-fair must she be," came the impulsive answer. "You have been to many courts to jabber about this God of yours you say doth such marvelous things. Have you found nowhere a princess such as I describe?"

The old man looked through the open doorway to where the slow-moving Scheldt shimmered like billows of molten copper in the afternoon sunlight, and his lips curved in a smile as a picture unrolled before his eyes. It was a pleasant picture, for the question of Clovis had awakened a memory of a day when, at the court of a western king, he had told the story of the Christ-child, and a girl whose eyes were like the petals of some rare blue lily had said to him, "I want to hear it again, father."

He had repeated the tale to her many times afterward, and always she had listened with such eagerness in her face that her golden hair seemed like a halo framing the face of an angel. So he spoke in this wise to the Frank:

"There is Lady Clotilda of Burgundy, King Chilperic's young daughter, who has eyes of turquoise and a heart of gold. I am not alone in counting her beautiful, for my scribe Aurelien has beheld her many times, and always he speaks of her as the Lily Maid of Burgundy."

"Then her will I marry," the young monarch declared boldly, "and Lily of the Merovingians shall she be."

Merovingian was the name of the ancestral house of Clovis, because his grandfather, Merwig, was the chieftain under whom the Franks were first united.

Rémi moved close to where the young king stood, the golden lark on his helmet that was the symbol of a Gallic legion an ancestor had commanded held proudly erect, and not a whit brighter than the long blond braids tumbling down over his cuirass, that were oiled each night as carefully as his

armor was burnished.

"Be not over-sure about winning the lass," the missionary suggested, "for yesterday there passed this way emissaries of Alaric the Visgoth, who said they fared to Burgundy to ask the hand of the Lady Clotilda for their king. 'Tis said he may wed if he chooses a no less exalted damsel than the daughter of King Theodoric of the Eastern Goths, but he looks with favor upon Chilperic's child because of her bonny face and ways."

Clovis struck his battle-ax against the wall to show his disapproval.

"A dead Alaric will he be if he seeks to take this maid," he exclaimed, "for I shall surely slay whoever stands between my desires and me. Mighty he may seem among his own men, but he counts for naught at all do I oppose him. Therefore despatch this scribe of yours to Burgundy and get consent of the damsel herself."

The man looked at the boastful youth with mingled affection and dismay. He had come to know the tender side of the Frankish chief, and to love him for his many good qualities. But he knew also how merciless and revengeful he could be, and that thought made his heart ache. His eyes seemed to say, "Ah, Clovis, what a power thou mightest be for the true God if thou wouldst forsake thy heathen ways and talk not of slaying whoever displeases thee!"

But his lips spoke: "To fare to Burgundy for Clotilda's consent would be a fruitless journey, since the lady abides not there now. Know you not that when Gundobald, her uncle, seized the throne, he exiled her to Helvetia, because she was so dear to the people he dared not murder her as he had murdered her father, while with her in another land he might reign in her stead as regent? Therefore it is in Geneva you must seek her. But Clovis," the gray-haired apostle continued solemnly, "you must know that this princess you would marry is a Christian and will not look with favor upon your heathen

ways."

The silver-helmeted sovereign flashed a smile at him.

"Naught care I about her creed, or that she loves not mine, for we shall both pray to our own gods in the future even as we pray now. But this lily maid who is beautiful as she is noble shall surely be queen of the Salian Franks. So despatch Aurelian Genevaward to-night and at the border road one of my chiefs will join him. I count not missionaries and scribes over-good judges of the fairness of women, and will therefore send along a youth whose taste is like unto my own. If he deems Clotilda lovely, lovely will she seem to me, and then she shall receive my royal message. Nor will she scorn to wed me because I worship Beltane," he added with proud confidence, "for all Gaul knows that my equal for power and possessions is not to be found west of the Alps."

Splendidly erect he strode away, and Rémi looked after him wistfully, smiling, and at the same time sighing as he thought of all that was good and bad in him.

That night when moonbeams lapped the royal halls at Tornacum—the Tournai of our day—the scribe of the missionary set forth, and at the border road a helmeted chieftain joined him. Like Clovis, he too was stalwart and supple, with long blond braids as bright as those of his chief. He had a merry speech and way that brought many a peal of laughter from the scribe. Sometimes when they rested on a hill-crest, or stopped by the side of a stream to eat of the nuts and dried boar's flesh they carried with them, he would tell a yarn of soldiering, and with a ready flow of words paint so glowingly the battle or banquet scene of which he spoke that Aurelian seemed to be living through it. Once the latter said to him, "What sad pity 'tis that you be a heathen chief, when with your tongue and manner you might become a prince of missionaries."

Loudly the Frank laughed then, and told how his comrades would shout at hearing him pictured as another Rémi.

"But well they know that day will never be," he added, "for men of my measure seek not a God who decries the things that are good in the eyes of Beltane. Our Druid faith stays, 'Only battle is glorious,' while Rémi prates to me, 'Lay down your ax.' Nay, nay," he went on in a voice growing loud with earnestness, "never will we Franks serve one who says fighting is ignoble."

"Yet strange things come to pass sometimes," Aurelian suggested.

"Aye," the chief agreed, "but not so strange as that."

They journeyed together through pleasant valleys, up slopes bright with grain and pasture lands, and into the silence of the Alps. Three weeks of travel brought them to Geneva, where the Princess Clotilda dwelt. There, when driven from her own land by the usurping uncle who ruled in her stead, she had taken refuge in a convent school, the only shelter open in those days to girls and women who would be dangerous persons in a household because of political enemies who wanted them out of the way. And there Aurelian and his companion saw her at twilight-time, standing beside the convent gate distributing alms to beggars.

"By the sword of Merwig, but she is a flawless lass!" the Frank exclaimed, as he watched her bending over the basket. "Say to her that Clovis will have her to wife, for he may search throughout Gaul and not find another so fair."

The scribe followed his bidding, but when he spoke to Clotilda she stared in a bewildered way.

"In rank and prowess the equal of the king of the Salian Franks is not to be found," he added, as if to urge his suit.

The princess nodded.

"That is very clear to me," she returned gently, "but what manner of man Clovis may be I know not. There are those who declare he is fierce of heart and evil of face, both of which are things for which I have no liking. Besides, he is a heathen."

"Fierce he is upon the battle-field," the eager chief broke in, "but gentle as a sheep would he be to you. And what matters it if his creed is that of Beltane, so long as he lets you keep your own? Those who hate him do say he is evil of face, but there be some so bold as to declare he is comely. You may judge of that for yourself," he added boyishly, "for in looks and manner he is much akin to me."

Clotilda glanced shyly at the armor-clad youth before her, his long braids like golden ropes against the silver of his helmet. She thought his eyes both kind and gentle, and she liked the gleam of humor in them.

"I have beheld more hideous folk," she remarked, with a smile. Then she added, "Will you tell me your name, since you be the king's boon friend?"

"Certes," the Frank returned gallantly. "Many titles I possess by word of my father and mother given to Beltane, but from now on I shall claim still another. Henceforth I am to be called Fortunatus, since it hath been my golden opportunity to gaze upon thee."

The girl flushed.

"You are bold. Sir Fortunatus," she replied, and turned again to her task of giving alms.

"Wilt vouchsafe no reply?" the young chief questioned anxiously.

Clotilda laughed and exclaimed:

"Mayhap to-morrow, mayhap not at all, for there be many things to perplex a maid in the matter of choosing a husband. Ever at night, when the garden turns into a place of stalking shadows, I watch for the star of hope that answers my questions about divers things. It is up there in the sky," she explained as she pointed to where feather-white clouds were pillowed along the crest of the southern mountains; "and mayhap wise men know it by another name. But to me it is always the hope star, for whenever it gleams down into the heart of the pool and makes another star there, it proves to

be my good omen. Should it dip there to-night I shall know happiness lieth for me with this king of yours, and then will I say, 'Bid him come and seek me.'"

Aurelian thanked her with the gentle manner one might expect from the scribe of a missionary, and suggested to Fortunatus that they seek shelter for the night at the hospice by the city gate and come again on the morrow for the answer. But the Frank voiced objection.

"Wilt lie abed when word of high import for our king is for your getting? Go to the hospice and snore the night away if you will, but I climb the tree that smothers the garden wall to see whether or not the pool catches the star."

According to his word the chief took position above the wall. Aurelian went with him, for when the scribe knew the mind of his companion he had no desire to sleep.

Through the silence of the Helvetian night unnumbered stars gleamed like flowers in a magic garden, and one sent its reflection into the very heart of the pool. "He says Clovis is like unto himself," a girl murmured wistfully at that very same moment, "and to mine eyes he seemeth all a man should be."

It was Clotilda watching by the window for what she called her good omen; while in a tent of greenery above the garden wall a youth exclaimed, "Verily the hope star washeth its face in the pool! I see that we bear good tidings homeward."

The blue and silver of an Alpine dawn enveloped Geneva, and in its radiance the scribe and the chief set forth another time. Clovis had made it clear that if Clotilda gave ear to his suit, Aurelian was to speed to Châlon-sur-Saône, where the usurping regent of Burgundy was then holding court, formally to ask for the princess's hand. Fortunatus was to return to Tornacum. So, just beyond the city wall they separated, the Frank taking the road to the west while Aurelian journeyed northward.

Now Gundobald, who knew the marriage of his niece to a

great chief would break his own wickedly gained power, had no desire that she take a husband of the might of Clovis. But he feared to anger the ruler of the Franks with a refusal. Therefore he pretended to be delighted with the plea of the scribe, and gave consent.

"Say to your lord I would have him hasten here to greet his bride, for this day will I send runners to Geneva and recall her hence with all due despatch."

But even as he smiled and promised, he maliciously planned to get the Frankish monarch out of the way, and whispered to his companions in evil-doing about the wild country between Châlon and Tornacum, where bandits were known to have many fastnesses, and of how folk often went into the region who did not come back.

"There be outlaws of two kinds," he said to one of the malicious group he had gathered around him; "those who slay for themselves, and those who slay in the interests of another. A fat purse will suffice to put a knife into action and to silence any tongue that might wag itself in tattling. And who would be so bold as to blame Gundobald for the chance death of a traveling sovereign?"

So he sent for a brigand leader and calmly negotiated for the death of the Frankish king.

Aurelian bore to Tornacum the message the regent bade him take; and without delay Clovis, attended by a splendid train, set forth, dreaming not at all that a death-trap had been set for him, and thinking to sup the seventh night afterward at the banquet-tables of the Burgundians. But in a ravine where a road crept between a cliff and a cavern, a score of knaves with knives set upon the party, and but for the quick action of the king his retinue would have been killed, they being unprepared for attack. In the thick of the fight the wolfskin robe of one of the bandit leaders was torn away, and under it gleamed the uniform of a captain of the Burgundian lancers. Several others, too, were found to be officers in the

forces of Gundobald. Then Clovis realized the treachery of the regent.

"Delay behooves us not now," he remarked to Aurelian, who was of the train. "If Gundobald seeks to slay me because I would wed his niece, he will not scruple to get her beyond my reach. Therefore, speed you to Geneva and fetch the maid to Tornacum."

"Do I fare there alone?" the fellow asked, with a show of alarm.

"Nay," the king answered, with a smile. "The same Fortunatus who went before will bear you company again. Attended by such train as is fit escort for a future queen of the Franks, he will await you at dawn to-morrow."

Accordingly Aurelian betook him eastward, while Clovis and the others made haste to return to Tornacum.

The story of all that happened as the company trudged up through the Helvetian passes to Geneva and down again with Lady Clotilda is a long, long tale. It is a story of more than one battle with those who struck from ambush, or who, with murderous intent, broke upon the camp made by night in some sheltered river-bottom or ravine; for the malice of Gundobald followed the travelers steadily and overtook them when they believed they had escaped it. Once, as the cart that bore the princess forded the upper course of the Rhone, an arrow from a willow thicket struck the flank of one of the oxen that drew it. The animals began plunging and kicking in the middle of the stream and overturned the vehicle. Clotilda was borne down by the raging current, and but for the swift, skilful swimming of Fortunatus, would have been drowned. Finally, however, after many days of journeying and rough adventure, they reached the safety of a valley in Clovis's own dominions, and another twelve hours of travel brought them to Tornacum.

"Bespeed you now to Rémi with word that the bride of the king is come, and bid him make haste for the wedding," Fortunatus remarked to Aurelian the very hour they arrived.

"And bear word to Clovis, also," Clotilda remarked shyly, "for never yet was there a wedding that lacked a bridegroom."

Fortunatus bowed low.

"The ruler of the Franks is already here," he exclaimed in a voice that rang like a trumpet.

Then the amazed Burgundian girl saw the soldiers around her give the salute to the king.

"You Clovis?" she questioned like one dazed.

"Aye," came the gentle reply. "Did I not tell you at Geneva that in looks and manner we were akin?"

Merrily his words flowed then as he recounted how, in disguise, he had gone as one of his own chieftains to the mountain retreat where they had found Clotilda that he might see for himself whether or not she was the maid he wanted to take for his bride.

"And while you watched your star of hope dip itself in the pool, I spied from a tree above the garden wall and knew your answer even as it formed in your heart."

So these two were married by the good missionary—the Burgundian girl men said was lovely as a blossom, and Clovis, who was lovable as he was fierce of heart.

"Lily of the Merovingians thou art now!" he exclaimed after the Christian spoke the words that united them.

Whereupon the gray-haired apostle returned solemnly: "Aye, a lily in a hive. We shall see which is the mightier, the flower or the bee."

The standard of the Merovingian line was a golden bee, and the young king's robes were studded with hundreds of these insects. By his speech Rémi meant that time would tell whether the barbaric ways of the husband would harden the lily, or whether she would soften the fierceness in him that was like the sting of the bee.

A year and two and three passed, and all the while the young king and queen reigned together over the broad lands of the Frank. Happy was Clotilda because she loved her lord,

but sad was she also sometimes because he kept steadfastly to the worship of his Druid Beltane.

"Would you heed the voice of the true God," she was wont to say to him, "you would know what comfort is."

Sometimes when she spoke thus the king would answer: "Why change my gods for yours when already I have all that I desire? Think you the one you serve would bring greater victories than are mine by the grace of Beltane?"

"There be things greater than conquest, my lord," Clotilda replied to him one day, and looked after him wistfully as he strode away with laughter on his face.

Thus time winged on, and all the while Clovis was spreading the sway of his scepter. Tribe after tribe he subdued without tasting defeat, so that it was little wonder that he believed himself invincible, and Beltane a god that fulfilled all desires. But one day—it was in a fight against the Alemanni who dwelt between the Vosges and the Rhine, along beautiful Lake Constance—the tide turned against the Frankish chief. Hordes of his soldiers went down like wheat-stalks under a scythe, while others, terrorized, fled for safety to the mountains; and although he called again and again to Beltane it seemed the Druid deity was deaf. For the first time in his life the young sovereign experienced the bitterness of defeat.

Suddenly then, like a gleam of light through the blackness of a cellar, the words of his queen flashed across his mind.

"Would you but heed the voice of the true God, you would know what comfort is."

Could that comfort come to him now? With all his mind and heart he wondered.

Dropping on his knees, he shouted, to the wild amazement of his warriors, "Thou God of Clotilda, give victory to my arms, and forever after I and all my people will worship Thee!"

Then he led his forces into the fight again, and, strengthened by hope of help from the Christian God, the Franks

rallied. By the fierceness of their attack the Alemanni were driven from the field.

Came Christmas day a few months afterward; and a day of marvelous joy it was for the queen and good Rémi, for Clovis kept his word. On that anniversary of Christ's birth, he and three thousand of his warriors were baptized in the name of Christianity. And to show to the world that he had changed his faith, he also changed his emblem.

"No longer shall a stinging bee be the symbol of the Merovingians," he declared after his baptism, "but a lily that is like the heart and face my sweet Clotilda brought me."

He set upon his standard a golden flower of three petals that they called the fleur-de-lis, which for more than a thousand years was to wave upon the banners in the country over which he and his fathers had held sway, the land of song and sunshine we know as France.

Clovis never became a gentleman as we interpret the word, for he came of a line of fierce chieftains and lived in an age when men were hard. Boastful, arrogant, and often brutal he remained to the end. But after his adoption of Christianity he softened greatly, and although history records some evil deeds of him, it records many gracious ones, also.

Some say the change in him was all due to Clotilda, the sight of whose smile when he first beheld it at Geneva brought him such joy that he named himself Fortunatus. And Fortunatus he liked to be called until the day he died.

It was the year of our Lord 496 that saw the baptism of the Frankish king and his soldiers, more than fourteen centuries ago. But through all the time that has gone since then the idyll of Clotilda gleams as one of the sweet tales of history, the account of the Burgundian blossom who became the Lily of the Merovingians and brought her husband the Christian faith as part of her dower.

The Story of Louis XIII

1601-1643

I

One September day in 1601 there was great excitement in the palace of Fontainebleau. For a Dauphin had been born —an heir to the throne of France. And as for eighty years there had been no Dauphin, the rejoicing was great indeed.

With tears of joy running down his cheeks Henry IV kissed his Queen. "My dear," he said, "God has been very good to us. He has given us that for which we asked. We have a fair son." And when she heard the good news the Queen fainted with joy. The King took his baby very tenderly in his arms and blessed him. Then taking his sword he put the hilt of it within the tiny fingers. "May you use it, my son," he said, "to the glory of God in the defence of your country."

Then the King threw open the doors and told the news to the waiting courtiers without. They in their excitement crowded round the King, throwing themselves at his feet in such ardour that they nearly knocked him down. Then they thronged into the Queen's room, eager for a glimpse of the wonderful baby. Soon there was such a crowd in the room that it was impossible to move, scarcely possible to breathe. When the Queen's nurse saw it she was very angry, and said so. At such a time the King should have known better, she said, and she proceeded to give him a piece of her mind. King or no King, he should hear what she thought of him.

But the King was too happy to pay any heed to her. He patted her on the shoulder. "Gently, gently, nurse," he said, "don't get angry. This child belongs to all the world. Everyone has a right to rejoice over him."

And everyone did rejoice. Throughout the length and breadth of France bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and Te Deums were sung.

Henry was a very delighted father, but he was a very clumsy one. A few days after his son was born he came to pay him a visit and found him sleeping on a velvet cushion. He picked up the cushion so awkwardly that the baby rolled off, and would have fallen to the ground if his nurse had not caught him. After that a velvet strap was put on the pillow, which was fastened whenever the Dauphin was carried about. But the King was not allowed to lift him or carry him any more.

The little Dauphin was at once surrounded with all manner of pomp. He was given a great household and following of servants, grooms, gentlemen-in-waiting, and what not. But chief among them were his doctor, simple, kindly Jean Heroard, and his governess, Madame de Montglat, who was tall, thin, and terribly severe.

As soon as the Prince was born Jean Heroard began to keep a diary, and in it he gives us the smallest details of the little Prince's life—when he cut his first tooth, when he said his first word, or took his first step. How the King played "peep-bo" with him, or how he was frightened by a strange lady's hat. Nothing was too small or unimportant to be put down. On the whole, it was a very quiet and uneventful life.

Before he was a fortnight old the Prince was removed from Fontainebleau to St. Germain, and here for the next few years he lived. The King and Queen came to see him almost every day, and many other people came to visit him and pay reverence to their future King. So when little more than a baby he became accustomed to have people kneeling to him and

kissing his hand. He was surrounded by so much deference and respect that he soon became very arrogant and self-willed. He got into terrible tempers for nothing at all, screaming, kicking, scratching, or else sulking. And from the time that he was two until after he became King these bad tempers earned for him many a beating. Over and over again Heroard writes in his diary something like this: "The Dauphin got up in a bad temper. Scratched Madame de Montglat; was beaten."

Even the King and Queen, whom he loved exceedingly, did not escape from his temper. Sometimes the King too, who had a temper of his own, would get angry with him. Then there were terrible scenes, and the little Prince, quite beside himself with rage, would cry himself nearly ill, shrieking out that he would kill everyone.

Sometimes, instead of being thrashed, the poor little Dauphin would be bribed to be good with promises of sweets and new toys.

Or again, he would be frightened. A big laundry-man would come and threaten to take him away in his bag and put him in the washtub; or a locksmith would come with a pair of pincers and a rod, and say, "Look here, this is what we fasten up naughty little boys with." Or again, an ugly mason would come and make-believe to carry him off in his hod. And once when he was very naughty a cane was let down the chimney by a string, and the Dauphin was made to believe that an angel had brought it down from heaven on purpose to beat him. One cannot help feeling sorry for the little frightened Prince in spite of his wicked tempers.

Louis's life, however, was not all tempers and punishments, sometimes he was quite good and happy. He loved playing at soldiers. He never tired of watching the guard being changed, and he knew all the sentries by name and used to have great talks with them. A drum was his greatest delight. No present ever pleased him more, and he seemed to be for

ever beating a drum, even when he went to see the King. "He longed for nothing but drums, soldiers, and arms," says the good old doctor.

Louis liked also to look at a big book full of pictures of animals which belonged to the doctor. He was fond, too, of listening to stories which his nurse, Mama Doundoun, told him. Sometimes they were Bible stories like Lazarus and the rich man, sometimes fairy tales, or old Greek legends. Afterwards he would play at these stories. Sometimes it would be the story of Andromeda. Then his little sister would be Andromeda, a page would be the Dragon, and he Perseus, who kills the Dragon.

The Dauphin had many other make-believe games. He had a great collection of pottery figures of all kinds, both men and beasts, and with these he was able to invent all sorts of splendid make-believe games. But perhaps best of all he liked "being useful." Very often he helped to make his own bed. He would carry the pillows on his head pretending that he was a mason building a house. And he could work in the garden, wheeling earth about from one place to another, planting peas and beans, and swaggering about, swinging his arms and taking great strides "like a real workman."

In those days it was the fashion for great nobles to wait upon the King and Queen, and when the Dauphin was quite a tiny child he was taught to wait upon his father, to hand him his shirt when he got up or hold a napkin beside his chair at meals. Yet he could not bear the idea that anyone was greater or of more importance than himself. Nothing made him so angry as when the King said, "I am the master: you are my valet." But a little later he delighted to call himself "Papa's little valet."

Louis began very early to learn to read and write. Mamanga, as he called Madame de Montglat, taught him his letters out of a big Bible, and he soon knew them all. He also learned to write, and was very fond of writing letters to the

King or Queen with someone holding his hand. Here is one of the letters he wrote at three and a half :

"My good Mama—I am no longer self-willed. I am not afraid of the blind man, papa, I am not afraid of the guns. I have killed a partridge."

From Heroard's diary we learn that the Dauphin said prayers just like any other little boy; indeed, his prayers were very like what many a little boy or girl says to-day: "God bless Papa and Mama, the Dauphin, my sister, my aunt; give me the blessing of His Grace, make me a good man, and keep me from all my enemies."

A little later on Louis was taught the Lord's Prayer. But he did not understand it.

"Mamanga," he asked, "what does 'forgive us our trespasses' mean?"

"Monsieur," she replied, "it means that every day we sin against God, and we ask Him to forgive us."

The Dauphin went on a little farther till he came to "deliver us from evil." There again he stopped.

"Mamanga, what is 'evil'?" he asked.

"Monsieur, it is the wicked spirit which says to you, 'Go on, scream, kick, be naughty.'"

For some time after that the little Dauphin thought very quietly about it. Then he said softly, "Mamanga, the good God died upon the Cross."

Mamanga nodded. "Do you know why, Monsieur?" asked the doctor, who was there.

"Because we have all been naughty," answered the Dauphin, "you, Mamanga, me, and Mama Doundoun."

II

It was not until the Dauphin was nearly five years old that he was baptized. Then to his great disappointment he was called Louis. He wanted to be called Henry, because it was his father's name.

He had a great admiration for his father. When he was obstinate, "Papa wants you to do it" was often enough to make him give in.

"I like everything that papa gives me," he used to say. He was afraid of the rain, but he braved even that for the love of the King. One day when they were out walking together it began to rain.

"Run, my boy," said the King, "run home."

"If you please, papa, I'm not afraid of the rain."

"But I am afraid you will get ill."

"I won't get ill. I promise you, papa," replied the Prince, so he stayed in spite of his fear.

The Dauphin always wanted to do things exactly as the King did. "Papa does it," or "Papa doesn't do it," was often an excellent excuse with him.

"Give me some jelly," he said one night at supper.

"Say please," said Mamanga.

"Papa doesn't say please," quickly returned the Prince.

"You mustn't sit cross-legged," said Mamanga at another time, "it will make you limp."

"Papa does it," answered the Dauphin, so of course there was nothing more to be said.

He was very fond of writing to the King. He could not really write, but De Heroard would hold his hand and trace the words for him. If the King replied it was a tremendous delight for little Louis. He would kiss and hug the letter and take it to bed with him.

Here is a letter that Louis wrote to his father when he was away fighting:

"Papa—since you went away Mama has been very pleased with me. I have been to war in her room. I marched against the enemy. They were all in a heap between the bed and the wall in Mama's room, they slept there. I wakened them up with my drum. I have been to your arsenal, Papa.

"Monsieur de Rosny showed it to me all full of arms and

ever and ever such a lot of big cannon, and then he gave me some nice sweets and a little silver cannon. It will need a pony to draw it. Mama is going to send me back to St. Germain tomorrow. There I will pray God for you, Papa, to keep you from all danger and to make me wise so that I can soon help you. I am very sleepy, Papa, and I am your very humble and very obedient son and servant, "Dauphin."

Although this letter was written more than three hundred years ago, it is not very unlike what a little boy might write today.

But sometimes not all the love he had for his father would make the little Dauphin do as he was told.

It was the custom for the King after Mass on Maundy Thursday to wash the feet of thirteen poor people and afterwards to wait upon them at table.

It was looked upon as a great Court ceremony as well as a deed of humble piety. But one Maundy Thursday, when Louis was about six, Henry was ill in bed. As Henry was not well enough to go through the ceremony he told the Dauphin that he must do so instead.

"I don't want to," said the Dauphin, "it is horrid."

"But you will do it for me?" said the King.

"Yes, papa," answered the Dauphin.

So he went off to church, and during the sermon he amused himself by pricking a piece of paper with a pin in the shape of birds and animals. When the service was over the Dauphin was led to where the old beggars were sitting. He went very unwillingly. It was only the thought that it was to please his father that made him go. But when he reached the first beggar and found that his own basin was being used, it was too much for him. He turned away crying, and nothing would induce him even to kneel down, so the King's Almoner had to perform the ceremony.

Afterwards Mamanga scolded him for his naughtiness. "Why would you not wash the feet of the poor sick people,

monsieur?" she said. "The King does it, and surely if he does you might."

"But I'm not the King," was all the Dauphin could tearfully answer.

When Louis was about six he began to learn Latin. But he did not like it much, "he had to be bribed to say two and a half lines of a Latin Psalm," says Heroard in his diary. Indeed, we gather throughout that lessons did not get on very fast.

"Go away, go away, I don't want to write this morning," he said one day to his writing master.

But the writing master was wily. "Sir," he said, "I have here a book which belongs to a German gentleman, who begs you to write in it. The whole of Germany will see it."

"Ah," said the Prince," I should like that. There is an Emperor in Germany, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the writing master.

And so, says Heroard, "the desire for glory made him write cheerfully some words which I gave him from a Latin poet."

A few days later we find the Dauphin asking to play tennis in order to get off of writing.

About this time he began to be very fond of painting, and he would paint and draw for hours together. He drew all sorts of things; things "out of his head," bits of the gardens, and even copied the King's portrait, "which," says Heroard, "was quite recognizable."

So eight years went by. The Dauphin was no longer a baby. He was given his first suit of trousers and a sword and cloak. His suit was of crimson satin, trimmed with silver lace, and he was tremendously proud of it. He strutted off to show himself to Heroard, who played his part well, and pleased the little Prince enormously by pretending not to know him in his grown-up clothes.

Grown-up clothes were all very fine, and the Dauphin was immensely pleased with them, but they brought other things in their train which did not please him so well. He was told,

for instance, that now that he was such a great boy he was no longer to be left to the care of women. He must say good-bye to his little sisters, to Mamanga (whom he loved in spite of all the thrashings), and Doundoun, and St. Germain with its beloved garden, and go to live in Paris and have a tutor.

The Dauphin looked forward to this with something of fear. Once when Mamanga asked him what he would do when he was taken away from her, he replied, "We won't speak about that, Mamanga."

Still, when the time came he went off very quietly, without any tears or scenes, to the carriage which was to take him to Paris. For the thought that at Paris he would see more of his father made up for much. Once when he was asked whether he would like best to live at Fontainebleau or at Paris he answered, "If papa is at Fontainebleau, I should like best to live there; if he is at Paris, I should like best to live there."

At the Louvre the King and Queen received the Dauphin. He ran joyously to throw his arms round his father's neck as of old. But even with his father being grown up made some difference. For the King now told him that, as he had become such a big boy, he must no longer say "papa," but "father."

Now lessons began in earnest. Regularly every day there was reading and writing to be done, Latin declensions and catechism to be learned. Besides this, he was also taught to shoot, to row, to ride, and now often went hunting with his father.

But lessons were always a trouble, and thrashings frequent. Once Madame Montglat came to see him.

"Mamanga," he said, "would you not like to see me do my lessons?"

"I will come for the beginning, Monsieur," she answered.

"Oh, but I never do them well till the end," he said.

He may have said this because he wanted Mamanga to stay with him all the time. But the truth is, more likely, that he seldom did his lessons well at all.

III

For many years France had been at peace. But at length Henry IV made up his mind to fight with Spain, and he began to make great preparations. He determined himself to lead his soldiers, and before leaving France to appoint Queen Marie Regent.

But Marie, although she had been Queen of France for ten years, had never been crowned.

"You are an uncrowned Queen, Madame," said one of her favourites to her. "Now you are about to become a powerless Regent. Thus, Madame, you will be known by two fine titles, neither of which will really belong to you. Cause yourself to be crowned, and then you will in truth possess the authority which is your due."

Marie gladly took this advice, and insisted that if she was to be left as Regent during the King's absence she must be crowned. Henry was very unwilling to listen to her. If it was to be done at all, it must be done splendidly. It would cost a lot of money, and he wanted all his money for the war. Besides this, he had an uneasy feeling that her coronation would bring misfortune upon himself.

But Marie stood firm, so at length the King gave way, and on the 13th of May, 1610, the Queen was crowned at St. Denis with great splendour. The great church was hung with purple and cloth of gold. It was thronged with lords and ladies dressed in glowing colours and glittering with jewels.

Before the Queen walked the Dauphin, dressed in cloth of silver embroidered with jewels. He was by her side throughout the gorgeous ceremony, and helped to hold the crown over her head.

So at length Marie de Medici was crowned Queen of France. Still she begged Henry not to go to the war. She knew little of State affairs, she said, and the Dauphin was yet young. But Henry laughed. He put aside all her pleadings with a jest.

Go he would. Yet the King himself was sad and troubled.

The day after the Queen's coronation, talking with some of his friends, he said, "You do not know me now, but I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me, you will know then my value and the difference between me and other men."

"Sire," quietly replied one of his friends, "will you never cease to grieve us by saying that you will die soon? You will live, please God, yet many long, happy years. You are in the very flower of your age, in perfect health and strength, held in greater honour than any other human being, enjoying in all peace the most flourishing kingdom in the world, loved and adored by your subjects, with goods, money, and fine houses to your heart's content, with a lovely wife and fine children growing up round you. What more could you want?"

"My friend," replied the King, with a sigh, "one must leave all these things."

All day he was gloomy. Do what he would, he could not shake off his depression. It was plain to all.

"Sire," said one of his officers, "you are depressed and out of sorts. It would do you good to go out for a little, if I might dare suggest it."

"You are right," said the King. "I will go to see my War Minister, Sully, who is not well. Call my carriage."

So the carriage was called, and Henry went to say good-bye to the Queen. Even then it seemed as if he could not make up his mind to go. Three times he said good-bye, three times he returned to her.

At last he went. "I shall just go and return at once," he said.

He stepped into his carriage, followed only by one or two of his gentlemen. For the royal bodyguard which was ready to escort the carriage he turned back.

"I don't want you," said the King. "I don't want anyone."

Henry drove quickly through the streets until, turning into a very narrow one, the driver found the way blocked by

two heavy carts. Here the carriage was obliged to draw up till the carts could be got out of the way.

As the carriage stood still a man suddenly leaped on to the wheel at the side nearest the King. He raised his hand. Something flashed in the sunlight, and before anyone around realized what had happened, a knife was plunged into the King's side.

"I am stabbed," gasped Henry, and fell back lifeless. Again and yet again the assassin struck before he was seized and disarmed.

Then through the gathering crowd there went a cry of wild despair and anger, "The King is dead! the King is dead!"

"Nay," cried one of the nobles who was with him, fearing a tumult, "he is but wounded," and with all speed the carriage drove back to the palace.

The Queen was in her room resting, for she was wearied with the excitement of the day before, and she was to dance at the great State ball in the evening. As she lay on her couch she chatted to one of her ladies-in-waiting. Suddenly to her ears came the heavy tramp of feet, the heavy tramp as of men bearing some burden. A sudden fear seized her. At once her thoughts flew to the Dauphin. Some evil had befallen him.

"My son," she cried, starting up in terror.

The lady-in-waiting held her back and went out to see what had happened. In a moment she returned with a pale face.

"Your son is not dead," she stammered, "it is nothing."

But the Queen pushed her aside and went into the King's room. There she saw him lying on his bed cold and still. Fainting with grief and horror she was carried back to her own room.

"The King is dead," she moaned.

"Madame," replied one of the courtiers, "the Kings of France never die. Dry your tears, and think of the safety of your children."

"The King is dead! Long live the King!" The blow which had ended Henry's life had made stupid, hot-tempered little nine-year-old Louis King.

He was out driving when the news came to him. For throughout Paris there was a wail of grief. The whole city was in confusion, and it was impossible to keep the cause of it from the child who was now King.

When he was told that he would never see his beloved father any more he burst into tears. "Ah, if I had been there with my sword," he cried, "I would have killed the murderer."

At first it was hard for Louis to realize what had happened, and all that it meant to him. That evening his servants and attendants knelt to him as they served dinner. This seemed so strange that at first he laughed. Then, suddenly understanding what it meant, he burst into tears.

"I do not want to be King," he cried. "They will kill me too, as they killed my father." And now his grief was mingled with terror. He was horribly afraid, and that night he begged to sleep with his tutor, "lest dreams should come to him." This he was allowed to do. But the Queen was too fearful of his safety to permit him to be out of her sight, and she commanded that he should be brought to sleep in her room. So late at night he was taken to her room, where he slept till morning.

IV

Louis was now King in name. But he was only a little boy. He had in reality no power, and his life went on very much as before. There was still the round of lessons, reading, writing, dancing, and shooting, still the frequent scoldings and thrashings. Being King gave him little pleasure, and he missed his father terribly.

"I wish I had not become King so soon," he would say, "and that my father was still alive. I wish my father had lived twenty years longer."

It was the Queen who ruled now, and she in her turn was ruled by her favourites, chief among them an Italian named Concini.

But although Louis's title was still an empty one he had to be crowned. The coronation took place at Rheims, where all the Kings of France were crowned.

During the long, trying ceremony the little boy of nine behaved very well. But at the end he grew rather weary of it, and amused himself by trying to tread upon the train of the Constable of France, who walked before him up the aisle.

At last, by half-past two, the ceremony was over, and as Louis had been up since five o'clock his tutor thought he had better go to bed and rest.

"But I'm hungry," said Louis.

So a meal was quickly prepared, and after it the great King of France was sent to bed. There he lay very happily playing with his favourite lead soldiers.

For in spite of being a King, Louis was still very fond of his soldiers. This vexed his tutor.

"Are you never going to grow up and stop playing with childish toys?" he asked one day.

"But," cried Louis indignantly, "these are not childish toys, they are soldiers," and he continued to play with them.

He was fond, too, of sailing boats in his bath. He would load them with roses, and say that they were vessels coming from India laden with gold and spice.

This, it is true, did not happen very often. For in those days people seldom took baths. When King Louis had one it was a great occasion, and he did not go out for two days after lest he should catch cold!

