

Stories of Great Humanitarians and Missionaries

GREAT LIVES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Selected Authors

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Stories of Great Humanitarians and Missionaries

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Compiled From:

The Book of Missionary Heroes, by Basil Mathews, New York: George H. Doran Company, (1922).

Stories of Success, by James Cobb, London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, (1912).

An American Book of Golden Deeds, by James Baldwin, New York: American Book Company, (1907).

For the Children's Hour, Book 3, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, Springfield,Mass.: Milton Bradley Company, (1918).

Book II Heroes in History, by Cicely Binyon, England: Oxford University Press, (1917).

When Great Folks Were Little Folks, by Dorothy Calhoun, New York: The MacMillan Company, (1913).

More Than Conquerors, by Ariadne Gilbert, New York: The Century Co., (1906).

Roll Call of Honour, by A.T. Quiller-Couch, London: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Heroines of Service, by Mary Parkman, New York: The Century Co. (1921).

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522
Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email support@librariesofhope.com

Printed in the United States of America

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Prologue

The Relay-Race

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

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

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

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

and Delphi, from Athens and the villages on the slopes of Hymettus and even from Sparta.

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

The athletes wrestled. They boxed with iron-studded leather straps over their knuckles. They fought lions brought across the Mediterranean (the Great Sea as they called it) from Africa, and tigers carried up the Khyber Pass across Persia from India. They flung spears, threw quoits and ran foot-races. Amid the wild cheering of thirty thousand throats the charioteers drove their frenzied horses, lathered with foam, around the roaring stadium.

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

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

At the word "Go" the men at the starting point leapt forward, their torches burning. They ran at top speed towards the waiting men and then gasping for breath, each passed his torch to his comrade in the next row. He, in turn, seizing the flaming torch, leapt forward and dashed

along the course toward the next relay, who again raced on and on till at last one man dashed past the winning post with his torch burning ahead of all the others, amid the applauding cheers of the multitude.

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

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

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

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

"Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water

Pass I in patience till the work be done."

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

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

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

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

The Government officer shouts his challenge:

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

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

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

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

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

John Williams, who, in his own words, could "never be content with the limits of a single reef," built with his own hands and almost without any tools on a cannibal island the wonderful little ship *The Messenger of Peace* in which

he sailed many thousands of miles from island to island across the Pacific Ocean.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The great heroes and heroines whose story is told in this book have run across the centuries over the world to us. Some of them are alive to-day, as heroic as those who have gone. But all of them say the same thing to us of the new world who are coming after them:

"Take the torch."

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

"I have run my course."

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

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

The Hero of the Long Trail
St. Paul
(Dates, b. A.D. 6, *d.* A.D. 67*)*

The Three Comrades.

The purple shadows of three men moved ahead of them on the tawny stones of the Roman road on the high plateau of Asia Minor one bright, fresh morning. They had just come out under the arched gateway through the thick walls of the Roman city of Antioch-in-Pisidia. The great aqueduct of stone that brought the water to the city from the mountains on their right looked like a string of giant camels turned to stone.

Of the three men, one was little more than a boy. He had the oval face of his Greek father and the glossy dark hair of his Jewish mother. The older men, whose long tunics were caught up under their girdles to give their legs free play in walking, were brown, grizzled, sturdy travellers. They had walked a hundred leagues together from the hot plains of Syria, through the snow-swept passes of the Taurus mountains, and over the sun-scorched levels of the high plateau. Their muscles were as tireless as whipcord. Their courage had not quailed before robber or blizzard, the night yells of the hyena or the stones of angry mobs.

For the youth this was his first adventure out into the glorious, unknown world. He was on the open road with

the glow of the sun on his cheek and the sting of the breeze in his face; a strong staff in his hand; with his wallet stuffed with food—cheese, olives, and some flat slabs of bread; and by his side his own great hero, Paul. Their sandals rang on the stone pavement of the road which ran straight as a strung bowline from the city, Antioch-in-Pisidia, away to the west. The boy carried over his shoulder the cloak of Paul, and carried that cloak as though it had been the royal purple garment of the Roman Emperor himself instead of the worn, faded, travel-stained cloak of a wandering tent-maker.

The two older men, whose names were Paul the Tarsian and Silas, had trudged six hundred miles. Their younger companion, whose name was "Fear God," or Timothy as we say, with his Greek fondness for perfect athletic fitness of the body, proudly felt the taut, wiry muscles working under his skin.

On they walked for day after day, from dawn when the sun rose behind them to the hour when the sun glowed over the hills in their faces. They turned northwest and at last dropped down from the highlands of this plateau of Asia Minor, through a long broad valley, until they looked down across the Plain of Troy to the bluest sea in the world.

Timothy's eyes opened with astonishment as he looked down on such a city as he had never seen—the great Roman seaport of Troy. The marble Stadium, where

the chariots raced and the gladiators fought, gleamed in the afternoon light.

The three companions could not stop long to gaze. They swung easily down the hill-sides and across the plain into Troy, where they took lodgings.

They had not been in Troy long when they met a doctor named Luke. We do not know whether one of them was ill and the doctor helped him; we do not know whether Doctor Luke (who was a Greek) worshipped, when he met them, Æsculapius, the god of healing of the Greek people. The doctor did not live in Troy, but was himself a visitor.

"I live across the sea," Luke told his three friends—Paul, Silas and Timothy—stretching his hand out towards the north. "I live," he would say proudly, "in the greatest city of all Macedonia—Philippi. It is called after the great ruler Philip of Macedonia."

Then Paul in his turn would be sure to tell Doctor Luke what it was that had brought him across a thousand miles of plain and mountain pass, hill and valley, to Troy. This is how he would tell the story in such words as he used again and again:

"I used to think," he said, "that I ought to do many things to oppose the name of Jesus of Nazareth. I had many of His disciples put into prison and even voted for their being put to death. I became so exceedingly mad against them that I even pursued them to foreign cities.

"Then as I was journeying to Damascus, with the authority of the chief priests themselves, at mid-day I saw on the way a light from the sky, brighter than the blaze of the sun, shining round about me and my companions. And, as we were all fallen on to the road, I heard a voice saying to me:

"'Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? It is hard for you to kick against the goad.'

"And I said, 'Who are you, Lord?'

"The answer came: 'I am Jesus, whom you persecute.'"

Then Paul went on:

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but I told those in Damascus and in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, aye! and the foreign nations also, that they should repent and turn to God.

"Later on," said Paul, "I fell into a trance, and Jesus came again to me and said, 'Go, I will send you afar to the Nations.' That (Paul would say to Luke) is why I walk among perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in labour and work; in hunger and thirst and cold, to tell people everywhere of the love of God shown in Jesus Christ."

The Call to Cross the Sea.

One night, after one of these talks, as Paul was asleep in Troy, he seemed to see a figure standing by him. Surely

it was the dream-figure of Luke, the doctor from Macedonia, holding out his hands and pleading with Paul, saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Now neither Paul nor Silas nor Timothy had ever been across the sea into the land that we now call Europe. But in the morning, when Paul told his companions about the dream that he had had, they all agreed that God had called them to go and deliver the good news of the Kingdom to the people in Luke's city of Philippi and in the other cities of Macedonia.

So they went down into the busy harbour of Troy, where the singing sailor-men were bumping bales of goods from the backs of camels into the holds of the ships, and they took a passage in a little coasting ship. She hove anchor and was rowed out through the entrance between the ends of the granite piers of the harbour. The seamen hoisting the sails, the little ship went gaily out into the Ægean Sea.

All day they ran before the breeze and at night anchored under the lee of an island. At dawn they sailed northward again with a good wind, till they saw land. Behind the coast on high ground the columns of a temple glowed in the sunlight. They ran into a spacious bay and anchored in the harbour of a new city—Neapolis as it was called—the port of Philippi.

Landing from the little ship, Paul, Silas, Timothy and Luke climbed from the harbour by a glen to the crest of

the hill, and then on, for three or four hours of hard walking, till their sandals rang on the pavement under the marble arch of the gate through the wall of Philippi.

Flogging and Prison.

As Paul and his friends walked about in the city they talked with people; for instance, with a woman called Lydia, who also had come across the sea from Asia Minor where she was born. She and her children and slaves all became Christians. So the men and women of Philippi soon began to talk about these strange teachers from the East. One day Paul and Silas met a slave girl dressed in a flowing, coloured tunic. She was a fortune-teller, who earned money for her masters by looking at people and trying to see at a glance what they were like so that she might tell their fortunes. The fortune-telling girl saw Paul and Silas going along, and she stopped and called out loud so that everyone who went by might hear: "These men are the slaves of the Most High God. They tell you the way of Salvation."

The people stood and gaped with astonishment, and still the girl called out the same thing, until a crowd began to come round. Then Paul turned round and with sternness in his voice spoke to the evil spirit in the girl and said: "In the Name of Jesus Christ, I order you out of her."

From that day the girl lost her power to tell people's fortunes, so that the money that used to come to her

masters stopped flowing. They were very angry and stirred up everybody to attack Paul and Silas. A mob collected and searched through the streets until they found them. Then they clutched hold of their arms and robes, shouting: "To the prætors! To the prætors!" The prætors were great officials who sat in marble chairs in the Forum, the central square of the city.

The masters of the slave girl dragged Paul and Silas along. At their heels came the shouting mob and when they came in front of the prætors, the men cried out:

"See these fellows! Jews as they are, they are upsetting everything in the city. They tell people to take up customs that are against the Law for us as Romans to accept."

"Yes! Yes!" yelled the crowd. "Flog them! Flog them!"

The prætors, without asking Paul or Silas a single question as to whether this was true, or allowing them to make any defence, were fussily eager to show their Roman patriotism. Standing up they gave their orders:

"Strip them, flog them."

The slaves of the prætors seized Paul and Silas and took their robes from their backs. They were tied by their hands to the whipping-post. The crowd gathered round to see the foreigners thrashed.

The lictors—that is the soldier-servants of the prætors—untied their bundles of rods. Then each lictor

brought down his rod with cruel strokes on Paul and Silas. The rods cut into the flesh and the blood flowed down.

Then their robes were thrown over their shoulders, and the two men, with their tortured backs bleeding, were led into the black darkness of the cell of the city prison; shackles were snapped on to their arms, and their feet were clapped into stocks. Their bodies ached; the other prisoners groaned and cursed; the filthy place stank; sleep was impossible.

But Paul and Silas did not groan. They sang the songs of their own people, such as the verses that Paul had learned—as all Jewish children did—when he was a boy at school. For instance—

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do
change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart
of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling
thereof.

As they sang there came a noise as though the mountains really were shaking. The ground rocked; the walls shook; the chains were loosened from the stones; the stocks were wrenched apart; their hands and feet were free; the heavy doors crashed open. It was an earthquake.

The jailor leapt to the entrance of the prison. The moonlight shone on his sword as he was about to kill himself, thinking his prisoners had escaped.

"Do not harm yourself," shouted Paul. "We are all here."

"Torches! Torches!" yelled the jailor.

The jailor, like all the people of his land, believed that earthquakes were sent by God. He thought he was lost. He turned to Paul and Silas who, he knew, were teachers about God.

"Sirs," he said, falling in fear on the ground, "what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," they replied, "and you and your household will all be saved."

The jailor's wife then brought some oil and water, and the jailor washed the poor wounded backs of Paul and Silas and rubbed healing oil into them.

The night was now passing and the sun began to rise. There was a tramp of feet. The lictors who had thrashed Paul and Silas marched to the door of the prison with an order to free them. The jailor was delighted.

"The prætors have sent to set you free," he said. "Come out then and go in peace."

He had the greatest surprise in his life when, instead of going, Paul turned and said:

"No, indeed! The prætors flogged us in public in the Forum and without a trial—flogged Roman citizens! They threw us publicly into prison, and now they are going to get rid of us secretly. Let the prætors come here themselves and take us out!"

Surely it was the boldest message ever sent to the powerful prætors. But Paul knew what he was doing, and when the Roman prætors heard the message they knew that he was right. They would be ruined if it were reported at Rome that they had publicly flogged Roman citizens without trial.

Their prisoner, Paul, was now their judge. They climbed down from their marble seats and walked on foot to the prison to plead with Paul and Silas to leave the prison and not to tell against them what had happened.

"Will you go away from the city?" they asked. "We are afraid of other riots."

So Paul and Silas consented. But they went to the house where Lydia lived—the home in which they had been staying in Philippi.

Paul cheered up the other Christian folk—Lydia and Luke and Timothy—and told them how the jailor and his wife and family had all become Christians.

"Keep the work of spreading the message here in Philippi going strongly," said Paul to Luke and Timothy. "Be cheerfully prepared for trouble." And then he and Silas, instead of going back to their own land, went out

together in the morning light of the early winter of A.D. 50, away along the Western road over the hills to face perils in other cities in order to carry the Good News to the people of the West.

The Trail of the Hero-Scout.

So Paul the dauntless pioneer set his brave face westwards, following the long trail across the Roman Empire—the hero-scout of Christ. Nothing could stop him—not scourgings nor stonings, prison nor robbers, blizzards nor sand-storms. He went on and on till at last, as a prisoner in Rome, he laid his head on the block of the executioner and was slain. These are the brave words that we hear from him as he came near to the end:

I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT;
I HAVE RUN MY COURSE;
I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.

Long years afterward, men who were Christians in Rome carried the story of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ across Europe to some savages in the North Sea Islands—called Britons. Paul handed the torch from the Near East to the people in Rome. They passed the torch on to the people of Britain—and from Britain many years later men sailed to build up the new great nation in America. So the torch has run from East to West, from that day to this, and from those people of long ago to us. But we owe this most of all to Paul, the first missionary, who gave his life to bring

the Good News from the lands of Syria and Judæa, where our Lord Jesus Christ lived and died and rose again.

The Little Poor Man
Brother Francis of Assisi

If we could have lived seven hundred years ago in Assisi, a little city of Italy, built on a mountain side, we would have known a boy, Francis Bernardino.

There was sunshine everywhere in Assisi. Above the brown tiled roofs of the tiny stone houses there were tall green cypress trees. Bright flowers bloomed at the windows, and in the squares of Assisi farmers sold leaf lined baskets of grapes and plums and figs.

Outside of Assisi the fields were yellow with grain and sweet with orange groves. In the shadow of the vines, great white oxen drew ploughs, and there were deep forests full of birds, and wild blossoms.

Francis loved the little walled town of Assisi; he loved, too, the country that lay outside, but there was so much to interest him at home that he did not often go farther than the gate of the city.

Piero Bernardino, the little boy's father, was a very wealthy merchant of Assisi. When he came home after buying his rich cloth and brocades it was like the homecoming of a prince. Francis and his mother, with crowds of the townsfolk of Assisi, waited for him at the gate. Piero would ride ahead, surrounded by soldiers, and next came the pack-horses loaded with the goods. There

was usually another troop of soldiers at the end of the procession.

As Francis followed his father to the great house where he lived, he thought how pleasant it was to be rich. He was happy to be known as the son of the wealthiest man in Assisi. Nothing seemed to him so good as to have more riches than the other boys with whom he played.

So Francis grew up, careless and gay and thoughtless. His friends were boys whose fathers were counts and dukes. They were vain, and proud of the palaces in which they lived. Francis' mother was sad as she heard him shouting and boasting as loudly as the others. But she thought, also: "No matter how careless and wild Francis is, he has a kind and loving heart."

And this was true, because he was always quick to be sorry for any one who was ill or in need.

The other boys jeered at Francis for this. When he would rather give his purse of gold to a beggar than use it to buy sweets and toys; and when he wrapped his own rich cloak about a man who had none, they laughed at him.

Then there was a war and Francis, grown older, went from Assisi to help fight the Perugian army. There he saw men terribly hurt and dying, and war seemed to him cruel instead of glorious. He was not afraid; he fought bravely. But he went home to Assisi with a strange, new desire in his heart.

One day in a little square of Assisi there was a strange sight. The same crowds that had watched the rich merchant come home with his wealth saw a barefooted figure, dressed in a long dust colored robe and wearing a rope knotted about the waist.

It was Francis, who had heard the Captain of his soul calling to him. He was going away from Assisi.

"Brother Francis, you must be poor, not rich," the voice had said to him. "You must no longer wear soft clothing and feast with princes. You must go through the lanes and city streets taking care of the sick, the helpless and the poor."

So Brother Francis started away without food, or money, or a home. But he was, all at once, happier than he had ever been in all his life. If he saw a poor little church being erected by the side of the road he wanted to help build it with stones that he brought in his own hands. Whoever he met with a heavy load, he helped with the burden. If anyone gave him food, he shared it with hungry children. Doing this, Brother Francis began to feel richer than he ever had in his father's house. The wind spoke to him and the birds sang in his ears. The silver leaves of the olive trees whispered stories to him, and wherever he went people loved him.

One by one, others followed Brother Francis. They lived as he lived. They wore dust colored robes and went barefooted. They worked as he did for the helpless and

those in pain. They were a company of Little Poor Men, and they gave service to whoever needed it, even when they had not a loaf of bread or a penny.

In those long ago days strange and wonderful things sometimes happened. Such things happened after a while to Brother Francis.

II.

In the little city of Gubbio, to which there is a wild mountain road, everyone was in terror of a huge, gray wolf. It ate the sheep and the goats. It killed the shepherds. No one dared to go outside of the city, for the wolf stayed close to the gates, and it had the strength of three men. Hunters were not able to kill the wolf. They often saw the great gray creature skulking through the dark, or a pile of bones that it had left. They never caught it, though, and night after night people lay in bed and trembled, hearing the soft pad of the wolf's feet coming nearer and nearer.

Then Brother Francis came to Gubbio. He horrified the city when he said that he would go out, alone, and meet the wolf.

They begged him not to, but he would not heed them. He went, as a soldier goes bravely to meet the enemy, out of the city gate and down the road to the wood where the wolf lurked.

There he met the wolf, loping swiftly along with his great jaws open.

But Brother Francis called:

"Come, Brother Wolf. Do no harm to me, or to any one."

The crowd that had followed Brother Francis saw the wolf come gently up and lie down like a lamb at Brother Francis' feet. Even the children could come close and listen as Brother Francis spoke to him:

"If you will stop killing men and beasts. Brother Wolf," he said, "and make peace with the city, we will forgive you all the harm that you have done. As long as you live, the people of Gubbio shall give you food so that you may never be hungry. Show me, Brother Wolf, that you promise to do no more harm."

Brother Francis held out his hand, and the wolf stood up and put his paw in it. Then Brother Francis turned back to the city, the wolf walking like a great pet dog at his side. After this Brother Wolf lived in the city, going peacefully from door to door for his food. He was well fed, no dogs were allowed to bark at him, and he kept his promise to Brother Francis until he died of old age.

There was another wonder in Brother Francis' life. People have liked to remember it, and paint beautiful pictures of Brother Francis with his little friends, the birds.

Brother Francis often stopped by the fields and along the roadsides to talk to the people. He told them stories and tried to make them understand how much happier the poor are than the rich. The birds seemed to want to listen, too. By hundreds they flew, perching on the trees and low branches, and even on the shoulders of Brother Francis' dust colored robe. Wherever Brother Francis went the birds flocked too.

Once he suddenly turned and said: "I am going to speak to my little brothers, the birds," and he did, telling them how the fields fed them, and the rivers gave them drink, and they were beautifully clothed in their coats of feathers with no thought or care on their part.

The birds had been twittering and singing when he began. As he spoke they were quiet and folded their wings and bent their heads. They understood what he said, and when he had finished they rose in the air and flew away, north, south, east and west, singing more sweetly than they had ever sung before. They were Little Poor Brothers of the air, flying to carry over all the earth the message of Brother Francis.

So Brother Francis lived all his life, poor, and giving comfort, and happy. Nothing was too small or too humble for him to try to help. Once he rescued a pair of doves from being sold in the market place. Once he came upon a frightened little hare that was caught in a trap.

"Come with me, Brother Hare," said Brother Francis, and the hare slipped out of the trap and ran to him, following him through the woods.

And Brother Francis nursed the poor, and was willing to touch lepers of whom everyone else was afraid.

During all these years Brother Francis had lived most of the time with only the sky for a roof and no bed but the grass. He had never been sorry for being poor, but he loved the mountains, and he thought when he looked at them, their shining tops bright with the sunset, that they were more beautiful than any palace in the world.

Someone must have read his thoughts. When Brother Francis was quite old and worn, a Count who loved him gave him a mountain.

It was a wild, beautiful mountain in Tuscany. The Little Poor Men climbed it until they found a level place, full of birds and flowers, and fit for Brother Francis to live. Then they cut great, sweet smelling branches of fir and cedar, and built huts, and when they were done they brought Brother Francis up.

The stories say that one morning very early the shepherds, just awake on the plains below Brother Francis' mountain, saw a great light. All the mountain was glorious with a rosy light. It looked as if it were on fire, and the light spread down the sides and filled the windows of the little houses where the peasants lived. It was too early

for the sunrise. Everyone was awakened and wondered very much about the light.

When it had faded and it was time for the sun to rise, they could see only the hut of Brother Francis on the mountain.

So his life shines down to us, a bright light through all the years.

Francis Cœur-De-Lion
(St. Francis of Assisi)
A.D. *1181-1226*
(Date of Incident, 1219)

I

The dark blue sky of an Italian night was studded with sparkling stars that seemed to be twinkling with laughter at the pranks of a lively group of gay young fellows as they came out from a house half-way up the steep street of the little city of Assisi.

As they strayed together down the street they sang the love-songs of their country and then a rich, strong voice rang out singing a song in French.

"That is Francis Bernardone," one neighbour would say to another, nodding his head, for Francis could sing, not only in his native Italian, but also in French.

"He lives like a prince; yet he is but the son of a cloth merchant,—rich though the merchant be."

So the neighbours, we are told, were always grumbling about Francis, the wild spendthrift. For young Francis dressed in silk and always in the latest fashion; he threw his pocket-money about with a free hand. He loved beautiful things. He was very sensitive. He would ride a long way round to avoid seeing the dreadful face of a poor

leper, and would hold his nose in his cloak as he passed the place where the lepers lived.

He was handsome in face, gallant in bearing, idle and careless; a jolly companion, with beautiful courtly manners. His dark chestnut hair curled over his smooth, rather small forehead. His black twinkling eyes looked out under level brows; his nose was straight and finely shaped.

When he laughed he showed even, white, closely set teeth between thin and sensitive lips. He wore a short, black beard. His arms were shortish; his fingers long and sensitive. He was lightly built; his skin was delicate.

He was witty, and his voice when he spoke was powerful and sonorous, yet sweet-toned and very clear.

For him to be the son of a merchant seemed to the gossips of Assisi all wrong—as though a grey goose had hatched out a gorgeous peacock.

The song of the revellers passed down the street and died away. The little city of Assisi slept in quietness on the slopes of the Apennine Mountains under the dark clear sky.

A few nights later, however, no song of any revellers was heard. Francis Bernardone was very ill with a fever. For week after week his mother nursed him; and each night hardly believed that her son would live to see the light of the next morning. When at last the fever left him, he was so feeble that for weeks he could not rise from his bed. Gradually, however, he got better: as he did so the

thing that he desired most of all in the world was to see the lovely country around Assisi;—the mountains, the Umbrian Plain beneath, the blue skies, the dainty flowers.

At last one day, with aching limbs and in great feebleness, he crept out of doors. There were the great Apennine Mountains on the side of which his city of Assisi was built. There were the grand rocky peaks pointing to the intense blue sky. There was the steep street with the houses built of stone of a strange, delicate pink colour, as though the light of dawn were always on them. There were the dark green olive trees, and the lovely tendrils of the vines. The gay Italian flowers were blooming.

Stretching away in the distance was one of the most beautiful landscapes of the world; the broad Umbrian Plain with its browns and greens melting in the distance into a bluish haze that softened the lines of the distant hills.

How he had looked forward to seeing it all, to being in the sunshine, to feeling the breeze on his hot brow! But what—he wondered—had happened to him? He looked at it all, but he felt no joy. It all seemed dead and empty. He turned his back on it and crawled indoors again, sad and sick at heart. He was sure that he would never feel again "the wild joys of living."

As Francis went back to his bed he began to think what he should do with the rest of his life. He made up his mind

not to waste it any longer: but he did not see clearly what he should do with it.

A short time after Francis begged a young nobleman of Assisi, who was just starting to fight in a war, if he might go with him. The nobleman—Walter of Brienne, agreed: so Francis bought splendid trappings for his horse, and a shield, sword and spear. His armour and his horse's harness were more splendid than even those of Walter. So they went clattering together out of Assisi.

But he had not gone thirty miles before he was smitten again by fever. After sunset one evening he lay dreamily on his bed when he seemed to hear a voice.

"Francis," it asked, "what could benefit thee most, the master or the servant, the rich man or the poor?"

"The master and the rich man," answered Francis in surprise.

"Why then," went on the voice, "dost thou leave God, Who is the Master and rich, for man, who is the servant and poor?"

"Then, Lord, what will Thou that I do?" asked Francis.

"Return to thy native town, and it shall be shown thee there what thou shall do," said the voice.

He obediently rose and went back to Assisi. He tried to join again in the old revels, but the joy was gone. He went quietly away to a cave on the mountain side and there he lay—as young Mahomet had done, you

remember, five centuries before, to wonder what he was to do.

Then a vision came to him. All at once like a flash his mind was clear, and his soul was full of joy. He saw the love of Jesus Christ—Who had lived and suffered and died for love of him and of all men;—that love was to rule his own life! He had found his Captain—the Master of his life, the Lord of his service,—Christ.

Yet even now he hardly knew what to do. He went home and told his friends as well as he could of the change in his heart.

Some smiled rather pityingly and went away saying to one another: "Poor fellow; a little mad, you can see; very sad for his parents!"

Others simply laughed and mocked.

One day, very lonely and sad at heart, he clambered up the mountain side to an old church just falling into ruin near which, in a cavern, lived a priest. He went into the ruin and fell on his knees.

"Francis," a voice in his soul seemed to say, "dost thou see my house going to ruin. Buckle to and repair it."

He dashed home, saddled his horse, loaded it with rich garments and rode off to another town to sell the goods. He sold the horse too; trudged back up the hill and gave the fat purse to the priest.

"No," said the priest, "I dare not take it unless your father says I may."

But his father, who had got rumour of what was going on, came with a band of friends to drag Francis home. Francis fled through the woods to a secret cave, where he lay hidden till at last he made up his mind to face all. He came out and walked straight towards home. Soon the townsmen of Assisi caught sight of him.

"A madman," they yelled, throwing stones and sticks at him. All the boys of Assisi came out and hooted and threw pebbles.

His father heard the riot and rushed out to join in the fun. Imagine his horror when he found that it was his own son. He yelled with rage, dashed at him and, clutching him by the robe, dragged him along, beating and cursing him. When he got him home he locked him up. But some days later Francis' mother let him out, when his father was absent; and Francis climbed the hill to the Church.

The bishop called in Francis and his father to his court to settle the quarrel.

"You must give back to your father all that you have," said he.

"I will," replied Francis.

He took off all his rich garments; and, clad only in a hair-vest, he put the clothes and the purse of money at his father's feet.

"Now," he cried, "I have but one father. Henceforth I can say in all truth 'Our Father Who art in heaven.'"

A peasant's cloak was given to Francis. He went thus, without home or any money, a wanderer. He went to a monastery and slaved in the kitchen. A friend gave him a tunic, some shoes, and a stick. He went out wandering in Italy again. He loved everybody; he owned nothing; he wanted everyone to know the love of Jesus as he knew and enjoyed that love.

There came to Francis many adventures. He was full of joy; he sang even to the birds in the woods. Many men joined him as his disciples in the way of obedience, of poverty, and of love. Men in Italy, in Spain, in Germany and in Britain caught fire from the flame of his simple love and careless courage. Never had Europe seen so clear a vision of the love of Jesus. His followers were called the Lesser Brothers (Friars Minor).

All who can should read the story of Francis' life: as for us we are here going simply to listen to what happened to him on a strange and perilous adventure.

II

About this time people all over Europe were agog with excitement about the Crusades. Four Crusades had come and gone. Richard Cœur-de-Lion was dead. But the passion for fighting against the Saracen was still in the hearts of men.

"The tomb of our Lord in Jerusalem is in the hands of the Saracen," the cry went up over all Europe. "Followers of Jesus Christ are slain by the scimitars of Islam. Let us go and wrest the Holy City from the hands of the Saracen."

There was also the danger to Europe itself. The Mohammedans ruled in Spain as well as in North Africa, in Egypt and in the Holy Land.

So rich men sold their lands to buy horses and armour and to fit themselves and their foot soldiers for the fray. Poor men came armed with pike and helmet and leather jerkin. The knights wore a blood-red cross on their white tunics. In thousands upon thousands, with John of Brienne as their Commander-in-Chief (the brother of that Walter of Brienne with whom, you remember, Francis had started for the wars as a knight), they sailed the Mediterranean to fight for the Cross in Egypt.

They attacked Egypt because the Sultan there ruled over Jerusalem and they hoped by defeating him to free Jerusalem at the same time.

As Francis saw the knights going off to the Crusades in shining armour with the trappings of their horses all a-glitter and a-jingle, and as he thought of the lands where the people worshipped—not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—but the "Sultan in the Sky," the Allah of Mahomet, his spirit caught fire within him.

Francis had been a soldier and a knight only a few years before. He could not but feel the stir of the Holy War

in his veins,—the tingle of the desire to be in it. He heard the stories of the daring of the Crusaders; he heard of a great victory over the Saracens.

Francis, indeed, wanted Jesus Christ to conquer men more than he wanted anything on earth; but he knew that men are only conquered by Jesus Christ if their hearts are changed by Him.

"Even if the Saracens are put to the sword and overwhelmed, still they are not saved," he said to himself.

As he thought these things he felt sure that he heard them calling to him (as the Man from Macedonia had called to St. Paul)—"Come over and help us." St. Paul had brought the story of Jesus Christ to Europe; and had suffered prison and scourging and at last death by the executioner's sword in doing it; must not Francis be ready to take the same message back again from Europe to the Near East and to suffer for it?

"I will go," he said, "but to save the Saracens, not to slay them."

He was not going out to fight, yet he had in his heart a plan that needed him to be braver and more full of resource than any warrior in the armies of the Crusades. He was as much a Lion-hearted hero as Richard Cœur-de-Lion himself, and was far wiser and indeed more powerful.

So he took a close friend, Brother Illuminato, with him and they sailed away together over the seas. They sailed from Italy with Walter of Brienne, with one of the

Crusading contingents in many ships. Southeast they voyaged over the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

Francis talked with the Crusaders on board; and much that they said and did made him very sad. They squabbled with one another. The knights were arrogant and sneered at the foot soldiers; the men-at-arms did not trust the knights. They had the Cross on their armour; but few of them had in their hearts the spirit of Jesus who was nailed to the Cross.

At last the long, yellow coast-line of Egypt was sighted. Behind it lay the minarets and white roofs of a city. They were come to the eastern mouth of the Nile, on which stood the proud city of Damietta. The hot rays of the sun smote down upon the army of the Crusaders as they landed. The sky and the sea were of an intense blue; the sand and the sun glared at one another.

Francis would just be able to hear at dawn the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of Damietta, "Come to prayer: there is no God but Allah and Mahomet is his prophet. Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep."

John of Brienne began to muster his men in battle array to attack the Sultan of Egypt, Malek-Kamel, a name which means "the Perfect Prince."

Francis, however, was quite certain that the attempt would be a ghastly failure. He hardly knew what to do. So he talked it over with his friend, Brother IIluminato.

"I know they will be defeated in this attempt," he said. "But if I tell them so they will treat me as a madman. On the other hand, if I do not tell them, then my conscience will condemn me. What do you think I ought to do?"

"My brother," said Illuminato, "what does the judgment of the world matter to you? If they say you are mad it will not be the first time!"

Francis, therefore, went to the Crusaders and warned them. They laughed scornfully. The order for advance was given. The Crusaders charged into battle. Francis was in anguish—tears filled his eyes. The Saracens came out and fell upon the Christian soldiers and slaughtered them. Over 6000 of them either fell under the scimitar or were taken prisoner. The Crusaders were defeated.

Francis' mind was now fully made up. He went to a Cardinal, who represented the Pope, with the Crusading Army to ask his leave to go and preach to the Sultan of Egypt.

"No," said the Cardinal, "I cannot give you leave to go. I know full well that you would never escape to come back alive. The Sultan of Egypt has offered a reward of gold to any man who will bring to him the head of a Christian. That will be your fate."

"Do suffer us to go, we do not fear death," pleaded Francis and Illuminato, again and again.

"I do not know what is in your minds in this," said the Cardinal, "but beware—if you go—that your thoughts are always to God."

"We only wish to go for great good, if we can work it," replied Francis.

"Then if you wish it so much," the Cardinal at last agreed, "you may go."

So Francis and Illuminato girded their loins and tightened their sandals and set away from the Crusading Army towards the very camp of the enemy.

As he walked Francis sang with his full, loud, clear voice. These were the words that he sang:

Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

As they walked along over the sandy waste they saw two small sheep nibbling the sparse grass growing near the Nile.

"Be of good cheer," said Francis to Illuminato, smiling, "it is the fulfilling of the Gospel words 'Behold I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves.'"

Then there appeared some Saracen soldiers. They were, at first, for letting the two unarmed men go by; but, on questioning Francis, they grew angrier and angrier.

"Are you deserters from the Christian camp?" they asked.

"No," replied Francis.

"Are you envoys from the commander come to plead for peace?"

"No," was the answer again.

"Will you give up the infidel religion and become a true believer and say 'There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet?'"

"No, no," cried Francis, "we are come to preach the Good News of Jesus Christ to the Sultan of Egypt."

The eyes of the Saracen soldiers opened with amazement: they could hardly believe their ears. Their faces flushed under their dark skins with anger.

"Chain them," they cried to one another. "Beat them—the infidels."

Chains were brought and snapped upon the wrists and ankles of Francis and Illuminato. Then they took rods and began to beat the two men—just as Paul and Silas had been beaten eleven centuries earlier.

As the rods whistled through the air and came slashing upon their wounded backs Francis kept crying out one word—"Soldan—Soldan." That is "Sultan—Sultan."

He thus made them understand that he wished to be taken to their Commander-in-Chief. So they decided to take these strange beings to Malek-Kamel.

As the Sultan sat in his pavilion Francis and Illuminato were led in. They bowed and saluted him courteously and Malek-Kamel returned the salute.

"Have you come with a message from your Commander?" said the Sultan.

"No," replied Francis.

"You wish then to become Saracens—worshippers of Allah in the name of Mahomet?"

"Nay, nay," answered Francis, "Saracens we will never be. We have come with a message from God; it is a message that will save your life. If you die under the law of Mahomet you are lost. We have come to tell you so: if you listen to us we will show all this to you."

The Sultan seems to have been amused and interested rather than angry.

"I have bishops and archbishops of my own," he said, "they can tell me all that I wish to know."

"Of this we are glad," replied Francis, "send and fetch them, if you will."

The Sultan agreed; he sent for eight of his Moslem great men. When they came in he said to them: "See these men, they have come to teach us a new faith. Shall we listen to them?"

"Sire," they answered him at once, "thou knowest the law: thou art bound to uphold it and carry it out. By Mahomet who gave us the law to slay infidels, we

command thee that their heads be cut off. We will not listen to a word that they say. Off with their heads!"

The great men, having given their judgment, solemnly left the presence of the Sultan. The Sultan turned to Francis and Illuminato.

"Masters," he said to them, "they have commanded me by Mahomet to have your heads cut off. But I will go against the law, for you have risked your lives to save my immortal soul. Now leave me for the time."

The two Christian missionaries were led away; but in a day or two Malek-Kamel called them to his presence again.

"If you will stay in my dominions," he said, "I will give you land and other possessions."

"Yes," said Francis, "I will stay—on one condition—that you and your people turn to the worship of the true God. See," he went on, "let us put it to the test. Your priests here," and he pointed to some who were standing about, "they will not let me talk with them; will they do something. Have a great fire lighted. I will walk into the fire with them: the result will shew you whose faith is the true one."

As Francis suggested this idea the faces of the Moslem leaders were transfigured with horror. They turned and quietly walked away.

"I do not think," said the Sultan with a sarcastic smile at their retreating backs, "that any of my priests are ready to face the flames to defend their faith."

"Well, I will go alone into the fire," said Francis. "If I am burned—it is because of my sins—if I am protected by God then you will own Him as your God."

"No," replied the Sultan, "I will not listen to the idea of such a trial of your life for my soul." But he was astonished beyond measure at the amazing faith of Francis. So Francis withdrew from the presence of the Sultan, who at once sent after him rich and costly presents.

"You must take them back," said Francis to the messengers; "I will not take them."

"Take them to build your churches and support your priests," said the Sultan through his messengers.

But Francis would not take any gift from the Sultan. He left him and went back with Illuminato from the Saracen host to the camp of the Crusaders. As he was leaving the Sultan secretly spoke with Francis and said: "Will you pray for me that I may be guided by an inspiration from above that I may join myself to the religion that is most approved by God?"

The Sultan told off a band of his soldiers to go with the two men and to protect them from any molesting till they reached the Crusaders' Camp. There is a legend—though no one now can tell whether it is true or not—that when the Sultan of Egypt lay dying he sent for a disciple of

Francis to be with him and pray for him. Whether this was so or not, it is quite clear that Francis had left in the memory of the Sultan such a vision of dauntless faith as he had never seen before or was ever to see again.

The Crusaders failed to win Egypt or the Holy Land; but to-day men are going from America and Britain in the footsteps of Francis of Assisi the Christian missionary, to carry to the people in Egypt, in the Holy Land and in all the Near East, the message that Francis took of the love of Jesus Christ. The stories of some of the deeds they have done and are to-day doing, we shall read in later chapters in this book.

St. Vincent De Paule: The Shepherd Boy Who Became a Philanthropist.

Those among our readers who have visited Paris will perhaps remember that, almost immediately after leaving the Northern Railway station, a large modern church, with an imposing facade, two lofty towers, and grand flights of steps leading up to the portal, is passed. Should they have inquired the name of that church, they will have been told that it is dedicated to St. Vincent de Paule. It is of the life of this good man that we are about to give a sketch. His career was one of noble heroism, grand self-denial, marvellous unselfishness, and deep humility. He entirely devoted himself to succour the poor, the helpless, the abandoned; to raise the fallen, and to convert the wicked. Love to God and to his fellow-creatures, was the one great ruling principle in this good Frenchman's life.

Among the many villages and hamlets which lie among meadows, corn-fields, orchards, vineyards, and dark forests on the French side of the Pyrenees, is one of considerable size and importance, named Acqs. Here, some 300 years ago, lived a poor farmer, his wife, and six children. They were good, hard-working people, who laboured diligently all the week, and went regularly on Sundays to church. Their property, indeed, was small, but their house was clean and neat; each had his proper work

allotted to him, and from early dawn, no hand was idle in Guillaume de Paule's farm.

The third son, born in 1576, was named Vincent. From earliest youth he had manifested some intellectual power, and shown great piety of disposition. His boyhood was spent as a shepherd, leading his flocks among the forests and mountains. To his imagination, all nature, from the grandest to the lowliest object, was beautiful and glorious; the angels of God, he thought, were ever hovering around him; the mountains seemed to him to be a giant staircase to the clouds, and they to the brilliant sun and the bright blue heaven, beyond which was his Father's throne. To his parents he was obedient and affectionate; whenever he saw any one sad, he would go up and ask if he could help him. Many were moved to tears by his childlike and simple kindness. His father, struck with his bright intellect, clear understanding, and pious character, took him to the school of the Convent of Cordeliers, at Acqs, the seat of the Bishop of the diocese. There his good and pious qualities speedily developed themselves. His tutors loved him, and were proud of him. He studied ardently all branches of knowledge, but the wisdom he loved best, was that of the Gospel, and he desired to be most learned in those things which accompany salvation. He decided, in God's name, to enter, as a labourer for Christ, into the service of the Church. At the age of sixteen, he became tutor to the children of M. Commet, an advocate of Acqs and the magistrate of his native

village. This enabled him to relieve his parents from the expense of his education, and to prepare for the priesthood, to which he had resolved to devote himself. In 1596 he went to Toulouse, to study theology in the university there. In 1600, at the age of twenty-four, he was ordained priest. He declined the offer of a valuable living made to him by the Bishop, that he might for some time longer devote himself to the study of religion. He soon rose to eminence, was made *bachelier des lettres*, and received permission to lecture.

But whosoever will be Christ's disciple must bear the cross of trial and suffering. Vincent was no exception to this rule, as he now experienced. In 1605, a legacy having been left to him by a friend at Marseilles, he was compelled to make a journey to that city. He was returning by sea with his money, when the ship in which he was sailing was attacked by one of those African pirate vessels which then infested the Mediterranean. A terrible struggle and massacre ensued. The pirates were victorious. All who resisted them were butchered, and the rest bound to the vessel, with chains. Among the latter was Vincent, who was severely wounded in the conflict. The pirates took their prisoners to Tunis, to sell them there for slaves to the Turks, to whom the North of Africa then belonged. Thus poor Vincent, instead of reaching Toulouse with his little money, and continuing his beloved studies there, fell into all the misery of slavery—into that wretched and degraded state in which man is

treated like any article of property which has its marketable price, and is handed from one master to another, rarely experiencing kindness, and often cruelty. Vincent and his companions, loaded with chains, were led to the market-place, to be gazed at and inspected, as slaves are in the East; they had, too, to run, lift weights, and have their teeth and muscles examined. Vincent was first purchased by a fisherman, who, finding that he was always sea-sick, and therefore useless in fishing, sold him soon to a physician, who was devoted to chemistry, and for fifty years had been trying to make gold. Vincent helped him in his laboratory. One day the old man was dragged away, by the Sultan's order, to Constantinople, to try and make gold there. He died of grief on the journey, and his nephew sold Vincent to a renegade nobleman from Nice, who had fallen from the Christian faith, and now, as a Mahometan, was living with his three wives in the country. Vincent had to work in the garden. One of the Turkish ladies was fond of amusing herself by conversing with the foreign slave; and once, out of curiosity, she ordered Vincent to sing some hymns to his God. The tears came into his eyes as he sang the melancholy Psalm of the children of Israel in captivity, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." The lady was so pleased with his singing, and with all that Vincent said to her about the Christian religion, that she told her husband in the evening that he had been very wicked to forsake a faith,

about which the Frank slave had related such beautiful things to her

The renegade was filled with sorrow and repentance; he was awakened to his danger, and to anxiety for his soul's salvation, and earnestly desired to return again to Christendom and to the Gospel. Ten months after, he escaped in secret flight from the land of the Turks. He took only Vincent with him, treating him no longer as a slave, but as an angel sent to him by God. On a dark night, they both embarked in a small boat, crossed the sea, and arrived safely in France.

Vincent now knew what that special work was, which God had intrusted to him; it was, he felt sure, to seek and to save the baptized—those who had made shipwreck of their faith, who were poor and needy in soul, if not in body too. This thought was ever the uppermost in his mind in all the various offices which he had afterwards to exercise. The penitent renegade was publicly readmitted into the Church at Avignon.

While on a visit to Rome, the French ambassador there entrusted Vincent with an important and confidential message to Henri IV. of France. In 1609, he arrived at Paris, had several interviews with the King, but principally devoted himself to attending on the sick in the hospitals.

While at Paris, he was unjustly accused of a robbery, and remained for some time under this imputation; when

questioned about it, he merely contented himself with remarking that "God knew the truth." When the real thief was discovered, Vincent's reputation rose higher than ever, on account of the patience and resignation he had displayed under the false accusation. For a short time he had the cure of the parish of Clichy, near Paris, where he exercised the most beneficial influence, and was loved and esteemed by both poor and rich. In 1613, at the urgent request of Count Gondy, he consented to undertake the education of his three sons. Vincent's pupils afterwards rose to eminence in France, one becoming the Duke of Retz, the other the famous Cardinal of the same name. This sphere was not wide enough for his energetic and loving spirit. The Count had a large establishment, servants in the stables and apartments, kitchens, and cellars, over whom he and the Countess had neither time nor opportunity continually to watch, so that but little order and discipline were maintained. Vincent went among them with the message of the Gospel; they were persuaded by his earnestness and devotion, and a striking change for the better was wrought by his means throughout the establishment.

The Count and Countess remarked that an angel of God seemed to have appeared in their house. They placed still greater confidence in Vincent, and he became, in all points, their spiritual father. The Countess, especially, regarded him with childlike reverence, for she was oftener

at home than her husband, and daily witnessed his affectionate conduct to the weary and heavy laden.

The Count had several large estates in different provinces of France—much land, and many tenants,—but, as he held a high post at Court, which gave him full employment, he could very seldom visit and overlook his estates himself. This, with Vincent's help, the Countess undertook to do. Wherever they came, there was comfort in sorrow, help in misery, and they always left a blessing in their train. The Countess had learned from him to care for the sick and the afflicted; she went herself into the poor cottages where hunger, nakedness, and misery were to be found; she ministered at the beds of sickness, and for every sorrow she had a mother's heart and a mother's hand.

On one occasion, when Vincent was at one of the Count's estates, he was summoned to a man of sixty years of age, who lay on his death-bed, and desired the last consolations of religion. This man bore an irreproachable character in the village, and was in high favour and estimation with the Countess. When Vincent stood before him, in his priest's dress, and said, in solemn earnestness, that he and all men were poor sinners, that God searches into the most secret recesses of the conscience, proving the heart and reins, and that only the penitent, and he who humbly embraces the Cross of Christ as the only anchor of safety, can be received into His favour, while at the same time he looked searchingly

into his eyes, a trembling and shuddering passed through the old man, as if a covering of ice, which for many years had encased his soul, was being broken; then his lips opened, and he poured forth a confession of sin, truly appalling to listen to. And all these refined and coarse sins, these secret lusts and shameful vices, he had, till this moment, contrived to conceal by cunning hypocrisy, through church-going, false confessions, receiving the Sacrament, and giving alms. Vincent was terrified at all this hidden wickedness. But, when he perceived how heartfelt this man's repentance really was, he declared that God would pardon even such as he. He absolved the dying penitent, and the soul thus rescued from Satan, fell asleep in peace.

The Countess was deeply affected by this incident; she thought if it had been thus with one soul, how many thousand more there probably were, who were outwardly righteous and of good report, but within full of sin and uncleanness. She therefore entreated Vincent to hold a mission, and preach, on the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, a public sermon on repentance. He preached with the greatest power and effect. All who heard that sermon seemed to be touched, as by the invisible hand of God. The Countess was so struck by the extraordinary and beneficial consequences which followed, that she determined to celebrate on that day, in every fifth year, on all her estates a similar mission for the special preaching of repentance, and devoted 16,000 francs to this object.

As the Count's children were now grown up, Vincent decided upon seeking another field of labour; this he found in the cure of the parish of Chatillon, in Bresse, where, in both spiritual and temporal matters, the people had been sadly neglected. Here his self-denying exertions were attended with abundant success. He inspired the desponding in their wretched cottages with fresh hope, and he worked upon the hearts of the rich so that they opened in love and mercy towards their poorer brethren. When once on a fête day he was about to ascend the pulpit, a lady approached him with the request that he would recommend to the charity of the congregation a poor family in the parish who were literally starving, and all lying helpless in severe sickness. He did so in a few eloquent words. In the afternoon he went out himself to visit this family, and to his surprise he found very many people going the same way with bread, and fruit, and clothing which they were carrying to the poor family. This touched the pious priest, and he began to reflect how this bright spark of mercy might be kindled into a steadily-burning flame. So he asked counsel of God, who put a good plan into his heart. He went from house to house in his parish, and persuaded many mothers of families to unite themselves into an association of benevolent ladies. They were not only to give temporal relief in hunger, cold, and sickness, but to whisper words of holy comfort to the distressed, to give good motherly advice, to attend to the many grievously neglected children, to make poverty

more honest and honourable, to establish order and cleanliness. This society was most successful, gradually increasing, and growing more abundant in works of faith and love. It became the model of many similar institutions in France and other countries.

