

Great Lives
from Asia, South Seas, and Scandinavia

MONTH ONE

SELECTED AUTHORS

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from Asia, South Seas, and Scandinavia

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Libraries of Hope

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Great Lives Series: Month One

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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

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

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Had You Been Born a Shintoist

(Asia-Japan)

Had you been born a Shintoist, you would find it impossible to separate your faith from your fatherland, Japan. Japan, for you, is Shinto, and Shinto is Japan. Almost all of the world's 60,000,000 members of your religion live on these islands. Here are its 20,000 Shinto priests and its more than 100,000 Shinto shrines.

Japan is the Land of the Rising Sun, a descriptive term which grew out of Shinto. Here, where you were born, Shinto was born, a religion without a holy book, without creeds, without sacraments, and, in the beginning, without a name. It was originally a way of thinking, a way of looking at life, and when a name was needed it was called Shinto, which means the Way of the Gods.

Remember the Word: Kami!

The Shinto liturgical year is built around many important festivals. There are also Sunday services in many temples and shrines, but the most important function of the shrine is the opportunity it affords for personal, private meditations. You go to a shrine whenever you feel the need for special spiritual help. Most of all, you go to pay your respect to the *kami*, the deities of Shinto. *But kami are more than deities or gods in the ordinary sense; they are the essence of life.* Some people may think of them as angels or celestial beings of one kind or another, but while *kami* may mean all this, you always remember that *kami* is a life force, a power complete in itself and yet a manifestation of universal power. *Kami* is a spirit. It is also a principle or principles of all that constitutes love, justice,

tightness and order among men and in the universe.

In olden times each class of people, each trade, each vocation, had its *kami*. There were the *kami* of carpenters, shopkeepers, farmers, politicians, and many more. It was believed that proper respect and worship of these *kami* assured good fortune, expert artistry, and successful achievement. But even so, people were also convinced that their own effort, as well as their devotion to the *kami*, influenced their destiny. In this way the *kami* were something like the Hindu Karma, the law of cause and effect. A Shinto teacher, trying to clarify this rather complex idea, once said, "*Kami* is an honorific term extolling the sacred authority and sublime virtue of spiritual things, and all things are spiritual."

Your mind dwells on the *kami* as you walk through the groves surrounding the shrines. The lovely landscaping, the exquisite flower gardens, the well-tended trees, especially the holy *sakaki*, a verdant evergreen, remind you that the *kami* have breathed life and beauty into everything on earth. The earth, says Shinto, is a reflection of heaven; and man is God externalized.

Had you been born a Shintoist, you would find a great lesson in these peaceful groves. Although your religion does not pretend to be philosophical, it does provide the answer to many puzzling questions. When you ask, "What is it that makes a tree put forth its branches, all different, yet all alike? Why does a tree reach a certain height and then grow no higher?" The answer is, "It is the *kami* within the tree fulfilling itself. It is the *kami* working out its destiny and its purpose."

The Spirit of Shinto is the Spirit of Nature

Shinto began as a "nature religion" thousands of years ago, and it has always been closely interwoven with nature's world. Growing things prove to the Shintoist that life has purpose within itself and helps you to understand the problem of inequality, suffering, pain and pleasure. Nature is the great

teacher. Just as some trees bear the full force of the streaming sun knowing that they were made to shelter and protect, so some people have such a role to play in life. And as there are other trees which seem destined to struggle in order to subsist, so also it is with certain people. It is all a matter of the *kami* working out their specific wish and will. There are trees which give only shade, and those which give both shade and fruit, each according to its nature. All life is interrelated with the *kami* and with every other life as well. For the *kami* are like men, and men are like trees, fulfilling, self-creating, expressing themselves. Such is the belief of Shinto *(Kami-No Michi)* the Way of the Gods.

Torii – the Symbol of Shinto

Near the entrance to the pathway leading to the shrine, you see the torii standing. This structure, consisting of two tall wooden uprights across which rests a straight or slightly curved crosspiece is the emblem of Japan as well as the most famous symbol of Shinto. You remember how your father first pointed out a torii to you and explained how the huge pillars had once been massive trees which had given their lives so that they might serve the gods in a special way. Then he told you a Shinto story. "For a hundred years," he said, "the torii trees lived in the forest and then one day the woodsmen came with a white-robed priest. They went from one giant tree to another, judging each for height and size and for what the priest called 'uprightness.' Coining to the finest tree in the forest, the priest laid his hand on it and said, 'This is the chosen one.'