At length, being so often told that it was childish, Louis began to be a little ashamed of playing at soldiers, yet he could not bear to give them up, and sometimes he would shut himself in his own room with them and forbid his servants to tell anyone what he was doing. For although he would not give

up his lead soldiers, he did not like to be thought childish.

"You don't love me to-day," he said once to his tutor, "for you have called me a child."

It made him very angry to be treated as a child. He knew that he was a King, and he wanted to be treated with the respect due to a King. And this those around him often forgot. They would come into the room where he was without noticing him, sit down in his presence, and do many other things which, had he been a real grown-up King, they would not have dared to do. And this made him furious. It was hard, he felt, to be expected to give up childish games and yet not receive in return the respect due to a grown-up King.

"Sir, I must do something," he would say to his tutor, when he urged him to be less childish. "If I give up my toys, tell me, what am I to do?"

The poor, stupid little boy had no ideas of his own. He could not play any thinking games. So at length he took to shooting. He soon became very expert and took great delight in it, and for a time he was daily to be found in the palace gardens shooting sparrows and other small birds. He also became very fond of falconry, and a gentleman named Luynes, his chief falconer, became a great favourite with him.

Meanwhile no one seemed to trouble about teaching Louis the duties of a King. It would not have been easy, perhaps, for he detested all lessons. He seized every opportunity of getting out of doing them; he would promise to take medicine or say his prayers, or have his hair done, on condition that he need not do lessons that day. And he was so obstinate, and had such a temper when crossed, that his tutor often gave in to him, and for the sake of peace let him off his tasks.

So two years went by; the little King shot sparrows, flew falcons, and otherwise amused himself, while the Queen-Regent ruled the land and was ruled by Concini. The other great Princes meanwhile fought among themselves and plotted against the Regent and her favourite.

And now the Queen decided that the King must be married. So a wedding was arranged between him and the Spanish Princess. He himself was very little consulted.

"My son," said the Queen one day, "I should like you to marry. Would you like to?"

"I shall be quite pleased," answered the King. So it was arranged.

It was arranged at the same time that his sister was to marry the Prince of Spain. So on 25th September, 1612, there was a grand ceremony, when the contracts for the two marriages were signed. Even then Louis did not take it very seriously, and when his sister was signing her name he jogged her elbow to make her write badly. Thus was the King engaged to be married. But the wedding did not take place yet awhile.

When Louis was thirteen he was declared of age and fit to rule. But he was all the same only a very ignorant, small boy, kindly and religious, quick tempered, idle, and changeable. Of his kingly duties he had not the slightest idea. Yet he wanted people to respect him, and he wanted to make a good appearance, and the night before the ceremony of his majority he lay in bed praying to the Saints that he might make his speech to the Parliament without a mistake.

The Saints were kind to him, and he said his speech in a clear, firm voice without a stammer.

"Gentlemen," he said, "having reached my majority, I have come to say to you that I intend to govern my kingdom with good counsel, with piety and justice. I expect from all my subjects the respect and obedience that is due to the Sovereign Power and Royal Authority, which God has put into my hand. My subjects may also hope from me the protection and favour to be looked for from a good King who desires above all things their peace and welfare."

Then turning to the Queen, "Madame," he said, "I thank you for all the trouble that you have taken for me. I pray you to continue it, and to govern and command as you have done

before. It is my will and my intention that you shall be obeyed in all things and in all places, and that after me, and in my absence, you shall be head of my Council."

This speech made it plain to the nobles, who hated the Queen and her favourites, that nothing was to be changed, the Queen was still to have all the power.

When the ceremony was over the little King was very tired. He was taken back to his palace and put to bed, and there, surrounded by his toys, he played very happily till he fell asleep.

A few days later we find him playing hide-and-seek with his gentlemen, beating his drum, and amusing himself with toy cannon, as if there was no such thing as crown or kingdom.

They could be forgotten, but lessons were ever present, and they could not so easily be forgotten. For his tutor was always there to insist on his doing them.

But one day a bright idea occurred to Louis. He was King, he had favours to give, he could bribe his tutor. So one day he said to him, "If I give you a bishopric, will you make my lessons shorter?"

"No," was the disappointing reply, and the little King sighed discontentedly. Being a King did not seem to be much use.

He never had any money, he had to do hateful lessons and endure constant thrashings. Was there ever such a King? And yet at times he was treated with empty honour. Now if he came into the room the Queen would rise and curtsey and remain standing until he was seated. But such things gave the King little pleasure. "Less ceremony and fewer thrashings," he grumbled one day, "would please me better."

V

Louis was now nearly fifteen, and the Regent thought it was time he should be married. So the Spanish Princess set

out from her home to be married to her boy husband.

The King and the Princess had never seen each other. But Louis had heard that the Princess was beautiful and charming, and he wanted to see her without letting her know. So he mounted his horse and rode to meet her. He knew that the Princess was to stop to have a meal at a certain house on the way. So he went into this house and, taking his place at a window, waited her coming. The time seemed long, but at length the great procession was seen winding slowly along through the crowded streets. Opposite the house where the King waited the royal carriage drew up and, much delighted, the King watched the Princess as she ate.

Someone told the little Spanish lady that her husband was watching her from the window. At once she became eager to see him too. But he was surrounded by his gentlemen, and she could not make out which of them was the King.

As soon as the Princess had set out again the King mounted his horse and, galloping hard, overtook her once more. As he passed her carriage he bowed low. The Princess bowed too, and then, shouting gaily, the King galloped away to be ready to receive his Princess when she reached Bordeaux.

Here a few days later the marriage took place with great splendour. The young Queen was so beautiful that as she passed along the people burst into cries of admiration and delight. The King too looked splendid in his gorgeous clothes of white satin glittering with gold and gems. "They seemed like two angels, they were so beautiful," said one who saw them.

Even now the King had little power, and the Queen-Mother continued to rule. But meanwhile the whole country became filled with discontent against her and her favourites. The great nobles quarrelled amongst themselves. They had formed parties, each one conspiring against the other. But in one thing they were united. They all hated Concini. And as the Regent heaped honour after honour upon him, the hatred

grew more and more bitter.

At length the Regent made her favourite Marshal of France. It was the highest military honour he could receive, and he knew nothing of war. He had never so much as seen a battle, besides which he was not even a Frenchman. So the anger against him was more bitter than ever.

The King also hated Concini for his insolence and pride. He began too to be more and more angry that because of Concini he was shut out from all share in the Government, never consulted in anything, and shown no respect.

Now Luynes, Louis's favourite, never lost a chance of increasing and encouraging his anger and hate against the Queen-Mother's favourite. For he wanted to be powerful, and he knew he never could be so as long as Concini lived. So Luynes at length persuaded Louis that his very life was in danger, and that his only hope of safety was in getting rid of Concini.

Louis was at length thoroughly frightened as well as angry.

"Has it come to this?" he wept. "Must I die as I have lived, despised—a King without authority, without throne, without crown?"

Having thoroughly frightened the King, Luynes next made it his business to comfort him and show a way of safety. If Concini were dead, said he, Louis would not only be safe, he would be King in deed as well as name. And to this, between anger and terror, Louis was fain to agree.

So with his falconer and a few others like him, Louis plotted the death of Concini. They found de Vitry, the Captain of the Guard of the Louvre, willing to help them, and soon all was ready.

One morning as Concini was about to enter the Louvre to visit the Queen he was stopped by the Captain and his men.

"I arrest you in the King's name," said de Vitry.

"What, me?" cried Concini in astonishment.

He had time to say no more. For five pistol-shots rang out and Concini fell dead.

Some of his followers, when they had recovered from the surprise, drew out their pistols ready to avenge their master.

But again de Vitry's voice rang out. "It is the King's order," he cried.

And the arms raised to shoot dropped again. Concini was dead, his power was gone. It was better to obey the King.

Within the palace Louis had been waiting, ready to flee if the plot failed. He heard the shots and trembled, turning pale.

A moment later one of his friends rushed into the room.

"Sire," he cried, "from this hour you are King. Concini is dead."

"Good!" cried Louis, the blood rushing again to his pale face. "Give me my sword," and he ran to the window.

It was so high that he could not reach it. But taking him in his arms, one of his companions held him up.

"Thank you, thank you," cried Louis, as he looked down and waved to the men below. "Now I am King."

And from the courtyard below came the answering shout, "God save the King!"

Soon the news was carried to the Queen.

"Poor me," she sighed. "I have reigned seven years. Now I must be content with a heavenly crown."

She sent to the King begging him to see her. He refused.

"But tell her," he added, "that I shall always honour her, and that I feel towards her as a good son should. But God willed that I should be born a King. I have made up my mind that from henceforth I shall govern myself."

The Queen-Mother was now a prisoner in the Louvre. It was terrible to her to be a captive where once she had ruled supreme. So in a few days she begged leave to be allowed to go away to Blois. This was granted to her. Everyone was glad to be rid of her, and as she drove away the people of Paris watched her carriage with insulting if silent joy.

VI

The reign of Marie de Medici and Concini was over. But Louis was not really free. For the reign of Luynes was about to begin. "It is the same bottle," said one of the nobles; "the only thing that has been changed is the cork."

Many of Henry IV's old ministers were indeed recalled, but it was Luynes to whom they had to bow. He, as a reward for what he had done, was given all Concini' s great wealth and possessions, made a Duke, and married to a great lady. De Vitry too was rewarded by being made Marshal of France in Concini's place.

As for the King, he was still only a boy, and soon we find him again beating drums and blowing trumpets as if he had nothing else in the world to think about.

Before long Luynes became as proud and insolent as Concini had been. The people began to hate him, and to think more kindly of the Queen-Mother and her rule.

Marie de Medici, for her part, grew tired of her imprisonment and she determined to escape. She found men ready to help her, and one February night when all in the castle slept she waited.

Presently there came a tap at her window. It was the signal for which she waited. The window was opened, and there on a ladder stood a man. The window was a long way from the ground, the ladder slight. But without a moment's hesitation the Queen gathered her wide skirts about her and made ready to descend.

But she was stout, and the window too small to allow her to pass through. Once and again she tried in vain to force herself through the narrow opening. But at length, with the strength of desperation, she succeeded; then began the long and perilous climb down. At length she reached the ground.

But not yet were the difficulties over. She had only reached the high terrace which surrounded the castle. There was another long ladder climb to be faced before she was free.

The Queen, however, was so shaken and unnerved by her adventures that she could not face it. She refused to put her foot upon the second ladder. There seemed no other way of escape, and the Queen's friends were in despair. At length one of them suggested that she should sit on her cloak and slide down the slope. It was neither a safe nor comfortable way of getting down, but the Queen chose it rather than the ladder, and arrived safely at the bottom of the terrace.

Then through the darkness her friends guided her to where her carriage was in waiting, and quickly they were driven away to a place of safety.

When it became known that Marie had escaped, the King's party were thrown into a state of consternation. Luynes especially was in great trouble, for he feared that if Louis and his mother met she might regain her old power over her son and his day would be over.

The country was full of strife, all the nobles taking sides, some for the King and some for the Queen. Both sides prepared for a struggle, and men asked themselves if it meant civil war.

But now the clever and ambitious Bishop Richelieu was sent to try to make peace between mother and son. He succeeded, and at length they met, embracing each other with tears. The reconciliation, however, was only a seeming one, and until Marie died there was constant discord between mother and son. Sometimes it came to open war, at others it was secret.

War now broke out between Protestants and Catholics. For Luynes encouraged the King to do many deeds which made the Protestants angry. And whether it brought him to war or to peace, Louis followed where his favourite led. He heaped honours on him, and at length made him Constable of France. This was the highest honour which anyone could reach. It made the great nobles angry that this man, who a few years before had been a nobody, should thus be set above

them.

Luynes's pride now knew no bounds, and at length even the King began to weary of him, and to realize that he was little better than the slave of his favourite.

"Here comes the King," he said bitterly one day as he watched Luynes enter the castle, followed by a brilliant train of courtiers. "He is going now to have audience of King Luynes," he said another time as the English ambassador left him.

Friends warned Luynes that he had gone too far. They reminded him that the King was no longer a child, and that deference and honour were due to him. At first Luynes would not listen to these warnings. He felt quite secure. He could not believe that anything he might do would turn the King against him.

At length, however, he could not but see that he was falling into disgrace, and he made up his mind to try to win back the King's favour. But before he could do much he fell ill and died. Louis showed no sorrow for his favourite's death. He rejoiced rather that once again he was free, that once again he had a chance to rule. But he made no use of his chance. He could not stand alone, he had to have someone on whom to lean. This time it was someone far stronger than any who had gone before him who took possession of the King. It was Cardinal Richelieu. He it was who for the rest of Louis XIII's reign ruled France. And in his hands we leave the King, grown now in stature and in years to be a man, in mind and will still but a child.

The Story of Louis XIV
God-Given
1638-1715

I

For twenty years and more the people of France had hoped and prayed for a Dauphin. But their hopes were ever disappointed, their prayers were in vain, for no child was born to Louis XIII and his Spanish Queen. So when at last, after long years of waiting, a Dauphin really was born, the joy and excitement were great. People crowded to St. Germain in such numbers that there was no room for them in the town. An anxious multitude thronged the roads leading to the palace. The palace itself was teeming with the great. Bishops, lords and ladies, officers of State, courtiers, all jostled together eager to see the wonderful boy. And when the King, taking the baby in his arms, carried him to the window and cried, "A son, gentlemen, a son!" a great shout of joy went up from the waiting crowd.

Then from the Palace of St. Germain throughout the kingdom of France the news was sent. And wherever the messengers passed there was great rejoicing. From the farthest corners of the realm presents and congratulations came to the little Prince. Even from the Red Indians of New France (Canada) came a gift. They sent a suit of feathers and wampum, such as the son of a great chief might wear, to the Dauphin. For, said they, "our good King has sent us clothes

and we now send him this gift in return." The Pope too sent him most splendid robes, glittering with silver and gold. Poets made songs about the little Prince, calling him "God-given." And a medal was struck in honour of his birth. Upon it was engraved an angel leaning down from heaven to give a child to France.

The Dauphin was at once surrounded with great magnificence, and had many maids and nurses to attend upon him; and two years later a little baby brother came to share the glories of the royal nursery.

Louis XIII was greatly delighted to have two children. But he had grown into a melancholy, morose man; he was afraid lest someone should do harm to his children or set them against him. He was suspicious of everyone, even of the Queen. Once he threatened to take away the children from her and give them to someone else to take care of, because the little Dauphin had cried with fright at seeing him in a nightcap.

"The King was as angry as if it were a matter of great consequence," says the Queen's friend who tells about it. "He scolded the Queen, and reproached her with bringing up his sons to dislike him." But although Louis threatened to take away the children he did nothing. For he had little will of his own. And while the baby Princes were growing into little boys it was Richelieu who ruled the land: the King their father being little more than a figurehead. When at length Richelieu died, Louis too was weak and ill and near death himself. He was tired of life, but he grieved to leave his little son, not yet five, to the troubles of a kingdom.

It was while the King lay ill that the Dauphin was baptized. As the King was so ill the ceremony, which was usually one of great splendour, was performed very quietly. The Queen was godmother and Cardinal Mazarin godfather. After the ceremony the Dauphin went to see his father.

"Can you tell me what your name is now?" asked the King.

"I am called Louis XIV," said the Dauphin. "Not yet, not yet, my son," said the dying King sadly as he turned away.

The King was too ill now to see much of his little sons. They would be taken into his room for a few minutes at a time to see him as he lay in bed, and were then brought away again. This made the Dauphin sad, for he loved his gloomy, silent father, and would have liked to spend much of his time with him.

One day when the little Princes were brought to visit their father they found him sleeping. The valet drew back the curtains of the great four-poster bed so that they might look at him. Not many times more, he knew, would the little Princes be brought to their father's room.

"Look well at the King as he sleeps," he whispered, "so that you may remember him when you grow up."

So with eyes wide with wonder the little Princes looked at the sleeping sick man. Then they were led away.

"Would you like to be King?" someone asked the Dauphin presently.

"No," he replied.

"But if your father should die?"

"If my father dies, I shall throw myself into the grave," answered little Louis, ready to cry.

He seemed so much in earnest and so sad that his governess was afraid. "Do not speak about it any more," she said to those around. "He has said that twice. We must be careful, and never let him go out without leading-strings."

The King himself was very weary of life and ready to leave it. "Thank heaven," he said, when he was told that he had not much longer to live. On May 14th, 1643, he died.

II

With tears in her eyes the Queen went to find the Dauphin. First she knelt before him as to her King, then taking him in her arms she kissed him tenderly as her son.

The next day Louis entered Paris in state, and a few days later he opened Parliament. The little King, wrapped in a great purple velvet cloak, sat upon the throne, while his mother, dressed in deep mourning, stood at his right hand, and his governess at his left. Upon the steps of the throne there stood a little boy. He was a young noble just a year older than the King. The Queen made him stand there so that Louis might see how good he was and take an example from him.

All through the ceremony the little King remained good and quiet, and, helped by his governess, he made a little speech. But after the ceremony was over Louis was taken back to his nursery, and it was the Queen his mother who ruled.

To the surprise of everyone she took Mazarin for her Prime Minister. For Mazarin had been the friend of Richelieu, and, as was well known, the Queen had not loved Richelieu, and no one had expected her to make a friend of his Prime Minister.

Anne now tried to please all her friends and give them everything for which they asked. To ask was to have. Money and honours were poured out like water. All the nobles and courtiers were delighted with their beautiful, generous Queen. Nothing but praise for her was heard on all sides, until at length it was said, "the whole French language was reduced to these five little words—'The Queen is so good.'"

But unfortunately the Queen's purse was not bottomless, and soon the royal treasury was empty. When there was no more money, privileges and monopolies were given, new posts were created, new taxes were levied. It was the people who had to bear the burden of all this, and soon discontent became rife. Many of the nobles, too, became so exorbitant in their demands that they could not be satisfied, and they too became discontented. So discontent spread, until at length the whole country was full of unrest.

Meanwhile, the Queen with her two little boys left the

Louvre and went to live at the Palais Cardinal. This was a splendid house which Richelieu had built for himself, and which he had left to Louis. The Cardinal had lived in magnificence greater even than the King's. He had spent millions of money on the house, pulling down the walls of Paris and filling up the moat to make the gardens beautiful. Yet, magnificent though it was, it was not a royal palace. This someone pointed out to the Queen, saying that it was not fit that the King should live in the house of a subject. So the Queen, always willing to please everyone, changed the name to Palais Royal.

But when the great Cardinal's niece heard this she was very angry. She went to the Queen, complaining that it was an insult to the memory of the great Cardinal to change the name of his house. The Queen, still anxious to please everyone, listened to what this lady said and changed the name back again to Palais Cardinal. But by this time people had got used to the new name and liked it. So although Palais Cardinal was once more carved over the great doorway, it was still called Palais Royal, and it is so called to this day.

Louis was given Richelieu's bedroom. It was very small. The Queen's rooms were much larger and more splendid, and while she spent large sums of money on making them still more sumptuous, very little was spent on the King. Indeed Mazarin, who looked after the money matters, seemed to grudge spending anything on the King.

He only allowed six pairs of sheets to last three years, and they became so worn and full of holes that Louis put his feet through them and often slept with his feet on the bare mattress. He was only allowed one dressing-gown every two years, and as he was growing fast it soon became so short that it scarcely reached below his knees.

Louis disliked Mazarin, and treatment like this did not make him like the minister any better. Life was a strange mixture for the little boy. He lived in a gorgeous palace filled with

treasures of art. But there was only one little room in it that he might call his own. His nurses knelt to him as they served him, but they put him to sleep in a bed with ragged sheets. Great nobles called him Sire and stood bareheaded in his presence, while Louis sat before them dressed in an old green velvet dressing-gown too small for him everywhere, and a large amount of bare leg showing below it.

Until he was seven Louis was left entirely to the care of his nurses and other ladies. They played with him and told him fairy tales, and otherwise amused him. Louis liked the fairy tales, but best of all he liked playing at soldiers. When he was so small that he could not hold a drumstick he would beat with his fists on tables and window-panes. When at last he was given a drum, he was so delighted that he beat it by the hour together.

III

The children of some of the nobles were brought up with Louis and his brother Philip. These children were called the children of honour.

One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting took charge of them and used to drill them.

When a new child of honour arrived she marched to meet him with beating of drums at the head of her little company. She had a pike in her hand, a sword by her side, a tightly fitting high starched collar at her neck, and a man's hat covered with black feathers on her head.

To each new-comer the lady captain gave a gun, which he received not with a bow, but with a military salute, for to take off the hat was quite against the rules. The captain then kissed the new recruit on the forehead, gave him her blessing, and arranged drill for next day.

From time to time the King and his friends used to exchange little presents. One day one of the boys named de Lomenie gave the King something he had wanted very much.

In exchange Louis said very grandly, "I will lend you my crossbow."

De Lomenie was quite pleased, for he wanted very much to play with the crossbow. But just as he was going to take it his governess held him back. "Sire," she said quietly to Louis, "Kings give what they lend."

At once Louis felt ashamed of himself. He had been less generous than his subject. He turned quickly to de Lomenie. "Keep the crossbow, sir," he said. "I only wish it was something better. But such as it is I give it with all my heart."

When Louis was seven there was a great change in his life. His nurse and governess and merry lady captain were taken away from him, and he was given tutors and valets instead.

The little King did not like this. He missed his old friends, and he missed the fairy tales which his nurse used to tell him at night when he went to bed. In vain he asked his valet Laport to tell him fairy tales. His valet did not know any. However, he had a good idea. He knew no fairy tales, and he could not make up stories out of his head, but he could read. So he went to the Queen and asked her if he might read to the King after he was in bed. "If he goes to sleep at once, well and good," said the valet, "but if he keeps awake he will perhaps remember some of it."

"What book do you want to read?" asked the Queen.

"French history would be the best, I think," replied the valet. "I would point out what a lot of evil the bad Kings had done, and try to make him dislike them, and the good ones I would try to make him like."

"It is quite a good idea," said the Queen.

So the valet went to the King's tutor and asked for a history of France, and every evening he read to the French King a chapter about his ancestors.

Little Louis was very much delighted with these stories of French history. He loved to hear of the great deeds of Charlemagne, of good St. Louis, of magnificent King Francis,

and he would get quite angry if anyone suggested that he would turn out a second Louis Do-nothing.

But Mazarin was not very pleased when he heard about it. For he did not wish Louis to learn what a great position he held for many years to come. "In Mazarin's eyes it was the greatest crime," says Laport, "to tell the King of his greatness, and it was almost as bad to try to make him worthy of it."

One evening the Cardinal passed through the King's room on his way home after seeing the Queen. Louis was in bed, and Laport sat beside him reading the story of Hugh Capet, and of how he came to the throne of France.

As soon as Louis saw the Cardinal he pretended to be asleep so that he need not speak to him.

Mazarin came up to the bed and looked at the King, and then asked the valet what he was reading.

"I was reading French history," replied Laport, "to send the King to sleep."

With a shrug of his shoulders Mazarin went quickly away. He was evidently angry, but he could say nothing. For surely it was very right and proper that a King should know the history of his own land. "We shall hear of the King's tutor helping him to dress next," he said later, "seeing his valet has taken to teaching him history."

And indeed the King learned very little from his tutor, for the tutor was so much afraid of offending him that he let him do what he liked. So the King learned just what he chose, and that was very little. In despair at last his tutor went one day to Mazarin and asked him to use his authority. But Mazarin only said, "Don't you trouble, that will be all right."

The Queen too spoilt Louis. And as he was allowed to do just as he liked when he was with her he spent a great deal of time in her rooms. Indeed, the only person who seemed to try to teach the little King anything or keep him in order at all was his valet. He was always lecturing him about one thing or another. "Do you scold your own children like you scold me?"

asked the little King one day.

"If I had children who did the things you do, Sire," replied Laport, "I should not only scold them, I should punish them severely. For people in our class of life cannot afford to make fools of themselves. We should die of hunger. But Kings, however silly they may be, cannot come to want. That is why they will not listen to good advice and try to mend their faults."

Louis was terribly proud, yet he was not angry with his valet for this plain speaking.

Laport used to try to teach the King in other ways too. He noticed that in all his make-believe games Louis would always play the part of a valet, and he did not think that this was good. So one day, while the King was playing, Laport put on his hat and threw himself into a chair.

At that Louis was very angry and ran off to tell the Queen that Laport had not only sat down in his presence, but had put on his hat.

The Queen at once sent for Laport and asked him what he meant.

"Madame," replied Laport, "since His Majesty is always playing my part, I thought I might as well play his. I should not lose by the exchange. In his games he is always taking the part of a valet, and I do not think it good."

The Queen quite agreed with Laport, and after this the King gave up playing at being a valet.

Although the Queen spoilt Louis, she would sometimes scold him if he were rude to her favourite Mazarin. And as Louis hated him he very often was rude.

"There goes the Grand Turk," said the King one day as Mazarin passed.

Someone told the Queen. She sent for Louis and scolded him well, and insisted on knowing who it was who had given the Cardinal that name. But Louis would not tell. He said he had invented it himself. So after a good scolding and being told never to say such a thing again, he was sent back to his

nursery.

But Louis continued to show his dislike of Mazarin on every occasion. Once just at bedtime a messenger came to say that the Cardinal was waiting to see him go to bed. Louis stared at the messenger and never answered a word.

Very much astonished at his rudeness, the messenger looked from one to another of those around the King.

"Sire," said his valet coaxingly, "as you are doing nothing and his Eminence is waiting, don't you think you ought to go to bed?"

But Louis just stared at his valet as he had stared at the messenger and said not a word. Nothing could move him. He sat silent and as obstinate as a mule, until at length Mazarin's patience was worn out and he went away.

As soon as Louis heard the clank of spurs and swords on the stairs he knew that the Cardinal had gone, and he sprang up quite ready for bed. "He makes enough noise," he cried angrily. "One would think he had five hundred people behind him."

So time passed. Louis grew into a tall, slender boy. He was well and strong; he could dance and run and jump and turn somersaults. But his mind was empty. He was as healthy and as ignorant as any little gutter child.

IV

Meanwhile France was at war with the Empire and with Spain. For the Thirty Years' War, begun in the time of Louis XIII, was still going on. The French won many victories, for they had at this time two great Generals, the Viscount of Turenne and the Duke of Enghien. Enghien, afterwards known as the Great Condé, although so wonderful a general, was little more than twenty at this time.

But in spite of the splendid victories of Condé and Turenne the war brought no real happiness to France. For it cost a great deal of money. Still more was spent by the

extravagant Queen, and to pay for all the people were taxed without mercy. Old taxes that had fallen into disuse were reinforced, new ones were imposed, until at length the misery of the people became so great that they were ready to revolt against their rulers.

The Parliament of Paris took the side of the people against the Regent and her minister. The Regent therefore decided to arrest one of the members named Broussel along with two others, all of whom she looked upon as rebels. So while a Te Deum was being sung in praise and thanksgiving for a great victory which had just been won over the Spaniards, these three men were arrested.

But when the people of Paris knew that their friends had been taken prisoner they rose in revolt. They surrounded the carriage in which Broussel was being driven away, they smashed it to pieces and overturned it, and it was only with great difficulty that the captain of the guard was able to rescue his prisoner and carry him off.

Soon through all Paris the news spread. Everywhere cries of rage were heard. People swarmed in the streets carrying guns and muskets and weapons of every kind, shouting, "Broussel and Liberty! Broussel and Liberty!" Shops were closed, barricades were raised, and the whole city seethed with excitement.

Then Cardinal de Retz went to the Queen to beg her to set Broussel free, and so quiet the riot. But the Queen and those around her would not listen. They had only contempt for a man who should be scared by a mere street row.

Still de Retz urged his point. Then the Queen grew angry.

"Give up Broussel!" she cried. "Give him up to this rabble, obey the bidding of this mob! I would rather strangle him with my own hands," and as she spoke she shook them in the Cardinal's face.

But still the tumult spread. Messenger after messenger came to tell the Queen that all Paris was in revolt. But the

Queen refused to believe. For two days she held out. Then she was forced to believe, for the rabble were within a few yards of the palace and their cries of fury could be heard even in the Queen's chamber.

So after many delays and hesitations the Queen consented that Broussel should be set free. And when at last he appeared the yells of anger were changed into shouts of joy. Shoulder-high the people carried him to Notre Dame, where a Te Deum was sung in his honour.

Broussel himself was quite astonished to find himself so popular. And rather ashamed of all the fuss which was made over him, he shyly slipped out of the church by a side door before the service was over and so reached home.

Now that they had gained their point the people of Paris became peaceful once more. Barricades disappeared like magic, shops were opened, the frantic crowds vanished, and through the quiet streets people came and went as usual, so that all the riot and wrath of the days before seemed to have been but a dream.

This was the beginning of the civil war called the Fronde. A fronde was a sort of catapult with which the boys of Paris used to play in the streets. It was forbidden by the police, and a few days before the riot Mazarin had said that the Parliament was like a lot of schoolboys playing with frondes, who scattered as soon as they saw a policeman coming. The members were very angry when they heard this. Now when they saw how things were going, and that Mazarin and not they had had to give in, one of them made a mocking little song:

A wind of the Fronde
This morning is blowing;
I think that it growls
Against Mazarin;
A wind of the Fronde

This morning is blowing.

The song caught on. Soon everyone was humming it, and everyone took sides, either with the Parliament or with the Court. Those of the Parliamentary party were called Frondeurs, those of the Court party were called Mazarins.

All this made Paris unbearable to the Queen, and she longed to leave it. Cardinal Mazarin too longed to get out of Paris. Ever since the riot he had been sick with fear. He dared not go beyond the palace gardens lest he should be attacked. So now both he and the Queen planned to flee from the city. But they feared that if the people knew of their intentions they would be stopped. So very secretly they made their preparations.

Early one morning the little King was wakened and dressed, and by six o'clock he was hurried into a carriage with Mazarin and driven away. Early as it was there were some people already abroad. As they saw the King's carriage drive along they began to shout, "To arms! to arms!" and tried to attack the baggage wagons. Mazarin was filled with fear. But the attack was not serious, and the King's carriage drove on in safety. Later in the day the Queen followed boldly and arrived safely at the Palace of Ruell.

At an ordinary time it would have seemed quite natural that the Queen should want a change of air for herself and her children, for she and the King and her other little son Philip had all had smallpox. But as things were it looked very much like running away. And the people of Paris were suspicious. They were full of uneasiness when they found the King was gone, and they sent messengers begging him to come back again. Condé, who had now returned from the war, advised the Queen to do as the people asked. So at length the Queen and her household returned once more to the Palais Royal.

But the Queen soon found that although the people had

insisted on her coming back they no longer loved her, but had now grown to hate her. They no longer called her the Good Queen, but Dame Anne. She could not go out without being insulted. The hatred too against Mazarin became more and more open. Not a day passed without some new pamphlet appearing against him. In these he was accused of being everything that was base and wicked. At first he laughed. "They sing now," he said, "they shall pay for it later." But as the attacks grew more and more bitter, anger and fear took the place of scorn.

"And thus," says a writer of the time, "the year 1648 drew to an end. It had not been happy. There had been very few roses and many thorns. But the year about to begin had no flowers at all, and it was full of troubles so great that to liken them to thorns is absurd."

V

Seeing the anger and mistrust with which they were surrounded the Queen determined again to escape from Paris with her children. And so secretly were her preparations made that the day before she intended to flee her plans were unknown even to the ladies of her Court.

Twelfth Night was the day chosen for flight. The evening before the Queen, having dismissed her Court early, went to see her children. The King and his little brother were playing together, and the Queen, taking a chair, sat down to watch them. She leant her elbows on a table, and as she watched the children at play, talked quietly to her ladies as if she had no care in the world.

Yet there had been gossip in the Court.

"Do you know what is said?" whispered one of the ladies to another as they stood behind the Queen.

"It is said that the Queen is going away to-night."

The second lady shrugged her shoulders, and pointing to the Queen peacefully watching her children, "It is absurd,"

she whispered.

Although they spoke very quietly the Queen heard. "What is that you are saying?" she asked, turning round.

"It is only a silly report that we heard, that your Majesty is going away this evening," said one.

The Queen laughed lightly. "The people of this country are really mad," she said. "What will they say next! To-morrow I am going to Val-de-Grâce." Val-de-Grâce was a church in Paris which the Queen herself had founded, and in which she took a great interest.

Little Philip heard the Queen say that she was going to Val-de-Grâce, and as at this minute his nurse came to put him to bed, he refused to go until the Queen promised to take him with her next day.

His mother promised that he should go, and he went off to bed quite happy.

The Queen stayed some time longer playing with the King. But at length she called his valet and sent him to bed. She herself also went to bed, but as soon as her ladies had left her she got up again and dressed. At three o'clock in the morning she awoke the King and Prince, and as soon as they were dressed she took them down a little staircase which led to the garden. There a carriage was in waiting. They all stepped in, and were driven away rapidly through the dark.

As they drove along other carriages joined them, and when they reached St. Germain, the palace for which they were bound, they were at least one hundred and fifty people.

At St. Germain there was much confusion. For in those days when great people travelled they took with them not only their bed and bedding, but almost all the furniture of their rooms. Now the Queen, wishing to flee in secret, had not dared to send any baggage on before. The Palace of St. Germain was never used in winter, and it was bare of furniture. In all the great palace there were only two little beds which Mazarin had managed to send, one for the King and

one for the Queen. The rest of the great company had to sleep on straw. Soon they had bought up all the straw in the villages round, so that no more was to be had for love or money.

And money was scarce. The Queen hardly knew where to find enough to pay for bare necessities. She sent away many of her servants, for she had neither money to pay their wages nor to buy food for them. To buy food for herself and her children she pawned the Crown jewels. It was a time of misery and discomfort for the royal household.

It became known very soon that the King and Queen had fled, and by six o'clock the streets of Paris were full of an angry, excited throng. The whole town was in a tumult, when there came a letter from the King. Copies of it were soon spread far and wide.

"Very dear and well-beloved citizens," said the King, "very sorrowfully I have been obliged to quit our good city of Paris in order to escape from the wicked designs of Parliament. For after having long set at nought our authority and abused our kindness, they have now conspired to seize our person. Therefore," continued the King, "upon the advice of his honoured lady and mother" he had departed.

This letter did nothing to quiet the citizens, and when next day a message came from the King ordering the Parliament to dissolve, Parliament refused. This message, they said, did not come from the King, but from those around him who gave him bad advice, and they refused to listen to him. Upon that the Queen forbade all the villages round Paris to take bread or food of any kind into the city. In this way she hoped to starve the rebellious citizens into obedience.

But the citizens were in no mood for submission: they issued a decree against Mazarin. "It is well known," they said, "that Mazarin is the author of all the disorders in the State, and of the present troubles. He is declared to be a destructor of the public peace, an enemy of the King and State. He is enjoined to leave the Court this day, and in eight days to be

out of the kingdom. Which time being passed all subjects of the King are enjoined to hunt him down. Everyone is forbidden to receive him."

This decree was received at Court with great amusement. Did the people of Paris really imagine that they had power to banish a great man like Mazarin? What next?

It was very amusing. But it did not seem quite so amusing when it became known that several of the great nobles had left the Court and joined the people.

The war of the Fronde was now in full swing. But throughout it was more or less ridiculous. All the great nobles of the time, both lords and ladies, took part, and they were constantly changing sides. No one seemed to know exactly why he fought, or what he wanted, and there was hardly one of the leaders who did not fight first on one side, then on the other. They were all jealous of each other, all suspicious of each other. There was a confused round of fighting, plotting, and treachery.

Several times the war seemed finished and several times it began again. One of the great ladies who took part in the war was the King's cousin, known as la Grande Mademoiselle. She was a very dashing and ambitious young lady, and although she was ten years older than Louis she had made up her mind to marry him and be Queen of France. But for the time being she seemed to think that the best way to gain her end was to fight him.

Meanwhile the King and Queen wandered about from place to place, exiles in their own country, living in misery and want in their own palaces. At length, during one of the lulls in the storm, they returned to Paris.

The joy of the people was great at the return of their King. It was so great that for a time they even forgot their hate towards Mazarin. But soon the anger against him broke out once more and he fled, not only from Paris, but from the country.

As soon as Mazarin was gone the Parliament forced the Queen to publish a decree declaring that he was for ever banished, and that no foreigner should ever again form part of the Council. The Queen yielded because there was no help for it. But even while she openly declared Mazarin banished for ever, in secret she was constantly writing letters to him. And three days after his flight she prepared to follow him, and to take the King with her.