Willingly would Vincent have remained all his life at Chatillon, but God had other work for him to do. The Count and Countess, in whose family he had been tutor, felt his loss so greatly that they constantly entreated him to return. The following year he was induced to do so. On leaving his beloved Chatillon he divided all his property among the poor; his parishioners followed him weeping and lamenting for a long distance on his departure, till with tears he persuaded them to return to their homes.

There was great joy and gratitude in the chateau of Count Gondy, near Paris, when Vincent returned. As there were no more children to educate, he was able to give full vent to his spirit of love and benevolence. He entered on new and various works of faith and love in all directions, and, assisted by many active hands, endeavoured to alleviate the diverse forms of misery around him.

He journeyed through several provinces of France, holding missions everywhere, preaching the new commandment of love, telling all of the easy yoke of the meek and lowly Saviour, which the Christian should take upon him in the service of mercy towards his brethren,

and in many places he established societies, or Confréries, as they were called, of benevolent persons, both men and women.

In Paris no place of human suffering was hidden from him. The eye of love is jealous in its search. The prisons and their inmates lay very heavy on his heart. He thought that prisoners must be the most wretched and forlorn people in the world, between their dark, gloomy walls, haunted with the still darker recollections of their sins and crimes. He thought too of the Blessed Saviour who Himself has said that in the prisoners He is visited. To these abodes of crime and misery he vowed then to go, and in this no one was able to help him better than his friend the Count, who was superintendent over all the galley-slaves in France.

Vincent obtained permission to rent a large house in one of the suburbs of Paris, and to fit it up for the reception of criminals. It was a prison, indeed; but, at the same time, a reformatory. Order and cleanliness reigned throughout it, and Vincent, with his true and loving heart, appeared every day among the prisoners. It was not long before two young priests offered to come and dwell in this establishment with the convicts, and to help Vincent in his work. Love is a fire which quickly spreads from heart to heart. People began to emulate each other in their gifts and assistance, and from the Royal Palace also, liberal contributions flowed into Vincent's hands for his noble undertaking. At the request of Count Gondy, the King,

Louis XIII., made Vincent de Paule chaplain and almoner-general of all the priests who were appointed to labour among the prisoners and galley-slaves.

The sphere of his work and authority now extended over the whole of France. Neither an easy nor a pleasant office must have been that of pastor over all the criminals in a kingdom. As soon as possible he commenced a journey through the provinces, visiting all those dreadful dungeons, where the only sounds to be heard, were curses and the rattling of the chains of the galley-slaves. At Marseilles he was especially moved with compassion at witnessing the sufferings and severities to which those wretched criminals were subjected. A thrill of horror passed through his soul at the deplorable condition of these fettered slaves. He found them in narrow and unhealthy dungeons, almost destitute of air and light, with bread and water for their only food, disfigured by filth, covered with vermin, and sunk into a brutal state of ignorance and ferocity—far worse than he had ever imagined could have been the case. They turned a deaf ear to his words; their hearts seemed as hard as iron or granite. Undeterred by their rude scoffs and jests, and undismayed by the deadly havoc of a pestilential disease habitual in these prisons, he unremittingly pursued his charitable mission. His kindness, his love, his humility and self-devotion, soon made themselves felt; there were touching examples of the effects of persevering love on the most obdurate and wicked hearts. Once he caused himself to be

chained for several days to a criminal who had constantly repulsed and rejected his loving admonitions; and, by self-sacrificing charity, the proud heart was at last melted. On another occasion, he put on the fetters and worked for several days as a galley-slave himself, that he might have the more opportunity to comfort and encourage these unhappy convicts. The priests under his control were, through his influence, animated to fresh zeal in their work.

But Vincent's active benevolence was not confined to the prisons. On one of his journeys from Marseilles to Paris, he passed through Macon, and was struck with the number of beggars who filled the streets and crowded round the house-doors. The state of those wretched objects excited his pity. When the townspeople saw him interesting himself with these outcasts, they ridiculed him; but he persevered. This ridicule was soon put to silence, and every one in the town now spoke with reverence of Vincent, the teacher and friend of the beggars. He instituted among the inhabitants a brotherhood and sisterhood, whose duty it was to visit the sick and the poor. The streets were cleared of beggars, ere he continued his way to Paris. After a journey to Bordeaux, he visited his native village in the Pyrenees, and, assembling together the members of his family who survived, he told them of his determination to die as he had lived—destitute of worldly wealth, and thus weaned them from any expectation they might have formed, of obtaining property at his death. On a subsequent

occasion, however, he distributed among them a considerable sum of money, which had been bequeathed to him.

He had now more work than he could perform himself, or even superintend; so he conceived the idea of forming an association of men influenced by the same spirit of love, who would thus carry on the work together in all its various branches. With the willing consent of the Archbishop of Paris, he founded a society, whose object was to prepare and send out priests as messengers of the Gospel throughout the country: in fact, what we should call a Church Home Mission. Vincent named it the "Congregation of the Missions." A small church and a dilapidated house in the city were given to the Missionaries; here they all dwelt together. The pious Countess Gondy and her husband gave 40,000 francs towards the endowment of the new society. Not long after the former fell dangerously ill. Vincent, faithful to a promise he had made to her years before, remained at her dying bed till she breathed her last. He then felt it to be his duty to retire and live with the members of his society. To this the Count consented; and very soon after he, too, gave up all his high offices, honours, and dignities, and lived henceforth in quiet retirement, only caring how he might ever live an increasingly holy life, and show thereby his gratitude to his Saviour.

The Congregation of Missions soon developed into great importance and activity. Many new members joined

it. Vincent was the head, and his faithful friend Portail his right hand. It was the earnest desire of both, that this society should do its work in the world without any noise or parade. The most modest name seemed to them the best for their association. "Do not let us call ourselves," Vincent said to one of his priests who had used the expression, "the *holy* society, but rather the little society. May God give this small, poor association grace, that it may be founded upon humility! Without humility there can be nothing! I do not mean only humble behaviour, but the true humility of the heart, which shows us that *we* are so thoroughly and entirely nothing." And he said further, "It is not enough to help our neighbour—to fast, to pray, to take part in mission work— all this is only good if it be done in the right way, viz., in the spirit of Jesus Christ, Who says, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.'"

At first their sphere of labour was confined to the peasant population close around Paris, but in a few years, when their number had increased, they extended it further out into the country, each going in the direction whither Vincent sent him. They received strict orders to do nothing contrary to the orders of the Church, but only to preach and perform services of mercy where permission was given them by the clergymen of the parishes. Where this consent was not granted, they were at once to retire without disputing. In many places, where opportunity was given, sisterhoods were formed, as at Chatillon.

When the men returned to Paris, after their first expedition, it was with heavy hearts, both on account of the wretched spiritual state of the people which they had found everywhere, and of the sad experience which they had made in many a parish, that the noble office of shepherd of Christ's flock was often exercised by faithless hirelings.

At this period of his life, Vincent was specially active in establishing retreats for the members of his society and the clergy in general, and in reforming many notorious abuses. At his request, the Archbishop of Paris ordered all the ordination candidates in his diocese, before they were consecrated to their holy office, to reside for a short time in Vincent's mission-house. Here, in calm meditation and retirement, they prepared themselves for their sacred duties, and for their self-denying labours of love. Vincent, the experienced friend of the people, instructed them how to discover and alleviate the wounds and sorrows of both soul and body, of youth and age, of family life and solitude; and taught them, too, the wonderful power of spiritual healing, which the Gospel of Christ alone possesses.

In this institution, the clerical office was endued with fresh life and vigour and strengthened by the spirit of mercy. The blessed fruits of such an establishment were soon manifest throughout the community. Its fame spread far and wide throughout the country. Candidates for the ministry, and young priests, came from all parts, even from the dioceses of foreign bishops, to be trained to

perform worthily and holily the work of the Church among the people, under the watchful eye of Vincent and his companions.

The house soon became too small, the labour too great. But God helped him. Many a venerable priest of the city, of long experience in pastoral work, came forward to lend a helping hand to Vincent, in the instruction of their younger brethren. Their want of room, too, was soon provided for. Without the walls of Paris stood a stately edifice, in the midst of a beautiful garden; it was the property of a religious society. When its owners saw how Vincent was cramped for space, they determined to offer him this building. For some time the humble man refused to accept it, because he thought that such a beautiful and noble estate was not suitable for his work: "For," said he, "we are but simple priests, and wish to serve the poor peasantry." At last, however, he yielded to the pressing solicitations of his most intimate friends.

In the numerous and spacious apartments of this house, which Vincent dedicated to St. Lazarus, a much larger number of clergy could be received for instruction. Many of these desired, as long as they had no settled post, to devote themselves to works of love. Vincent sent some of them into the country, others into the worst districts of the great city. This was the commencement of the order of Lazarists, whose beneficial influence Vincent lived to see diffused throughout Europe.

Not only did missionaries go forth from this institution to minister to the sick and wretched in the world, but the suffering and miserable came into it also. This house of Lazarus was like a well in a barren desert, sought for by the thirsty, the weary, the heavy laden. All classes and conditions of people might be seen entering it—gray-haired men and beardless boys, those clothed in silk and velvet, and poor peasants in their smocks, high officials at court, and humble labourers—all sought consolation for their troubled hearts, rest for their anxious and weary souls;—and they returned to their homes in peace.

That period was a sad time of sorrow and mourning throughout France. A cruel civil war was desolating town and country with blood and fire, and then the plague, like a destroying angel, fell upon the soldiers. Vincent was requested by the king to send help, both temporal and spiritual, to his afflicted army. He at once despatched fifteen missionaries. When peace was re-established, the king desired him to send missionaries to his court, to preach against the prevalent dissoluteness of manners and to declare the Gospel. A wonderful blessing rested upon their labours; many of the court ladies became not only hearers, but doers of the Word, some of the very highest in rank enrolled themselves in charitable sisterhoods, collected and distributed alms, and faithfully ministered at the sick beds of the poor and afflicted.

Vincent's loving and benevolent heart sought a more distant field of usefulness, and passed beyond the boundaries of his country, and across the sea. He remembered the misery of his imprisonment among the barbarous pirates of Africa. From experience, he knew what were the sufferings of the Christian slaves, and how, deprived of all Christian comfort and intercourse, they were, by tortures and persecution, forced to apostatise from their holy Faith. His heart burned to help them. The king placed in his hands 10,000 francs for this object He at once sent a trusty and experienced man, Julius Guerin, to the piratical city of Tunis. He was harmless as a dove, and yet wise as a serpent; and he performed his difficult duty with such wisdom, that the Dey of this infidel city gave him permission, after two years, to invite thither a priest of the Gospel. A few years after, Vincent was able to send four missionaries to Algiers as well, in which place 20,000 Christians were groaning in the chains of the most degrading slavery.

In 1634, Vincent, with the assistance of Madame de Marillac, established an institution, which, of all his noble works, has probably been the most productive of beneficial consequences, viz., that society of pious females called Sisters of Charity. The members were not to bind themselves for life, but only for one year, at the expiration of which they were free from their vow, with the option, however, of renewing it for the same period if they wished. In the words of the holy founder of the society, "They are

not to be nuns, and live in a convent, but women who go in and out among us; their convents are to be the homes of the sick; their cells the chambers of the suffering; their chapels for common worship the church in the midst of the parish; their places of pilgrimage those streets of the city which lead to the most wretched hovels; the fear of God their robe, holy modesty their veil, mercy their sister, the poor their family, charity their mother, and their greatest joy on earth the consolation of wiping away tears."

Paris was soon filled with the praise of their works, which they performed quietly and unobtrusively. The physicians admired their skill in the care of the sick, the clergy their fidelity and self-denial, the sick their sisterly sympathy. The grateful people called them "the Sisters of Mercy," by which name they are still known. When the war broke out again, they rendered the most important service in their care of and attendance upon the wounded. Those chosen for this special work Vincent sent forth with the words—"You are to follow our Blessed Lord, my daughters; men go forth thither to slay, but you are to go thither to heal."

That was, indeed, a terrible period in France. For ten years whole provinces—Lorraine more especially—were desolated by frightful calamities, pestilence was joined to war and famine; but that was the very time when those unfortunates who had no food but the herb of the field—those warriors stretched bleeding upon the battle-plain—

those inundated villages—saw hastening to comfort them, to feed them, to save them, angels of consolation, who, braving the sword and the fire—despite the pestilential breath of contagion— despite the raging floods—brought them comforts equivalent to their griefs. And it was Vincent de Paule who sent them, who commanded them, who inspired them.

Through the agency of this female society, Vincent was able to establish a number of other charitable institutions, several asylums for the reformation of fallen women, a foundling hospital, and a house in which old and feeble workpeople of both sexes could find a safe and comfortable home. To avert the horrors of a famine, he established six large kitchens in the neighbourhood of Paris. Three times a-week he fed 800 famishing beings in his own house. From the kitchen, he led them each time to church, to show them that Christ, who had satisfied their bodily wants, was also ready to supply them with spiritual food.

But our readers will naturally ask—whence came the means for carrying out all these works? The rich and powerful could not resist the holy and earnest force of his appeals. The disinterestedness and wisdom of his charity inspired unlimited confidence. Thus fresh sources of supply were ever opened to him, when new distresses demanded help.

In this short sketch we have only touched upon his larger and more important undertakings. Many of his minor but not less useful or benevolent schemes must remain unnoticed.

He steadfastly refused all the praise and flattery which his admirers were only too ready to offer him, and referred them in humble jealousy to God, to Whom alone was all the glory. When his hair had already turned grey, he said once, in an assembly of his missionary priests, "We have endeavoured to follow the example of the Son of God in preaching the Gospel to the poor, and God did that which He had determined upon from all eternity—He blessed our labours. Good priests, who were witnesses of these charitable works, joined themselves with us at different times, and desired to be received into our society. Thus God established and strengthened it. O my Saviour! who could ever have believed that it would have grown to what it now is? How can we speak of that as a work of man, which no *man* ever imagined could exist?"

When the missionaries in the institution of St. Lazare asked him to draw up laws and regulations for their society, he refused, and said, "I am your living rule." But when his departure seemed near at hand, he gave them instructions under the three heads—1st. On the exercise of sanctification, which is the imitation of Jesus Christ 2. Instruction in the exercise of their calling, which is to preach the Gospel to the poor, and especially to the poor in the rural districts. 3. Instruction for the education of

young priests in their various spheres, and in all virtues and necessary branches of knowledge.

When, after an earnest and eloquent address, he had enlarged on these three points, they all knelt down, and he prayed: "O Lord, Thou who art the eternal, unchangeable law. Who, with unfailing wisdom, governest the world, Thou, from Whom all laws of nature and of virtue spring as from a living fountain, bless, O Lord, those to whom Thou hast given these rules, that they may receive them as coming from Thee. Grant them grace, O Lord, to keep them ever inviolate till death. In this confidence, and in Thy name, will I, though myself a miserable sinner, pronounce the words of benediction over them."

Through the exertions of his restless, active life, he was, when already in his prime, afflicted with a weak and suffering body. Severe illnesses which attacked him from time to time, increased this weakness. The last four years of his life were spent under the burden of infirmities, which compelled him to keep within the precincts of St. Lazare, though he continued to preside over the interests of the community. It was with difficulty that he could walk, even with the help of a staff. But though his body failed, yet in that venerable man, with trembling limbs, there glowed a heart of youthful vigour. No murmur ever escaped his lips; his severe and protracted sufferings were borne with patience and resignation. A few days before his death, he frequently sank into a slumber. He knew what that signified, and, speaking of this sleep, said, with a smile,

"His brother will soon come now."' On the 26th September, 1660, this slumber lasted a long time. He now desired the Holy Communion, and passed the night in almost unceasing prayer. He requested the 70th Psalm to be read to him several times, and the words, "Haste Thee unto me, O God; Thou art my Helper and my Redeemer; O Lord, make no long tarrying," he repeated as often as his strength would allow.

In the early dawn of the 27th, a priest, who was very dear to him, came to his bedside and asked for his blessing; and as the dying man began to speak, in the words of the Apostle, "I am persuaded that He who has begun a good work in you will"....here his uplifted hand sank down, and he fell asleep as gently as the sun sinks to rest on a summer's eve.

Few men have done so much for suffering humanity as St. Vincent de Paule; none have left behind them a brighter fame, a more untarnished reputation. He may well be reckoned among the greatest benefactors of mankind. Though he laboured during his whole life to alleviate the pains and sorrows of the body, yet his main object was to rescue perishing souls from the fatal consequences of sin, and to lead them to pardon and peace through the precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Apostle of the Indians

Among the earliest of the French missionaries in Canada there were two who will ever be remembered for their courage and zeal. One was Charles Raymbault, whose pious energy was far superior to his bodily strength. The other was Isaac Jogues, a young man of scholarly tastes, refined in manners, and gentle in disposition. These men, hearing of wild tribes in the far Northwest, determined to go to them.

In a light canoe, with a friendly Indian as guide, they embarked on Lake Huron and set out for regions hitherto unknown. It was in June when they started. It was in September when they reached the end of their voyage. They landed at the foot of some rapids which they named the Sault de Sainte Marie (Falls of St. Mary). They were only a short distance from the outlet of that great fresh water sea which we now call Lake Superior.

At the foot of the rapids there was a village of Chippewa Indians; and on the hills farther back, nearly two thousand savages of other tribes were encamped. Every summer these people came to this place to catch whitefish from the rapids.

Raymbault was unable to go farther. Overcome by the hardships of the long voyage, his feeble body could endure no more. He was carried into the wigwam of a friendly

Chippewa, and there Father Jogues nursed him with loving care.

"I had hoped," said the dying man, "to pass through this wilderness....But God in his mercy has set me in the path of heaven!"—and then he ceased to breathe.

With tears and prayers Father Jogues laid the body of his brother in the grave, and then, after a very brief stay with the Chippewas, set out on his return to Canada. Early the next summer he was back at Quebec, telling of his adventures and seeking to interest others in the welfare of the tribes he had discovered in the far Northwest.

Toward the end of July he started on a visit to some missions near the foot of Lake Huron. He had with him three Frenchmen and nearly forty Indians, most of them returning to their homes in the Huron country. They embarked in twelve canoes and paddled briskly up the St. Lawrence. The country south of the great river was infested by the Iroquois, a fierce race of savages who had sworn undying hatred to the French and their Huron allies. The canoes, therefore, kept quite close to the north shore, and every place that might harbor a lurking foe was carefully avoided.

The company reached Three Rivers in safety—the only settlement at that time between Quebec and Montreal. There they rested two nights and a day; and there they were warned to be more than ever watchful against the Iroquois, whose war parties were known to be

abroad. On the morning of the second day they reembarked and soon entered that beautiful expansion of the river now known as the Lake of St. Peter.

Suddenly, when danger was least thought of, a fleet of Iroquois canoes shot out from behind a sheltering island. They were filled with savage warriors, who advanced yelling the fierce war cries of their nation. The Frenchmen and Hurons were frightened almost out of their wits. They paddled for the shore, and several escaped into the woods. Father Jogues might have saved himself in the same way, had he not seen some of his friends in the clutches of the Iroquois.

"I will die with them," he said; and he gave himself up.

The victorious savages, with twenty-two prisoners, hastened to return to their own country. They paddled up the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain, and then along the western shore of that water, until they neared its southern end. There, at the mouth of a turbulent stream from the west, the Indians shouldered their canoes. They pushed onward through the woods and over the hills, dragging their prisoners with them. They made no pause until they reached another sheet of water—a small but beautiful expanse surrounded on every side by mountains. This, the most romantic of all our eastern lakes, was known to the Indians as Andiarocte, or the Place where the Great Water Ends. Father Jogue named it the Lake of the Holy Sacrament. We call it Lake George.

Suffering every kind of indignity from the cruel Iroquois,—his body beaten with their clubs, his hands mangled by their teeth, his face scorched with hot coals,—it is not likely that Father Jogues gave much attention to the beauty of the scene around him. His thoughts, we must believe, were rather with his fellow-prisoners, some of whom were in worse case even than himself.

After a short rest, the Iroquois again embarked in their canoes. With their faces turned southward, they paddled silently and without pause throughout the long summer day. Near evening they landed at the spot where Fort William Henry was to stand in later times. There they hid their canoes in the thickets; and then, elated by their success, they hastened through the woods, reaching at last the Mohawk villages on the banks of the river that is still called by the name of that fierce tribe.

The story of the cruelties inflicted upon Father Jogues is too painful to repeat. For more than a year he was made to suffer every abuse that savage ingenuity could invent. He was led from town to town and tortured for the amusement of the women and children. His life was in danger ever hour. Yet he never lost his patience, he never uttered a harsh word, he gave thanks daily that he was still alive to suffer.

"These poor men have never been taught," he said. "They know no better. God will forgive them."

Even in the midst of suffering and torture he was ready and anxious to help any one that was in trouble. He lifted up the fallen, he prayed for the sick, he asked God's blessing upon the dying.

At length some Dutch settlers at Albany became interested in his case and helped him to escape. A small sailing vessel carried him down the Hudson to Manhattan; and from that place he shortly afterward took ship for Europe.

In France this gentlest of men was received with the reverence due to one who had suffered much for God and humanity. The ladies of the court showed him every kindness, and the queen kissed his maimed hands. But these attentions counted as but little to Father Jogues. His heart was set upon returning to Canada and to his work among the Indians. Early in the following spring he was again at Quebec.

Two years later, he was permitted to do that which he had long desired. He went as a missionary to the Mohawk villages where he had endured so many cruelties. His friends protested. The savagery of the people who had caused his sufferings stirred within his heart no feelings but those of love and pity. He felt that they needed his help. "I will go to them, but I shall not return," he said, as he departed.

The fears of his friends, no less than his own farewell words, proved only too well founded. Before the end of

the year he was dead—slain by the hatchet of a savage Mohawk.

Elizabeth Fry
A Heroine of England

I

Elizabeth Fry lived about a hundred years ago. She belonged to the Quakers, people who lived quiet lives, and dressed very plainly. When she was grown up and married, she used to dress in a plain cap or bonnet and a dull coloured dress, such as the Quakers usually wore.

But when she was a young girl she loved bright colours. Then she lived in the country in Norfolk, with six sisters and five brothers. Her mother died when she was a child; her father let them do much as they liked; and I think they ran rather wild together, and had a very merry time.

They were fond of dancing and of riding; and Elizabeth—she was called Betsy—liked to wear a scarlet riding-habit. She must have looked very pretty in it, I think, with her fluffy fair hair about her head.

One Sunday the seven sisters went as usual to "Meeting," which is what Quakers call their church, and sat in a row under the gallery. There was a special preacher that day, a man from America; and they were pleased to think it would be a change.

Betsy was often rather restless at Meeting, and on this day she was very much interested in her new smart boots,

which were purple, laced with scarlet. She sat there putting out her foot and admiring the look of it.

But when the sermon began, she forgot her gay boots, and thought only of the preachers words. After it was over, she went to see him at her uncle's house; and then in the evening to hear him preach again.

He made her feel that there are things in life that matter more than just enjoying oneself. In time she gave up her pretty clothes, and stayed away from dances; not because these are wrong in themselves, but because she found that she liked them too much, and got too excited about them. They made her forget and dislike the duller things which it was her duty to do.

She married and went to live in London, and had children of her own; and then she began the work which has made her name famous.

II

Prisons in those days were terrible places, and women's prisons were the most terrible of all. The women were all shut up together: those who had not been tried, and who perhaps had done nothing wrong, were put in the same room with those who had been very wicked. They had their little children with them, too; and there was no one to teach them anything.

There were no beds or bedrooms, no one to keep order, and nothing for the women to do. One of these places was so horrible that the governor of the prison did not like going into it himself, and begged Mrs. Fry to take off her watch before she went in, or it would certainly be snatched from her.

Mrs. Fry began by starting in a London prison a little school for the children. Then she read to the women and prayed with them; and brought needlework to them to do, and clothes for the children.

She taught them to mend their own clothes, and to find something to do, and she and her friends went every day to the prison. At last it was no longer like a den of wild beasts, but a place of quiet work.

From London Mrs. Fry travelled about the country, seeing other prisons, and getting people everywhere to be interested, and to help in her good work. Afterwards she went to Russia and to France, and to Germany.

You can imagine how she helped all these poor women. She had a very sweet voice, and used to read the Bible aloud to the prisoners. When she went to such miserable places, her old merry temper must have helped her not to lose her courage, but to give some of it to people who were in sorrow and trouble and despair.

Mrs. Fry's work in the prisons was of very great use. It made people think, and they began to try to do something

to make things better. S0 the name of Elizabeth Fry is remembered with honour.

A Race Against Time
Henry Martyn
(Dates, b. 1781, d. 1812. Time of Incident 1810-12)

In the story of Sabat that was told in the previous chapter you will remember that, for a part of the time that he lived in India, he worked with an Englishman named Henry Martyn.

Sabat was almost a giant; Henry Martyn was slight and not very strong. Yet—as we shall see in the story that follows—Henry Martyn was braver and more constant than Sabat himself.

As a boy Henry, who was born and went to school in Truro, in Cornwall, in the West of England, was violently passionate, sensitive, and physically rather fragile, and at school was protected from bullies by a big boy, the son of Admiral Kempthorne.

He left school at the age of fifteen and shot and read till he was seventeen. In 1797 he became an undergraduate at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was still very passionate.

For instance, when a man was "ragging" him in the College Hall at dinner, he was so furious that he flung a knife at him, which stuck quivering in the panelling of the wall. Kempthorne, his old friend, was at Cambridge with

him. They used to read the Bible together and Martyn became a real Christian and fought hard to overcome his violent temper.

He was a very clever scholar and became a Fellow of Jesus College in 1802. He at that time took orders in the Church of England. He became very keen on reading about missionary work, e.g. Carey's story of nine years' work in *Periodical Accounts*, and the L. M. S. Report on Vanderkemp in South Africa. "I read nothing else while it lasted," he said of the Vanderkemp report.

He was accepted as a chaplain of the East India Company. They could not sail till Admiral Nelson gave the word, because the French were waiting to capture all the British ships. Five men-of-war convoyed them when they sailed in 1805. They waited off Ireland, because the immediate invasion of England by Napoleon was threatened. On board Martyn worked hard at Hindustani, Bengali and Portuguese. He already knew Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He arrived at Madras (South India) and Calcutta and thence went to Cawnpore. It is at this point that our yarn begins.

A voice like thunder, speaking in a strange tongue, shouted across an Indian garden one night in 1809.

The new moon, looking "like a ball of ebony in an ivory cup,"—as one who was there that night said—threw a cold light over the palm trees and aloes, on the man who

was speaking and on those who were seated around him at the table in the bungalow.

Beyond the garden the life of Cawnpore moved in its many streets; the shout of a donkey-driver, the shrill of a bugle from the barracks broke sharply through the muffled sounds of the city. The June wind, heavy with the waters of the Ganges which flows past Cawnpore, made the night insufferably hot. But the heat did not trouble Sabat, the wild son of the Arabian desert, who was talking—as he always did—in a roaring voice that was louder than most men's shouting. He was telling the story of Abdallah's brave death as a Christian martyr.

Quietly listening to Sabat's voice—though he could not understand what he was saying—was a young Italian, Padre Julius Cæsar, a monk of the order of the Jesuits. On his head was a little skull-cap, over his body a robe of fine purple satin held with a girdle of twisted silk.

Near him sat an Indian scholar—on his dark head a full turban, and about him richly-coloured robes. On the other side sat a little, thin, copper-coloured Bengali dressed in white, and a British officer in his scarlet and gold uniform, with his wife, who has told us the story of that evening.

Not one of these brightly dressed people was, however, the strongest power there. A man in black clothes was the real centre of the group. Very slight in build, not tall, clean-shaven, with a high forehead and

sensitive lips, young Henry Martyn seemed a stripling beside the flaming Arab. Yet Sabat, with all his sound and fury, was no match for the swift-witted, clear-brained young Englishman. Henry Martyn was a chaplain in the army of the East India Company, which then ruled in India.

He was the only one of those who were listening to Sabat who could understand what he was saying.

When Sabat had finished his story, Martyn turned, and, in his clear, musical voice translated it from the Persian into Latin mixed with Italian for Padre Julius Cæsar, into Hindustani for the Indian scholar, into Bengali for the Bengal gentleman, and into English for the British officer and his wife. Martyn could also talk to Sabat himself both in Arabic and in Persian.

As Martyn listened to the rolling sentences of Sabat, the Christian Arab, he seemed to see the lands beyond India, away across the Khyber Pass, where Sabat had travelled—Mesopotamia, Arabia, Persia.

Henry Martyn knew that in all those lands the people were Mohammedans. He wanted one thing above everything else in the world: that was to give them all the chance of doing what Sabat and Abdallah had done—the chance of reading in their own languages the one book in the world that could tell them that God was a Father—the book of letters and of biographies that we call the New Testament.

The Toil of Brain

There was not in the world a copy of the New Testament in good Persian. To make one Henry Martyn slaved hard, far into the hot, sultry Indian nights, with scores of mosquitoes "pinging" round his lamp and his head, grinding at his Persian grammar, so that he could translate the life of Jesus Christ into that language.

Even while he was listening to Sabat's story in the bungalow at Cawnpore, Martyn knew that he was so ill that he could not live for many years more. The doctor said that he must leave India for a time to be in a healthier place. Should he go home to England, where all his friends were? He wanted that; but much more he wanted to go on with his work. So he asked the doctor if he might go to Persia on the way home, and he agreed.

So Martyn went down from Cawnpore to Calcutta, and in a boat down the Hoogli river to the little Arab coasting sailing ship the *Hummoudi*, which hoisted sail and started on its voyage round India to Bombay. Martyn read while on board the Old Testament in the original Hebrew and the New Testament in the original Greek, so that he might understand them better and make a more perfect translation into Persian. He read the Koran of Mohammed so that he could argue with the Persians about it. And he worked hard at Arabic grammar, and read books in Persian. Yet he was for ever cracking jokes with

his fellow travellers, cooped up in the little ship on the hot tropical seas.

From Bombay the governor granted Martyn a passage up the Persian Gulf in the *Benares*, a ship in the Indian Navy that was going on a cruise to finish the exciting work of hunting down the fierce Arab pirates of the Persian Gulf. So on Lady Day, 1811, the sailors got her under weigh and tacked northward up the Gulf, till at last, on May 21, the roofs and minarets of Bushire hove in sight. Martyn, leaning over the bulwarks, could see the town jutting out into the Gulf on a spit of sand and the sea almost surrounding it. That day he set foot for the first time on the soil of Persia.

Across Persia on a Pony

Aboard ship Martyn had allowed his beard and moustache to grow. When he landed at Bushire he bought and wore the clothes of a Persian gentleman, so that he should escape from attracting everybody's notice by wearing clothes such as the people had never seen before.

No one who had seen the pale, clean-shaven clergyman in black silk coat and trousers in Cawnpore would have recognised the Henry Martyn who rode out that night on his pony with an Armenian servant, Zechariah of Isfahan, on his long one hundred and seventy mile journey from Bushire to Shiraz. He wore a conical cap of black Astrakhan fur, great baggy trousers of blue,

bright red leather boots, a light tunic of chintz, and over that a flowing cloak.

They went out through the gates of Bushire on to the great plain of burning sand that stretched away for ninety miles ahead of them. They travelled by night, because the day was intolerably hot, but even at midnight the heat was over 1oo degrees. It was a fine moonlight night; the stars sparkled over the plain. The bells tinkled on the mules' necks as they walked across the sand. All else was silent.

At last dawn broke. Martyn pitched his little tent under a tree, the only shelter he could get. Gradually the heat grew more and more intense. He was already so ill that it was difficult to travel.

"When the thermometer was above 112 degrees—fever heat," says Martyn, "I began to lose my strength fast. It became intolerable. I wrapped myself up in a blanket and all the covering I could get to defend myself from the air. By this means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body. I thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126 degrees. I concluded that death was inevitable."

At last the sun went down: the thermometer crept lower: it was night and time to start again. But Martyn had not slept or eaten. He could hardly sit upright on his pony. Yet he set out and travelled on through the night.

Next morning he had a little shelter of leaves and branches made, and an Arab poured water on the leaves

and on Martyn all day to try to keep some of the frightful heat from him. But even then the heat almost slew him. So they marched on through another night and then camped under a grove of date palms.

"I threw myself on the burning ground and slept," Martyn wrote. "When the tent came up I awoke in a burning fever. All day I had recourse to the wet towel, which kept me alive, but would allow of no sleep."

At nine that night they struck camp. The ground threw up the heat that it had taken from the sun during the day. So frightfully hot was the air that even at midnight Martyn could not travel without a wet towel round his face and neck.

As the night drew on the plain grew rougher: then it began to rise to the foothills and mountains. At last the pony and mules were clambering up rough steep paths so wild that there was (as Martyn said) "nothing to mark the road but the rocks being a little more worn in one place than in another." Suddenly in the darkness the pony stopped; dimly through the gloom Martyn could see that they were on the edge of a tremendous precipice. A single step more would have plunged him over, to be smashed on the rocks hundreds of feet below. Martyn did not move or try to guide the beast: he knew that the pony himself was the safest guide. In a minute or two the animal moved, and step by step clambered carefully up the rock-strewn mountain-side.

At last they came out on the mountain top, but only to find that they were on the edge of a flat high plain—a tableland. The air was pure and fresher; the mules and the travellers revived. Martyn's pony began to trot briskly along. So, as dawn came up, they came in sight of a great courtyard built by the king of that country to refresh pilgrims.

Through night after night they tramped, across plateau and mountain range, till they climbed the third range, and then plunged by a winding rocky path into a wide valley where, at a great town called Kazrun, in a garden of cypress trees was a summer-house.

Martyn lay down on the floor but could not sleep, though he was horribly weary. "There seemed," he said, "to be fire within my head, my skin like a cinder." His heart beat like a hammer.

They went on climbing another range of mountains, first tormented by mosquitoes, then frozen with cold; Martyn was so overwhelmed with sleep that he could not sit on his pony and had to hurry ahead to keep awake and then sit down with his back against a rock where he fell asleep in a second, and had to be shaken to wake up when Zechariah, the Armenian mule driver, came up to where he was.

They had at last climbed the four mountain rungs of the ladder to Persia, and came out on June 11th, 1811, on the great plain where the city of Shiraz stands. Here he

found the host Jaffir Ali Khan, to whom he carried his letters of introduction. Martyn in his Persian dress, seated on the ground, was feasted with curries and rice, sweets cooled with snow and perfumed with rose water, and coffee.

Ali Khan had a lovely garden of orange trees, and in the garden Martyn sat. Ill as he was, he worked day in and day out to translate the life of Jesus Christ in the New Testament from the Greek language into pure and simple Persian. The kind host put up a tent for Martyn in the garden, close to same beautiful vines, from which hung lovely bunches of purple grapes. By the side of his tent ran a clear stream of running water. All the evening nightingales sang sweetly and mournfully.

As he sat there at his work, men came hundreds of miles to talk with this holy man, as they felt him to be. Moslems—they yet travelled even from Baghdad and Bosra and Isfahan to hear this "infidel" speak of Jesus Christ, and to argue as to which was the true religion. Prince Abbas Mirza invited him to come to speak with him; and as Martyn entered the Prince's courtyard a hundred fountains began to send up jets of water in his honour.

At last they came to him in such numbers that Martyn was obliged to say to many of them that he could not see them. He hated sending them away. What was it forced him to do so?

The Race against Time

It was because he was running a race against time. He knew that he could not live very long, because the disease that had smitten his lungs was gaining ground every day. And the thing that he had come to Persia for—the object that had made him face the long voyage, the frightful heat and the freezing cold of the journey, the life thousands of miles from his home in Cornwall—was that he might finish such a translation of the New Testament into Persian that men should love to read years and years after he had died.

So each day Martyn finished another page or two of the book, written in lovely Persian letters. He began the work within a week of reaching Shiraz, and in seven months (February, 1812) it was finished. Three more months were spent in writing out very beautiful copies of the whole of the New Testament in this new translation, to be presented to the Shah of Persia and to the heir to the throne, Prince Abbas Mirza.

Then he started away on a journey right across Persia to find the Shah and Prince so that he might give his precious books to them. On the way he fell ill with great fever; he was so weak and giddy that he could not stand. One night his head ached so that it almost drove him mad; he shook all over with fever; then a great sweat broke out. He was almost unconscious with weakness, but at midnight when the call came to start he mounted his horse

and, as he says, "set out, rather dead than alive." So he pressed on in great weakness till he reached Tabriz, and there met the British Ambassador.

Martyn was rejoiced, and felt that all his pains were repaid when Sir Gore Ouseley said that he himself would present the Sacred Book to the Shah and the Prince. When the day came to give the book to Prince Abbas, poor Henry Martyn was so weak that he could not rise from his bed. Before the other copy could be presented to the Shah, Martyn had died. This is how it came about.

The Last Trail

His great work was done. The New Testament was finished. He sent a copy to the printers in India. He could now go home to England and try to get well again. He started out on horseback with two Armenian servants and a Turkish guide. He was making along the old track that has been the road from Asia to Europe for thousands of years. His plan was to travel across Persia, through Armenia and over the Black Sea to Constantinople, and so back to England.

For forty-five days he moved on, often going as much as ninety miles, and generally as much as sixty in a day. He slept in filthy inns where fleas and lice abounded and mosquitoes tormented him. Horses, cows, buffaloes and sheep would pass through his sleeping-room, and the

stench of the stables nearly poisoned him. Yet he was so ill that often he could hardly keep his seat on his horse.

He travelled through deep ravines and over high mountain passes and across vast plains. His head ached till he felt it would split; he could not eat; fever came on. He shook with ague. Yet his remorseless Turkish guide, Hassan, dragged him along, because he wanted to get the journey over and go back home.

At last one day Martyn got rest on damp ground in a hovel, his eyes and forehead feeling as though a great fire burnt in them. "I was almost frantic," he wrote. Martyn was, in fact, dying; yet Hassan compelled him to ride a hundred and seventy miles of mountain track to Tokat. Here, on October 6th, 1812, he wrote in his journal:

"No horses to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my Company, my Friend, my Comforter."

It was the last word he was ever to write.

Alone, without a human friend by him, he fell asleep. But the book that he had written with his life-blood, the Persian New Testament, was printed, and has told thousands of Persians in far places, where no Christian man has penetrated, that story of the love of God that is shown in Jesus Christ.

Horace Mann
An Unhappy Little Boy

It is a very happy thing to be a little boy, although it is not a bit happier than being a little girl. The world is full of such a lot of child-things, story-books and fairy-tales, stars and swimming pools, raspberry tarts and birthday cakes and Christmas holidays. It seems almost a pity that people cannot stay girls and boys all their lives, instead of growing wrinkles and aches and pains and spectacles. And yet there are some children in this gay, joyful, holiday world who are not happy. There are some children who are even very sad. That doesn't seem possible. But I am going to tell you the story of one child who was like this.

He was born one hundred and seventeen years ago in the old-fashioned state of Massachusetts, and his name was Horace Mann. His father and mother were so poor and had to work so hard that they had no time to tell their two little sons and two little daughters how much they loved them. Of course they did love their children as much as your father and your mother love you, but they did not have the time to tell them so,—or perhaps they didn't think of it. There are some people who never speak of the things that they feel the most. We say that such people are *reserved*. In New England, in those hard-working, stern, long-ago days, people were very reserved indeed. They talked together about the weather, and the crops and

politics, not about affection or love or admiration. And so little Horace learned to keep his thoughts to himself. Think of that, you little boys and girls who run to father and mother whenever you hurt your finger or your feelings! Poor little Horace was so reserved that he never even told his mother when he had a pain, until he grew so sick that she noticed it herself.

The Mann family lived on a little run-down farm that bore big crops of stones and weeds and small crops of everything else. Horace began to work on the farm earlier than he could remember, when most little boys are still thought babies and are playing all day long. Instead of play days he had only play hours, and very few of them; for whenever he played a little he had to work a great deal to make up for lost time. In the winter the whole Mann family earned their bread and butter and potatoes by plaiting straw for baskets and bonnets. It is not much fun to go barefoot, ploughing or hoeing or pulling weeds over stony fields while the sun scatters freckles and tan over a small, heated face. It is not much fun either, to sit barefoot in a cold room and plait, plait, plait straw until it is too dark to see to plait any longer. But little Horace did what he had to do patiently and without whining.

Besides, this braiding of straw was what earned enough money for Horace's school-books. There were very few school-books, or even picture or story books for children in those days, and what there were were badly written and illustrated. But to little Horace all books were

wonderful treasures to be read reverently and taken great care of. He would have thought of sticking a pin into his own hand as soon as he would have stuck one into a book. Indeed, one of the chief reasons why Horace was so unhappy was that he could go to school only two or three months in the year. Some children may think that this should have made him happy, but Horace longed for an education. He wanted to know about the old wars of history, the strange countries that the geographies tell about, the stars and the tides and why the earth goes round. One day there came to the Mann's house to visit, a young lady who, people said, had studied a strange and remarkable thing called *Latin*. Little Horace looked upon this young lady almost as a goddess. It did not seem possible that he could ever hope to study Latin.

In the little town of Franklin where Horace lived there was a tiny public library. The books in this library were mostly heavy, uninteresting histories, or long, dreary collections of sermons and essays. But Horace spent whatever time he could snatch from the farm in the library, bending over these dusty, dull old volumes and reading them as eagerly as boys nowadays read "Robinson Crusoe" or "Tom Sawyer."

Next to books and his mother and his older brother, Horace loved beauty. But there was very little beauty for him on the dreary farm or in the tiny town. People in those days thought that painting pictures or playing the piano was a foolish waste of time, because they earned no money

and bought no bread or shoes or clothes. Whenever little Horace tried to make pictures of his beautiful thoughts on his slate at school, the hard knuckles of the master's ruler would set his poor red fingers a-tingle. Still Horace managed to steal a bit of beauty now and then by gazing at the red and golden sky at sunset or by lying on his back at night and watching and wondering at the dark blue curve of the heavens pricked by the tiny stars.

There was one thing more that made poor little Horace unhappy, and that was the cruelest thing of all. For it was the religion that the minister preached every Sunday and that the little boy was brought up to believe. Surely such a wonderful, beautiful thing as religion ought not to make any one unhappy, but the beliefs of those stern old days were unkind beliefs that taught the wrath of God and a dreadful place of punishment for people who did wrong, instead of the love of God and the mercy of God. Poor Horace could hardly sleep at night because he was so frightened at the thought of the dreadful punishment for sin. His dearly beloved brother was drowned when he was only twelve years old, before he had joined the church. Horace used to make himself wretched with the fear that perhaps this dear brother would not be allowed to enter heaven. At last, when he was twelve years old, and twelve years wise, Horace Mann made up a religion that he could believe in without fear. It was based on the kindness of God and the forgiveness of sins. After this he was happier.

All this time, while he was ploughing, braiding straw, and sitting up late at night to read whatever books he could lay hands on by the light of a tallow candle, he was wishing that he could have a real education so that he might some day do something that would help the old world along, and make other unhappy boys and girls happier. At last his chance came as the chance always does come to people who work patiently and wait patiently and pray patiently for it. A teacher came to town, became interested in the ambitious, eager boy, and offered to help him get ready for college. It usually takes years to prepare for college; but Horace studied so hard and so well that in six months he entered Brown University, and his boyhood hopes were realized.

Nowadays even the poorest child may have good school opportunities and fine teachers. There are libraries full of books for children, free concerts of beautiful music, and free art galleries hung with masterpieces of painting. There is no reason why a single girl or boy should want an education without having it or starve for beauty in a world full of beautiful things. And the one person who did most to give the children good schools and libraries and teachers was Horace Mann, the miserable little drudge whose boyhood went hungry for these very things on the rocky New England farm.

"A Knight Without Reproach"

For nearly four hundred years Greece had been subject to Turkey. The Greeks were oppressed and enslaved by their cruel conquerors; they scarcely dared to call their lives their own. At length, in 1821, they resolved to endure oppression no longer. Hopeless as their cause seemed to be, they took up arms and began a war for independence. The Turks were strong and pitiless; the Greeks were poor and weak, and yet they fought bravely for their country and their homes.

The war had been going on for two or three years, when a stranger appeared in Greece who at once attracted much attention. He was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four. He was very tall and handsome. His long hair was black, his blue eyes were very large, his face was beaming with kindliness and courage.

It was soon learned that this stranger was a young American surgeon and that his name was Samuel G. Howe. He had come to Greece to give such assistance as he could to those who were fighting for liberty.

He began work at once, trying to establish hospitals for the wounded and the sick. He went from one battlefield to another, doing all in his power to relieve the suffering and dying soldiers. Then, when matters seemed to be most desperate, he shouldered a musket and went

forth to share with the patriot Greeks the dangers and hardships of war.

He soon learned, however, that a stronger foe than the Turks was threatening the Greeks. That foe was hunger. The war had required so many men that there was now no one left to till the fields. The vineyards had been neglected and trampled down. The cattle had been driven off and butchered. Unless help came, the Greeks would be conquered by starvation.

The young surgeon was not a man to hesitate. He hurried back to America. In letters to the newspapers, in public speeches and personal appeals, he made known the sad condition of the Greeks. Thousands of Americans came forward with gifts of money and food and clothing. A ship was loaded with these generous offerings, and Dr. Howe sailed with it for Greece.

How the poor people of that unfortunate land blessed the stranger who brought this much-needed relief! He gave the food to the famishing, he placed the money in the hands of those who would use it the most wisely for the good of all. The whole nation thanked him.

For a long time after the Greeks had won their independence they remembered with love the brave, handsome American who had done so much to aid them. One story, in particular, they liked to tell and tell again. It was of a Greek soldier, whose life the American had saved on the battlefield, and who always afterward followed him

about like an affectionate dog. The poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who knew and loved Dr. Howe, has repeated this story in the following verses, in which he also briefly alludes to the hero's later services in behalf of humanity:—

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"Oh, for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave, and sweet.

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man at least I know

Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabers,
Like fire before the wind.

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek,—

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare;
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabers,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders,—
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band."

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been."

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,

Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

Sons of the Desert
Abdallah and Sabat
(Time of Incidents, about 1800-1810)

Two Arab Wanderers

One day, more than a hundred years ago, two young Arabs, Abdallah and Sabat, rode on their camels toward a city that was hidden among the tawny hills standing upon the skyline.

The sun was beginning to drop toward the edge of the desert away in the direction of the Red Sea. The shadows of the long swinging legs of the camels wavered in grotesque lines on the sand. There was a look of excited expectation in the eyes of the young Arabs; for, by sunset, their feet would walk the city of their dreams.

They were bound for Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, the Holy City toward which every man of the Mohammedan world turns five times a day as he cries, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah." To have worshipped in Mecca before the sacred Kaaba and to have kissed the black stone in its wall—this was to make Paradise certain for them both. Having done that pilgrimage these two Arabs, Sabat and Abdallah, would be able to take the proud title of "Haji" which would proclaim to every man that they had been to Mecca—the Holy of Holies.