"Then the woodsmen counseled together on how and where it should fall and which other trees would have to be cleared to make way for its falling. Soon there was the sound of sawing and chopping which the priest said made a man think of his own passing. But neither the judgment of the ax nor the verdict of the saw nor the anguished crash of the

chosen tree drowned the whisper moving through the forest, a whisper that said, 'When the sky is clear, and the wind hums in the fir trees, it is the heart of God revealing Himself.'"

The torii always took you back to the heart of nature. Even when the torii is painted red, as it often is, it has symbolism for you. Red is a sign of life, and the red coloring tells you that the torii trees still live. Even when men of other lands and other religions refer to Shinto as a primitive, animistic faith, rooted in superstition, it does not disturb you. Does not every religion see an attribute of God in the sun and sky, and behold His greatness in a mountain, and feel His presence in the trees?

Whatever Is, Is Kami, and Kami Is God

There is, of course, a difference between Shinto and other faiths. In Shinto the attributes of things themselves are gods, whole and complete. Some religions call this pantheism, the doctrine that the universe itself is God. To you pantheism is not an offensive term, for you conceive the universe as *kami*. There are millions of *kami*, and the aggregate of these is God, although each *kami* is a god, too. *God is not a god seated on a throne. He is, as far as you are concerned, a coordinated creative substance.* And though there are meanings within meanings and unfoldment upon unfoldment, when you reach the heart of anything, the heart is *kami*. Dissect the seed from which the pine tree grows, you will not find *kami*, but *kami* is there. It is the seed's will-to-realize-itself. Give a rough stone to a sculptor and he will turn it into a thing of beauty; give an artist a crayon and a piece of paper and he will create an immortal scene; touch a poor, lonely person with love and he will be transformed into a happy individual. All is *kami*, and *kami* alone is truth.

So you pass beneath the torii and onward along the path; a wide, free path, meticulously clean, as is everything in and around a shrine. Huge stone lanterns which line your way are

symbolical of the light of the *kami* guiding you. When you are in view of the shrine, which is actually a temple, a large, attractive structure built of wood and painted a soft red, you know you are approaching a holy place. You admire the gracefully sloping roofs and the customary *chigi*, crossed beams, sticking up at both ends of the gable boards and broad, inviting wooden steps are waiting to admit you to the quiet surroundings of this house of God. Nearby is the *shamusho*, a building provided for the priests as a place of special meditation. Here, too, are sacred trees, mostly the majestic cryptomeria, and many of them are encircled with a strand of rope called *shimena-wa*. Colorful paper strips have been draped over the rope by worshipers as a sign of special gratitude to the gods.

The Way of Worship Is the Way of the Gods

You make your ablutions at a fountain in the shrine yard. By washing your hands and rinsing your mouth with clear, fresh water, you remind yourself that this purification symbolizes your desire to be clean in word and deed. Then you approach the temple as you would approach a beloved friend, for this house of the *kami* is, indeed, a living thing.

At the steps you pause to remove your shoes before entering the "*haiden*," the spacious room for public worship. In front of you is the holy sanctuary with its cloth-covered altar. It is much like the household altar in your home before which you and your parents frequently worship. On it are a mirror a symbol of the sun goddess and a number of amulets or talismen, many of which have been brought here from other shrines where the same tutelary *kami* is worshiped. These wand-like talismen, called *gohei*, have jagged strips of paper protruding from their hollow tops. These are sacred, for it is believed that the spirits of the *kami* are particularly near the *gohei* and that their spirits may actually dwell in these tubes.

Fruit, rice and wine are also on the altar as offerings of

respect to the activating *kami*. The *kami's* name, artistically written on rice paper or wood, is concealed behind a sacred curtain. You carry the same name as an amulet on your person to remind you at all times of the deep affinity you enjoy with your god.

Now you make your *hairei*, or invocation, by advancing to the altar where you bow twice deeply and solemnly. Then you clap your hands twice and bow in silent prayer. Sometimes you may also ring a small bell or sound a gong, not to "call the god," as many non-Shintoists believe, but to tender a gesture of respect as an announcement to yourself that God and you are here together. Your prayer will not be a request for help or a petition to a god with whom you can bargain; prayer, for you, is an act of remembrance. In such moments of reverence, you remind yourself that the divine spirit is your spirit. Yours is a natural religion, which means that by the very nature of life you are in harmony with the *kami*.