Everything was ready. The King, who had been put to bed at the usual time, was wakened and dressed when a tremendous noise was heard without the palace. The secret, it seemed, was known, and the people of Paris, enraged at the idea that their King was to be carried off a second time, were clamouring at the palace gates for a sight of him. Unless they saw him they would not believe that he was really there. So they hammered at the great iron doors, threatening to smash them in if they were not opened at once.

Hearing the tumult the Queen gave orders that the King should at once be undressed and put to bed again. This was scarcely done when a messenger came to the Queen begging her to put an end to the clamour and assure the people that the King was still there.

"Sir," said the Queen proudly, "these alarms about the flight of the King are senseless. The King and his brother are both in bed sleeping peacefully. I was in bed myself when this frightful noise forced me to rise again. Come to the King's room so that you can see for yourself."

The messenger followed the Queen, and at her bidding drew aside the curtains of the great bed. There lay the King, fast asleep to all seeming.

"Now," said the Queen, "go back to those who sent you and tell them what you have seen."

The messenger went. But it was in vain for him to shout aloud in the streets that he had seen the King sleeping peacefully in his bed. The people would not listen to him.

"The King!" they shouted, "the King! We want to see the King. We will see the King."

When the Queen saw how impossible it was to quiet the people, she gave orders for the doors to be thrown wide open so that the people might come in. "Only warn them," she said, "that the King is asleep, and beg them to make as little noise as possible."

The curtains of the bed where the King lay were drawn back that all might see him. Then the great doors were opened and the excited crowd, with loud shouts of triumph, poured into the palace. But mindful of the Queen's warning, when they reached the King's room their shouting ceased. The wild rioters who but a few minutes before had been cursing and shrieking and threatening to batter down the gates, now on a sudden became again peaceful citizens.

The sight of the stately room, the great bed with its rich crimson velvet curtains thrown back, the beautiful sleeping boy, and, standing beside him, the proud, pale, patient Queen, quieted their angry passions. On tiptoe they passed before the bed, gazing with bated breath at their sleeping sovereign. As they gazed tears of love and loyalty came into their eyes, and flinging themselves upon their knees they whispered prayers for his well-being. Then rising they passed quietly out again.

Hour after hour the procession passed. Not till three o'clock in the morning had the last citizen, with a last longing look at the sleeping King, left the room.

But Louis was not sleeping. He was merely pretending, and as he lay awake his heart burned within him at the indignity which had been forced upon him. And he swore that in years to come the people should pay for it.

For meanwhile the little King was beginning to think about all these matters. Already he had begun to have a tremendous idea of his own importance. He was never consulted about anything, it is true.

He was hurried hither and thither at the bidding of others. Still he had his own thoughts, and he began to ask many questions. Long ago he had made up his mind not to be a Louis Do-nothing. He meant some day to rule, and not all his life be the tool of others as his father had been. He was merely biding his time. Very soon Mazarin found this out. "You don't know the King," he said one day to someone who was flattering him about his power, "you don't know the King. He has enough in him to make four Kings and one honest man."

"What about the King?" Condé asked his valet another time. "Is he going to be a clever man?"

"Yes," replied Laport, "he will be one of the best."

"I'm glad of that," replied Condé, "for there is no honour in obeying a bad King, and no pleasure in obeying a fool."

VI

And now the time had come when to outward appearance at least Louis was to begin to rule. For he was fourteen, and at fourteen the Kings of France were declared of age.

On the morning of 7th September, 1651, a gorgeous procession left the Palais Royal. There were all the King's household in splendid liveries, the King's trumpeters in blue velvet and gold, heralds in brilliant tabards, pages and footmen, knights and nobles, all in dazzling array. And in the midst of them, mounted on a cream-coloured charger, which pranced and danced as the people shouted, rode the slender, handsome boy who was the King. His dress was one mass of glittering gold embroidery, his hat was gay with nodding plumes, and as he rode smilingly along on his rearing, prancing charger the people cheered and cheered again. Was there ever before such a gallant and splendid young King? they asked themselves, while tears filled their eyes, and sobs of joy mingled with cries of "Long live the King!"

First to the Sainte Chapelle the brilliant cavalcade passed. There Mass being said, the King turned his steps to the House

of Parliament. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am come to my Parliament to tell you that according to the law of my kingdom I will now take upon myself the government. I hope by the grace of God that it will be with piety and justice. My Chancellor will tell you more particularly of my intentions."

Thereupon the Chancellor made a long speech. When he had finished the Queen spoke. "Sire," she said, "this is now the ninth year in which by the last will of the late King, my very honoured lord, I have taken care of your education and of the government of your kingdom. God having of His grace blessed my work, has preserved your person which is so dear and precious to me, and to all your subjects. And now that the law of the kingdom calls you to govern, I resign to you with great satisfaction those powers which were granted to me. And I pray God to give you grace and to help you by His Spirit to strengthen you, and make you prudent so that your reign may be happy."

"Madame," replied the King, "I thank you for all the care which you have been pleased to take over my education and of the administration of my kingdom. I beg you to continue to give me your good advice, and I desire that after me you shall be chief of my Council."

Then mother and son kissed each other; next the King's brother Philip Duke of Anjou knelt to kiss his hand and swear fealty. After him noble after noble did homage to the King. At length the splendid ceremony was over and Louis XIV was acknowledged King in his own right. But it was still Anne of Austria who reigned, guided by Mazarin. For although Mazarin was banished from the land, he ruled the Queen and her Council from afar.

France was still far from being at peace. The Fronde still continued, and there was still fighting and jealousy between the great nobles. But suddenly all else was forgotten in the news that Cardinal Mazarin was marching on France with an army of six thousand men. In all haste Parliament assembled.

They declared that Mazarin was a rebel, and that having set at nought the King's commandment he should be hunted down as an outlaw. Furthermore, they decreed that the splendid library which he had left in Paris should be sold, and that out of the money received from it a reward should be given to anyone who should deliver him up to the Parliament, dead or alive.

But meanwhile Mazarin quietly continued his march. For whatever Paris and the Parliament might do, the Queen was eager to welcome him, and at length he joined forces with the King. For now for the first time the King marched with the army and saw fighting.

Now again Louis knew discomfort and privation. He knew what it meant to go hungry and lie hard. For Paris was again in the hands of the Frondeurs, and the King and Court were miserably poor. Mazarin was the only person who had money.

The King had neither money nor power. Once he was asked to help a young soldier who had been wounded. He promised to speak to the Queen and Cardinal about him, but as nothing was done after four or five days his valet one morning reminded the King about his promise.

The King answered not a word, pretending he did not hear. But as Laport knelt to put on his boots he leant forward, and in a low, grieved voice he whispered, "It is not my fault, Laport; I spoke to *him* about it, but it was no good."

To the King Mazarin was simply "him."

Although Louis was usually penniless, one day to his great delight he got some money. The Minister of Finance sent him £100 so that he might have something to give to the wounded soldiers and the many others who expected money from the King. But unused as he was to money he did not know what to do with it. So he sent for Laport and asked him to keep it for him.

"Your Majesty had much better keep it yourself," said Laport.

"But with my long boots," said the boy King, "it is so uncomfortable in my pockets."

"Yes," said Laport, "if you put it in your breeches pockets. But why not put it in your doublet?"

Louis had not thought of that, and, quite pleased to keep his own money, he did as Laport suggested.

But Louis did not keep his money long. It soon became known that the King actually had some. One of his household who had lent him a small sum now begged Laport to ask the King to return it.

Louis dined that evening with the Cardinal, and when he came back Laport, true to his promise, asked for the money for his friend.

"Alas," said the King sadly, "you are too late, Laport. I have no more money."

"What have you spent it on?" asked the valet, surprised.

"I haven't spent it," replied the King.

"Did you play cards with the Cardinal and lose it?"

"No," said Louis.

"Then the Cardinal took it?" cried Laport.

"Yes," replied the King sadly. "It would have been much better if you had taken it this morning when I asked you, Laport."

In battle Louis showed that he had the courage of a King. Shot and shell whistled and crashed around him, but he paid no heed and showed not the slightest fear.

One day as everyone praised him for his courage he turned to Laport, who had been near him all day.

"And you, Laport," he said, "were you afraid?"

"No, Sire."

"Then you are brave too."

"Sire," replied Laport, smiling, "I haven't a penny with which to bless myself. One is always brave when one is penniless."

Thereupon the King laughed heartily. But no one except

his valet understood the joke.

After all, it was only pocket-money that the King lacked. He had food to eat and clothes to wear. But his people were starving and in rags. All France was filled with famine and misery, and still the war dragged on. At length, however, it came to an end. The King and Queen returned to Paris. Mazarin, too, returned more powerful than before, and the people of Paris, who had cursed and outlawed him, welcomed him with feasting and rejoicing.

VII

Although the Fronde was over, France was not yet at peace, for the war with Spain still continued. Condé, the great French General, had during the Fronde more than once changed sides. Then at length he marched away to Spain, and was now fighting against his own land.

But Louis seemed to take little interest in the war with Spain or in anything but amusing himself. He liked dancing and parties and theatres. And although the Court was desperately poor, there was a constant round of gaieties in which Louis took part. Sometimes he would act in the plays which were written for the Court. He always wanted to be the chief actor, and in one play he took no less than five parts.

At this time there were plenty of young people about the Court, and Louis, who was now sixteen, had no lack of companions. Among these were his cousins, the Princes and Princesses of England. For when the Revolution broke out in England the Queen, with her children, had fled to the Court of France.

But Louis, it would seem, did not pay much attention to these cousins, and liked the Cardinal's nieces much better.

One evening the Queen gave a little party chiefly to show off Louis's dancing, and to amuse the little Princess Henrietta of England, who was just about eleven. But when the dancing began, instead of asking Princess Henrietta to dance with

him, Louis went up to the young Duchess of Mercœur.

When the Queen saw this she was very angry, and jumping up ran to him. Taking the Duchess's hand out of his she whispered, "You must go and ask the English Princess."

The King refused. The Queen insisted. Seeing what was going on the Queen of England went up to them. "Please do not insist," she said in a low voice, "my little girl has sprained her ankle and cannot dance."

"If the Princess does not dance, then the King shall not dance either," said the Queen hotly. So rather than not dance at all, the King gave way, but with very bad grace. "I don't like little girls," he declared. And, knowing herself to be an unwelcome partner, it was with tears running down her cheeks that the poor little English Princess joined in the dance.

That evening the King received a scolding from his mother for his rudeness. "For although in public," says her friend Madame de Motteville, "she treated him with respect as the King, when he did wrong she behaved to him like a mother."

But the Queen found that Louis was no longer willing to listen to her advice. He had become headstrong and haughty, and determined to go his own way.

The Regent began to realize that the King was growing up. Mazarin, too, began to realize it. He saw that the day was drawing near when he would be forced to give up some of his power. But he still clung to it eagerly. He knew that for ten years or more he had ruled France by ruling the Regent. He saw that, if he was to keep his power, it was the King he would have to rule in the future. This was not so easy as ruling the Queen, but he still hoped to do it.

So Mazarin encouraged Louis to amuse himself. He kept him always poor and short of money, though he himself was rolling in wealth. Sometimes when Louis would ask for money the Minister of Finance would reply, "Sire, there is no money in your Majesty's treasury, but his Eminence the Cardinal will

lend you some."

Now Mazarin bent all his energies on bringing about two great things—peace with Spain, and a marriage with Spain.

It was now time that the King should marry, and many brides were suggested to him, even Henrietta of England, the little Princess with whom Louis had refused to dance. But she was at that time a Princess of little account. For Charles I had been beheaded and Cromwell was ruling England with his iron hand, and it seemed little likely that the Stuarts would ever again sit upon the throne of England. Mazarin therefore would not hear of such a poor marriage, and he made up his mind that Louis should marry the eldest daughter of the King of Spain. This Princess, you will remember, was also Louis's cousin. For his mother, Anne of Austria, and the King of Spain were brother and sister.

The marriage was not easy to arrange. For three months Mazarin lived in a damp and foggy island upon the borders of France and Spain, arguing for hours every day with the Spanish ambassadors. He was ill and worn out with fatigue when at length all was settled. The Peace of the Pyrenees was signed, Condé was forgiven and received back into favour, and the marriage with the Spanish Infanta was arranged.

In June of the next year there was again a great meeting at the Isle of Conferences. From the one side came the Spanish King and Queen with their daughter. From the other the French Queen with her younger son, but not the King. For the manners of the Court did not allow that the King should see his bride until the stated time.

On the floor of the gaily decorated pavilion a line was drawn to represent the boundaries of the two kingdoms. Upon one side of the line sat the Spanish King and Queen with their daughter and attendants, upon the other the French Queen.

The King of Spain and the Queen of France were brother and sister. But for forty-five years the brother and sister had not seen each other, and during that time much blood had

been shed between the two countries. Now they greeted each other with Spanish stateliness rather than with affection. After their stately greetings the talk began. But in a few minutes it was interrupted by Mazarin.

"There is an unknown knight without," he said, "who desires that the door may be opened to him."

Queen Anne smiled. Was it desirable, she asked her brother, to grant the request of this unknown cavalier?

With Spanish gravity her brother bowed. It might be permitted.

So the door was opened. Upon the threshold there stood a handsome young man very elegantly dressed and wearing very high-heeled shoes. He looked eagerly at the people gathered in the room, and especially at the Princess. It was the first time that he had seen her.

"I have a handsome son-in-law," whispered the King of Spain.

"Sire," answered the Queen of France, "is it permitted to ask my niece what she thinks of this unknown one?"

"It is not yet time," gravely returned King Philip.

Having seen what he wanted Louis now slipped away again, and the door was closed.

Two days later the wedding took place, and with great pomp and splendour the young King and Queen returned to Paris.

Mazarin now became more haughty than ever. He kept far greater state than the King, and he looked down upon everyone, even the Princes of the royal household.

But it was not for long. His labours in the Isle of Conferences had broken down his health. Now he became very ill, and after a long and painful illness he died.

No one sorrowed for him. The people had always hated him; the Queen, even, had grown tired of his tyranny, and the King was full of impatience to rule.

While Mazarin lay ill all the Court was filled with

curiosity. Who, asked everyone, would be the next Prime Minister? Some said this man, some that. They were all wrong.

As soon as Louis knew that the Cardinal was dead he called his Council. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "I have called you together to say to you that it has been my desire hitherto that the Cardinal should rule for me. But from to-day I intend to be my own Prime Minister. You will aid me by your advice when I ask for it. I pray and command you to seal nothing but by my orders, to sign nothing but by my command."

Louis the Great was out of leading-strings. His reign had begun.

The Story of Louis XV
The Well Beloved
1710-1774

I

On 15th February, 1710, a little baby boy was born at Versailles. He was born to high estate, being the great-grandson of the magnificent King, Louis XIV. But he was not the heir to the throne, or ever likely to be so. For he was a younger son, and his grandfather the Dauphin, his father, and his elder brother all stood between this baby and the throne of France.

His birth was therefore not a cause for national rejoicing. But there was much rejoicing in his own family, and the new baby was made so much of that his elder brother was jealous.

The little baby was blessed by the Church on the day of his birth. But as was often the case with the Princes of the house of France, he was given no Christian name, but merely received the title of Duke of Anjou. The real baptism, when he should receive his Christian name, was reserved until he was a little older, when a great State function would be made of it.

The little Duke had not been born heir to the throne, but before many years had passed he became the heir. When he was a year old his grandfather, the Dauphin, died of smallpox. His father was thus made Dauphin. This is the only time when the grandson of the reigning King was given the title. And it

was not held for long. Scarcely a year later both this Dauphin and his wife died from fever within a week of each other. The two little Princes also took the fever. Then their great-grandfather, bowed down with grief at the loss of his children, and fearing lest these great-grandchildren should die also, commanded that both of them should be baptized and both called Louis.

This was accordingly done in haste. But in a few days' time the elder one died, and at two years old little Louis was left fatherless and motherless, and with neither brother nor sister to share his loneliness.

It was a sad prospect for France. The King was an old man of over seventy, feeble and broken down by sickness and sorrow. The heir to the throne was a child of two.

Louis had always been a sickly child, and although he recovered from his fever he remained very delicate, and he soon became very spoiled. For he was so frail that his nurses were afraid to let him cry, and gave way to him in everything.

Thus a year or two passed. The pretty little boy grew self-willed and fiery-tempered, and did much as he liked. Then one day he was told that his great-grandfather was very ill, and that he must be good and quiet when taken to see him.

The little Prince was taken into the stately room and lifted on to the great bed where the old man with hollow cheeks and white face lay.

Sadly the old King looked at the child, and sadly he sighed as he laid his hand on his fair hair. "My child," he said at length, "you are going to be a great King. Never forget what you owe to God, remember that you owe Him everything. Try to keep peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do not copy me in that, nor in my great extravagance. Take counsel in everything. Help your people in every way, and do for them everything that it has been my misfortune not to do."

The King then kissed the little boy. "Remember what you

owe to your governess," he added, "and obey her."

Little Louis was then lifted from the bed. But just as he was being taken from the room the King called him back. Again he kissed him tenderly, and raising his hands to heaven asked God to bless him. Then the little boy was carried back to his nursery, and he saw his great-grandfather no more.

A few days later, on the 1st September, 1715, King Louis XIV died. At once the great nobles went to kiss the hand of the new King. When he heard himself called "Sire" and "Your Majesty" he burst into tears. So it was to a sobbing child that most of the great nobles knelt to do homage.

Louis, of course, was too young to govern. The French had declared that no woman might rule over them. When, however, the King was a minor it was nearly always the Queen-Mother who was chosen as Regent. But Louis had no mother, so his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, was chosen as Regent.

The Duke of Orleans was a bad, clever man. He was courteous and courtly, easy-going, selfish, and unambitious. But to begin with, at least he made good use of his power. He lessened the extravagance of the Court, lightened the taxes which had become greater than the people could bear, and set free many of the prisoners who had been shut up by command of the King, often for no crime at all.

"The Duke," said a writer of the time, "was humane and sympathetic. He would have been good if one could be so utterly without principles." As Prime Minister the Duke of Orleans chose a man named Dubois, a man far worse than himself, a villain, given over to lying and all manner of evil, lost to all sense of honour, who, it was said, simply reeked with wickedness.

Yet although there were two bad men at the head of the Government, France for a time at least was better governed than for many a long day.

At first the little King was sent to live at the Castle of

Vincennes, for the air there was better than in Paris. But the Duke of Orleans grew tired of riding out every day to see him, and the Court grew tired of the country quiet, so after a time he was removed to the Louvre.

Like many of the Kings of France, Louis was very badly educated and very badly brought up. He was not stupid, but he was lazy beyond words. He hated all public ceremonies or performing any duties expected of a King.

He liked doing things for himself much better. And after he had been forced to appear on some public occasion he would cook his own supper, and seem to find comfort in forgetting his role of King.

He did not care for study, and he was so delicate that his tutors were afraid to force him to learn. He cared as little for boyish games; the only things he liked were hunting and shooting, and playing rather vulgar practical jokes. He seems to have had no boy friends, or to have cared for anyone except the Regent and his tutor Fleury. This tutor was an old man of over sixty. Yet in spite of the difference in their ages he was Louis's best friend.

II

Now although the Regent had begun well he soon found himself in great difficulties, for he had no money. Louis XIV had been extravagant beyond words. The royal treasury was empty and the country deep in debt. The Regent knew not where to turn to get money. Just about this time a Scotsman named John Law came to him with a new idea of making paper money. This man was the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, and for many years he had led an adventurous life, wandering about from country to country living by his wits.

Gold, said Law, was scarce: silver was too heavy and too bulky, but paper was light and took up little room. It therefore was the very best kind of money to use. He was so plausible and so clever that the Regent listened to him and ended in

believing him.

Law was allowed to open a bank and to found a company for trading with the French colonies in America. In a very short time his success was enormous. Everyone wanted to have a share in the Mississippi Company, a share in the fancied vessels laden with gold which were sailing to France. Everyone wanted to possess some of Law's magical paper money which was to make them rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Throughout all France there began a mad race for wealth. Gold and silver were exchanged for the paper money. Lands and goods were sold for the paper money, the value of which rose and rose till it became ten, twenty, thirty times its first value. And still it came pouring forth from the bank as fast as the printers could print it.

One dirty little narrow street in Paris, always a resort of money-lenders, was now given over entirely to the business of this gamble. Here hundreds of offices were opened, where high and low, rich and poor, jostled each other and fought for first place.

From end to end the street was full of noise and movement. Laughing, shouting, swearing, the crowd swayed this way and that. From six in the morning till nine at night masters rubbed elbows with their servants, great ladies with market women and poor clerks. The wealthy brought their thousands, little shopkeepers and labourers their scanty savings.

From all sides money poured in. In a day great fortunes were made, and a new word was given to the language—millionaire. Never before had it seemed possible for one man to possess so much as a million, but now millionaires sprang up by the dozen.

Now, too, all the world plunged into wild extravagance. For wealth so easily made was lightly spent. Men and women who had before trudged about on foot now rode in sumptuous

carriages and dressed themselves in silks and velvets. They began to build great houses and to live splendidly in every imaginable way.

As the bubble grew Law became anxious. He knew that it could not last, that all this wealth was but a dream. But the thing had gone beyond his control, and he was powerless.

Soon the crash came. Someone wanted to give back the paper money and receive gold for it. Others followed his example. The paper money streamed into the bank, the gold streamed out. But in all France there was not a tenth part of the gold needed. And the fabled vessels laden with gold from America never came to port.

The value of the paper money soon fell, until the notes which had represented great fortunes became nothing but worthless paper. People who had fancied themselves millionaires found themselves beggars. Law, who had been looked upon as the good angel of France, was now hated and cursed. The people were ready to take his life. He fled from their fury almost penniless himself, and died miserably a few years later in Italy.

III

Meanwhile Louis had grown into a silent, shy boy of ten. He was still delicate, and always ready to cry if things went not to his liking. His tastes were vulgar. He was at the same time timid and cruel, unbelievably lazy and selfish. Indeed, it has been said there was nothing kingly about him but his face, which was exceedingly beautiful.

Philip V, the King of Spain, was a Frenchman. He was Louis XIV's grandson. Louis XIV had fought a long and disastrous war to place him on the throne of Spain. But no sooner was he dead than France and Spain began to fight. For Philip V hated his cousin the Regent, and declared that he should have been Regent instead.

But now the Duke wanted to make peace once more with

Spain. And to ensure peace it was proposed that Louis should marry the little Infanta or Princess of Spain.

This little Princess was only three, but it was arranged that she should go to France and live there until she was old enough to be married. But when Louis was told that it had been arranged that he should marry the Infanta he cried bitterly. The Duke and Fleury had hard work to persuade him to consent to it, and at length, after hours of persuasion, he appeared at the Council with red eyes, and a face all swollen with crying.

As the Duke addressed the Council telling them of the happy arrangement the tears ran down the King's cheeks. And when at length the Duke, turning to him, asked him to give his consent, he replied in such a pitiful voice that only those nearest him could hear. But it was enough, what he said was taken as consent, and a messenger was at once dispatched to the King of Spain.

Philip V was delighted when he knew that the matter was settled. He caused a Te Deum to be sung, and he wrote to his little three-year-old daughter, "My dear daughter, you are Queen of France. I believe you will be happy. As for me, I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see this great affair finished."

So the little Princess said good-bye to her father and mother and came to live in a strange land among strange people, there in time to marry a sulky boy, who did not want her.

But although Louis did not want the little Princess, the French received her with great rejoicings. All Paris was decorated in her honour, and shouts of joy greeted her as she drove through the streets seated on the knees of the King's governess.

When Louis was nearly thirteen he became very ill, so ill that it was thought he would die. All the churches were thronged with people praying for his recovery, and when at

last it was known that he was out of danger the joy throughout France was intense.

Soon after the King got better the Regent decided that it was now time for him to be crowned. So in great splendour he journeyed to the historic town of Rheims, where the coronation of the Kings of France always took place.

On the morning of the coronation the bishops, in splendid array, with the Cross carried before them, came to the King's doorway. Gently they knocked upon it.

"What do you want?" asked the Lord Chamberlain.

"We want Louis XV, whom God has given us for King," was the reply.

"Gentlemen, you cannot see him," replied the Chamberlain, "for he is resting."

"We come on behalf of the Archbishop of Rheims, of the peers and the people of the realm, to salute him, and lead him to his coronation in the church."

"Enter then," said the Chamberlain.

So they entered and found the King clad in a robe of gold brocade, and taking him by the hand they led him to the church. And there amid the cheers of the people and the roll of organ music the crown was placed upon his boyish head.

Returning to Paris, Louis entered his Parliament in state, and took his seat upon the crimson velvet throne. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have come to my Parliament to tell you that according to the law I shall henceforth take the government upon myself."

Then the Duke of Orleans rose. "Sire," he said, "we have come at last to that happy day so long desired by the nation and by myself. I return the kingdom to your Majesty as peaceful as I received it, and I make bold to say more certain of lasting peace. God has blessed my care and labours, and I ask no other reward from your Majesty than the happiness of your people. Make them happy, Sire, in governing them with wisdom and justice, which is the character of all good Kings."

Blushing with shyness, and with tears in his eyes, Louis answered, "My good uncle, I want no higher glory than the happiness of my people. I beg you always to be near me in all my councils." Then throwing his arms round his uncle's neck he kissed him on both cheeks.

In spite, however, of all his fine words, Louis XV never did anything to make his people happy, but very much to make them unhappy.

IV

Although Louis had been crowned and declared of age, although the Duke had given up his title of Regent, nothing was altered. The Duke of Orleans and Dubois continued to rule. It was a kind of royal trinity, it has been said. Louis had the title, Orleans the power, and Dubois the brain.

But this trinity did not last long. Both the Duke and Dubois had ruined their health by the wild, wicked lives they had led. Now Dubois broke down under the hard work he did.

It is said that his enemies really killed him. They, knowing his great powers and his eagerness for work, heaped more and more upon him. They consulted him in everything, and kept him ever busy, until at length they broke him down with overwork.

But it was his own vanity which in the end caused his death. It was his right as Prime Minister to review the troops. He wanted to be like Richelieu, the great soldier-cardinal. So, clad in flowing red robes and mounted on a prancing horse, one day he insisted on reviewing the troops of the King's household.

He could not ride, and the soldiers as they marched past laughed at the unsoldierly figure, and the movement of the horse so shook and bruised his poor outworn body that when the review was over he was lifted from his saddle and carried to Versailles in a state of utter exhaustion. Ten days later he died.

The Duke of Orleans now became Prime Minister. But he too was worn out by his wild life, and three months later he died.

When the King heard that his uncle was dead he burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. But almost before he had time to dry his eyes his old tutor came to him. "Sire," he said, "you cannot do better than make the Duke of Bourbon Prime Minister."

Louis, with his eyes all red and still blurred with tears, looked at Fleury to see if he really meant what he said. Then, not trusting himself yet to speak, he nodded his head.

Thus the new Prime Minister was appointed. He was a tall, ugly man, blind of one eye and very ferocious looking, very different from the generous, courteous villain who had gone before him. But he was just as bad a man as either the Duke of Orleans or Dubois, and a far worse ruler. He himself was ruled by base, unworthy favourites, and they, not he, ruled France.

At home a horrible persecution of the Protestants began; abroad there threatened a war with Spain. For Bourbon and his advisers made up their minds that Louis should not marry the little Spanish Princess, who was being brought up in France as the King's bride. She was now just six years old, and it was decided to send her back to her father and mother.

The ambassador who was sent to tell the Spanish King of this decision went in trembling. Shaking with fear he handed the letter to the King. As the King opened and read the letter his face grew dark with anger. "Ah! the traitor!" he thundered, striking his hand upon the table.

The Queen, who was sitting in the room at work, ran to him quickly. "What is the matter?" she cried.

With a shaking hand the King held out the letter. "Take it," he said. "Read it."

The Queen read the letter. Then laying it down quietly, she said, "Ah, well, we must send someone to meet our

daughter."

But Philip V did not take the matter so quietly, and he set about seeking for means to avenge this insult.

V

Now that the King's little intended bride had been sent packing, the next thing was to find another. The Princess whom the French wanted most was the daughter of the Prince of Wales. But George I refused to let his granddaughter marry a Catholic, so there was an end of that. And in truth the Duke's favourites were not anxious to have a great lady as Queen, and so at length Marie Leczinski was chosen. She was the daughter of Stanislaus, the deposed King of Poland. She was poor and friendless, the daughter of a King without a crown or kingdom. She was seven years older than Louis, and she was very glad to find a crown and home once more. So she willingly married this boy of fifteen. As for him, he did as he was told, seeming to care neither one way or another about it.

All Europe was astonished at the marriage. King Philip was more than ever enraged to think that his daughter had been sent away to make room for this penniless Princess, and war seemed certain. Even the people of France were astonished at their King's marriage, but although Marie was not beautiful, she was gracious and charming, and the people soon came to love her in spite of the fact that her marriage with their King had very nearly brought about a war.

The Duke of Bourbon continued to misrule France. He wanted to be absolute. But between him and the absolute power he craved there always stood one man. That was Fleury, the King's tutor. Whenever the Duke came to do business with the King, Fleury was there, and without Fleury's advice the King would do nothing. In vain Bourbon tried to see the King alone. Fleury stuck fast to his side.

At length Bourbon asked the Queen to help him. She was

very grateful to the Duke, for it was he who from being a penniless Princess had made her a Queen. So one day when Louis was with Fleury Marie sent him a message saying she wanted to speak with him. Louis came at once and found the Duke of Bourbon with the Queen. The Duke at once began to talk of business, and the King, who had no strength of mind, could do nothing but submit.

Meanwhile, Fleury waited for the King's return. As the minutes and hours went by and he did not come, Fleury understood what had happened. He was very angry, and sitting down he wrote a letter to the King. "As you have no longer need of me," he said, "I shall go away. I have long wanted to rest from the troubles of this world before I die." Then he went away from Court.

When the King read the letter and heard that Fleury had gone, he became very unhappy, and shut himself into his room to weep. He wanted Fleury back again, but he did not know what to do. He never could do anything without advice. So now he did nothing but cry. In vain one of his gentlemen tried to comfort him. He could not at first even get the King to say what was the matter. At length he sobbed out that Fleury had gone away.

"There is no need to cry about it, Sire," said the gentleman. "Are you not master? All you have to do is to tell the Duke to write to Fleury and command him to return."

This was done, and the Duke, much against his will, was forced to write to the man he hated and recall him. Fleury came back at once. He had never meant to stay away, but only wished to frighten the King. He came back triumphant, for he had proved that he and not the Duke had most power over the King. He would have been quite willing that the Duke should keep the appearance of power while he had the reality. But that was not to be. The King even had grown tired of Bourbon and resolved to get rid of him.

One day as Louis was about to set out on a hunting

expedition he turned to the Duke with a smile. "Cousin," he said, "do not keep us waiting for supper." Then he rode away.

A few hours later a letter was handed to Bourbon. It was an order of banishment from the King. Thus Bourbon and all his crew were exiled, and all France rejoiced at the end of this second regency, which had been worse even than the first.

Fleury now came to power. He did not take the title of Prime Minister, but urged Louis to announce, like Louis XIV, that he would be henceforth his own Prime Minister. Louis did as he was told. He said the words put into his mouth. But they were mere idle words. It was not the young King of sixteen who now began to reign, but the old man of seventy-three.

For the next seventeen years Fleury ruled France. "Never," says a writer who lived in those days, "never has a King of France, not even Louis XIV, reigned in a manner so absolute, so wise, so sane."

And in his hands we leave France and Louis XV, called the Well Beloved. Never perhaps did King do less to deserve the title, for he was one of the worst kings who ever sat upon a throne.

Louis Vigee-Lebrun

Sunny Vigée

1755-1842

Her eyes were blue and laughing, the kind of eyes that seemed to speak even though her lips said never a word, and she was always so light-hearted that in the school where she was a pupil the other girls called her Sunny. Her father was a poor painter, poor both in rank and possessions, for there were many masters in Paris at that time—Greuze, Nattier, and others whose fame has come down the generations, beside whose works those of Louis Vigée seemed mere daubs. So there was never much money in the family purse, nor an oversupply of food in the larder. But it troubled the blithe-natured daughter not at all. The beauty of the world was hers to enjoy as much as the king's. The magic of starlight and moonshine, the painted heaven of dawn and evening, and the trees in the wide old parks that tufted the boulevards along the Seine were things not even an emperor could take away from her. So merrily she tripped back and forth along the Rue Coquillière on the way to her lessons, well deserving the pretty nickname her playmates had given her, Sunny Vigée.

One morning—it was during the arithmetic class, and Monsieur Eugene Cauhapé was very serious as he explained the rule of three—Andrée Bocquet suddenly tittered aloud. The girls all turned in amazement from the figures the master was making on the blackboard, for never before had such a

thing occurred in that well-regulated class-room.

Monsieur Cauhapé whirled and looked at her.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed; and by the way in which he spoke Andrée knew he demanded an explanation.

"I could not help it," she replied.

"What made you laugh?" he questioned sternly.

Into the face of the little pupil came a distressed expression. To give the reason would be to get her dearest friend into trouble. She felt she had rather take any punishment than do that.

"I cannot tell," she returned in a quivering voice. "I am sorry I made a noise."

Master Cauhapé walked to his desk and picked up a heavy ferrule. Methods used by teachers in 1765 were not methods of gentleness, and the other pupils began to tremble, for they knew what the punishment would be. Several of the more sensitive ones hid their faces in their hands, and tears came into the eyes of Cecile Lansier, who thought Andrée the most lovable girl she ever had seen. Chastisement, in Monsieur Cauhapé's school, meant not a few light taps upon the hand; it was a painful ordeal.

All at once another exclamation went across the room, and it was from neither Andrée nor Monsieur Cauhapé. Sunny Vigée spoke, her eyes very pleading as she said: "Please do not punish Andrée. It was I who made her laugh. I was drawing pictures."

Angrily the schoolmaster strode down the aisle toward the bench where the white-faced speaker sat, the uplifted ferrule in his hand.

"You think so little of your lessons you disturb the class!" he snapped fiercely. "I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence. Abruptly he dropped the ruler and stood looking at the drawing that had made Andrée laugh—a group of children doing antics with a short-tailed dog. Seven little people in all there were, each tiny face

plainly portrayed, each wearing a different expression. It was no ordinary sketch, and Monsieur Cauhapé knew it. He was amazed beyond words and could hardly believe a girl of twelve had made the picture.

"Who taught you to draw?" he asked, turning toward the pupil who had spoken so pleadingly a moment before.

"Nobody," Sunny answered. "I watch Father when he paints. Sometimes I try to make pictures like the ones he has done; sometimes I copy people I see; and sometimes I make up things out of my head. I am sorry I disturbed the class," she added, "but I could not help doing that drawing. The idea of it came while you were talking, and it seemed as if I had to work it out."

Like a sudden gleam of sunshine after a storm, the anger left the schoolmaster's face, and he smiled. He took the girl's arithmetic and glanced through it and there found something that amazed him still more: the margin of almost every page was filled with pictures; trees, flowers, animals, and children —mostly children, each one of them surprisingly well done.

Monsieur Cauhapé was no artist himself, but he knew enough about pictures to realize that the creator of these drawings had remarkable talent. For several minutes he studied the pictures, an expression of pleasure in his face and eyes. The girls were at a loss to know what had caused the sudden change in his manner, for to disturb a class, as Sunny had done, was a serious offense, indeed, in those days. Yet Monsieur Cauhapé stood and smiled at her as if he minded the interruption not a whit, although a moment before he had rushed angrily toward her bench.

Finally he spoke; and when he did it was in a voice so different from the one that had snapped at Andrée it seemed not to come from the same man.

"I shall excuse Mademoiselle Louise this time," he said.

Then he went back to the lesson as if nothing had happened and continued his explanation of the rule of three.

In the twilight of that autumn evening, Monsieur Eugene Cauhapé went to call upon the painter in the Rue Coquillière, and Louis Vigée had the surprise of his life. He had been so absorbed in his own interests that he knew little of the pastimes of Louise. Beyond seeing her at meal-time, when often he was so deep in thought about a picture he hardly realized she was at the table, he saw almost nothing of her. She was a motherless girl, so that there was no wife to tell him about how she spent her time, and he did not dream that already she had become skilful at drawing. But when the schoolmaster showed him the arithmetic with its picture-bedecked pages he gave an exclamation of delight.