So they pressed on by the valley between the hills till they saw before them the roofs and the minarets of Mecca itself. As darkness rushed across the desert and the stars came out, the tired camels knelt in the courtyard of the Khan, and Sabat and Abdallah alighted and stretched their cramped legs, and took their sleep.

These young men, Sabat and Abdallah, the sons of notable Arab chiefs, had struck up a great friendship. Now, each in company with his chum, they were together at the end of the greatest journey that an Arab can take.

As the first faint flush of pink touched the mountain beyond Mecca, the cry came from the minaret: "Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. There is no God but Allah."

Sabat and Abdallah were already up and out, and that day they said the Mohammedan prayer before the Kaaba itself with other pilgrims who had come from many lands—from Egypt and Abyssinia, from Constantinople and Damascus, Baghdad and Bokhara, from the defiles of the Khyber Pass, from the streets of Delhi and the harbour of Zanzibar.

We do not know what Abdallah looked like. He was probably like most young Arab chieftains, a tall, sinewy man—brown-faced, dark-eyed, with hair and a short-cropped beard that were between brown and black.

His friend Sabat was, however, so striking that even in that great crowd of many pilgrims people would turn to

look at him. They would turn round, for one reason, because of Sabat's voice. Even when he was just talking to his friend his voice sounded like a roar; when he got excited and in a passion (as he very often did) it rolled like thunder and was louder than most men's shouting. As he spoke his large white teeth gleamed in his wide mouth. His brown face and black arched eyebrows were a dark setting for round eyes that flashed as he spoke. His black beard flowed over his tawny throat and neck. Gold earrings swung with his agitation and a gold chain gleamed round his neck. He wore a bright silk jacket with long sleeves, and long, loose-flowing trousers and richly embroidered shoes with turned-up toes. From a girdle round his waist hung a dagger whose handle and hilt flashed with jewels.

Abdallah and Sabat were better educated than most Arabs, for they could both read. But they were not men who could stay in one place and read and think in quiet. When they had finished their worship at Mecca, they determined to ride far away across the deserts eastward, even to Kabul in the mountains of Afghanistan. So they rode, first northward up the great camel-route toward Damascus, and then eastward. In spite of robbers and hungry jackals, through mountain gorges, over streams, across the Syrian desert from oasis to oasis, and then across the Euphrates and the Tigris they went, till they had climbed rung by rung the mountain ranges that hold up the great plateau of Persia.

At last they broke in upon the rocky valleys of Afghanistan and came to the gateway of India—to Kabul. They presented themselves to Zeman Shah, the ruler of Afghanistan, and he was so taken with Abdallah's capacity that he asked him to be one of his officers in the court. So Abdallah stayed in Kabul. But the restless, fiery Sabat turned the face of his camel westward and rode back into Persia to the lovely city of Bokhara.

Abdallah the Daring

In Kabul there was an Armenian whose name we do not know: but he owned a book printed in Arabic, a book that Abdallah could read. The Armenian lent it to him. There were hardly any books in Arabic, so Abdallah took this book and read it eagerly. As he read, he thought that he had never in all his life heard of such wonderful things, and he could feel in his very bones that they were true. He read four short true stories in this book: they were what we call the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. As he read, Abdallah saw in the stories Someone who was infinitely greater than Mohammed—One who was so strong and gentle that He was always helping children and women and people who were ill; so good that He always lived the very life that God willed; and so brave that He died rather than give in to evil men—our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I worship Him," said Abdallah in his heart. Then he did a very daring thing. He knew that if he turned Christian it would be the duty of Mohammedans to kill him. Why not keep quiet and say nothing about his change of heart? But he could not. He decided that he must come out in the open and confess the new Captain of his life. He was baptized a Christian.

The Moslems were furious. To save his life Abdallah fled on his camel westward to Bokhara. But the news that he had become a Christian flew even faster than he himself rode. As he went along the streets of Bokhara he saw his friend Sabat coming toward him. As a friend, Sabat desired to save Abdallah; but as a Moslem, the cruel law of Mohammed said that he must have him put to death. And Sabat was a fiery, hot-tempered Moslem.

"I had no pity," Sabat told his friends afterward. "I delivered him up to Morad Shah, the King."

So Abdallah was bound and carried before the Moslem judges. His friend Sabat stood by watching, just as Saul had stood watching them stone Stephen nearly eighteen centuries earlier.

"You shall be given your life and be set free," they said, "if you will spit upon the Cross and renounce Christ and say, 'There is no God but Allah.'"

"I refuse," said Abdallah.

A sword was brought forward and unsheathed. Abdallah's arm was stretched out: the sword was lifted—

it flashed—and Abdallah's hand, cut clean off, fell on the ground, while the blood spurted from his arm.

"Your life will still be given you if you renounce Christ and proclaim Allah and Mohammed as His prophet."

This is how Sabat himself described what happened next. "Abdallah made no answer, but looked up steadfastly toward heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He looked at me," said Sabat, "but it was with the countenance of forgiveness."

Abdallah's other arm was stretched out, again the sword flashed and fell. His other hand dropped to the ground. He stood there bleeding and handless. He bowed his head and his neck was bared to the sword. Again the blade flashed. He was beheaded, and Sabat—Sabat who had ridden a thousand miles with his friend and had faced with him the blistering sun of the desert and the snow-blizzard of the mountain—saw Abdallah's head lie there on the ground and the dead body carried away.

Abdallah had died because he was faithful to Jesus Christ and because Sabat had obeyed the law of Mohammed.

The Old Sabat and the New

The news spread through Bokhara like a forest fire. They could hardly believe that a man would die for the Christian faith like that. As Sabat told his friends

afterward, "All Bokhara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'"

But Sabat was in agony of mind. Nothing that he could do would take away from his eyes the vision of his friend's face as Abdallah had looked at him when his hands were being cut off. He plunged out on to the camel tracks of Asia to try to forget. He wandered far and he wandered long, but he could not forget or find rest for his tortured mind.

At last he sailed away on the seas and landed on the coast of India at Madras. The British East India Company then ruled in India, and they gave Sabat a post in the civil courts as mufti, *i.e.* as an expounder of the law of Mohammed. He spent most of his time in a coast town north of Madras, called Vizagapatam. A friend handed to him there a little book in his native language—Arabic. It was another translation of those stories that Abdallah had read in Kabul—it was the New Testament.

Sabat sat reading this New Book. He then took up the book of Mohammed's law—the Koran—which it was his daily work to explain. He compared the two. "The truth came"—as he himself said—"like a flood of light." He too began to worship Jesus Christ, whose life he had read now for the first time in the New Testament. Sabat decided that he must follow in Abdallah's footsteps. He became a Christian. He was then twenty-seven years of age.

The Brother's Dagger

In the world of the East news travels like magic by Arab dhow (sailing ship) and camel caravan. Very quickly the news was in Arabia that Sabat had renounced Mohammed and become a Christian. At once Sabat's brother rose, girded on his dagger, left the tents of his tribe, mounted his camel and coursed across Arabia to a port. There he took ship for Madras. Landing, he disguised himself as an Indian and went up to Vizagapatam to the house where his brother Sabat was living.

Sabat saw this Indian, as he appeared to be, standing before him. He suspected nothing. Suddenly the disguised brother put his hand within his robe, seized his dagger, and leaping at Sabat made a fierce blow at him. Sabat flung out his arm. He spoilt his brother's aim, but he was too late to save himself. He was wounded, but not killed. The brother threw off his disguise, and Sabat—remembering the forgiveness of Abdallah—forgave his brother, gave him many presents, and sent loving messages to his mother.

Sabat decided that he could no longer work as an expounder of Moslem law: he wanted to do work that would help to spread the Christian Faith. He went away north to Calcutta, and there he joined the great men who were working at the task of translating the Bible into different languages and printing them. This work pleased

Sabat, for was it not through reading an Arabic New Testament that all his own life had been changed?

Because Sabat knew Persian as well as Arabic he was sent to help a very clever young chaplain from England named Henry Martyn, who was busily at work translating the New Testament into Persian and Arabic. So Sabat went up the Ganges to Cawnpore with Henry Martyn.

Sabat's fiery temper nearly drove Martyn wild. His was a flaming Arab spirit, hot-headed and impetuous; yet he would be ready to die for the man he cared for; proud and often ignorant, yet simple—as Martyn said, "an artless child of the desert."

Sabat's knowledge of Persian was not really so good as he himself thought it was, and some of the Indian translators at Calcutta criticised his translation. At this he got furiously angry, and, like St. Peter, the fiery, impetuous apostle, he denied Jesus Christ and spoke against Christianity.

With his heart burning with rage and his great voice thundering with anger, Sabat left his friends, went aboard ship and sailed down the Bay of Bengal by the Indo-Chinese coast till he came to Penang, where he began to live as a trader.

But by this time the fire of his anger had burnt itself out. He—again like Peter—remembered his denial of his Master, and when he saw in a Penang newspaper an article saying that the famous Sabat, who had become a Christian

and then become a Mohammedan again, had come to live in their city, he wrote a letter which was published in the newspaper at Penang declaring that he was now—and for good and all—a Christian.

A British officer named Colonel MacInnes was stationed at Penang. Sabat went to him. "My mind is full of great sorrow," he said, "because I denied Jesus Christ. I have not had a moment's peace since Satan made me do that bad work. I did if for revenge. I only want to do one thing with my life: to spend it in undoing this evil that has come through my denial."

Sabat left the house of the Mohammedan with whom he was living in Penang. He found an old friend of his named Johannes, an Armenian Christian merchant, who had lived in Madras in the very days when Sabat first became a Christian. Every night Johannes the Armenian and Sabat the Arab got out their Bibles, and far into the night Sabat would explain their meaning to Johannes.

The Prince from Sumatra

One day all Penang was agog with excitement because a brown Prince from Acheen, a Malay State in the island of Sumatra, had suddenly sailed into the harbour. He was in flight from his own land, where rebels had attacked him. The people of Acheen were wild and ferocious; many of them were cannibals.

"I will join you in helping to recover your throne," said Sabat to the fugitive Prince. "I am going," said Sabat to Colonel MacInnes, "to see if I can carry the message of Christianity to this fierce people."

So Sabat and the Prince, with others, went aboard a sailing ship and crossed the Strait of Malacca to Sumatra. They landed, and for long the struggle with the rebels swayed from side to side. The Prince was so pleased with Sabat that he made him his Prime Minister. But the struggle dragged on and on; there seemed to be no hope of triumph. At last Sabat decided to go back to Penang. One day he left the Prince and started off, but soldiers of the rebel-chief Syfoolalim captured him.

Great was the joy of the rebels—their powerful enemy was in their hands! They bound him, threw him into a boat, hoisted him aboard a sailing ship and clapped him in the stifling darkness of the hold. As he lay there he pierced his arm to make it bleed, and, with the blood that came out, wrote on a piece of paper that was smuggled out and sent to Penang to Colonel MacInnes.

The agonies that Sabat suffered in the gloom and filth of that ship's hold no one will ever know. We can learn from the words that he wrote in the blood from his own body that they loaded worse horrors upon him because he was a Christian. All the scene is black, but out of the darkness comes a voice that makes us feel that Sabat was faithful at the end. In his last letter to Colonel MacInnes

he told how he was now ready (like his friend Abdallah) to die for the sake of that Master whom he had in his rage denied.

Then one day his cruel gaolers came to the hold where he lay, and, binding his limbs, thrust him into a sack, which they then closed. In the choking darkness of the sack he was carried on deck and dragged to the side of the ship. He heard the lapping of the waves. He felt himself lifted and then hurled out into the air, and down—down with a crash into the waters of the sea, which closed over him for ever.

The Torch-Bearer of the Dark Continent

"Go anywhere—provided it be FORWARD."
David Livingstone

Mrs. Livingtsone stood in the doorway looking down on her sleeping boy. With his towsled hair dark against the white pillows and his eyelashes dark against his pale cheeks, he lay there in the feeble light of the winter dawn, looking particularly small and particularly glad to dream. Indeed, the mother wished she did not have to wake her little David. He was o'er young to work! Hardly more than a *bairn*, after all. But it had to be done.

No one has told us just how she waked him. Perhaps, with characteristic Scotch reserve, she did it swiftly, like any other stern duty. But Blaikie says she was a "very loving mother." And that "her love had no crust to penetrate, but came beaming out freely like the light of the sun." She was the one to "put out the candle" when her boy was studying too late, and we can imagine that, when she had to rouse him in the bleak morning, first she called, then she touched him gently, then she put her cheek down close to his and tried by her warm understanding to soften the hard news—that morning had really come, and he must rub his blue eyes open, dress, and reach the factory by six o'clock. This was ninety years ago, before there was much talk about that cruel thing, Child Labor. The Livingstones were poor. There were many children and

Davie was next to the oldest. He expected to help, and his father and mother expected it of him.

The lad must be in his place at six. Then, with a short time out to rest and eat, his little hands would tie broken threads till eight at night. Fixed to the spinning-jenny, was a Latin grammar, bought with his first wages, so that while his fingers were busy with their mechanical task, his brain could keep pace with the boys at school. No doubt those boys were yawning over their verbs that very minute; and no doubt all the boys, including little David, would rather play on the banks of the singing Clyde. Its music suited a child's spirit a great deal better than the whirr of wheels; and the winter wind blowing over its waters, nipping though it was, was better for a child's blood than the dust-filled air of the factory. As for sunshine, David hardly knew its flicker any more; he who had loved so much to gather shells and flowers! He would plod home by star-light or no light, as the weather decreed, so that, if the school of darkness was the best preparation for life in the "Dark Continent", his training was indeed rare.

Lives of most of the great men prove that those with the least time hold time at the highest value. It is with time as with money. The poor man, if he is wise, values five cents more than the millionaire; David Livingstone valued a minute more than did the boy of endless leisure. Free time was dear to him. But after the long factory day was over, bed was the place for a child of ten. For his golden minutes of freedom, sound sleep was the best investment.

As the lad grew older, however, he felt compelled to wrench from life something besides drudgery and dreams, and so, in those precious leisure moments, he studied history, politics, and literature, puzzled out creation's secrets locked away in flowers and stones, and at nineteen had saved enough money and stored up enough knowledge to go to Glasgow and enter the University. As a boy, he had hated to read religious books. Deacon Livingstone would fain have had his son love his catechism; but up to this time, David had loved nothing of the sort—not until he made up his mind to devote his life to making men better, and went to Glasgow to study for the ministry. Here, as Dr. Hillis puts it "He hired a garret, cooked his oatmeal and studied made a little tea and studied, went forth to walk but studied ever."

One of his first attempts at preaching was enough to make a weaker man give preaching up for life. He was sent to Stanford to supply a sick minister's place; but no sooner had he given out his text, than something queer happened. "Midnight darkness came upon him."

"My friends," he said, with his frank straightforwardness, "I have forgotten all I had to say." Then down he came from the pulpit and out he went at the chapel door. We can imagine it perfectly: his young face crimson, his shoes creaking with each fatal step, and the little congregation, some laughing, some pitying, but almost all remembering the failure for years to come.

But Livingstone was not to be beaten by one defeat. Because he longed above everything else to be a missionary, he studied surgery at the medical college; he would want to heal men's bodies as well as save their souls. To his commonsense, it seemed much easier to win confidences by curing pain or saving life than by preaching strange doctrines, no matter how good. If his commonsense had not told him this, the example of the world's great Healer would have done it. And David Livingstone needed no better example than Christ's.

As soon as he had decided on Africa as the land for his work, the whole world tried to scare him,—no, not his family, and not Dr. Moffat, but most of those outside his family. When Dr. Moffat, himself an African missionary, looked into the young man's fearless eyes, he read there the courage Africa would need. But people in general did their best to frighten him. Death, they said, would meet him at every turn; between African fever, savage natives, and the merciless power of the sun, he would be cut off in the prime of his youthful hopefulness. The Missionary Board, itself, would not be held responsible for any such risk. If he went, he could go independently.

In the face of all these threats and warnings the strong heart was unshaken. A steamer would sail for Africa almost immediately and on that steamer Livingstone would go. He hurried home to say good-bye. It was evening before he reached the dear old door, and in the early morning he must leave again. So till midnight he and

his father and mother, three understanding hearts, talked over the fears and hopes of his journey—steadfast, all three, yet finding the parting bitterly hard. When the sun flushed the sky with the light of dawn, David read, with brave simplicity, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Then, leaving his mother in the open doorway, he set out on his seven-mile walk to Glasgow. His father strode beside him till they reached the top of one of the high hills. Then the good-bye of their life was said.

If David Livingstone had been a cold-hearted man, the bravery needed for his African exploration would have been purely physical. Whether he was to meet fever, savages, or sunstroke, or even all three, physical bravery alone would have been enough; but he took with him into the desolation a great, warm heart pounding with love of home. I suppose the very poorness of that home was dear: the old sofa; the faded carpet; the fire that had not always kept them warm; dearest of all, the faces round the fire. David Livingstone needed a great deal more than physical courage to face that life of loneliness.

Since most of us would find it tiresome to follow Livingstone's long journeys even on the map, we will pay little attention to geography. It is better to remember that, to him, every name and every mile meant an experience,—those names and miles that are too tedious for us to read about. As he traveled, not only was he making geography (seeking to discover the source of the

Nile), but he was trying to rid the land of slavery, and to teach the people a happy religion. These were his three great aims. But to us his story is so full of poetry and action that it reads like a wonderful book of adventure. Sometimes, as we follow his hair-breadth escapes, we forget entirely that he was a missionary, and think he must have explored for excitement or fame. We must not do this. While he was as daring as the bravest explorer, he never faltered in his purpose; he had, above all else, the motive of redeeming Africa.

Before he could do anything for the Africans, however, he had to learn their language. This took seven months. After landing at the Cape of Good Hope, the very southern tip of Africa, he struck into the forest, and there he lived, the one white man among the half-naked black savages, learning their speech and their ways. If a man from another planet should suddenly stand before you in the center of your city, he would not seem as queer as David Livingstone seemed to these black natives. We can have no idea what they thought of him, whether he was a miracle, or just a new kind of animal. But night after night he lay down to sleep among them with a fearlessness that was, in itself, power. "I trust you," his placid face would say, without speech. And, without speech, armed and wondering, they would answer, "We are worthy of your trust." They were not, except as his trust had made them so. They themselves did not know why they did not kill him as he slept there among them unprotected.

He first won their confidence as a "rain-maker." By leading "runnels from the river" he taught them to irrigate; the desert changed to a fruitful valley. "He is a wizard," they said. "He brings water to dry ground." As time went on, he taught them to make gardens, raise cattle, and build houses. He taught their young people everything practical, from carpentry to taking care of the sick. After his marriage to Dr. Moffat's daughter, his wife taught the girls dressmaking. She was as brimful of bravery as her husband. She and the children spent many years in England for the children's health and education; but all the time she was in Africa, she was a strong help to the Doctor. And Livingstone's short holidays at home were very precious. With a child on each knee, he loved to turn his dangers into stories, and see the young eyes grow big with terror, while all the time he and the children knew that he got away safely.

Truly the swamps and jungles, where he spent his brave life, were fearsome enough. Trees a hundred feet high, festooned with tangled vines, shut out the sun, and snakes wriggled round in the tangle. Now Livingstone was stung by nettles, now, for days together, drenched with rain. At night his only shelter was an overturned canoe. Thirst, sunstroke, and famine, all threatened death, just as the friends in Scotland had prophesied. "A mole and two mice" do not seem, to us, like a tempting supper. One evening Livingstone and his men were glad enough to get that. When he was starving, he wished he would not dream

of "savory viands." "Took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger," reads one day's journal. His cattle died, his goods, including his precious medicines, were stolen. The rivers they swam or waded were the homes of many crocodiles. Not only was he attacked by serpents, lions, buffaloes, and hippopotami, but he was constantly harassed by tsetse-flies and ants.

"The Majestic Sneak" was Dr. Livingstone's nickname for the lion. Drawn by the smell of meat, a lion would come near the camp and roar. The natives, who believed that lions were disguised chiefs, would answer his roaring:

"You a chief, eh?" Tuba would call. "What kind of a chief are you to come sneaking round in the dark trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Why don't you kill your own beef?" another would cry. "Go and hunt for yourself. There is plenty of game in the forest."

If "lions attacked the herds in open day, or leaped into the cattle-pens by night," one had to be killed to scare off the others. Though it took tremendous courage to lead lion-hunts, Livingstone was the man who could do it. He mustered his men. Around a group of lions hiding on a wooded hill they formed a circle, but were afraid to throw their spears. Some one fired. Three animals, roaring, leaped through the line and escaped unhurt, while the panic-stricken natives huddled back into the circle. For very kinkiness, their hair could not stand upright; but their

knees shook, and their eyes rolled with terror. Those who could shoot were afraid of killing their fellows. Since the whole attack seemed as useless as it was dangerous, the circle broke up, and the party was about to return to the village, when, from the other side of the hill, Livingstone made out the outline of a tawny foe. About thirty yards away, the lion crouched behind a bush. Livingstone took good aim and "fired both barrels into it."

"He is shot! He is shot!" shouted the men.

"He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him," cried others.

"Stop a little till I load again," warned Livingstone, for he saw the "lion's tail erected in anger." Then, as he "rammed down the bullets" he "heard a shout, and, looking half round, saw the lion springing upon him." "He caught me by the shoulder," reads his vivid account, "and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat." Then a dreaminess like the effect of chloroform came over the great Doctor. Though he knew what was happening, he had no "sense of pain or terror." "As he had one paw on the back of my head," the journal continues, "I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mabálwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him, and bit his thigh. Another man,

whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabálwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment, the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell dead. The whole was the work of a few moments."

In his account, Livingstone made light of his splintered bones and of the deep prints in his arm of eleven sharp teeth. "I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint," he says simply, and is thankful to his tartan jacket that partly protected him from those cruel teeth and so saved his life.

This was, perhaps, his most exciting lion-fight, but the lions were familiar neighbors all the time. In the middle of the night, one old fellow came to the camp and killed a faithful donkey. The sleepers, roused by the commotion, kindled a light by setting fire to the grass. There, in the crackling glow, they saw the great King of Cats, his forepaws buried in the donkey's back, his long mane standing out like a devil's halo, his round eyes glittering with evil triumph. The men fired, but the big lion was too quick for them. He escaped, they supposed, at his usual velvet speed. But in the morning a broad track of blood told them that he had gone away wounded, and "could only drag himself along." The foot-prints of a second lion, however, cautioned them not to seek his hiding-place.

We wonder, when we read stories like these, that Livingstone could keep even for the lions a kind of understanding friendliness. Human enough to see their point of view, he adds to his description of "dripping forests and oozing bogs": "A lion had wandered into this world of water and ant-hills, and roared night and morning, as if very much disgusted. We could sympathize with him."

He liked to watch all the different animals. One day a dark green snake glided into his house to look for mice. This is his story of the cat's reception: "Puss approaches very cautiously and strikes her claw into the head with a blow delivered as quick as lightning; then holds the head down with both paws, heedless of the wriggling mass of coils behind it; she then bites the neck and leaves it, looking at the disfigured head as if she knew that there had lain the hidden power of mischief." So much space he gives to Puss's Victory. Two sentences are enough for his own. "I killed a snake seven feet long. He reared up before me, and turned to fight." Evidently bragging was not in his line

But if it came to honoring the natives, his journal could give that generous space. "Their chief characteristic is their courage. Their hunting is the bravest thing I ever saw." Then he goes on to describe a hippopotamus-hunt. The game, if won, can be traded for maize. There are two men in each light craft. "As they guide the canoe slowly downstream towards a sleeping hippopotamus, not a

single ripple is raised on the smooth water; they look as if they were holding in their breath, and communicate by signs only. As they came near the prey, the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands erect, motionless, and eager, with the long-handled weapon poised at arm's length above his head, till, coming close to the beast, he plunges it with all his might in towards the heart." Surprised from sleep by sudden pain, the animal does not fight at once. But the instant the "enormous jaws appear, with a terrible grunt, above the water" the men must thrust a second harpoon, this time from directly above. Then comes the battle. In a flash, the paddlers shoot the canoe backward before hippo "crunches it as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus, or shivers it with a kick of his hind foot." If the canoe is attacked, the men must "dive and swim to the shore under water" playing a trick on their huge gray enemy who will look for them on the surface. Meantime the handles, tied to the harpoons by long ropes, are floating on the stream, and, from a distance, other paddlers in other canoes seize them. Up and down and round and round they drag the old river-horse, till weak from loss of blood,—his frenzy changed to exhaustion,—he gives up the fight.

Speaking of the fury of the buffaloes, Livingstone says proudly: "Our young men never lose their presence of mind." If a buffalo makes a charge in the forest, they "dart dexterously out of his way behind a tree, and, wheeling round, stab him as he passes." We catch Livingstone's

admiration for the Africans' courage when we remember that the natives wore very little clothing as protection. Their shining dark skin had not even the buffalo's hairy coat.

In the forest there were not only lions, serpents, hippopotami, buffaloes, and other big foes, which any one would have dreaded, but there were hordes of tiny enemies: swarms of mosquitoes stinging men almost to madness; tsetse-flies killing off in a short time "forty-three fine oxen"; pests of ants that covered Livingstone "as close as small-pox" with a burning agony; and leeches that flew at his white skin "like furies, and refused to let go." He soon found that he could not twist or tug the slippery things off; but must give them a "smart slap" like the natives.

So much for the miseries of this jungle world. It had its beauties—great ones, too. Livingstone has left us a noble picture of the kingdom where animals reign. "Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically. When we descended we found all the animals remarkably tame. The elephants stood beneath the trees, fanning themselves with their huge ears." He wrote with affection. He gloried in the crimsons and deep blues of the African tangle, and in the flowers that made a "golden carpet." It was as if the ten-year-old Scotch laddie, cheated long ago of his sunshine, found it at last through sacrifice. No vast experience in great affairs could spoil his happiness in little

things—in the songs of birds; in the freshness of the morning; in everything that "God made very good." And half his heart seems at home in Scotland. There was a river "beautiful like the Clyde"; larks that did not "soar so high", or stay "so long on the wing as ours"; "a tree in flower brought the pleasant fragrance of hawthorn hedges back to memory." Some days the whole world seemed steeped in clear sunshine, the air filled with the hum of insects and the "courtship" of full-throated birds. Livingstone watched them "play at making little homes," or carrying nest-feathers too heavy for their strength; and often he fed them with bread-crumbs, he who had so little bread.

Then he would fall to pondering it all. What did the savages learn from their forest-education? Did the birds teach them to make peaceful homes and the trees a quiet shelter? He could not tell. But, like Fuller's "good sea-captain" he counted the "Image of God—nevertheless his image—cut in ebony as if done in ivory." Into the tangled darkness of Africa, the Torch-Bearer carried a light; and, for the first time, eyes dull almost to blindness, saw life clean, honest, and peaceful. Like children, the savages were quick to imitate. "From nothing I say will they learn as much as from what I am," was Livingstone's great doctrine. If the life-sermon failed, no word-sermon could win. And so, for example as well as for his own comfort, he kept himself, and everything he had, scrupulously neat. He taught them to despise a man who stabbed another in the back. That was sneaky. By his own proved fearlessness

and by appealing to their own bravery, he made them ashamed to be sneaks. "They never visit anywhere but for the purpose of plunder and oppression. They never go anywhere but with a club or spear in hand," he sadly admitted. "Why do you all steal from each other? Then you want to fight," he would say.

"It will be joy to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing with a spear," one would answer.

"You have opened a path for us and we shall have sleep," said a second.

But a great chief argued: "I can make my people do nothing except by thrashing them. If you like I shall call my head-man, and with our whips of rhinoceros-hide we will soon make them all believe together."

"I wish you could change my heart," sighed another. "Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always. I wish to drink and have it changed at once."

But Livingstone offered no miracles. Still treating them as untaught children, he pleased them with music, and showed his magic lantern pictures of his Master's life.

"It is the Word from Heaven," they said. But most of them grasped little except that the one who bore the Word was himself good. His genius was the genius of the heart. The natives trusted him more than they could trust father or brother; and, when once their love was won, they thanked him by their faithfulness. When he was sick, one

gave up his own blanket for Livingstone's bed; others carried him on their shoulders through the flood, or on a litter for the long land-journeys. If strength permitted, they traveled about two hundred miles a month. One of the stories of Livingstone's dangerous journeys through unknown bogs and woods, threatened by animals, fevers, and savages, leads us at last to the Western coast of Africa. There, coming suddenly from forest darkness to the gleaming waters of the Atlantic, the natives, who had never seen the ocean, fell on their knees in awe at its endlessness, gasping out. "The world says 'I am finished. There is no more of me."' Their trust had kept them trudging on only to meet this strange unknown. The best Livingstone could do, as he had done all the weary way, was to renew his frequent promise to bring them back safely to their friends. Before turning back, however, he tried to complete his maps and charts and his account of their explorations. The task was nearly done when the captain of an English steamer, which was anchored in the harbor, offered Livingstone a passage home. How it tempted him! Rushing rivers, and Scotch breezes, welcoming faces, and a home-like tongue! But Livingstone had given his promise. The English-going ship sailed without him, and, keeping his word to those who had trusted, he turned eastward for another two thousand miles.

Of the horrors of the slave-trade it is enough to quote his own words: "The subject does not admit of

exaggeration." His accounts, further than this, are only too vivid. "She is somebody's bairn," he would say pityingly, as he saw some poor chained creature. Three times Livingstone built for himself a house, only to have it destroyed by slave-traders, who hated him fiercely. After that, he was always homeless. What Lincoln did for America, Livingstone did for Africa. The Boers, whose chief commerce was in slaves, destroyed all he had. "They have saved me the trouble of making a will," he said. Three times in one day he nearly lost his life, for it was his life they were seeking.

Great physical courage he needed, then, but much more. For three years he heard no news from home; for two, the world heard nothing of him. "Oh, for one hour a day to play with my children!" he would think. Early in his African experience one of his babies had died in the wilderness. Years later, his boy Robert went to America, and there, like his father, spent himself for the slaves—he fought and fell at Gettysburg. When Livingstone was on his way home from his first journey, his father died.

"You wished so much to see David," said the old man's daughter.

"Ay, very much," with Scotch strength. "But I think I'll know whatever is worth knowing about him. Tell him I think so when you see him."

To Dr. Livingstone's delight, his wife sailed with him back to Africa. But the dreadful fever took her away. "Oh,

my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift," he sobbed. "For the first time in my life I feel willing to die." Yet, in his bitterest loneliness, he sustained himself with Christ's promise: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In his original way he added, "It is the word of a Gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour and there is an end on 't."

Long before now, the London Missionary Society had given Livingstone its strong support. His homecomings were real triumphs! medals, degrees, receptions—all the honors England showers on her heroes. Livingstone hated such a fuss. He would rather meet a lion in the jungle than be made a lion in public. With no thought of his own glory, he set forth the commercial value of Africa: its fruits, its furs, its ivory. But his strongest appeal was for the slaves. Self-forgetful always, on his careful maps were two names of his own choosing. The beautiful cataract, described by the natives as "Smoke that sounds," he named Victoria Falls for the "Great White Queen"; and he named a lake for his hero, Lincoln.

As an acknowledged missionary, an honored "fellow-worker with God" as he called it, he was strikingly level-headed and sane, and always absolutely sincere. "Nothing will induce me to form an impure church. Fifty added to the church sounds fine at home; but if only five of these are genuine, what will it profit?" Religion must be the "everyday business of life." When he found himself too

eager for visible results, he would preach himself a little sermon: "He that believeth shall not make haste. Surely if God can bear with hardened impenitent sinners for thirty, forty, or fifty years, waiting to be gracious, we may take it for granted that His is the best way."

In September 1865, he left England for the last time. Two years later we find him again in the heart of Africa—a world all "froth and ooze." Again his goods have been stolen and he himself is a mere skeleton. Then, one bright summer morning comes a massacre so terrific that Livingstone said it was like "being in hell." Exhausted by exploration and sickness, with no news from home or from any one, his "forward tread" is a poor totter. Death is the best he can hope for; no "Good Samaritan" can possibly pass by.—But suddenly, out of utter hopelessness, his faithful black man, Susi, rushed in, gasping, "An Englishman! I see him!"

One's own flag is dear to any patriot's heart. But never was an American flag so dear to a Scotchman as those stars and stripes to Livingstone. And never was a stage action more dramatic than Stanley's unexpected entrance—another white man in that unknown wilderness, bringing food, clothing, and medicine,—everything a desolate, dying man could need. Letters? Yes, a bagful. Livingstone read two from his children; then he demanded the news. "Tell me the news. How is the world getting on? Grant, President? Good! It is two years since I have heard a word!" The story of Stanley's and Livingstone's friendship

is too beautiful to miss. Every one should read it for himself. In the joy of their companionship, Livingstone grew rapidly better: his eyes brightened; his briskness and his youthfulness came back, along with that great, sweet spirit that Stanley never forgot. Together they explored Lake Tanganyika, making what Livingstone called "a picnic" of their partnered search. But when Stanley urged him to come away with him, Livingstone steadily refused. Africa might need him yet.

But his work was nearly over. During his long, wearying illness, however, he had the comfort of seeing his "boys'" faithfulness. By his torch they had lighted theirs, and learned that brotherhood is true religion. Then, on a May morning in 1873, one watcher alarmed the rest: "Come to Bwana; I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive." Susi, Chumah, and four others ran to the tent. There, by the bedside, with his face buried in the pillow, knelt their Doctor, dead.

What to do they did not know; and he could not tell them any more. They wanted to keep him in Africa; but thought that his friends would want him at home. And so, one of them read the burial service, and they laid his heart to rest where he had worked; but his body, cased in tree-bark and sail-cloth, they carried over a thousand miles to the ship that would bear it home. Gratitude has been called "the memory of the heart." Of all heart-memories is there a better proof than this? The Samoans, who dug the road for Stevenson, could count on his appreciation

because he was still alive; but Livingstone's friends, with their dog-like fidelity, could never hope for a word, a look, a smile of thanks. Their long, long journey to the coast led through jungle, forest, and danger. But they made it. And one of the boys who bore him was a slave whom he had freed.

England gave him a place in Westminster Abbey, with her poets and kings. On the black slab we read:

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA
HERE RESTS
DAVID LIVINGSTONE
MISSIONARY, TRAVELER, PHILANTHROPIST
BORN MARCH 19, 1813
DIED MAY 4TH, 1873

And on the border of the stone:

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

Florence Nightingale
A Heroine of England

I

Sometimes, when you have not been well, you lie in your bed at night, feeling very miserable and tired, and yet very wide awake. As you are thinking that the night is very long, perhaps you look up, and see by the light of a lamp, which is shaded so as not to dazzle your eyes, your mother or your nurse standing by you, come to see if there is anything you want.

When you have seen her, is it not much easier to go to sleep, knowing that there is some one close by, watching over you and taking care of you?

Not long ago there died a lady whom people called "The Lady with the Lamp." Hundreds of sick wounded soldiers saw her come very quietly to their beds in the night, with her little lamp, to see if she could help or comfort them.

Her name was Florence Nightingale; and she nursed our soldiers in a great war we were waging against Russia. It is through her that there are so many good nurses to take care of us, when we are ill in England now.

When she was only a little girl, she loved looking after sick animals. There is a story of her finding a sheep-dog, whose leg had been hurt by boys throwing stones. Its

master was very unhappy, because he thought it was so badly hurt that it would have to be killed; but Florence was sure she could save it. She bathed and bandaged the leg so cleverly, that in a few days the dog was running about again.

She knew all the people in the cottages round her home; and whenever any were ill, they always sent to her; she was so gentle and so eager to make them well, and she had so wonderful a gift for nursing.

She was rich, and might have led a most happy, useful life at home; but she felt that she was meant to be a nurse. So she went away to Germany to be taught; for, seventy years ago, there was no place in England where she could be taught so well.

Florence Nightingale worked hard indeed in Germany. She had made up her mind to learn everything she could, and get to know her business from the beginning. From Germany she went to France to learn the ways of the French nurses.

II

Then the war broke out between England and France on one side, and Russia on the other.

It is very sad to think that our soldiers were sent out without any proper arrangements being made to nurse those who were wounded. The stores for the hospitals

were wrongly packed and not looked after; and the doctors wrote home to England that they had nothing that they wanted, and that above everything else they wanted nurses.

So Florence Nightingale went to the war. She took with her thirty-eight nurses, and crossing to France, took ship for the Crimea—the part of Russia where the war was going on. At the French port the fisherwomen had been waiting for the boat to come in, and had fought for the honour of carrying the nurses' luggage to the train.

The nurses brought stores with them; and it was lucky that they did, for indeed they were badly wanted at the Hospital. It was a big hospital; but it was so full, that there were two rows of mattresses laid along all the corridors, with only just room for one person to pass between the sick men.

The cooking for the sick was wretched too. The men who were in charge of it put everything, meat and vegetables alike, into one large copper, and then boiled all together. Imagine how nasty everything must have tasted, some things not nearly cooked, and some cooked far too much.

Miss Nightingale changed everything. The cooking was properly done; the invalids got clean shirts and sheets; more nurses came to help; and dreadful as the suffering and illness were, she helped the men to bear them.

One soldier wrote home and said in his letter: "To see her pass is happiness. She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds. But we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again, content."

She stayed in the Crimea for more than a year, till all the hospitals were empty. She was ill herself while she was there; and after she came home, she was never very strong again. She had overdone herself with nursing and not thinking of her own health, when she could help others.

All the people of England put their money together to give her a present; and she chose to spend the money on a Nursing Home, where women might be trained as nurses. It is next to St. Thomas's Hospital in Westminster, by the Thames. The first thing which you see there, when you go in through the door, is a statue of Florence Nightingale. She is in her nurse's dress, as the soldiers used to see her, and in her hand she holds a little lamp.

The Moses of the Assyrians
William Ambrose Shedd
(1865-1918)

I

A dark-haired American with black, penetrating eyes that looked you steadily in the face, and sparkled with light when he laughed, sat on a chair in a hall in 1918 in the ancient city of Urumia in the land of Assyria where Persia and Turkey meet.

His face was as brown with the sunshine of this eastern land as were the wrinkled faces of the turbaned Assyrian village men who stood before him. For he was born out here in Persia on Mount Seir. And he had lived here as a boy and a man, save for the time when his splendid American father had sent him to Marietta, Ohio, for some of his schooling, and to Princeton for his final training. His dark brown moustache and short beard covered a firm mouth and a strong chin. His vigorous expression and his strongly Roman nose added to the commanding effect of his presence.

A haunting terror had driven these ragged village people into the city of Urumia, to ask help of this wonderful American leader whom they almost worshipped because he was so strong and just and good.

For the bloodthirsty Turks and the even more cruel and wilder Kurds of the mountains were marching on the land. The Great War was raging across the world and even the hidden peoples of this distant mountain land were swept into its terrible flames.

For Urumia city lies to the west of the southern end of the extremely salt lake of the same name. It is about 150 miles west from the Caspian Sea and the same distance north of the site of ancient Nineveh. It stands on a small plain and in that tangle of lakes, mountains and valley-plains where the ambitions of Russia, Persia and Turkey have met, and where the Assyrians (Christians of one of the most ancient churches in the world, which in the early centuries had a chain of missions from Constantinople right across Asia to Peking), the Kurds (wild, fierce Moslems), the Persians, the Turks and the Russians struggled together.

In front of Dr. William Ambrose Shedd there stood an old man from the villages. His long grey hair and beard and his wrinkled face were agitated as he told the American his story. The old man's dress was covered with patches—an eyewitness counted thirty-seven patches—all of different colours on one side of his cloak and loose baggy trousers.

"My field in my village I cannot plough," he said, "for we have no ox. The Kurds have taken our possessions, you are our father. Grant us an ox to plough and draw for us."

Dr. Shedd saw that the old man spoke truth; he scribbled a few words on a slip of paper and the old man went out satisfied.

So for hour after hour, men and women from all the country round came to this strange missionary who had been asked by the American Government to administer relief, yes, and to be the Consul representing America itself in that great territory.

They came to him from the villages where, around the fire in the Khans at night, men still tell stories of him as one of the great hero-leaders of their race. These are the kind of stories that they tell of the courage and the gentleness of this man who—while he was a fine American scholar—yet knew the very heart of the Eastern peoples in northwestern Persia as no American has ever done in all our history.

"One day," says one old village Assyrian greybeard, "Dr. Shedd was sitting at meat in his house when his servant, Meshadi, ran into the room crying, 'The Kurds have been among our people. They have taken three girls, three Christian girls, and are carrying them off. They have just passed the gate.' The Kurds were all bristling with daggers and pistols. Dr. Shedd simply picked up the cane that he holds in his hand when he walks. He hurried out of the house with Meshadi, ran up the hill to the Kurd village that lies there, entered, said to the fierce Kurds, 'Give back those girls to us.' And they, as they looked into his face,

could not resist him though they were armed and he was not. So they gave the Assyrian girls back to him and he led them down the hill to their homes."

So he also stood single-handed between Turks and five hundred Assyrians who had taken refuge in the missionary compound, and stopped the Turks from massacring the Christians.

But even as he worked in this way the tide of the great war flowed towards Urumia. The people there were mostly Assyrians with some Armenians; they were Christians. They looked southward across the mountains to the British Army there in Mesopotamia for aid.

But, as the Assyrians looked up from Urumia to the north they could already see the first Turks coming down upon the city. Thousands upon thousands of the Assyrians from the country villages crowded into the city and into the American missionary compound, till actually even in the mission school-rooms they were sleeping three deep—one lot on the floor, another lot on the seats of the desks and a third on the top of the desks themselves.

"Hold on; resist; the help of the British will come," said Dr. Shedd to the people. "Agha Petros with a thousand of our men has gone to meet the British and he will come back with them and will throw back the Turks."

The Turks and the Kurds came on from the north; many of the Armenian and Assyrian men were out across

the plains to the east getting in the harvest; and no sign of succour came from the south.

II

Through the fierce hot days of July the people held on because Dr. Shedd said that they must; but at last on the afternoon of July 30th there came over all the people a strange irresistible panic. They gathered all their goods together and piled them in wagons—food, clothes, saucepans, jewelry, gold, silver, babies, old women, mothers,—all were huddled and jumbled together.

The wagons creaked, the oxen lurched down the roads to the south, the little children cried with hunger and fright, the boys trudged along rather excited at the adventure yet rather scared at the awful hullabaloo and the strange feeling of horror of the cruel Kurdish horsemen and of the crafty Turk.

Dr. Shedd made one last vain effort to persuade the people to hold on to their city; but it was impossible—they had gone, as it seemed, mad with fright.

He and his wife went to bed that night but not to sleep. At two o'clock the telephone bell rang.

"The Turks and Kurds are advancing; all the people are leaving," came the message.

"It is impossible to hold on any longer," said Dr. Shedd to his wife. "I will go and tell all in the compound. You get things ready."

Mrs. Shedd got up and began to collect what was needed: she packed up food (bread, tea, sugar, nuts, raisins and so on), a frying pan, a kettle, a saucepan, water jars, saddles, extra horse-shoes, ropes, lanterns, a spade and bedding. By 7.30 the baggage wagon and two Red Cross carts were ready. Dr. Shedd and Mrs. Shedd got up into the wagon; the driver cried to his horses and they started.

As they went out of the city on the south the Turks and Kurds came raging in on the north. Within two hours the Turks and Kurds were crashing into houses and burning' them to the ground; but most of the people had gone—for Dr. Shedd was practically the last to leave Urumia.

Ahead of them were the Armenians and Syrians in flight. They came to a little bridge—a mass of sticks with mud thrown over them. Here, and at every bridge, pandemonium reigned. This is how Mrs. Shedd describes the scene:

"The jam at every bridge was indescribable confusion. Every kind of vehicle that you could imagine—ox carts, buffalo wagons, Red Cross carts, troikas, foorgans like prairie schooners, hay-wagons, Russian phaëtons and many others invented and fitted up for the occasion. The animals—donkeys, horses, buffaloes, oxen, cows with

their calves, mules and herds of thousands of sheep and goats."

All through the day they moved on, at the end of the procession—Dr. Shedd, planning out how he could best get his people safely away from the Turks who—he knew—would soon come pursuing them down the plain to the mountains. Night fell and they were in a long line of wagons close to a narrow bridge built by the Russians across the Baranduz river. They had come some eighteen miles from Urumia.

So they lay down in the wagons to try to sleep. But they could not and at two o'clock in the night they moved on, crossed the river and drove on for hour after hour toward the mountains that rose in a wall before them.

The poor horses were not strong so the wagon had to be lightened. Assyrian boys took loads on their heads and trudged up the rocky mountain road while the wagon jolted and groaned as it bumped its way along. The trail of the mountain pass was littered with samovars (tea urns), copper kettles, carpets, bedding; and here and there the body of someone who had died on the way. At the very top of the pass lay a baby thrown aside there and just drawing its last breath.

So for two days they jolted on hardly getting an hour's sleep. At last at midday on the third day they left Hadarabad at the south end of Lake Urumia. Two hours

later the sound of booming guns was heard. A horseman galloped up.

"The Turks are in Hadarabad," he said. "They are attacking the rear of the procession."

"It seemed," said Mrs. Shedd, "as if at any moment we should hear the screams of those behind, as the enemy fell upon them."

The wagons hurried on to the next town called Memetyar and there Dr. Shedd waited, lightening his own wagons by throwing away everything that they could spare—oil, potatoes, charcoal, every box except his Bible and a small volume of Browning's Poems.

Then they started again, along a road that was littered with the discarded goods of the people. Then they saw on the road-side a little baby girl that had been left by her parents. She was not a year old and sat there all alone in a desolate spot. Left to die. Dr. Shedd looked at his wife and she at him.

He pulled up the horse and jumped down, picked up the baby and put her in the wagon. They went along till they came to a large village. Here they found a Kurdish mother.

"Take care of this little girl till we come back," said Dr. Shedd, "and here is some money for looking after her. We will give you more when we come back if she is well looked after."

III

Suddenly cannon were fired from the mountains and the people in panic threw away their goods and hurried in a frenzy of fear down the mountain passes. They passed on to the plain, and then as they were in a village guns began to be fired. Three hundred Turks and Persians were attacking under Majdi—Sultana of Urumia. Dr. Shedd, riding his horse, gathered together some Armenian and Assyrian men with guns and stayed with them to help them hold back the enemy, while the women drove on. He was a good target sitting up there on his horse; but without thinking of his own danger he kept his men at it. For he felt like a shepherd with a great flock of fleeing sheep whom it was his duty to protect.

Panic seized the people. Strong men left their old mothers to die. Mothers dropped their babies and ran.

"One of my school-girls," Mrs. Shedd says, "afterward told me how she had left her baby on the bank and waded with an older child through the river when the enemy were coming after them. She couldn't carry both. The memory of her deserted baby is always with her."

The line of the refugees stretched for miles along the road. The enemy fired from behind boulders on the mountain sides. The Armenians and Syrians fired back from the road or ran up the mountains to chase them. It was hopeless to think of driving the enemy off but Dr. Shedd's object was to hold them off till help came. So he

went up and down on his horse encouraging the men; while the bullets whizzed over the wagons.