Religion Is a Way of Remembering

Here, to this temple, your mother brought you thirty-two days after you were born to introduce you to the deity. The clean-shaven priest, wearing a white silk *ikan* (a full-sleeved clerical garment), wooden sandals and a *kanmuri*, a high-backed cap, blessed you in the name of the god whom your family worshiped. Then when you were five years old, your mother took you there again, on November 15, which is the day when children pray for protection during their growing-up period. This was your "confirmation" in the Shinto faith and with it began your frequent visits to various shrines where you learned that Shinto emphasizes cleanliness and beauty. You were taught that the *kami* delight in artistic, beautiful things, and you were shown how, even in the arrangement of flowers and in calligraphy, the spirit of the gods is revealed.

Later you came to the shrine to be married in a simple, impressive ceremony. Marriage, the priest explained, is

arranged through the will and guidance of heaven. Shinto priests themselves are married and try to make their homes exemplary. Emphasizing the joy and blessedness which children bring to a home, the priest assured you that it is the *kami* that breathes life into a new-born child. He also reminded you that worship is a way of reinforcing your faith, and that in it you find the secret of true happiness. That is why Shinto temples stand open day and night for meditation and prayer.

The priest's counsel often returns to you as you stand with bowed head before the altar. Through silent contemplation you reflect on life and seek to come to terms with your "*kami*-self." Then you give thanks and conclude your period of meditation by pronouncing special words of blessing on your loved ones, your priest, yourself and others. Bowing twice in gratitude to the deity, you thank him for the privilege of worship and make an offering of money. This act is called *saimotsu* or *saisen*, and in many temples it is customary to toss the money through a grill into a submerged vault.

Shinto provides many instructions for spiritual improvement. There is, for example, the practice of *misogi*, intended to remove sin and pollution from the body and mind by the use of water, which is said to have originated with the god, Izanagi, who purified himself by bathing in sea water. The ceremony includes the use of special prayers, recited while standing near the sea, and splashing salt water over the body. Another ceremony, saikai, intended for anyone who wishes to go into deeper religious study, consists of remaining in seclusion for a certain period from three days to seven days while he devotes himself to fasting and prayer and continuous concentration on spiritual thoughts.

The Shifting History of Shinto

But Shinto, like many ancient religions, is changing and had you been born a Shintoist, you would realize that during

your lifetime the transition seems to have accelerated. You remember the cataclysmic years of the war, when Shinto nearly died. In the tragic aftermath, in defeat, your country was compelled to redefine its religious faith. For nearly 2000 years Shinto had been a state religion with taxes levied for the support of shrines, priests, and many extravagant festivals. The high priest of Shinto was the emperor himself who, in a very real way was a deity to be honored and worshiped. Because emperor worship was rooted solidly in tradition and had come down to you along with your earliest religious and folk beliefs, you never questioned the emperor's motives or actions. Whenever he passed near you, you stood with eyes closed and head bowed in reverence.

The history of emperor worship, dating back to the eighth century, was authoritatively recorded in the ancient chronicles of your faith, in books called the *Kojiki* and the *Nikon Shoki*. They made it clear that the ancestors of the emperors were the gods themselves. They told of a god and a goddess named Izanagi and Izanami who stood on the bridge of heaven when the earth was being formed. Gazing down upon the aimless, drifting land, Izanagi seized a jeweled spear and stirred a portion of the formless earth. He churned the brine until it became a thing of beauty unlike anything the gods had seen. Then he drew out the spear and the eight sparkling creations of land that fell from it became the eight islands of Japan. The tallest point, formed when the tip of Izanagi's spear was lifted out, became sacred Fujiyama, the majestic volcanic mountain which rises more than twelve thousand feet into the sky. The first ruler of this earthly paradise was the son of the sun goddess, Amaterasu O-Mi-Kami, and his loyal subjects were the people who descended from Izanagi and Izanami.