"She will make an artist if ever there was one!" he cried. "Those scribbled sketches show there is more talent in her small finger than in my whole body. To-morrow I will get her an easel."

The very next day he did, spending almost the last sou in his purse that his daughter might get to work. A painter named Davesné, who was a better artist than Vigeé himself, offered to give her lessons; and Louise applied herself with such industry that she was a joy to her teacher. No day seemed too long for her to work with brushes and colors, and when at night she left the easel, she thought happily of returning to it in the morning.

Three years passed, years filled with joyful achievement for Louise Vigée. She had learned all Davesné could teach her, and so now she had a studio of her own, where she painted pictures that sold for handsome prices. She earned more in a month than her father had earned in a year, for she had a great gift; and from the day she had her easel, she worked so industriously that her gift developed in an amazing way. By the time she was thirteen, word of the wonder-child in the Rue Coquillière had spread all over Paris, and Greuze, La Tour, Suzanne, Nattier, and other masters of that day began to take an interest in her and give her lessons. At

fourteen she was selling pictures and was one of the famous folk of the capital.

Life was a bright rainbow to the girl artist, for princesses, duchesses, and other great personages flocked to her studio to have their portraits painted, as well as distinguished strangers visiting Paris. Everything she attempted to paint she did remarkably well; but now, as in the old days at Master Cauhapé's school, she liked best to do likenesses of children and beautiful women, and on these subjects her nimble genius achieved results that affected the beholder as pleasurably as a whiff of exquisite perfume. While her ability and industry brought her the gold of the nobility, her happy nature and warm heart won their friendship also, and she enjoyed privileges that were enjoyed by few in Paris who were not of royal blood. To those who watched her phenomenal success, it seemed her every wish had been realized, but her friends knew this was not so. One deep desire remained unfulfilled: she longed to paint Marie Antoinette, the girl wife of the dauphin. Louise had been in the street throng that lined the Rue Royale the morning Marie entered Paris and rode in state with her attendants toward the palace of Versailles, and at sight of the golden hair and blue eyes of the stranger in the fairy-like coach she had exclaimed: "Oh, the pretty thing! It would be a joy to paint her."

She still felt as she had felt that morning. She and the young dauphiness were exactly the same age, and she could imagine no happier experience than working in her Highness's presence and copying her on canvas. But Marie Antoinette had not summoned her, and an artist who painted royalty could not ask for sittings but had to wait to be called.

When spring touches the French capital it seems like the playground of the world, for there is much of the child in the grown-up Parisian, and, with the dawn of warm, soft days, men and women, as well as younger folk, feel a yearning to become villagers, a longing to sing and dance and romp

through the old folk-games. They begin to dream of woods and fields, and want to get out to the flower-starred spaces and wear garlands on their heads. Whenever it is possible to manage it, they go—sometimes in such numbers that it seems like the pouring of the entire city into the country-side.

Thus it happened that on a May morning a hundred and fifty years ago a girl with a bag and an easel drove from a house in the Rue Coquillière, her face all wreathed with smiles, her heart light as a feather. It was Louise Vigée, starting on a vacation. Madame Suzanne, wife of the artist, had a country-seat not far from the château of Versailles and had invited the girl painter to spend the summer amid surroundings she knew would be an inspiration to her.

It was the first play period Louise had had since beginning work at the easel; but it was not to be wholly a period of idleness. She took pigments and brushes with her, because painting was her life, and she could no more have gone for weeks without touching a canvas than a musician can live happily away from the sound of a beautiful voice or instrument. Before leaving the studio, she planned that six hours of each day were to be hours of work, and not once did she break that rule. But there were hours, also, in the pearly, fragrant mornings, of walking along blossom-sweet lanes, past hamlets gray and vine-wrapped that sheltered soft-eyed peasants. There were tramps at sunset-time toward the château, the fortress-like palace of Versailles that was the favorite residence of the French king and the home of Marie Antoinette.

Louise loved every inch of the royal park, and although folk of common birth were not allowed within its domains, she, because of her friendship with some of the court ladies, was given permission to stroll wherever she chose, and long and delightful were the walks she had along the flower-bordered avenues.

One afternoon she left the easel earlier than usual.

"I want to reach the château by four o'clock to-day," she

remarked to Madame Suzanne as she took her sun-hat and started from the villa. "I want to see the antics of the monkeys."

Louis XV had spent more money than any of his predecessors in obtaining attractions for the royal estate, and among the curiosities recently brought there was a troupe of Sudan monkeys that Philippe Marstonne, keeper of the animals, trained. Each afternoon he put them through their antics for the amusement of the court folk. Louise had always arrived at the garden too late to see the show, but today she meant not to miss it and swung briskly on the way so as to arrive in plenty of time. But an experience was in store for her that afternoon that was to mean far more than watching the play of monkeys.

Half an hour after leaving the Suzanne place the sky suddenly clouded. Her boots, dress, and hat were of materials a shower could not damage, and so she decided to go on, for she enjoyed being out in a light rain. But before she realized what black, threatening clouds had gathered above her a violent storm broke. Instead of a shower, it was like a deluge, drenching her to the skin, while lightning flashed alarmingly. The rain poured in pools over her face and filled her shoes, so that she walked as if through a puddle and felt very miserable.

All at once, around a bend in the road, swung a silver-gray landau. The horses that drew it were plunging along as if terrified, and the coachman had to tug stoutly at the reins to keep the animals from getting beyond control. Marie Antoinette and Lady Victorine Andran were returning from a day of shopping in Paris, glad of each mile that sent them nearer the château. But when her Highness saw the dripping girl by the roadside she ordered the driver to stop.

"Get in," she called, as the door of the landau opened. "'T is terrible to be out in such weather."

Louise hurried to do as she was told, hardly able to conceal her amazement at the invitation. By both the face of the

speaker and the coat of arms on the vehicle she knew it was the dauphiness, and it was an unheard-of thing for a woman of the nobility to take a commoner into her coach. And in that moment she knew the future queen of France was a warm-hearted human being as well as a great lady.

"What is your name?" her Highness asked pleasantly, as the postilion closed the door to shut out the gusts of rain.

"Louise Vigée," came the answer. "I was going to see the tricks of the monkeys when the storm overtook me. His Majesty says I may walk in the gardens whenever I like."

Marie Antoinette nodded.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed. "You are the girl who paints so well. Grandfather Louis says you are to do my portrait some day."

"Grandfather Louis" meant Louis XV. Louise hoped he would decide to have the work start very soon, because now, more than ever, she wanted to put the dauphiness on canvas.

The carriage bounded on its way to Versailles. Then, with Marie Antoinette and Lady Victorine within the shelter of the château, the coachman drove the drenched girl to the house of Madame Suzanne; and for days afterward Louise lived in memory of the chat with the golden-haired princess and in the hope that very soon she would make a portrait of her.

Swiftly sped the days and months until five years more rolled over the head of the artist. Louis XV was dead. His grandson, the dauphin, succeeded him as Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette was queen of France. She was only nineteen when she was crowned, and at nineteen, too, Louise Vigée reigned as queen of the easel. In the same month when the coronet was placed upon the head of the young sovereign, the girl painter was elected to the Academy, which was the highest honor that could come to an artist in France. About that same time she married a man named Lebrun, and henceforth she was known to Parisians as Vigée Lebrun.

Harder than ever this splendidly gifted one worked now, painting unceasingly from early morning until dark, earning great sums of money and great honor, too, as she did likenesses of high-born folk of the French capital. She painted the queen not only once but several times, and every minute of the hours thus occupied was a joy to her. A friendship developed between the two that lasted until Marie Antoinette died and that still lives as one of the beautiful things of history. Very often her Majesty sent for her artist friend to visit her at Versailles. Sometimes the two met for a quiet hour at the studio, and when Louise began doing her own portrait with that of her little daughter the young sovereign was greatly interested in the progress of the work and dropped in often to watch and praise. She was foolish and weak sometimes, this daughter of Maria Theresa who became queen of France, but she was a woman of noble impulses and warm heart, and no one knew it better than Vigée Lebrun. The periods they spent together were always periods of happiness. But the sky of these two comrades, bright as a rainbow now, was to know a stormy sunset.

The French Revolution came, bringing death to Marie Antoinette, to Louis, and to every member of the nobility that fell into the hands of the mob, and when the queen went to the guillotine it almost broke the heart of Vigée Lebrun.

But there was no time to sit and grieve about it. Because she had been a friend of "the Austrian," as the people called Marie, the maddened revolutionists were about to mete out the same fate to the painter. But, with her small daughter, she managed to escape to Italy and for many years lived an exile in the land of the Cæsars, in Austria, Belgium, Bohemia, and Russia.

But a splendid exile it was, for wherever she went she painted, and both gold and honor flowed in a continuous stream to her. She was fêted like an empress in every country where she sojourned, and while in St. Petersburg, Emperor

Alexander made a personal call at her apartments and begged her to stay always in Russia. For a time she thought she would do so. The Paris that had been a paradise to her was the Paris of Marie Antoinette. Now that the queen and many of her friends were dead, she thought of the French capital as a city of heartbreak.

But she was French, and as time passed France called. Memories of the old happy days haunted her. It was safe now to go back, for the power of the revolutionists had been swept away, and Napoleon I reigned as emperor. So one morning she set out for the land that held so many fragrant memories.

Henceforth, within sound of the Seine. Vigée Lebrun lived and worked until she was a very old woman, dreaming of her youthful days when life was golden, leaving behind a record of a life of glorious labor in the cause of art and a wealth of canvases that are among the treasures of the world to this day.

The Maccabees
They Fought for Freedom
From 167-37 B.C.

It was shortly after sunrise when Cyrion entered Modin, the little village which nestled among the rock-grey hills of Palestine. The young man gazed with disdainful eyes at the twisted, dusty streets and low stone houses. After Rome and Antioch and Alexandria, his birthplace seemed even smaller and humbler than he remembered it. He strode past the well, where a group of women and girls had already gathered to draw water, and on to the market-place in the center of the town; here he stopped, perplexed.

For a moment the place seemed as lively as he recalled it, with the noisy protest of cackling hens and doves cooing in their wooden cages; a flock of lambs crying mournfully and a brindled calf bawling for its mother. Yet a strange silence hung heavily above the stalls; not a single merchant shouted boastfully in praise of his wares; no customer insisted indignantly that the prices were too high.

"A strange market day," Cyrion said to himself, "when no one buys or sells."

He pushed his way through a group of villagers who stood in the center of the market-place talking together in low, excited tones. Now Cyrion understood. For he saw a small altar, with a pile of wood nearby, standing where no altar had ever stood before.

Although for the last five years the youth had lived among the heathen, he was still enough of a Jew to know that his people were forbidden to offer sacrifice anywhere but at the Temple in Jerusalem.

Wonderingly, he spoke to an old man beside him.

"Good father," Cyrion began, "how long has this altar stood in Modin?"

"Last night when we slept the soldiers of King Antiochus —" a woman in the back of the crowd called shrilly. But those about her interrupted with cries of "Hush!" "We know nothing!" while the other villagers seemed to be struck dumb by the very sound of their ruler's name.

Cyrion turned again to the old man he knew must be a scribe, for writing reeds and an ink horn hung at his broad girdle. "Good father, how long has this altar stood in Modin?" he repeated his question.

At last the old man spoke and his voice was heavy with grief.

"Stranger," he began, "although you wear Greek robes and do not seem to be of Judea, you must surely know that the last of our kings sleeps in his rocky tomb beyond Jerusalem and that Antiochus rules over not only Syria but all the land of Palestine."

"That I have long known," answered Cyrion impatiently. "And when I was in Antioch, the great king's capital, I heard something of his plans to bring all the people under his rule to the worship of his gods."

A low moaning of grief and anger rose among the crowd. The old scribe bent his white head and wept.

"His plans have brought bitter suffering to Judea," he said brokenly. "We have always been obedient subjects to our foreign rulers when, like Alexander the Great, they permitted us to worship the God of our fathers. But this Antiochus whom many call 'the Madman—'"

A shudder of fear at such rashness shook the people of

Modin.

"The stranger may be a spy who will repeat your words to the king," a woman whispered frantically in the old man's ear.

The scribe shook off the restraining hand he had placed upon his arm.

"This Antiochus attempts what no other king has ever been able to accomplish," he said, his voice trembling with fury. "He has forbidden us Jews on pain of death to keep our holy Sabbath; he had commanded us to bring sacrifices to his heathen gods."

"Antiochus has profaned the Sanctuary," mourned another old man. "His officers have set up a statue of their accursed Zeus in our Temple at Jerusalem."

Several women began to sway and to beat their breasts like mourners above an open grave.

"Alas for Hannah and her seven sons," wailed a white-haired woman. "It is told that one by one the youths were led before the tyrant and ordered to sacrifice to his gods. And one by one they steadfastly refused and were tortured to death before their mother's eyes."

"The tyrant spares neither young nor old," sobbed a young mother, clasping her baby closer to her breast. "There was Eleazar, a wise and sainted man—"

"Who died bravely, saying, 'May the young die as willingly as I for our hold laws,'" murmured a voice in the crowd reverently.

"Let us try to remember his words!" said the old scribe. But although he was a faithful and a pious Jew, when he looked toward the altar the king's men had set up in the market-place, his eyes grew sick with fear.

A young man who had just come to the market-place forced his way through the crowd. He stood head and shoulders above those about him; the muscles of his tanned brown arms rippled in the early sunlight; his face was as keen and sharp as a sword blade. For a moment he remained staring

with puzzled eyes at the stranger.

"Judah," cried Cyrion, "don't you know me, even though I have changed in the years I have been away from Modin? Surely you recognize your old schoolfellow!"

"Yes," answered Judah slowly, "I knew it was your voice as soon as I heard you speak. But," and now he withdrew his hand, which his friend has grasped so warmly, "it is not easy to recognize the son of your worthy father in your Greek fripperies."

Cyrion tried to laugh. "Why should I not wear the Grecian dress, since many Jews, even in Jerusalem, have learned to dress like Greeks, have taken Greek names, and now take part in their games in the gymnasium?"

"Where they offer sacrifices to strange gods!" shouted several angry voices.

"And why not?" Cyrion asked with a shrug, although he dared not meet Judah's scornful eyes. "Antiochus the Illustrious does not hate his Jewish subjects. He seeks only to make them one with all the other peoples of his kingdom."

Before Judah could answer him there came the tramp, tramp of marching feet and the clanking of swords. Preceded by soldiers wearing royal colors, their spears shining evilly in the peaceful sunlight, the king's envoy, Appeles, strode past the sullenly silent townsfolk and approached the altar.

With military curtness he repeated the orders of the king. Antiochus had decreed that not only in Jerusalem but in every town of Palestine an image, such as he now placed upon the altar, should receive the homage of the king's Jewish subjects.

"Here is the incense," he said. "Come now, men of Modin, and cast it upon the altar flame. Who will be first to obey the king's command?"

There was silence, broken only when a mother, clinging to her son, or a wife, pressing closer to her husband, sobbed aloud in terror.

Appeles spoke again and his voice rang harshly in that quiet place.

"The king's envoy must not be kept waiting." He glanced toward his glittering soldiers. "Who will be first?"

His eyes fell on the youth standing nearby, wearing a gaily colored Greek robe which set him apart from the more soberly garbed citizens of Modin.

"You seem one of us. You will have the honor of being the first to offer sacrifice," said Appeles, pulling the youth forward.

The boy tried to draw back. He had already taken part in the games at the gymnasium, where a heathen idol stood. But now, before the eyes of his townsmen, he hesitated, frightened and ashamed.

"I am a Jew," Cyrion stammered.

Appeles laughed harshly. "You are a Greek now. Come!"

A man, white-haired and trembling with age, staggered to the front of the crowd around the altar.

"Mattathias!" murmured the scribe. He thought of the sufferings of the aged Eleazar of Jerusalem and grew faint with horror. For he knew that Mattathias was also a whole man and did not fear to die. How could one look on the death of an old and beloved friend? Then he saw that the five sons of Mattathias, Judah among them, moved forward with their father; five sons, tall and sturdy and proud, their faces watchful and quiet.

"Why do you linger?" demanded the king's envoy.

The youth in the Greek dress took an uncertain step forward. His trembling hand reached for the bowl of incense.

Those who stood nearest to Mattathias saw him throw back his white head defiantly. His sagging shoulders straightened; he seemed for the moment as alert and vigorous as his five sons who pressed closely around him. Leaping forward, he seized a sword from one of the soldiers. He swung it with awful precision above the head of the Jew cringing before the

altar. Cyrion staggered and fell; his life-blood stained the breast of his bright Grecian robes; from the overturned brass bowl the incense was scattered beside the corpse.

Mattathias waved the encrimsoned sword above his head. His voice rang like a trumpet blast.

"Those who are on the Lord's side follow me!" he shouted.

The five sons of Mattathias, moving like one man, had already snatched the weapons of the nearest soldiers. Now young and old joined in the surprise attack. They wrenched the swords of the slain Syrians from their hands and did not rest until the last of the soldiers had fallen about the king's envoy. His proud helmet and glittering armor crushed and battered, Appeles lay in the dust before the overturned altar.

"A pity," cried the scribe, "we could not spare him to take back our answer to Antiochus!"

His words shocked the folk of Modin into realization of what they had done. Murmurs of fear and protest broke from the crowd at the mere sound of the tyrant's name.

"He will send more soldiers." "Every man in Modin will be slain." "Our wives and children will be slaughtered also, or sold into slavery."

The woman who had wept for Hannah and her tortured sons again wailed loudly and many joined in her lamentations.

But Mattathias, standing proudly confident before his people, spoke calmly.

"When the soldiers of King Antiochus come again to Modin, they will find our village as empty as last year's bird's nest. We will not remain here to be slaughtered. This very hour we must hasten to hide ourselves in the hills where we will do battle for our Holy Law and for the right to worship the God of our fathers."

"We do not even have weapons to defend ourselves," objected one of the elders.

"We have the swords of the enemy we have just slain," answered Judah. "After another battle," he added grimly, "we

will have many more."

"But we are a handful and are untrained in war." "The king has a large army." "He has many captains, skilled in battle."

"With the God of heaven it is all one," said Judah, son of Mattathias, "to be victorious with a great multitude or with a small company." And he repeated his father's words, "Those who are on the Lord's side, follow me!"

Even those with fearful hearts drew courage from the courage of Mattathias and his sons. The men of Modin gathered their families about them and followed their leaders into the rocky shelters of the hills. Day after day, as the news of the rebellion spread through Palestine, refugees poured into the mountain camp. Forced to live in caves, they often yearned for the comforts of their deserted homes. For food there was only the flesh of the mountain goats and wild berries and roots. During the cold nights the rebels shivered in garments which soon grew thin and tattered. Little children and the very old soon sickened and died.

Mattathias was among the first of the old men to die. From his death-bed he blessed the refugees and promised them that the God for whom they fought would in the end bring them victory. He appointed his son Simon to take his place as ruler of the little community and selected his son Judah to be their captain in the long, hard war.

The rebels against Antiochus all swore to obey Simon and to follow Judah in battle. He made an ideal captain. In the darkest hours he never lost faith either in his cause of the God for whom he fought, and this won him the confidence of his untried soldiers. He was also one of the greatest generals who ever lived. His untrained guerrilla fighters were a handful compared to the mighty, disciplined Syrian army; his men were poorly fed and often lacked weapons. But Judah planned his campaigns with such genius that he won battle after battle. Every victory fed the hopes of his starving, desperate

comrades; the weapons of the slain equipped the fighters of Israel for new and greater triumphs.

No wonder he came to be known as Judah Maccabee, the Hammerer, because of the heavy blows he dealt the enemies of his people. Some believe he took this title because of the word Maccabee is formed of the initial letters of the Hebrew words inscribed on his banner: "Who is like Thee among the gods, O Lord." In time the name was given to his four brothers as well, and the deeds of the five Maccabees chilled the hearts of even the most fearless leaders of the Syrian host.

At first Judah Maccabee planned only mountain skirmishes; then, as his army grew stronger, he engaged in larger battles. These were so successful that modern generals, fighting in Palestine, have actually studied and profited by Judah's strategy when planning their campaigns.

After the crushing defeat of the Syrians at Beth Tzur, Judah led his triumphant army into Jerusalem. The city had suffered under the tyranny of Antiochus for three terrible years. Now joy turned into mourning as the warriors of Israel looked upon the desolation of their beloved capital and sanctuary. The courts of the Temple were filthy and overgrown with weeds. The heathen had defiled the Holy of Holies; where the white-robed priests had once offered sacrifice to the one God, a statue of Zeus mocked the deliverers from the polluted altar.

Those who had fought so bravely and so well worked day and night to cleanse the shrine. When all traces of pagan rites had been removed and the lamps were lit once more, Jews from every corner of the land of Palestine gathered in Jerusalem for the feast of the rededication of the Temple. Again the white-robed priests offered sacrifice and mighty assembly sang psalms of praise and thanksgiving to God.

This Feast of Rededication, or Chanuko, is still observed for the eight days by Jews in every land beneath the sun. As they kindle the festal lights, they thank God for their delivery

in days of old, and repeat to their children the heroic deeds of the Maccabees and all who fought for freedom so long ago.

But this Festival of Freedom might well be observed by all people. For in the caves of the hills around Modin religious liberty was born for all the nations of the world. The martyrs like Hannah and her seven sons were the first religious martyrs in all history. The soldiers of Judah Maccabees were the first to fight for what no other people recognized in that day—the right of man to worship God according to his own conscience.

If this devoted little band had not fought so fearlessly and so well, Israel's belief in the one God would have perished from the face of the earth. With it would have died the still undreamed-of daughter religion, Christianity.

Maimonides
The Busy Physician
1138-1204 A.D.

It was noon and nearly all the inhabitants of Fez were enjoying their siestas in their white stone houses, glad to escape the fury of the African sun. So the twisted, dusty lane which led to the home of Rabbi Maimon was deserted by all but the sleepy, starved street dogs, when a man walked rapidly to the gate in the high garden wall and pounded for admittance. He was about thirty, with a sensitive, thoughtful face, and wore the long bright robes and turban which the Jews of Morocco had adopted from their Mohammedan neighbors.

Two sharp eyes peered through the crescent-shaped opening in the gate which hid the small garden from the street. Then the door was flung hurriedly open; the visitor entered hastily and helped the older man who had admitted him to slip the iron bar back into place.

The younger man seemed about to speak, but the other motioned him to be silent. In the year 1165 it was seldom safe for a Jew in Morocco to discuss his private affairs even in the courtyard of his own home.

So Moses Maimonides, as the son of Maimon was commonly known, nodded, and followed his father silently into the house. Here David, the younger brother, and his sisters waited impatiently to hear what news he had brought.

"I bring evil tidings, father," said Maimonides.

"Which does not surprise me," answered Rabbi Maimon calmly. In spite of his years, there was only a slight stooping of his broad shoulders to hint of the long hours he had spent bent over his desk. He carried himself with dignity, for he had been honored not only as a scholar; he had even served as a judge over his people.

"It is not right," declared fiery-tempered David, impetuously. "In Cordova, where we were all so happy, we lived at peace with our Moslem neighbors. Then because a group of Fanatics among them offered every Jew and Christian in southern Spain the choice between accepting the teachings of Islam or the sword—"

"Would it not be better," his father asked him dryly, "not to waste your energy in senseless anger against our Mohammedan masters and to listen quietly to the news your brother has brought us?"

"It is worse than we feared, father," said Moses Maimonides. "My most honored teacher, after you, father—" His voice trembled and he could not go on.

"You mean Rabbi Judah ben Shoshan?" asked Maimon hoarsely.

Maimonides nodded. "Yes, father. They have seized him and put him to death. This I have just learned from my Moslem friend, Abul ibn Moisha, who warned me that I was marked for death also, but who intervened in my behalf."

The sisters of Maimonides burst into frightened weeping. But Rabbi Maimon, who through all the troubled years had bade his brethren be of good courage, now spoke calmly.

"No doubt I, too, am under the shadow of death," he said. "It is surely known through all Morocco that when the Jews were forced to become Moslems, you and I counseled them to serve the God of our fathers in secret."

"It is my fault that we ever came to this cursed place," said Maimonides bitterly. "Yes, father, it was for my sake that you came to Fez, where there were still Jewish colleges and I could

continue my studies."

"And it was worth the risk," answered Maimon, "especially since here in Fez you were able to study with some of the leading Arab physicians of our day."

"But are we to remain here in constant danger of death if we do not give up our faith?" demanded David, pacing restlessly to and fro.

"No. I have long been debating with myself whether we would not be safer in the land of our fathers," Maimon told him.

"Palestine is no longer the land of our fathers," said David, and he spoke bitterly. "The kingdom of Jerusalem, as they call it now, is ruled by kings from Europe who have little love for Israel."

"When the fox finds the dogs upon his heels, he does not dare consider what dangers lurk for him in the nearest cave," said Rabbi Maimon. "We must leave Fez as soon as we can secure passage to the land of Israel."

From Maimonides' account of that voyage, we learn of the storm which lasted forty-eight hours and almost wrecked the frail vessel:

"Then I vowed to keep these two days as complete fast days for myself and my household and all those connected with me, and to command my children to do the same throughout all their generations; they should also give charity according to their ability. I landed safely and came to Acco, and by arriving in the land of Israel, I escaped persecution. This day I vowed to keep as a day of rejoicing, festivity, and distribution of charity for myself and my house throughout all generations."

But Maimonides was far from happy in the land of Israel. There were a few scattered through Palestine, wretchedly poor, with no great schools of study such as had formerly flourished in Spain. Maimonides, always the student, turned longing eyes toward Egypt. In Cairo, he had heard, there was

a flourishing Jewish community where a scholar might both learn and teach in peace and security. For although the Mohammedans ruled Egypt, this group did not share the fanaticism of the rulers in Moslem Spain and Morocco. Here the Jews knew the joy of spiritual freedom, and one of their own number, known as the Prince, ruled over their religious life.

So the little group of wanderers soon found themselves settled in Fostat, the very ancient section of the city of Cairo. Here Maimonides would have been happy if he had not been struck low by the first two great griefs of his unsettled life, the deaths of his father and his younger brother, David.

In the first wandering years in Spain, Rabbi Maimon had taught his two sons; when he grew weak with age, Maimonides had directed David's studies and had hoped that the boy would carry on the family's reputation for scholarship. After Maimon's death the older son had become more like a father than a brother to the younger. David, knowing that Maimonides needed help with completing his medical studies, decided to take the support of the family upon his own shoulders. He became a merchant, buying precious stones in Egypt and selling them in far-away lands.

David, while still a young man, was drowned in the Indian Ocean. Years later, Maimonides wrote to Rabbi Japhet whom he had come to admire and love during his short stay in Palestine:

"Whenever I see his handwriting or one of his books, my pain and my grief are awakened anew. Were not the study of the Torah my delight and did not the study of Science divert me from my grief, I would have succumbed in my miser."

No man loved learning for its own sake more than Maimonides; from his youth he had been a true philosopher, a lover of wisdom.

Because teacher and pupil were often cut off from the few great libraries and were unable to carry many books with them

on their journeys, Maimonides was forced to learn his lessons orally and to carry in his head all that his father had taught him. Fortunately, he had a remarkable memory, which not only helped him to retain all that his father taught him, but was of the greatest value to him in his later life.

In Egypt Maimonides completed his medical studies. Besides being an excellent physician, he also wrote a number of books on medicine, so advanced for their day that for centuries they were considered as authorities by Moslem and Christian as well as Jewish doctors. Even today some of the laws of health which Maimonides taught in Cairo so long ago are still accepted.

Because Maimonides wrote his medical works in Arabic, it was possible for the Mohammedan scholars of his own time to read them. He based much of his teaching on the works of Galen, perhaps the greatest physician of ancient Greece; many thought the Jewish doctor actually surpassed his teacher. "Galen's art heals only the body," wrote an enthusiastic Moslem, "but Maimonides cures both the body and soul. He could heal with his wisdom the sickness of ignorance. If the moon would submit to his art, he would deliver her of her spots at the time of the full moon."

This seems wild praise; but in a time when little was known of the part the mind plays in healing the body, some of Maimonides' cures seemed really miraculous. He believed that the doctor must try to prevent illness rather than cure it, since the healthy man would be more able to help in conquering a threatened disease. "A physician," he taught, "should begin with simple treatment, trying to cure by diet before he prescribes drugs." He advised his patients, as a modern doctor does, to eat moderately and to take more exercise. In an age when sanitation was scarcely known and always neglected, he urged the need of cleanliness. And he was never afraid to experiment; when it seemed necessary to use drugs, he tried first one then another to bring about the

desired cure.

No wonder a famous doctor said he had come all the way from Bagdad to Cairo just to consult with three wise men—and that one of them was Maimonides.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Maimonides as a doctor was his freedom from the superstitions of his day. He denounced the custom, prevalent among both the Jews and Moslems of Egypt, of wearing amulets inscribed with the names of angels to ward off disease. It would have grieved him could he have known that even today ignorant Jews in Fostat still believe demons are frightened away by the "hand of Fatima" painted in blue upon their walls.

In the old, old synagogue of Fostat where Maimonides is said to have prayed and meditated, the sexton still shows visitors a pool of putrid water in a cistern in the floor, and insists that a cupful will bring relief from sickness. When we visited this synagogue, our young son was feeling the effects of too many Turkish sweetmeats. The sexton was really offended that we refused to give him a drink of the "magic water which cures stomachache."

Maimonides, of course, knew nothing of the germ theory; but he surely would have warned his patients not to drink stagnant water. He was a pious man and believed in prayer; but he insisted that holy words written on a charm would never heal the sick.

Soon the physician's fame reached the ear of Saladin, ruler of Egypt and later of Palestine as well. This was the sultan who, with Richard the Lion-Hearted, shared the glories and infamies of the Third Crusade. Like the English king, Saladin was not only fearless in battle but generous to a fallen foe. He permitted the scattered Jews of Palestine to live in Jerusalem. It is likely he gave them this privilege because of his friendship for Maimonides, who for a while was his physician and certainly pleaded the cause of his persecuted people.

When Richard the Lion-Hearted fell ill in Palestine, Saladin saw that his former enemy lacked nothing which might hasten his recovery. It is reported that Saladin proposed sending for Maimonides, the wisest doctor in the entire East. And some say that King Richard offered to raise the Jewish doctor to the post of his personal physician. But Maimonides seems to have preferred his busy, useful life in Cairo.

Just how busy and useful a life Maimonides led may be judged from a letter he wrote to a friend who wished to come to Egypt just to visit him:

"My duties to the sultan are very heavy. I am obliged to visit him every day, early in the morning, and when he or any of his children, or any of the inmates of his harem are indisposed. I must stay the greater part of the day in the palace. I do not return until the afternoon. Then I am almost dying with hunger. I find the antechambers filled with people, both Jews and Gentiles, nobles and common people, judges and bailiffs, friends and foes—a mixed multitude, who await the time of my return.

"I dismount from my animal, wash my hands, go forth to my patients, and entreat them to bear with me while I partake of some slight refreshment, the only meal I take in the twenty-four hours. Then I attend my patients, write prescriptions and directions for their various ailments. Patients go in and out until nightfall, and sometimes, I assure you, until two hours and more in the night. I converse and prescribe for them while lying down from sheer fatigue, and when night falls I am so exhausted that I can scarcely speak."

The busy physician goes on to say that on the Sabbath the majority of the congregation come to him after the morning services in the synagogue to discuss communal affairs and to study with him until noon. Some return to read with him in the afternoon.

By this time Maimonides was not only the most renowned

Jewish scholar in Egypt but was recognized as the official head of the Jews of Cairo. He established a board of advisers of nine other members; together they decided all matters to the religious welfare of their group.

One wonders how, with all his duties, Maimonides ever found time to continue his studies and to write the books which have won him such a high place among Jewish scholars, from his day to our own times. He knew the philosophy of Aristotle; he was learned not only in the Jewish but the Christian and Mohammedan religions; he had a wide knowledge of mathematics and astronomy.

He most important books which are still studied are: *The Light, The Strong Hand* and *Guide to the Perplexed.*

The Light was written in Arabic, which many Jews of Maimonides' day knew better than Hebrew. In this study of Jewish laws and Jewish beliefs, Maimonides put in short and simple form the Thirteen Articles of Faith on which the Jewish religion is based today. This creed was later translated into a Hebrew poem which is still sung every Sabbath in the synagogue.

The Strong Hand is an arrangement under different headings of the many laws in the Talmud, all systematized and explained. In one section are gathered together the Jewish laws on property; in another, those on marriage, and so on.

The Guide to the Perplexed, perhaps his greatest work, was a book that only a man with the author's wide knowledge of Greek philosophy and Arabic science could have written. It set for the teachings of the Jewish religion in a new way. For Maimonides realized that in his generation there were many "perplexed" people who could not accept blindly everything their fathers had believed.

Because of his daring approach, many pious Jews bitterly opposed Maimonides. This was hard for a Jew who had given his life to teaching and gaining honor for his people. But Maimonides bore all insults with noble patience. In his

humility he reminds us of the gentle rabbis, Hillel and Rashi, who had prepared the way for his work.

One of the most tiring labors of love for which he received no payment but the thanks of his grateful disciples was the writing of innumerable letters in response to questions which came to him from distant Jewish communities. Although he had so many other duties, and for the last twenty years of his life suffered from failing health, Maimonides answered every letter. He once boasted that he wrote these answers to questions on Jewish belief and practice in his own hand, unless he was too ill to hold a pen; only then would he dictate to a secretary. In all his correspondence he shows great gentleness and understanding.

Once an old man wrote to Maimonides, calling himself ignorant because he was unable to read the master's works that were written in Hebrew.

"Call not thyself ignorant," wrote back the scholar, "but my pupil and my friend, both thou and all who seek to cleave to the study of the Law."

Always charitable in his judgments, even of those who disagreed with him, Maimonides placed the greatest emphasis on the commandment that the Jew must care for the helpless and the unfortunate. He divided the givers into eight classes, placing lowest in merit those who gave alms unwillingly. He placed higher those who gave cheerfully; even higher those who bestowed alms anonymously; and he reserved his greatest praise for those who helped others to help themselves. Writing so long ago, Maimonides expresses the most modern ideal of social service when he describes:

"Those who extend a loan or bestow a gift upon the needy, or who take a poor man into partnership or help him to establish himself in business so that he should not be compelled to apply for charity, such people practice the highest degree of charity."

Besides his one son, Abraham, whom Maimonides himself

taught as his father Maimon had taught him through their wandering years in Spain, the great physician had one pupil whom he loved as his own child. Joseph Akin as a youth had been forced to accept Mohammedanism; but he returned to the faith of his people and begged Maimonides to explain many of the Jewish teachings that he could not understand. It was for this young disciple that the master began to write *The Guide to the Perplexed.*

"If I had none but thee in the world, my world would be full," Maimonides told him.

It seemed to the weary scholar that in his old age God had sent him another enthusiastic, faithful student like the beloved brother taken from his side so many years ago. They remained dear friends until the sage died at the age of seventy in Fostat on a December day in the year 1204.

There was public mourning not only in Cairo and Alexandria, but in congregations all over the world. For three days not only the Jews of Cairo but the Mohammedans joined in lamentation for the wise and kind man who had left them. Then the body of the scholar who had been so tireless in his search for wisdom was taken to the Holy Land for burial.

Maimonides, who scorned all superstitions, would have been irritated could he have known the legend which would arise after his death. But he was held in such reverence that many repeated and believed the story. It is said that as the procession of mourning Jews followed the ox-drawn cart toward Tiberias, a band of savage Bedouins attacked the funeral party and tried to seize the coffin. But through a miracle the coffin could not be lifted from the cart. Then the Bedouins, filled with awe at God's protection of His saint, even in death, were ashamed of their attempted sacrilege. Sheathing their swords, they reverently followed the mourners to the tomb which had been prepared at Tiberias on the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

As the years passed, the fame of Maimonides did not

decrease. Great scholars studied and were influenced by his writings; the humble and the ignorant still spoke reverently of his wisdom. All paid him the unique honor of mentioning him in the same breath with Moses, the greatest of Hebrew lawgivers and teachers. For soon the saying arose: "From Moses (the lawgiver) to Moses (Maimonides) there has been none like Moses."