"I feared," said Mrs. Shedd, "that the enemy might get the better of us and we should have to leave the carts and run for our lives. While they were plundering the wagons and the loads we would get away. I looked about me to see what we might carry. There was little May, six years old (the daughter of one of their Syrian teachers) who had unconcernedly curled herself up on the seat for a nap. I wrapped a little bread in a cloth, put my glasses in my pocket, and took the bag of money so that I should be ready on a moment's notice for Dr. Shedd if they should swoop down upon us."

All day long the firing went on from the mountain side as the tired horses pulled along the rough trail. The sun began to sink toward the horizon. What would happen in the darkness?

Then they saw ahead of them coming from the south a group of men in khaki. They were nine British Tommies with three Lewis guns under Captain Savage. They had come ahead from the main body that had moved up from Baghdad in order to defend the rear of the great procession. The little company of soldiers passed on and the procession moved forward. That tiny company of nine British Tommies ten miles farther on was attacked by hundreds of Turks. All day they held the road, like Horatius on the bridge, till at night the Cavalry came up

and drove off the enemy, and at last the Shedds reached the British camp.

"Why are you right at the tail end of the retreat?" asked one of the Syrian young men who had hurried forward into safety.

"I would much rather be there," said Dr. Shedd with some scorn in his voice, "than like you, leave the unarmed, the sick, the weak, the women and the children to the mercy of the enemy."

He was rejoiced that the British had come.

"There was," said Mrs. Shedd, "a ring in his voice, a light in his eyes, a buoyancy in his step that I had not seen for months."

He had shepherded his thousands and thousands of boys and girls, and men and women through the mountains into the protection of the British squadron of troops.

IV

Later that day Dr. Shedd began to feel the frightful heat of the August day so exhausting that he had to lie down in the cart, which had a canvas cover open at both ends and was therefore much cooler than a tent. He got more and more feverish. So Mrs. Shedd got the Assyrian boys to take out the baggage and she made up a bed for him on the floor of the cart.

The English doctor was out with the cavalry who were holding back and dispersing the Turkish force.

Then a British officer came and said: "We are moving the camp forward under the protection of the mountains."

It was late afternoon. The cart moved forward into the gathering darkness. Mrs. Shedd crouched beside her husband on the floor of the cart attending to him, expecting the outriders to tell her when they came to the British Camp.

For hours the cart rolled and jolted over the rough mountain roads. At last it stopped, it was so dark they could not see the road. They were in a gully and could not go forward.

"Where is the British camp?" asked Mrs. Shedd.

"We passed it miles back on the road," was the reply.

It was a terrible blow: the doctor, the medicines, the comfort, the nursing that would have helped Dr. Shedd were all miles away and he was so ill that it was impossible to drive him back over that rough mountain track in the inky darkness of the night.

There was nothing to do but just stay where they, were, send a messenger to the camp for the doctor, and wait for the morning.

"Only a few drops of oil were left in the lantern," Mrs. Shedd tells us, "but I lighted it and looked at Mr. Shedd. I could see that he was very sick indeed and asked two of

the men to go back for the doctor. It was midnight before the doctor reached us.

"The men," Mrs. Shedd continues, "set fire to a deserted cart left by the refugees and this furnished fire and light all night. They arranged for guards in turn and lay down to rest on the roadside. Hour after hour I crouched in the cart beside my husband massaging his limbs when cramps attacked him, giving him water frequently, for while he was very cold to the touch, he seemed feverish. We heated the hot water bottle for his feet, and made coffee for him at the blaze; we had no other nourishment. He got weaker and weaker, and a terrible fear tugged at my heart.

"Fifty thousand hunted, terror-stricken refugees had passed on; the desolate, rocky mountains loomed above us, darkness was all about us and heaven seemed too far away for prayer to reach. A deserted baby wailed all night not far away. When the doctor came he gave two hypodermic injections and returned to the camp saying we should wait there for him to catch up to us in the morning. After the injections Mr. Shedd rested better but he did not again regain consciousness.

"When the light began to reveal things, I could see the awful change in his face, but I could not believe that he was leaving me. Shortly after light the men told me that we could not wait as they heard fighting behind and it was evident the English were attacked, so in his dying hour we

had to take him over the rough, stony road. After an hour or two Capt. Reed and the doctor caught up to us. We drew the cart to the side of the road where soon he drew a few short, sharp breaths—and I was alone."

So the British officers, with a little hoe, on the mountain side dug the grave of this brave American shepherd, who had given his life in defending the Assyrian flock from the Turkish wolf. They made the grave just above the road beside a rock; and on it they sprinkled dead grass so that it might not be seen and polluted by the enemy.

The people Dr. Shedd loved were safe. The enemy, whose bullets he had braved for day after day, was defeated by the British soldiers. But the great American leader, whose tired body had not slept while the Assyrians and Armenians were being hunted through the mountains, lies there dreamless on the mountain side.

These are words that broke from the lips of Assyrian sheiks when they heard of his death:

"He bore the burdens of the whole nation upon his shoulders to the last breath of his life.

"As long as we obeyed his advice and followed his lead we were safe and prosperous, but when we ceased to do that destruction came upon us. He was, and ever will be, the Moses of the Assyrian people."

He lies there where his heart always was—in that land in which the Turk, the Assyrian, the Armenian, the

Persian, the Russian and the Arab meet; he is there waiting for the others who will go out and take up the work that he has left, the work of carrying to all those eastern peoples the love of the Christ whom Dr. Shedd died in serving.

Clara Barton
A Very Gentle Little Girl

To begin at the very beginning, which is a good place to begin, Clara Barton was born on Christmas Day in Oxford, Mass., in 1821. At least that is what her mother and father and five grown-up brothers and sisters told her. Of course she herself could not remember about that. The first thing that Clara could remember, happened when she was two years old. She was playing happily by herself in the front yard when her mother suddenly heard a wail of grief. Her mother hurried to the door.

"Oh! Oh! los' pitty birdie—baby mos' caughted him," sobbed Clara.

"Where did the birdie go, baby?" asked her mother. Clara pointed to a small round hole in the earth beside the steps. At the sight of the hole Clara's mother turned pale and seized the little girl in her arms. The "pitty birdie" that Clara had "mos' caughted" was a snake!

The next thing that Clara could remember was a dreadful thunder-storm that came suddenly across a clean, blue sky and made the world look dark and lonesome and strange. Clara was very much afraid of a cross old black ram that lived in her father's stable and did not like little girls. When the black clouds of the thunder-storm began to race and rumble across the sky, and the thunder began to growl and mutter, little Clara thought

that the heavens were full of hundreds of cross black rams with flaming bright eyes and dreadful voices, and she ran to find her mother's lap to hide in.

Rams were the only four-footed things that Clara did not love. Her first friend was a white dog with a pug tail and a friendly tongue, named Button. It was Button who watched small Clara go tumbling and stumbling down the yard in her first steps, and who tried his best to pick her up when she fell down. To the little girl Button was part of the family like her brothers and sisters. Whenever she had a piece of cake or candy given to her, she made the whole family sit in a row, father at the head and Button at the foot, while she gave a bit to each of them.

Besides Button, Clara loved horses almost as soon as she loved her family. One of her brothers named David, who was a grown-up man when Clara was born, used to take his small sister out into the pasture and put her on the back of a wild colt, who would gallop and frisk away with her while she shrieked with joy and waved short, fat arms. When she was a grown-up woman and a nurse on the battle-fields, this knowledge of horses was very useful to Clara Barton. Several times she escaped from the enemy by riding swiftly away, perched on a hard, slippery trooper's saddle on the back of a tall war-horse.

Clara Barton's father had been an officer in the French and Indian wars. He loved to take the little girl on his knees and tell her all about the soldiers and the battles and

the charges of the cavalry. Clara used to listen to these stories almost without breathing for fear of missing a single word. Afterwards she would play war with her dolls and arrange battle lines and tactics like a little veteran. Her father told her, too, about the government of the country at the great white city of Washington; the senators, the congressmen, and the President himself. Clara had some queer ideas about these great men that ruled the country. She believed that the President of the United States must be very different from other men, as large as the meeting-house, perhaps. And she thought that the Vice-president must be as big as the schoolhouse, anyway.

When she was still almost a baby, Clara began to go to school. Even before she went to the real school her big brothers and sisters had taught her to read and add figures on a slate. Clara had no toy that she loved as much as she did that slate, and now it was decided that she was old enough to carry it to school, strapped carefully up with her primer and spelling-book like other little boys and girls.

The winter drifts on the way to the schoolhouse were too deep for such short legs to wade through, so she journeyed in state, perched high and dry on the broad shoulders of her brother David. Would you believe it, Clara really liked to go to school? She liked to make long rows of figures with her squeaky pencil up and down her slate; she liked to read about wars and great men in her history books, and she loved geography best of all. Sometimes she would take her maps to bed with her, and

then in the middle of the night she would wake up her poor sleepy sister and make her light a candle and point out the oceans and rivers and mountains on the map spread out before them on the quilt.

But there was one thing that made Clara unhappy sometimes while she was growing up. She loved her flower gardens, her lessons, her pets, but she was dreadfully afraid of people. Whenever there were strangers about, a queer thing would happen. Clara would almost forget her name, put her fingers in her mouth, look down at the floor, and wish that she might run away and hide. The name of this queer feeling is bashfulness, and perhaps some of you may have had it sometimes. If you have, you can sympathize with Clara.

When she was eight, Clara was sent away from home to a boarding-school in the next town. Her father and mother thought that this might cure that bashfulness of hers. But, instead, it grew worse and worse. The rooms at the new school seemed miles long and wide to poor timid Clara, the days were as long as weeks, and there were so many strange people around her. She did not dare to eat her meat and potato and pudding at the table because she thought that every one was watching her, although this, of course, was a very foolish idea. By and by she got thin and pale, and then thinner and paler, until at last her father sent for her to come home. Clara Barton never got quite cured of her bashfulness. Even when she was a grown

woman, she preferred to stand in front of cannon on a battle-field to speaking before a meeting of strangers.

It was probably because she had no playmates that Clara was so shy. When she was nine years old, however, the family moved to a new home in the same town, where there were six little neighbor girls and boys for Clara to play with. Such a good time as they all had together! They found where the best and biggest chestnuts grew; they played soldier on Rock Hill; they crossed the deepest part of the river on a narrow plank for a bridge, and rode the logs in the mill stream, almost but not quite as far as the dam. It was the boy playmates who taught Clara how to skate. In those prim and proper days only boys owned skates, for it was thought unladylike for girls. But Clara made up her mind to learn to skate. So one dark Sunday morning when all the house was sound asleep, she heard a whistle under her window, pulled on her clothes with cold, excited fingers, and crept downstairs. The boys led the way through the queer, shivery darkness to the pond, strapped a pair of skates on Clara's feet, and started out across the ice. But ice is so slippery! Poor little Clara fell down on her knees very suddenly and very hard, almost before she had begun. And ice is not a pleasant thing to fall on, as some of you may know. The two little knees were cut and bruised and bloody, but Clara was a brave girl and would not cry. Instead she wrapped her woollen comforter around her hurts and limped back home to bed. The next day and for three weeks the poor knees were

almost too sore and swollen to walk with at all, but Clara bore the pain like a soldier. But the ache in her conscience was harder to bear. She had been naughty and had run away to learn skating after she had been told not to. You can put salve and bandages on bruised knees, but the only way to cure a bruised conscience is to do what Clara did,—to go and tell mother all about it and be forgiven.

Clara had a special soft spot in her heart for anything or any one that was in trouble. Whenever she was given a canary as a pet, she would open the cage door slyly and set it free, because she thought that the poor bird could not be happy locked away from the blue and green and golden out-of-doors.

Do you think she was wise? When she was eleven and still fond of gentle things,—dogs; flowers, and books,—her favorite brother David, who had taught her to ride horseback and carried her to school on his big shoulders, fell from a scaffolding and was hurt very badly. Clara became his nurse. She took such good care of David that the doctor would not give his directions to any of the other members of the family. For two years the big brother was ill, sleepless at night, restless all day. And for two years Clara was his faithful little nurse and waited on him patiently until slowly he grew better and at last was his big, strong, handsome self again. In the years when Clara Barton was a wonderful nurse to hundreds and thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, she never forgot her

experience with her brother and the skill in nursing that she learned then.

And now Clara was thirteen, and still shy and small for her age. Her mother and father could not understand how uncomfortable it is to be bashful,—some fathers and mothers cannot remember that they were ever little folks themselves,—and they wanted to send her away to school again. But Clara begged to be allowed to go to work; so finally they consented.

So Clara was given the village school to teach. To be sure she was not quite fourteen, but she knew as much as any teacher, so why not? In the school there were several big, rough boys who began to make trouble for the timid little teacher, almost before she had taken her hat off on the first day. But Clara soon won their hearts. And how do you suppose she did it? By throwing a ball as straight as they did at recess!

It was because she could do things that most women cannot that Clara Barton became one of the most useful women in the world. And if you do not know *why* or *how* she was so useful, I advise you to find out, every one of you! Almost every library has the book called "The Story of the Red Cross," written by Clara Barton herself. It is as interesting as a fairy story, and best of all it is true, and it will tell you what this wonderful woman did for the world.

The Red Cross
Clara Barton

In 1861, when the Civil War began, there was a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington whose name was Clara Barton.

She was then about thirty years of age, well educated, refined in manner, intensely energetic. She had been in the Patent Office seven years. Previous to that time she had been a school-teacher. Stories are still current of her wonderful success in school management.

Those were the days when the public schools were but little esteemed, and methods of education were not such as we have now. It is said that when Miss Barton assumed charge of a certain school in New Jersey there were but six pupils in attendance; but such was her genius and such the magnetism of her presence that the number increased within a few months to nearly six hundred. One might think that such success would have made her a school-teacher for life. But this was not her destiny.

The war began.

Clara Barton read President Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers to fight for the preservation of the Union.

She gave up her position in the Patent Office, and volunteered—volunteered as a nurse without pay in the

Army of the Potomac. Her work was not in safe and quiet hospitals far from the sound of danger; it was on the battlefield rescuing and nursing the wounded while yet the carnage and the strife were there.

It surely required a brave heart to pass through the horrors that followed the struggles at Pittsburg Landing, at Cedar Mountain, at Antietam, and at old Fredericksburg. Very heroic must have been the women who faced those dreadful scenes with only the one thought to give relief to the wounded and the dying.

Toward the close of the war, Clara Barton was appointed "lady in charge" of all the hospitals at the front of the Army of the James—a worthy and well-earned promotion.

Then there came inquiries concerning soldiers whose whereabouts were unknown. Their friends wrote to ask about them. Were they living or dead? If alive, where were they? If dead, when and how did they die? There were thousands of such inquiries, and no one could answer them.

It occurred to President Lincoln to appoint some competent person to conduct a search for all such missing men, to learn their history, if possible, and to place that history on record.

Who was more competent for such a duty than Clara Barton?

At the request of President Lincoln, then very near the end of his career, she undertook the task. With all her great energy and her habits of thoroughness, she carried it through. It was a work of months, taxing all her strength, and requiring the closest application. In the end she was able to report the names and the fate of more than thirty thousand missing men of the Union armies.

Is there any wonder that her health was broken? The years of constant labor, the weight of great responsibilities, had told sadly upon her strength.

When her work was finished, then came the reaction. For days and weeks she was obliged to refrain from every sort of labor. She went to Europe. She spent the next few years in Switzerland, trying to regain her lost strength.

II. Organization of the Red Cross

It was on a midsummer day in 1859 that a great battle was fought at Solferino in the north of Italy. There the Austrian army was defeated by the combined forces of France and Sardinia. At the end of the bloody struggle more than thirty-five thousand men lay dead or disabled on the field of battle. There was no adequate aid at hand for the suffering and the dying. For hours and even days they lay uncared for where they had fallen. It was the old, old story of the barbaric cruelty of war.

While the battlefield was still reeking with horrors it was visited by Henri Dunant, a gentleman of means from

Switzerland. His heart was touched at the sight of the suffering that was around him. He gave every assistance that he could; he aided the few surgeons who were on the field, and was instrumental in saving many a wounded man from death.

When he returned home, he could not forget what he had seen. A vision of the battlefield was ever in his mind. He could not rest until he had written the story of the field of Solferino, and had tried to make others understand the horrors which he had witnessed. He delivered lectures and issued circulars, calling upon the good people of all nations to unite in forming a world's society for the care of disabled soldiers on the field of battle.

The work of Henri Dunant led to great results. A world's society was formed. A conference was held at Geneva. Eleven nations agreed to a plan which recognized this society and its work. Its members, its helpers, its hospitals, and the sick and wounded under its care should be free from molestation on the battlefield; and each of the eleven governments pledged its active aid and support.

In order that the workers of the society should be known when in posts of danger, and in order that its hospitals and all their belongings should be protected, it was found necessary to adopt a badge that should be universally known. The badge chosen was a red cross on

white ground. It was adopted in compliment to the Swiss government, whose flag is a white cross on red ground.

Thus it was that upon "the wild stock and stem of war" a noble philanthropy was engrafted. Thus it was that the movement was inaugurated which "gives hope," says Clara Barton, "that the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of war itself may some day at last (far off, perhaps) give way to the sunny and pleasant days of perpetual and universal peace."

It was while seeking health in Switzerland that Miss Barton first became fully acquainted with the objects and the work of the Red Cross. She met and formed friendships with the leaders of that movement. She resolved to give her energies and her life to its support.

III. Miss Barton in France

At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, Clara Barton was still in Europe. She at once threw herself into the work of the Red Cross in the camps and on the battlefields of that war. Her long experience as a nurse with our own armies gave her a great advantage in the management of hospitals and the care of the sick. During the course of that short but bitter struggle, no person did more good than she, no person deserved or won nobler laurels of praise.

After the siege of Strasburg twenty thousand people were without homes; they were without employment;

starvation was before them. Clara Barton saw the situation and was the first to act. She provided materials for thirty thousand garments, and parceled these out among the poor women of the city to be sewed and made at good wages. Everywhere her quick eye saw what was needed most, and her quick intelligence showed what was best to be done. Everywhere officers and civilians, the rich and the poor, acknowledged her good work and lent a helping hand.

In Paris after the close of the war the lawless Commune seized the power. The city was in the hands of men of the lowest character. It was besieged by the army of the republic. The thunder of the cannon was heard day and night. There was constant fighting on the streets. Scores of innocent people were shot down or put to death. In some parts of the city not one person was to be found in his home, so great was the terror and so general the destruction. In the midst of all these horrors, Clara Barton entered the city on foot and began her work of ministering to those in distress.

Among the common people there was but little food. Women and children were starving. On a certain day a great mob surged through the streets crying for bread. The officers were powerless. There was no telling what such a mob would do. Clara Barton stood at the door of her lodgings; she raised her hand and spoke to the infuriated men and the despairing women. They paused and listened to her calm and hopeful words. "Oh, mon

Dieu!" they cried. "It is an angel that speaks to us." And they quietly dispersed to their homes.

"What France must have been without the merciful help of the Red Cross societies, the imagination dare not picture. At the end of the war ten thousand wounded men were removed from Paris under the auspices of the relief societies—men who otherwise must have lingered in agony or died from want of care; and there were brought back to French soil nine thousand men who had been cared for in German hospitals."

In recognition of the golden deeds which she had performed in this war, Clara Barton received as decorations of honor the golden cross of Baden and the iron cross of Germany.

IV. The American Association

As yet there was no Red Cross society in America. It therefore became the work of Miss Barton for the next few years to found such a society. It was not until 1882 that the United States joined the family of nations which at Geneva, eighteen years before, had pledged their support to this movement in behalf of civilized humanity.

The plan for an American society included much more than merely the relief of wounded soldiers. Miss Barton's experiences in Strasburg and in Paris had shown the need and the possibility of wider usefulness. And so the work of the Red Cross Association of America was to relieve

suffering wherever it was found, and especially during great calamities, such as famine, pestilence, earthquake disaster, flood, or fire.

Before a month had passed the first call for help was sounded. A great fire was sweeping through the forests of Michigan. For many days it raged unchecked. Homes were destroyed, farms were burned over, every living thing was swept away by the devastating flames, and thousands of people were in dire need of food, clothing, and shelter.

The Red Cross Association was little prepared to meet so great a calamity, but under the direction of its president, Clara Barton, it began at once to do what it could. The white banner with its red cross was unfurled here for the first time. The call for aid was quickly responded to. Men, women, and children hastened to bring their gifts of sympathy and human kindness to be distributed by the society. Eighty thousand dollars in money, food, clothing, and other needful things were forwarded to the suffering people of Michigan.

After that there were calls for help almost every year. There were great floods along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Charleston, South Carolina, was partly destroyed by an earthquake. There were fearful cyclones in the West, causing much destruction of life and property. Wherever there was suffering from any of these causes, Clara Barton

with the Red Cross was present to give relief and assistance.

In 1885 and 1886 there was a great drought in Texas. For eighteen months no rain fell. No crops could be raised. Hundreds of thousands of cattle died for lack of forage and water. Thousands of people were in want of the comforts of life. Through the labors of the Red Cross Association and its president, more than a hundred thousand dollars were contributed for the relief of the distressed.

On the 30th of May, 1889, the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was overwhelmed by a flood caused by the breaking of a dam in the Little Conemaugh River. Nearly five thousand lives were lost, and property to the value of twelve million dollars was destroyed. Scarcely had the first news of the disaster been telegraphed over the country before Clara Barton was on the ground doing the good work of the Red Cross. For five months she remained there amid scenes of desolation, poverty, and woe, which no pen can describe.

She fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless, comforted the sorrowing, and was a ministering angel to the sick, the impoverished, and the despairing. "The first to come, the last to go," said one of the newspapers of Johnstown, "she has indeed been an elder sister to us—nursing, soothing, tending, caring for the stricken ones through a season of distress such as no other people ever knew—such as, God

grant, no other people may ever know. The idea crystallized, put into practice: 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

In 1893 occurred the great hurricane in the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina. It was a calamity second only to that of Johnstown, and the number of persons who perished will never be known. There, among black people of the poorest and most ignorant class, Miss Barton labored unceasingly for months. She distributed weekly rations of food to thirty thousand Sea Islanders. She gave them materials for clothing and taught them how to make these into garments. She encouraged them in the rebuilding of their homes. She directed the digging of more than two hundred miles of ditches, thus reclaiming thousands of acres of land. She distributed garden seeds to every householder on the islands, besides seed corn and grain to the farmers. Within nine months, under the supervision of the Red Cross, industry and prosperity were restored and the poor blacks were enabled to become self-supporting and independent. Is it any wonder that they revered the name of the woman who brought them so much comfort and happiness, and that to this day they name their girls "Clara Barton" and their boys "Red Cross"?

The work of the Red Cross was transferred to other places and other peoples. In Armenia after the Turkish massacres, in Cuba during the Spanish War, in every place

cursed by war or afflicted with some great calamity, there was found the Red Cross, doing its noble work.

V. The National Red Cross

As yet the American Association of the Red Cross had but few members and its work was much hampered through the lack of funds and systematic management. In 1893 it was reorganized as the American National Red Cross, but not until twelve years later did its membership exceed three hundred persons.

When the war with Spain began, a number of helping Red Cross societies sprang into existence, each to some extent independent of the national association. This division of management led to much confusion, which resulted in a large amount of unnecessary suffering among the sick and wounded. It frequently happened that in one place there was an over-abundance of supplies, while in another there were none at all. Too many articles of one kind were provided, and too few or perhaps none of another. Nevertheless, despite all these unfortunate circumstances, the Red Cross was instrumental in saving many lives and in relieving much suffering.

"And yet, with proper management, it might have done a great deal more," said many thinking people.

Therefore, in 1900, the society was incorporated by Act of Congress and placed under the supervision of the government. From that time forward it was to be

controlled by a central committee composed of eighteen members, six of whom were to be appointed by the President. The association is now required to report to the War Department on the first day of each year, giving a full account of all its work. A new charter was granted to it in 1905, and the Secretary of War, William H. Taft, was elected president of the association.

Since its reorganization the work of the Red Cross has been much extended and its efficiency very greatly increased. For the sufferers in the Japanese famine, it contributed nearly a quarter of a million dollars. For those rendered homeless by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1905, it gave over twelve thousand dollars. For those who suffered in the great earthquake in California in 1906, it collected and distributed more than three million dollars. Substantial aid was also sent to Chili for those made destitute by the earthquake at Valparaiso, and to China and Russia for the relief of sufferers from the great famines in those countries.

And thus the work of this noble association, founded through the efforts of one heroic woman, continues. Wherever there is great distress or widespread suffering, wherever there is famine, or earthquake, or war, there the National Red Cross, like an angel of mercy, stands ready to relieve, assist, and bless. Perhaps no other organization has ever done so much for the relief of suffering humanity.

Scenes from the Life of John G. Paton Scottish Missionary in New Hebrides 1824-1907

Our Cottage Home

My early days were all spent in the beautiful county of Dumfries, which Scotch folks call the Queen of the South. I was born on the 24th May 1824. There, amid this wholesome and breezy village life, our dear parents found their home for the long period of forty years. There too were born to them eight additional children, making in all a family of five sons and six daughters.

Our home consisted of a "but" and a "ben" and a "mid room," or chamber, called the "closet". The one end was my mother's domain, and served all the purposes of dining-room and kitchen and parlour, besides containing two large wooden erections, called by our Scotch peasantry "box beds", not holes in the wall, as in cities, but grand, big, airy beds, adorned with many-coloured counterpanes, and hung with natty curtains, showing the skill of the mistress of the house. The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six "stocking frames," whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet, and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants at Hawick and Dumfries.

The "closet" was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table, and a

chair, with a diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene. This was the Sanctuary of that cottage home. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and "shut to the door"; and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the High Priest within the veil in the Most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy.

The outside world might now know, but we knew, whence came that happy light as of a new-born smile that always was dawning on my father's face: it was a reflection from the Divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived. Never, in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattles. Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once again in that Sanctuary Closet, and, hearing still the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal, "He walked with God, why may not I?"

Consecrated Parents

Somewhere in or about his seventeenth year, my father passed through a crisis of religious experience; and from that day he openly and very decidedly followed the Lord Jesus. And so began in his seventeenth year that blessed custom of Family Prayer, morning and evening, which my father practised probably without one single avoidable omission till he lay on his last day of his life, seventy-seven years of age; when, even to the last day of his life, a portion of Scriptures was read, and his voice was heard softly joining in the Psalm,—falling in sweet benediction on the heads of all his children.

Each of us, from very early days, considered it no penalty, but a great joy, to go with our father to the church; the four miles were a treat to our young spirits, the company by the way was a fresh incitement, and occasionally some of the wonders of city-life rewarded our eager eyes. We had, too, special Bible Readings on the Lord's Day evening,—mother and children and visitors reading in turns, with fresh and interesting question, answer, and exposition, all tending to impress us with the infinite grace of a God of love and mercy in the great gift of His dear Son Jesus, our Saviour.

Oh, I can remember those happy Sabbath evenings; no blinds down, and shutters up, to keep out the sun from us, as some scandalously affirm; but a holy, happy, entirely human day, for a Christian father, mother, and children to

spend. Others must write and say what they will, and as they feel; but so must I. There were eleven of us brought up in a home like that; and never one of the eleven, boy or girl, man or woman, has been heard, or ever will be heard, saying that Sabbath was dull and wearisome for us, or suggesting that we have heard of or seen any way more likely than that for making the Day of the Lord bright and blessed alike for parents and for children. But God help the homes where these things are done by force and not by love!

Leaving the Old Home

Before going to my first harvesting, I had applied for a situation in Glasgow, but I had little or no hope of ever hearing of it further. But much to my surprise, immediately on the closing of the harvesting experience, a letter arrived, intimating that I, along with another young man, had been put upon the short leet, and that both were requested to appear in Glasgow on a given day and compete for the appointment.

Two days thereafter I started out from my quiet country home on the road to Glasgow. Railways in those days were as yet few, and coach-travelling was far beyond my purse. A small bundle contained my bible and all my personal belongings. Thus was I launched upon the ocean of life. I thought on One who says, "I know thy poverty, but thou art rich."

My dear father walked with me the first six miles of the way. His counsels and tears and heavenly conversation on that parting journey are fresh in my heart as if it had been but yesterday; and tears are on my cheeks as freely now as then, whenever memory steals me away to the scene. For the last half-mile or so we walked on together in almost unbroken silence,—my father, as was often his custom, carrying hat in hand, while his long, flowing yellow hair (then yellow, but in later years white as snow) streamed like a girl's down his shoulders. His lips kept moving in silent prayers for me; and his tears fell fast when our eyes met each other in looks for which all speech was vain! We halted on reaching the appointed parting-place; he grasped my hand firmly for a minute in silence, and then solemnly and affectionately said:

"God bless you, my son! Your father's God prosper you, and keep you from all evil!"

Unable to say more, his lips kept moving in silent prayer; in tears we embraced, and parted. I ran off as fast as I could; and, when about to turn a corner in the road where he would lose sight of me, I looked back and saw him still standing with head uncovered where I had left him—gazing after me. Waving my hat in adieu, I was round the corner and out of sight in an instant.

But my heart was too full and sore to carry me farther, so I darted into the side of the road and wept for a time. Then, rising up cautiously, I climbed the dyke to see if he

yet stood where I left him; and just at that moment I caught a glimpse of him climbing the dyke and looking out for me! He did not see me, and after he had gazed eagerly in my direction for a while he got down, set his face towards home, and began to return—his head still uncovered, and his heart, I felt sure, still rising in prayers for me.

I watched through blinding tears, till his form faded from my gaze; and then, hastening on my way, vowed deeply and oft, by the help of God, to live and act so as never to grieve or dishonour such a father and mother as He had given me. The appearance of my father, when we parted—his advice, prayers, and tears—the road, the dyke, the climbing up on it and then walking away, head uncovered—have often, often, all through life, risen vividly before my mind, and do so now while I am writing, as if it had been but an hour ago. In my earlier years particularly, when exposed to many temptations, his parting form rose before me as that of a guardian angel.

A Foreign Missionary

Happy in my work as I felt through these next ten years, and successful by the blessing of God, yet I continually heard the wail of the perishing Heathen in the South Seas; and I saw that few were caring for them. This was the supreme subject of my daily meditation and

prayer; and this also led me to enter upon those medical studies, in which I proposed taking the full course.

Amongst many who sought to deter me, was one dear old Christian gentleman, whose crowning argument always was, "The Cannibals! You will be eaten by Cannibals!" At last I replied, "Mr. Dickson, you are advanced in years now, and your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, there to be eaten by worms; I confess to you, that if I can but live and die serving and honouring the Lord Jesus, it will make no difference to me whether I am eaten by Cannibals or by worms; and in the Great Day my resurrection body will arise as fair as yours in the likeness of our risen Redeemer."

Nothing so clears the vision, and lifts up the life, as a decision to move forward in what you know to be entirely the will of the Lord.

I saw the hand of God very visibly, not only preparing me for, but now leading me to, the Foreign Mission field. On the first of December 1857—being then in my thirty-third year—I was 'licensed' as a preacher of the Gospel. On the 23rd of March, 1858, in presence of a mighty crowd, I was set apart as a missionary to the New Hebrides.

First Impressions of Heathendom

My first impression drove me, I must confess, to the verge of utter dismay. On beholding these Natives in their

paint and nakedness and misery, my heart was as full of horror as of pity. Had I given up my much-beloved work and my dear people in Glasgow, with so many delightful associations, to consecrate my life to these degraded creatures? Was it possible to teach them right and wrong or even to civilize them? But that was only a passing feeling!

The Great Bereavement

My dear young wife, Mary Ann Robson, landed with me on Tanna on the 5th November 1858, in excellent health and full of all tender and holy hopes. On the 12th February 1859 God sent to us our first-born son; for two days or so both mother and child seemed to prosper, and our island-exile thrilled with joy! But the greatest of sorrows was treading hard upon the heels of that joy! My darling's strength showed no signs of rallying. She had an attack of ague and fever a few days before; on the third day or so thereafter, it returned, and attacked her every second day with increasing severity for a fortnight. Diarrhea ensued, and symptoms of pneumonia, with slight delirium at intervals; and then in a moment, altogether unexpectedly, she died on the 3rd March. To crown my sorrows, and complete my loneliness, the dear baby-boy, whom we had named after her father, Peter Robert Robson, was taken from me after one week's sickness, on the 20th March. Let those who have ever passed through any similar darkness as of midnight feel for me; as for all

others, it would be more than vain to try to paint my sorrows!

Stunned by that dreadful loss, in entering upon this field of labour to which the Lord had Himself so evidently led me, my reason seemed for a time almost to give way. Ague and fever, too, laid a depressing and weakening hand upon me, continuously recurring, and reaching oftentimes the very height of its worst burning stages. But I was never altogether forsaken. The ever-merciful Lord sustained me, to lay the precious dust of my beloved Ones in the same quiet grave, dug for them close by at the end of the house; in all of which last offices my own hands, despite breaking heart, had to take the principal share!

I built the grave round and round with coral blocks, and covered the top with beautiful white corral, broken small as gravel; and that spot became my sacred and much frequented shrine, during all the following months and years when I laboured on for the salvation of these savage Islanders amidst difficulties, dangers and deaths. Whensoever Tanna turns to the Lord, and is won for Christ, men in after-days will find the memory of that spot still green,—where with ceaseless prayers and tears I claimed that land for God in which I had "buried my dead" with faith and hope. But for Jesus, and the fellowship He vouchsafed me there, I have gone mad and died beside that lonely grave!

Superstitions and Cruelties

Nowhat, an old Chief of the highest rank from Aneityum, who spoke Tannese and was much respected by the Natives all round the south side of Tanna, came on a visit to our island. Upon returning home, he became very ill and died in a few days. The deluded Tannese, hearing of his death, ascribed it to me and the Worship, and resolved to burn our house and property, and either murder the whole Mission party, or compel us to leave the island.

Nowhat's brother was sent from Aneityum to talk to the Tannese and conciliate them, but unfortunately he could not speak the language well. Within two days after landing, he had a severe attack of ague and fever; and, though the vessel he came in remained eight days, he was prostrated all the time, so that his well-intentioned visit did us much harm.

The Tannese became furious. This was proof positive, that we were the cause of all their sickness and death! Inland and all along the weather side of the island, when far enough away from us, they said that the Natives were enjoying excellent health. Meeting after meeting was held; exciting speeches were delivered; and feasts were given, for which it was said that several women were sacrificed, cooked, and eaten,—such being the bonds by which they entered into covenant with each other for life or death.

The inhabitants for miles around united in seeking our destruction, but God put it into even savage hearts to save us. Old Nowar, the Chief under whom we lived, and the Chief next under him, Arkurat, set themselves to rescue us. A meeting of all our enemies on the island was summoned, and it was publicly resolved that a band of men be selected and enjoined to kill the whole of those friendly to the Mission, old Nowar and the rest, that no one might be left to give information to the white men or bring punishment on the Islanders. Frenzy and excitement prevailed, and the bloodfiend seemed to override the whole assembly; when, under the impulse that surely came from the Lord of Pity, one great warrior Chief who had hitherto kept silent, rose, swung aloft a mighty club, and smashing it earthwards, cried aloud, "The man that kills Missi must first kill me,—the men that kill that Mission Teachers must first kill me and my people,—for we shall stand by them and defend them till death."

Instantaneously, another Chief thundered in the same declaration; and the great assembly broke up in dismay. All the more remarkable was this deliverance, as these two Chiefs were regarded as amongst our bitterest enemies. It had happened that, a brother of the former Chief having been wounded in battle, I had dressed his wounds and he recovered, for which perhaps he now favoured us. But I do not put very much value on that consideration; for too clearly did our dear Lord Jesus interpose directly on our

behalf that day. I and my defenceless company had spent it in anxious prayers and tears; and our hearts overflowed with gratitude to the Saviour who rescued us from the lions' jaws.

Leaving all consequences to the disposal of my Lord, I determined to make an unflinching stand against wife-beating and widow-strangling, feeling confident that even their natural conscience would be on my side. I accordingly pled with all who were in power to unite and put down these shocking and disgraceful customs. At length, ten Chiefs entered into an agreement not to allow any more beating of wives or strangling of widows, and to forbid all common labour on the Lord's Day; but alas, except for purposes of war or other wickedness, the influence of the Chiefs on Tanna was comparatively small. One Chief boldly declared, "If we did not beat our women, they would never work; they would never fear and obey us; but when we have beaten, and killed, and feasted on two or three, the rest are all very quiet and good for a long time to come!"

I tried to show them how cruel it was, besides that it made them unable for work, and that kindness would have a much better effect; but he promptly assured me that Tannese women "could not understand kindness". For the sake of teaching by example, my Aneityumese Teachers and I used to go a mile or two inland on the principal pathway, along with the Teachers' wives, and there cutting and carrying home a heavy load of firewood

for myself and each of the men, while we gave only a small burden to each of the women. Meeting many Tanna-men by the way, I used to explain to them that this was how Christians helped and treated their wives and sisters, and then they loved their husbands and were strong to work at home; and that as men were made stronger, they were intended to bear the heavier burdens, and especially in all labours out of doors. Our habits and practices had thus as much to do as, perhaps more than, all our appeals, in leading them to glimpses of the life to which the Lord Jesus was calling them.

"Noble Old Abraham"

Fever and ague had now attacked me fourteen times severely, with slightly recurring attacks almost continuously after my first three months on the island. I resolved to remove my house, and began to look about for a suitable site. Just at this juncture, the fever smote me again more severely than ever; my weakness after this attack was so great, that I felt as if I never could rally again. With the help of my faithful Aneityumese Teacher, Abraham, and his wife, however, I made what appeared my last effort to creep—I could not climb—up the hill to get a breath of wholesome air. When about two-thirds up the hill, I became so faint that I concluded I was dying. Lying down on the ground, sloped against the root of a tree to keep me from rolling to the bottom, I took farewell

of old Abraham, of my Mission work, and of everything around! In this weak state I lay, watched over by my faithful companion, and fell into a quiet sleep.

Abraham and his devoted wife Nafatu lifted me and carried me to the top of the hill. There these two faithful souls, inspired surely by something diviner even than mere human pity, gave me the cocoa-nut juice to drink and fed me with native food and kept me living—I know not for how long. Consciousness did, however, fully return. The trade-wind refreshed me day by day.

Here again, but for these faithful souls I must have been baffled and would have died in the effort. That noble old soul, Abraham, stood by me as an angel of God in sickness and in danger; he went at my side wherever I had to go; he helped me willingly to the last inch of strength in all that I had to do; and it was perfectly manifest that he was doing all this not from mere human love, but for the sake of Jesus. That man had been a Cannibal in his Heathen days, but by the grace of God there he stood verily a new creature in Christ Jesus. Any trust, however sacred or valuable, could be absolutely reposed in him; and in trial or danger I was often refreshed by that old Teacher's prayers, as I used to be by the prayers of my saintly father in my childhood's home. No white man could have been a more valuable helper to me in my perilous circumstances; and no person, white or black, could have shown more fearless and chivalrous devotion.

When I have read or heard the shallow objections of irreligious scribblers and talkers, hinting that there was no reality in conversions, and that Mission effort was but waste, oh, how my heart has yearned to plant them just one week in Tanna, with the "natural" man all around in the person of Cannibal and heathen, and only the one "spiritual" man in the person of the converted Abraham, nursing them, feeding them, saving them "for the love of Jesus"—that I might just learn how many hours it took to convince them that Christ in man was a reality after all! All the skepticism of Europe would hide its head in foolish shame; and all its doubts would dissolve under one glance of the night light that Jesus, and Jesus alone, pours from the converted Cannibal's eye.

A Bible of Their Own

These poor Aneityumese, having glimpses of the Word of God, determined to have a Holy Bible in their own mother tongue, wherein before no book or page ever had been written in the history of their race. The consecrated brain and hand of their Missionaries kept toiling day and night in translating the book of God; and the willing hands and feet of the Natives kept toiling through fifteen long but unwearying years, planting and preparing arrowroot to pay the 1200 pounds required to be laid out in the printing and publishing of the book.

Year after year the arrowroot, too sacred to be used for their daily food, was set apart as the Lord's portion; the Missionaries sent it to Australia and Scotland, where it was sold by private friends, and the whole proceeds consecrated to this purpose. On the completion of the great undertaking by the Bible Society, it was found that the Natives had earned as much as to pay every penny of the outlay; and their first Bibles went out to them, purchased with the consecrated toil of fifteen years!

Let those who lightly esteem their Bibles think on these things. Eight shillings for every leaf, or the labour and proceeds of fifteen years for the Bible entire, did not appear to these poor converted Savages too much to pay for that Word of God, which had sent to them the Missionaries, which had revealed to them the grace of God in Christ, and which had opened their eyes to the wonders and glories of redeeming love!

Return to the Islands After Being Driven Away

After much prayerful deliberation, I was constrained by the united voice of my brethren not to return to Tanna, but to settle on the adjoining island of Aniwa. As we moved about with our new ship, and planted the Missionaries here and there, nothing could repress the wonder of the Natives.

"How is this?" they cried; "We slew or drove them all away! We plundered their houses and robbed them. Had

we been so treated, nothing would have made us return. But they come back with a beautiful new ship, and with more and more Missionaries. And is it to trade and to get money, like the other white men? No! No! But to tell us of their Jehovah God and of His Son Jesus. If their God makes them do all that, we may well worship Him too."

In this way, island after island was opened up to receive the Missionary, and the Chiefs bound themselves to protect and cherish him, before they knew anything whatever of the Gospel, beyond what they saw in the disposition and character of its Preachers or heard rumoured regarding its fruits on other Islands. Imagine Cannibals found thus prepared to welcome the Missionary, and to make not only his property but his life comparatively safe.

The Isles "wait" for Christ.

The Black Prince of Africa
Khama
(Dates 1850—the present day)

One day men came running into a village in South Africa to say that a strange man, whose body was covered with clothes and whose face was not black, was walking toward their homes. He was coming from the South.

Never before had such a man been seen in their tribe. So there was great excitement and a mighty chattering went through the round wattle of mud huts with their circular thatched roofs.

The African Chief, Sekhome—who was the head of this Bamangwato tribe and who was also a noted witch-doctor—started out along the southward trail to meet the white man. By his side ran his eldest son. He was a lithe, blithe boy; his chocolate coloured skin shone and the muscles rippled as he trotted along. He was so swift that his name was the name of the antelope that gallops across the veldt. Cama is what the Bamangwato call the antelope. Khama is how we spell the boy's name.

He gazed in wonder as he saw a sturdy man wearing clothes such as he had not seen before—what we call coat and hat, trousers and boots. He looked into the bronzed face of the white man and saw that his eyes and mouth were kind. Together they walked back into the village. Chief Sekhome found that the white man's name was

David Livingstone; and that he was a kind doctor who could make boys and men better when they were ill, with medicines out of a black japanned box.

When evening came the boy Khama saw the strange white man open another box and take out a curious thing which seemed to open yet was full of hundreds and hundreds of leaves. Khama had never seen such a thing in his life and he could not understand why Livingstone opened it and kept looking at it for a long time, for he had never seen a book before and did not even know what letters were or what reading was.

It seemed wonderful to him when he heard that that book could speak to Livingstone without making any sound and that it told him about the One Infinite, Holy, Loving God, Who is Father of all men, black or brown or white, and Whose Son, Jesus Christ, came to teach us all to love God and to love one another. For the book was the Bible which Livingstone all through his heroic exploring of Africa read each day.

So Livingstone passed on from the village; but this boy Khama never forgot him, and in time—as we shall see;—other white men came and taught Khama himself to read that same book and worship that same God.

The Fight with the Lion

Meanwhile strange adventures came to the growing young Khama. This is the story of some of them: The

leaping flames of a hunting camp-fire threw upon the dark background of thorn trees weird shadows of the men who squatted in a circle on the ground, talking.

The men were all Africans, the picked hunters from the tribe of the Bamangwato. They were out on the spoor of a great lion that had made himself the terror of the tribe. Night after night the lion had leapt among their oxen and had slain the choicest in the chief's herds. Again and again the hunters had gone out on the trail of the ferocious beast; but always they returned empty-handed, though boasting loudly of what they would do when they should face the lion.

"To-morrow, yes, to-morrow," cried a young Bamangwato hunter rolling his eyes, "I will slay *tau e bogale*—the fierce lion."

The voices of the men rose on the night air as the whole group declared that the beast should ravage their herds no more—the whole group, except one. This young man's tense face and the keen eyes that glowed in the firelight showed his contempt for those who swaggered so much and did so little. He was Khama, the son of Sekhome, the chief. The wild flames gleamed on him as he stood there, full six feet of tireless manhood leaning on his gun, like a superb statue carved in ebony. Those swift, spare limbs of his, that could keep pace with a galloping horse, gave him the right to his name, Khama—the Antelope.

The voices dropped, and the men, rolling themselves in the skins of wild beasts, lay down and slept—all except one, whose eyes watched in the darkness as sleeplessly as the stars. When they were asleep Khama took up his gun and went out into the starry night.

The night passed. As the first flush of dawn paled the stars, and the men around the cold ashes of the fire sat up, they gazed in awed amazement. For they saw, striding toward them, their tall young chieftain; and over his shoulders hung the tawny skin and mane of a full-grown king lion. Alone in the night he had slain the terror of the tribe!

The men who had boasted of what they meant to do and had never performed, never heard Khama—either at that time or later—make any mention of this great feat.

It was no wonder that the great Bamangwato tribe looked at the tall, silent, resolute young chieftain and, comparing him with his crafty father Sekhome and his treacherous, cowardly younger brother Khamane, said, "Khama is our *boikanyo*—our confidence."

The Fight with the Witch-doctors

The years went by; and that fierce old villain Sekhome plotted and laid ambush against the life of his valiant son, Khama. Men who followed David Livingstone into Africa had come as missionaries to his tribe and had taught him the story of Jesus and given him the knowledge of reading

and writing. So Khama had become a Christian, though Sekhome his father was still a heathen witch-doctor. Khama would have nothing to do with the horrible ceremonies by which the boys of the tribe were initiated into manhood; nor would he look on the heathen rain-making incantations, though his father smoked with anger against him. Under a thousand insults and threats of death Khama stood silent, never insulting nor answering again, and always treating with respect his unnatural father.

"You, as the son of a great chief, must marry other wives," said old Sekhome, whose wives could not be numbered. Young Khama firmly refused, for the Word of God which ruled his life told him that he must have but one wife. Sekhome foamed with futile rage.

"You must call in the rain-doctors to make rain," said Sekhome, as the parched earth cracked under the flaming sun. Khama knew that their wild incantations had no power to make rain, but that God alone ruled the heavens. So he refused.

Sekhome now made his last and most fearful attack. He was a witch-doctor and master of the witch-doctors whose ghoulish incantations made the Bamangwato tremble in terror of unseen devils.

One night the persecuted Khama woke at the sound of strange clashing and chanting. Looking out he saw the fitful flame of a fire. Going out from his hut, he saw the *lolwapa* or court in front of it lit up with weird flames

round which the black wizards danced with horns and lions' teeth clashing about their necks, and with manes of beasts' hair waving above their horrible faces. As they danced they cast charms into the fire and chanted loathsome spells and terrible curses on Khama. As a boy he had been taught that these witch-doctors had the power to slay or to smite with foul diseases. He would have been more than human if he had not felt a shiver of nameless dread at this lurid and horrible dance of death.

Yet he never hesitated. He strode forward swiftly, anger and contempt on his face, scattering the witch-doctors from his path and leaping full upon their fire of charms, stamped it out and scattered its embers broadcast. The wizards fled into the darkness of the night.