The emperor was not only considered divine, but he was believed to rule as co-regent with the sun goddess at his side. She was symbolized by a sacred mirror which the emperor

always kept beside him on his throne. He ruled by a decree more holy than that of the royalty of other nations and more compelling than the heads of other faiths. Who would ever have guessed that he could be shorn of his divinity?

But the years brought changes to your country. The attack on Pearl Harbor, precipitated by ambitious war lords, and the ensuing war wreaked suffering and defeat which all the Shinto *kami* could not withhold. *Under the treaty signed with the conqueror, the United States, the emperor was compelled to renounce his divinity.* When, on January 1, 1946, he disclaimed his godship, he became as much a mortal as his fellowmen. No longer were people compelled to address him as the "Divine Mikado" or "Son of the Most High" and, even though the mirror remained on his throne, the image of the sun goddess waned and threatened to disappear.

Shinto of the State and Shinto of the People

Throughout the years of emperor worship, there had been only one officially recognized Shinto movement: State Shinto or *Kokka.* Governed by royal decree, it compelled the people to contribute to the upkeep of the Shinto shrines. It supported the priests. It trained the leaders and teachers of Shinto. It directed the festivals and holy days. It was a political, social and economic movement which loyal subjects had long suspected was being used to further governmental interests. There had been rumors that not only was the imperial family using Shinto for personal advantage, but that certain priests found it a source of personal prestige. Various schismatic Shinto sects and independent shrines made their appearance under the name of Sectarian Shinto or *Kyoha*, but it was not until the signing of the treaty at the end of World War II that freedom of religion came to Japan and that these non-State Shinto groups were recognized.

You had mingled feelings about this rapid turn of events. You wondered whether this might be the end of Shinto, for

the Americans who occupied Japan made little attempt to understand Shinto's teachings or appreciate their meaning. But you also hoped that now, perhaps for the first time, your people could explore the deeper meaning of the faith, unhampered by restrictions of the past. Now, at last, Shinto would have to depend on its own merit and prove its worth. What did it have to offer? Could it justify its existence over the other religions of Japan, particularly Buddhism and Christianity? And somehow you felt that even though a treaty had deprived the emperor of his religious rule, he would ever continue to be a symbol of the *kami* and the Shinto faith.

Many State Shintoists seemed to agree. They predicted that as Japan once more prospered and gained in world prestige, its future emperors would again assume the role of deity-kings. Such predictions were only partially founded in fact. As Japan again began to grow in power and importance, it dreamed, to be sure, of its history and its myths, and many Shintoists continued to ask, "What if the emperor truly is divine? What if the sun-goddess is reflected in the sacred mirror? Will it not be necessary for the people to acknowledge this if it be true?" The major festivals, interrelated with the life of the country, also continued as an assurance that the partnership between Shinto and nationalism had never been dissolved in the minds of many people. Behind the mortality of the imperial family still looms the glory of the immortal gods, and devout State Shintoists never forget that the word for government and festival in the Japanese language is one and the same: *matsuri-goto*, or that the Land of the Rising Sun is still the land of the *kami* and that the *kami* are still the keepers of Japan.

But had you been born a Shintoist, you would realize that, though State Shinto continues to be important, the Shinto of the people, called Sectarian Shinto, is growing ever more important. It consists of thirteen groups, which developed strongly, though often unobtrusively, during the past century.

These had support of great masses of people who had grown restless under the formalism of State Shinto. *Sectarian Shinto became the religion of the Japanese "reformation." It was destined to come despite war or treaties, lout the de-deification of the emperor hastened its recognition as a movement of major importance in Japanese life.* Sectarian Shinto now has its own independent organizations, headquarters, shrines and priests. It is geared to the people's needs. It combines spiritual healing with the tradition of old Shinto, positive thinking with the creative power of the ancient *kami*, and a new, modern interpretation of nature and nature's God.

The Shinto Reformation

Had you been born a Shintoist, you could not escape the impact of these groups which make up this modern Shinto "revival" movement. You would be impressed with their vitality and growth, their leaders, their missionary zeal, their boldness, and their vision for the future. There is, for example, the movement called Tenrikyo, whose foundress, Miki Nakayama, believed that the great Kami, whom she Identifies as "God the Parent," called her to be his "living temple." After this revelation she set out to help other people find "the good life" and true happiness by clearing their minds of the "dust of imperfection." Today Tenrikyo is designed to rid humanity of this "dust" through many dramatic rituals.