Manasseh ben Israel
The Printer of Amsterdam
1604-1657 A.D.

Little Manasseh knew that he must never touch the precious hourglass which his father had managed to bring to Amsterdam along with a few other household treasures. But the six-year-old boy loved to stand before the high Dutch table and watch the golden sands trickling, minute by minute, from one delicate glass glove to the other. One day his father, Joseph ben Israel, comfortable in his arm chair, told Manasseh and his younger brother, Ephraim, a story of a wonderful hour-glass he remembers from other days.

"This was not in the Madeira Islands, where you were born, Manasseh," he began, between puffs of his long pipe. "I saw it in Lisbon, the fair city of Lisbon, many years ago." His eyes grew sad as though he still longed for the land of his birth. Joseph ben Israel had suffered shame and torment in Portugal and Spain; but even in Holland, where a Jew might walk as proudly and freely as any citizen, he sometimes felt himself an exile.

"There lived an Arabian near the street where my father dwelt, who was wise in many things. He had a magic hour-glass and the sand in it was not like any other sand on earth. It was said to be from the shores of the River Sambatyon; for every Friday night until the Sabbath was over, this sand did not trickle from glass to glass, but remained still."

"Where is the River Sambatyon?" the two boys cried in excited chorus.

In the year 1610 even sober-minded men like Manasseh's father believed in many wonders. As surely as his two listeners, he believed in the far-away river. All week, he said, it flows with a great roaring between its banks in the blessed country where Jews dwell in peace and contentment. But on the eve of the Sabbath its waves sink into rest. Then the Jews who dwell on its shores light their candles to welcome the Sabbath.

"Just as mother blesses our candles every Friday night," said Manasseh.

"Yes, and in Amsterdam she does it without fear," answered his father and his voice was heavy with pain. "For here we are no longer secret Jews. We need not be Marranos for the Dutch allow us to worship the God of our fathers before all men."

He became silent, his face dark with brooding. Little Ephraim, deciding the story was over, ran out to spin his top on the scrubbed white stoop. But Manasseh remained staring at the hour-glass, lost in thought. He was old enough to know why the mere word, Marrano, made his father grieve. For he had heard many stories of his family's sufferings before they had found a haven in Holland.

The boy knew that his parents, and their parents before them, had been forced to live as Marranos in Portugal. He had shuddered to hear how in Spain his father had been accused by the Inquisition of secretly practicing his religion, had been imprisoned and tortured, and, when released, had been robbed of all his property. Broken in body and spirit, the unhappy man had at last managed to bring his wife and children to Amsterdam. Here, after over a hundred years of persecution, the Marranos might throw aside their grateful disguises and learn to live again as Jews. Manasseh knew that his own name told of his father's joy to find himself in a free

land. In Madeira the child had been called Manoel, after his Christian godfather. Now he was named Manasseh, which means in Hebrew, "God hath made me forget my toil."

At last Joseph ben Israel roused himself and smiled at his son. "I did not finish my story," he said. "When the Marranos in Lisbon saw the sands in Arabian's glass become still, they knew it was time to celebrate their Sabbath—in secret."

"Father," asked Manasseh suddenly, "why didn't all the Jews who were treated so cruelly in Spain and Portugal come to Holland?"

"Truly, in Holland we are able to support ourselves; some of us have even helped these kind people by our skills as lens makers and diamond cutters and traders. But Holland is a small country," he sighed. "Though your mother has a kind heart, still she cannot afford to invite every homeless newcomer in Amsterdam to sleep in our tiny house. Nor have the Dutch room to make all Israel welcome."

"Then why don't Jews who want to be safe and happy go live near the River Sambatyon?" asked the boy.

"It is too far off." His father looked sad again.

"But why don't they go to other countries?"

"We have been driven from land to land for so many years that we no longer dare to call any country our home," sighed Joseph ben Israel. "Spain, France, Germany, England—it has always been the same story. For a little while we lived secure under the protecting wing of Church or prince; then pillage and slaughter and again exile. Now we are tolerated in Turkey by the Moslem; in Italy, even in Rome, the pope's own city, we are safe for a little while. But the hearts of our masters are as shifting as the sands in that hour-glass. Who knows when our unhappy brothers must again take up the wanderer's staff?"

"But when we all go back to the land of Israel we will surely be safe and happy," murmured Manasseh.

"Yes, my son," answered Joseph, and his eyes grew large

with dreaming. "Today only a handful of our people know the joy of Jerusalem; even they must bow their necks beneath the Turkish yoke. But some day we who have wept so long beside strange rivers will return with joy and singing."

"When, father, when?" Manasseh cried impatiently.

"It is written that first the children of Israel must be scattered to the uttermost ends of the earth. But when that day comes our Messiah, our Prince from the House of David, will appear and lead us back to the land of our fathers." He rose wearily and tried to smile toward the little girl who stood in the doorway, impatient, but too well-bred to interrupt him. "Yes, Esther, my daughter, I know you have come to tell us supper is ready. Come, Manasseh, we must not keep mother waiting."

But Manasseh caught his father's sleeve and detained him. "Thank you, father, for your story," he said. "When I am a man I am going to help the Messiah to take my people home."

In the years that followed Manasseh learned many things from the books he loved, and all his teachers were proud of their promising pupil. He no longer believed that his father was the wisest Jew in Amsterdam. But no lesson he ever mastered in the Y'shivo (Academy) meant more to him than the story he remembered whenever he looked at the old hourglass. Again and again he prayed that God would show him a way to serve his people.

It seemed at first that the youth meant to devote his life to winning the scholar's crown. At fourteen he took his place among the older and most respected students of the Y'shivo; at fifteen he made public addresses; at seventeen he composed a Hebrew grammar.

As was the custom in those days Manasseh married very young. He was only nineteen when he led beneath the marriage canopy a girl who also came from a family of Portuguese exiles. The bride's father, a prominent physician in Amster-

dam, was proud of his decent from Don Isaac Abravanel. An old family tradition filled the bridegroom's heart with hope and awe. For Don Isaac Abravanel had not only been the trusted treasurer to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; the descendants of Abravanel were reputed to carry in their veins the blood of King David, himself. Manasseh, who felt more than a father's natural pride for his three children, dared to believe that one of his sons, Joseph or Samuel, might be chosen to lead Israel back to the Land of Promise. Or little Hannah, beautiful and pious as her mother, would some day bear the promised Prince of the House of David.

While Manasseh waited prayerfully for deliverance to come, he served the Jews of Amsterdam as rabbi and teacher. Not only had he become one of the outstanding scholars in that community of learned men, both Jews and Christians far beyond the borders of Holland spoke of his wisdom. Across the Atlantic Judah Monis was to use Manasseh's books while teaching in the new little college of Harvard; years later the Rev. Ezra Stiles, an early president of Yale, declared that Amsterdam rabbi, in spite of his religion, deserved to enter Paradise.

Even the less educated of Manasseh's congregation knew Jewish history and Jewish traditions; they could speak Spanish and Portuguese and, of course, Dutch. But Manasseh could read Greek and often wrote in Latin, then the language of scholars. It was said he knew ten tongues; it is certain that he composed books in half that many. Scholars marveled that he was familiar not only with the writings of the Jewish philosophers, but was well acquainted with many of the commentaries Christians had written on the Bible. He even found time to study medicine and to write Latin poetry.

For some years Rembrandt, greatest of Dutch painters, lived in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. His well-known etching of Manasseh ben Israel shows the rabbi as a somewhat stoutish, broad-shouldered man with a shrewd, alert face and

keen eyes, If it were not for the inscription, we might think it the picture of a successful Dutch merchant of the early seventeenth century. For we must not think of Manasseh as a scholar, locked in his little study, his thoughtful eyes forever glued to the pages of one of his beloved books. He was just as happy preaching in the synagogue; no politician could have been prouder or more diplomatic when the wife of King Charles I of England and her attendants actually attended his Sabbath service and listened to his sermon. He loved to walk the bustling streets of Amsterdam, lingering in the noisy taverns to talk over the news of the day, or to listen to some sailor's tales of strange and distant countries. He must have been a great deal like Benjamin Franklin, a hundred years later, a splendid jack-of-all-trades and master of them all. For that patriot was a scientist, inventor, statesman, author—and first of all a printer.

For many years Manasseh served his people through his printing press. Like Franklin, in his youth this Dutch rabbi printed his own compositions. Jewish scholars and teachers had always been proud to work with their hands as well as their heads and Manasseh was no exception. Like many rabbis before him, his labors for the synagogue did not enable him to support his family. His books though widely read brought him more honor than gold in an age when there were few book buyers and an author needed a wealthy patron to support him.

At that time printing was more of an art than it is today as all type was hand set; and, of course, when Manasseh became a printer there was no Hebrew type at hand to work with. But he ordered it to be made and opened his shop; soon he turned out the first Hebrew books ever printed in Amsterdam. Later he secured Latin type and began to print books in that language and in Spanish, which was still widely spoken and read in Holland.

Even when he could afford to hire plenty of workers, Manasseh would not allow a single page to pass until he had

read and corrected every word. Printers must always sign the proof they have passed on with their initials or some special mark. So Manasseh devised a most unusual printer's signature for himself, a tiny pilgrim, a staff in his hand, and a Latin motto, meaning, "we seek by our wanderings." Was he thinking of his unhappy people, persecuted in so many lands, always seeking for a resting place for their weary feet?

Again like Benjamin Franklin, Manasseh always found time for what he really wanted to do. In one of his many long letters, the rabbi-scholar-printer tells of attending services every morning and evening in the synagogue. Services over, he would remain to answer any questions concerning the Jewish Law which members of his congregation might bring to him. Or he might read to them from the writings of famous rabbis. Six hours a day he taught the younger children gathered in the school attached to the synagogue. An hour and a half more, he writes, would be given to lecturing or reading to the students of the Y'shivo, which he served as principal.

The door of his study was open every day from eleven until noon to visitors who might come to ask questions or seek advice of their minister. And we know that he never failed to devote at least two hours daily to his printing and publishing business. He also gave lessons in Hebrew to several Christian scholars. In the few hours left over from sleeping and eating and talking with his numerous friends, he stole time to answer the many letters that came to him from countries as far apart as Sweden and Italy.

Busy as he was, Manasseh ben Israel found time to dream. He liked to think of himself, perhaps, as a practical, hard-headed man of affairs. Yet in many ways he was as simple and credulous as an untaught child. He listened eagerly to travelers from lands so far away that they did not seem real countries to the folks of Amsterdam. He not only believed the wildest tales but would solemnly repeat stories of the Chinese making cloth out of stone, or of certain magic-workers in

India absorbing food through their eyes.

So it is not all surprising that he accepted as sober truth the story of one Antonio, a Marrano traveler, who arrived in Amsterdam in 1644.

As soon as Antonio left the port, he searched out the Jewish leaders of the city. The traveler signed a document swearing that his tale was true. Manasseh was one of the prominent Jews who watched the excited man, silent for a moment, scrawl his signature at the bottom of the last page.

The story of Antonio repeated to all who would listen has since been told again and again in different forms. Even in our own time such tales are believed by people who ought to know better. For since 1644 many scholars have proved that Antonio's account was almost as silly as the description of stone clothes worn in China.

Antonio, so ran the Marrano's account of the Jewish worthies, had reached the wilds of South America several years before.

"I gathered some Indians to act as my guides and protectors," he said. "Their leader was named Francisco by some earlier Spanish explorers. Such a violent storm overwhelmed us, high in the mountains, that the Indians feared they would perish. They said they deserved to die 'because of the way they had treated a holy people.' Now I had secretly studied the history of my nation, and I knew that was what the Jews were called. When I confessed to Francisco that I was really a Jew of the tribe of Levi he promised to lead me to the 'chosen people.'

"At last we came to the back of a mighty river. Francisco raised his hands and made a strange sign in the air. As quickly as though summoned by magic, a boat appeared on the waters; in it were three Indians, strong and handsome, and one Indian woman. When they reached us, Francisco talked to them in a tongue I could not understand; but I felt sure he was telling them that I was a Jew and could be trusted.

"They welcomed me as a long-lost brother. Then, standing proud and straight, the four strangers recited in Hebrew the one prayer of my people I also knew: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One.'

"The woman told me that these strangers were indeed Hebrews of the lost tribe of Reuban. The tribe of Joseph, she said, lived not far off on a pleasant island in the middle of the sea. Her people had long yearned to be joined to the other Jews scattered in the far places of the earth. She begged that these Jews should send twelve wise men to her people to teach more of their religion and the art of writing which they had forgotten."

"And you met the rest of her tribe?" interrupted Manasseh.

"No," answered Antonio sadly. He went on to explain that these long-lost Jews were not allowed to cross the river as the Indians sought to wipe them from off the face of the earth. On the return journey Francisco told him that nearby tribes had often made raids against the "holy people." But the medicine man had finally admitted that no magic could prevail against the Israelites. For, said the medicine man, these Israelites are protected by their God who will some day make them strong enough to come from their hiding place and rule our tribes in strength and wisdom.

Not only Manasseh, but the Jewish elders who listened with him, marveled at the traveler's tale. The story spread to every Jewish community in Europe. Christian scholars, who believed that the Jews must be scattered over the entire world before the return to Israel, immediately wrote eager letters to the Amsterdam rabbi. Were these Indians indeed the Lost Ten Tribes? they demanded.

Manasseh not only answered all these letters at great length; he wrote and published a learned Latin paper, "The Hope of Israel." Never doubting the Marrano's story, Manasseh wrote that he believed "our Israelites were the first finders

out of America…and I think that the Ten Tribes live not only there but also in other lands scattered everywhere. At the appointed time, all the tribes shall meet from all parts of the world; nor shall their kingdom be any more divided, but they shall have one prince, the Messiah, the son of David."

Putting aside his long quill pen, Manasseh leaned back in his chair and stared dreamily at the hour-glass which stood on his study table. He saw himself, a sturdy, red-cheeked little boy, watching the golden grains of sand trickling from one globe to the other. And one day his father, dead these many years, had told his sons the story of an hour-glass in Lisbon and of the Jews who had suffered there. When the child had asked when the wanderers of Israel would be gathered together again in their own land, his father had repeated the very prophecy Manasseh had just set down on paper!

Manasseh had studied long and carefully not only the Bible and the Talmud, but the Zohar, a book of mysteries, which only the pious might hope to understand. He knew also the writings of the rabbis who had gathered in the little town of Safed in Palestine less than fifty years ago to wait for the coming of their Messiah. Was the time of which they dreamed really at hand?

"All the tribes shall meet from all the parts of the world," Manasseh knew of the flourishing colony of Jews in far-off Brazil. But Antonio had spoken of the lost tribe of Joseph transported, no man knew how, to a pleasant island in the Pacific Ocean. Surely the day for the gathering of the exiles was at hand. But, no, there was one land from which the Jews could not return for no Jews were allowed to live there—England.

England! Pale with excitement, Manasseh searched among the letters piled high on his desk until he found a number he had recently received from English scholars and clergymen. They reminded the rabbi that since King Edward I had driven his Jewish subjects into exile in 1290, no Jew who

wished to practice his religion openly had been allowed to live in England. These Christians wrote they prayed the Jews might return to fulfill the prophecy of Moses: "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even until the other." Didn't the Jewish writers in the Middle Ages believe that "the end of the earth" meant England? These Englishmen longed for the day of widest dispersion, which, they believed, meant that Jesus would return to the earth to gather together the lost sheep of Israel.

Manasseh had long prayed and waited for his Messiah. Although he was proud that his own children could claim membership in the House of David, he had sometimes felt that he would not be privileged to see the restoration of his people. His oldest son, Joseph, a brilliant student and teacher of the Law, had died after a brief illness. Samuel, the second son, did not have the gift of leadership. Manasseh's daughter, Hannah, when she married, might become the mother of the champion of Israel. But Manasseh, although often given to dreaming, felt he could not wait for the Child of Promise. He must do what he could to persuade England to fulfill the prophecy by permitting the Jews to return to the proud little island. After that it might please God to perform another miracle!

The next few years were the most important of Manasseh's crowded life. Jews in many countries, wishing to live a freer life and longing for the fulfillment of prophecy, wrote to the rabbi, urging him to plead their cause. More and more letters came from English sympathizers, promising to help the Jews resettle in the British Isles. In 1651 a group of English diplomats came to Amsterdam to make a treaty for their government with the Dutch. They visited the synagogue and later talked with the rabbi of whom they had heard so much. One of the statemen, John Thurloe, assured Manasseh that he himself and many of his countrymen would do what they could to help the Jews return to England. But first, advised

John Thurloe, it would be best for Manasseh ben Israel to write directly to the English government. Praying that God would tell him what to say, Manasseh wrote the first of his many appeals to England.

At the time England was not governed by a king. The ruling party called themselves Puritans because they believed they had a religion purer than that taught by the Church of England. They tried to follow the customs they found in the Old Testament; they greeted each other with phrases from the Bible; they gave their children Hebrew names. Of course, they believed in the ancient prophecies concerning the dispersion and the redemption of Israel.

The Puritans had grown so strong that they made war on Charles I. After they had deposed and beheaded their king, they made their victorious general, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector. Cromwell, too, was a believer in prophecy; but he was also a practical man and much concerned in building up British commerce. He did not need Manasseh to remind him that Jewish merchants had done much to make great trading centers of Leghorn and Hamburg and especially Amsterdam. Why, reasoned Cromwell, should not Marranos, escaping from Spain and Portugal, bring to England their experience, their wealth and their connections with Jewish merchants in other parts of the world? He knew that of late years a few Marranos had crept into his country; they were, he considered, honest and hard-working and law-abiding.

Cromwell was far more tolerant than many other rulers in those days. "Why not allow the refugees already in London to practice their religion openly?" he asked his Council. "Why not invite other Jews to come to England?"

He reread one of Manasseh's appeals, asking that the English government should admit the Jews, "granting them liberty to come with their families, to be dwellers with the same equality which you subjects do enjoy." Cromwell resolved that he would use his great influence to grant

Manasseh's plea for his people.

The rabbi's heart beat high with hope when he learned that the Lord Protector wished him to come to England to lay his cause before the government. Still he was doubtful. It was a long, hard journey in those days of sailing ships and Manasseh was no traveler. Except for a visit to Antwerp, he had never left Holland since his father had found refuge there. He wondered how he, a Jew who kept all the laws of his people, would be able to live for even a short time in England. For he was sure that the few Marranos he would find there had drifted a long way from Judaism. But he was not the man to shirk his duty. He had just recovered from a painful illness. As soon as he was strong enough to travel, he bade farewell to his family and friends and set out on his journey.

After urging all the Jewish communities, near and far, to pray for the success of his mission, Manasseh left the port of Amsterdam on a September morning in 1655. He was accompanied by his son, Samuel; the young man had already visited England and we can picture the dignified rabbi and the eager youth pacing the vessel's deck, earnestly discussing their plans. For once, Manasseh was ready to listen to advice, even from one less learned and much younger than himself. His former pupil, knowing something of the English ways, became for the moment his teacher.

Father and son reached London just before Rosh Hashono, the Jewish New Year. They met the few Marranos, who had prospered there as merchants, and suggested they the holy day be celebrated with all the observances the Jews were free to practice in Holland. These secret Jews, who had escaped from Spain and Portugal, were ignorant of many of the customs of their people. Now they arranged for a room where they might hold their holy day services. The younger men looked puzzled when Manasseh asked for a ram's horn and inquired who would sound the traditional notes upon it. But several of the old men nodded understandingly, for they

remembered hearing their fathers say that the blowing of the shofor is part of the New Year observance.

So the shofor was sounded in London for the first time in over three hundred and fifty years. Many of the Marranos wept to hear it. When Manasseh spoke to them, telling his brethren to be of good courage, they rejoiced; for they believed that this day began the year of their deliverance.

Before leaving Amsterdam, Manasseh had composed a new pamphlet, which had been translated into English and printed in his shop. In it the rabbi asked that the Jews of England be given the right of public worship. Manasseh warmly defended his people against the slanders of their enemies, and promised their loyalty should England accept them as citizens. Dressed in his finest clothes, a bundle of these pamphlets under his arm, Manasseh made his way to Whitehall where the governing Council was in session. He boldly asked permission to enter that he might present his books to the lawmakers. Although he was refused admittance. And his pride was sorely hurt, a gentleman came to the door to receive the pamphlets.

But it was easier to see the Lord Protector himself. Cromwell sent word that the rabbi might visit him and they seem to have had several long talks together. Impressed by Manasseh's accounts of Jewish sufferings in many lands, the Lord Protector presented Manasseh's petition to the Council. No one dared to oppose Cromwell openly; so the Council, which was far from ready to grant Manasseh's prayer, appointed a committee to study the matter more carefully.

There was much excitement through England. Not only Cromwell but many prominent statesmen and ministers were favorable. But there were enemies on every hand who repeated all the old accusations against the Jews—and added many new ones. It was actually buzzed about London that the Jews had offered a staggering sum for St. Paul's Cathedral, which they intended to turn into a synagogue.

Foolish stories like this grew wilder and spread from mouth to mouth, while the Council met again and again and listened to arguments for and against readmission of the Jews to England. At last a compromise was proposed: the Jews would be permitted to return to England but certain restrictions would be placed upon them. Because the merchants of London feared competition, it was suggested that Jews should be permitted to live only in seaports and towns where there was little business, and that they should pay double duties on any goods they bought abroad or sold to other countries.

Cromwell rose and faced the Council angrily. He reminded the merchants, who had just spoken, that they had described the Jews "as the meanest and most despised of all people." Then why, he asked, should proud English merchants fear the competition of the Jewish traders? He was weary, he said, of waiting for the Council to act. "I ask you," he ended, "to pray that I may be directed to act for the glory of God and the good of the nation."

Would the Lord Protector ignore the wishes of the Council and declare on his own authority that the Jews might enter England without any restrictions? Those who knew Cromwell's temper best expected him to do so and again Manasseh dared to hope that his mission would not end in failure. Yet week after week passed and Cromwell did not act.

But Manasseh wasted no time in brooding. Always clever at languages, he learned to speak English perfectly. He studied the life about him, so different from the ways of the Dutch folk. He visited the great libraries of Cambridge and Oxford and eagerly examined their collections of Hebrew books. Never happy unless he was writing, Manasseh spent hours at his desk, finishing and revising a new book.

Every Sabbath he joined the group in a Marrano home for the morning service. "We have not even a little synagogue of our own in London," he jested, though his heart was heavy, "yet some accuse us of planning to worship in their great

cathedral." He visited with many who were powerful in Church and State. Some were merely curious for they had never met a rabbi before; others had heard of his great learning and were anxious to discuss many matters with such a wise and pious man. A Quaker woman wrote a tract to convert him, and sent him a large bundle of printed copies to distribute among his Jewish friends.

Although Cromwell could be stubborn, he had a great respect for public opinion. Manasseh had managed to make many friends, but his mission stirred even more enemies; the voices of those who hated the Jews grew louder and angrier every day. Almost five months after Manasseh's arrival in England, the Lord Protector decided he could promise nothing beyond allowing the Marranos now in London to practice their religion.

But the sturdy little rabbi, waiting in his London lodgings, refused to give up his dream. In answer to the many recent pamphlets of abuse against the Jews, he took up his pen for his people for the last time. In his "Vindiciae Judaeorum" (Defense of the Jews), he ably answered all the accusations against Israel from the earliest days to his own time. No vindication of the long slandered nation had ever been written so bravely and so well. It was translated into many languages; it was used to defend the Jews for hundreds of years.

At the end Manasseh stated why he had come to England; he repeated his hope that Cromwell and the Council would still grant a favorable decision.

But he did not live to see his prayers granted.

"I cannot go back to Amsterdam," he told his son, Samuel, "and face those who told me my mission would not succeed. I cannot acknowledge that I should not have come to England."

This was his greatest grief but other thoughts tormented him.

"I have spent so much money, living here in idleness.

Perhaps even now your mother and sister are in want. And I have wasted so much time. I should be back in Amsterdam seeing that my unpublished books are printed." He had given so many books to the world; but he was not satisfied when he thought of the fourteen thick, handwritten manuscripts still on his desk.

He again suffered from the illness which had attacked him in Holland. It was fortunate that both he and Samuel had at one time studied medicine, for now the money which Manasseh had brought with him was almost gone, and he felt he could not afford to pay a physician's fee. Desperately he wrote to Cromwell that it was hard to face poverty in a strange land.

The Lord Protector, realizing that he had encouraged the disappointed man to come to England, sent him a sum of money and promised a yearly pension. But the Treasury opposed such a grant and Manasseh went into debt to buy drugs and tempting foods for Samuel who suddenly fell ill. Manasseh nursed his son and seldom left his side; the rabbi even neglected the writing and studies which had made life a little easier for him during the last bitter months. But in spite of his father's loving care, Samuel died while the little group of Jewish merchants in London were celebrating their Rosh Ha-shono festival. Manasseh remembered dully that two years ago his son had helped him read the services for the newly-established congregation.

Samuel had begged his father to bury him in Amsterdam among his kindred. The unhappy father felt he could not deny the last wish of his son from whom he had hoped so much. Although he was at last convinced that he had failed and there was no need for him to remain in England, Manasseh now decided that he could retire with honor. Again he wrote to Cromwell, telling of his promise to his only son, to carry his body back to Holland. Would Cromwell send enough money to pay for the journey?

Again Cromwell promised assistance, again the Treasury

neglected to send Manasseh the pledged amount. It is likely that the Jewish merchants of London collected what was necessary. For soon the rabbi, grieving for his lost hopes and his lost child together, set sail for home.

He never saw Amsterdam again. He landed at Middleburg where his younger brother, Ephraim, now lived. Resting in his brother's house, Manasseh no longer felt able to throw off the weariness which had come upon him. His only son was dead; his long battle for the readmission of the Jews to England had brought only failure. He was too tired to struggle any longer and although he was hardly past fifty he was glad to die.

In the year 1657 he was buried in the Jewish cemetery of Amsterdam where for thirty-three years he had labored unceasingly for his people. Close by slept his father and Manasseh's honored teacher. On the stone above the rabbi's grave was inscribed: "He is not dead; for in heaven he lives in supreme glory, whilst on earth his pen has won him immortal remembrance."

If there had been a true prophet among Manasseh's many friends and followers, he might have insisted that a line should be added declaring: "He brought the Jews back to England." But how could anyone dare to dream at the time that Manasseh had not failed?

Shortly after Manasseh's death, Oliver Cromwell died. The Royalists, who had long plotted for the return of the monarchy, brought back from exile Charles Stuart, son of the deposed king. As soon as he was crowned, Charles II and his cabinet canceled the laws which had been made during the twenty years of Cromwell's rule. Had the Lord Protector forced through a law to readmit the Jews it would certainly have been stricken out with the rest. For the Royalists hated everything the Puritans believed; they would have laughed at the religious enthusiasm which had made so many Englishmen sympathize with Manasseh's dream.

There was even a petition to the new king to drive out the few Jews then living in England. But Charles replied by asking that in his kingdom the Jews be granted protection. This encouraged the Jews of London so much that a few years later they sent to Amsterdam for a rabbi. Manasseh had taught them what it meant to have their own religious leader.

Now why was Charles II friendly to the Jews? He had no religious prejudice for religion meant little to him. And he may have remembered gratefully that when he was a penniless exile he had received funds from certain wealthy Jews of Amsterdam. He had promised his support if he ever regained his throne; although sometimes rather careless in his obligations, this time he did not forget. Charles was too lazy to fight for an oppressed people; but he was too good-natured and easy-going to throw barriers in their way. He knew the temper of the nation to throw barriers in their way. He knew the temper of the nation too well to urge Jewish immigration as Cromwell had done; but he did assure the Jews of London his protection, and did nothing to prevent others from joining them.

Knowing they would not be molested, more and more Jews began to trickle into England. No attempt was made to forbid their religious practices; in fact the king and his courtiers actually paid a visit to the newly-established synagogue. There was no special Jewish tax. Fifty years after Manasseh's journey to England the liberal eighteenth century brought into blossom the seeds he had tried so hard to plant!

The printer from Amsterdam had "builded better than he knew." He had gained for his people a home for which they paid England all the devotion and loyalty Manasseh had promised in their name. But he had accomplished much more. For his efforts had helped that country to take a step forward in tolerance and human brotherhood.

Marco Polo
The Great Adventurer Who Unveiled the East
1254 – 1324 (Asia-China)

Rarely before his time had the feat of any man so mightily benefited the race as the feat of Marco Polo. He unveiled the East and inspired his imitators to discover the West. He nerved our Elizabethan seamen who went sailing the wide seas over, seeking an ocean way to the lands he had reached on foot.

Fame came to him by a series of chances none could have foreseen. He was of a Venetian family of merchants trading with China, where Kublai Khan, first foreigner to reign in China, ruled with masterful hand an empire extending from the Arctic Ocean to the Strait of Malacca, and from Korea to Asia Minor and the borders of Hungary. He presided over a conquering race which two generations before had had no written language, and no trade or art but that of war. The Polos, with their culture and their tales of Europe, aroused his admiration, and he sent them back with a request to bring to him holy oil from Jerusalem and a hundred missionaries to convert and civilise his subjects.

Between their departure for the East and their return to Venice 15 years elapsed, and Marco's father found that his wife was dead, leaving the boy of 15 whom he had not seen, he decided to take Marco with him on his return to China; and when Marco was a boy of 17, he set out once more, taking

with him his brother and his son.

They went to Jerusalem and obtained holy oil, but instead of the hundred missionaries they had only two friars to accompany them, and these, hearing that war was raging, turned back and left Marco, his father, and his uncle to go on alone.

This journey occupied four years. It lay through lands which were not visited again by white men for the next four centuries.

They passed through Armenia; they skirted Mount Ararat; they heard of the oilfields of Baku, lighting the lamps of all the country and providing an immense trade for caravans and ships.

Turning south, they followed the Tigris through Babylon, and went on to the Persian Gulf, and northward through Persia.

We trace them through the desert of Kerman on to Khorassan and so to Badakshan, where Marco, toiling on under the deadly effects of fever, had to remain for a year to recover his health. One of the few personal touches in his narrative is the mention of his stay here, where the air of the hills, he says, is so beneficial that it will cure a sick man in four days.

Restored to vigour, the party resumed their journey, crossing the high Pamir plateau, which Marco first described; south-east to Khotan, and so to the Gobi Desert. The crossing of the desert at its narrowest point occupied thirty days, and we appreciate the courage of Marco Polo the more by realising that he accepted the common belief that the wilderness abounded in demons who beguiled poor travellers to destruction. It is obvious that part of his description relates to mirages, part to the sounds emitted by the cooling sands at night, and part to native legend.

To the Polos the demons were real enough, yet they bravely passed through the dreaded domain. No European

followed them for the next six hundred years, when Prjevalsky explored there and found the wild horse which now bears his name. At last they reached China, and made their way to the Court of Kublai Khan, who was rebuilding Peking and making himself the summer palace which inspired the poem in the dream of Coleridge, the "twice five miles of fertile ground with walls and towers girdled round," by which the sacred river ran "through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea."

The Emperor received the wayworn party with delight, arranged for the holy oil from Jerusalem to be stored in a temple and the travellers to be given places of honour at Court. One of the most remarkable men of his age, the Emperor was the first of a terrible line of conquerors who had risen above the mere victorious savage, and he saw in Marco Polo an instrument capable of furthering his mission of taming his fierce followers and reconciling the conquered Chinese.

He found Marco a ready pupil, who learned the language of the country, spoken as well as written, and showed such tact and wisdom that Kublai Khan made him his representative on important embassies, into provinces remote and near. These missions on behalf of Kublai Khan gave to Marco an almost unrivalled knowledge of the life of the Far East. For three years he was governor of an important city, but the Emperor loved to have him near, for Marco was a matchless observer, unlike other emissaries who merely took a message and brought an answer back.

Marco brought back answers and gave the Emperor a graphic story of the peoples he had seen, the customs he had noted, the strange sights he had witnessed. His deathless book is practically an abridgment of the reports with which he delighted Kublai. Seventeen years the Polos spent in increasing prosperity at the Chinese Court, and then they desired to return home, for Kublai waxed old and they knew not what might befall them after his death.

The Emperor was distressed beyond measure at the

mention of their going; he would double and treble their wealth if they would stay, he said; he wanted them to live and die in his dominions.

Probably they would have done so had not chance, which had taken them to China, taken them out again. A princess of Kublai's family being promised in marriage to the King of Persia, and wars preventing her making the journey by land, Kublai was persuaded to permit the Polos to accompany her on her journey with a fleet of ships.

Sadly Kublai bade farewell to his three honoured servants. He loaded them with riches, he gave them letters for the Pope and for various sovereigns, and begged them to return to him after they had made a stay in their own land. They sailed with a fleet of 14 ships early in 1292, but unfavourable winds held them up for a period of five months off Sumatra. They coasted along Ceylon and the southern shores of India, and two years elapsed before they reached Persia. By that time the King of Persia was dead and the bride-elect was handed over to his successor, parting with deep grief from her friendly escort.

Making their way home as they had come, the Polos at last reached Venice in 1295. They had almost forgotten their own language. Nobody recognised them, nobody believed they were the three men who, setting out in Venetian garb in 1269, had come back dressed as Tartars. But they gave a splendid entertainment, appearing in the rich robes of Venetian merchants, and during the meal they vanished, and reappeared wearing the dilapidated garments in which they had returned home. Slitting open the seams of their clothes, they poured out a treasure of jewels Kublai Khan had given them. They were believed without further question, although the stories they told of the riches of the lands they had visited, of the immensity of the areas covered, and the teeming millions of the people with which they had mixed, were sternly discredited, and Marco was nicknamed Millions.

But his adventures were not yet ended. Venice and Genoa

were at war, and Marco was ordered to provide and command a galley for the defence of his native city. In the battle which followed the Venetians were defeated and Marco was one of 7000 prisoners. He was borne away to Genoa and flung into gaol (jail). Had that not happened Columbus, a later son of the city, would never have sailed from Genoa to discover Marco Polo's Cathay.

Marco had written nothing of his travels, and but for his captivity his knowledge would have died with him. But there lay in gaol with him a man named Rustician, a native of Pisa, who was a writer, and together the two beguiled the year's imprisonment by a book on the Venetian's travels, Marco dictating, Rustician writing. By that happy accident there was preserved to posterity one of the greatest epics in travel story of mankind.

All we know of the most astonishing adventure of the Middle Ages comes from that prison-written book. In it we see Kublai Khan in his glory, with nine thousand soldiers guarding the palace, his five thousand elephants, his countless droves of horses, his gold and silver representing the loot of half the world, his banqueting-hall, his family, his guests, his habits, his wisdom, his rapacity, his cruelty, his justice.

The book takes up the whole range of Asia, with something strange, exciting, picturesque, grotesque, for every place and people. Marco had an eye like a camera, missing nothing, but like Herodotus, he accepted legends, in simple faith, as with demons of Gobi, his roc carrying off elephants in its claws, his sorcerers charming the sharks for the pearl-fishing off Ceylon.

But he knows all about the commerce and arts and customs of reality, about the trade in silk, about the use of paper made from cotton and from vegetable fibre (centuries before we had it), and not only paper for common use, but paper for money, from pieces a farthing in value to pieces stamped to represent sums equivalent to many pieces of gold.

One of his stories of animals is charming, telling how the Tartars, invading the Arctic regions to plunder, rode mares that had foals. The foals were left, attended, at the highest altitude to which they could be safely taken, while the men rode on. As the Arctic night came on, a night four months long, the men would lose their way, whereupon they would fling their bridles on the necks of the mares, which, guided by instinct, would find the way through the icy gloom to the place where they had left their foals.

Never were great adventures more placidly told. Not once does Marco raise his voice or strike an attitude. He has blistered in torrid sunshine, frozen in bitter icy wastes, encountered a thousand dangers, traversed unthinkable distances, now amid scenes of princely luxury, now among cannibals, but not one purple patch does he venture.