The Fight with the Kaffir Beer

At last Khama's treacherous old father, Sekhome, died. Khama was acclaimed the supreme chief of all the Bamangwato. He galloped out at the head of his horsemen to pursue Lobengula, the ferocious chief of the Matabele who had struck fear into the Bamangwato for many years. Even Lobengula, who to his dying day carried in his neck a bullet from Khama's gun, said of him, "The Bamangwato are dogs, but Khama is a man."

Khama had now freed his people from the terror of the lion, the tyranny of witch-doctors, and the dread of the Matabele. Yet the deadliest enemy of Khama and the most

loathsome tyrant of the Bamangwato was still in power,—the strong drink which degrades the African to unspeakable depths.

Even as Khama charged at the head of his men into the breaking ranks of the Matabele, his younger brother, Khamane, whom he had put in charge of his city in his absence, said to the people: "You may brew beer again now." Many of the people did not obey, but others took the corn of the tribe and brewed beer from it.

At night the cries of beaten women rose, and the weird chants of incantations and of foul unclean dances were heard. Khamane called the older men together around his fire. Pots of beer passed from hand to hand. As the men grew fuddled they became bolder and more boastful. Khamane then spoke to them and said, "Why should Khama rule you? Remember he forbids you to make and to drink beer. He has done away with the dances of the young men. He will not let you make charms or throw enchanted dice or make incantations for rain. He is a Christian. If I ruled you, you should do all these things."

When Khama rode back again into his town he saw men and women lying drunk under the eaves of their huts and others reeling along the road. At night the sounds of chants and drinking dances rose on the air.

His anger was terrible. For once he lost his temper. He seized a burning torch and running to the hut of Khamane set fire to the roof and burned the house down over his

drunken brother's head. He ordered all the beer that had been brewed to be seized, and poured it out upon the veldt. He knew that he was fighting a fiercer enemy than the Matabele, a foe that would throttle his tribe and destroy all his people if he did not conquer it. The old men of the tribe muttered against him and plotted his death. He met them face to face. His eyes flashed.

"When I was still a lad," he said, "I used to think how I would govern my town and what kind of a kingdom it should be. One thing I determined, I would not rule over a drunken town or people. I will not have drink in this town. If you must have it you must go."

The Fight with the White Man's "Fire-water"

Khama had conquered for the moment. But white men, Englishmen, came to the town. They set up stores. And in the stores they began to sell brandy from large casks.

The drinking of spirits has more terrible effects on the African than even on white men. Once he starts drinking, the African cannot stop and is turned into a sot. The ships of the white man have been responsible to a terrible extent for sending out the "fire-water" to Africa.

Khama called the white traders in the tribe together.

"It is my desire," he said, "that no strong drink shall be sold in my town."

"We will not bring the great casks of brandy," they replied, "but we hope you will allow us to have cases of bottles as they are for medicine."

"I consent," said Khama, "but there must be no drunkenness."

"Certainly," the white men replied, "there shall be no drunkenness."

In a few days one of the white traders had locked himself into his house in drunken delirium, naked and raving. Morning after morning Khama rose before daybreak to try and get to the man when he was sober, but all the time he was drunk. Then one morning this man gathered other white men together in a house and they sat drinking and then started fighting one another.

A boy ran to Khama to tell him. The chief went to the house and strode in. The room was a wreck. The men lay senseless with their white shirts stained with blood.

Khama with set, stern face turned and walked to the house where he often went for counsel, the home of his friend, Mr. Hepburn, the missionary. Mr. Hepburn lay ill with fever. Khama told him what the white men had done. Hepburn burned with shame and anger that his own fellow-countrymen should so disgrace themselves. Ill as he was he rose and went out with the chief and saw with his own eyes that it was as Khama said.

"I will clear them all out of my town," cried the chief.

It was Saturday night.

Khama's Decisive Hour

On the Monday morning Khama sent word to all the white men to come to him. It was a cold, dreary day. The chief sat waiting in the *Kgotla* while the white men came together before him. Hepburn, the missionary, sat by his side. Those who knew Khama saw as soon as they looked into his grim face that no will on earth could turn him from his decisions that day.

"You white men," he said to them sternly, "have insulted and despised me in my own town because I am a black man. If you despise us black men, what do you want here in the country that God has given to us? Go back to your own country."

His voice became hard with a tragic sternness.

"I am trying," he went on, "to lead my people to act according to the word of God which we have received from you white people, and yet you show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You," and his voice rose in burning scorn, "you, the people of the word of God! You know that some of my own brothers"—he was referring to Khamane especially—"have learned to like the drink, and you know that I do not want them to see it even, that they may forget the habit. Yet you not only bring it in and offer it to them, but you try to tempt *me* with it.

"I make an end of it to-day. Go! Take your cattle and leave my town and *never come back again!*"

No man moved or spoke. They were utterly shamed and bewildered. Then one white man, who had lived in the town since he was a lad, pleaded with Khama for pity as an old friend.

"You," said the chief with biting irony, "my friend? You—the ringleader of those who despise my laws. You are my worst enemy. You pray for pity? No! for you I have no pity. It is my duty to have pity on my people over whom God placed me, and I am going to show them pity to-day; and that is my duty to them and to God....Go!"

And they all went.

Then the chief ordered in his young warriors and huntsmen.

"No one of you," he said, "is to drink beer." Then he called a great meeting of the whole town. In serried masses thousand upon thousand the Bamangwato faced their great chief. He lifted up his voice:

"I, Khama, your chief, order that you shall not make beer. You take the corn that God has given to us in answer to our prayers and you destroy it. Nay, you not only destroy it, but you make stuff with it that causes mischief among you."

There was some murmuring.

His eyes flashed like steel.

"You can kill me," he said, "but you cannot conquer me."

The Black Prince of Eighty

If you rode as a guest toward Khama's town over seventy years after those far-off days when Livingstone first went there, as you came in sight of the great stone church that the chief has built, you would see tearing across the African plain a whirlwind of dust. It would race toward you, with the soft thunder of hoofs in the loose soil. When the horses were almost upon you—with a hand of steel—chief Khama would rein in his charger and his bodyguard would pull up behind him.

Over eighty years old, grey and wrinkled, he would spring from his horse, without help, to greet you—still Khama, the Antelope. Old as he is, he is as alert as ever. He heard that a great all Africa aeroplane route was planned after the Great War. At once he offered to make a great aerodrome, and the day at last came when Khama—eighty-five years old—who had seen Livingstone, the first white man to visit his tribe —stood watching the first aeroplane come bringing a young officer from the clouds.

He stands there, the splendid chief of the Bamangwato—"steel-true, blade-straight." He is the Black Prince of Africa—who has indeed won his spurs against the enemies of his people.

And if you were to ask him the secret of the power by which he has done these things, Khama the silent, who is not used to boasting, would no doubt lead you at dawn to the *Kgotla* before his huts. There at every sunrise he gathers his people together for their morning prayers at the feet of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain and King of our Great Crusade for the saving of Africa.

Father Damien.

Joseph de Veuster was born on January 3, 1840, in the small Belgian village of Tremeloo, some six miles north of Louvain, pretty close to Malines, and not far from Brussels. Twenty years later, on his entrance into the religious life, he took the name of Damien, choosing for his patron saint, as if by prophecy, one of the two brothers and good physicians, SS. Cosmas and Damian, whose feast falls on September 27th; and it is as Father Damien that the world remembers him. But his baptismal name was determined for him by a cousin of the family, an honest soldier, who happened to visit the house where the newly-born child lay in its cradle. The parents asked him to stand godfather. "With all my heart," said the soldier, "but only on condition that you call him Joseph, after the head of the holy family, who has always been a favourite of mine."

In the long family were three children—a sister and two brothers—not far removed in age. Pauline, the eldest, was two years older than Auguste, Auguste two years older than Joseph. The good father and mother—devotedly pious Catholics, but by no means affluent—also found room in the household for an orphan cousin Henri, of the same age as Auguste. As he grew up, but before he was old enough to go to school with the others, the small child Joseph spent much of his time in wandering solitary about

the fields. He had an especial fancy for trotting after the sheep to their pastures and making friends with them; so that the neighbouring shepherds learned to nickname him "the little shepherd" (*le petit berger*). One day when he was four (it reads curiously like a famous passage in St. Luke), on the occasion of a kirmess, or fair, in a village close by, his parents missed him. They searched in vain amongst the crowds, and as evening fell were at their wits' end; until at last his old grandfather suggested looking for him in the church. Accordingly he set off, and found the small wanderer at the foot of the pulpit, praying, all alone in the dusk of the deserted building.

"There was in the house," writes his brother Auguste, "a collection of 'Lives of the Saints,' written in old Flemish, and printed in black letter, a book two feet long and a foot and a half broad. Our mother could read through old type fluently, but we children, accustomed to the modern printing of our school-books, could not decipher a word. She used, therefore, to read it to us, while we listened with intense delight. We often insisted on her giving up her work and reading to us; especially the accounts of martyrdoms, and of the ancient hermits, such as Paul and Antony; and the old-fashioned woodcuts were a great attraction for us….We all used to walk to school together, and carried our slices of bread and butter in a basket for our dinner. One day, on our way to the school, we took it into our heads to be hermits. It was half-past eight in the morning. We pushed our way into a copse by the side of

the road, and put ourselves on our knees in solitude and silence. At noon our basket was opened, and we each took our share, but without a word spoken. So we remained, crouching down in silence. Evening came on; it was nine o'clock when a passer-by, catching sight of us, gave notice at home, and a servant was sent to fetch us in. I was not then quite ten years old, and I perfectly remember the spot, and the determined way in which my brother Joseph took to the character of hermit." What view the schoolmaster took is not recorded.

Of these three strange little Flemings, Pauline in 1858 entered a convent; Auguste, who from the first had been destined for the priesthood, left home for Paris to become a student under the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, better known as the "Picpus Fathers," from the name of a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where they first set themselves up in 1817. As for Joseph, his father and mother intended him for business, and sent him to a middle-class school at Braine-le-Comte, to learn French and receive a commercial education.

He learned his French assiduously enough; but his letters home proved that his thoughts were ever harking back from the path of business proposed for him to that which leads aside from the world, and along which his sister and brother had preceded him. In his eighteenth year, while he was still at school, the Redemptionist Fathers held a mission at Braine-le-Comte. Joseph attended it. He returned to the school, and spent a great

part of that night on his knees. He had heard a clear call to the religious life, and in the first flush of enthusiasm desired to join the Order of Trappists, but abandoned this for a project of journeying to Paris to the Picpus Fathers, and joining his brother, who had by this time exchanged the home name of Auguste for that of Father Pamphile.

In a letter dated from school, July I7th, 1858, we find him writing:—

"I was very glad, my dear parents, to receive the parcel you sent me, and also a letter from Pauline. You sent me the very clothes I wanted. I was more anxious to read the letter than I was to look at the clothes. She told me she had left you on June 8th. What a happiness for her! She has had the happiness of having fulfilled the most difficult task on earth (that is to say, of renouncing the world to become a nun).

"I hope my turn will come to choose the path I ought to tread. Will it be impossible for me to follow my brother Pamphile?"

Five months later, on Christmas Day, he writes more firmly, yet still respectfully:—

"This great feast has brought me the certainty that God has called me to quit the world and embrace the religious state. Therefore, my dear parents, I ask you again for your consent; for without it I cannot venture to enter on this career. God's command to obey our parents does not apply only to childhood. Do not think that in choosing

the religious state I am guided only by my own will; I assure you that I do but follow the will of Divine Providence. I am not afraid that you will refuse me, since it is God who calls….Auguste writes me that I should certainly be admitted in his congregation as *Frère de Chœur,* that I should not fail to speak to the superior at the New Year, and should begin my novitiate a little after.—Hoping for this great happiness, I sign myself, your obedient son,

"Joseph de Veuster."

Quite early in the New Year, on his nineteenth birthday, his father took him to pay a visit to Pamphile, and having some business to transact, left the two brothers to dine together. Here was the opportunity for the step which Joseph had long been desiring to take; and when his father came back that evening it was to be told that his son would return home no more, and that it would be better thus to avoid the pain of farewells. The good man was not altogether unprepared for this; his cab was waiting, at any rate, and there was no time for demur. They parted at the railway station, and Joseph went back to be admitted to the brotherhood.

The superior received him gladly. He was at this time a singularly handsome lad, with crisply waved hair and the face of a Greek god. Later, the priesthood robbed him of this young beauty, as it is apt to do; gave an ugly positiveness to the chin, and clapped still uglier spectacles upon the visionary eyes. Later still the leprosy ate away the

last of his good looks. But at the age of nineteen he was winning to look upon and exceptionally stalwart—the right build for a missionary. Years after, in Hawaii, the natives marvelled at his strength. "What a man!" they would cry when they saw him shoulder and carry, for church building, a beam of timber which three or four of them could scarcely lift. For long he had been secretly hardening himself for the life of austerity. At home, as his brother relates, "he kept hidden under his bed a long board; at night he slipped it into his bed and lay upon it. But one morning he forgot it, and great was our mother's surprise to discover the plank. A severe reprimand put an end, for a time at least, to this practice." Another anecdote must be told of that love for all suffering creatures which he took into Christ's ministry. His brother takes it down from the lips of an old woman of eighty.

"We had a sick cow, and the farrier left us no hope of saving her. We were in despair." (Here it should be said that a good cow was worth a fortune to these poor folk.) "But Joseph, hearing of our misfortune, installed himself in the stable and insisted on dismissing the butcher who had come to slaughter her. In fact, he took such tender care of the poor beast, sitting up all night in her stall without closing his eyes, that the next morning the danger was past, and in a few days she was quite cured. Joseph saved her."

He was modest and gentle withal during his term of novitiate. (We may likely enough set it down to his

modesty that he chose the second of the two saints, Cosmas and Damian, when choosing his patronymic name as priest.) But the trouble was that, having been trained for a commercial life, he knew no Latin at all. Lamphile, half in joke, taught him a few disjointed words and sentences. Damien caught them up so eagerly that the lessons were continued in earnest. In six months he could translate Cornelius Nepos fluently. His superiors saw that the lad was not only earnest but capable. They sent him to Paris to pass his novitiate. From Paris in January 1861 we find him writing home: "We live happily and peacefully. I study Latin and Greek from morning till evening. Every Wednesday we have a walk. To-day, I believe, we are going skating. I must ask Gerard to lend me his skates, because they don't know how to skate here." Again in April he writes:—

"Of course you are anxious to know how things are going on in Paris. It is very seldom I go out in the town. Every Wednesday we go for a walk in the wood at some distance. About this wood I could say a great deal, as I know every avenue in it. About a thousand men are always at work there, in order to make it more and more pleasant. They make new roads and dig small water-courses. But unfortunately, whereas before one could be quiet and enjoy the pleasures of a walk, now we see nothing but gentlemen and ladies, riders and carriages, at every turn, which are a great distraction and very annoying. What walks there are in the town have now no attraction for me

as they had at the outset: to my mind there is something very melancholy about them….In our community everything is going on splendidly. We are all active as hares, and get on capitally. The arrival of one of our missionary bishops has given me an occasion of having Pontifical Mass in our chapel….I believe he will shortly return to his mission in Oceania, and may possibly take some of us with him. Would you not be happy if I were one?"

Here again is unconscious prophecy. His novitiate over, Damien returned to Louvain to study, living in the same house with his brother Pamphile. Here he withdrew himself more and more from the world. It is recorded of this time that there were two things Damien could not abide—discussion among religious brothers and criticizing of superiors. "Are these the Children of the Sacred Hearts?" he exclaimed one day, upon two quarrelling brothers, and flung out of their presence. On his desk he cut with his knife these words—*Silence, Recollection, Prayer*.

Now, in 1863, while he was yet in minor orders, came the crisis of his life and as if by hazard. His brother Pamphile, already a priest, was ordered by the superiors to prepare for an early departure to the Sandwich Islands, which, so far back as 1825, had been assigned to the Picpus Fathers for missionary work. Pamphile was eager, but almost on the eve of sailing was laid low by an attack of typhus. Damien over his bedside asked, "Brother, will it

console you if I go in your place?" Receiving an eager "Yes," he wrote off at once to the superior-general in Paris, asking for his brother's place, and entreating that the passage-money should not be wasted. To the surprise and slight annoyance of the local superior—without whose cognizance no such letter should by rule have been written—the permission came.

The local superior walked into the refectory and tossed it to him, saying, "You silly boy! You are impatient—you that are not yet a priest. But you are to go, it seems."

Damien caught up the letter and ran out, waving it. "Is he crazy?" asked his fellow-novices. He rushed in upon his brother's sickroom, still waving the letter and crying, "I am to to go instead of you!"

Without waiting for dinner, he set off to bid good-bye to his father and mother; for there was no time to lose if he would catch the ship, which was almost due to start from Bremerhaven. In the next few agitated days he parted from all his kinsfolk, never, as it proved, to see them again; yet found time, with his mother, to pay a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Montaigu, near Tremeloo. By October 30th he had reached Bremerhaven, and wrote: "At noon on Saturday we shall leave the harbor….My dear parents, do not trouble in the least about us. We are in the hands of God. Good-bye!"

The ship was only a sailing vessel, and took over five months on the passage. Off Cape Horn she came near to foundering. This gale lasted for several days, and they encountered another vicious but shorter one in mid-Pacific. But at last they made the Sandwich Islands, and came to port in Honolulu on the feast of Damien's patron, St. Joseph, March 19th, 1864.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands lie out in the North Pacific Ocean, almost 2,000 miles from the nearest mainland. They are eight in number—if we omit to count uninhabited islets—and have been formed by volcanoes, the fires of which appear to have died down one after another, following a south-easterly curve to Hawaii, the largest and southernmost island, where they are yet active. (Travellers speak of its boiling lake of lava under Mount Kilauea as one of the wonders of the world.) This pent-up volcanic heat, for ever palpitating beneath the earth's crust, quickens and pushes the growth of vegetation through every crevice of dead lava, and has clothed the islands in green tropical beauty. Mr. Edward Clifford, who made a pilgrimage to them in 1888, to visit Father Damien, quotes a passage from Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" as exactly descriptive:—

"A land
In which it seemed always afternoon…..
A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows

broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed."

"The mountains and the river are there," writes Mr. Clifford, "and the delicious streams are for ever falling by scores down the green precipices of Hawaii into the blue sea. How lovely that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts his hand in, and all around it is the softest and most brilliant blue; below are growths of pure white coral, and among them swim fishes as brilliant as paroquets. Some are yellow like canaries, some are gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to paint a blue fish, but no pigment could represent its intensity. The loveliest of all was like nothing but a rainbow as it sported below me. Groves of cocoanut trees rise from the water's edge. The gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles, gardenia, heliotrope, and passion flowers. Near by is a great tropical forest, which I always feared as I entered; for there is an element of the terrible in this tremendous vegetation, and in the perfect silence of it all. The trees are wreathed with humid creepers; the ferns are fourteen feet high; even the stag's-horn moss grows taller than a man."

The islands, if we read their names along the curve north-west to south-east, are—Nihau, Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Lauai, Maui, Kahulaui, Hawaii; the capital,

Honolulu, is in Oahu, nearly midway in the curve. They were discovered in 1778 by the great navigator Captain Cook, who, on his return visit in the following year, met his death from the natives, through a miserable misunderstanding. As a rule, these natives are of the gentlest and sunniest disposition. They received Christianity in 1820 from some American missionaries, and the tale has often been told how a chieftainess Kapiolani, one of their first converts, mounted the slope of Kilauea (supposed home of the terrible goddess Pelè), and broke the spell of the old bad religion, casting into the fiery lake a sprig of the scarlet-yellow ohelo berries, Pelè's sacred plant, and defied the goddess to hurt her. "If I perish by her anger, then dread her power. But see, I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. O all ye people, behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii, and turn and serve the Lord!"

Unhappily, other white visitors came and brought evils to outweigh the good—drink, for instance, and terrible diseases; among these leprosy, now the scourge of the islands. It is not certainly known how the leprosy came to Hawaii some sixty years ago; but according to general belief, some ill-fated foreigner brought it over from Asia. Once introduced, it spread far and wide, helped by the sociability of the natives. They are hospitable to the last degree; all they have is yours. The sick and the sound would eat from the same dish, sleep on the same mat, even smoke from the same pipe. By 1865 leprosy had taken

such a hold on the people that the Hawaiian Government determined to isolate the infected, and an Act was passed that all lepers should be deported to a settlement on the north coast of the island of Molokai.

Father Damien, when his ship dropped anchor in Honolulu harbour on March 19th, 1864, if he knew of these poor lepers, probably thought little about them. His whole soul was bent on preaching the faith to the heathen. The bishop, Monseigneur Maigret, received him paternally; but before he could actually set out to evangelize the natives it was necessary that Damien, still in minor orders, should be ordained priest. Ordained he accordingly was, after two months' preparation, at Whitsuntide, and after visiting one or two of the islands in company with the bishop, was assigned to the district of Puna, among the volcanoes of Hawaii. He wrote home:—

(I.) "I am sorry I am neither a poet nor a writer, to send you a good description of my new country.... The climate is delightful, so that strangers easily become accustomed to it, and generally enjoy better health here than in their own country. The archipelago is made up of eight islands, four of which are large and four small. Hawaii, the one on which I am stationed, is larger than all the others together. It is as large as Belgium, if not larger. In the centre are three volcanoes, two of which appear to be extinct. The third is still active, and it is in the neighbourhood of this that Providence has destined me to be placed. From one end of my district to another you have to walk on lava....I

think I shall require fully three days to get from one end to the other. In every direction there are little villages scattered about, and for seven or eight years there has been no resident priest. Before leaving, the bishop told me that I must remember the mission was quite in its infancy. Indeed, I found no church in which to say Mass, but two are now in course of construction….I want you, dear father, to buy two bells for my two new churches; they must be smaller than the one at Louvain which Mgr. d'Abierie blessed."

(2.) "March 1865. Our bishop has just made over to me a new parish, a little larger than that of Tremeloo! It takes me quite a month to get round it. Here we cannot travel by rail, or by carriage, or on foot. How then, think you, do we perform these long journeys? Well, we have mules here and horses. I have just bought two—a very good horse for 100 francs and a mule for 75. Sometimes I shall have to go by boat. The poor islanders rejoice when they see me coming. I like them immensely, and would willingly give my life for them, like our Divine Lord."

"Truly," he writes again to his brother Pamphile (now a parish priest at home), "I ought to be proud of my district, for it is as large as the whole diocese of Malines." With his superb bodily strength he accomplished wonders in traversing it. One day, it is related, he arrived at the foot of a steep mountain, somewhere behind which there lay a Christian settlement not yet visited by him. Determined to visit it now, he tethered his horse and began the ascent,

climbing on his hands and feet, so precipitous was the track. The summit gained, he could discern no habitation, but, in the distance, a second mountain as high as the first. Undaunted, he covered the intervening valley and climbed the second slope. Again on the farther side no sign of a church or village met his eye to encourage him. Below him lay a wide flat country, and still beyond that another hill. Commending himself to God, he persevered over the third mountain and across another ravine. Fatigue overcame him for a while; his boots were cut, his feet bleeding, his hands lacerated. He looked on them and cried "Courage! the good Lord also has shed His blood for those souls yonder!" He reached the settlement, more dead than alive, to be repaid by the joy of the Christians there, who welcomed for the first time their new-found apostle.

In a later letter occurs the entry: "Leprosy is beginning to be very prevalent here. There are many men covered with it. It does not cause death at once, but it is very rarely cured....Do not forget, my dear parents, to pray for me every day; there are so many dangers here both for one's soul and one's body."

We have seen that in 1865 the Hawaiian Government had passed a law to segregate the lepers in the island of Molokai. But to pass a law and to enforce it are two very different things. The lepers were scattered over the islands, and their friends and kinsfolk clung to them with truly Hawaiian tenderness. They hid them in their houses,

and even deep in the woods. The law worked slowly for some years, though many men were taken to the leper island; but in 1873, under a new king, it began to be rigorously enforced. Then the ports of embarkation became constant scenes of the most tragic partings. Let Mr. Clifford describe one as he witnessed it, some years later, on his way to Molokai.

"The little steamer *Mokilii* leaves Honolulu, the capital of the islands, on Mondays at five o'clock for Molokai, and on the 17th of December I took my passage and went on board. The sunset was orange, with a great purple cloud fringed with gold. It faded quickly, and by the time we reached a small pierhead outside the town it was dark, and the moon was casting a long greenish light across the sea. From the pier came a continuous tremolo wail, rather mechanical, but broken by real sobs. I could see a little crowd of lepers and lepers' friends waiting there. 'O my husband!' cried a poor woman again and again. Thirteen lepers got into the boat, and were rowed to the steamer. Then we sailed away, and gradually the wailing grew fainter and fainter, till we could hear it no longer."

Such scenes coming under Father Damien's close observation—for he had to comfort wives, husbands, fathers, mothers, who had lost their dearest—pierced him to the heart. His thoughts began to detach themselves from the spiritual welfare of his healthy parishioners, and to follow the poor lepers across the sea to Molokai, where

was no priest nor shepherd of those souls that, more than any on earth, needed consolation.

A day came when he happened to attend the dedication of a chapel recently erected on the island of Maui. The bishop, Monseigneur Maigret, was there, and in his address lamented that, owing to the scarcity of missioners, he was unable to do anything for the poor lepers on Molokai, and especially did he regret that he was unable to send them a fixed pastor. Some young priests from the Picpus Congregation had just arrived for mission work, and before them Father Damien instantly spoke.

"Monseigneur," said he, "here are your new missioners. One of them could take my district; and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me."

Thus simply was made, by an obscure priest on a faraway island, an offer of which the heroism, when the world came to know it, made cowards shudder and brave men wish they had been braver. It was accepted, and that same day, without any farewells, Father Damien embarked with the bishop on a boat that was taking some fifty lepers to Molokai. On arriving, the bishop assembled the lepers and said, "My children, you have been left alone and uncared for. You shall be so no longer. Behold, I have brought you one who will be a father to you, and who loves

you so much that for your sakes he does not hesitate to become one of you, to live and die with you." So the bishop departed, and Damien was left to his mission.

From the first he never doubted that he would take the leprosy in time, as how—constantly living with the contagion, dressing the patients' sores, washing their bodies, even digging their graves—could he escape it? But he fell to work with a cheerful heart. He was now about thirty-three years old, of unusual physical strength, hardened by much exercise and spare living. He had come in such haste that he had brought not even a change of linen. Since there was no house for him, and he could not herd with his lepers at night, for some while his only shelter at night was a pandanus tree in the churchyard. There was no time to build a hut; for Molokai never saw the face of a doctor, and of his flock from eight to twelve were dying every week. In the midst of this first terrible business Father Damien found time to "do things." The lepers, though better lodged than he, were living pell-mell under booths constructed of rough timbers "covered with ki leaves or with sugar-cane leaves, the best ones with 'pili' grass. They passed their time with playing cards, native dances, drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent, on account of the scarcity of water, which then had to be brought from a great distance. Many a time I have been compelled to run out of these domiciles to breathe fresh air. To counteract the

stench I accustomed myself to the use of tobacco. The smell of the pipe preserved me somewhat from carrying in my clothes the noxious odour of the lepers." He sent word across to Honolulu, and by-and-by several schooner-loads of scantling arrived, to build decent frame-houses. Friends sent rough boards, shingles, flooring. Some of the lepers had a little money, and hired carpenters; for those without money Father Damien built with his own hands, helped by a little gang of leper boys. He sent requisitions across, and obtained warm clothing for his flock. He looked up at the cliff—the leper settlement lay under the shadow of a cliff—and wondered how to obtain a supply of water. Until now the lepers, when they wanted water, had to carry it from a distant gulch in pitchers on their sore shoulders; also they had to carry their filthy infected clothes to a considerable distance to wash them. Damien explored the stream, and, some way up its valley, came to a deep basin of ice-cold water. The natives informed him that in the severest droughts this basin never ran dry. He applied to Honolulu for water-pipes, which were sent, and with his lepers he piped a steady stream of clear water down to the settlement. He built chapels and a dispensary. Hitherto the lepers had dreaded the very name of hospital; and small wonder, for the same cart that brought a patient for admission brought his coffin also! Father Damien changed all this. He did not rest until the hospital was supplied with a resident doctor and nurses. He provided for the decent interment of the dead. Since the

government did not supply money to buy coffins (the price of a coffin was two dollars), those who died penniless were buried without them. Damien formed a "coffin association," and also made a large enclosed cemetery adjoining one of his churches. Before 1879 he had buried sixteen hundred lepers, and often had to act as undertaker and sexton as well as priest. "I dig the graves," he wrote home, "and if time allows I make the coffins." He set himself a far harder task—to fight the despairing vice that had taken for its motto, "In this place there is no law." He found this vice to be fed by a drink which the lepers distilled from the root of a plant called "ki." The law forbade this distillation, and in enforcing the law Damien learned what it means to be hated for righteousness' sake. He earned unpopularity. His enemies were obstinate, his supporters were indolent; nor did the tide turn until both discovered that he, their best friend, had become a leper even as they.

He had lived with them about ten years when he began to suspect it. He quietly consulted the doctors who came over to Molokai, and they reassured him. But one day, feeling unwell, he took a foot-bath. The water brought him was scalding, but he plunged his feet in it, and did not discover that it was over-hot until he saw the effects of the scald. Then too well he knew. This deadness of feeling is one of the first symptoms. "I have seen," writes Father Albert, a missioner who laboured at Molokai for some years, "the lepers sometimes take a knife and chop off their

dead fingers and toss them away, just as if they were pieces of wood." Damien asked the resident doctor to examine him carefully. "I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arnim, "but what you say is true." "It is no shock to me," said Damien, "for I have long felt sure of it."

In his letters home he made no mention of his fate, but to his bishop he wrote:—

"I cannot come to Honolulu, for leprosy has attacked me. There are signs of it on my left cheek and ear, and my eyebrows are beginning to fall; I shall soon be quite disfigured.... The good God knows what is best for my sanctification, and I say gaily, *Fiat voluntas tua*, with a ready heart."

Henceforward, in preaching to his flock, he no longer said "My brethren," but "We lepers." By this time the tale of his self-devotion had travelled among many nations of men; but their wonder and pity could not help him. "He saved others; himself he could not save." He went steadily forward to the end, instructing his fellow-outcasts, receiving their confessions, binding their sores, even feeding them, putting the food into their mouths when the leprosy had eaten away their hands—all the while facing the sight of that to which he must surely come. Mr. Clifford thus describes a meeting with him in these latter days, and his appearance.

"At dawn we were opposite Kalaupapa. Two little spired churches caught my eye first, and around them

were dotted the white cottages of the lepers, who crowded the pier to meet us. But the sea was too rough for us to land….We went on to Kalawao, but were again disappointed; it was too dangerous to disembark. Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile and a half distant from the town. Climbing down this point, we saw about twenty lepers, and 'There is Father Damien!' said our purser; and slowly moving along the hillside I saw a dark figure with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, and sat near the waterside, and we exchanged greetings across the waves….At last all was ready, and we went swinging across the waves, and finally chose a fit moment for leaping on shore. Father Damien caught me by the hand, and a hearty welcome shone from his kindly face as he helped me up the rock. He immediately called me by my name, 'Edward.'….He is now forty-nine years old—a thickset, strongly-built man, with black curly hair and short beard, turning gray. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and rigid, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and face look uneven with a sort of incipient boils, and his body also shows many signs of the disease, but he assured me that he felt little or no pain."

Towards the end his noble spirit at times came near to breaking down. Reports of his disease found their way into the Belgian newspapers. Some one imprudently told the news to his old mother, and it hastened her death (1886). In 1887 he writes home: "My dear brother, having been informed that some of the Belgian papers had stated the death of your exiled brother, I suppose that is one reason why you do not write to me any more. Unfortunately, Almighty God has not yet called me out of this miserable world." That is the one and only querulous passage to be discovered in all his correspondence; and the letter promptly goes on: "I have accepted this malady as my special cross, which I try to carry, as Simon the Cyrenian, in the footsteps of our Divine Master." In a letter to Mr. Clifford (February 21st, 1889) he repeats this image—"My love and good wishes....I try to make slowly my way of the cross, and hope to be soon on the top of my Golgotha."

On Thursday, the 28th of March, he took to his bed, having first arranged his temporal affairs. "How happy I am," he said, "to have given all to Monseigneur! Now I die poor, having nothing of my own." On the 30th he made his general confession to Father Wendelin, who ministered to him. "Look at my hands," he said. "All the wounds are healing, and the crust is becoming black; that is a sign of death, as you know very well. Look at my eyes. I have seen so many lepers die that I cannot be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the bishop

again; but the good God is calling me to keep Easter with Himself."

"My father," said Wendelin, "will you leave me your mantle, that I may inherit your great heart?"

"Fie! What would you do with it?" said Damien. "It is full of leprosy."

He also said, after receiving extreme unction: "How good God is to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side at my last moments, and also to know that the good Sisters of Charity are at the *léproserie*. This has been my *Nunc Dimittis*. The work of the lepers is assured. I am no longer necessary, and so will go up yonder."

"When you are there, father," said Wendelin, "you won't forget those whom you are leaving orphans?"

"Oh no," he answered; "if I have any credit with God, I will intercede for all who are in the *léproserie*."

After this he rallied a little, but on April 13th became much worse, and on the 15th died without a struggle, as if falling asleep. Towards the end he had a vision of two figures continually standing watch—one at his bed's head, the other at his feet. Who they were he did not say.

In accordance with his own wish, his friends buried him beneath the pandanus tree whose boughs had been his roof when he first came to Molokai. He had lived in Molokai a little over sixteen years.

"I was sick, and ye visited me. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom, prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The Boy of the Adventurous Heart
Chalmers, the Boy
(Born 1841, martyred 1901)

The rain had poured down in such torrents that even the hardy boys of Inverary in Scotland had been driven indoors. Now the sky had cleared, and the sun was shining again after the great storm. The boys were out again, and a group of them were walking toward the little stream of Aray which tumbled through the glen down to Loch Fyne. But the stream was "little" no longer.

As the boys came near to the place called "The Three Bridges," where a rough wooden bridge crossed the torrent, they walked faster towards the stream, for they could hear it roaring in a perfect flood which shook the timbers of the bridge. The great rainfall was running from the hills through a thousand streamlets into the main torrent.

Suddenly there came a shout and a scream. A boy dashed toward them saying that one of his schoolmates had fallen into the rushing water, and that the full spate of the Aray was carrying him away down to the sea. The boys stood horrified—all except one, who rushed forward, pulling off his jacket as he ran, leapt down the bank to the lower side of the bridge, and, clinging to the timber, held to it with one arm while he stretched out the other as the

drowning boy was being carried under the bridge, seized him, and held him tightly with his left hand.

James Chalmers—the boy who had gone to the rescue—though only ten years old, could swim. Letting go of the bridge, while still holding the other boy with one arm, he allowed the current to carry them both down to where the branches hung over the bank to the water's surface. Seizing one of these, he dragged himself and the boy toward the bank, whence he was helped to dry land by his friends.

The boy whom young James Chalmers had saved belonged to a rival school. Often the wild-blooded boys (like their fierce Highland ancestors who fought clan against clan) had attacked the boys of this school and had fought them. James, whose father was a stone-mason and whose mother was a Highland lassie born near Loch Lomond, was the leader in these battles, but all the fighting was forgotten when he heard that a boy was in danger of his life, and so he had plunged in as swiftly to save him as he would have done for any boy from his own school.

We do not hear that James was clever at lessons in his school, but when there was anything to be done, he had the quickest hand, the keenest eye, the swiftest mind, and the most daring heart in all the village.

Though he loved the hills and glens and the mountain torrent, James, above everything else, revelled in the sea.

One day a little later on, after the rescue of his friend from drowning, James stood on the quay at Inverary gazing across the loch and watching the sails of the fishing boats, when he heard a loud cry.

He looked round. There, on the edge of the quay, stood a mother wringing her hands and calling out that her child had fallen into the water and was drowning. James ran along the quay, and taking off his coat as he dashed to the spot, he dived into the water and, seizing the little child by the dress, drew him ashore. The child seemed dead, but when they laid him on the quayside, and moved his arms, his breath began to come and go again and the colour returned to his cheeks.

Twice Chalmers had saved others from drowning. Three times he himself, as the result of his daring adventures in the sea, was carried home, supposed to be dead by drowning.

At another time he, with two other boys, thrust a tarred herring-box into the sea from the sandy shore between the two rocky points where the western sea came up the narrow Loch Fyne.

"Look at James!" shouted one of the boys to his companions as Chalmers leapt into the box.

It almost turned over, and he swayed and rolled and then steadied as the box swung out from the shore.

The other boys, laughing and shouting, towed him and his boat through the sea as they walked along the

shore. Suddenly, as they talked, they staggered forward. The cord had snapped and they fell on the sand, still laughing, but when they stood up again the laughter died on their lips. James was being swiftly carried out by the current to sea—and in a tarred herring-box! He had no paddle, and his hands were of no effect in trying to move the boat toward the shore.

The boys shouted. There came an answering cry from the door of a cottage in the village. A fisherman came swinging down the beach, strode to his boat, took the two boys into it, and taking an oar himself and giving the other to the two boys, they pulled out with the tide. They reached James and rescued him just as the herring-box was sinking. He went home to the little cottage where he lived, and his mother gave him a proper thrashing.

Some of James' schoolfellows used to go on Sundays to a school in Inverary. He made up his mind to join them. The class met in the vestry of the United Presbyterian Church there. After their lesson they went together into the church to hear a closing address. Mr. Meikle, the minister, who was also superintendent of the school, one afternoon took from his pocket a magazine (a copy of the "Presbyterian Record"). From this magazine he read a letter from a brave missionary in the far-off cannibal islands of Fiji. The letter told of the savage life there and of how, already, the story of Jesus was leading the men no longer to drag their victims to the cannibal ovens, nor to pile up the skulls of their enemies so as to show their own

bravery. The writer said they were beginning happier lives in which the awful terror of the javelin and the club, and the horror of demons and witches was gone.

When Mr. Meikle had finished reading the magazine he folded it up again and then looked round on all the boys in the school, saying:

"I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary, and by and by bring the Gospel to other such cannibals as those?"

Even as the minister said those words, the adventurous heart of young Chalmers leapt in reply as he said to himself, "Yes, God helping me, I will."

He was just a freckled, dark-haired boy with hazel eyes, a boy tingling with the joy of the open air and with the love of the heave and flow of the sea. But when he made up his mind to do a thing, however great the difficulties or dangers, James usually carried it through.

So it came about that some years later in 1866, having been trained and accepted by the London Missionary Society, Chalmers, as a young man, walked across the gangway to a fine new British-built clipper ship. It had been christened *John Williams* after the great hero missionary who gave up his life on the beach of Erromanga.

This boy, who loved the sea and breathed deep with joy in the face of adventure and peril, had set his face towards the deep, long breakers of the far-off Pacific. He

was going to carry to the South Seas the story of the Hero and Saviour Whom he had learnt to love within the sound of the Atlantic breakers that dashed and fretted against the rocks of Western Scotland.

The Scout of Papua
Chalmers, the Friend
(Date of Incident, about 1893)

The quick puffing of the steam launch *Miro* was the only sound to break the stillness of the mysterious Aivai River. On the launch were three white people—two men and a woman. They were the first who had ever broken the silence of that stream.

They gazed out under the morning sun along the dead level of the Purari delta, for they had left behind them the rolling breakers of the Gulf of Papua in order to explore this dark river. Away to the south rolled the blue waters between this vast island of New Guinea and Northern Australia.

They saw on either bank the wild tangle of twisted mangroves with their roots higher than a man, twined together like writhing serpents. They peered through the thick bush with its green leaves drooping down to the very water's edge. But mostly they looked ahead over the bow of the boat along the green-brown water that lay ahead of them, dappled with sunlight under the trees. For they were facing an unknown district where savage Papuans lived—as wild as hawks. They did not know what adventure might meet them at the next bend of the river.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried one of the white men, a bearded giant whose flashing eyes and mass of brown hair

gave him the look of a lion. "We will make it the white woman's peace. Bravo!" And he turned to Mrs. Abel, whose face lit up with pleasure at his happy excitement.

"No white man has even seen the people of Iala," said Tamate—for that was the native name given to James Chalmers, the Scottish boy who had now gone out to far-off Papua as a missionary. "Iko there"—and he pointed to a stalwart Papuan who stood by the funnel—"is the only one of us who has seen them and can speak their tongue.

"It is dangerous for your wife to go among these people," he went on, turning to Mr. Abel, "but she will help us more than anything else possibly can to make friends." And Mr. Abel nodded, for he knew that when the Papuans mean to fight they send their women and children away; and that when they saw Mrs. Abel they would believe that the white people came as friends and not enemies.

As the steamer carried this scouting party against the swift current up the river toward Iala, Tamate wanted to find how far up the river the village lay. So he beckoned Iko to him. Tamate did not know a word of the dialect which Iko spoke, but he had with him an old wrinkled Papuan, who knew Iko's language, and who looked out with worshipping eyes at the great white man who was his friend. So Tamate, wishing to ask Iko how far away the village of Iala was, spoke first to old Vaaburi, and then Vaaburi asked Iko.

Iko stretched out his dark forefinger, and made them understand that that finger meant the length of their journey to Iala. Then with his other hand he touched his forefinger under the second joint to show how far they had travelled on their journey—not a third of the distance.

Hour after hour went by, as the steamer drove her way through the swiftly running waters of Aivai. And ever Iko pointed further and further up his finger until at last they had reached his claw-like nail. By three o'clock the middle of the nail was reached. The eyes of all looked anxiously ahead. At every curve of the river they strained their sight to see if Iala were in view. How would these savage people welcome the white men and woman in their snorting great canoe that had no paddles, nor oars? There came a sharp bend in the river, and then a long straight reach of water lying between the forest-covered banks. Suddenly Iko called out, and Tamate and Mr. and Mrs. Abel peered ahead.

The great trees of the river nearly met above their heads, and only a narrow strip of sky could be seen.

There in the distance were the houses of Iala, close clustered on both banks of the steaming river. They stood on piles of wood driven into the mud, like houses on stilts, and their high-pointed bamboo roofs stood out over the river like gigantic poke-bonnets.

"Slow," shouted Tamate to the engineer. The *Miro* slackened speed till she just stemmed the running current and no more.

"It will be a bit of a shock to them," said Tamate to his friends, "to see this launch. We will give them time to get their wits together again."

Looking ahead through their glasses, the white men and Mrs. Abel could see canoes swiftly crossing and recrossing the river and men rushing about.

"Full speed ahead," cried Tamate again, and then after a few revolutions of the engine, "Go slow. It will never do," he said, "to drop amongst them while they are in that state. They will settle down presently." And then, as he looked up at the sky between the waving branches of the giant trees, "we have got a good two hours' daylight yet," he said.

Life and death to Tamate and his friends hung in the balance, for they were three people unarmed, and here were dark savage warriors in hundreds. Everything depended on his choosing just the right moment for going into the midst of these people. So he watched them closely, knitting his shaggy eyebrows together as he measured their state of mind by their actions. He was the Scout of Christ in Papua, and he must be watchful and note all those things that escape most men but mean so much to trained eyes. Tamate seemed to have a strange gift that made him able, even where other men could tell

nothing, to say exactly when it was, and when it was not, possible to go among a wild, untouched tribe.

Now the bewildered Ialan savages had grown quieter. Tamate called to the engineer to drive ahead once more. Slowly the launch forged her way through the running waters and drew nearer and nearer to the centre of Iala.

There on either side stood the houses in long rows stretching up the river, and on the banks hundreds of men stood silent and as still as trees. Their canoes lay half in and half out of the water ready for instant launching. In each canoe stood its crew erect and waiting. All the women and children had been sent away, for these men were out to fight. They did not know whether this strange house upon the water with the smoke coming from its chimney was the work of gods or devils. Still they stood there to face the strange thing and, if need be, to fight.

Brown Iko stood in the bows of the *Miro*; near him stood Tamate. Then the engine stopped and the anchor was dropped overboard. The savages stood motionless. Not a weapon could be seen. The engineer, hearing the anchor-chain rattle through the hole, blew the steam-whistle in simple high spirits. As the shriek of the whistle echoed under the arches of the trees, with the swiftness of lightning the Ialan warriors swung their long bows from behind their bodies. Without stooping each caught up an arrow that stood between his toes and with one movement fixed it and pulled the bamboo strings of their

black bows till the notch of the arrows touched their ears. A hundred arrows were aimed at the hearts of Tamate and Mr. and Mrs. Abel.

Swiftly Iko stood upon the bulwark of the *Miro,* and shouted just one word at the top of his voice. It was the Ialan word for "Peace." And again he shouted it, and yet again "Peace, Peace!"

Then he cried out "Pouta!" It was the name of the chief of these savages. They had but to let the arrows from their bows and all would have been over. There was silence. What order would Pouta give?

Then from the bank on their right came the sound of an answering voice. In a flash every arrow was taken from its bow, and again not a weapon was to be seen.

Iko then called out again to Pouta, and Tamate told Iko what he was to say to his friend, the savage chief. For some minutes the conversation went on. At last Iko came to the point of asking for a canoe to take them ashore.

Chief Pouta hesitated. Then he gave his command, and a large canoe was launched from the bank into the river and slowly paddled towards the *Miro*.

As the canoe came towards them, Tamate turned to Mrs. Abel, who had stood there without flinching with all the arrows pointed toward the boat; and he spoke words like these: "Your bravery is our strength. Seeing you makes them believe that we come for peace. You give them greater confidence in us than all our words."

By this time the canoe had paddled alongside the launch. Tamate went over the side first into the canoe, then Mrs. Abel, then Mr. Abel, Iko, and Vaaburi. The canoe pushed off again and paddled toward the landing place, where a crowd of Ialan savages filled every inch of space.

As soon as the bow of the canoe touched the bank, Tamate, without hesitating a second, stepped out with Iko. Together they walked up to the chief Pouta, and Tamate put his arms around him in an embrace of peace.

Pouta, standing on a high place, shouted to all his warriors. But none of the white people knew a word of his meaning.

Look where they would, in every direction, this white woman and the two men were completely surrounded by an unbroken mass of wild and armed savages, who stood gazing upon the strange apparitions in their midst.

Tamate, without a pause, perfectly calm, and showing no signs of fear, spoke to Pouta and his men through old Vaaburi and Iko.

"We have come," he said, "so that we may be friends. We have come without weapons. We have brought with us a woman of our tribe, for we come in peace. We are strangers. But we come with great things to tell. Some day we will come again and will stay with you and will tell you all our message. To-day we come only to make friends."

Then Iko closed his eyes and prayed in the language of the people of Iala.

Turning to his friends when the prayer was over, Tamate said quietly: "Now, we must get aboard as quickly as we possibly can. My plan for a first visit is to come, make friends and get away again swiftly. When we are gone they will talk to one another about us. Next time we come we shall meet friends."

So they walked down through an avenue of armed Papuans to the bank, and got into the canoe again: the paddles flashed as she drove swiftly through the water toward the launch. As they climbed her side, the anchor was weighed, the *Miro* swung round, her engines started, and, carried down by the swift stream, she slipped past the packed masses of silent men who lined the banks.