You would have heard of Konko-kyo, the religion which teaches that the universe is the Grand Shrine of the Parent-God, that there is no devil and no hell, and that the love of God is in and around every individual. You would know about Kurozumi-Kyo, named after its founder, Kurozumi Munetada. It affirms that Amaterasu-O-Mi-Kami is the creator of all things, and that every soul is in harmony with the divine source of light and life.

There are many others which, though they would not profess to be "pure Shinto," nonetheless, have great Shinto

influence combined with a syncretism representative of other faiths and personal revelations. Such groups are the famous and highly prominent Omoto, also Fusokyo, Izumo Taishakyo, Shinrikyo, Shinshukyo, Mitakekyo, Shinto Taikyo, Shinto Taiseikyo, Jikkokyo, Misogikyo and Shinto Shuseiha. These and other movements are challenging your people and continue to express the deep spiritual quest of the people of Japan.

Faith Means Festivals

Surrounded by so many new sects and confronted by a shrine in every *caza-mura* (the smallest subdivision of local government), you would feel yourself a part of a vital and meaningful faith. The Shinto year is dotted with festivals even as the land is marked by toriis. Most of these are village festivals which means that all of the people, even those who do not embrace Shinto, participate. In ancient days there were customarily four work days in succession followed by a fifth day designated as a day of rest sacred to a deity. The rest day was usually a festival day; the largest and most important one occurring at planting time and at the time of harvest

Among the many spectacular festival days are such occasions as *Ennichi*, the "deity's day," on which your people go to the shrines en masse. It is believed that special guidance can be gained if this day is rightly observed. Because of the large crowds of worshipers, vendors are on hand and booths are set up to sell fruits and flowers and incense which may be offered to the gods.

Other significant festivals are *On-Bashira-Sal,* a ceremony of tree planting which takes place every seven years in the four corners of the shrine or temple grounds; the *Naoi Ceremony* is designed to help rid oneself of bad luck. In this the participants jostle one another in an attempt to touch the scapegoat and thereby rub off their bad luck on him. *Jidai* festival, in which worshipers, dressed in costumes of a

thousand years ago, bless the city of Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan. There are also fire ceremonies which honor the fire *kami*, and cherry blossom festivals to praise the gods of beauty and the spring. There are *matsuris* (festivals) to praise the gods of the sea, the mountains, the villages and most important of all, the gods of the rice fields who help provide the "staff of life" for your people.

There are also special days when portable shrines or *mikoshi* are used. These elaborate "floats" commemorate occasions when, it was believed, the ancient deities traveled from one temple to another. On the day of the *Minato* festival, the portable shrine is carried around Matsushima Bay in a boat to remind people that the gods also sanctified the water as well as the land. Another festival, the *Otariya*, is celebrated by parading small shrines through village streets as a ritual against the outbreak of fires. There are many other *matsuri* contrived to control floods, to avert typhoons, to protect against political unrest, to honor the dead, and to celebrate all sorts of historical events.

Few non-Shintoists realize the importance of the *matsuri*. They do not know that many peasants would not begin their cultivation in the early spring without a festival, nor would they harvest their crops without a ritual in which the first fruits are dedicated to the *kami*. The palanquins of the deities are important and prized possessions in almost every village and the Shinto liturgical year is spun on the *matsuri*, a word which actually means that one should lift up his heart to the gods.

Devout Shintoists would not embark on a trip or board a plane or a ship without first going to a temple-shrine. All of the Shinto people are sentimental about their religion, but they are not fanatical, as some non-Shintoists believe them to be.

Shinto and the Kamikaze

People who do not understand your faith often associate Shinto with many bizarre concepts. They believe, for example, that Shintoism was responsible for the conduct of airplane pilots who, during the war, resorted to suicidal bombings. You have often heard it said that these pilots, called *kamikaze*, were obeying Shinto laws. While some of these men may have been Shintoists, their acts were not Shinto-inspired. They were, rather, the result of an ancient nationalistic tradition which embodied the belief that it was honorable to die for the fatherland. The *kamikaze* were the modern version of the ancient *samurai*, those feudal warriors of fierce and fearless skill who carried two swords as emblems of their profession. The *samurai* adhered to a code, called *bushido*, which put valor and courage above life, and out of which grew a legend that those who died according to *bushido* received special blessings in the life to come. Out of *bushido* came the practice of *hara-kiri,* death by falling on one's own sword. But *bushido* also emphasized many good principles, such as purity in body, diligence in thought, and fidelity in action. But the things foreigners remembered most were sensational acts like *hara-kiri* and *kamikaze*.