He puts on the map for the first time such places as the Pamirs, Tibet, Burma, Siam, Cochin China, Java, Japan, Ceylon, the Andaman Islands, and a Central Asia previously unheard of. He is never excited; he has seen much, believed much, and expects his readers to be as trustful. They were not. It took centuries to reveal how marvellous was his fidelity to truth concerning the lands he had seen.

But Columbus read and believed Marco Polo. His copy of the book exists with his own written comments on seventy of its pages. Yet down to the 18th century men were seeking China unaware that it was Marco's Cathay. Columbus thought his America was either India or Cathay, and died believing so.

Marco's imprisonment was ended after a year, and he returned to Venice to marry, to become the father of four daughters, and to die at the age of seventy.

After the most astonishing exploits achieved for a thousand years he settled to the quietude of Venetian commerce again, a hero out of harness, back in the counting-house and busy at the wharf, as if his quarter of a century in the Orient

had been a dream. But there were his jewels and the gold tablet he had received as passport from Kublai Khan, the hair of the yak he had brought from Tibet, and the head and feet of the musk deer from India. And he had memories such as have seldom stirred the heart of man.

Gradually his book opened the eyes of the world to the wonders he had seen. Men longed to reach the lands he had described. The way to them by the paths he had trodden was barred by fierce warring nations, and there remained only the sea routes. His was the story that led to the rounding of the Cape and the finding of the way to India, to the voyages of Columbus and Magellan and Drake. All our Elizabethans trying to take short cuts across the North of the world were seeking the territories Marco Polo had pictured.

He it was who led to the discovery of America, and after that to the finding of the fifth continent. His book is a record of things seen and done by one man, the most courageous and splendid man of his age, a man unexcelled for valour and fidelity in any age, a quiet, modest, but indomitable hero, a little credulous as to things he hears, but true as a man on his oath as to what he has seen and done.

Dr. Marcus Whitman
Who Saved Oregon for His Country
(1836 – 1847 A.D.)

What is an explorer? One who travels over a country to discover what is in it? You will say so, if you go to the dictionary man, who is a good one to consult in very many cases. Think up some explorers that you have heard of. Perhaps you will begin with Columbus, who was certainly a famous one. But if the discovery of this land in the first place had not been followed afterwards, through many years, by other explorations and explorers, we might none of us be living just where we are now.

Among the explorers of the early part of the nineteenth century were two men named Lewis and Clark. Their names are always coupled together, for they went together, and they made their way far West, in 1802-1804. Of course they found Indians in great numbers. The Indians had begun by this time to know more of the white men because of the many explorers who passed their way. From some of these the red men got some knowledge of God and the Bible. Lewis and Clark told them that in God and the Bible, lay the secret of the white man's power. This was one of the most important things that these two explorers did. It made the red men long to know more of God and His Book. Every Sunday the Hudson Bay Company put up a flag to show what day it was, and the Indians called it "Flag Day" when they saw it float. There was

a trapper who spent a great deal of time reading the mysterious Book and talking to the Unseen Being. The Indians wanted to know more about this new religion and were told that by and by missionaries would come to teach them. So they waited. Around their council fires they talked and wondered about the coming messengers. And they waited. But it was in vain, and years and years went by.

In 1832 the red men decided to send five Nez Perces far East to find the white man's Book, and beg for teachers. So they went, but only four reached St. Louis. They found General Clark there, and their old friend, superintendent now of Indian affairs, treated them kindly. But when they told him for what they had taken the long journey, he did not make the errand public. Why he did not, we cannot imagine. He entertained them, as others seem to have done also, and took them to see the sights. They were taken to the cathedral and shown the pictures of the saints, but the story of the Saviour was not told, nor was the white man's Book given them. Two of the four died, and the remaining two sadly prepared to return to their camp-fires. As they were leaving the office of General Clark, one of them spoke such touching words of farewell that a young man who heard them took them down, and here they are:

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back to my blind people? … The two fathers who came with us — we leave asleep beside your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven…. You showed me images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people…. You make my feet heavy with

gifts, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor people…that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken…. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book will show the way. I have no more words."

The young man who copied the words sent them East, and when asked about it, General Clark said that they were true. The story roused the Christian people. It was not strange, was it? Several people promised to go, five at least, but only two went to answer this call. In a log cabin, in New York State, where now is the town called Rushville, over thirty years before, was born the boy who was now to be a Pathfinder to the great West. The country was wild and new. The father was a tanner and currier, or leather-dresser. It was lonesome in the house, and the mother used to go and sit binding shoes in her husband's little shop. One evening when she came back, having left the baby Marcus in his quaint little cradle, she was frightened to see that a log had tumbled out of the big open fireplace, and had set fire to the lower end of the wooden cradle. The baby was almost choked with the smoke, but his life was saved for a great mission.

At seventeen the boy became a Christian. His heart was set on becoming a minister, but his brothers, fearing he would have to be a "charity student," discouraged him. The way opened for the study of medicine, and he took his diploma, really practicing eight years or more. At one time he was associated with his brother in running a sawmill — not knowing that this experience, too, would be a help to him by and by. Hindered in his wish to study for the ministry, his heart turned towards missionary work. He offered to go anywhere the American Board would send him. He fairly panted for such service, and his passion for adventure and exploration only increased his zeal. The opportunity had now come, and

Dr. Whit man started from St. Louis, April 8, 1835. But this was just a little preparatory trip to see what could be done. He returned after a journey of 3,000 miles, and spent a busy winter in preparation. He secured the company of Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, and Mr. William Gray, and the best companionship of all, in the bride who consented with all her heart to go with him.

Try to imagine that journey. Think what supplies the company must take, and the untrodden, lonesome way before them. Part of the way the ladies rode in one of the two wagons, but much of the trip was made on horseback. At night came the encampment beside a fire, where buffalo meat, their chief subsistence, was cooked. Dr. Whitman proved to be an excellent cook. His wife said he cooked every piece of meat a different way. The waterproof blanket spread on the ground, with another blanket above, served for a bed for each traveller. In crossing rivers, the women rode the tallest horses to keep from getting wet. After four months and three thousand miles of travel, stopping at Fort Walla Walla, crowds of Indians met them, and some asked, "Have you brought the Book of God?" At last the journey ends in Oregon, the rude shelter is put up for housekeeping, the missionary work is begun. Little Alice Clarissa is born, but after a few years is drowned in the river. After a while seven orphan children are adopted, and at one time there are eleven of these in the family. At one time the only meat to be had is horse-flesh, which they learn to eat, because there is nothing else. But not once do one of the missionaries regret coming.

Now comes Dr. Whitman's great, patriotic, daring service. He learns that it is the intention to secure Oregon to Great Britain. His famous ride in the dead of winter, 1843, on horseback across the continent, follows. After incredible hardships, he reaches "Washington, with ears, nose, fingers and feet frozen. But he sees Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and President Tyler, and secures the promise not to

cede Oregon to England. He promises to take a wagon train of emigrants across the desert, and takes it, a thousand strong, proving that it is not impossible, as has been thought. Oregon is saved to the United States.

Now follow years of mission work, of labours abundant and of every kind. But difficulties begin to thicken. Trouble with the Indians breaks out. There are reasons and incidents too numerous to tell. But the sad end is the death of Dr. Whitman and his wife, with others, who died by red men's hands, in 1847.

Remember this hero-patriot and pathfinder of that great country "where rolls the Oregon."

Marie Antoinette
The Candles of Manton le Claire
1755-1793 A.D., France

Paris was in holiday dress that morning, and the streets on both sides of the Seine throbbed with the excitement that in monarchical days marked the approach of a royal wedding. The Austrian archduchess, Marie Antoinette, with a train of courtiers from two kingdoms, was entering the capital on her journey from Vienna to become the bride of Louis the Dauphin, as the crown prince was called. She was only fifteen years old and full of dreams of a rosy future but just a little frightened now and homesick because of having left her mother and sister and all the loved associations of childhood to live in a land where both people and customs were strange.

The French populace was by no means friendly to kings just then. They had suffered because of the rule of some very bad ones and resented the royal arrangement that chose for their future queen a girl from the court of Austria, for which country they had little affection. But, as the golden-haired stranger leaned from the coach and smiled at them, although there were some who scowled and murmured, the majority forgot their disapproval and cheered wildly.

Especially was one old man delighted at the sight of the young archduchess. His name was Manton le Claire, and although his clothing was shabby he was one of the most famous clock-makers in Europe. During his earlier years he

had traveled to almost all the great courts, constructing timepieces for kings and queens. When Marie Antoinette was seven years old, he was called to Austria by her mother. Queen Maria Theresa, to make a clock for the palace of Schönbrunn, the royal country home near Vienna. Five years he worked there in the calm of the splendid old park, and during that time the little princess and her sister Caroline spent many hours at the rustic hut that was his shop. The three became excellent friends, and now as Marie Antoinette drove into the city she thought of him with affection. She wondered whether she should ever see him again.

As the procession swept along the Rue Royale, she suddenly glimpsed him standing in the crowd.

"Manton!" she exclaimed, as she leaned far out and waved to him.

The people who heard and saw stared in astonishment. It was not the way of princesses to call from their coaches to shabby old men in street throngs, and it was a bit shocking to them, for they did not know that for all the pomp in which she rode, the little Austrian was very homesick and lonely at that moment; and the shabby craftsman seemed her one friend in all the French city and country.

"Oh, the dear child!" the clock-maker murmured, as he waved back to her. "She has the same sweet spirit. I knew the years would not spoil her."

His eyes grew moist at the thought of the days at Schönbrunn, where Marie and Caroline were happy as larks in the elm-trees. He wished it had not been the fate of this glad-hearted child to come to the court of France, where there was much selfishness and intrigue and corruption, and where he feared there would be sorrowful days for her.

"But her sunny nature will warm the hearts of even the scheming knaves there," he thought.

And with a great hope in his own heart that the years would hold only happiness for her, he watched the train move

on.

It was autumn in the country, the fragrant, flower-spangled dreamland of a country that lies southwest of Paris, and a golden-haired girl was hurrying through the great park of Versailles. She wore a frock of shimmering turquoise satin, and a broad-brimmed hat of finest straw dangled by a neck-band from her arm. Her slippers were of velvet-soft kid, and the lace at the neck and wrists of her frock was of the costliest pattern from the Brussels looms.

To-day the château of Versailles is a museum, a relic of the period when royalty was mighty in France, when the word of one man decided the fate not only of individuals but of the entire country. But in those days it was the home of the king, and its bower-like gardens echoed to the laughter of nobles and court ladies.

There was a time when the royal seat was just a hunting-lodge, but the charm of the forest and slopes beyond it drew Louis XIII there so often that in 1624 he commissioned an architect to enlarge it into a residence. Kings who followed him did likewise, adding a wing here, a court there, until the modest retreat expanded into a structure large enough to hold a small city and became one of the most sumptuous royal residences in the world, with gardens, fountains, and gorges, and shaded, winding walks that made the place a veritable fairy-land.

At Versailles lived Marie Antoinette from the day she wedded Louis the Dauphin, and here there was much to delight her, for hers was a beauty-loving soul, and the royal estate was a realm of beauty. Hours and hours she spent watching the birds, the squirrels, and shadows at play on the wide green spaces under the trees, or romping with her dogs in the maze behind the Petit Trianon, a villa much loved by the court ladies, so small and dainty and charmingly set in the green of the garden that beside the splendor of the palace it seemed a delicate bit of lace. Then there were the fountain

basins where colored fishes from the Mediterranean swam in clear, bright pools, and beyond them was an aviary, the home of strange-hued birds.

But this morning she had not come to loiter among the flowers. She was on her way to the house of Manton le Claire, the clock-maker, who lived in a cottage just beyond Versailles. Because of the many beautiful timepieces the old craftsman had made for the palace, he was in high favor with Louis XV, and on his seventieth birthday the king had pensioned him and given him a home where he might spend his days in ease. But ease to this artist worker meant doing the thing he loved best, which was plying the tools he had used for so many years, making curious and beautiful articles to mark the hours. Although he no longer had to work for a living, he spent most of the day at his bench, and the money obtained from the sale of the clocks he made and sold was used in spreading cheer among the poor. Marie came to see him very often and sat and talked as he worked, for to be in his shop brought back the days at Schönbrunn where she had been so happy.

Manton was a merry-hearted fellow and always called out a gay greeting at sight of his friend. But this morning he seemed depressed, and had none of his usual blithe manner.

The keen-eyed girl noticed it immediately and said, "You seem not yourself to-day."

"I've had bad news," he answered. "Prince Lacertau has gone on a journey to Russia and will not return until next spring. That means that even though I finish his work within a month there will be no pay until March or April. I had counted on the prince's money for my New Year's gifts and have already spent all else that I have earned or otherwise obtained in assisting some poor neighbors. It grieves me to think of the disappointed children of Paris."

The dauphiness did not need to ask what he meant. Like almost every one else, she knew that on New Year's day, the

merriest holiday of all the year in France, the old clock-maker spread delight among poor boys and girls from a booth in the Rue des Lombards.

New Year's day along the Seine and all the other French rivers is the great gift time of the year. Christmas—Noël as they call it in France—is a beautiful religious holiday and is observed with much reverence. But New Year's is the day of jollity, of gift-making and sending merry greeting. Every one gives presents to his friends then, no matter how poor the offerings are, and the children have a feast of games and cakes and bonbons. Because old Manton knew there were boys and girls in Paris whose parents and friends were so poor they could buy not even a tiny sweetmeat, each year with the coins earned at his clock-making he purchased trinkets and sweets, and every child who passed got something pleasing to his palate, while the ragged ones who seemed sadly in need of it received clothing to keep them warm. But this winter there would be no money.

A grave expression came into Marie Antoinette's eyes as she thought about the departure of Prince Lacerteau. Then suddenly she smiled.

"I'll ask Grandfather Louis to help," she exclaimed. "He can furnish the money, and you can give out the presents, and things will be just as nice as ever."

Away she went to talk to the king, but when she told him her wish his Majesty stamped his foot and scolded.

"Gewgaws for the children of the poor!" he exclaimed. "Bah! They do not need them. Not a sou will I waste in that way."

She pleaded with him, but he refused to listen.

"Away with such nonsense!" he roared, and sent her from the apartment.

So a disappointed girl went back to the house of the clock-maker with word that the king of France refused to help.

"'T is terrible!" she exclaimed, as she repeated the conver-

sation. "I would not have believed Grandfather Louis could be so unkind."

Manton le Claire did not answer. He was thinking how pitiful it was that a sovereign could squander thousands of dollars upon his own whims, as Louis XV did, and have no thought whatever for the wretched beings along the Paris streets. But he did not say so. In those old days, when the word of one man made the law of the land, common folk did not speak disapproval of the methods of rulers, even though they happened to be in high favor among them.

Marie was very much distressed. It was the first time the king had been harsh with her; and, not being accustomed to harshness, she felt deeply hurt, especially as she knew she had not deserved it. Tears came into her eyes as she thought about it, but the old man said gently, "Never mind, your Highness. We 'll have to think of something else."

All at once the face of the dauphiness brightened.

"Manton!" she exclaimed. "If you make some dear little hour-candles like the ones you gave Caroline and me at Schönbrunn, I will coax everybody at court to buy one. That will bring in a great deal of money."

"Always you have the good heart," the clock-maker answered, "and now you have a good idea. But the wax! It will take a hundred francs to buy enough to make the candles needed."

Eagerly the girl replied. "I can manage that. I have more than a hundred francs left of the parting-money my good mother gave me when I set out from Vienna. You may have it all if you need it."

So it was settled. The coins of Maria Theresa would provide the material required, and Manton le Claire was happy in thinking of the smiles he would see on children's faces when New Year's came. Marie Antoinette was delighted, and they talked and planned for an hour about coloring and ornamenting the candles and managing the auction.

As the plan was completed the dauphiness asked, "What kind of clock are you making for Prince Lacerteau?"

"A clepsydra," came the answer, "such as they used ages ago in Greece."

"Clepsydra?" Marie repeated.

"Aye, a water-clock."

Then in a drawling voice Manton told a story, a tale of how ever since the dawn of the world men had tried to find a way of measuring time. In the very ancient days, in Chaldea, Babylonia, and Egypt, and in Palestine during Old-Testament times, they counted the passing of the hours by the motion of the sun's shadow upon the earth. After hundreds of years some one with an inventive mind thought out a plan for a device called a sun-dial, by which the motion of the sun marked its shadow upon a dial face that any one could read.

There were hour-glasses, too, instruments in which sand poured through a tiny opening from one side to another, an hour being required for the grains to run through, at the end of which time the glass was inverted and the sand recommenced its work. There were also hour-candles, made by men who knew the exact amount of material to put into them so they would burn just the right time. And after a while the clepsydra or water-clock was invented.

Some say the first one was made by the Greek philosopher Plato, while others are just as certain it was the creation of an astronomer in Alexandria named Ctesibius. At any rate, both of these wise men hundreds of years before Christ made an ingenious and interesting little timepiece in which wheels moved by water caused the gradual rise of a figure that pointed out the hours on a little index. Clepsydras became the fashionable timepieces of Greece, and as years passed and workers improved them there were some very beautiful and complicated ones.

Once men began to use wheels as an aid in marking time, it was but a step to making clocks as we know them: and a

fascinating and wonderful craft clock-making grew to be. The rich had clocks of beautiful workmanship, while those who could not buy for themselves gave coppers toward a great community clock in the public square or church tower, like those of Rouen, of Strasburg, or Cologne. But here and there was some noble who wanted one of the old timepieces because of the novelty; and Manton, who knew how to make them all, earned many a franc filling orders.

Early the following morning the dauphiness brought the promised fund from the château, and joyfully the old man set out to buy the wax that was to mean so much to the poor children of Paris.

It was Monday evening, the day after Christmas. As always, the château of Versailles blazed with lights from thousands of candles. Merriment reigned in the Salles de Croissades—Hall of the Crusades—for Marie Antoinette was holding an auction there.

"Everybody must buy a candle," she cried eagerly, "not just one or two, but many, because each one sold will mean a gift for some poor child."

Just as she was about to call for bids a sudden murmur swept among the lords and ladies. The king was entering the hall, and his Majesty looked about in a bewildered way when he saw the group there and the table piled high with candles.

"What means this?" he exclaimed.

"I am selling candles to buy New Year's cheer for the poor children of Paris," Marie Antoinette returned brightly.

For a minute his Majesty did not answer. His brows knit in a frown, and then his voice sounded like a peal of thunder.

"I told you they do not need trinkets and bonbons!"

Consternation ran high among the courtiers. Marie Antoinette was as much amazed as any of them.

"Why," she exclaimed in astonishment, "surely you are not angry, Grandfather Louis. You refused to give money when I asked you, but never a word did you say that I was not

to raise it. Besides," she added earnestly, "those boys and girls *do* need New Year's gifts. They need them to make them happy."

No answer. The king just stood and scowled.

"Truly, Grandfather Louis," she pleaded, "I did not mean to disobey you." Then, with something of her usual gaiety: "I know you want a candle. This scarlet one will burn for exactly an hour. You will have a lot of pleasure in seeing it melt away."

She held up a lovely flame-colored cylinder of wax.

Louis XV had some very glaring faults: he was selfish, unprincipled, and cruel. But he had some good traits, too. And now, as he looked into the eager eyes of the young dauphiness, the best of him came to the surface. His anger seemed to melt away. He smiled and said, "I'll give you a five-franc piece for it."

That set the pace. The lords and ladies responded with both coins and voices, and soon every shining cylinder was sold.

They tell about it yet along the boulevards of Paris, of a New Year's day a hundred and fifty years ago when the children of the poor had such a marvelous holiday that they lived in memory of it for months afterward. From dawn until dark Manton le Claire stood in the Rue des Lombards, and every child who passed was given a sugar-horn filled with bonbons, while some who were ragged received warm clothing. And as they repeat the story they tell of other things that soon came to pass.

Louis XV died. His grandson, the dauphin, succeeded him on the throne as Louis XVI, and at nineteen Marie Antoinette reigned as queen of France. She was young, impulsive, headstrong, and sometimes a foolish sovereign, but always a warm-hearted one, loved by all who knew her with the same deep devotion that marked the affection of the old clock-maker. But about the time she came to the throne the

French people, maddened by the tyranny, injustice, and shameful extravagance of several kings who had preceded Louis, revolted with wild unreason, fiercely clamoring for the right to live as free human beings, instead of in a sort of bondage in which they long had been held.

When unreason and frenzy sway a people, chaos reigns; and now in France, in their mad desire for liberty, the populace forgot the meaning of liberty, ignoring the fact that liberty is marked by justice, and that justice consists in sparing the innocent and punishing the guilty. They determined to rid the land forever of the oppression of a monarchical government, and the boulevards of Paris echoed with shrieks of "Death to the Bourbons!"—Bourbon being the family name of the reigning house.

A ruler of great ability and force of character might have prevented the revolution or have succeeded in quelling it even after it broke. But Louis, although a sovereign of good intentions, possessed neither of these qualifications. He was just a likable young man, no worse than the average, and in some respects a great deal better. By the surging populace, however, he was regarded as a demon, because he came of a line of kings under whose reign the poor of France had been wretched. So this kindly but incapable young man became the victim of circumstances. He was tried not only for his own shortcomings but for the sins of those of his blood who had ruled before him, and he was sent to the guillotine.

Marie Antoinette, because she was queen, shared his fate. She, too, had to suffer for much for which she had been in no way to blame, and her life went out under the knife.

In dying, even more than in living, she showed the nobility of her character. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step and head erect, a queen in demeanor, as she was in name.

"Pardon me, sir," she said gently to the executioner, whose foot she accidentally touched. She spoke not a word of

blame against those whose thirst for revenge was ending her days. As for the last time her eyes traveled along the streets of Paris, she looked pityingly upon the gloating populace that had gathered to see her life go out, perhaps because she realized that they, like herself, were the victims of circumstances.

History and legend have many pages filled with the graces of heart of this Austrian girl, but none that shows more charmingly the generosity of her nature than the one that tells the story of the candles of Manton le Claire.

Maung
The Man Who Held a Flood Back
(Asia-Burma)

Maung was an unknown native of a Burmese village near Shwebo, where there is a large reservoir, and there came a day when he was known from end to end of the Province.

One day, at the end of the monsoon, disaster threatened Shwebo. The rainfall had been unusually heavy, and the people of the district rejoiced in it, for now their big reservoir would be filled. But when at night the rain was still falling in sheets, and the waterways that fed the reservoir were flooded, they began to get anxious. When morning dawned a terrible cry arose that the reservoir was bursting its banks.

Sheets of water ran over the sides; the roads toward the village were like rivers. If this could not be stopped the entire village, with its frail wooden and bamboo houses, would be swept away. The police did what they could. They fired blank cartridges to warn people, they sent to the town for help, and a handful of engineers hastened to the spot.

Among them was Maung the villager. He was sent along the embankment to examine its condition, and he came on a place where the masonry had cracked and a trickle of water was coming through. He knew well enough that if the crack was not stopped it would burst, and the flood would sweep away all life in its course.

Maung did the first thing that occurred to him. He

wedged his body into the crack and stayed there.

One of the engineers spied the rigid figure, and the handful of men on the spot worked with superhuman energy. Hour after hour passed, and still the brave Maung, motionless as a fallen statue, lay wedged in the crack.

He was numb with cold, a mass of aching misery, but he stayed there. Only the labours of a few men and his heroic body had saved the reservoir so far.

At last one of the engineers saw that the brave man was about to collapse. He lifted the benumbed body away and thrust his own into the streaming crack in the embankment. For a time Maung could not move. As he staggered to his feet the reinforcements and equipment arrived. The reservoir was saved.

Maurice, Son of William the Silent

died 1625 (Holland)

When Philip the Spaniard found the United Provinces of the Netherlands snatched from his grasp, he issued a scandalous proclamation, offering honors and rewards to any ruffian who should serve his King, by murdering William of Orange. And there came a paltry wretch who stole into William's palace at Delft and shot the Father of his Country. Then all the Netherlands mourned, and who was there to champion the liberties of Holland against the power of Spain? Ah, it was well for Holland that the courage of Father William survived in his second son, Maurice, a boy of seventeen. With the help of that staunch old patriot, John van Olden Barneveldt, the lad was made Stadtholder of Holland and Zeeland, and for forty years to come, he was to uphold, in foul times and fair, the liberties of his land.

But in those troublous times, the southern provinces fell away from those at the north. Their hearts went out to Spain. They still wished to call her mother; and so they became the Spanish Netherlands, while the United Provinces of the North, in opposite wise, sought to drive the Spaniard out from every corner of their land. Thenceforth, through the ages, that line of division was to remain. The Spanish Netherlands grew into Belgium, the United Provinces into Holland.

And what, in those days, of the merry Duchy of Brabant, that spread out her fresh green fields along the river Maas and

far to the southern borderland? Brabant, likewise, was split in two; her southern half fell to the Spanish Netherlands, her northern half to Holland. And Breda, the fortress with the towering castle, the trim and beautiful city, than which no fairer was to be found in all of merry Brabant — what of Breda? Breda had belonged to William of Orange, but the Duke of Alva had taken the city, and still it lay languishing in the oppressive power of Spain. A Spanish garrison swaggered about its streets, the flag of Spain flew from its castle towers. In the great cathedral, the figures of Count Engelbert of Nassau and his lady carved of alabaster, lay side by side beneath a black marble canopy borne by four alabaster warriors; and from their tomb, that was the jewel of Breda, the two looked out in sadness. Once they had been the beloved lord and lady of that fair city, and now it was lost to William, the greatest of their race, lost to their house of Orange-Nassau, grievously ground down beneath the heel of Spain.

Then the youthful Stadtholder, Maurice, began to display his brilliant talents as a general. Both to weaken the power of the enemy and to recover his priceless possession, he determined to take Breda. But since he lacked sufficient troops for such a large undertaking, he made up his mind to capture the city by an exercise of his wits.

Now the fuel that was used in those days on the open hearths beneath the broad chimneys of Brabant, was either peat or wood. Peat was dried turf, cut in squares, and it came at that time, as it does today, from the heaths of Friesland, Drente, Overyssel, Groningen and Holland. Most of the skippers whose boats bore the peat to North Brabant, lived in the town of Leur, not far from Breda, and among these were two named van Bergen, who held a pass from the Spanish government granting them safe-conduct to carry their peat anywhere in Brabant. But Adrian van Bergen took it into his head to use his pass for the sore defeat of the Spaniards. Seeking out Prince Maurice, he said:

"Noble Sir, I go regularly with my boat into the fortress of Breda. In the lower part of the ship beneath a cargo of peat, you can hide some seventy soldiers whom I can thus carry in safety inside the walls of the castle. Once within the fortress, they will know very well what to do."

"The idea is good," said the Prince, and in March of the year 1590, he summoned Adrian to him and bade him go forward with his plan. Thus the boat was laden — seventy soldiers in her hull, commanded by the nobleman, Charles de Herauiere, and above, a huge pile of peat. With this strange cargo, the skipper Adrian set forth on his adventure.

The journey went none too quickly, for ice and wind were against the Dutchmen. Moreover, as she struggled forward, the gallant boat sprang a leak. Down in the open space in her hull the sturdy soldiers sat crouched, knee deep in the icy water. But all such things have an end, and at length in the darkness of the night, they passed the frozen meadows and entered the city of Breda.

Then the Spaniards, dimly beholding the vessel, gliding ghostly in the shadows, said to themselves. "How glad we are to see a boat-load of peat. Peat makes a merry fire and the weather is cold. Aye, indeed! We welcome the thought of a fire."

But in that moment of crisis, what should occur? The bitterness of the cold, set some among the Dutchmen to a sudden coughing and sneezing. What would the Spaniards say if they heard a loud Kerchoo? Could turfs sneeze? Could peats cough? Nay, the Spaniards would know that their foes lay hidden on the barge, and would seize them and make an end of their plan to deliver the fortress.

And now the enemy they must fight, those soldiers in the boat, was a legion of coughs and sneezes. The warriors met them boldly. Stop! Stay! Run! We refuse to cough or to sneeze. It was a gallant battle. And sixty-nine of these valiant warriors gained a glorious victory and were able to keep silent,

but one among them, alack, unhappy Lieutenant Hels, could not master the coughing. The bigger the danger appeared, the more anxious he became, the more he coughed and sneezed.

At length the good fellow begged his comrades to make an end of his life, that he might not betray them all and defeat their enterprise: but Adrian, the boatman, had another plan to cover the tell-tale coughing. He began to pole more vigorously, with a mighty swishing and splashing and lapping of the water. Thus the noise of his poling quite covered up Lieutenant Hels's kerchoos.

Straight up to the grim gray walls of the castle, Adrian poled his barge, but there the challenge of a corporal rang out upon the night.

"Who goes there?"

"Adrian van Bergen with a boat-load of peat."

Well and good! The night was so cold that the Spanish soldiers were stamping their feet to keep warm. They did not waste any time in a further examination, but took hold of the ropes, and themselves drew the peat-barge inside the walls of the castle. Then Lieutenant Hels had to bury his face in his knees to keep from bursting forth on the night with a thunderous kerchoo!

On the following day the Spaniards unloaded the peat, while the Dutchmen beneath fairly held their breath. But toward nightfall Adrian told the workmen to wait for the daylight before they proceeded to finish their task.

"For," said he. "The rest must be carefully carried out. The best peat lies beneath."

During the night, this "best peat" crept out of the ship, overpowered the astonished garrison of the castle and opened the gates to Prince Maurice, who had been in hiding with his army in the neighborhood of the city.

Thus the city of Breda was returned to the house of Orange-Nassau, and the province of North Brabant saved for the United Provinces that formed the Dutch republic.

Captain Heranguiere, for his bravery, was made the governor of the city. Adrian was given a generous pension, and to this very day a statue of him may be seen in the town of Leur, while the boat, the faithful peat-barge, was taken from the water and exalted into an honored position, where it might be preserved in the castle. For many a day thereafter, it was pointed out to all comers as the famous vessel, wherein the saviors of Breda had been conveyed to the fortress.

Melinda Rankin
The First Protestant Missionary to Mexico
(1812 – 1888 A.D.)

Have you ever heard the date "1812" mentioned as an important one in history? There was war in our country then, and when you study history, you find some generals mentioned who became famous. But in that year a baby was born among the hills of New England, who helped to bring peace to many, even in the midst of wars and troubles. It was Melinda Rankin, who found her life-work in the sunny land of the Aztecs in old Mexico, the land of adobe huts and degraded people.

She said of herself, in later years of life, that when she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus she was filled with a desire to tell others about Him where His name was not known. She could not settle down in comfort and quietness in her New England home. But it was not till she was twenty-eight that her first chance came. Then there came a call for missionary teachers to go to the Mississippi Valley. Miss Rankin responded, and went first to Kentucky and then on to Mississippi. "When the war between our country and Mexico was over, the soldiers coming home told much of the Mexican people, how ignorant and priest-ridden they were. Hearing these things, Miss Rankin was much stirred up. She wrote articles for the papers, and tried to rouse an interest among churches and missionary societies. She did not succeed very well. No one seemed ready

to go to the needy field. At last she exclaimed, "God helping me, I will go myself."

But Mexico was in a lawless state. It was positively dangerous for Protestants to go there, for they were forbidden by the government to bring Christianity in any form whatever. As Miss Rankin could not get into Mexico, she decided to get as near to it as she could. She went to Texas, and settled down at Brownsville, on the Rio Grande River, just opposite Matamoras, Mexico.

Not a hotel was to be founds and it was hard to find shelter of any sort. Miss Rankin never once thought of giving up. The boys would say that she was "a plucky sort." Finally she found two rooms which she was allowed to rent. She took one for a bedroom and the other for a schoolroom. But she had no furnishings whatever. She was taken care of and her wants supplied, though not luxuriously. She wrote, "A Mexican woman brought me a cot, an American sent me a pillow, and a German woman said she would cook my meals; and so I went to my humble cot with feelings of profound gratitude."

There were many Mexicans in the city of Brownsville, and when a school was opened, the day after Miss Eankin found rooms, the Mexican girls came to her in numbers that really surprised her. It was very encouraging.

One day a Mexican mother came to her, bringing "her saint" as she called it.

"I have prayed to this all my life," she said, "and it has never done me any good. May I change it for a Bible?"

Miss Rankin was so pleased that she gave her two Bibles, because the woman said, "I have a friend over in Matamoras that wants a Book too." This was the first Bible that the missionary got across the border, but it was not the last. This little beginning made her think deeply about going on. If only she could get God's Word across the river into the country, it would be the best possible thing. There was a law against it,

but Miss Rankin thought that no power on earth had a right to keep out the Bible. She decided to give herself to the work of getting it across the river.

"You'd better send bullets and gunpowder to Mexico instead of Bibles," said a man on this side, who had little faith. But the missionary did not think so, and did not take his advice. Somehow she found means to send over hundreds of Bibles, and hundreds of thousands of pages of tracts, which the American Bible Society, and Tract Society, furnished to the intrepid distributor. For you may know that it took dauntless courage to do it.

Mexicans came over to the missionary's door, asking for God's Book. Orders for books, with money in payment, came from Monterey, and other towns. A Protestant portrait painter helped on the work by carrying over with him great quantities.

Not being able to get a Christian colporteur speaking Spanish, she herself went out as agent for the American and Foreign Christian Union, with great success. Her school was left with her sister. But troubles came. The sister died. Miss Rankin was stricken with yellow fever, and was near death. Mexican women nursed her lovingly, and she recovered. But the Civil War in our land came on, and the missionary was driven out of Texas. She went across the river, and her work on Mexican soil began.

In Monterey, with 40,000 people, she founded the First Protestant Mission, under difficulties and dangers uncounted. She was driven from house to house, but came back home and collected money for buildings for the Mission. Converts multiplied, and went themselves from house to house, and from ranch to ranch, teaching others. The work spread. Some Bible readers wrote, "We can hardly get time to eat or sleep, so anxious are the people for God's Word."

In 1871, through disturbances and battles, she was kept safe, but next year returned home, where, after telling her

story often, she passed away, in 1888, aged seventy-six. It was she who said, "The word discouragement is not in the dictionary of the kingdom of heaven." A church of one hundred and seventy Mexican members was handed over to the Presbyterian Board of Missions when she left Mexico.

Miguel Cervantes
The Escapes of Cervantes
1547-1616 (Spain)

Most people know of the terrible war, waged even down to the present century, between the Christian ships cruising about the Mediterranean and the dreaded Moors or Corsairs of the Barbary Coast. It was a war that began in the name of religion, the Crescent against the Cross; but, as far as we can learn from the records of both sides, there was little to choose in the way that either party treated the captives. A large number of these were chained to the oars of the galleys which were the ships of battle of the middle ages, and sometimes the oars were so long and heavy that they needed forty men to each. The rowers had food enough to give them the strength necessary for their work, and that was all, and the knowledge that they were exerting themselves for the downfall of their fellow-Christians, often of their fellow-countrymen, must have made their labour a toil indeed. Often it happened that a man's courage gave way and he denied his faith and his country, and rose to great honours in the service of the Sultan, the chief of the little kings who swarmed on the African coasts. The records of the Corsairs bristle with examples of these successful renegades, many of them captured as boys, who were careless under what flag they served, as long as their lives were lives of adventure.

All the captives were not, however, turned into galley

slaves. Some were taken to the towns and kept in prisons called bagnios, waiting till their friends sent money to redeem them. If this was delayed, they were set to public works, and treated with great severity, so that their letters imploring deliverance might become yet more urgent. The others, known as the king's captives, whose ransom might be promptly expected, did no work and were kept apart from the rest.

It was on September 26, 1575, that Miguel Cervantes, the future author of 'Don Quixote,' fell into the hands of a Greek renegade Dali Mami by name, captain of a galley of twenty-two banks of oars. Cervantes, the son of a poor but well-descended gentleman of Castile, had served with great distinction under Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto four years earlier, and was now returning with his brother Rodrigo to Spain on leave, bearing with him letters from the commander-in-chief, Don John, the Duke of Sesa, Viceroy of Sicily, and other distinguished men, testifying to his qualities as a soldier, 'as valiant as he was unlucky,' and recommending Philip II. to give him the command of a Spanish company then being formed for Italian service. But all these honours proved his bane. The Spanish squadron had not sailed many days from Naples when it encountered a Corsair fleet, and after a sharp fight Cervantes and his friends were carried captive into Algiers.