It is a great thing to be a pathfinder through a country which no man has penetrated before. But it is a greater thing to do as these missionary-scouts did on their journey up the Aivai and find a path of friendship into savage lives. To do that was the greatest joy in Tamate's life. For he said, when he had spent many years in this work:

"Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all its experiences, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground, give it me back, and I will still be your missionary."

The "White Mother" of Darkest Africa

God can't give His best till we have given ours!
Mary Slessor.

Among all the weavers in the great factory at Dundee there was no girl more deft and skilful than Mary Slessor. She was only eleven when she had to help shoulder the cares of the household and share with the frail mother the task of earning bread for the hungry children. For the little family was worse than fatherless. The man who had once been a thrifty, self-respecting shoemaker had become a slave to drink; and his life was a burden to himself and to those who were nearest and dearest to him.

"Dinna cry, mither dear," Mary had said. "I can go to the mills in the morning and to school in the afternoon. It will be a glad day, earning and learning at the same time!"

So Mary became a "half-timer" in the mills. At six o'clock every morning she was at work among the big whirling wheels. Even the walls and windows seemed to turn sometimes as the hot wind came in her face from the whizzing belts, and the roar of the giant wheels filled all her day with din and clamor.

But as Mary worked week after week, she learned more than the trick of handling the shuttle at the moving loom. She learned how to send her thoughts far away from the noisy factory to a still place of breeze-stirred trees and golden sunshine. Sometimes a book, which she had placed

on the loom to peep in at free moments, helped her to slip away in fancy from the grinding toil. What magic one could find in the wonderful world of books! The wheels whirled off into nothingness, the walls melted away like mist, and her spirit was free to wander through all the many ways of the wide world. And so it was that she went from the hours of work and earning to the hours of study and learning with a blithe, morning face, her brave soul shining through bright eager eyes.

"When we're all dragged out, and feel like grumbling at everything and nothing seems of any use at all, Mary Slessor is still up and coming, as happy as a cricket," said one of the girls who worked by her side. "She makes you take heart in spite of yourself, and think it's something to be glad over just to be living and working."

"It's wonderful the way your hand can go on with the shuttle and do the turn even better than you could if you stopped to take thought," Mary would explain. "That leaves your mind free to go another way. Now this morning I was not in the weaving shed at all; I was far away in Africa, seeing all the strange sights the missionary from Calabar told us about last night at meeting."

Heaven was very near to Mary Slessor, and the stars seemed more real than the street lamps of the town. She had come to feel that the troubles and trials of her days were just steps on the path that she would travel. Always she looked past the rough road to the end of the journey

where there was welcome in the Father's house for all His tired children. There was, moreover, one bit of real romance in that gray Scotch world of hers. The thrill of beauty and mystery and splendid heroism was in the stories that the missionaries told of Africa, the land of tropical wonders—pathless forests, winding rivers under bending trees, bright birds, and brighter flowers—and people, hundreds of black people, with black lives because the light of truth had never shone in their world. She knew that white people who called themselves Christians had gone there to carry them away for slaves; and to get their palm-oil and rubber and give them rum in exchange—rum that was making them worse than the wild beasts of the jungle. How Mary Slessor longed to be one to carry the good news of a God of Love to those people who lived and died in darkness! "Somebody must help those who can't help themselves!" she said to herself.

"The fields are ripe for the harvest but the laborers are few," one of the missionaries had said. "We fear the fever and other ills that hide in the bush more than we fear to fail in God's service. Men have gone to these people to make money from the products of their land; they have bought and sold the gifts of their trees; they have bought and sold the people themselves; they are selling them death to-day in the strong drink they send there. Is there no one who is willing to go to take life to these ignorant children who have suffered so many wrongs?"

These words sank deep into Mary Slessor's heart. But it was plain that her mission was to the little home in Dundee. She was working now among the turning wheels all day from six until six, and going to school in the evening; but she found time to share with others the secret of the joy that she had found, the light that had made the days of toil bright. The boys that came to her class in the mission school were "toughs" from the slums of the town, but she put many of them on the road to useful, happy living. Her brave spirit won them from their fierce lawlessness; her patience and understanding helped to bring out and fortify the best that was in them.

Once a much-dreaded "gang" tried to break up the mission with a battery of mud and jeers. When Mary Slessor faced them quietly, the leader, boldly confronting her, swung a leaden weight which hung suspended from a cord, about her head threateningly. It came nearer and nearer until it grazed her temple, but the mission teacher never flinched. Her eyes still looked into those of the boy's—bright, untroubled, and searching. His own dropped, and the missile fell forgotten to the ground.

"She's game, boys!" he cried, surprised out of himself.

And the unruly mob filed into the mission to hear what the "game" lady had to say. Mary Slessor had never heard of the poet, Horace; but she had put to the proof the truth of the well-known lines, which declare that "the man whose life is blameless and free from evil has no need of

Moorish javelins, nor bow, nor quiver full of poisoned arrows."

As in her work with the wild boys of the streets, so in her visits to the hopeless people of the dark tenements, Mary Slessor was a powerful influence because she entered their world as one of them, with a faith in the better self of each that called into new life his all-but-extinguished longing for better things.

"As she sat by the fire holding the baby and talking cheerily about her days at the mills and the Sabbath morning at chapel, it seemed as if I were a girl again, happy and hopeful and ready to meet whatever the morrow might bring," said a discouraged mother to whom Mary had been a friend in need.

"It is like hearing the kirk-bells on a Sunday morning at the old home, hearing your voice, Mary Slessor," said a poor blind woman to whom Mary had brought the light of restored faith.

For fourteen years this happy Scotch girl worked in the factory for ten hours each day, and shared her evenings and Sundays with her neighbors of the mission. Besides, she seized moments by the way for study and reading. Her mind was hungry to understand the meaning of life and the truths of religion. One day, in order to find out the sort of mental food she craved, a friend lent her Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

"How are you and Carlyle getting on together?" he asked quizzically when they next met.

"It is grand!" she replied with earnest enthusiasm. "I sat up reading it, and was so interested that I did not know what the time was until I heard the factory bells calling me to work in the morning."

Thus her mind was growing and expanding, while her spirit grew through faithful work and loyal service. Her simple, direct speech had an eloquent appeal that went straight to the heart. In spite of an unconquerable timidity that made her shrink from platform appearances, her informal addresses had wide influence. Once she rose in her place at a public meeting and gave a quiet talk on the words: *The common people heard him gladly.* "And," it was said, "the common people heard her gladly, and crowded around, pleading with her to come again."

In 1874, when every one was stirred by the death of David Livingstone, Mary Slessor's life was transfigured by a great resolve. The years had brought changes. Her father was dead, and her sisters were old enough to share the burden of supporting the family.

"The time has come for me to join the band of light-bearers to the Dark Continent," said Mary, with a conviction that overcame every obstacle. "It is my duty to go where the laborers are few. Besides, there must be a way to work there and send help to mother at home."

She knew that the missionaries were given a stipend to support them in the manner of the country from which they came. "I shall as far as possible live on the food of the country," she said. "It may be that by sharing to a greater extent the conditions of life of the people, I can come to a fuller understanding of them and they of me. Besides, it will not be so hard to leave home if I can feel that I am still earning something for mother."

So Mary Slessor went, after a few months of special preparation to teach the natives of Calabar. She was at this time twenty-eight years old. Ever since she was a mere slip of a girl, she had longed to serve in that most discouraging of fields—"the slums of Africa," it was called. The people who inhabited that swampy, equatorial region were the most wretched and degraded of all the negro tribes. They had for ages been the victims of stronger neighbors, who drove them back from the drier and more desirable territory that lay farther inland; and of their own ignorance and superstitions, which were at the root of their blood-thirsty, savage customs.

It was in September, 1876, that the vessel *Ethiopia* sailed out of the clean, blue Atlantic into the mud-colored Calabar River. At its prow stood Mary Slessor, gazing soberly at the vast mangrove swamps and wondering about the unknown, unexplored land beyond, where she should pitch her tent and begin her work. Though white men had for centuries come to the coast to trade for gold dust, ivory, palm oil, spices, and slaves, they had never

ventured inland, and the natives who lived near the shore had sought to keep the lion's share of the profit by preventing the remoter tribes from coming with their goods to barter directly with the men of the big ships. So only a few miles from the mouth of the Calabar River was a land where white people had never gone, whose inhabitants had never seen a white face. It was to this place of unknown dangers that Mary Slessor was bound.

For a time she remained at the mission settlement to learn the language, while teaching in the day school. As soon as she gained sufficient ease in the use of the native speech, she began to journey through the bush, as the tropical jungles of palms, bananas, ferns, and thick grass were called. Her heart sang as she went along, now wading through a spongy morass bright with orchids, now jumping over a stream or the twisted roots of a giant tree. After the chill grayness of her Scottish country, this land seemed at first a veritable paradise of golden warmth, alluring sounds and scents, and vivid color. Now she paused in delight as a brilliant bird flashed through the branches overhead; now she went on with buoyant step, drinking in the tropical fragrance with every breath. Surely so fair a land could not be so deadly as it was said. She *must* keep well for the task that lay before her. She could not doubt that each day would bring strength for the day's work.

With two or three of the boys from the Calabar school as guides, she made the journey to some of the out-

districts. Here a white face was a thing of wonder or terror. The children ran away shrieking with fear; the women pressed about her, chattering and feeling her clothing and her face, to see if she were real. At first she was startled, but she soon divined that this was just the beginning of friendly acquaintance.

Miss Slessor soon showed an astonishing mastery of the language, and an even more amazing comprehension of the minds of the people. She realized that the natives were not devoid of ideas and beliefs, but that, on the contrary, certain crude conceptions, strongly rooted through the custom and tradition of ages, accounted for many of their horrible practices. They put all twin babies to death because they believed that one of them was a demon-child whose presence in a tribe would bring untold harm on the people. They tortured and murdered helpless fellow creatures, not wantonly, but because they believed that their victims had been bewitching a suffering chief—for disease was a mysterious blight, caused by the "evil eye" of a malicious enemy. When a chief died many people were slaughtered, for of course he would want slaves and companions in the world of spirits.

It was wonderful the way Mary Slessor was able to move about among the rude, half-naked savages as confidently as she had among her people in Scotland, looking past the dirt and ugliness to the human heart beneath, tortured by fear or grief, and say a word that brought hope and comfort. She feared neither the

crouching beasts of the jungle nor the treacherous tribes of the scattered mud villages. Picking her way over the uncertain bush trails, she carried medicine, tended the sick, and spoke words of sympathy and cheer to the distressed. Sometimes she stayed away over several nights, when her lodging was a mud hut and her bed a heap of unpleasant rags.

The people soon learned that her interest went beyond teaching and preaching and giving aid to the sick. She cared enough for their welfare to lead them by night past the sentries of the jealous coast tribes to the factory near the beach, where they could dispose of their palm oil and kernels to their own profit. She won in this way the good will of the traders who said:

"There is a missionary of the right sort! She will accomplish something because she is taking hold of all the problems that concern her people, and is working systematically to improve all the conditions of their lives."

One day she set forth on a trip of thirty miles along the river to visit the village of a chief named Okon, who had sent begging her to come. A state canoe, which was lent by King Eyo of Calabar, had been gaily painted in her honor, and a canopy of matting to shield her from the sun and dew had been thoughtfully erected over a couch of rice bags. Hours passed in the tender formalities of farewell, and when the paddlers actually got the canoe out into the stream it was quite dark. The red gleam of their torches fell

upon venomous snakes and alligators, but there was no fear while her companions beat the "tom-tom" and sang, as they plied their paddles, loud songs in her praise, such as:

"Ma, our beautiful, beloved mother is on board!
Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Such unwonted clamor no doubt struck terror to all the creatures with claws and fangs along the banks.

After ten hours' paddling, she arrived at Okon's village. A human skull stuck on a pole was the first sight that greeted her. Crowds gathered about to stare and touch her hand to make sure that she was flesh and blood. At meal times a favored few who were permitted to watch her eat and drink ran about, excitedly reporting every detail to their friends.

For days she went around giving medicines, bandaging, cutting out garments, and teaching the women the mysteries of sewing, washing, and ironing. In the evenings all the people gathered about her quietly while she told them about the God she served—a God of love, whose ways were peace and loving-kindness. At the end they filed by, wishing her good night with much feeling before they disappeared into the blackness of the night.

These new friends would not permit her to walk about in the bush as she had been used to doing. There were elephants in the neighboring jungle, they said. The huge beasts had trampled down all their growing things, so that

they had to depend mainly on fishing. One morning, on hearing that a boa constrictor had been seen, bands of men armed with clubs and muskets set off, yelling fearsomely, to hunt the common enemy. But more terrible to Mary Slessor than any beast of prey were the skulls, horrible images, and offerings to ravenous spirits, that she saw on every side. How was it possible to teach the law of love to a people who had never known anything but the tyranny of fear?

"I must learn something of the patience of the Creator of all," she said to herself again and again. "For how long has He borne with the sins and weakness of His poor human children, always caring for us and believing that we can grow into something better in spite of all!"

After two weeks in "Elephant Country," Miss Slessor made ready to return to the mission. Rowers, canoe, and baggage were in readiness, and a smoking pot of yams and herbs cooked in palm oil was put on board for the evening meal. Scarcely had they partaken, however, when Mary saw that the setting sun was surrounded by angry clouds, and her ear caught the ominous sound of the wind wailing in the tree-tops.

"We are coming into a stormy night," she said fearfully to Okon, who was courteously escorting the party back to Old Town.

The chief lifted his black face to the black sky and scanned the clouds solemnly. Then he hastily steered for

a point of land that lay sheltered from the wind. Before they could reach the lee side, however, the thunder broke, and the wild sweep of the wind seized the canoe and whirled it about like a paper toy. Crew and chief alike were helpless from terror when Mary took her own fear in hand and ordered the rowers to make for the tangle of trees that bordered the bank. The men pulled together with renewed hope and strength until the shelter of the bush was reached. Then springing like monkeys into the overhanging branches, they held on to the canoe which was being dashed up and down like a straw. The "White Mother," who was sitting in water to her knees and shaking with ague, calmed the fears of the panic-stricken children who had buried their faces in her lap, and looked about in awed wonder at the weird beauty of the scene. The vivid flashes of lightning shattered the darkness with each peal of thunder, revealing luxuriant tropical vegetation rising above the lashed water, foaming and hissing under the slanting downpour of the rain, and the tossing canoe with the crouching, gleaming-wet figures of the frightened crew.

This was but one of many thrilling adventures that filled the days of the brave young missionary. When the appeal came, no matter what the time of midday heat or midnight blackness, she was ready to journey for hours through the bush to bring succor and comfort.

Once the news came that the chief of a village had been seized by a mysterious illness. Knowing that this

would mean torture, and death, perhaps, to those suspected of having enviously afflicted him by the "evil eye," she set off along the trail through the dense forest to use all her influence to save the unfortunate victims.

"But, Ma," the people would protest, "you don't understand. If you god-people not punish evil, bad ones say, 'God-ways no good!' Bad ones go round cast spells with no fear. No one safe at all."

Of all their superstitious fears, the horror of twin babies was the most universal. With great difficulty Miss Slessor managed to save a few of these unfortunate infants. At first some of the people refused to come into the hut where a twin child was kept; but when they saw that no plague attacked the place or the rash white "Ma," they looked upon her with increased respect. The "White Mother" must have a power much greater than that of the witch-doctors.

The witch-doctors knew a great deal, no doubt. When a man had a tormented back they could tell what enemy had put a spell on him.

"Oh, yes, Ma, the witch-doctor he knows," declared a chief who was suffering with an abscess, "just see all those claws, teeth, and bones over there. He took them all out of my back."

But if "Ma" did not understand about such spells, she had a wonderful magic of her own; she knew soothing things to put on the bewitched back that could drive the

pain away and make it well. The influence of the healer was often stronger than the influence of the witch-doctor and the superstitious fears of all the tribe. Again and again her will prevailed in the palaver, and the chief to please her would spare the lives of those who should by every custom of the land be put to death.

"Ma" required strange things of them, but she was the best friend they had ever had. When she stood up before them and spoke so movingly it seemed as if she would talk the heart right out of the sternest savage of them all! She made them forget the things that they had known all their lives. Who would have believed that they would even dream of allowing a chief's son to go unattended into the spirit-world? Yet when she begged them to spare the lives of the slaves who should have been sent with him, they had at last consented. And it didn't take a witch-doctor to tell one that a twin-child should never be allowed to live and work its demon spells in the world. Still they allowed her to save some of them alive. It was said that prudent people had even gone into the room where the rescued twins were kept and had touched them without fear. They had been almost persuaded that those queerly born babies were just like other children!

The "White Mother" of Calabar always had a family of little black waifs that she had rescued from violent death or neglect. Besides the unfortunate twins, there were the children whose slave mothers had died when they were tiny infants. "Nobody has time to bring up a child that will

belong to somebody else as soon as it is good for something," it was said. So the motherless children were left in the bush to die.

Mary Slessor loved her strange black brood tenderly. "Baby things are always gentle and lovable," she used to say. "These children who have had right training from the beginning will grow up to be leaders and teachers of their people."

For twelve years Miss Slessor worked in connection with the established mission at Calabar, journeying about to outlying villages as the call came. It had for long been her dream, however, to go still farther inland to the wild Okolong tribe whose very name was a terror throughout the land. Her mother and her sister Janie, who together made "home" for her, had died.

"There is no one to write and tell all my stories and troubles and nonsense to," she said. "But Heaven is now nearer to me than Britain, and nobody will be anxious about me if I go up country."

In King Eyo's royal canoe she made the journey to the strange people. Leaving the paddlers, who were mortal enemies to the Okoyong tribe, at the water's edge, she made her way along the jungle trail to a village four miles inland. Here the people crowded about her greatly excited. They called her "Mother," and seemed pleased that she had come to them without fear. The chief, Edem, and his sister, Ma Eame, received her in a friendly fashion.

Her courage, frankness, and ready understanding won favor from the beginning.

"May I have ground for a schoolhouse and a home with you here?" she asked. "Will you have me stay as your friend and help you as I have helped the people of Calabar?"

Eagerly they assented. It would be a fine thing to have a "White Mother" in their country.

"Will you grant that the house I build shall be a place of refuge for those in distress—for those charged with witchcraft or threatened with death for any other cause? Will you promise that they shall be safe with me until we can consider together their case?"

The people looked at the strange white woman wonderingly. Why should she ask this thing? What difference could it make to her?

"All life is precious," she said simply, as if she had read their thoughts. "I am here to help you—to care for those who are sick or hurt, and I must be allowed to see that each one who is in any sort of trouble is treated fairly. Will you promise that my house shall be a place of refuge?"

Again they gravely assented. So, greatly encouraged, she returned to Calabar to pack her goods and prepare to leave the old field for the new.

All her friends gathered about her, loudly lamenting. She was surely going to her death, they said. Her fellow

workers regarded her with wonder and pity. "Nothing can make any impression on the Okoyong save a consul and a British gunboat," they declared. But Mary Slessor was undaunted. She stowed her boxes and her little family of five small waifs away in the canoe as happily as if she were starting out on a pleasure trip. To a friend in Scotland, she wrote:

I am going to a new tribe up-country, a fierce, cruel people, and every one tells me that they will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part.

The life in Okoyong did indeed require fortitude and faith. Remote from friends and helpers, in the midst of that most dreaded of all the African tribes, she patiently worked to lighten the darkness of the degraded people and make their lives happier and better. With her rare gift of intuition she at once felt that Ma Eame, the chief's sister, had a warm heart and a strong character.

"She will be my chief ally," she said to herself, and time proved that she was right. A spark in the black woman's soul was quickened by the White Mother's flaming zeal. Dimly she felt the power of the new law of love. Often at the risk of her life, should she be discovered, she kept the missionary informed in regard to the movements of the people. Whether it was a case of witchcraft or murder, of vengeance or a raid on a neighboring tribe, "Ma" was sure

to find it out; and her influence was frequently strong enough to avert a tragedy.

As at Calabar, she found that the greatest obstacle in the way of progress was the general indulgence in rum, which the white people gave the natives in exchange for their palm oil, spices, rubber, and other products.

"Do not drink the vile stuff—do not take it or sell it," she begged. "It is like poison to your body. It burns out your life and heart and brings every trouble upon you."

"What for white man bring them rum suppose them rum no be good?" they demanded. "He be god-man bring the rum—then what for god-man talk so?"

What was there to say? With a heavy heart the White Mother struggled on to help her people in spite of this great evil which men of the Christian world had brought upon these weak, ignorant black children. And she did make headway in spite of every discouragement. "I had a lump in my throat often, and my courage repeatedly threatened to take wings and fly away—though nobody guessed it," she said.

For years this brave woman went on with her work among the wild tribes of Nigeria. As soon as she began to get the encouragement of results in one place she pressed on to an unworked field. Realizing that her pioneer work needed to be reenforced and sustained by the strong arm of the law, she persuaded the British Government to "take up the white man's burden" and (through the influence of

consuls and the persuasive presence of a gunboat or two) assume the guardianship of her weak children. In spite of failing health and the discouragement of small results, she went from one post to another, leaving mission houses and chapel-huts as outward signs of the new life to which she had been a witness. "I am ready to go anywhere, provided it be forward," was her watchword, as well as Dr. Livingstone's.

There are many striking points of likeness between the careers of these two torch-bearers to the Dark Continent. As children both had worked at the loom, studying hungrily as they toiled. Both did pioneer work, winning the confidence and love of the wild people they taught and served. No missionary to Africa, save Dr. Livingstone alone, has had a more powerful influence than Mary Slessor.

When at last in January, 1915, after thirty-nine years of service, she died and left to others the task of bearing on the torch to her people, Sir Frederick Lugard, the Governor-General of Nigeria said:

"By her enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and greatness of character she has earned the devotion of thousands of natives among whom she worked, and the love and esteem of all Europeans, irrespective of class or creed, with whom she came in contact."

She was buried in the land to which she had given her long life of service. At the grave when the women, after the

native fashion, began their wild wail of lament, one of them lifted up her voice in an exalted appeal that went straight to the heart:

"Do not cry, do not cry! Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Ma was a great blessing."

Of all the words of glowing tribute to her faithful work, we may be sure that none would have meant more to the lowly missionary than this cry from the awakened soul of one of her people of the bush.

"A man who can turn his hand to anything"
Alexander Mackay
(Dates 1863-1876)

The inquisitive village folk stared over their garden gates at Mr. Mackay, the minister of the Free Kirk of Rhynie, a small Aberdeenshire village, as he stood with his thirteen-year-old boy gazing into the road at their feet. The father was apparently scratching at the stones and dust with his stick. The villagers shook their heads.

"Fat's the minister glowerin' at, wi' his loon Alic, among the stoor o' the turnpike?" ("What is the minister gazing at, with his son Alec, in the dust of the road?") asked the villagers of one another.

The minister certainly was powerful in the pulpit, but his ways were more than they could understand. He was for ever hammering at the rocks on the moor and lugging ugly lumps of useless stone homeward, containing "fossils" as he called them.

Now Mr. Mackay was standing looking as though he were trying to find something that he had lost in the road. If they had been near enough to Alec and his father they would have heard words like these:

"You see, Alec, this is the Zambesi River running down from the heart of Africa into the Indian Ocean, and here running into the Zambesi from the north is a tributary, the

Shire. Livingstone going up that river found wild savages who..."

So the father was tracing in the dust of the road with the point of his stick the course of the Zambesi which Livingstone had just explored for the first time.

On these walks with his father Alec, with his blue eyes wide open, used to listen to stories like the Yarn we have read of the marvellous adventures of Livingstone. Sometimes Mr. Mackay would stop and draw triangles and circles with his stick. Then Alec would be learning a problem in Euclid on this strange "blackboard" of the road. He learned the Euclid—but he preferred the Zambesi and Livingstone!

One day Alec was off by himself trudging down the road with a fixed purpose in his mind, a purpose that seemed to have nothing in the world to do with either Africa or Euclid. He marched away from his little village of Rhynie, where the burn runs around the foot of the great granite mountain across the strath. He trudged on for four miles. Then he heard a shrill whistle. Would he be late after all? He ran swiftly toward the little railway station. A ribbon of smoke showed over the cutting, away to the right. Alec entered the station and ran to one end of the platform as the train slowed down and the engine stopped just opposite where he stood.

He gazed at the driver and his mate on the footplate. He followed every movement as the driver came round

the engine with his long-nosed oil-can, and opened and shut small brass lids and felt the bearings with his hand to see whether they were hot. The guard waved his green flag. The whistle of the engine shrieked, and the train steamed out of the station along the burnside toward Huntly. Alec gazed down the line till the train was out of sight and then, turning, left the station and trudged homeward. When he reached Rhynie he had walked eight miles to look at a railway engine for two and a half minutes—and he was happy!

As he went along the village street he heard a familiar sound.

"Clang—a—clang clang!—sssssss!" It was irresistible. He stopped, and stepped into the magic cavern of darkness, gleaming with the forge-fire, where George Lobban, the smith, having hammered a glowing horseshoe into shape, gripped it with his pincers and flung it hissing into the water.

Having cracked a joke with the laughing smith, Alec dragged himself away from the smithy, past the green, and looked in at the stable to curry-comb the pony and enjoy feeling the little beast's muzzle nosing in his hand for oats.

He let himself into the manse and ran up to his work-room, where he began to print off some pages that he had set up on his little printing press.

At supper his mother looked sadly at her boy with his dancing eyes as he told her about the wonders of the

railway engine. In her heart she wanted him to be a minister. And she did not see any sign that this boy would ever become one: this lad of hers who was always running off from his books to peer into the furnaces of the gas works, or to tease the village carpenter into letting him plane a board, or to sit, with chin in hands and elbows on knees, watching the saddler cutting and padding and stitching his leather, or to creep into the carding-mill—like the Budge and Toddy whose lives he had read—"to see weels go wound."

It was a bitter cold night in the Christmas vacation fourteen years later. Alec Mackay, now a young engineering student, was lost to all sense of time as he read of the hairbreadth escapes and adventures told by the African explorer, Stanley, in his book, *How I found Livingstone*.

He read these words of Stanley's:

"For four months and four days I lived with Living-stone in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him....Each day's life with him added to my admiration for him. His gentleness never forsakes him: his hopefulness never deserts him. His is the Spartan heroism, the inflexibility of the Roman, the enduring resolution of the Anglo-Saxon. The man has conquered me."

Alexander Mackay put down Stanley's book and gazed into the fire. Since the days when he had trudged as a boy down to the station to see the railway engine he had been

a schoolboy in the Grammar School at Aberdeen, and a student in Edinburgh, and while there had worked in the great shipbuilding yards at Leith amid the clang and roar of the rivetters and the engine shop. He was now studying in Berlin, drawing the designs of great engines far more wonderful than the railway engine he had almost worshipped as a boy.

On the desk at Mackay's side lay his diary in which he wrote his thoughts. In that diary were the words that he himself had written:

"This day last year Livingstone died—a Scotsman and a Christian—loving God and his neighbour, in the heart of Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Mackay wondered. Could it ever be that he would go into the heart of Africa like Livingstone? It seemed impossible. What was the good of an engineer among the lakes and forests of Central Africa?

On the table by the side of Stanley's *How I found Livingstone* lay a newspaper, the Edinburgh *Daily Review*. Mackay glanced at it; then he snatched it up and read eagerly a letter which appeared there. It was a new call to Central Africa—the call, through Stanley, from King M'tesa of Uganda, that home of massacre and torture. These are some of the words that Stanley wrote:

"King M'tesa of Uganda has been asking me about the white man's God....Oh that some practical missionary would come here. M'tesa would give him anything that he desired—

houses, land, cattle, ivory. It is the practical Christian who can...cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming and turn his hand to anything like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa."

Stanley called for "a practical man who could turn his hand to anything—*if he can be found*."

The words burned their way into Mackay's very soul.

"If he can be found." Why here, here in this very room he sits—the boy who has worked in the village at the carpenter's bench and the saddler's table, in the smithy and the mill, when his mother wished him to be at his books; the lad who has watched the ships building in the docks of Aberdeen, and has himself with hammer and file and lathe built and made machines in the engineering works—he is here—the "man who can turn his hand to anything." And he had, we remember, already written in his diary:

"Livingstone died—a Scotsman and a Christian—loving God and his neighbour, in the heart of Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Mackay did not hesitate. Then and there he took pen and ink and paper and wrote to London to the Church Missionary Society which was offering, in the daily paper that lay before him, to send men out to King M'tesa. The words that Mackay wrote were these:

"My heart burns for the deliverance of Africa, and if you can send me to any one of those regions which Livingstone and Stanley have found to be groaning under the curse of the slave-hunter I shall be very glad."

Within four months Mackay, with some other young missionaries who had volunteered for the same great work, was standing on the deck of the S.S. *Peshawur* as she steamed out from Southampton for Zanzibar.

He was in the footsteps of Livingstone—"a Scotsman and a Christian"—making for the heart of Africa and "ready to turn his hand to anything" for the sake of Him who as

"...the Carpenter of Nazareth
Made common things for God."

The Roadmaker

After many months of delay at Zanzibar, Mackay with his companions and bearers started on his tramp of hundreds of miles along narrow footpaths, often through swamps, delayed by fierce greedy chiefs who demanded many cloths before they would let the travellers pass. One of the little band of missionaries had already died of fever. When hundreds of miles from the coast, Mackay was stricken with fever and nearly died. His companions sent him back to the coast again to recover, and they themselves went on and put together the *Daisy*, the boat which the bearers had carried in sections on their heads,

on the shore of Victoria Nyanza. So Mackay, racked with fever, was carried back by his Africans over the weary miles through swamp and forest to the coast. At last he was well again, and with infinite labour he cut a great wagon road for 230 miles to Mpapwa. With pick and shovel, axe and saw, they cleared the road of trees for a hundred days.

Mackay wrote home as he sat at night tired by the side of his half-made road, "This will certainly yet be a highway for the King Himself; and all that pass this way will come to know His Name."

At length, after triumphing by sheer skill and will over a thousand difficulties, Mackay reached the southern shore of Victoria Nyanza at Kagei, to find that his surviving companions had gone on to Uganda in an Arab sailing-dhow, leaving on the shore the *Daisy*, which had been too small to carry them.

On the beach by the side of that great inland sea, Victoria Nyanza, in the heart of Africa, Mackay found the now broken and leaking *Daisy*. Her cedar planks were twisted and had warped in the blazing sun till every seam gaped. A hippopotamus had crunched her bow between his terrible jaws. Many of her timbers had crumbled before the still greater foe of the African boat-builder—the white ant.

Now, under her shadow lay the man "who could turn his hand to anything," on his back with hammer and chisel

in hand. He was rivetting a plate of copper on the hull of the *Daisy*. Already he had nailed sheets of zinc and lead on stern and bow, and had driven cotton wool picked from the bushes by the lake into the seams to caulk some of the leaks. Around the boat stood crowds of Africans, their dark faces full of astonishment at the white man mending his big canoe.

"Why should a man toil so terribly hard?" they wondered.

The tribesmen of the lake had only canoes hollowed out from a tree-trunk, or made of some planks sewn together with fibres from the banana tree.

At last Mackay had his boat ready to sail up the Victoria Nyanza. The whole of the length of that great sea, itself larger than his own native Scotland, still separated Mackay from the land of Uganda for which he had left Britain over fifteen months earlier.

All through his disappointments and difficulties Mackay fought on. With him, as with Livingstone, nothing had power to break his spirit or quench his burning determination to carry on his God-given plan to serve Africa.

Every use of saw and hammer and chisel, every

"trick of the tool's true trade,"

all the training in the shipbuilding yards and engineering shops at Edinburgh and in Germany helped Mackay to

invent some new, daring and ingenious way out of every fresh difficulty.

The Wreck of the "Daisy"

Now at last the Daisy was on the water again; and Mackay and his bearers went aboard and hoisting sail from Kagei ran northward. Before they had gone far black storm clouds swept across the sky. Night fell. Lightning blazed unceasingly and flung up into silhouette the wild outlines of the mountains to the east. The roar of the thunder echoed above the wail of the wind and the threshing of the waves.

All through the dark, Mackay and those of his men who could handle an oar rowed unceasingly. Again and again he threw out his twenty-fathom line, but in vain. He made out a dim line of precipitous cliffs, yet the water seemed fathomless—the only map in existence was a rough one that Stanley had made. At last the lead touched bottom at fourteen fathoms. In the dim light of dawn they rowed and sailed toward a shady beach before the cliffs, and anchored in three and a half fathoms of water.

The storm passed; but the waves from the open sea came roaring in and broke over the *Daisy*. The bowsprit dipped under the anchor chain, and the whole bulwark on the weatherside was carried away. The next sea swept into the open and now sinking boat. By frantic efforts they hewed up the anchor and the next wave swung the *Daisy*

with a crash onto the beach, where the waves pounded her to a complete wreck, wrenching the planks from the keel. But Mackay and his men managed to rescue her cargo before she went to pieces.

They were wrecked on a shore where Stanley, the great explorer, had years before had a hairbreadth escape from massacre at the hands of the wild savages. But Stanley, living up to the practice he had learned from Livingstone, had turned enemies into friends, and now the natives made no attack on the shipwrecked Mackay.

For eight weeks Mackay laboured there, hard on the edge of the lake, living on the beach in a tent made of spars and sails. With hammer and chisel and saw he worked unsparingly at his task. He cut the middle eight feet from the boat, and bringing her stern and stem together patched the broken ends with wood from the middle part. After two months' work the now dumpier *Daisy* took the water again, and carried Mackay and his men safely up the long shores of Victoria Nyanza to the goal of all his travelling, the capital of M'tesa, King of Uganda.

The rolling tattoo of goat-skin drums filled the royal reception-hall of King M'tesa, as the great tyrant entered with his chiefs. M'tesa, his dark, cruel heavy face in vivid contrast with his spotless white robe, sat heavily down on his stool of State, while brazen trumpets sent to him from England blared as Mackay entered. The chiefs squatted on low stools and on the rush-strewn mud-floor before the

King. At his side stood his Prime Minister, the Katikiro, a smaller man than the King, but swifter and more far-sighted. The Katikiro was dressed in a snowy-white Arab gown covered by a black mantle trimmed with gold. In his hard, guilty face treacherous cunning and masterful cruelty were blended.

M'tesa was gracious to Mackay, and gave him land on which to build his home. More important to Mackay than even his hut was his workshop, where he quickly fixed his forge and anvil, vise and lathe, and grindstone, for he was now in the place where he could practise his skill. It was for this that he had left home and friends, and pressed on in spite of fever and shipwreck to serve Africa and lead her to the worship of Jesus Christ by working and teaching as our Lord did when on earth.

One day the wide thatched roof of that workshop shaded from the flaming rays of the sun a crowded circle of the chiefs of Uganda with their slaves, who loved to come to "hear the bellows roar." They were gazing at Mackay, whose strong, bare right arm was swinging his hammer

"Clang-a-clang-clang."

Then a ruddy glow lit up the dark faces of the watchers and the bronzed face of the white man who in the centre of his workshop was blowing up his forge fire. Gripping in his pincers the iron hoe that was now redhot, Mackay

hammered it into shape and then plunged it all hissing into the bath of water that stood by him.

Hardly had the cloud of steam risen from the bath, when Mackay once more gripped the hoe, and moving to his grindstone placed his foot on the pedal and set the edge of the hoe against the whirling stone. The sparks flew high. A murmur came from the Uganda chiefs who stood around.

"It is witchcraft," they said to one another. "It is witchcraft by which Mazunga-wa-Kazi makes the hard iron tenfold harder in the water. It is witchcraft by which he sends the wheels round and makes our hoes sharp. Surely he is the great wizard."

Mackay caught the sound of the new name that they had given him—Mazunga-wa-Kazi—the White-Man-at-Work. They called him by this name because to them it was very strange that any man should work with his own hands.

"Women are for work," said the chiefs. "Men go to talk with the King, and to fight and eat."

Mackay paused in his work and turned on them. "No," he said, "you are wrong. God made man with one stomach and with two hands in order that he may work twice as much as he eats." And Mackay held out before them his own hands blackened with the work of the smithy, rough with the handling of hammer and saw, the file and lathe. "But you," and he turned on them with a laugh and

pointed to their sleek bodies as they shone in the glow of the forge fire, "you are all stomach and no hands."

They grinned sheepishly at one another under this attack, and, as Mackay let down the fire and put away his tools, they strolled off to the hill on which the King's beehive-shaped thatched palace was built.

Mackay climbed up the hill on the side of which his workshop stood. From the ridge he gazed over the low-lying marsh from which the women were bearing on their heads the water-pots. He knew that the men and women of the land were suffering from fearful illnesses. He now realised that the fevers came from the poisonous waters of the marsh. He made up his mind how he could help them with his skill. They must have pure water; yet they knew nothing of wells.

Mackay at once searched the hill-side with his spade and found a bed of clay emerging from the side of the hill. He climbed sixteen feet higher up the hill and, bringing the men who could help him together, began digging. He knew that he would reach spring water at the level of the clay, for the rains that had filtered through the earth would stop there.

The Baganda thought that he was mad. "Whoever," they asked one another, "heard of digging in the top of a hill for water?"

"When the hole is so deep," said Mackay, measuring out sixteen feet, "water will come, pure and clean, and you will not need to carry it up the hill from the marsh."

They dug and dug till the hole was too deep to hurl the earth up over the edge. Then Mackay made a pulley, which seemed a magic thing to them, for they could not yet understand the working of wheels; and with rope and bucket the earth was pulled up. Exactly at the depth of sixteen feet the water welled in. The Baganda clapped their hands and danced with delight.

"Mackay is the great wizard. He is the mighty spirit," they cried. "The King must come to see this."

King M'tesa himself wondered at the story of the making of the well and the finding of the water. He gave orders that he was to be carried to view this great wonder. His eyes rolled with astonishment as he saw it and heard of the wonders that were wrought by the work of men.

Yet M'tesa and his men still wondered why any man should work hard. Mackay tried to explain this to the King when he sat in his reception-hall. Work, Mackay told M'tesa, is the noblest thing a man can do, and he told him how Jesus Christ, the Son of the Great Father-Spirit who made all things, did not Himself feel that work was a thing too mean for Him. For our Lord, when He lived on earth at Nazareth, worked with His own hands at the carpenter's bench, and made all labour forever noble.

Fighting the Slave Trade

In the court of King M'tesa, Mackay always saw many boys who used to drive away the flies from the King's face with fans, carry stools for the chiefs and visitors to squat upon, run messages and make themselves generally useful. Most of these boys were the sons of chiefs. When they were not occupied with some errand, they would lounge about playing games with one another in the open space just by the King's hut.

Often when Mackay came to speak with the King, he had to wait in this place before he could have audience of M'tesa. He would bring with him large sheets of paper on which he had printed in his workshop the alphabet and some sentences. The printing was actually done with the little hand-press that Mackay had used in his attic when he was a boy in his old home in Rhynie. He had taken it with him all the way to Uganda, and now was setting up letters and sentences in a language which had never been printed before.

The Baganda boys who had gathered round the White-Man-of-Work with wondering eyes, as he with his "magic" printed the sheets of paper, now crowded about him as he unrolled one of these white sheets with the curious black smudges on them. Mackay made the noise that we call A and then B, and pointed to these curious-shaped objects which we call the letters of the alphabet. Then he got them to make the noise and point to the letter

that represented that sound. At last the keenest of the boys really could repeat the alphabet right through and begin to read whole words from another sheet—Baganda words—so that at length they could read whole sentences.

Two of these pioneer boys became very good scholars. One named Mukasa became a Christian and was baptised with the name Samweli (Samuel); another called Kakumba was baptised Yusufu (Joseph). A third boy had been captured from a tribe in the north, and his skin was of a much lighter brown than that of the Baganda boys. This light-skinned captured slave was named Lugalama.

Each of these boys felt that it was a very proud day when at last he could actually read a whole sheet of printing from beginning to end in his own language—from "Our Father" down to "the Kingdom, the power and the glory, Amen."

One morning these page-boys leapt to their feet as they heard the familiar rattle of the drums that heralded the coming of King M'tesa. They bowed as he entered the hall and sat heavily on his stool, while his chiefs ranged themselves about him.

On a stool near the King sat Mackay, the White-Man-of-Work. His bronzed face was set in grim determination, for he knew that on that morning he had a difficult battle to fight.

Another loud battering of drum-heads rilled the air. The entrance to the hut was darkened by a tall, swarthy

Arab in long, flowing robes, followed by negro-bearers, who cast on the ground bales of cloth and guns. The Arab wore on his head a red fez, round which a coloured turban scarf was wound. He was a slave-trader from the coast, who had come from the East to M'tesa in Uganda to buy men and women and children to carry them away into slavery.

King M'tesa was himself not only a slave-trader but a slave-raider. He sent his fierce gangs of warriors out to raid a tribe away in the hills to the north. They would dash into a village, slay the men, and drag the boys and girls and women back to M'tesa as slaves. The bronze-skinned boy, Lugalama, was a young slave who had been captured on one of these bloodthirsty raids. And M'tesa, who often sent out his executioners to slay his own people by the hundred to please the dreaded and horrible god of small-pox, would also sell his people by the hundred to get guns for his soldiers.

The Arab slave-trader bowed to the earth before King M'tesa, who signalled to him to speak.

"I have come," said the Arab, pointing to the guns on the floor, "to bring you these things in exchange for some men and women and children. See, I offer you guns and percussion caps and cloth." And he spread out lengths of the red cloth, and held out one of the guns with its gleaming barrel.

King M'tesa's eyes lighted up with desire as he saw the muskets and the ammunition. These, he thought, are the things that will make me powerful against my enemies.

"I will give you," the Arab slave-trader went on, "one of these lengths of red cloth in exchange for one man to be sold to me as a slave; one of these guns for two men; and one hundred of these percussion caps for a woman as a slave."

Mackay looked into the cruel face of M'tesa, and he could see how the ambitious King longed for the guns. Should he risk the favour of the King by fighting the battle of a few slaves? Yet Mackay remembered as he sat there, how Livingstone's great fight against the slave-traders had made him, as a student, vow that he too would go out and fight slavery in Africa. The memory nerved him for the fight he was now to make.

Mackay turned to M'tesa and said words like these:

"O King M'tesa, you are set as father over all your multitude of people. They are your children. It is they who make you a great King.

"Remember, O King, that the Sultan of Zanzibar himself has signed a decree that no slaves shall be taken in all these lands and sold to other lands down beyond the coast, whither this Arab would lead your children. Therefore if you sell slaves you break his law.

"Will you, then, sell your own people that they may be taken out of their homeland into a strange country? They

will be chained to one another, beaten with whips, scourged and kicked, and many will be left at the wayside to die; till the peoples of the coast shall laugh at Uganda and say, 'That is how King M'tesa lets strangers treat his children!'"

We can imagine how the Arab turned and scowled fiercely at Mackay. His heart raged, and he would have given anything to plunge the dagger hidden in his robe into Mackay's heart. Who was this white man who dared to try to stop his trade? But Mackay went on.

"See," he said, pointing to the boys and the chiefs, "your children are wonderfully made. Their bones, which are linked together, are clothed with flesh; and from the heart in their breasts the blood that gives men life flows to and fro through their bodies, while the breath goes in and out of their lungs and makes them live. God the Father and Maker of all men alone can create such wonders. No men who ever lived could, if they worked all through their lives, make one thing so marvellous as one of these boys. Will you, then, sell one of these miracles, one of your children, for a bit of red rag which any man can make in a day?"

All eyes turned to King M'tesa to learn what he would say.

The King with a wave of his hand dismissed the scowling Arab, while he took counsel with his chiefs, and came to this decision:

"My people shall no more be made slaves."

A decree was written out and King M'tesa put his hand to it. The crestfallen Arab and his men gathered up their guns and cloths, marched down the hill to buy ivory instead of slaves for their bales of red cloth, and went out of the dominions of King M'tesa, across the Great Lake homeward.

Mackay had won the first battle against slavery. His heart was very glad. Yet he knew that, although he had scored a triumph in this fight with the slave-dealer, he had not won in his great campaign. The King was generally kind to Mackay, for he was proud to have so clever a white man in his country. But he could not make up his mind to become a Christian. M'tesa's heart had not really changed. His slave-raiding of other tribes might still go on. The horrible butcherings of his people to turn away the dreaded anger of the gods would continue. Mackay felt he must press on with his work. He was slowly opening a road through the jungle of cruelty and the marshes of dread of the gods that made the life of the Baganda people dark and dreadful.

All Uganda waited breathless one day as though the end of the world had come.

"King M'tesa is dead!" the cry went out through all the land.

The people waited in dread and on tiptoe of eagerness till the new king was selected by the chiefs from the sons of the dead ruler.

At last a great cheer went up from the Palace. "M'wanga has eaten Uganda!" they shouted.

By this the people meant that M'wanga, a young son of M'tesa—only eighteen years old—had been made King. He was, however, a boy with no power—the mere feeble tool of the Katikiro (the Prime Minister) and of Mujasi, the Captain of the King's own bodyguard of soldiers. Both of these great men of the kingdom fiercely hated Mackay, for they were jealous of his power over the old King. So they whispered into the young M'wanga's ears stories like this: "You know that men say that Uganda will be eaten up by an enemy from the lands of the rising sun. Mackay and the other white men are making ready to bring thousands of white soldiers into your land to 'eat it up' and to kill you."

So M'wanga began to refuse to speak to Mackay. Then, because the King was afraid to attack him, he began to lay plots against the boys.

One morning Mackay started out from his house with five or six boys and the crew of his boat to march down to the lake. Among the boys were young Lugalama—the fair-haired slave-boy, now a freed-slave and a servant to Mackay—and Kakumba, who had (you remember) been baptised Joseph. The King and the Katikiro had given

Mackay permission to go down to the lake and sail across it to take letters to a place called Msalala from which the carriers would bear them down to the coast.

Down the hill the party walked, the crew carrying the baggage and the oars on their heads. Mackay and his colleague Ashe, who had come out from England to work with him, walked behind.

To their surprise there came running down the path behind them and past them a company of soldiers.

"Where are you going?" asked Mackay of one of the soldiers.

"Mujasi, the Captain of the Bodyguard," he replied, "has sent us to capture some of the King's wives who have run away."

Another and yet another body of soldiers rushed past them. Mackay became more and more suspicious that some foul plot was being brewed. He and his company had walked ten miles, and the lake was but two miles away, divided from them by a wood. Suddenly there leapt out from behind the trees of the wood hundreds of men headed by Mujasi himself.

They levelled their guns and spears at Mackay and his friends and yelled, "Go back! Go back!"

"We are the King's friends," replied Mackay, "and we have his leave to travel. How dare you insult us?"

And they pushed forward. But the soldiers rushed at them; snatched their walking-sticks from them and began to jostle them. Mackay and Ashe sat down by the side of the path. Mujasi came up to them.

"Where are you walking?" he asked.

"We are travelling to the port with the permission of King M'wanga and the Katikiro."

"You are a liar!" replied Mujasi.

Mujasi stood back and the soldiers rushed at the missionaries, dragged them to their feet and held the muzzles of their guns within a few inches of their chests. Mackay turned with his boys and marched back to the capital.

He and Ashe were allowed to go back to their own home on the side of the hill, but the five boys were marched to the King's headquarters and imprisoned. The Katikiro, when Mackay went to him, refused to listen at first. Then he declared that Mackay was always taking boys out of the country, and returning with armies of white men and hiding them with the intention of conquering Uganda.