You regret that people do not understand your faith, but you realize it is also difficult for you to understand the religions of other countries. You cannot grasp the meaning of "evangelism" or "missionary" activity in other faiths. It is quite impossible for you to appreciate religions which are highly institutionalized and exclusive, for Shinto is a liberal and all-inclusive faith. Because everything in Shinto is spirit, how, then, is it possible to have religious divisions and sects or how can one religion be higher or lower than another?

Of course, Shinto *does* have its sects and its divisions, but you believe that these are merely external differences, rising out of the personality and beliefs of the founders and the inability of minds to grasp the total truth. As far as you are

concerned, there is no rivalry in Shinto, no attempt to convert anyone, no effort to lure anyone away from any other faith. *All Shintoists believe that the essence of God is the essence of life and that the essence of life is the eternal substance of every individual. God is good; man is good; man, therefore, is God.* How, then, can there be any quarrel about basic principles?

Shinto and Buddhism

You believe that a person can be a Christian or a Jew or a Moslem or a Buddhist and still be a good Shintoist because of the universality of the divine spirit. In fact, many good Shintoists are good Buddhists. There was a time in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when people predicted that Buddhism would absorb Shinto, but they did not know how deeply Shinto had penetrated the Japanese mind. How could an imported religion like Buddhism, which reached Japan both from China and Korea in the sixteenth century, ever unseat the *kami?* Buddhism was pessimistic; Shinto was optimistic. Buddhism talked about Nirvana and future bliss; Shinto emphasized the now and present bliss. Buddhism was intellectual; Shinto was inspirational. Buddhism taught asceticism, subjugation of life, a philosophy of triumph over suffering; Shinto taught the fulness of life "unphilosophically," by urging an intuitive grasp of the presence of God in the universe and in a man's own heart. But Buddhism and Shinto also have much in common, so have Confucianism and Shinto. All believe in spiritual universality; all have an affection for the genial temperament of Japan; and all have a deep respect for ancestor worship.

Honor the Dead and You Honor the Living

You do not expect everyone to understand your veneration for your ancestors because not everyone understands the Shinto concept which contends that every person is a divine spirit individualized. If this fact of personified divinity

is true, then it follows that every man may also be a god; and if you wish to revere your departed loved ones as gods, you feel it is your privilege and, in a way, your duty to do so. Although your departed loved ones may be a bit lower than the great *kami* in spiritual perfection, they are, nonetheless, worthy of a shrine and deserving of devotion.

Near your home or in a sacred place in a grove, near a late, or close to a shrine, you have your *tamaya,* a memorial altar enshrining the spirits of the dead. You put a mirror in the shrine on the back of which the ancestral names are etched, or you inscribe their names on a scroll. You often go to the shrine for meditation and let your mind dwell on the heritage left you by your loved ones. You are in their line of ascent to an ever-evolving noble life. Frequently you place a twig of a sacred tree on the shrine or leave a *tamagushi*, a strip of paper which bears a greeting or a prayer.

Had you been born a Shintoist, you would have no fear of death, for death is a part of life and cannot be avoided, by-passed, or escaped. Life is self-creative because the *kami* is in every individual, and the *kami* never dies. So whether you are buried or cremated, whether your funeral is conducted by a Shinto priest, a Buddhist, or a Confucianist, you believe that your spirit is immortal.

In Shinto, heaven is a "High-up, sacred world," the dwelling place of the most superior *kami*. *Ame-tsuchi* is a word which has great meaning for you, for *Ame* is heaven and *tsuchi* is earth. A Shinto myth explains that, at the time of creation, the purest and most brilliant elements, more brilliant even than the beauty of Japan, branched off to become ame, while the other elements branched off to become tsuchi. Consequently, *ame* is where the sacred deities make their home; *tsuchi* is where the gods live when they come to earth. It is never quite clear to you whether all gods are incarnated as human beings, nor is "heaven" entirely clear to you, but you are confident that the *kami* within you has a destiny which is

good and that someday *ame* will be yours to experience.