Of course the first thing done was to examine each man as to his position in life, and the amount of ransom he might be expected to bring, and the letters found upon Miguel Cervantes impressed them with the notion that he was a person of consequence, and capable of furnishing a large sum of money. They therefore took every means of ensuring his safety, loading him with chains, appointing him guards, and watching him day and night.

> 'Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.'

Cervantes never lost heart a moment, but at once began to plan an escape for himself and his fellow-captives. But the scheme broke down owing to the treachery of the man in whom he had confided, and the Spaniards, particularly Cervantes, were made to suffer a stricter confinement than before. The following year the old Cervantes sent over what money he had been able to raise on his own property and his daughters' marriage portions for the ransom of his sons, by the hands of the Redemptorist Fathers, an Order which had been founded for the sole purpose of carrying on this charitable work. But when the sum was offered to Dali Mami he declared it wholly insufficient for purchasing the freedom of such a captive, though it was considered adequate as the ransom of the younger brother Rodrigo. Accordingly, in August 1577, Rodrigo Cervantes set sail for Spain, bearing secret orders from his brother Miguel to fit out an armed frigate, and to send it by way of Valencia and Majorca to rescue himself and his friends.

But even before the departure of Rodrigo, Cervantes had been laying other plans. He had, somehow or other, managed to make acquaintance with the Navarrese gardener of a Greek renegade named Azan, who had a garden stretching down to the sea-shore, about three miles east of Algiers, where Cervantes was then imprisoned. This gardener had contrived to use a cave in Azan's garden as a hiding place for some escaped Christians, and as far back as February 1577 about fifteen had taken refuge there, under the direction of Cervantes. How they remained for so many months undiscovered, and how they were all fed, no one can tell; but this part of the duty had been undertaken by a captive renegade called El Dorador, or the Gilder, to whom their secret had been confided.

Meanwhile, Rodrigo had proved faithful to his trust. He had equipped a frigate for sea, under the command of a tried soldier, Viana by name, who was familiar with the Barbary

coast. It set sail at the end of September, and by the 28th had sighted Algiers. From motives of prudence the boat kept to sea till nightfall, when it silently approached the shore. The captives hailed it with joy, and were in the act of embarking, when a fishing craft full of Moors passed by, and the rescue vessel was forced to put to sea. Meanwhile, Cervantes and the fugitives in the cave had to return disheartened into hiding, and await another opportunity.

But once lost, the opportunity was gone for ever. Before any fresh scheme could be concerted, El Dorador had betrayed the hiding place of the Christians and their plan of escape to the cruel Dey or King Azan, who saw in the information a means to satisfy his greed. According to the law of the country, he was enabled to claim the escaped slaves as his own property (except Cervantes, for whom he paid 500 crowns), and with a company of armed men presented himself before the cave.

In this dreadful strait Cervantes' courage never faltered. He told the trembling captives not to fear, as he would take upon himself the entire responsibility of the plan. Then, addressing Azan's force, he proclaimed himself the sole contriver of the scheme, and professed his willingness to bear the punishment. The Turks were struck dumb at valour such as this, in the presence of the most dreadful torments, and contented themselves with ordering the captives into close confinement at the bagnio, hanging the gardener, and bringing Cervantes bound to receive his sentence from the Dey Azan himself.

The threats of impalement, torture, mutilation of every kind, which Cervantes well knew to be no mere threats, had no effect upon his faithful soul. He stuck to the story he had told, and the Dey, 'wearied by so much constancy,' as the Spanish historian says, ended by loading him with chains, and throwing him again into prison.

For some time he remained here, strictly and closely

guarded, but his mind always active as to plans of escape. At last, however, he managed to enter into relations with Don Martin de Cordoba, General of Oran, by means of a Moor, who undertook to convey letters asking for help for the Spanish prisoners. But his ill fortune had not yet deserted him. The messenger fell into the hands of other Moors, who handed him over to Azan, and the wretched man was at once put to a cruel death by the Dey's orders. Curiously enough, the sentence of 2,000 lashes passed upon Cervantes was never carried into effect.

Disappointments and dangers only made Cervantes more determined to free himself or die in the attempt; but nearly two years dragged by before he saw another hope rise before him, though he did everything he could in the interval to soothe the wretched lot of his fellow-captives. This time his object was to induce two Valencia merchants of Algiers to buy an armed frigate, destined to carry Cervantes and a large number of Christians back to Spain, but at the last minute they were again betrayed, this time by a countryman, and again Cervantes took the blame on his own shoulders, and confessed nothing to the Dey.

Now it seemed indeed as if his last moment had come. His hands were tied behind him, and a cord was put round his neck; but Cervantes never swerved from the tale he had resolved to tell, and at the close of the interview found himself within the walls of a Moorish prison, where he lay for five months loaded with fetters and chains, and treated with every kind of severity, though never with actual cruelty.

All this time his mind was busy with a fresh scheme, nothing short of a concerted insurrection of all the captives in Algiers, numbering about 25,000, who were to overpower the city, and to plant the Spanish flag on its towers. His measures seem to have been taken with sufficient prudence and foresight to give them a fair chance of success, bold as the idea was, but treachery as usual caused the downfall of

everything. Why, under such repeated provocation, the cruel Azan Aga did not put him to a frightful death it is hard to understand, but in his 'Captive's Story,' Cervantes himself bears testimony to the comparative moderation of the Dey's behaviour towards him. 'Though suffering,' he says, 'often, if not indeed always, from hunger and thirst, the worst of all our miseries was the sight and sound of the tortures daily inflicted by our master on our fellow-Christians. Every day he hanged one, impaled another, cut off the ears of a third; and all this for so little reason, or even for none at all, that the very Turks knew he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it; and because to him cruelty was the natural employment of mankind. Only one man did he use well, and that was a Spanish soldier, named Saavedra, and though this Saavedra had struck blows for liberty which will be remembered by Moors for many years to come, yet Azan never either gave him stripes himself, nor ordered his servants to do so, neither did he ever throw him an evil word; while we trembled lest for the smallest of his offences the tyrant would have him impaled, and more than once he himself expected it.' This straightforward account of matters inside the bagnio is the more valuable and interesting if we recollect that Cervantes' great-grandmother was a Saavedra, and that the soldier alluded to in the text was really himself. It is impossible to explain satisfactorily the sheathing of the tiger's claws on his account alone; did Cervantes exercise unconsciously a mesmeric influence over Azan? Did Azan ascribe his captive's defiance of death and worse than death to his bearing a charmed life? Or did he hold him to be a man of such consequence in his own country, that it was well to keep him in as good condition as Azan's greed would permit? We shall never know; only there remains Cervantes' emphatic declaration that during the five long years of his captivity no man's hand was ever lifted against him.

Meanwhile, having no more money wherewith to ransom his son, Rodrigo de Cervantes made a declaration of his

poverty before a court of law, and set forth Miguel's services and claims. In March 1578, the old man's prayer was enforced by the appearance of four witnesses who had known him both in the Levant and in Algiers and could testify to the truth of his father's statement, and a certificate of such facts as were with-in his knowledge being willingly offered by the Duke of Sesa, the King, Philip II., consented to furnish the necessary ransom.

But the ill-fortune which had attended Cervantes in these past years seemed to stick to him now. Just when the negotiations were drawing to a conclusion, his father suddenly died, and it appeared as if the expedition of the Redemptorist Fathers would sail without him. However, his mother was happily a woman of energy, and after managing somehow to raise three hundred ducats on her own possessions, appealed to the King for help. This he appears to have granted her at once, and he gave her an order for 2,000 ducats on some Valencia merchandise; but with their usual bad luck they only ultimately succeeded in obtaining about sixty, which with her own three hundred were placed in the hands of the Redemptorist Fathers.

It was time: the fact that the term of Azan's government of Algiers had drawn to an end rendered him more than ever greedy for money, and he demanded for Cervantes double the price that he himself had paid, and threatened, if this was not forthcoming, to carry his captive on board his own vessel, which was bound for Constantinople. Indeed, this threat was actually put into effect, and Cervantes, bound and loaded with chains, was placed in a ship of the little squadron that was destined for Turkish waters. The good father felt that once in Constantinople, Cervantes would probably remain a prisoner to the end of his life, and made unheard of efforts to accomplish his release, borrowing the money that was still lacking from some Algerian merchants, and even using the ransoms that had been entrusted to him for other captives.

Then at last Cervantes was set free, and after five years was able to go where he would and return to his native country.

His work however was not yet done. He somehow discovered that a Spaniard named Blanco de Paz, who had once before betrayed him, was determined, through jealousy, to have him arrested the moment he set foot in Spain, and to this end had procured a mass of false evidence respecting his conduct in Algiers. It is not easy to see what Cervantes could have done to incur the hatred of this man, but about this he did not trouble himself to inquire, and set instantly to consider the best way of bringing his schemes to naught. He entreated his friend, Father Gil, to be present at an interview held before the notary Pedro de Ribera, at which a number of respectable Christians appeared to answer a paper of twenty-five questions, propounded by Cervantes himself, as to the principal events of his five years of imprisonment, and his treatment of his fellow-captives. Armed with this evidence, he was able to defy the traitor, and to return in honour to his native land.

With the rest of his life we have nothing to do. It was not, we may be sure, lacking in adventure, for he was the kind of man to whom adventures come, and as his inheritance was all gone, he went back to his old trade, and joined the army which Philip was assembling to enforce his claim to the crown of Portugal. In this country as in all others to which his wandering life had led him, he made many friends and took notice of what went on around him. He was in all respects a man practical and vigorous, in many ways the exact opposite of his own Don Quixote, who saw everything enlarged and glorified and nothing as it really was, but in other ways the true counterpart of his hero in his desire to give help and comfort wherever it was needed, and to leave the world better than he found it.

Missionary Sayings

That Have Become Classic

Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything. — *John Eliot.*

We are playing at Missions. — *Alexander Duff.*

Now let me burn out for God. — *Henry Martyn.*

The prospects are bright as the promises of God. —*Adoniram Judson.*

The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise. — *David Livingstone.*

I have seen in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been. — *Robert Moffat.*

Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God. — *William Carey.*

I'll tell the Master. — *Eliza Agnew.*

The word discouragement is not in the dictionary of the kingdom of heaven. — *Melinda Rankin.*

Let us advance on our knees. — *Joseph Hardy Neesima.*

The world is my parish. — *John Wesley.*

Keep to work; if cut off from one thing take the next. — *Cyrus Hamlin.*

I die for the Baganda, and purchase the road to Uganda with my life. — *Bishop Hannington.*

I will go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes. — *William Carey.*

God helping me, I will go myself. — *Melinda Rankin.*

We can do it if we will. — *Samuel J. Mills.*

Oh, that I could dedicate my all to God. This is all the return I can make Him. — *David Brainerd*

Mohammed Ismael and His Nine Men

Died 1915 (Asia-India)

Mohammed Ismael was a non-commissioned officer in a famous Indian regiment, the Punjabi Mohammedans, the very existence of which is a very fine tribute to the British rule.

The Punjab was annexed after stormy years of rebellion, and so splendidly was it controlled that when the Mutiny broke out the natives stood firm to help the Government against the Sepoys. It was then, in those tragic weeks, that the regiment of the Punjabi Mohammedans was hastily scratched together. From the first it had a shining record of loyalty and faithfulness to its officers, but it was not until the years of the Great War that the regiment earned its great glory through Mohammed Ismael and his nine men.

In the autumn of 1914 Turkey came into the conflict on the German side, having carefully chosen her moment. The Near East was already in a ferment, Egypt seething with discontent and a sense of rebellion on religious grounds. Knowing this, the Turkish Government called for a Holy War in which all true Mohammedans would have the chance of throwing off the English yoke.

From countless minarets the call came nightly:

> "Prayer is better than sleep.
> Glory for all and heaven for those who die."

The unreasoning devotion and bravery which only a religious war can call out began to stir in the Mohammedan countries Chiefly the reaction was felt in Egypt.

Autumn passed into winter and spring, little did people in England, concentrated as their thoughts were on the Western Front, know what the Holy War was meaning to the British Command in Egypt. There was a terrible strain of watching and waiting, with not enough troops to guard the frontier. Only a handful of men could be spared to watch over the important defences of the Suez Canal. Among the companies who stood the fierce ordeal of that summer were some drafted from Indian regiments, including a company of the P.M., as they were called.

There was no need for any secret fear lest the P.M. company might hear the call to the Holy War. They were true to their faith, but they were also loyal to the England they had learned to love and reverence; and they had an overwhelming pride in their regiment.

Danger deepened in the area of the Suez Canal. It was known that the enemy were about to attempt a blockade, and there were not nearly enough men to guard the waterway. No aeroplane could be spared to watch the desert. Then it was that the P.M. Company were sent to guard one of the outposts of the canal defences. They watched with the greatest vigilance, but in spite of their patrols the enemy succeeded in creeping up in the dead of the night and laying mines in the sand.

The security of the Suez Canal was in danger. Word came from headquarters that at all costs the mine-laying must be stopped, the defences tightened.

The officer in charge doubled the patrols and sent bodies of the Camel Corps scouting far and wide. A number of camels were detailed to sweep the desert. Each afternoon they began their work, dragging hundreds of miles of banks with harrows set with brushwood. When morning came it was easy

to see in the swept track the tell-tale marks of enemy feet.

In the course of this strong vigilance suspicion fell on certain inland regions. A daily watch was set on a high sand dune about two miles from the camp, and presently the command came that a nightly watch should also be set. For this work Sergeant Mohammed Ismael and nine of the rank and file of the P.M. were detailed by the commanding officer.

One afternoon, when the desert was glorious under the sinking sun, the ten men marched out as usual across the sands to the post on the high dune. They exchanged a few friendly words with the men they had come to relieve, and these set off back to the camp, leaving the group of P.M. at their lonely post, swallowed up in the black night. Little did they think that would be their last sight of Mohammed Ismael and his nine men.

That glorious sunset was a weather-breeder, as sky watchers say. At midnight a wind arose, and before dawn the desert was thick with a sand storm that hid the Sun and turned the level stretches into a seething waste. At nine o'clock the night patrol was due back in camp.

The morning passed, and as still they did not arrive the officer in command made anxious inquiries about his missing men. All he could glean was that a cavalry scout, serving an outlying desert post, had seen in the dim stretches a group of men who looked like the P.M. patrol on their way back to camp. But clouds of sand had come up about them and he could not be sure of their direction.

The day passed without sight or news of them. Another patrol took their place.

Presently the names of Mohammed Ismael and his nine men were posted as missing. It was thought they had been lost in the sandstorm, had wandered into the deep desert and died of thirst. Days ran into weeks and months and the little group of the P.M. slipped out of memory except in the mind of their captain and their comrades and their families waiting for

them in far-off India.

Once or twice the idea had come to officers discussing the loss of a valued patrol that the men might after all have seized on the cover of the sandstorm to desert and take a stand in the Holy War. But the thought was unthinkable.

Years afterward the true story came to the ears of a British officer, and with overwhelming pride he told the world the facts about Mohammed Ismael and his nine men.

Sergeant Mohammed had marched his men off as usual, but the desert track was hidden in clouds of sand. For hours the forlorn little company wandered in the waste, completely befogged, no sense of direction left in anyone of them. Hungry, thirsty, weary, their eyes inflamed by the sand, they sat down in the desert and hid their faces, waiting for the storm to pass.

In this attitude they were spied by a wandering Turkish patrol. Mohammed and his nine men were taken prisoner and marched off to the base at Beersheba.

There they were given a meal and allowed a few hours' sleep. Then they were taken under escort to a tent where a German officer sat at a table. The man looked them over, asked their names and company, their homes, various details which the sergeant answered in his grave, dignified way. Then the officer demanded if they were not ashamed to be fighting against men of their own faith.

Sergeant Mohammed Ismael answered for his men, saying his words slowly, deliberately. "This is a political war. It has nothing to do with religion. We remain with our own units and observe our enlistment oath and our faith with the salt we eat." The officer curtly pointed to a pile of Turkish uniforms in a corner of the tent.

"They are ready for you to wear," said he. "I will give you three minutes to decide whether you will put them on or be shot as traitors to your religion."

Mohammed and his men went out of the tent and said

among themselves just a few words, solemn and low. The escort marched them back. They had time for one look at the sky, at the fair land rolling to the skyline, one thought of the fairer land of home and loved ones waiting them by Jhelum River. Then they were facing the officer again.

"Well?" he asked.

For a moment the ten men looked at him and then they cried in ringing tones: "Three cheers for King George."

The officer had one answer to that—the firing wall and a volley.

The British officer who learned the story and made it known could not help showing how he was touched by it, how immeasurably proud of such sons of the Empire. As he finished he said, "I cannot refrain from quoting a verse of Malachi which always comes to my mind when I hear of some deed of sacrifice:

And they shall he mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

Moses Mendelssohn
Out of the Ghetto
1729-1789 A.D.

For many years in many countries of Europe, the Jews had been penned behind the walls of their ghettos. In their assigned quarters, always the most crowded and unsanitary of the entire city, they lived like prisoners. Now the sun of freedom was beginning to brighten; but like unhappy captives, grown too accustomed to their dungeons, many did not realize that the ghetto walls were crumbling and feared to venture out into the world.

The tall, haughty grenadier, guarding one of the gates of Berlin on the late autumn afternoon in 1743, looked down with good-natured contempt on the half-grown boy who had just tried to pass beneath the great stone archway.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow," he cried. "This is your first visit to Berlin, isn't it? Then, maybe, you haven't heard that we don't care to be overrun with Jews. Adventurers from God knows where," he grumbled, "coming here to trade or to open a shop and take the bread out of the mouths of true-born Germans." He laughed harshly. "Why, even the Jews here in Berlin want to keep the rest of the beggars out; they have a sort of court to decide which ones we'll allow in. Can't say I blame them," he admitted, grudgingly. "They don't want to have a lot of starving beggars around like you to support."

The boy's pale face flushed at the soldier's taunts.

"Maybe my shoes are worn to tatters, sir," he stammered. "My father is a poor scribe, one who copies our Holy Law, and he could not afford to buy me a new pair before I set out on my journey. Now," he shrugged ruefully, "they are quite worn out, for I have walked many miles from my native village in Dessau. But," eagerly, "my mother washed and patched my coat and trousers just before I left home. If I brushed the dust of the roads from my clothes and could have a bath, I really wouldn't look like a beggar."

A queer duck! decided the grenadier, again surveying the boy from his long, unkempt hair down to his worn shoes. Dirty and ragged and a Jew, yet he spoke with the confidence of a gentleman. A sickly lad, a regular cripple, decided the guardian of the gate with something like pity stirring his official heart, as he noted the hump rising between the bowed shoulders and the thin, prematurely old features.

"What's your name?" still curtly.

"Moses, the son of Mendel."

"How old are you?"

"I'm fourteen. And," eagerly, "maybe I don't look it, sir, but I'm really strong for my age and can do a man's work."

"A man's work, eh?" The soldier laughed. "So you've got a trade to support yourself?"

"Well, not exactly a trade, sir. But I have a very good Hebrew education. And I can write a clean, clear hand; so I thought if I could support myself for a while as a copyist—"

"You thought! You'd done better to stay in Dessau till you were sure you could earn your own living. Wouldn't your father support you any longer?"

"Oh, yes sir, but we both felt I'd finished my education in Dessau. In Talmud, I mean. But there's still a great deal more for me to learn," he explained hastily, adding in the traditional sing-song, "'the Talmud is like a sea and in his whole life a man cannot hope to draw more than a bucketful from its depths.' I am not really an ignorant man," he went on with

simple pride. "At ten I wrote poetry in Hebrew and before I was confirmed at thirteen, I studied the *Guide* of our great Maimonides."

The burly soldier, who had never plodded beyond the pages of his catechism, and who could barely write his own name, scratched his head in perplexity.

"It seems to me you've got enough education now for a Jew—or a Christian for that matter," he decided.

"Oh, no sir! I'm just beginning. That's why I've come to Berlin. My old teacher, Rabbi Frankel, is now Chief Rabbi here. I know he will help me to find work and will guide me in my studies."

"Maybe it will be all right to let you in," considered the soldier. "If there's any trouble with the authorities, your Chief Rabbi can speak for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," cried Moses, picking up his dust-covered bundle and preparing to slip through the gate. But his pinched face suddenly whitened; he leaned weakly against the huge stones of the gateway for support.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No sir. Just a little tired, and I'm a little hungry, too. Yesterday I spent the last of the few coins my father gave me. But I know that when I find Rabbi Frankel he will give me a good meal."

"Sit down," ordered the guardsman with rough kindliness. From a shelf in his sentry box he drew out a good-sized bundle, wrapped in a red and white checked napkin. "My wife always gives me too much to eat for my supper. Suppose we share it."

"Thank you. But I'm afraid," smiling timidly, "I am not permitted to eat it."

The soldier, who had unwrapped several huge hunks of black bread and slices of meat, stared at Moses questioningly. "Maybe my food's not good enough for you," he declared, his mockery returning.

"It looks very, very good," answered the boy, his eyes glistening with hunger. "I don't suppose you know our Jewish laws. But we must not eat what is not Kosher, that it, what has not been prepared according to our laws."

"I've always though you Jews were a queer lot," muttered Moses' would-be host, "and you seem the queerest of the lot. Will you be allowed to eat the bread?"

"Yes, thank you," reaching for the largest hunk which the soldier held out to him. From his bag the boy drew a knife. He carefully marked the bread into four equal portions, cut off one slice, then placed the remainder of his precious gift in his pack.

"Now what are you doing that for? If you're as hungry as you say you are, you'll eat the whole quarter loaf I gave you and be wanting more."

"I taught myself on my journey to eat just one slice when I got very hungry," answered Moses, the son of Mendel.

"But why did you mark off the other three slices?"

"Because if I don't find Rabbi Frankel, I'll be very hungry tomorrow morning," answered the boy, "And I cannot afford to eat more than one slice at a time."

The tall soldier looked amused, but at the same time a little touched.

"I don't know anything about your poetry and what you learned from that fellow with the long name," he said at last. "But I swear you got a clever head on those crooked shoulders of yours. Even though you're just a poor Jew from the country, you're bound to make your way in Berlin."

Since the immigrant's first friend in the great city never read books or attended the gatherings of the learned and famous in Berlin society, it is likely that he was never able to verify his prophecy. But more than once he told his wife he wondered what had happened to that crippled little tramp he had fed in the gateway.

The path upward was far from easy for Moses Mendels-

sohn. Rabbi Frankel, for all his kindness, had many calls upon his time and purse. He could only help his former pupil secure a cold garret and a free few meals every week with different families, often poor themselves but willing to aid a Jewish student. Moses often resorted to his trick of dividing a loaf of bread to furnish his entire breakfast, dinner and supper. When he earned a few pennies for copy work, he dined royally on several slices instead of one.

But he felt no real hardship. He remembered that the wise King Solomon had said that the poorest meal is better than a banquet if it is eaten in contentment. And now the ambitious little cripple knew real happiness for he was little by little acquiring the knowledge which would place him among the foremost philosophers of his day. He even managed, somehow, to save a little to buy himself books.

From the first Moses Mendelssohn realized that to serve his people he must be more than just another Jewish scholar. As a child he had spoken Yiddish, the Hebrew-German of the ghetto. He made up his mind to speak and to write the pure German of the most cultured and best-educated citizens of Berlin.

He determined that some day he would lead the more modern of his fellow Jews who believed that one could still be a faithful Jew even if he acquired a modern education. He began to study Christian theology and to compare what he read to the teachings of Maimonides and other Jewish authorities.

His first stroke of good fortune came after years of struggle in Berlin. A rich Jewish silk merchant hired the young scholar as tutor to his children. This meant more to the youth than a living wage; his employer was a "privileged Jew" and was assured the right of living in Berlin. Under his protection, and with a regular position, Moses no longer had to fear being expelled from the city.

Little by little the awkward, self-taught immigrant began

to make friends. Some were among the scholars of his own people who worked toward a more enlightened age. A few were liberal and cultured Christians. Of all of those who helped Mendelssohn on his way, the kindest and most influential was the playwright, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

The Jew was still despised as an inferior and a second-class citizen; there was a great deal of controversy and criticism in German literary circles when Lessing's first play, "The Jew," appeared. For instead of following the custom of making the Jew a clown or a villain, the Christian dramatist portrayed his hero as a noble and upright character.

"How estimable the Jews would be if they all resembled you!" exclaims someone in the play.

"How lovable the Christians would be if they all possessed your virtues," replies the Jew.

One can imagine Mendelssohn and Lessing exchanging such remarks. Each respected the other and his beliefs. Mendelssohn expressed this feeling, too seldom practice in his day, when he wrote as a Jew:

"According to the teachings of the rabbis, the righteous of all nations shall have part in the rewards of the future world. I am not allowed to attack any religion which is sound in its moral teachings."

While Lessing, when questioned whether a Jew could really be as admirable as the hero of his drama, pointed to his friend and replied, "Mendelssohn is a Jew. He is a man of about twenty years of age who, without any instruction, has attained to advanced proficiency in the study of languages, mathematics, philosophy and poetry. I predict that he will become an honor to his nation."

Never did two men appear more unlike than the humble-born, hunch-backed little Jew and the German poet with his graceful carriage and classic features. But in spite of the doubts of the long-oppressed Jews on one hand and the aristocratic Christians on the other, this unique friendship

not only continued unbroken but grew stronger year by year. When Lessing wrote his greatest drama, *Nathan the Wise*, he portrayed a Jew as his ideal of charity and understanding, whom no German reader could fail to recognize as Moses Mendelssohn.

By the time Mendelssohn was twenty-six, even the youngest of the Bernhard children whom he tutored had grown too old for private instruction. Mr. Bernhard offered the teacher the position of bookkeeper in his silk factory. Mendelssohn shrank from entering commercial life. But he was not able to support himself by his writing and he wished above all to be independent.

"Even if I must be a bookkeeper all day, I can still study and write at night," he comforted himself.

Now that he was able to support a family, Moses was eager to marry. Far from his own family, he grew discontented and lonely, especially during the home festivals of Purim and Passover which had once brightened his boyhood. Although he no longer lived in a garret, his comfortable dwelling seemed bare and cheerless with no wife to help him observe the festivals or to bless the Sabbath candles. More than once he smiled sadly as he remembered the rabbi who declared, "I do not call my wife, 'wife,' I call her 'home.'"

Now we find him writing to Lessing:

"I should not have been silent so long had I not been to Hamburg where I got entangled in all kinds of distractions. I have been to the theatre, have made the acquaintance of men of learning and, a thing that will surprise you, I have committed the folly of falling in love in my thirtieth year. The young woman I intend to marry has neither fortune, nor beauty, nor learning and yet, enamored fool that I am, I am so captivated by her that I believe I can live happily with her."

A story, which may or may not be true, tells the manner of Mendelssohn's wooing.

After gaining her father's consent to the marriage, the

young philosopher wondered whether Frumet, a blue-eyed, rather simple girl, might not disdain such an ugly suitor. So, as they sat talking together, Moses asked her whether she believed that marriages were indeed made in heaven.

"I have always heard so," answered Frumet, blushing a little, her eyes fastened on her knitting.

"Perhaps you will believe my little tale," said Mendelssohn, smiling. "I, too, believe that when the soul of a child is about to be sent from heaven to inhabit a mortal body, God, who arranged and performed the marriage of Adam and Eve, selects his future mate.

"Now, some thirty years ago the soul of a Jewish child was called before the heavenly throne. And this boy was told that he was destined to marry a girl, ugly and crippled with a cruel hump upon her back.

"Then the soul of the Jewish boy, who was to be named Moses, pleaded with God, saying, 'Master of the Universe, I know that You are wise in all things, and that I must not question Your wisdom. But I already love this girl You have destined to be my bride. I do not wish her to suffer the shame of ugliness and the pains of ill health and deformity. Give all these trials to me that I may bear them for her sake.'

"And God granted my request," ended Moses Mendelssohn, smiling, "and made me so deformed and ugly that I am sure no woman will be willing to marry me. Unless," he added, quickly, "she is a pious maiden like you, Frumet, who is eager to fulfill the destiny that God had planned for her."

When Frumet answered him, she spoke so softly that Moses had to lean toward her to catch her words.

"Everyone says that you are the wisest man in all Germany," she whispered. "I have no means of knowing whether that is true, because I am only an ignorant woman. But I do know that you must be the kindest man in the world to be glad to take my troubles upon you."

And so they were married and like the prince and the

princess in the old fairy-tales lived happily afterwards. Even in a house cluttered with hideous china apes!

Mendelssohn, who was a lover of everything beautiful, pleaded with Frumet that the stupid ornaments should be thrown out on the ash heap. But she who was always thrifty for once crossed his wishes.

"I think they are ugly, too," she said, "but as long as we were forced to buy them for our own wedding present, and they cost so much money, we had better keep them."

She referred to one of the many stupid and irritating liabilities placed upon the German Jews. The year the Mendelssohns asked permission of the government to be married, they were obliged like every other Jewish couple in Berlin to purchase a number of the ugly china animals. Frederick the Great had decided that the German manufacturers of pottery should be encouraged!

Mendelssohn had another reason for disliking his king. Frederick prided himself not only upon his army and his statesmanship, but was ambitious to shine as an author. With all his other duties, the monarch found time to write works on history, politics and philosophy—as well as six volumes of poetry. His books were published by the Berlin Academy of Sciences and were rapturously received, even if not always read, by his loyal subjects. Not only writers fortunate enough to be admitted to Frederick's court, but the literary critics, were expected to praise the royal output.

Mendelssohn happened to be a most conscientious critic. When he reviewed a volume of the king's verses, he said nothing of their value as poetry. For one thing they were written in French, then the "polite tongue" of all Europe, and Mendelssohn may have felt he did not have a sufficient knowledge of that language to criticize the style. But he objected to some of King Frederick's ideas on God and immortality, which he felt were neither Jewish nor Christian. So he wrote just what he thought in a published paper.

Fortunately for the little cripple, when he was summoned to appear before the Attorney General to explain his impertinent criticisms, his modest, honest, and intelligent defense caused all charges against him to be dropped. There is a story that he acquitted himself equally well when he appeared before King Frederick himself in his famed summer palace at San Souci. We have no evidence that the royal author ever forgave Mendelssohn for his attack. But he was not vindictive; later he granted a petition that Moses Mendelssohn, still a "foreigner" in Berlin, should be granted the privilege of living there unmolested by the authorities.

Shortly after his marriage, Mendelssohn won wide recognition by writing an essay which brought him a prize of fifty ducats offered by the Berlin Academy. The announcement that this great honor had come to a Jew meant the beginning of a new attitude toward the Jews of Germany. Hitherto they had been regarded as a foreign race of money lenders and pawnbrokers and peddlers. But now one of them had taken his place in the first ranks of German writers and thinkers.

What was just as important, Mendelssohn had helped the Jews themselves to break down their ghetto walls. Many of them had hesitated to take their places in the world outside. When Moses came to Berlin, many Jews were so afraid of "heathen learning" that they considered it wicked even to own a German book. Although Mendelssohn was known to be a pious Jew, some of his fellow Jews called him a heretic for translating the Hebrew Scriptures into German for his children.

But little by little Mendelssohn convinced his people that a man might enjoy the culture of the modern world, yet remain faithful, self-respecting Jew. When Lavater, a prominent writer of that day, attacked Judaism, Mendelssohn answered him by writing a magnificent defense of his faith, "Why I Am a Jew." He was deeply touched when the congregation in Berlin, in gratitude for his many services to his

people, made him free for all time from congregational dues and taxes. Later, this same group passed a resolution that Mendelssohn might seek any office in the synagogue without passing through the preliminaries required of other members.

He was very happy in his family life; he never dreamed that the children he taught so lovingly would forsake the Judaism he had helped to save. His two beautiful daughters, after their father's death, deserted their father's faith. His son, Abraham, a successful banker, shortly after his marriage, accepted baptism. Abraham's wife, Leah, also became a Christian and took Felicia as her baptismal name. Their son, Felix Mendelssohn, was reared in his parents' adopted faith; he wrote magnificent music for the church; but none of his lovely melodies were composed for the synagogue so dear the grandfather's heart.

Of all this Moses Mendelssohn was happily unaware as he continued to study and to write. As the years passed, the circle of those who had befriended and encouraged him grew smaller. He began to be lonely. He suffered his greatest loss at the passing of Lessing. When a writer attacked the dead dramatist, Moses Mendelssohn, although he had long believed his fighting days were over, hurried to his defense.

This defense, "To the Friends of Lessing," was not published during Mendelssohn's lifetime. Working beyond his strength, the dauntless cripple finished the last page, and carried the manuscript to the publisher. It was the last day of the year 1785. When he returned home, Moses complained of feeling tired; the weather had been raw; could he have taken cold? He went to bed to rest but the next morning did not feel strong enough to rise. On the fourth day of the new year he died, his darkening eyes turning to a bust of Lessing which stood beside his bed.

Moses Montefiore
"A True English Gentleman"
1784-1885 A.D.

The Duchess of Kent flung back the lacy ruffles of the sleeves of her morning gown, settled her beribboned cap more firmly on her elaborately dressed hair, and drew a long envelope from the pile of letters on her writing desk.

"Drina," she said, smiling graciously, "perhaps you would like to see a letter Sir John brought me this morning."

Princess Victoria, to give her the name by which she was known outside the family circle, looked up eagerly from her Latin exercise book. To the sixteen-year-old miss, any diversion was pleasant that took her from the dull task her governess, Fräulein Lehzen, had just assigned her. And it was always a treat when dear mamma allowed her to read one of her own letters. Slender and pretty in her fresh sprigged muslin, she crossed the sitting room and held out her hand for the envelope.

"Why, mamma, there's a key in it!" exclaimed the girl. "Look, it's all wrapped in lovely blue ribbon. What is it for?"

"Suppose, instead of asking foolish questions, you read the letter that came with it," answered her mother. The duchess spoke in the faintly disapproving tone with which she usually addressed her cherished daughter. It was the fashion in 1835 for careful parents not to allow their offspring to think too well of themselves. In the case of the future queen of England,

Victoria's widow mother had long ago decided it was doubly important to preserve family discipline.

Victoria looked up from the delicate script, her round face flushing with pleasure.

"Isn't this lovely? Ever since we've been in Ramsgate, I've hated to take my morning walk with everybody in the street turning to stare. And this key is for the private garden behind East Cliff Lodge, that beautiful mansion overlooking the sea. So I can walk there and be all by myself whenever I want to!" she ended happily.

"Accompanied, of course, by Fräulein Lehzen, or one of the maids!"

"Of course, mamma." Victoria, who often wondered how it would seem just to be all alone for a single hour of the day or night, turned back to the letter to glance again over the signature. "But, mamma, who is this Mr. Moses Montefiore who has so kindly sent me the key to his garden?"

"He comes of a wealthy Italian-English family," answered her mother. "He is a Jew; but Sir John says he is in every respect a true English gentleman." The duchess felt that praise could go no further; there was no one's opinion she so respected as that of Sir John Conroy, the majordomo of her little court.

"I wonder what Mr. Montefiore is like. I've never met a real Jew, have I, mamma?"

"Sir John tells me he has very elegant manners. He is actually at home in the highest Christian circles. But Sir John says he never allows anyone to forget he is a Hebrew. Would you believe it, Drina, when he dined at a table where Lord Nelson was the guest of honor, this Mr. Montefiore recited a Jewish grace right before them all before he began to eat. And once he would not accept an invitation to dine, even though several of the royal family were present, because it was almost time for his Sabbath to begin, and he said he must hurry to services at his synagogue."

"Is Mr. Montefiore married?" Victoria was glad to gossip instead of struggling with her Latin exercises.

"Yes, and Sir John says is lady is just as pious as he is. They have built their own synagogue at East Cliff Lodge and have several services there every day. And on the Jewish holy days some of the wealthiest Hebrews like their relations, the banking Rothschilds, come there to worship. Of course, they have many rich relatives for all Hebrews are wealthy," ended the lady, who had heard of only a few leading Jewish bankers.

"But when I was in London for Uncle King's birthday," puzzled the young girl, "I saw some old ragged beggars in the street and some boys were following them and calling them 'Jews.' So there must be plenty of poor Jews just as there are poor Christians."

"It is time for you to get back to your lessons," reminded the duchess, dismissing the argument with a turn of her lace-frilled wrist.