The Katikiro waved them aside and the angry waiting mob rushed on the missionaries yelling, "Mine shall be his coat!" "Mine his trousers!" "No, mine!" shouted another, as the men scuffled with one another.

Mackay and Ashe at last got back to their home and knelt in prayer. Later on the same evening, they decided to attempt to win back the King and the Prime Minister and Mujasi by gifts, so that their imprisoned boys would be freed from danger.

Mackay spoke to his other boys, telling them to go and fly for their lives or they would be killed.

In the morning Mackay heard that three of the boys who had been captured on the previous day were not only bound as prisoners, but that Mujasi was threatening to burn them to death. The boys were named Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama. The eldest was fifteen, the youngest twelve.

The boys were led out with a mob of howling men and boys around them. Mujasi shouted to them: "Oh, you know Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ). You believe you will rise from the dead. I shall burn you, and you will see if this is so."

A hideous roar of laughter rose from the mob. The boys were led down the hill towards the edge of a marsh. Behind them was a plantation of banana trees. Some men who had carried bundles of firewood on their heads threw the wood into a heap; others laid hold of each of the boys and cut off their arms with hideous curved knives so that they should not struggle in the fire.

Seruwanga, the bravest, refused to utter a cry as he was cut to pieces, but Kakumba shouted to Mujasi, who was a

Mohammedan, "You believe in Allah the Merciful. Be merciful!" But Mujasi had no mercy.

We are told that the men who were watching held their breath with awed amazement as they heard a boy's voice out of the flame and smoke singing,

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due."

As the executioners came towards the youngest and feeblest, Lugalama, he cried, "Oh, do not cut off my arms. I will not struggle, I will not fight—only throw me into the fire."

But they did their ghastly work, and threw the mutilated boy on a wooden framework above the slow fire where his cries went up, till at last there was silence.

One other Christian stood by named Musali. Mujasi, with eyes bloodshot and inflamed with cruelty, came towards him and cried:

"Ah, you are here. I will burn you too and your household. You are a follower of Isa (Jesus)."

"Yes, I am," replied Musali, "and I am not ashamed of it."

It was a marvel of courage to say in the face of the executioner's fire and knife what Peter dared not say when the servant-maid in Jerusalem laughed at him. Perhaps the heroism of Musali awed even the cruel-hearted Mujasi. In any case he left Musali alone.

For a little time M'wanga ceased to persecute the Christians. But the wily Arabs whispered in his ear that the white men were still trying to "eat up" his country. M'wanga was filled with mingled anger and fear. Then his fury burst all bounds when Mujasi said to him: "There is a great white man coming from the rising sun. Behind him will come thousands of white soldiers."

"Send at once and kill him," cried the demented M'wanga.

A boy named Balikudembe, a Christian, heard the order and he could not contain himself, but broke out, "Oh, King M'wanga, why are you going to kill a white man? Your father did not do so."

But the soldiers went out, travelled east along the paths till they met the great Bishop Hannington being carried in a litter, stricken with fever. They took him prisoner, and, after some days, slew him as he stood defenceless before them. Hannington had been sent out to help Mackay and his fellow-Christians.

Then the King fell ill. He believed that the boy Balikudembe, who had warned him not to kill the Bishop, had bewitched him. So M'wanga's soldiers went and caught the lad and led him down to a place where they lit a fire, and placing the boy over it, burned him slowly to death.

All through this time Mackay alone had not been really seriously threatened, for his work and what he was

made the King and the Katikiro and even Mujasi afraid to do him to death.

Then there came a tremendous thunderstorm. A flash of lightning smote the King's house and it flamed up and burned to ashes. Then King M'wanga seemed to go mad. He threatened to slay Mackay himself.

"Take, seize, burn the Christians," he cried. And his executioners and their minions rushed out, captured forty-six men and boys, slashed their arms from their bodies with their cruel curved knives so that they could not struggle, and then placed them over the ghastly flames which slowly wrung the lives from their tortured bodies. Yet the numbers of the Christians seemed to grow with persecution.

The King himself beat one boy, Apolo Kagwa, with a stick and smote him on the head, then knocked him down, kicked and stamped upon him. Then the King burned all his books, crying, "Never read again."

The other men and boys who had become Christians were now scattered over the land in fear of their lives. Mackay, however, come what may, determined to hold on. He set his little printing press to work and printed off a letter which he sent to the scattered Christians. In Mackay's letter was written these words, "In days of old Christians were hated, were hunted, were driven out and were persecuted for Jesus' sake, and thus it is to-day. Our beloved brothers, do not deny our Lord Jesus!"

At last M'wanga's mad cruelties grew so frightful that all his people rose in rebellion and drove him from the throne, so that he had to wander an outcast by the lake-side. Mackay at that time was working by the lake, and he offered to shelter the deposed King who had only a short time before threatened his life.

Two years passed; and Mackay, on the lake-side, was building a new boat in which he hoped to sail to other villages to teach the people. Then a fever struck him. He lay lingering for some days. Then he died—aged only forty-one.

If Mackay, instead of becoming a missionary, had entered the engineering profession he might have become a great engineer. When he was a missionary in Africa, the British East Africa Company offered him a good position. He refused it. General Gordon offered him a high position in his army in Egypt. He refused it.

He held on when his friends and the Church Missionary Society called him home. This is what he said to them, "What is this you write —'Come home'? Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for anyone to desert his post. Send us only our first twenty men, and I may be tempted to come to help you to find the second twenty."

He died when quite young; homeless, after a life in constant danger from fever and from a half-mad tyrant king—his Christian disciples having been burned.

Was it worth while?

To-day the Prime Minister of Uganda is Apolo Kagwa, who as a boy was kicked and beaten and stamped upon by King M'wanga for being a Christian; and the King of Uganda, Daudi, M'wanga's son, is a Christian. At the capital there stands a fine cathedral in which brown Baganda clergy lead the prayers of the Christian people. On the place where the boys were burned to death there stands a Cross, put there by 70,000 Baganda Christians in memory of the young martyrs.

Was their martyrdom worth while?

To-day all the slave raiding has ceased for ever; innocent people are not slaughtered to appease the gods; the burning of boys alive has ceased.

Mackay began the work. He made the first rough road and as he made it he wrote: "This will certainly yet be a highway for the King Himself; and all that pass this way will come to know His name."

"And a highway shall be there and a way; and it shall be a way of holiness."

But the Way is not finished. And the last words that Mackay wrote were: "Here is a sphere for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents, and you will find scope for the exercise of them all."

A Shepherd of "The Great Country"

"Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate springtide."

Longfellow.

Have you heard the story of Offero, the mighty giant of Canaan, who made a vow never to serve any master but the most powerful of all the rulers of earth?

"As my strength is great, so shall my service be great," he said, "and my king must be one who stands in fear of no man."

He wandered over all lands, looking in vain for the greatest monarch, for each king plainly stood in dread of some other power. At length, however, he was told by a holy hermit that the King of kings was an invisible Lord who reigned through love in the hearts of men.

"How can I serve him?" asked Offero.

"You must fast and pray," answered the hermit.

"Nay," cried Offero, "not so! For I should then lose my strength which is all that I have to bring to his service."

For a moment the holy hermit prayed silently to be given wisdom. Then his face shone as if from a light within.

"There is a river over which many poor people must cross," he said, "and there is no bridge. The current is

often so swift and treacherous at the ford that even the strongest are swept from their feet and lost. With your great strength you could help one and all to safety. It would be a work of love—meet service for the Lord of Love."

And so Offero, the giant, built him a little hut by the side of the stream and dwelt there all his days, lending his strength to all who needed it in the name of the unseen King whom he served. It is said that one night in a wild storm a little child came praying to be carried across. Now, for the first time, Offero knew what weakness and faltering meant. He staggered and all but fell in the foaming current.

"Oh, little child," he cried out as he stumbled, panting and spent, to the farther bank, "never before have I borne such a weight! I felt as if I were carrying the whole world on my shoulders!"

"And well you might, strong one," said the child, "for you have this night carried the Master whom you serve. Henceforth your name shall be not Offero but Christopher, which means one who has carried Christ."

And the good giant was called Saint Christopher from that day. You have perhaps seen pictures of him, for more than one great artist has tried to paint the story of his faithful service of love.

We are going to hear to-day the story of a strong man of our own time, who, like Offero of old, vowed to serve

with his strength the greatest Master of all—the King of kings. The tale of his life began November 20, 1856, when Peter Trimble Rowe was born in Toronto, Canada. He was a tall, sturdy lad, who early learned to laugh at cold weather and strenuous days in the open. The more wintry it was without, the more glowing the warmth within his hardy, alert body. If you had met him as he returned from a holiday afternoon spent on snow-shoes, your pulses would have throbbed in sympathy with his happy, tingling vigor. You would have felt as if you had "warmed both hands before the fire of life."

He had bright Irish eyes, a ready Irish laugh, and the merry heart that belongs with them. His heart was, moreover, as warm as it was glad. He laughed with people, not at them; and he had a quick understanding of their troubles and difficulties as well as of the fun that lay near the surface of things. This means that his heart caught the beat of other hearts, and that he early learned the lessons that love alone can teach.

It was while he was still a student that he decided what his life work must be. "Man cannot live by bread alone"—these words had a very vital meaning for him. There were many in the world, he knew, who spent all their days struggling for bread, as if that alone could satisfy their longing for life. Very simply he said to himself: "I must use my strength to help where help is most needed. I must go to the far-off, frontier places where people live and die without light and without hope."

As soon as he had graduated from Trinity College, Toronto, and was ordained a minister of the church, he went as missionary to an Indian tribe on the northern shore of Lake Huron. In caring for this wild, neglected flock the young shepherd needed all his splendid, vigorous health and hardihood. He went around in summer drought and winter storm, often sleeping by a camp-fire or in an Indian wigwam, in order that he might bring the light of a new hope into the dark lives of these first Americans.

"The Indians have learned little good from the white men or from civilization," he said ruefully. "They have acquired some of our weaknesses and diseases—that is about all."

He longed to bring to them in exchange for the old free life in their vast forests and broad prairie country, a new freedom of the spirit that should enable them to understand and use the good things in the white man's world. Do you think that he tried to do this through preaching? He really did not preach at all. He lived with the people and talked to them as a friend who was ready to share what he had with others on the same trail.

Do you remember Emerson's much-quoted challenge?—"My dear sir, what you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you are saying." What a person is will always be heard above what he says. In the case of Mr. Rowe, the strong, self-reliant, sympathetic, kindly spirit of the man ever talked with a direct appeal to his people. He

tramped and hunted, canoed and fished with them, and shared with them the fortunes of the day around the evening camp-fire. No one had a cheerier word or a heartier laugh. They were ready to hear all that he had to tell them of the things that make life happier and better, and of the Master he served, who loved his red children no less than the white.

When the work was well under way on the Indian reservation, the young man accepted the call to a new field at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Here he had again the challenge and inspiration of pioneer work. There were six members of his church when he took charge; when, ten years later, he left his flock to another pastor it numbered two hundred and fifty. He had, moreover, pushed out into the surrounding country and established missions at several different points. He was sure that his strength and endurance, his power to conquer cold, fatigue, and other unfriendly conditions, should be used in the greatest cause of all—in going "to seek and save those that are lost" in the wild places of the earth.

"I love battling with wind and weather and pulling against the stream," he used to say. "I was born tough, and it's only common sense to put such natural toughness to some real use."

So it was that, like Saint Christopher, he was resolved to serve his King with his strength.

In 1895, when a bishop was wanted to take charge of the great unexplored field of all Alaska—scattered white men who had gone there for fish, furs, or gold; Indian tribes in the vast, trackless interior; and Eskimos in the far North within the Arctic Circle—people said without hesitation, "Mr. Rowe is the man to go as shepherd to that country."

A bishop, you know, is an "overseer," one who is responsible for the welfare of the people of a certain district or diocese, as it is called. He is a sort of first shepherd, who has general charge of all the flocks (churches and missions), and who tries to provide for those that are without care. The man to undertake this work in Alaska would have to be one of the hardy, patient explorer-missionaries, like Father Marquette, who in 1673 traveled in a birch canoe through the Great Lakes and along the Mississippi, ministering to the Indians and making a trail through the New World wilderness.

Alaska is an Indian word which means "the Great Country." It is, indeed, not one but many lands. Most people think of it as a wild, snow-covered waste, whose arctic climate has been braved by white men only for the sake of its salmon, seals, and later for the gold that was found hidden away in its frost-locked soil. The country along the Pacific coast is warmed by the Japan current just as the British Isles are by the Gulf Stream, and its climate is milder in winter and cooler in summer than that of New England. It is a land of wonderful, inspiring beauty, with

lordly, snow-crowned mountain peaks; forests of enchanting greenness bordering clear, deep fiords; and fields bright with poppies, bluebells, wild roses, and other flowers of the most vivid coloring. The interior, through which flows the Yukon, that great highway of Alaska, is much colder, but it is only the northern portion reaching into the Polar Sea that has the frigid conditions that many people associate with "the Great Country."

When in early April, Bishop Rowe took the steamer from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska, he found that two hundred of his fellow passengers were bound for the newly discovered gold fields. Many of them were fine, rugged fellows who loved strenuous endeavor better than easy, uneventful days. Some few of them were "rolling stones" of the sort that would make trouble anywhere.

"When I looked forward to what might be done for the lonely settlers and forlorn natives in Alaska," said Bishop Rowe, "I did not at first realize that an important part of the work would be with the great army of gold-seekers who suddenly find themselves in the midst of hardships, disappointments, and temptations that they have never known before."

Of course the men on board were anxious to learn everything they could about the "Great Country." Each person who had been to Alaska before was surrounded by a group of eager questioners.

"It is the richest country on God's earth," declared a merchant. "There are no such hauls of salmon and halibut anywhere else. Why, the fisheries alone are worth more in one year than the paltry sum of $7,200,000 that we paid Russia for Alaska. And think how the people in America made fun of Seward for urging the purchase. Said it was fit for nothing but a polar bear picnic grounds."

"Wasn't it hinted that the United States was paying Russia in that way for her friendship during the Civil War—by offering to take a frozen white elephant off her hands and giving her a few million dollars into the bargain?" asked another.

"Yes," rejoined a man who was evidently a hunter, "and we're just beginning to wake up to the bargain we have. I've been there before for the sport—bear, moose, caribou. You never knew such a happy hunting ground for the chap who goes in for big game. But now I'm for the gold fields. And, believe me, I've the start of you other fellows in knowing what I'm up against. There are no Pullman sleepers where we are going, let me tell you. We'll have to make our own trails over snow-covered mountains, across glaciers, and through cañons, but the prize is there, boys, for those who have the grit to win out."

"You talk about knowing Alaska," put in another, scornfully, "and you see there nothing but fish, big game, and the chance to find some of the yellow dust that drives men mad. It's a fairer land than you have ever even

dreamed of, with greener pines and nobler fiords than Norway can show, and mountains more sublime than the Alps. Do you know it's a country that will feed a people and give them homes where the air is fresh and fragrant with snow, sunshine, and flowers? You hunters and fishers and prospectors who go to Alaska just to make money and then run away to spend it, make me tired. You look upon that magnificent country—white man's country, if there ever was such—as nothing but so much loot."

"You fellows remind me of the story of the blind men and the elephant," said Bishop Rowe, with his hearty laugh. "You remember how one felt a tusk and said the creature was just like a spear, while the one who touched the side said it was a wall, and the last beggar who chanced to get hold of the tail said it was like a rope. There is evidently more than one Alaska, and each one knows only the country that he has seen. We shall soon see for ourselves—what we shall see."

Of all the men who landed at Juneau, Bishop Rowe was in a sense the only real Alaskan, for he alone intended to make his home in the country. Even the man who had called it "white man's country" was going there in the character of tourist-reporter to take away impressions of its marvelous scenery; its inspiring contrasts of gleaming, snow-capped peaks and emerald watersides vivid with many-colored blossoms; its picturesque Indian villages with their grotesque totem poles; its gold "diggings" with their soldiers of fortune.

Everybody was busy getting together the necessary outfit for the journey on the trail across the coast range to the Yukon, along which the adventurers made their way to Circle City, a mining center eight hundred and fifty miles from Juneau.

On April 22, the bishop, with one companion, left the seaport for his first journey in the land of his adoption. Sometimes he was climbing steep mountains where he had to dig out with his stick a foothold for each step; sometimes he was walking through narrow cañons not more than twelve or fourteen feet in width, where overhanging rocks and snow slides threatened to crush him; sometimes he was creeping along the edge of cliffs so high and sheer that he dared not trust himself to look down; sometimes he was treading warily over the frozen crust of a stream whose waters seethed and roared ominously beneath the icy bridge.

As he pushed on, hauling his heavy sled (it weighed, with the camping outfit and provisions, four hundred and fifty pounds), you can imagine that he had an appetite for his dinner of toasted bacon and steaming beans. Sometimes his gun would bring down a wild duck to vary this hearty fare.

He knew what it was, however, to be too tired to eat or sleep. That was when he was felling trees and whip-sawing the logs into boards for a boat. The men who had promised to furnish him with transportation as soon as the

ice was broken up had not kept their agreement, and he faced the open season with no means of continuing his journey.

"If you'll just camp here with us fellows for a spell, comrade," said the men in whose company he found himself at Carabou Crossing, "we'll all pitch in and give you a day's help when we've got our own lumber sawed."

Then the good-natured miners had a shock of genuine surprise. The preacher whom they proposed to pull out of his difficulty proved that he was neither a tenderfoot nor a shirker.

"I think I'll see what I can do for myself before I ask you men to come to the rescue," he said.

The blows of his ax resounded merrily as he put himself to his task. Then after the logs were rolled on the saw-pit he whipped out the lumber in something less than two days. When night came his muscles ached but his pulses sang.

"What a friend a tree is!" he said, smiling happily at the leaping, crackling flames. "Here it is giving us a rousing fire and boughs for our beds, as well as lumber for our boats and gum and pitch to make them watertight."

The rude but plucky little craft was finished and mounted on runners to take it to the place of launching before those who had volunteered to help him had their own lumber sawed. The rough men were much impressed. This missionary who was not above sharing

their toil and hardships must have a message that was worth hearing. They gathered about him with respectful attention when he said:

"We're hundreds of miles from a church here, but that doesn't mean that we don't feel the need of one, does it? Let's have a service together about the camp-fire before we go on our way."

The firelight shone on softened faces and earnest eyes as the gold seekers sat gazing up at the man who spoke to them simply and fearlessly of the treasures of the spirit which he that seeks will be sure to find.

"You men have given up comfort and friends and risked life itself to find your golden treasure," he said. "Some of you may win the prize you seek; many more may be doomed to disappointment. Will you not take with you something that will make you strong to bear either the temptations of success or the trials of failure? It is yours for the asking; only reach out your hand and you will touch it.

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

As Bishop Bowe talked, his hearers seemed to lean on his words as naturally as one leans on a trusty staff when the way is rough and steep. And when he had gone, much that he had said lingered with them through the feverish rush forward and the long desolate winter that followed, when the cracking ice and the howling wolves alone broke the awful stillness about their remote camp.

The steadfast faith and the cheerful endurance of our pioneer missionary were tried more than once as he drew his boat, which weighed with the load of provisions some 1400 pounds, over the frozen surface of a chain of lakes where he had to exercise ceaseless vigilance to avoid bad ice. Then there were three days of ice breaking after the spring thaw was well under way before he could begin to paddle with the stream.

It was now the pleasantest time of the year—the time of the long days when you can almost see the grasses and flowers shoot up as they take advantage of every moment of life-giving sunshine. The warm wind brought the smell of clover and the voice of leaping water-falls. It seemed as if one could taste the air; it was so fresh with the pure snow of the heights and so golden-sweet with sunshine and opening blossoms.

The paddler on the Yukon, however, cannot become too absorbed in the beauties by the way. There are dangerous rapids and unexpected cross currents that require a steady head and a strong hand, and the new bishop frequently had reason to be grateful for the skill in canoeing that he had won in his camping days in Canada.

If he had been out for game he would have found more than one opportunity for a good shot. There were brown bears looking at him from the brush along the banks, and bears fishing for salmon in the swift water. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of an antlered moose among the trees,

and now and then he saw an eagle swoop down to seize a leaping fish in its claws. Flocks of ducks with their funny, featherless broods scurried over the water, disturbed by the sudden appearance of the canoe.

The bishop visited the Indian villages along the stream, as well as the missions that had been planted at various points to minister to the natives. Imagine what his cheering presence meant to the lonely workers in the wilderness. As he went along he was planning how best he might meet the needs of the people with new missions, hospitals, and schools.

"Why is it that all you tough, rough-riding Alaskan fellows set such store by this Bishop Rowe?" a man from Fairbanks was asked.

"Well, for one thing his works have not been in words but in deeds," was the reply. "Let me tell you how it was with us when he came over the ice from Circle City in the winter of 1903. He looked us over and saw the thing we most needed. He saw no dollars, either in sight or in the future. He saw only that a poor lot of human creatures, up against a dead-hard proposition, needed a hospital. 'You have the ground,' said he; 'you raise half the money and I will leave the other half for the building. Then I will take care of the nurses, medicines, and everything else you need.' Of course he is for his church, but he and his church are always for their people—and their people are any that fare over the trail."

It was soon said of this master missionary that he was "the best musher in Alaska." "Mush!" or "Mush on!" is the cry that the men on the winter trails give to their dog teams. It is, perhaps, a corruption of the French word *marchons*, which means "Go on!" There is seldom a winter when Bishop Rowe does not travel from one to two thousand miles with his team of six huskies to visit his people.

Do you picture him sitting comfortably wrapped in fur robes on the sledge while the dogs pull him as well as the store of food for the six weeks' journey on which he is bound? Look again! There he is walking on snowshoes ahead of the team leader; he is "breaking trail" for the dogs who have all they can do to drag the laden sled. In order to lighten their load he selects a tree at each camping-place to serve as a landmark, and hides there a store of food for the return trip.

"That is a plan that works well unless the sly wolverines manage to get on the scent of the cache," he said. "But you must go as light as possible when you travel over a waste of snow, and are forced at times to cover forty miles a day. It is a trip that takes all the unnecessary fat off you; and you get as strong as a mule and as hungry as a bear."

You would think that the mountain climbing, canoeing, and marching on snow-shoes which are part of his yearly round would be all that he could possibly need

to take off the "unnecessary fat" and keep him in the "pink of training." The winter trip with the dog sledge, however, brings many situations when life itself depends upon one's physical fitness. In preparation for those journeys, the bishop goes through a regular series of exercises—long distance running, hill-climbing, and even jumping rope. The following extract from one of his diaries kept during a six weeks' trip over the Arctic waste when mountains and valleys alike were muffled in a white silence, and all the streams were voiceless, spell-bound rivers of ice, will show what making the rounds in the diocese of all Alaska means:

Our sled was loaded with robes, tent, stove, axes, clothing, and food for sixteen days for dogs and selves. Wind blew the snow like shot in our faces. I kept ahead of the dogs, leading them, finding the way. We had to cross the wide river; the great hammocks made this an ordeal; had to use the ax and break a way for the dogs and sled. In the midst of it all the dogs would stop; they could not see; their eyes were closed with the frost; so I rubbed off the frost and went on. The time came when the dogs would—could—no longer face the storm. I was forced to make a camp. It was not a spot I would choose for the purpose. The bank of the river was precipitous, high, rocky, yet there was wood. I climbed one hundred feet and picked out a spot and made a campfire. Then returned to the sled, unharnessed the dogs, got a "life line," went up and tied it to a tree by the fire. By means of this we got up our robes and

sufficient food. Here after something to eat we made a bed in the snow....It was a night of shivers. Froze our faces.

After a sleepless night we were up before daybreak. It was still blowing a gale; had some breakfast; tried to hitch the dogs, but they would not face the storm, so I resigned myself to the situation and remained in camp. It was my birthday, too. I kept busy chopping wood for the fire....In carrying a heavy log down the side of the mountain, I tripped, fell many feet, and injured shoulder slightly.

After another cold and shivering night we found the wind somewhat abated and without breakfast hitched up the dogs, packed sled, and were traveling before it was light....Early in the day while piloting the way I encountered bad ice, open water, broke through and got wet. After that I felt my way with ax in hand, snow-shoes on feet, until it grew dark. In the darkness I broke through the ice and escaped with some difficulty....

A worker in a lonely frontier post where there were plentiful discouragements once said: "When I am tempted to think that I am having a hard time I just think of Bishop Rowe. Then I realize that it is possible to feel that creature comforts are not matters of first importance. How splendidly he proves that a man can rise above circumstances, and still march on and laugh on no matter what may be happening about him or to him!"

We have seen how the Bishop of Alaska fares in winter when the world is a vast whiteness save only for the

hewing dark of the sea; when the avalanches are booming on the mountains; when the winds are sweeping through the cañons, and all the air is filled with ice-dust. What can he accomplish through these journeys that he should forego all comfort and risk life itself?

First, he brings light and cheer to the homesick miners—to the dull-eyed, discouraged men who have struggled and toiled without success, and to the excited, watchful ones who fear to lose what they have won.

"Where are all the people going?" asked a stranger in Fairbanks one Sunday.

"Bishop Rowe is here," replied the hotel clerk smilingly. "Everybody turns out when he comes to town. You see," he added thoughtfully, "he somehow knows what a man needs no matter where he is or what he is. There is something that goes home to each one who listens."

But the adventurers from civilization are not the bishop's chief care. His first thought is for the Indians and Eskimos, who, if they have gained somewhat, have suffered much through the coming of the white men to their shores.

"Our people have for the most part been consistently engaged in plundering Alaska," he said. "We have grown rich on its salmon and furs, while the natives who formerly had plenty feel the pinch of famine and cold. We take from the country everything we can get and even make the

Indians pay a tax on the trees they cut down; but we do nothing for the land in the way of building roads and bridges, or for the people in the way of protecting them from the evils that the coming of the white men has brought upon them."

In so far as it lies in his power, the bishop tries to atone for this despoiling of Alaska by working whole-heartedly for the natives— teaching them more wholesome ways of living, giving them food and medicine in times of distress, providing sawmills to give them work, introducing reindeer to supply clothing in the place of the seals that are fast disappearing, and building churches, schools, and hospitals. He has, besides, gone to Washington and described to the President and the lawmakers the pitiable state of the Alaskan Indians, and pleaded for reservations where they could first of all be taught how to maintain health under the new conditions of life that have been forced upon them, and then given suitable industrial training and the chance of earning a livelihood. The laws that have been passed to secure fair play for the original Alaskans have been won largely through the persistent and effective championship of Bishop Rowe.

See him as he journeys down the Yukon in a scow loaded with lumber for a mission building. He has with him just one helper and three little Indian children whom he is taking to a school at Anvik. At night he is at the bow, watching to guard against the dangers of the stream. Sometimes the children wake up and cry when a great

slide from the bank—tons on tons of rock and earth—shoots into the river with a terrific boom. Sometimes, when the hooting of an owl or the wail of a wild beast pierces the stillness they huddle together, too frightened to make a sound. Then the good bishop stoops over and pats them on the head kindly, saying a comforting word or two which reminds them that nothing can possibly harm them while he is near.

A storm of rain and wind that lasts all night and all the next day drenches them through and through. The children, who are wet and cold, creep close to their friend. "Etah, etah" (my father), they say, looking up at him pitifully. In a flash he remembers that not far off is a deserted log cabin which he chanced to find on a previous journey. Making a landing, they follow him along the bank and at nightfall reach the blessed shelter. Here they build a rousing fire and dry their clothes. As they sit about the blazing logs they fancy that all the sunbeams that had shone upon the growing tree are dancing merrily in the flames. The next morning the sun comes out as if to make up for all the stormy days and nights that have ever vexed weary travelers, and they go on their way with renewed courage.

"The two qualities most needed in Alaska," said Bishop Rowe, "are an instinct for finding one's way, and bulldog grit." He certainly has these two requisites, as well as "animate faith and love." Wherever he goes—to remote Indian villages or Eskimo igloos; to deserted mining

centers whose numbers have dwindled from thousands to a forlorn score; to thriving cities like Sitka, Nome, and Fairbanks, which have electric lights, telephones, and many of the luxuries as well as the comforts of civilization—he brings a message of hope. To those who hunger without knowing what they lack, he brings the Bread of life—the glad tidings of a God of love.

In 1907, it was decided to transfer Bishop Rowe from his frontier post to Colorado. "You have served faithfully where the laborers are few and the hardships are many," it was said. "You must now guard your powers for a long life of service."

"I appreciate with deep gratitude the kindness," replied the missionary bishop, "but I feel that in view of present conditions I must decline the honor of the transfer and continue in Alaska, God helping me."

So the Shepherd of "the Great Country" is faithful to his charge and his flock, asking not a lighter task but rather greater strength for the work that is his. Like the giant-saint of the legend, he serves with his might the unseen King who reigns through love in the hearts of men.

The Heart of Hull-House: Jane Addams

The Russian peasants have a proverb that says: "Labor is the house that Love lives in"; by which they mean that no two people, or group of people, can come into affectionate relation with each other unless they carry on a mutual task.

Jane Addams.

Do you remember what the poet says of Peter Bell?

At noon, when by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart: he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

In the same way, when he saw the "primrose by the river's brim," it was not to him a lovely bit of the miracle of upspringing life from the unthinking clod; it was just a common little yellow flower, which one might idly pick and cast aside, but to which one never gave a thought. He saw the sky and woods and fields and human faces with the outward eye, but not with the eye of the heart or the spirit. He had eyes for nothing but the shell and show of things.

This is the story of a girl who early learned to see with the "inward eye"; she "felt the witchery of the soft blue sky" and all the wonder of the changing earth, and

something of the life about her melted into her heart and became part of herself. So it was that she came to have a "belonging feeling" for all that she saw—fields, pine woods, mill-stream, birds, trees, and people.

Perhaps little Jane Addams loved trees and people best of all. Trees were so big and true, with roots ever seeking a firmer hold on the good brown earth, and branches growing up and ever up, year by year, turning sunbeams into strength. And people she loved, because they had in them something of all kinds of life.

There was one special tree that had the friendliest nooks where she could nestle and dream and plan plays as long as the summer afternoon. Perhaps one reason that Jane loved this tree was that it reminded her of her tall, splendid father.

"You are so big and beautiful, and yet you always have a place for a little girl—even one who can never be straight and strong," Jane whispered, as she put her arms about her tree friend. And when she crept into the shelter of her father's arms, she forgot her poor back, that made her carry her head weakly on one side when she longed to fling it back and look the world in the face squarely, exultingly, as her father's daughter should.

"There is no one so fine or so noble as my father," Jane would say to herself as she saw him standing before his Bible-class on Sundays. Then her cheek paled, and her big eyes grew wistful. It would be too bad if people discovered

that this frail child belonged to him. They would be surprised and pity him, and one must never pity Father. So it came about that, though it was her dearest joy to walk by his side clinging to his hand, she stepped over to her uncle, saying timidly, "May I walk with you, Uncle James!"

This happened again and again, to the mild astonishment of the good uncle. At last a day came that made everything different. Jane, who had gone to town unexpectedly, chanced to meet her father coming out of a bank on the main street. Smiling gaily and raising his shining silk hat, he bowed low, as if he were greeting a princess; and as the shy child smiled back she knew that she had been a very foolish little girl indeed. Why of course! Her father made everything that belonged to him all right just because it *did* belong. He had strength and power enough for them both. As she walked by his side after that, it seemed as if the big grasp of the hand that held hers enfolded all the little tremblings of her days.

"What are these funny red and purple specks?" Jane asked once as she looked with loving admiration at the hand to which she clung.

"Those marks show that I've dressed millstones in my time, just as this flat right thumb tells any one who happens to notice that I began life as a miller," said her father.

After that Jane spent much time at the mill industriously rubbing the ground wheat between thumb

and forefinger; and when the millstones were being dressed, she eagerly held out her little hands in the hope that the bits of flying flint would mark her as they had her father. These marks, she dimly felt, were an outward sign of her father's true greatness. He was a leading citizen of their Illinois community by right of character and hard-won success. Everybody admired and honored him. Did not President Lincoln even, who was, her father said, "the greatest man in the world," write to him as a comrade and brother, calling him "My dear Double D'ed Addams"?

Years afterward, when Jane Addams spoke of her childhood, she said that all her early experiences were directly connected with her father, and that two incidents stood out with the distinctness of vivid pictures.

She stood, one Sunday morning, in proud possession of a beautiful new cloak, waiting for her father's approval. He looked at her a moment quietly, and then patted her on the shoulder.

"Thy cloak is very pretty, Jane," said the Quaker father, gravely; "so much prettier, indeed, than that of the other little girls that I think thee had better wear thy old one." Then he added, as he looked into her puzzled, disappointed eyes, "We can never, perhaps, make such things as clothes quite fair and right in this hill-and-valley world, but it is wrong and stupid to let the differences crop out in things that mean so much more; in school and

church, at least, people should be able to feel that they belong to one family."

Another day she had gone with her father on an errand into the poorest quarter of the town. It had always before seemed to her country eyes that the city was a dazzling place of toy- and candy-shops, smooth streets, and contented houses with sleek lawns. Now she caught a glimpse of quite another city, with ugly, dingy houses huddled close together and thin, dirty children standing miserably about without place or spirit to play.

"It is dreadful the way all the comfortable, happy people stay off to themselves," said Jane. "When I grow up, I shall, of course, have a big house, but it is not going to be set apart with all the other big homes; it is going to be right down among the poor horrid little houses like these."

Always after that, when Jane roamed over her prairie playground or sat dreaming under the Norway pines which had grown from seeds that her father had scattered in his early, pioneer days, she seemed to hear something of "the still, sad music of humanity" in the voice of the wind in the tree-tops and in the harmony of her life of varied interests. For she saw with the inward eye of the heart, and felt the throb of all life in each vital experience that was hers. It would be impossible to live apart in pleasant places, enjoying beauty which others might not share. She must live in the midst of the crowded ways, and bring to the poor, stifled little houses an ideal of healthier

living. She would study medicine and go as a doctor to the forlorn, dirty children; but first there would be many things to learn.

It was her dream to go to Smith College, but her father believed that a small college near her home better fitted one for the life to which she belonged.

"My daughter is also a daughter of Illinois," he said, "and Rockford College is her proper place. Afterward she may go east and to Europe in order to gain a knowledge of what the world beyond us can give, and so get a fuller appreciation of what life at home is and may be."

Jane Addams went, therefore, to the Illinois college, "The Mt. Holyoke of the West," a college famed for its earnest, missionary spirit. The serious temper of her class was reflected in their motto which was the Anglo-Saxon word for lady—*hláfdige* (bread-kneader), translated as *bread-giver*; and the poppy was selected for the class flower, "because poppies grow among the wheat, as if Nature knew that wherever there was hunger that needed food there would be pain that needed relief."

The study in which she took the keenest interest was history,—"the human tale of this wide world,"—but even at the time of her greatest enthusiasm she realized that while knowledge comes from the records of the past, wisdom comes from a right understanding of the actual life of the present.

After receiving from her Alma Mater the degree of B. A., she entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia to prepare for real work in a real world, but the old spinal trouble soon brought that chapter to a close. After some months in Doctor Weir Mitchell's hospital, and a longer time of invalidism, she agreed to follow her doctor's pleasant prescription of two years in Europe.

"When I returned I decided to give up my medical course," said Jane Addams, "partly because I had no real aptitude for scientific work, and partly because I discovered that there were other genuine reasons for living among the poor than that of practicing medicine upon them."

While in London Miss Addams saw much of the life of the great city from the top of an omnibus. Once she was taken with a number of tourists to see the spectacle of the Saturday night auction of fruits and vegetables to the poor of the East Side, and the lurid picture blotted out all the picturesque impressions, full of pleasant human interest and historic association, that she had been eagerly enjoying during this first visit to London town. Always afterwards, when she closed her eyes, she could see the scene; it seemed as if it would never leave her. In the flare of the gas-light, which made weird and spectral the motley, jostling crowd and touched the black shadows it created into a grotesque semblance of life, she saw wrinkled women, desperate-looking men, and pale children vying with each other to secure with their

farthings and ha'pennies the vegetables held up by a hoarse, red-faced auctioneer.

One haggard youth sat on the curb, hungrily devouring the cabbage that he had succeeded in bidding in. Her sensation-loving companions on the bus stared with mingled pity and disgust; but the girl who saw what she looked on with the inward eye of the heart turned away her face. The poverty that she had before seen had not prepared her for wretchedness like this.

"For the following weeks," she said, "I went about London furtively, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose this hideous human need and suffering. In time, nothing of the great city seemed real save the misery of its East End."

This first impression of London's poverty was, of course, not only lurid, but quite unfair. She knew nothing of the earnest workers who were devoting their lives to the problem of giving the right kind of help to those who, through weakness, ignorance, or misfortune, were not able to help themselves.

When, five years later, she visited Toynbee Hall, she saw effective work of the kind she had dimly dreamed of ever since, as a little girl, she had wanted to build a beautiful big house among the ugly little ones in the city. Here in the heart of the Whitechapel district, the most evil and unhappy section of London's East End, a group of optimistic, large-hearted young men, who believed that

advantages mean responsibilities, had come to live and work. While trying to share what good birth, breeding, and education had given them with those who had been shut away from every chance for wholesome living, they believed that they in turn might learn from their humble neighbors much that universities and books cannot teach.

"I have spent too much time in vague preparation for I knew not what," said Jane Addams. "At last I see a way to begin to live in a really real world, and to learn to do by doing."

And so Hull-House was born. In the heart of the industrial section of Chicago, where workers of thirty-six different nations live closely herded together, Miss Addams found surviving a solidly built house with large halls, open fireplaces, and friendly piazzas. This she secured, repaired, and adapted to the needs of her work, naming it Hull-House from its original owner, one of Chicago's early citizens.

"But we must not forget that the house is only the outward sign," said Miss Addams. "The real thing is the work. 'Labor is the house that love lives in,' and as we work together we shall come to understand each other and learn from each other."

"What are you going to put in your house for your interesting experiment?" Miss Addams was asked.

"Just what I should want in my home anywhere—even in your perfectly correct neighborhood," she replied with a smile.

You can imagine the beautiful, restful place it was, with everything in keeping with the fine old house. On every side were pictures and other interesting things that she had gathered in her travels.

Of course, Miss Addams was not alone in her work. Her friend, Ellen Gates Starr, was with her from the beginning. Miss Julia Lathrop, who is now the head of the Children's Bureau in Washington, was another fellow-worker. Soon many volunteers came eagerly forward, some to teach the kindergarten, others to take charge of classes and clubs of various kinds. They began by teaching different kinds of hand-work, which then had no place in the public schools.

"One little chap, who was brought into the Juvenile Court the other day for breaking a window, confessed to the judge that he had thrown the stone 'a-purpose to get pinched,' so they would send him to a school where 'they learn a fellow to make things,'" Miss Addams was told.

Classes in woodwork, basketry, sewing, weaving, and other handicrafts were eagerly patronized. There were also evening clubs where boys and girls who had early left school to work in factories could learn to make things of practical value or listen to reading and the spirited telling of the great world-stories.

One day Miss Addams met a small newsboy as he hastily left the house, vainly trying to keep back signs of grief. "There is no use of coming here any more," he said gruffly; "Prince Roland is dead!"

The evening classes were also social clubs, where the children who seemed to be growing dull and unfeeling like the turning wheels among which they spent their days could relax their souls and bodies in free, happy companionship and get a taste of natural living.

"Young people need pleasure as truly as they need food and air," said Miss Addams. "When I see the throngs of factory-girls on our streets in the evening, it seems to me that the pitiless city sees in them just two possibilities: first, the chance to use their tender labor-power by day, and then the chance to take from them their little earnings at night by appealing to their need of pleasure."

One of the new buildings that was early added to the original Hull-House was a gymnasium, which provided opportunities for swimming, basket-ball, and dancing.

"We have swell times in our Hull-House club," boasted black-eyed Angelina. "Our floor in the gym puts it all over the old dance-halls for a jolly good hop,—no saloon next door with all that crowd, good classy music, and the right sort of girls and fellows. Then sometimes our club has a real party in the coffeehouse. That's what I call a fine, cozy time; makes a girl glad she's living."

Hull-House also puts within the reach of many the things which their active minds crave, and opens the way to a new life and success in the world.

"Don't you remember me?" a rising young newspaper man once said to Miss Addams. "I used to belong to a Hull-House club."

"Tell me what Hull-House did for you that really helped," she took occasion to ask.

"It was the first house I had ever been in," he replied promptly, "where books and magazines just lay around as if there were plenty of them in the world. Don't you remember how much I used to read at that little round table at the back of the library?"

Some good people who visit the Settlement in a patronizing mood are surprised to discover that many of "these working-girls" have a taste for what is fine. Miss Addams likes to tell them about the intelligent group who followed the reading of George Eliot's "Romola" with unflagging interest.

"The club was held in our dining-room," she said to one incredulous visitor, "and two of the girls came early regularly to help wash the dishes and arrange the photographs of Florence on the table. Do you know," she added, looking her prosperous guest quietly in the eyes, "that the young woman of whom you were inquiring about 'these people' is one of our neighborhood girls? Those who live in these dingy streets because they are

poor and must live near their work are not a different order of beings. Don't forget what Lincoln said, 'God must love the common people—He made so many of them.' You have only to live at Hull-House a while to learn how true it is that God loves them."

"Nothing has ever meant more real inspiration to me," said a student of sociology from the university, who had spent a year in the Settlement, "than the way the poor help each other. A woman who supports three children by scrubbing will share her breakfast with the people in the next tenement because she has heard that they are 'hard up'; a man who has been out of work has a month's rent paid by a young chap in the stock-yards who boarded with him last year; a Swedish girl works in the laundry for her German neighbor to let her stay home with her sick baby—and so it goes."

"Our people have, too, many other hardships besides the frequent lack of food and fuel," said Miss Addams. "There are other hungers. Do you know what it means for the Italian peasant, used to an outdoor life in a sunny, easy-going land, to adapt himself to the ways of America? It is a very dark, shut-in Chicago that many of them know. At one of the receptions here an Italian woman who was delighted with our red roses was also surprised that they could be 'brought so fresh all the way from Italy.' She would not believe that roses grew in Chicago, because she had lived here six years and had never seen any. One always saw roses in Italy. Think of it! She had lived for six

years within ten blocks of florists' shops, but had never seen one!"

"Yes," said Miss Starr, "they lose the beauties and joys of their old homes before they learn what the new can give. When we had our first art exhibit, an Italian said that he didn't know that Americans cared for anything but dollars—that looking at pictures was something people did only in Italy."

A Greek was overjoyed at seeing a photograph of the Acropolis at Hull-House. He said that before he came to America he had prepared a book of pictures in color of Athens, because he thought that people in the new country would like to see them. At his stand near a big railroad-station he had tried to talk to some of those who stopped to buy about "the glory that was Greece," but he had concluded that Americans cared for nothing but fruit and the correct change!

At Hull-House the Greeks, Italians, Poles, and Germans not only find pictures which quicken early memories and affections, but they can give plays of their own country and people. The "Ajax" and "Electra" of Sophocles have been presented by Greeks, who felt that they were showing ignorant Americans the majesty of the classic drama. Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other holidays are celebrated by plays and pageants. Nor are the great days of other lands forgotten. Garibaldi and Mazzini,

who fought for liberty in Italy, are honored with Washington and Lincoln.

Old and young alike take part in the dramatic events. A blind patriarch, who appeared in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," which was presented one Christmas, spoke to Miss Addams of his great joy in the work.

"Kind Heart," he said (that was his name for her),—"Kind Heart, it seems to me that I have been waiting all my life to hear some of these things said. I am glad we had so many performances, for I think I can remember them to the end. It is getting very hard for me to listen to reading, but the different voices and all made this very plain."

The music classes and choruses give much joy to the people, and here it seems possible to bring together in a common feeling those widely separated by tradition and custom. Music is the universal language of the heart. Bohemian and Polish women sing their tender and stirring folk-songs. The voices of men and women of many lands mingle in Schubert's lovely melodies and in the mighty choruses of Handel.

As Miss Addams went about among her neighbors she longed to lead them to a perception of the relation between the present and the past. If only the young, who were impatiently breaking away from all the old country traditions, could be made to appreciate what their parents held dear; if the fathers and mothers could at the same

time understand the complex new order in which their children were struggling to hold their own. When, one day, she saw an old Italian woman spinning with distaff and spindle, an idea came to her. A Labor Museum, that would show the growth of industries in every country, from the simplest processes to the elaborate machinery of modern times, might serve the purpose.

The working-out of her plan far exceeded her wildest dream. Russians, Germans, and Italians happily foregathered to demonstrate and compare methods of textile work with which they were familiar. Other activities proved equally interesting. The lectures given among the various exhibits met with a warm welcome. Factory workers, who had previously fought shy of everything "improving," came because they said these lectures were "getting next to the stuff you work with all the time."

Hull-House has worked not only *with* the people but *for* them, by trying to secure laws that will improve the conditions under which they labor and live. The following incident will speak for the fight that Miss Addams has made against such evils as child labor and sweat-shop work.

The representatives of a group of manufacturers waited upon her and promised that if she would "drop all this nonsense about a sweat-shop bill of which she knew nothing," certain business men would give fifty thousand dollars for her Settlement. The steady look which the lady

of Hull-House gave the spokesman made him wish that some one else had come with the offer of the bribe.

"We have no ambition," said Miss Addams, "to make Hull-House the largest institution in Chicago; but we are trying to protect our neighbors from evil conditions; and if to do that, the destruction of our Settlement should be necessary, we would gladly sing a Te Deum on its ruins."

The girl who saw what she looked on with "the eye of the heart," had become a leader in the life and the reforms of her time. "On the whole," one writer has said of her, "the reach of this woman's sympathy and understanding is beyond all comparison wider in its span—comprehending all kinds of people—than that of any other living person."

Jane Addams has won her great influence with people by the simple means of working with them. Her life and the true Hull-House—the work itself, not the buildings which shelter it—give meaning to the saying that "Labor is the house that love lives in."

An American Nurse in the Great War
E. D. Cushman
(Time 1914-1920)

The Turk in Bed

The cold, clear sunlight of a winter morning on the high plateau of Asia Minor shone into the clean, white ward of a hospital in Konia (the greatest city in the heart of that land). The hospital in which the events that I am going to tell in this story happened is supported by Christian folk in America, and was established by two American medical missionaries, Dr. William S. Dodd, and Dr. Wilfred Post, with Miss Cushman, the head nurse, sharing the general superintendence: other members of the staff are Haralambos, their Armenian dispenser and druggist, and Kleoniki, a Greek nurse trained by Miss Cushman. The author spent the early spring of 1914 at the hospital in Konia, when all the people named above were at work there.

The tinkle of camel-bells as a caravan of laden beasts swung by, the quick pad-pad of donkeys' hoofs, the howl of a Turkish dog, the cry of a child—these and other sounds of the city came through the open window of the ward.

On a bed in the corner of the ward lay a bearded man—a Turk—who lived in this ancient city of Konia (the Iconium of St. Paul's day). His brown face and

grizzled beard were oddly framed in the white of the spotless pillow and sheets.