So you continue your worship, and as a devoted Shintoist you perform your worship at your household altar or god-shelf every morning and every night. Each time you take with you a small bowl of rice, a cup of *sake* (rice whisky), and a bit of fruit as an offering of respect and loyalty. You place a twig of *sakaki* or a flower in a vase and light some incense or a lamp. You remain there in silent meditation while you worship the *kami*. Sometimes you journey to a major shrine *(jinja)* like Meiji or Izumo or Ise where you can attend dramatic ceremonies and watch the elaborately costumed temple dancers enact intricate rituals to the accompaniment of fifes and drums. Or you witness the famous *No* plays which are narrative and operatic dramas portraying some phase of Shinto life.

The beauty of these presentations, the inspiration of the priests, the propitiatory offering, and the prayers persuade you to live an even better life. Shinto has no commandments, no rules for conduct. Nor does it have a saviour or a messiah or someone comparable to Jesus, Buddha, or Mohammed. It has no scriptures and no sutras and, actually, no thrilling history to relate. Its holy book is the universe; its creed the good life; its gods the *kami*. These are enough to unite earth and heaven and to remind you of the symbolical torii upon which Izanagi and Izanami stood when first the world was made. They looked down on the eight lovely islands of Japan and called them good. And so would you, had you been born a Shintoist.

Had You Been Born a Hindu

(Asia-India)

Had you been born a Hindu, your birthplace would very likely have been somewhere in India. Of the 350,000,000 Hindus in the world, all but 20,000,000 live in the Asian subcontinent. Followers of your religion are found in Ceylon, South Africa, Thailand, and in other parts of the world, but the faith began in India, and India is its promised land.

As a child you would have been surrounded by the sights and sounds of a country steeped in religious tradition. You would have walked through streets which sheltered sacred cows and were friendly to holy men. You would have heard the tantalizing tones of temple bells, and seen the faithful as they brought their offerings of fruit and money to the village shrines.

Your Hindu Home

One of your earliest memories would be that of your family altar: a small, wooden shelf in your parental home. As a child you sat in meditation in front of this holy place while your mother's *mantras* (prayers) crept tenderly into your life,

> "Thou, God, art the cherished guest in our humble home. Thou art father, brother, son, friend, benefactor, guardian, all in one. Deliver us, thy worshipers, from the taint of sin and, O Mighty Lord, when we die, deal mercifully with us on that final day."

Although your family worshiped at the altar at many stated times and on many holy days and holy nights, Thursday

morning was always a special day. For it was on this morning that your mother never took food until she had performed her altar duties. She put a fresh flower and a bowl of rice on the altar before she seated herself in prayer. As she knelt there, she seemed to have entered for a little while into a mysterious world of her own.

Your mother had a streak of vermilion in her hair, and she once explained to you that years ago at the marriage ceremony, when she and your father sat before the holy fire, your father had dipped his finger into the vermilion paste and had made the mark upon her hair to signify the enduring holiness of marriage. This sign, which your mother renewed every Thursday morning, was a rite which held a deep meaning for her.

She also wore a small iron bracelet which had been placed around her wrist by your father during the wedding ceremony. Ever after that, whenever she worshiped, she included in her prayers the words, "O God, give us peace and quietude of heart. Grant long life to my husband." You were told that only if your father should die would the bracelet be taken off and broken.

All the articles on the altar were holy: incense to remind you of the love and fragrance of the gods and of your love for them; fresh flowers, proof of your adoration; rice and candy, symbols of your thankfulness for heaven's blessings; a lovely conch representing life, for life began on the floor of the sea; and a small bell, a sign of invocation and welcome to the gods.

Most important, however, among the altar furnishings was a statue of Krishna, the eighth avatar of Vishnu, and one of Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth. These were the gods of your home, but you were taught that other Hindu altars had other gods, for one of the great glories of Hinduism is that there are enough gods and goddesses for every class and for every type of person everywhere. *Every Hindu has the liberty to choose the god and the worship which seem best for him and which*

best express some deep response in his soul. There are great gods and little gods, just as there are great people and little people, but every god, even as every person, serves a specific purpose in the mysterious web of life.