If Moses Montefiore had been rude enough to intrude upon the young princess' morning walks in his secluded garden, he could have told her something of the poor Jews he had aided in England, and their far more wretched brethren who called to him for aid from every corner of the world.

From a youth he had been extremely successful as a stock-broker. When his marriage to Judith Cohen added a large dowry to his own fortune, Montefiore became one of the wealthiest men in all England. He agreed with his wife, who was his helpmate in every sense of the word for over fifty years, that their wealth was a sacred obligation and must be used to help the unfortunate. So Moses Montefiore through his long active live made philanthropy his business and showed his love of mankind by devoting his time, his energy, and his wealth to his brothers, Christian and Jew alike.

We catch a glimpse of his busy, useful life when we read bits from one of his diaries in his earlier years:

"With God's blessing—Rise, say prayers at 7 o'clock.

Breakfast at 9. Attend the stock exchange at 10. Dinner, 5. Read, write and learn, if possible, Hebrew and French, 6. Read Bible and say prayers, 10. Then retire…. I attended many meetings at the City of London Tavern, also several charitable meetings, sometimes passing the whole day there from ten in the morning till half-past eleven at night…. Answered 350 petitions from poor women and also made visits to the Villareal School."

A few years after Mr. Montefiore invited Princess Victoria to enjoy the privacy of his garden, she became Queen of England. Moses Montefiore had recently been elected sheriff of the City of London, the second Jew ever honored by that office. He was proud to be selected as one of a delegation of officials to congratulate the new monarch. But he was prouder still when he later received the honor of knighthood from her hand.

"A day that can never be forgotten by me," he notes in his diary. "With the exception of the day I had the happiness of dedicating our synagogue at Ramsgate, and the day of my wedding, the proudest day of my life. I trust the honour conferred by our most gracious queen on myself and my dear Judith may prove the harbinger of future good to the Jews generally, and though I am sensible of my unworthiness, yet I pray the Almighty to lead and guide me to the proper path, that I may observe and keep His Holy Law."

The elaborate ceremony took place in Guildhall. As each candidate for knighthood knelt before her, the youthful queen, a tiny but stately figure in her royal robes, struck him lightly on the left shoulder with a sword. At last it was time for Moses Montefiore to kneel. When Queen Victoria dropped the sword's point on his shoulder with the command, "Rise, Sir Moses," he trembled with emotion.

"I hope my dear mother will be pleased," was his first thought. Then he wondered whether Judith, who had been ill, had become overtired during the long ceremony.

His eyes turned toward the walls of the great hall against which the banners of England's knights were displayed. Now his own hung among them. It bore the word, "Jerusalem."

Ten years before he received knighthood from his queen, Moses Montefiore made the first of his many visits to Palestine. Having retired from the stock exchange to devote his full time to charitable and educational interests, he was now free to explore the land of his fathers. The first prominent Jew of modern times to make the journey, he was deeply shocked at the desolation which greeted him at every turn in Jerusalem. The little community of Jews there were nearly all aged, very poor, and outrageously taxed by the Turkish government.

Since there were no decent inns in the city, the Turkish governor, impressed by the Englishman's reputation and wealth, suggested that Moses Montefiore and his wife would be more comfortable as guests in the luxurious home of one of the Moslem aristocracy. But the traveler declined the invitation.

"I hope," he said, "that I shall ever live and die in the society of my brethren in Israel."

Accompanied by his wife, he visited various historic sites in the ancient city, attended synagogue services and, in honor of Judith's birthday, distributed liberal alms.

For the next few years Sir Moses, because of his public duties, was unable to leave England and was forced to postpone a second visit to Palestine. Meanwhile, he played an important part in Jewish emancipation, which was still far from complete even in his own beloved country.

In 1838 the Montefiores again turned their faces eastward. The journal in which Lady Judith recorded their travels across Europe gives a vivid picture of all that she and her husband experienced. Wherever they went they closely studied Jewish conditions; everywhere they were greeted as ambassadors of good will to their less fortunate brethren.

"The eagerness to attend us and show respect," Lady Montefiore writes during her visit to Rome, "is beyond description and certainly beyond our desert. I accompanied my dear M—to synagogue, where several ladies awaited me. A crimson velvet and gold chair was placed in the center (of the women's gallery) for me. Embarrassing as was the proffered honour, I did not like to refuse, lest my doing so would have offended the kind feelings of those by whom it was tendered."

But as the English couple traveled further east they met dangers as well as honors. Turkey was in a state of political turmoil; the land was overrun with bandits; there was the menace of a fast-spreading plague. Sir Moses refused to consider turning back, but he tried to persuade his wife, who was far from robust, to remain behind in Malta.

"This I resisted," she notes in her diary, "and the expression of Ruth furnished my heart at the moment with language it most desired to use: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge.'"

So the frail English woman accompanied her husband to Syria. Here they were warned that it would not be safe to proceed. They could not procure an armed escort. Because it was known that Sir Moses carried a huge sum of money to distribute among the poor of Palestine, it was feared brigands might attack his little party.

On the journey to Safed, the tiny city nestled among the Judean hills, it was necessary for one of the pilgrims to keep guard all night with a loaded pistol. No wonder that when at last they saw the towers of the Holy City in the distance, all dismounted form their horses, "and poured forth devout praises to Him whose mercy and providence alone had thus brought us a second time, in health and safety, to the city of our fathers."

Now on his second visit to Jerusalem, Sir Moses

Montefiore did more than distribute alms to the needy Jews and Christians and Moslems. He began to make a thorough study of the needs of the people in the Holy Land and the conditions under which they lived. As a successful businessman, he realized that no help is as valuable as self-help; he began to work out ways and means of making immigrants to Palestine self-supporting.

"By degrees," he wrote, "I hope to induce the return of thousands of our brethren to the land of Israel. I am sure they would be happy in the enjoyment of our holy religion, in a manner which is impossible in Europe."

Sir Moses had striven long and successfully to free his fellow Jews from certain disabilities which even in liberal England had lingered on into the nineteenth century. With his own eyes he had seen the hardships of the Jews in Europe and Palestine. Now circumstances were such that he was forced into assuming the championship of his people.

From Damascus came the charge that a Christian monk had been murdered by Jews. This terrible outrage was followed by false charges in the island of Rhodes and attacks on the Jews of Syria.

Everyone realized that much more than the lives of the imprisoned Jews was at stake; the slander from which they suffered threatened the honorand safety of Jews in every land. Fortunately, not only Jewish leaders but liberal Christians in England and many European countries came forward to defend the accused. Sir Moses Montefiore, after an audience with Queen Victoria, received letters of recommendation from the British Foreign Office and, as the representative of English Jewry, again traveled east. It was largely through his efforts while in Egypt that the accused Jews were granted not only their freedom, but were cleared from the infamous charge.

Now Sir Moses was recognized in every land as the champion of the Jewish people. In 1842 a deputation of Russian

Jews visited him to beg him to appeal against the increasingly hard restrictions of Czar Nicholas I. The immediate reason for the Englishman's visit to Russia was a decree to remove thousands of Jews, who had been living along the borders of Germany and Austria, back into the interior of Russia. This uprooting would have destroyed any chance they had to make even a poor livelihood.

As the tie for passing this law drew nearer, Sir Moses was urged to make a personal appeal to the czar, himself. In spite of the rigors of a Russian winter and the bad roads, Moses and Judith Montefiore and their party arrived safely in St. Petersburg. Here, a week later, Sir Moses was granted an audience by Czar Nicholas. He also conferred with the highest officials. In this backward country where the Jews were considered a little better than cattle, the simple dignity of the English Jew won him a respectful hearing.

"It is a happiness to me," he writes, "to hear from every person, from the very highest to the lowest classes, that my visit will raise the Jews in the estimation of the people, and that his majesty's reception of me will be of the utmost importance."

On the Sabbath following the devoted pair's return to England, special prayers of thanksgiving were offered in all the synagogues. There was much speculation whether the unusual courtesy shown Sir Moses in Russia would prove to be anything but an empty gesture. But at last after the exchange of many letters with Russian officials the threatened law of expulsion was actually canceled.

About this time Queen Victoria awarded Sir Moses a baronetcy. What pleased him most was that it was officially stated that the honor was given him because of his position among his coreligionists. The queen added that she hoped the distinction might aid his "truly benevolent efforts to improve the social condition of the Jews in other countries."

The Englishman's fame reached across the seas. When

Judah Touro of New Orleans died he bequeathed in his will what was an astounding sum in those days, fifty thousand dollars, for the Jews of Palestine. The North American Relief Society for the Jews of Jerusalem not only asked Sir Moses to spend as he thought best the money they had collected, but requested him to serve as one of Mr. Touro's executors.

Again Sir Moses journeyed eastward. When he reached Constantinople the sultan of Turkey granted him an audience. His royal favor made it possible for the Jews to buy some land in Palestine. So several agricultural colonies were established near Tiberias, Safed, and Jaffa.

On this visit Sir Moses finally persuaded the rabbinical leaders in Jerusalem, who did not believe in education for girls, to give their consent to a girls' school there. And on his next visit to the Holy Land he was able to begin work on the Judah Touro model homes for Jewish settlers who divided their time between studying the Torah and working at the newly-established industries such as weaving and other handicrafts.

Although the philanthropist was now over seventy, he was still blessed with strength and energy to serve not only his own people but others who needed his assistance. When Christians were massacred in Syria by the Moslems, he was among the first to suggest forming a committee for their relief. Because he knew conditions in the Near East better than many other European leaders, he soon became most influential in this work. When he sent money to aid the starving Jews of Persia, he requested that half of the sum should be divided among poor Christians and Mohammedans. Later, after an arduous and perilous trek of over a hundred miles over the Atlas Mountains and across the desert to Morocco City, he wrote in his journal:

"I hope that by divine blessing I have been of some use to my fellow creatures, both Jews and Christians, and, I believe I may add, Moors. I believe that my dear Judith would have

approved my conduct, and sure am I, if it had pleased an all-wise Providence to have spared her, she would have shared my fatigue and dangers."

He thought, as he wrote, how his wife had cheered and comforted him in his travels, until, a few years ago, she had set out on her last long journey alone. How she had studied Hebrew and even Arabic; how she had graciously adapted herself to strange customs and had won all hearts with her modesty and gentleness. Now she slept in the mausoleum on the Ramsgate estate which they had together designed after the model of Rachel's Tomb on the road to Jerusalem. Her husband missed her sorely, but the many labors of love, which she would have encouraged him to take upon himself even in his extreme old age, made his loneliness easier to bear.

In 1875, Sir Moses made his last journey to Palestine. He had made his first visit to Palestine in the strength and vigor of his manhood; now his head was white with the snows of over ninety winters, and his broad shoulders drooped wearily. At Jaffa Gate he was forced to leave his carriage, as the streets of old Jerusalem were much too narrow for him to drive further. As he had not wished a public reception, he had requested that no preparations be made for his arrival, and no sedan chair waited to carry the patriarch to his dwelling. He admits it was "a rather difficult and painful task" to walk to the apartment where he rested until he felt strong enough to receive the grateful Jews who begged him to visit him.

The old man rejoiced to see the many improvements which the years had brought to the long-neglected country. An orange orchard he had purchased twenty years before was now flourishing; men were at work on a printing-press he had given them; the three Jews he had sent to England to learn modern methods in weaving were now supporting their families by their trade. He showed his heartfelt interest in a dozen ways. He wondered whether the dispensary he had founded in Jerusalem was large enough to care for the sick poor; he

worried what payment to set for the use of the windmill which he had sent English workmen to erect.

Back in Ramsgate again, he waited for the sunset, not in idle, well-deserved leisure, but still laboring with all his waning strength for the good of his people. He dictated replies to appeals which came to him from every corner of the world. He directed his many charitable interests; he used the power of his well-known name by appealing directly to prominent statesmen, whenever there was Jewish persecution or discrimination.

Now in 1884 came his hundredth birthday. From Kansas a group of refugee Jews, who had named their farm colony after their benefactor, sent him congratulations—and products of the soil they could at last cultivate in peace and safety. A group of East European Jews chose this date for an international meeting of the Lovers of Zion, stalwart intellectuals, who were pledged to further colonization in Palestine. Greetings came from Jews huddled in Polish and Roumanian ghettos, who, as they sat down to their scanty suppers, raised their eyes to the picture of their distant champion. While in synagogues not only in Europe, but in America, Asia, and Africa, special prayers were offered for the patriarch who had served his God and his brother-man so long and faithfully.

The town of Ramsgate and its harbor were illuminated and bonfires lighted in honor of its most distinguished citizen. There was a procession and Sir Moses' fellow citizens, who lined the sidewalks, cheered when they saw the old-fashioned carriage in which he had traveled so far in stage-coach days. And, of course, there was a special service in the synagogue attended by many well-wishers from London.

Sir Moses was not strong enough to attend either the celebrations or the synagogue services. Clad in a purple silk dressing gown, resting on a sofa and supported with pillows, he received his relatives and a few close friends. The sunshine which streamed through the bay windows fell upon is noble

white head and closely-cut snow-white beard. On the walls the visitors noted many scenes in the Holy Land, pictures of the royal family, and a beautiful portrait of Queen Victoria.

The company grew suddenly silent after the announcement that Sir Moses would share with them a telegram he had just received from his sovereign. The paper trembled in his blue-veined hands; but his voice was surprisingly firm as he read:

"I wish to renew my sincere congratulations to you on the day which marks your completion of a century of loyalty and philanthropy."

The old man nodded toward the marble-topped little table which stood beside his couch. One of his nephews lifted the flagon and poured a glass of wine for him.

"Thank you," murmured Sir Moses. He looked toward the picture of his friend and raised his glass in a courtly toast.

"The queen, God bless her!" said Moses Montefiore.

Napoleon Bonaparte

1769-1821

The island of Corsica had been coming through troubled times, and there was still a feeling of war in the air on the 15th of August 1769, when the little Napoleon was born at Ajaccio.

The stars looked down on many a ruined home, on many a battle-field only now beginning to show itself green instead of red, and they looked down too upon the little child, in whose tiny helpless hands were the threads of fate that were to lead to many a wider battlefield, dyed with even a deeper red.

Charles Bonaparte, the father of the little Napoleon, had fought well for the liberty of his country, and it was only when he saw that the struggle was a hopeless one that he laid down his arms and accepted the French as rulers of Corsica. He was a handsome, courtly man and belonged to the old nobility, and his wife Letizia was of noble family also. She was indeed well fitted to be the wife of a soldier and the mother of one of the greatest leaders of men the world has ever known.

No hardships kept Letizia from following her husband through all the wars of that unhappy time, and when the last battle was fought and lost, she escaped with him, and carrying the eldest boy Joseph in her arms, struggled through brush-wood and open country, waded through rivers and climbed hills, until they reached a safe place of refuge, always cheerful

and uncomplaining. It was but a short time after those weary days that her second son, Napoleon, was born. Madame Mire, as she was called, loved her children with all her heart, and Napoleon's love for his mother was one of the beautiful things in his life, but she was extremely severe and brought her sons up most strictly. Many a sound whipping did she give them, and Napoleon especially received even more than his share at her hands. Joseph was a quiet kindly child, and both he and little Lucien were easily managed, but Napoleon was always a disturber of the peace, always wanting his own way and ready to fight for it, caring not a jot whether the person he fought with was thrice his size and double his age.

With such a child as this, Madame Mire had naturally no idea of sparing the rod. Even when Napoleon was almost grown up she whipped him soundly one day. He had called his grandmother "an old witch," which had made his mother very angry, and knowing he would be punished for it, he kept out of her way all day. But there was no escape, for in the evening when he was dressing for dinner, she quietly came into his room, and the thrashing she gave him was none the lighter for being so long delayed.

In the large bare room, with its whitewashed walls, which was set apart for the children's playroom, Napoleon played his own purposeful games by himself, and seldom would join his brothers. He was the true son of a soldier, and loved to march up and down beating his drum or charging with his wooden sabre. The walls were covered with his drawings of soldiers, ranged in battle array, and woe betide anyone who scribbled over them.

This warlike spirit might ill have suited the gentle nuns who were Napoleon's first teachers, but the child was as much interested in his games and was a great favourite with his teachers. "The little mathematician" was what they called him, as they soon discovered he had a genius for numbers.

Napoleon had little idea what a mathematician meant.

The nuns might call him that if they liked, but he himself knew very well that he was going to be a soldier and nothing else. Already he began to prepare himself, and every morning when he started for school he changed his piece of white bread, which was given him for lunch, for a piece of coarse brown bread, which was what the soldiers ate.

"I must grow accustomed to soldiers' fare," he said very wisely.

As he grew older the big playroom became too noisy a place for work, and so a little shed was built for him behind the house where he could learn his lessons and work out his sums in peace. All else was forgotten as he made his calculations and thought his big thoughts, and he would walk about with his head in the clouds and his stockings hanging over his heels, while the other children mocked at him for his foolishness and untidiness. But their jeers made not the slightest impression upon him, only if he was once roused to anger they quickly repented of their mirth.

Fear was something which was quite unknown to Napoleon, and when he was only eight years old he mounted a young spirited horse and rode off before anyone could prevent him, to the dismay of the whole family, who never expected to see him alive again. But he thoroughly enjoyed his ride, and when he pulled up at a distant farm he quickly made friends with the farmer, and before he left begged to be allowed to go over the mill. He examined each part of the machinery and then asked:

"How much corn can the mill grind in an hour?"

The miller told him. and Napoleon considered for a moment and then calculated exactly how much it would grind in a day and in a week.

"If that child lives." said the farmer when he took him back to his mother, "he will make a mark in the world."

For a short time Joseph and Napoleon went together to a school kept by the Abbé Recco, and there lessons were

arranged on a plan that entirely suited Napoleon's tastes. The boys sat on forms, facing each other, in two companies, the one called Romans and the other Carthaginians. On the wall above were hung warlike trophies, wooden swords and shields, banners and battle-axes, and these were carried off as spoils of war by the form that excelled in their lessons.

Joseph being the elder was put in the Roman form, and Napoleon was obliged to be a Carthaginian, which did not please him at all. He wished to be a Roman and as usual he got his own way, persuading his good-natured brother to change with him. After that the Carthaginians had a very hard struggle to keep their shields and weapons, for the young Roman swept everything before him and was satisfied with nothing short of complete victory.

When Napoleon was nine and Joseph ten, their father decided that the one should be a priest and the other a soldier, and having a good deal of interest with Marbœuf, the French Governor of Corsica, it was no difficult matter to arrange that Napoleon should enter one of the Royal Military Schools of France, and that Joseph should be trained at the College of Autun.

So Charles Bonaparte and his two boys left Ajaccio in the winter of 1778, just before Christmas, and journeyed to France, where the boys were both left at Autun under the care of the Abbé de Chardon, as it was necessary that Napoleon should learn French before he entered the Military School.

Those were unhappy days for Napoleon, though worse were yet to come, when he should be parted from Joseph and be utterly alone, a stranger in a strange land. He missed his home, his own room, his garden, and above all the sunshine of his beloved Corsica. French was a foreign tongue to him so he talked but little, and he was only driven to speech when anyone mentioned Corsica, and then he fired up and declared that the French would never have conquered his island had

they not been ten to one.

No one cared very much for the gloomy, silent boy, with his foreign tongue, his olive complexion and piercing eyes, and the big forehead that could look so lowering. The boys were half afraid of him, he had such a passionate temper and did not seem to care to make friends. He had no difficulty with his lessons, for he was extremely quick and never needed to be told anything twice over. When his master taught some new fact, Napoleon listened with eyes and mouth open, but when the same fact was repeated he paid no attention whatever.

"You are not attending," his master said sharply one day.

"Sir," replied Napoleon, "I know that already."

When the time came for him to say good-bye to his brother and start for the Military School, Joseph burst into tears at the parting, but Napoleon never lost his self-control. Only one big tear squeezed its way out, and ran slowly down his cheek, and that he brushed hastily away. One of the masters who was standing near, watching the brothers, turned and laid his hand on Joseph's arm.

"Your brother has shed only one tear," he said, "but that shows his sorrow at leaving you as much as all yours."

The Royal Military School at Brienne to which Napoleon was sent had been originally a monastery, and was now kept by monks of the order of the Minims. About fifty boys of the poor nobility were educated there at the King's expense, and about the same number were received as ordinary pupils. Napoleon's poverty being as easy to prove as his nobility, he was entered as one of the King's scholars.

The boys had each a separate room, or cell, in which was a water-jug and basin, and a bed with one blanket for covering. In these cells they were locked up at nights, and their days were spent in the classrooms or gardens. They never went home for their holidays, and never left school from the day they entered until their school-days came to an end. Until

they were twelve years old their hair was kept short, but after that it was allowed to grow into a pigtail, although powder was only allowed on Sundays and saints' days.

Napoleon, though he was short, had broad shoulders and carried himself well, and he must have looked very soldierly in the school uniform—a blue coat with red facings and white metal buttons engraved with the arms of the college, blue waistcoat faced with white, and breeches also of blue.

For a long time he was no more a favourite here than he had been at Autun, and he lived a lonely life, going about with a sullen, gloomy look and forbidding air. Like all the other boys he had a garden of his own, but Napoleon's garden was never gay with flowers or open to the playing of games. The first thing he did was to fence it round with a palisade, and then to plant trees in it, so that he could hide himself and be alone, dreaming his dreams and reading his books. If anyone ever ventured inside that palisade, he seldom cared to do so twice.

Lonely and homesick, Napoleon's great comfort was in his books, and he loved to read the stories of great men, and plan how he also would some day climb the ladder of fame. He read and re-read Plutarch's Lives, and that was his favourite book of all. The boys laughed at his foreign name and curious ways, and called him "the Spartan," but it was little Napoleon cared for their jeers. Some day he would make them respect the name he bore. He had no great affection for his masters, any more than for the boys, but he had a wonderful memory for any kindness shown to him and a very grateful heart, and this was shown in after years when his hands were full of golden favours and he gave freely to all those people of Brienne. To the priest who had prepared him for his first communion he gave a pension and wrote a very grateful letter.

"I have not forgotten that it is to your virtuous example, and to your wise precepts that I owe the high position that I have reached," he wrote. "Without religion, no happiness, no

success is possible. I recommend myself to your prayers."

But whether he went on his way alone, or was occasionally helped and encouraged by his masters, it made but little difference to Napoleon during those school-days, for his whole heart was full of the one idea of being a soldier, and learning all that a soldier should know. Mathematics, history, and geography he loved, but Latin he never would learn. It could never be of any use to a soldier, he said.

The unfriendly feeling between Napoleon and his companions grew stronger and stronger until at last a climax was reached. The school had been divided into companies of cadets, with a commander at the head of each company, and the command of one of these companies was given to Napoleon. The other commanders, on learning this, were determined it should not be allowed, so they held a court-martial and agreed that Napoleon should be degraded from his rank as he was not fit to command comrades with whom he refused to be friends.

The sentence was read with all due military solemnity to Napoleon, and the boys expected a terrific attack of temper, but instead the little degraded officer bore himself with such humble dignity and submitted so patiently that the boys liked him better than they had ever done before, and gradually he became a great favourite.

That winter was a very severe one, and the boys' respect and admiration for Napoleon grew stronger when he built for them a splendid snow fortress which was a perfect marvel of skill and strength. He organised the defence and attack, drilled his soldiers and encouraged the enemy. The solitary sullen boy was like a different being, and became the hero of the hour. His will was law, and he could do as he liked with his schoolboy army. So famous was that snow fortress that the people from the village and the country round about came to see it and to watch the fight and advise the young commander.

Into Napoleon's heart had come the joy of knowing that he could make others feel his will, and sway them as he would.

It was the first faint gleam from the dawning star of his fortunes which was to rise higher and higher until it shone with a brilliance such as the world has seldom seen.

It was his first victory, a happy innocent triumph, and it was his first battle-field, but the field was white.

Parsee Sorab

Two Lives Nobly Lived

1823-1894 (Asia-India)

Young Sorab, the Parsee, was proud of his place at the head of his class. Then, one evening, a Hindu master gave him the wrong lesson to do, called on him the next day, and sent him to the foot. Furious at this injustice Sorab knocked off the man's turban.

George Valentine, the English headmaster of this school in Bombay, asked how it had happened, sympathized with the boy, and then read a passage from the Book that he lived by, "Love your enemies. Pray for your persecutors; do good to them that hate you." And the lesson stuck.

At 17 Sorab had made his choice; he wanted to live by the same Book as the wisest man he knew, the headmaster.

When the Parsees heard this they mobbed the school, seized Sorab, and dragged him off to a ship bound for China. An English magistrate intervened and sheltered the lad until the mob's anger had waned. Eventually he went back to the school, but his life was still threatened. He then went to Sircage, and was concealed by the English Commissioner in an underground palace, but the first time he dared to put his head above-ground he was attacked from behind, over-powered, and taken to gaol. A servant learned where he was, and his host, disguised as a gaoler, went at midnight and rescued him.

Hoping that the Parsees of Bombay would now have tired of the chase the lad went back to school. This time word came that his mother was dying, and at last he was captured, put into a rudderless boat without oar, sail, or provisions, and pushed out to sea.

Four days he floated, unconscious. He came to on land, and was succoured by some Portuguese fishermen.

It seemed now that Fate had decreed Sorab should live; the Parsees let him alone, and he was allowed to work in peace.

Sorab was helping to found an Industrial Village for rescued slave children at Nasik when he first saw Franscina, the sensitive, lovely girl Lady Ford had adopted and educated far in advance of most Indian girls. They looked at each other and fell in love. Both believed in the way of love and peace, both were courageous and loyal, both were used to clear thinking, and eager to carve out new ways for their people. They married, and for 40 years worked together for India.

At first they were poor, for Sorab, in forsaking his family's religion, was cut off from their fortune; but Franscina was good at everything. She could run a house, she could cut out and make clothes; she knew all the simple remedies for children's ailments, and as a teacher she was a genius. She taught her own children to read English before they were four, and took charge of the girls department in Sorab's village scheme.

Franscina shone during epidemics. Cholera broke out; the doctor was a day's journey away; medicines had been ordered but had not arrived. The people were dying of fright. "The best inoculation is fearlessness," said Franscina, going freely about dispensing coloured boiled water until the real medicines came. Fear, she knew, would be taking its toll in the villages. She dispatched Sorab to calm them with baskets of bread pills.

During famines Franscina would clear several rooms and verandahs, hang up string cots, and fill them with starving

orphans. This was all done without any fuss; the family grew used to it.

As these little ones grew up Franscina saw to it that they went to school and learned trades, and 20 years later strange men would meet her, salaam, tell their names, and say, "I was one of your boys after the famine of such-and-such a year."

When the plague came Franscina had her hands full trying to explain the danger from rats and the need for segregation, telling the humble fold that when soldiers came to dig up their earth floors it was for the sake of cleanliness and not to hunt for treasure; persuading the washmen that they must not hide their dead beneath piles of linen, and that it injured no one's chance of re-birth to be touched after death by a Christian. Above all she had to assure them that the inoculations did not contain a solution of Christianity. She had work, too, with the English Tommies detailed to do wholesale disinfections, persuading them not to treat the Hindu's household idols in the same way they treated the cooking pots, thus making Indians their enemies forever.

Sorab and Franscina longed to do some lasting work to improve understanding between Indians and the English. This could only come about through personal relations. They decided to found a school for boys and girls of all races and creeds. They began modestly with seven "mixed infants." This grew to be the Victoria High School of Poona, with 400 pupils, later moved to Bombay.

The bookish learning of this school, done in English, was not suitable for the children of the very poor, but Franscina could not bear that they should be left out. She established two free schools for them in their own dialects, and another was opened for Parsees.

By this time Sorab's Parsee relations had decided that, although a Christian, he was a good man after all. They organized a great welcome for him in the public square, and the oldest Parsee, chosen to do him honour by placing a wreath

round his neck, did so saying, "Suffer me thus far. On this spot, fifty years ago, it was I who cast stones." Thus the new faith was vindicated.

It was vindicated again in Sorab and Franscina's seven daughters and one son, all brought up to serve India as teachers, lawyers, writers, doctors. When the father died those who were with him said there was a light on his face as when the westering Sun catches some rugged mountain peak; and so great was their love for him that it seemed to them that outside the birds ceased to sing and the hum of insects died away.

Franscina saw that her schools had good endowments, and that they were well run; then she went back to Nasik, where she had first seen her Sorab, and spent her twilight years being fairy godmother to the boys and girls of the Industrial Village he had founded. She passed away in 1910.

Two lives more nobly lived it would be hard to find in modern Asia. And their children carry on.

Patrick

432 – 461 A.D. (In Ireland)

You all know when St. Patrick's Day comes in March, and for whom it was named. But did you ever know that he was a missionary to Ireland? When you look him up in history — where you really can find him, though some folk think he never actually lived, you will find him called just plain Patrick; but he was a good man, which was the principal thing.

Patrick, born late in the fourth century, in South, west England, as good authorities agree, was the son of a deacon, probably in the Evangelical British Church, and grandson of a presbyter, thus having Christian training.

When this boy was about sixteen, some wild Irish raiders came that way, plundering as they went, and took him as a slave, carrying him away to what is now known as Connaught. And a hard time he had of it as a swineherd, or keeper of pigs, for six long years.

But while in this sad condition of slavery, the youth began to think earnestly of his heavenly Father, and began to pray to Him. He often stole out before daylight to seek Him. At last he managed to escape from captivity, and found his way, in the midst of dangers, to the coast, where he found a vessel ready to sail. The crew was made up of heathen, and Patrick had a hard time to coax them to take him along. At last he succeeded, and always afterwards believed that it was in answer to his prayers to God. Part of the cargo consisted of

Irish hounds, and the dogs were very fierce and hard to manage. Patrick seemed to have a great knack in handling animals, and the sailors were more reconciled to having him on board when they saw how well he could manage the cross dogs.

Three days of sailing brought the ship to France, but though Patrick wished to be rid of his present company, who were not pleasant companions, they did not seem to be in a hurry to part with him. Perhaps they wanted him to help with the dogs. At all events, they avoided the towns, and did not allow him to land very soon. By and by the young man found a quiet home in a little island in the Mediterranean Sea. It was a number of years before he got back to his English home.

Then he had a very wonderful dream, much like that which Missionary Paul had at Troas, when he saw that Macedonian who cried, "Come over and help us." It seemed to Patrick that a messenger stood by him, bringing letters from Ireland, containing a summons to that country where he had once been a slave, there to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was very sure that this was God's call to him to be a missionary, and was very anxious to obey. He went to France to study, and to enlist friends who would help him to go. He did not have an easy time of it, and it was fourteen years before he was finally sent to Ireland as a missionary. He seems to have begun his work there as a bishop.

From this time, for about twenty-nine years, till his death, March 17, 461, Patrick laboured in Ireland, except for one journey to Eome. He did many things, but gave most of his time to preaching to the heathen. From all that can be learned about him, he was a rare Christian, anxious to serve Jesus Christ, and full of enthusiasm. He carried the Gospel much farther than the power of Rome extended in Britain. He founded monasteries from which, later, others went, like Columba, as missionaries to western Scotland, northern England, to Italy and Germany, and even to far-off Iceland.

When Patrick died, he was buried in the county of Down. His was a long and busy life, and after what he considered God's call, he never wavered in the belief that he was set apart to missionary work, nor in his earnest labours. A great many stories have been made up about this man that are like fairy tales, so that it is hard to believe that he was a real man. But there is enough history to prove that he was a real man and a missionary, and that he did a great deal of good in a time when heathenism and superstition placed many hindrances in the way of the work. Remember the truth about him, when next St. Patrick's Day comes round.

> The above facts have been culled from a fuller history of Patrick in the book, "Great Men of the Christian Church," by Williston Walker, professor in Yale University, published 1908.

Patrick Manson

1844 – 1922 (Asia-China)

Nature lighted on this medical student from Aberdeen University to bestow her unaccountable gift of wisdom.

He had other gifts, intuition and untiring industry, and the intelligent curiosity of all discoverers. Others have these gifts, and yet fail to do what he did; but with his first great gift neither absence of means nor the necessity of working hard to make a living could keep him from finding the key and fitting it into the lock to open one of Nature's secrets. He was the man who was chosen to show that the presence of common blood-sucking insect is essential in maintaining and disseminating a widespread parasitic disease.

Others had guessed at the part played by insects in spreading diseases; he was the first to prove that it was not a speculation but a reality from which it was impossible to escape.

Without him the problem, so indispensable to scientific knowledge and so abundant in its practical application to human welfare, might have remained unsolved. He set the human race on the path of eliminating from their midst some of the most fell diseases which attack them. Malaria, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, plague, and typhus are among them.

It will be seen that most of these are tropical diseases. The tropical disease first attacked by Manson is not among them, and it is of rarer occurrence than the rest, though not less dreadful in some of its manifestations. The young medical

student went out while he was a young man to follow medicine in the Far East, and that was not only because it offered him a means of livelihood but because the study of tropical diseases had a rare fascination for him. He went first to Formosa and then to China, where he stopped for something like 18 years.

In China, though he was a busy and hard-worked doctor, he made time to pursue his life interest in the causation' of disease. The particular disease that attracted his observation, because so many of his patients suffered from it, was elephantiasis.

When he came home on leave in 1874 he found that another scientific man, Lewis, had found filaria, or tiny wavy thread-like bodies made visible by the microscope, in the blood of patients suffering from the disease. Manson examined the blood of no fewer than a thousand Chinese. He found, as Bancroft of Brisbane had done, that these thread-like bodies escaped from more complete parasites that infected the organs of sufferers, but by themselves the threads developed no further. Other observers had therefore concluded that they were mere accessories of no importance. Not so Manson.

That gift of wisdom prompted him to take another view. He believed that they were important. He judged that they did develop, and that, therefore, their development must take place outside the body where they were found. Where? It must be in the body of some insect that took them in. The insect was the mosquito.

He was confirmed in his view because he found that these microscopic threads, though in the daytime confined to the lungs and the great blood-vessels, flocked after sunset toward the skin. It is after sunset that the mosquitoes mostly attack human beings. It is then that they take the thread-like embryos into their own bodies and there permit them to develop into the fully equipped and deadly parasite. With the

help of a Chinese, one of those unknown heroes whose names generally go unrecorded, he tested his theory.

The Chinese consented to be infected by mosquitoes that had attacked persons suffering from elephantiasis. In his turn the Chinese developed the disease. The case was proved. It was discovered that the threads sucked into the mosquito's body there underwent changes of growth and thus were set on their course for infecting other human beings.

This was the beginning of a new era in tropical medicine.

When Patrick Manson left China in the last years of the 19th century the causes of malaria were much under discussion. The parasite of malaria had been discovered by a French army surgeon named Laveran in 1880. But there had been a long pause in further progress. From the parasites filaments were known to escape into the blood, but they were thought by most investigators to play no further part in the disease.

Manson, with the extensive knowledge gained from his studies of elephantiasis, was certain that they must have some vital meaning. They were not produced till the blood was shed, and therefore their destiny was outside. Like the other thread-like bodies that he had studied they must be nursed by mosquitoes.

This was Manson's mosquito malaria theory. He communicated it to Ronald Ross, who sought his advice, and it inspired and guided Ross in his wonderful discovery of the cycle of the development of the malarial parasite in the spotted-winged mosquito. It led to the solution of the malarial problem, and it was Ross himself who said afterwards that had it not been for Manson's first discovery that problem would always remain unsolved.

The task accomplished, the secret found, it might almost seem that Nature was satisfied with her assistant, and had no further task for him to do. But that view is not fair to Manson's continued industry, enthusiasm, and influence. He settled in London and became attached to the Seamen's

Hospital, where there were many cases of tropical disease; and after occupying the post of medical adviser to the Colonial Office he was made head of the London School of Tropical Medicine.

The foundation of such a school had always been his dearest wish, and as its director he was well content. There for a number of years his sage and benign influence made itself felt among hundreds of students and medical men.

In the words of one who studied under him, he radiated rather than imparted wisdom and inspiration.

His portrait is on the wall, a recognition that he was the father of tropical medicine. Such a title is rightly his, for, though men had speculated before on the possibility or the probability that insects conveyed and spread disease, none before him had followed out what the particular organism was and what the insect did. He was the first to discover the connected series of facts and to record them without ambiguity or possibility of error.