His face turned to the door as it opened and the matron entered. The eyes of the Turk as he lay there followed her as she walked toward one of her deft, gentle-handed assistant nurses who, in their neat uniforms with their olive-brown faces framed in dark hair, went from bed to bed tending the patients; giving medicine to a boy here, shaking up a pillow for a sick man there, taking a patient's temperature yonder. Those skilled nurses were Armenian girls. The Armenians are a Christian nation, who have been ruled by the Turks for centuries and often have been massacred by them; yet these Armenian girls were nursing the Turks in the hospital. But the matron of the hospital was not a Turk, nor an Armenian. She had come four thousand miles across the sea to heal the Turks and the Armenians in this land. She was an American.

The Turk in bed turned his eyes from the nurses to a picture on the wall. A frown came on his face. He began to mutter angry words into his beard.

As a Turk he had always been taught, even as a little boy, that the great Prophet Mohammed had told them they must have no pictures of prophets, and he knew from what he had heard that the picture on the wall showed the face of a prophet. It was a picture of a man with a kind, strong face, dressed in garments of the lands of the East, and wearing a short beard. He was stooping down healing

a little child. It was our Lord Jesus Christ the Great Physician.

As Miss Cushman—for that was the name of the matron—moved toward his bed, the Turk burst into angry speech.

"Have that picture taken down," he said roughly, pointing to it. She turned to look at the picture and then back at him, and said words like these: "No, that is the picture of Jesus, the great Doctor who lived long ago and taught the people that God is Love. It is because He taught that, and has called me to follow in His steps, that I am here to help to heal you."

But the Turk, who was not used to having women disobey his commands, again ordered angrily that the picture should be taken down. But the American missionary-nurse said gently, but firmly: "No, the picture must stay there to remind us of Jesus. If you cannot endure to see the picture there, then if you wish you may leave the hospital, of course."

And so she passed on. The Turk lay in his bed and thought it over. He wished to get well. If the doctors in this hospital—Dr. Dodd and Dr. Post—did not attend him, and if the nurses did not give him his medicine, he would not. He therefore decided to make no more fuss about the picture. So he lay looking at it, and was rather surprised to find in a few days that he liked to see it there, and that he

wanted to hear more and more about the great Prophet-Doctor, Jesus.

Then he had another tussle of wills with Miss Cushman, the white nurse from across the seas. It came about in this way. Women who are Mohammedans keep their faces veiled, but the Armenian Christian nurses had their faces uncovered.

"Surely they are shameless women," he thought in his heart. "And they are Armenians too—Christian infidels!" So he began to treat them rudely. But the white nurse would not stand that.

Miss Cushman went and stood by his bed and said: "I want you to remember that these nurses of mine are here to help you to get well. They are to you even as daughters tending their father; and you must behave to them as a good father to good daughters."

So the Turk lay in bed and thought about that also. It took him a long time to take it in, for he had always been taught to hate the Armenians and to think low thoughts about their women-folk. But in the end he learnt that lesson also.

At last the Turk got well, left his bed, and went away. He was so thankful that he was better that he was ready to do just anything in the world that Miss Cushman wanted him to do. The days passed on in the hospital, and always the white nurse from across the seas and the Armenian

nurses tended the Turkish and other patients, and healed them through the heats of that summer.

War and Massacre

As summer came near to its end there broke on the world the dreadful day when all Europe went to war. Miss Cushman's colleagues, the American doctors at the hospital, left Konia for service in the war. Soon Turkey entered the war. The fury of the Turks against the Armenians burst out into a flame. You might see in Konia two or three Turks sitting in the shadow of a little saddler's shop by the street smoking their hubble-bubble water-pipes, and saying words like these:

"The Armenians are plotting to help the enemies of Turkey. We shall have to kill them all."

"Yes, wipe them out—the accursed infidels!"

The Turks hate the Armenians because their religion, Islam, teaches them to hate the "infidel" Christians; they are of a foreign race and foreign religion in countries ruled by Turks, though the Armenians were there first, and the Armenians are cleverer business men than the Turks, who hate to see their subjects richer than themselves, and hope by massacre to seize Armenian wealth.

Yet all the time, as the wounded Turks were sent from the Gallipoli front back to Konia, the Armenian nurses in the hospital there were healing them. But the Turkish

Government gave its orders. Vile bands of Turkish soldiers rushed down on the different cities and villages of the Armenians. *(In reading this part of the story to younger children discretion should be exercised. Some of the details on this page are horrible; but it is right that older children should realize the evil and how Miss Cushman's courage faced it.)* One sunny morning a troop of Turkish soldiers came dashing into a quiet little Armenian town among the hills. An order was given. The Turks smashed in the doors of the houses. A father stood up before his family; a bayonet was driven through him and soldiers dashed over his dead body; they looted the house; they smashed up his home; others seized the mother and the daughters—the mother had a baby in her arms; the baby was flung on the ground and then picked up dead on the point of a bayonet; and, though the mother and daughters were not bayoneted then, it would have been better to die at once than to suffer the unspeakable horrors that came to them.

And that happened in hundreds of villages and cities to hundred of thousands of Armenians, while hundreds of thousands more scattered down the mountain passes in flight towards Konia.

The Orphan Boys and Girls

As Miss Cushman and her Armenian nurses looked out through the windows of the hospital, their hearts were sad as they saw some of these Armenian refugees trailing

along the road like walking skeletons. What was to happen to them? It was very dangerous for anyone to show that they were friends with the Armenians, but the white matron was as brave as she was kind; so she went out to do what she could to help them.

One day she saw a little boy so thin that the bones seemed almost to be coming through his skin. He was very dirty; his hair was all matted together; and there were bugs and fleas in his clothes and in his hair. The hospital was so full that not another could be taken in. But the boy would certainly die if he were not looked after properly. His father and his mother had both been slain by the Turks; he did not know where his brothers were. He was an orphan alone in all the world.

Miss Cushman knew Armenian people in Konia, and she went to one of these homes and told them about the poor boy and arranged to pay them some money for the cost of his food. So she made a new home for him. The next day she found another boy, and then a girl, and so she went on and on, discovering little orphan Armenian boys and girls who had nobody to care for them, and finding them homes—until she had over six hundred orphans being cared for. It is certain that nearly all of them would have died if she had not looked after them.

So Miss Cushman gathered the six hundred Armenian children together into an orphanage that was half for the boys and half for the girls. She was a hundred times better

than the "Woman who Lived in a Shoe," because, though she had so many children, she *did* know what to do. She taught them to make nearly everything for themselves. In the mornings you would see half the boys figuring away at their sums or learning to write and read, while the other boys were hammering and sawing and planing at the carpenter's bench; cutting leather and sewing it to make shoes for the other boys and girls; cutting petrol tins up into sheets to solder into kettles and saucepans; and cutting and stitching cloth to make clothes. A young American Red Cross officer who went to see them wrote home, "The kids look happy and healthy and as clean as a whistle."

The People on the Plain

As Miss Cushman looked out again from the hospital window she saw men coming from the country into the city jogging along on little donkeys.

"In the villages all across the plain," they said to her, "are Armenian boys and girls, and men and women. They are starving. Many are without homes, wandering about in rags till they simply lie down on the ground, worn out, and die."

Miss Cushman sent word to friends far away in America, and they sent food from America to Turkey in ships, and a million dollars of money to help the starving children. So Miss Cushman got together her boys and

girls and some other helpers, and soon they were very busy all day and every day wrapping food and clothes into parcels.

Next a caravan of snorting camels came swinging in to the courtyard and, grumbling and rumbling, knelt down, to be loaded up. The parcels were done up in big bales and strapped on to the camels' backs. Then at a word from the driver the camels rose from their knees and went lurching out from Konia into the country, over the rough, rolling tracks, to carry to the people the food and clothes that would keep them alive.

The wonderful thing is that these camels were led by a Turk belonging to the people who hate the Armenians, yet he was carrying food and clothes to them! Why did this Turk in Konia go on countless journeys, travelling over thousands of miles with tens of thousands of parcels containing wheat for bread and new shirts and skirts and other clothes for the Armenians whom he had always hated, and never lose a single parcel?

Why did he do it?

This is the reason. Before the war when he was ill in the hospital Miss Cushman had nursed him with the help of her Armenian girls, and had made him better; he was so thankful that he would just run to do anything that she wished him to do.

But at last Miss Cushman—worn out with all this work—fell ill with a terrible fever. For some time it was not certain that she would not die of it; for a whole month she lay sick in great weakness. President Wilson had at this time broken off relations between America and Turkey. The Turk now thought of the American as an enemy; and Miss Cushman was an American. She was in peril. What was she to do?

"It is not safe to stay," said her friends. "You will be practically a prisoner of war. You will be at the mercy of the Turks. You know what the Turk is—as treacherous as he is cruel. They can, if they wish, rob you or deport you anywhere they like. Go now while the path is open—before it is too late. You are in the very middle of Turkey, hundreds of miles from any help. The dangers are terrible."

As soon as she was well enough Miss Cushman went to the Turkish Governor of Konia, a bitter Mohammedan who had organised the massacre of forty thousand Armenians, to say that she had been asked to go back to America.

"What shall you do if I stay?" she asked.

"I beg you to stay," said the Governor. "You shall be protected. You need have no fear."

"Your words are beautiful," she replied. "But if American and Turkey go to war you will deport me."

If she stayed she knew the risks under his rule. She was still weak from her illness. There was no colleague by her side to help her. There seemed to be every reason why she should sail away back to America. But as she sat thinking it over she saw before her the hospital full of wounded soldiers, the six hundred orphans who looked to her for help, the plain of a hundred villages to which she was sending food. No one could take her place.

Yet she was weak and tired after her illness and, in America, rest and home, friends and safety called to her.

"It was," she wrote later to her friends, "a heavy problem to know what to do with the orphans and other helpless people who depended on me for life."

What would you have done? What do you think she did? For what reason should she face these perils?

Not in the heat of battle, but in cool quiet thought, all alone among enemies, she saw her path and took it. She did not count her life her own. She was ready to give her life for her friends of all nations. She decided to stay in the heart of the enemies' country and serve her God and the children. Many a man has had the cross of Honour for an act that called for less calm courage. That deed showed her to be one of the great undecorated heroes and heroines of the lonely path.

So she stayed on.

From all over the Turkish Empire prisoners were sent to Konia. There was great confusion in dealing with them,

so the people of Konia asked Miss Cushman to look after them; they even wrote to the Turkish Government at Constantinople to tell them to write to her to invite her to do this work. There was a regular hue and cry that she should be appointed, because everyone knew her strong will, her power of organising, her just treatment, her good judgment, and her loving heart. So at last she accepted the invitation. Prisoners of eleven different nationalities she helped—including British, French, Italian, Russian, Indians and Arabs.

She arranged for the nursing of the sick, the feeding of the hungry, the freeing of some from prison.

She went on right through the war to the end and beyond the end, caring for her orphans, looking after the sick in hospital, sending food and clothes to all parts of the country, helping the prisoners. Without caring whether they were British or Turkish, Armenian or Indian, she gave her help to those who needed it. And because of her splendid courage thousands of boys and girls and men and women are alive and well, who—without her—would have starved and frozen to death.

To-day, in and around Konia (an Army officer who has been there tells us), the people do not say, "If Allah wills," but "If Miss Cushman wills!" It is that officer's way of letting us see how, through her brave daring, her love, and her hard work, that served everybody, British, Armenian, Turk, Indian, and Arab, she has become the

uncrowned Queen of Konia, whose bidding all the people do because she only cares to serve them, not counting her own life dear to her.

The Friend of the Arab
Archibald Forder
(Date of Incident, 1901)

The Lone Trail of Friendship

So the two thousand camels swung out on the homeward trail. Forder now was alone in Kaf.

"Never," he says, "shall I forget the feeling of loneliness that came over me as I made my way back to my room. The thought that I was the only Christian in the whole district was one that I cannot well describe."

As Forder passed a group of Arabs he heard them muttering to one another, "*Nisraney*—one of the cursed ones—the enemy of Allah!" He remembered that he had been warned that the Arabs of Kaf were fierce, bigoted Moslems who would slay a Christian at sight. But he put on a brave front and went to the Chief's house. There he sat down with the men on the ground and began to eat with them from a great iron pot a hot, slimy, greasy savoury, and then sipped coffee with them.

"Why have you come here?" they asked him.

"My desire is," he replied, "to pass on to the Jowf."

Now the Jowf is the largest town in the Syrian desert—the most important in all Northern Arabia. From there camel caravans go north, south, east, and west.

Forder could see how his Arabic New Testaments would be carried from that city to all the camel tracks of Arabia.

"The Jowf is eleven days' camel ride away there," they said, pointing to the south-east.

"Go back to Orman," said the Chief, whose name was Mohammed-el-Bady, "it is at your peril that you go forward."

He sent a servant to bring in the headman of his caravan. "This *Nisraney* wishes to go with the caravan to the Jowf," said the Chief. "What do you think of it?"

"If I took a Christian to the Jowf," replied the caravan leader, "I am afraid Johar the Chief there would kill me for doing such a thing. I cannot do it."

"Yes," another said, turning to Forder, "if you ever want to see the Jowf you must turn Moslem, as no Christian would be allowed to live there many days."

"Well," said the Chief, closing the discussion, "I will see more about this to-morrow."

As the men sat smoking round the fire Forder pulled a book out from his pouch. They watched him curiously.

"Can any of you read?" he asked. There were a number who could; so Forder opened the book—which was an Arabic New Testament—at St. John's Gospel, Chapter III.

"Will you read?" he asked.

So the Arab read in his own language this chapter. As we read the chapter through ourselves it is interesting to wonder which of the verses would be most easily understood by the Arabs. When the Arab who was reading came to the words:

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," Forder talked to them telling what the words meant. They listened very closely and asked many questions. It was all quite new to them.

"Will you give me the book?" asked the Arab who was reading. Forder knew that he would only value it if he bought it, so he sold it to him for some dates, and eight or nine men bought copies from him.

Next day the Chief tried to get other passing Arabs to conduct Forder to the Jowf, but none would take the risk. So at last he lent him two of his own servants to lead him to Ithera—an oasis four hours' camel ride across the desert. So away they went across the desert and in the late afternoon saw the palms of Ithera.

"We have brought you a Christian," shouted the servants as they led Forder into a room full of men, and dumped his goods down on the floor. "We stick him on to you; do what you can with him."

"This is neither a Christian, nor a Jew, nor an infidel," shouted one of the men, "but a pig." He did not know that Forder understood Arabic.

"Men," he replied boldly, "I am neither pig, infidel, nor Jew. I am a Christian, one that worships God, the same God as you do."

"If you are a Christian," exclaimed the old Chief, "go and sit among the cattle!" So Forder went to the further end of the room and sat between an old white mare and a camel.

Soon a man came in, and walking over to Forder put his hand out and shook his. He sat down by him and, talking very quietly so that the others should not hear said: "Who are you, and from where do you come?"

"From Jerusalem," said Forder. "I am a Christian preacher."

"If you value your life," went on the stranger, "you will get out of this as quickly as you can, or the men, who are a bad lot, will kill you. I am a Druze but I pretend to be a Moslem."

"What sort of a man is the Chief of Ithera?" asked Forder.

"Very kind," was the reply. So the friendly stranger went out. Forder listened carefully to the talk.

"Let us cut his throat while he is asleep," said one man.

"No," said the Chief. "I will not have the blood of a Christian on my house and town."

"Let us poison his supper," said another. But the Chief would not agree.

"Drive him out into the desert to die of hunger and thirst," suggested a third. "No," said the Chief, whose name was Khy-Khevan, "we will leave him till the morning."

Forder was then called to share supper with the others, and afterwards the Chief led him out to the palm gardens, so that his evil influence should not make the beasts ill; half an hour later, fearing he would spoil the date-harvest by his presence, the Chief led him to a filthy tent where an old man lay with a disease so horrible that they had thrust him out of the village to die.

The next day Forder found that later in the week the old Chief himself was going to the Jowf. Ripping open the waistband of his trousers, Forder took out four French Napoleons (gold coins worth 16s. each) and went off to the Chief, whom he found alone in his guest room.

Walking up to him Forder held out the money saying, "If you will let me go to the Jowf with you, find me camel, water and food, I will give you these four pieces."

"Give them to me now," said Khy-Khevan, "and we will start after to-morrow."

"No," replied Forder, "you come outside, and before the men of the place I will give them to you; they must be witnesses." So in the presence of the men the bargain was made.

In the morning the camels were got together—about a hundred and twenty of them—with eighty men, some of whom came round Forder, and patting their daggers and guns said, "These things are for using on Christians. We shall leave your dead body in the sand if you do not change your religion and be a follower of Mohammed."

After these cheerful encouragements the caravan started at one o'clock. For four hours they travelled. Then a shout went up—"Look behind!"

Looking round Forder saw a wild troop of Bedouin robbers galloping after them as hard as they could ride. The camels were rushed together in a group: the men of Ithera fired on the robbers and went after them. After a short, sharp battle the robbers made off and the men settled down where they were for the night, during which they had to beat off another attack by the robbers.

Forder said, "What brave fellows you are!" This praise pleased them immensely, and they began to be friendly with him, and forgot that they had meant to leave his dead body in the desert, though they still told him he would be killed at the Jowf. For three days they travelled on without finding any water, and even on the fourth day they only

found it by digging up the sand with their fingers till they had made a hole over six feet deep where they found some.

In the Heart of the Desert

At last Forder saw the great mass of the old castle, "no one knows how old," that guards the Jowf, that great isolated city with its thousands of lovely green date palms in the heart of the tremendous ocean of desert.

Men, women and children came pouring out to meet their friends: for a desert city is like a port to which the wilderness is the ocean, and the caravan of camels is the ship, and the friends go down as men do to the harbour to meet friends from across the sea.

"May Allah curse him!" they cried, scowling, when they heard that a Christian stranger was in the caravan. "The enemy of Allah and the prophet! Unclean! Infidel!"

Johar, the great Chief of the Jowf, commanded that Forder should be brought into his presence, and proceeded to question him:

"Did you come over here alone?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Were you not afraid?"

"No," he replied.

"Have you no fear of anyone?"

"Yes, I fear God and the devil."

"Do you not fear me?"

"No."

"But I could cut your head off."

"Yes," answered Forder, "I know you could. But you wouldn't treat a guest thus."

"You must become a follower of Mohammed," said Johar, "for we are taught to kill Christians. Say to me, 'There is no God but God and Mohammed is His prophet' and I will give you wives and camels and a house and palms." Everybody sat listening for the answer. Forder paused and prayed in silence for a few seconds, for he knew that on his answer life or death would depend.

"Chief Johar," said Forder, "if you were in the land of the Christians, the guest of the monarch, and if the ruler asked you to become a Christian and give up your religion would you do it?"

"No," said Johar proudly, "not if the ruler had my head cut off."

"Secondly," he said to Johar, "which do you think it best to do, to please God or to please man?"

"To please God," said the Chief.

"Johar," said Forder, "I am just like you; I cannot change my religion, not if you cut off two heads; and I must please God by remaining a Christian....I cannot do what you ask me. It is impossible." Johar rose up and went out much displeased.

"Kill the Christian!"

One day soon after this there was fierce anger because the mud tower in which Johar was sitting fell in, and Johar was covered with the debris. "This is the Christian's doing," someone cried. "He looked at the tower and bewitched it, so it has fallen." At once the cry was raised, "Kill the Christian—kill him—kill him! The Christian! The Christian!"

An angry mob dashed toward Forder with clubs, daggers and revolvers. He stood still awaiting them. They were within eighty yards when, to his own amazement, three men came from behind him, and standing in front of Forder between him and his assailants pulled out their revolvers and shouted, "Not one of you come near this Christian!" The murderous crowd halted. Forder slowly walked backwards toward his room, his defenders doing the same, and the crowd melted away.

He then turned to his three defenders and said, "What made you come to defend me as you did?"

"We have been to India," they answered, "and we have seen the Christians there, and we know that they do no harm to any man. We have also seen the effect of the rule of you English in that land and in Egypt, and we will always help Christians when we can. We wish the English would come here; Christians are better than Moslems."

Other adventures came to Forder in the Jowf, and he read the New Testament with some of the men who

bought the books from him to read. At last Khy-Khevan, the Chief of Ithera, who had brought Forder to the Jowf, said that he must go back, and Forder, who had now learned what he wished about the Jowf, and had put the books of the Gospel into the hands of the men, decided to return to his wife and boys in Jerusalem to prepare to bring them over to live with him in that land of the Arabs. So he said farewell to the Chief Johar, and rode away on a camel with Khy-Khevan. Many things he suffered—from fever and hunger, from heat and thirst, and vermin. But at last he reached Jerusalem once more; and his little four-year-old boy clapped hands with joy as he saw his father come back after those long months of peril and hardship.

Fifteen hundred miles he had ridden on horse and camel, or walked. Two hundred and fifty Arabic Gospels and Psalms had been sold to people who had never seen them before. Hundreds of men and women had heard him tell them of the love of Jesus. And friends had been made among Arabs all over those desert tracks, to whom he could go back again in the days that were to come. The Arabs of the Syrian Desert all think of Archibald Forder to-day as their friend and listen to him because he has proved to them that he wishes them well.

The Little Mother

They call her the Little Mother—this woman of whom I am telling you. Why they gave her that name will appear as my story proceeds.

The Little Mother devotes much of her time to the doing of golden deeds among those who are commonly supposed to be undeserving of kindness.

She is the friend of wrongdoers, although not of wrongdoing.

You ask how this can be? I will tell you.

In the state prisons of our country, like that of Sing-Sing in New York, there are many men who are undergoing punishment for crimes committed against their fellow-men.

Some of these are hardened criminals without friendships and without friends—men whose lives have been given to wrongdoing.

Some are men who were once respectable and are now suffering punishment for, perhaps, their first offenses against the laws.

Some have wives and children, mothers, sisters, or other loved ones struggling in poverty and disgrace, and with many misgivings hoping darkly for the day of their release.

The most of these men will sooner or later have served out their terms of punishment. They will be given their freedom. They will go out again into the warm sunlight and the wholesome air and the fellowship of their kind.

What will they do then?

Has their punishment made better men of them?

Too often it has not. Too often it has only filled their minds with an ever increasing bitterness towards all the rest of mankind. Too often it has shut the door of hope, and closed the hearts of these men to every kindly influence. Too often it has made them worse instead of better.

And what of the few who go out earnestly wishing to live honest lives and do right?

Do good men offer them a helping hand? Do friends encourage them? Or are they not shunned, mistrusted, shut out from every worthy endeavor?

Can we wonder, therefore, that only a small number of men who have once been in prison ever become good citizens again? Can we wonder that so many are never reformed but return at once to their evil practices?

A hundred and fifty years ago, John Howard, a great and good Englishman, devoted his life to the befriending of prisoners and the improvement of prisons in Europe. A hundred years ago, Elizabeth Fry, a sweet-faced Quakeress, visited the jails of Great Britain and wrought

many a golden deed in behalf of the wretched men who were confined in them.

All prisons the world over are to-day far less horrible than they were in the days of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry.

But the problem of what shall become of the criminal after he has suffered his punishment is perhaps greater now than it ever was before.

It is the problem which came into the mind of the Little Mother one Sunday morning when for the first time she saw the inside of a state prison.

It was in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California. The prisoners were in the chapel. Their faces, "plainly bearing the marring imprint of sorrow and sin," were turned toward her. They were impatiently waiting for such words as she might speak to them, yet hoping for no comfort.

It was the first time that she had seen the prison stripes. It was the first time that she had heard the iron gates; the first time that she had realized the hopelessness of the prisoner's life.

From that day she was resolved to be the friend of the friendless, yes, the friend of even those who have forfeited the right to friendship.

"The touch of human sympathy—that is what every man needs in order to bring out the best that is in him. No

man was ever so hopelessly bad that there was not somewhere in his mind or heart some little spark of goodness that might be touched by true sympathy truly expressed."

So argued the Little Mother. She therefore organized a prison league or society for mutual help, and she invited prisoners everywhere to become members of it.

Each member of the league promised to do a few simple things faithfully, as God gave him strength:—

To pray every morning and night.

To refrain from bad language.

To obey the prison rules cheerfully and try to be an example of good conduct.

To cheer and encourage others in well-doing and right living.

Then he was given a little badge to wear on his coat—a white button bearing the motto of the league: Look Up and Hope. And as soon as the league in any prison numbered several members they were given a little white flag to float above them as they sat in the chapel on Sunday mornings.

All this was very simple. It did not seem to be much, and yet it worked wonders.

It united the men in a bond of brotherhood. It gave them a definite and noble object to strive for. Above all, it

told them that they had one friend who was earnestly striving to do them good.

And they united in lovingly calling that one friend their Little Mother.

They talked with her about their aims and hopes. They were like children going to their mother for counsel and encouragement

And they wrote her letters such as this:—

"Little Mother: As I entered the chapel Sunday and looked at our white flag, I thought again of the promises I had made, of all they ought to mean, and I promised God that with his help I would never disgrace it. No one shall see anything in my life that will bring dishonor or stain to its whiteness."

The field of the Little Mother's work widened. From the great prisons in all parts of the country came the call. Would she not visit and talk with the prisoners? Would she not organize a prison league among them?

It was surprising how many of them really and earnestly wished to be better men. The touch of human sympathy—that was what was needed.

And so the Little Mother's golden deeds multiplied. She became known as the prisoners' friend, and hundreds of prisoners vowed to be faithful to her.

Men served their terms of punishment and went home, changed in heart and in purpose. They might meet

with scorn, with cruel rebuffs, with cold neglect. But the Little Mother had taught them how to be brave; she would help them to be strong. Every member of the league learned to look up to her; and his conduct after gaining his freedom was made her personal care.

Then through the aid of benevolent men, of prison officers, and of the prisoners themselves, she founded homes in which those who were newly-liberated could find shelter until they were able to support themselves by honest labor.

Thus they were prevented from falling into the snares of former evil associates. They were encouraged to persevere in their efforts to attain to a nobler manhood.

These sheltering homes were called Hope Halls. To many a man who otherwise would have despaired and returned to a life of crime, they were the means of salvation.

Thus the Little Mother's golden deeds have produced golden fruit, and hundreds of men have been reclaimed to good citizenship; hundreds of families have been made happy that otherwise would have remained in wretchedness; and the world has been shown that the work of punishment is most efficient when tempered by the touch of human sympathy.

And now shall I tell you the name of this Little Mother? Her name is Maud Ballington Booth. Shall we not say that it is worthy to be placed in the same honor roll

with those of Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix, Peter Cooper, and other lovers of humanity?

The Deep-Sea Doctor: Wilfred Grenfell

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more,
Now, than flesh helps soul!"

Browning.

When people meet Dr. Grenfell, the good doctor who braves the storms of the most dangerous of all sea-coasts and endures the hardships of arctic winters to care for the lonely fisherfolk of Labrador, they often ask, with pitying wonder:

"How do you manage it, Doctor, day in and day out through all the long months? It seems too much for any man to sacrifice himself as you do."

"Don't think for a moment that I'm a martyr," replies Dr. Grenfell, a bit impatiently, "Why, I have a jolly good time of it! There's nothing like a really good scrimmage to make a fellow sure that he's alive, and glad of it, I learned that in my football days, and Labrador gives even better chances to know the joy of winning out in a tingling good tussle."

Dr. Grenfell's face, with the warm color glowing through the tan, his clear, steady eyes, and erect, vigorous form, all testify to his keen zest in the adventure of life.

Ever since he could remember, he had, he told us, been in love with the thrill of strenuous action. When a small boy, he looked at the tiger-skin and other trophies of the hunt which his soldier uncles had sent from India, and dreamed of the time when he should learn the ways of the jungle at first hand.

He comes of a race of strong men. One uncle was a general who bore himself with distinguished gallantry in the Indian Mutiny at Lucknow when the little garrison of seventeen hundred men held the city for twelve weeks against a besieging force ten times as great. One of his father's ancestors was Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the *Revenge*, who, desperately struggling to save his wounded men, fought with his one ship against the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three. Perhaps you remember Tennyson's thrilling lines:

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship
bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"

How these lines sang in his memory! Is it any wonder that the lad who heard this story as one among many thrilling tales of his own people should have felt that life was a splendid adventure?

As a boy in his home at Parkgate, near Chester, England, he was early accustomed to strenuous days in the open. He knew the stretches of sand-banks,—the famous "Sands of Dee,"—with their deep, intersecting "gutters" where many curlews, mallards, and other water-birds sought hiding. In his rocking home-made boat he explored from end to end the estuary into which the River Dee flowed, now and again hailing a fishing-smack for a tow home, if evening fell too soon, and sharing with the crew their supper of boiled shrimps. He seemed to know as by instinct the moods of the tides and storm-vexed waves, which little boats must learn to watch and circumvent. He became a lover, also, of wild nature—birds, animals, and plants—and of simple, vigorous men who lived rough, wholesome lives in the open.

Though he went from the boys' school at Parkgate to Marlborough College, and later to Oxford, he had at this time no hint of the splendid adventures that life offers in the realm of mental and spiritual activities. Rugby football, in which he did his share to uphold the credit of the university, certainly made the most vital part of this chapter of his life. It was not until he took up the study of medicine at the London Hospital that he began to

appreciate the value of knowledge "because it enables one to do things."

There was one day of this study-time in London that made a change in the young doctor's whole life. Partly out of curiosity, he followed a crowd in the poorer part of the city, into a large tent, where a religious meeting was being held. In a moment he came to realize that his religion had been just a matter of believing as he was taught, of conducting himself as did those about him, and of going to church on Sunday. It seemed that here, however, were men to whom religion was as real and practical a thing as the rudder is to a boat. All at once he saw what it would mean to have a strong guiding power in one's life.

His mind seemed wonderfully set free. There were no longer conflicting aims, ideals, uncertainties, and misgivings. There was one purpose, one desire—to enter "the service that is perfect freedom," the service of the King of Kings. Life was indeed a glorious adventure, whose meaning was plain and whose end sure.

How he enjoyed his class of unruly boys from the slums! Most people would have considered them hopeless "toughs." He saw that they were just active boys, eager for life, who had been made what they were by unwholesome surroundings. "All they need is to get hold of the rudder and to feel the breath of healthy living in their faces," he said. He fitted up one of his rooms with gymnasium material and taught the boys to box. He took

them for outings into the country. When he saw the way they responded to this little chance for happy activity, he became one of the founders of the Lads' Brigades and Lads' Camps, which have done the same sort of good in England that the Boy Scouts organization has done in this country.

When he completed his medical course, the young doctor looked about for a field that would give chance for adventure and for service where a physician was really needed.

"I feel there is something for me besides hanging out my sign in a city where there are already doctors and to spare," he said.

"Why don't you see what can be done with a hospital-ship among the North Sea fishermen?" said Sir Frederick Treves, who was a great surgeon and a master mariner as well.

When Dr. Grenfell heard about how sick and injured men suffered for lack of care when on their long fishing-expeditions, he decided to fall in with this suggestion. He joined the staff of the Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen, and fitted out the first hospital-ship to the North Sea fisheries, which cruised about from the Bay of Biscay to Iceland, giving medical aid where it was often desperately needed.

When this work was well established, and other volunteers offered to take it up, Dr. Grenfell sought a new world of adventure. Hearing of the forlorn condition of

the English-speaking settlers and natives on the remote shores of wind-swept Labrador, he resolved to fit out a hospital-ship and bring them what help he could. So began in 1892 Dr. Grenfell's great work with his schooner *Albert*, in which he cruised about for three months and ministered to nine hundred patients, who, but for him, would have had no intelligent care.

Can you picture Labrador as something more than a pink patch on the cold part of the map? That strip of coast northwest of Newfoundland is a land of sheer cliffs broken by deep fiords, like much of Norway. Rocky islands and hidden reefs make the shores dangerous to ships in the terrific gales that are of frequent occurrence. But this forbidding, wreck-strewn land of wild, jutting crags has a weird beauty of its own. Picture it in winter when the deep snow has effaced all inequalities of surface and the dark spruces alone stand out against the gleaming whiteness. The fiords and streams are bound in an icy silence which holds the sea itself in thrall. Think of the colors of the moonlight on the ice, and the flaming splendor of the northern lights. Then picture it when summer has unloosed the land from the frozen spell. Mosses, brilliant lichens, and bright berries cover the rocky ground, the evergreens stand in unrivaled freshness, and gleaming trout and salmon dart out of the water, where great icebergs go floating by like monster fragments of the crystal city of the frost giants, borne along now by the

arctic current to tell the world about the victory of the sun over the powers of cold in the far North.

When Dr. Grenfell sailed about in the *Albert* that first summer, the people thought he was some strange, big-hearted madman, who bore a charmed life. He seemed to know nothing and care nothing about foamy reefs, unfamiliar tides and currents, and treacherous winds. When it was impossible to put out in the schooner, he went in a whale-boat, which was worn out—honorably discharged from service after a single season. The people who guarded the lives of their water-craft with jealous care shook their heads. Truly, the man must be mad. His boat was capsized, swamped, blown on the rocks, and once driven out to sea by a gale that terrified the crew of the solidly built mail-boat. This time he was reported lost, but after a few days he appeared in the harbor of St. John's, face aglow, and eyes fairly snapping with the zest of the conflict.

"Sure, the Lord must kape an eye on that man," said an old skipper, devoutly.

It was often said of a gale on the Labrador coast, "That's a wind that'll bring Grenfell." The doctor, impatient of delays, and feeling the same exhilaration in a good stiff breeze that a lover of horses feels in managing a spirited thoroughbred, never failed to make use of a wind that might help send him on his way.

What sort of people are these to whom Dr. Grenfell ministers? They are, as you might think, simple, hardy men, in whom ceaseless struggle against bleak conditions of life has developed strength of character and capacity to endure. Besides the scattered groups of Eskimos in the north, who live by hunting seal and walrus, and the Indians who roam the interior in search of furs, there are some seven or eight thousand English-speaking inhabitants widely scattered along the coast. In summer as many as thirty thousand fishermen are drawn from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to share in the profit of the cod- and salmon-fisheries. All of these people were practically without medical care before Dr. Grenfell came. Can you imagine what this meant? This is the story of one fisherman in his own words:

"I had a poisoned finger. It rose up and got very bad. I did not know what to do, so I took a passage on a schooner and went to Halifax. It was nine months before I was able to get back, as there was no boat going back before the winter. It cost me seventy-five dollars, and my hand was the same as useless, as it was so long before it was treated."

Another told of having to wait nine days after "shooting his hand" before he could reach a doctor; and he had made the necessary journey in remarkably good time at that. He did not know if he ought to thank the doctor for saving his life when it was too late to save his hand. What can a poor fisherman do without a hand?

The chief sources of danger to these people who live by the food of the sea are the uncertain winds and the treacherous ice-floes. When the ice begins to break in spring, the swift currents move great masses along with terrific force. Then woe betide the rash schooner that ventures into the path of these ice-rafts! For a moment she pushes her way among the floating "pans" or cakes of ice. All at once the terrible jam comes. The schooner is caught like a rat in a trap. The jaws of the ice monster never relax, while the timbers of the vessel crack and splinter and the solid deck-beams arch up, bow fashion, and snap like so many straws. Then, perhaps, the pressure changes. With a sudden shift of the wind a rift comes between the huge ice-masses, and the sea swallows its prey.

It is a strange thing that but few of the fishermen know how to swim. "You see, we has enough o' the water without goin' to bother wi' it when we *are* ashore," one old skipper told the doctor in explanation.

The only means of rescue when one finds himself in the water is a line or a pole held by friends until a boat can be brought to the scene. Many stories might be told of the bravery of these people and their instant willingness to serve each other. Once a girl, who saw her brother fall through a hole in the ice, ran swiftly to the spot, while the men who were trying to reach the place with their boat shouted to her to go back. Stretching full length, however, on the gradually sinking ice, she held on to her brother till the boat forced its way to them.

Perhaps the most terrible experience that has come to the brave doctor was caused by the ice-floes. It was on Easter Sunday in 1908 when word came to the hospital that a boy was very ill in a little village sixty miles away. The doctor at once got his "komatik," or dog-sledge, in readiness and his splendid team of eight dogs, who had often carried him through many tight places. Brin, the leader, was the one who could be trusted to keep the trail when all signs and landmarks were covered by snow and ice. There were also Doc, Spy, Jack, Sue, Jerry, Watch, and Moody—each no less beloved for his own strong points and faithful service.

It was while crossing an arm of the sea, a ten-mile run on salt-water ice, that the accident occurred. An unusually heavy sea had left great openings between enormous blocks or "pans" of ice a little to seaward. It seemed, however, that the doctor could be sure of a safe passage on an ice-bridge, that though rough, was firmly packed, while the stiff sea-breeze was making it stronger moment by moment through driving the floating pans toward the shore. But all at once there came a sudden change in the wind. It began to blow from the land, and in a moment the doctor realized that his ice-bridge had broken asunder and the portion on which he found himself was separated by a widening chasm from the rest. He was adrift on an ice-pan.

It all happened so quickly that he was unable to do anything but cut the harness of the dogs to keep them from being tangled in the traces and dragged down after

the sled. He found himself soaking wet, his sledge, with his extra clothing, gone, and only the remotest chance of being seen from the lonely shore and rescued. If only water had separated him from the bank, he might have tried swimming, but, for the most part, between the floating pans was "slob ice," that is, ice broken into tiny bits by the grinding together of the huge masses.

Night came, and with it such intense cold that he was obliged to sacrifice three of his dogs and clothe himself in their skins to keep from freezing, for coat, hat, and gloves had been lost in the first struggle to gain a place on the largest available "pan" of ice. Then, curled up among the remaining dogs, and so, somewhat protected from the bitter wind, he fell asleep.

When daylight came, he took off his gaily-colored shirt, which was a relic of his football days, and, with the leg bones of the slain dogs as a pole, constructed a flag of distress. The warmth of the sun brought cheer; and so, even though his reason told him that there was but the smallest chance of being seen, he stood up and waved his flag steadily until too weary to make another move. Every time he sat down for a moment of rest, "Doc" came and licked his face and then went to the edge of the ice, as if to suggest it was high time to start.

At last Dr. Grenfell thought he saw the gleam of an oar. He could hardly believe his eyes, which were, indeed, almost snow-blinded, as his dark glasses had been lost

with all his other things. Then—yes—surely there was the keel of a boat, and a man waving to him! In a moment came the blessed sound of a friendly voice.

Now that the struggle was over, he felt himself lifted into the boat as in a dream. In the same way he swallowed the hot tea which they had brought in a bottle. This is what one of the rescuers said, in telling about it afterward:

"When we got near un, it didn't seem like 't was the doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a queer color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un an' the dogs in th' boat. Th' first thing 'e said was how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un. Then 'e fretted about the b'y 'e was goin' to see, it bein' too late to reach un, and us to' un 'is life was worth more 'n the b'y, fur 'e could save others. But 'e still fretted."

They had an exciting time of it, reaching the shore. Sometimes they had to jump out and force the ice-pans apart; again, when the wind packed the blocks together too close, they had to drag the boat over.

When the bank was gained at last and the doctor dressed in the warm clothes that the fishermen wear, they got a sledge ready to take him to the hospital, where his frozen hands and feet could be treated. There, too, the next day the sick boy was brought, and his life saved.

Afterward, in telling of his experience, the thing which moved the doctor most was the sacrifice of his dogs. In his hallway a bronze tablet was placed with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
THREE NOBLE DOGS
MOODY
WATCH
SPY
WHOSE LIVES WERE GIVEN
FOR MINE ON THE ICE
APRIL 21ST, 1908
WILFRED GRENFELL

In his old home in England his brother put up a similar tablet, adding these words, "Not one of them is forgotten before your Father which is in heaven."

Besides caring for the people himself, Dr. Grenfell won the interest of other workers—doctors, nurses, and teachers. Through his efforts, hospitals, schools, and orphan-asylums have been built. Of all the problems, however, with which this large-hearted, practical friend of the deep-sea fishermen has had to deal in his Labrador work, perhaps the chief was that of the dire poverty of the people. It seemed idle to try to cure men of ills which were the direct result of conditions under which they lived.

When the doctor began his work in 1892 he found that the poverty-stricken people were practically at the mercy of unprincipled, scheming storekeepers who charged two or three prices for flour, salt, and other necessaries of life.

The men, as a result, were always in debt, mortgaging their next summer's catch of fish long before the winter was over. To cure this evil, Grenfell opened cooperative stores, run solely for the benefit of the fishermen, and established industries that would give a chance of employment during the cold months. A grant of timberland was obtained from the government and a lumber-mill opened. A schooner building yard, and a cooperage for making kegs and barrels to hold the fish exported, were next installed.

This made it possible to gather together the people, who were formerly widely scattered because dependent on food gained through hunting and trapping. This made it possible, too, to carry out plans for general improvement—schools for the children and some social life. Two small jails, no longer needed in this capacity, were converted into clubs, with libraries and games. Realizing the general need for healthful recreation, the doctor introduced rubber footballs, which might be used in the snow. The supply of imported articles could not keep pace with the demand, however. All along the coast, young and old joined in the game. Even the Eskimo women, with wee babies in their hoods, played with "their brown-faced boys and girls, using sealskin balls stuffed with dry grass.

Knowing that Labrador can never hope to do much in agriculture, as even the cabbages and potatoes frequently suffer through summer frosts, the doctor tried to add to

the resources of the country by introducing a herd of reindeer from Lapland, together with three families of Lapps to teach the people how to care for them. Reindeer milk is rich and makes good cheese. Moreover, the supply of meat and leather they provide is helping to make up for the falling-off in the number of seals, due to unrestricted hunting. The transportation afforded by the reindeer is also important in a land where rapid transit consists of dog-sledges.

Dr. Grenfell has himself financed his various schemes, using, in addition to gifts from those whom he can interest, the entire income gained from his books and lectures. He keeps nothing for himself but the small salary as mission doctor to pay actual living expenses. All of the industrial enterprises—cooperative stores, sawmills, reindeer, fox-farms, are deeded to the Deep-Sea Mission, and become its property as soon as they begin to be profitable.

Would you like to spend a day with Dr. Grenfell in summer, when he cruises about in his hospital-ship three or four thousand miles back and forth, from St. John's all along the Labrador coast? You would see what a wonderful pilot the doctor is as he faces the perils of hidden reefs, icebergs, fogs, and storms. You would see that he can doctor his ship, should it leak or the propeller go lame, as well as the numbers of people who come to him with every sort of ill from aching teeth to broken bones.

Perhaps, though, you might prefer a fine, crisp day in winter. Then you could drive forty or fifty miles in the komatik, getting off to run when you feel a bit stiff with the cold, especially if it happens to be uphill. You might be tempted to coast down the hills, but you find that dogs can't stand that any more than horses could, so you let down the "drug" (a piece of iron chain) to block the runners. There is no sound except the lone twitter of a venturesome tomtit who decided to risk the winter in a particularly thick spruce-tree. Sometimes you go bumpity-bump over fallen trees, with pitfalls between lightly covered with snow. Sometimes the dogs bound ahead eagerly over smooth ground where the only signs of the times are the occasional tracks of a rabbit, partridge, fox, or caribou. Then how you will enjoy the dinner of hot toasted pork cakes before the open fire, after the excitement of feeding the ravenous dogs with huge pieces of frozen seal-meat and seeing them burrow down under the snow for their night's sleep. If there is no pressing need of his services next morning, the doctor may take you skeeing, or show you how to catch trout through a hole in the ice.

Winter or summer, perhaps you might come to agree with Dr. Grenfell that one may have "a jolly good time" while doing a man's work in rough, out-of-the-way Labrador. You would, at any rate, have a chance to discover that life may be a splendid adventure.

"The Tombs Angel"

Early in the morning of the 22d of February, 1902, a fire occurred in one of the large hotels of New York. The flames broke out so suddenly, and spread so swiftly, that many of the guests were unable to escape. Among those who perished was a woman whose life for many years had been given to the doing of golden deeds.

Men knew this woman as the Tombs Angel. The name was a title of honor which queens might well covet. It was a strange epithet, but it described in two words the work and character of her to whom it was applied. It was in itself, as one of her friends most aptly said, a patent of nobility.

How had she earned that title?

By her good works.

There is in the city of New York a famous prison known the world over as The Tombs. Massive, gloomy, and strong, it is a place of sorrow and tears and dread forebodings.

Men and women who have been accused of crime are confined there to await their trial by due process of law. The most of them will go out to suffer in the penitentiaries and workhouses the punishment that is due for their wrongdoings. A few may be found innocent of crime and

permitted to return to freedom, disgraced, perhaps, for life by the fact of having been confined within prison walls.

Here many of the world's most famous criminals have spent days and months behind the bars. Here also have been confined hundreds of unfortunates, men and women, whom want or evil companionship or momentary weakness has driven into crime. If you have never visited a prison, you cannot imagine the woe, the misery, the hopelessness of such a place.

It was here that Rebecca Salome Foster labored unselfishly and unceasingly for many years, cheering the downhearted, comforting the distressed, and sowing good seeds even in the hearts of the most depraved. Her bright face, her comforting words, her cheerful manner, carried sunshine into the gloomiest cells, gave hope to the despairing, and uplifted the most unfortunate.

Is it any wonder that these poor creatures gave her the noble title of the Tombs Angel?

"For many years," said District Attorney Jerome, "she came and went among us with but a single purpose—

"That men might rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things!"

"There is a word which is seldom used. It is the word 'holy.' To us who are daily brought into contact with the misfortunes and sins of humanity, it seems almost a lost word. Yet in all that that word means to English-speaking

peoples, it seems to me that it could be applied to her. She was, indeed, a 'holy woman.'"

In winter and in summer, on stormy days as well as on fair, Mrs. Foster was always at her post of duty. She served without the hope of reward, and solely for the good that she could do.

Numberless were the hearts which she cheered; numberless were the weary ones whose burdens she lightened; and numberless, too, were the erring men and women whom her sweet influences brought back to paths of virtue and right doing.

Not only was she loved by the prisoners, but she was esteemed and venerated by the keepers of the jail and especially by the judges and officers of the city courts. And many kind-hearted people, hearing of her good works, lent her a helping hand. Every year a certain charitable society placed in her hands several thousand dollars to be expended in her work in such ways as she thought best.

Often the money which she received from others was not enough, and then she drew freely from her own means, never expecting any return. To help a poor outcast to a fresh start in life, to give relief to the innocent family of some convicted criminal, to put in the way of some unfortunate man or woman the means of earning an honest living—to do these and a thousand other services she was always ready.

Many are the stories that are told of her golden deeds. Perhaps none show more clearly her self-sacrificing spirit than the following:—

One day a poor woman, the wretchedest of the wretched, was brought to the prison guilty of a crime to which her weakness and her extreme want had driven her. She was cold, she was starving, she was in tatters and rags.

Here surely was work for a ministering angel.

Mrs. Foster hastened to give her such immediate comfort as she could. She removed the poor wretch's bedraggled dress, and gave her her own warm overskirt, instead.

Was there ever a nobler example of Christian charity?

We are reminded of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen and his gift to the dying soldier, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

And so, untiringly and without a thought of self, the Tombs Angel went on with her work, little thinking what men would say, dreaming nothing of honor or fame, caring only to lighten the burdens of the heavy-laden. Then, suddenly and with but little warning, she was called to pass out through fire into the kingdom prepared for those who love their Lord.

Who would not sorrow for such a woman?

Even the officers whose duty it was to prosecute the prisoners in the Tombs wept when her death was

announced. The eyes of the judges were filled with tears. The city courts adjourned for the day in honor of the memory of the Tombs Angel. And on the following Sunday, in more than one church, a well-known parable was read with a meaning that was new and strangely forcible to those who listened:—

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?'

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, 'Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?'"