The Gods of Hinduism

Had you been born a Hindu, you would move familiarly among the vast "families" of gods. You would know that Vishnu, the Preserver, has many avatars or reincarnations of which Krishna is one of the most important. You would understand that Shakti is the goddess of universal energy; Indra, the king of gods and goddesses; Varuna, the all-seeing god of the waters; Agni, the god of fire; Ganesh, the elephant god, symbol of wisdom and prudence and good luck. You would honor Sarasvati, goddess of learning, and be delighted with Hanuman, the monkey god who, according to legend, spanned the watery distance between India and Ceylon in one mighty leap.

You would not be confused by the fact that Shakti is also called Uma and Bhavani and Devi and Parvati and Durga. As a Bengali Hindu you would look forward eagerly to the great autumn festival when Durga is honored in a mighty *puja* or worship-ceremony. Shakti is also Kali, the goddess of storms and disaster, and you would remember the many times your parents took you to pay respect to Kali in her many temples. Temples to the gods and the goddesses stand in every village, in every town, in every city. Altars and shrines are found wherever Hindus are found, for your religion, more than any other, brings gods and men into an inter-related household of faith.

In spite of numerous deities and avatars, you would know that Hinduism actually offers its believers but one God. *God is one though He is many.* He is so many that sometimes you use a string of beads to help you remember God's many names. But with all His names and images, He is one. This

was explained to you when your father told you that all humanity is also one, although it has millions of forms and expressions.

When you asked your father, "Who is the one God?" you were told, "He is Brahma." And when you persisted, "Who and what is Brahma?" he said, "Brahma is the World-Soul. Brahma is Cosmic Consciousness, the Atman or Breath of Life, the Absolute, the Principle of Love and Law."

It was explained to you that all religions have difficulty in defining God. You were informed that Christians also have many names for God. They call Him Jehovah, Lord, Father Almighty, God of Gods, King of Kings. Some Christians say that God is Jesus Christ, or God is a Spirit. Others identify Him with Love, Justice, Creative Intelligence, Life, Mercy, Power, Compassion, and many more such attributes.

Had you been born a Hindu, you would also think of your God, Brahma, as having many attributes; yet he would remain the Supreme One, the timeless, limitless essence of the universe. Of course, many Hindus actually worship these *attributes*, just as people in other religions worship such qualities of God as Love, Wisdom, and Service, but this is only because the mind of man cannot fully comprehend the mind of God. Hinduism, however, tries to comprehend Brahma because Hinduism is fully as much a philosophy as it is a religion.

You would remember a day when you walked with your father along the holiest of rivers, the Ganges, and watched the scores of faithful worshipers sitting on the bank of this sacred stream. One of them, a half-starved man, sat cross-legged in front of the statue of Krishna with the flute. How long this old man had been gazing at this image no one could say. Perhaps for months or years. He was in a trance-like state. His body looked as if it were molded out of clay. It seemed to you that he had stopped breathing. Your father said, "He is in a state of *samadhi*, a world of the spirit. He is face to face with the Infinite and perhaps merged into it." People of other

religions might have asked what good the man was doing or what he was accomplishing or whether it was really true that he was "face to face with the Infinite." But because you had been born a Hindu, you would have agreed with your father when he explained, "Who knows by looking at the outward appearance of a man what is going on in his heart?"

The Spell of Hinduism

Your initiation into your faith would have come at the age of thirteen. At that time a Hindu priest and many of your relatives gathered in your home for the traditional "thread ceremony" when, in a solemn and sacred ritual, your head was shaved as you sat with your father in front of the holy fire. After the priest had pierced your ears with a needle, signifying that you were ready to assume your full religious duties, he gave you the sacred thread. You held it in your left hand, palm forward, in front of your face with your right hand behind your head. Your eyes were fixed in meditation upon the thread while the priest chanted a prayer of dedication. For a moment you, too, came "face to face with the Infinite," as you meditated upon the true Self which is God in you. The true Self, you told yourself, is God. When your father whispered to you the holiest and most ancient of all mystical words: *Om,* you repeated it with deep reverence. "*Om—Om*" you whispered, and it seemed to you as though a greater life had been added to your life and a deeper breath to your breath.

"*Om* is indeed Brahma," your father said. "*Om* is the highest and greatest reality that man can conceive. Whoever knows *Om* obtains all he desires. *Om* is the best support. Whoever understands *Om* is adored in the world of Brahma."

With the mystical *Om* fixed in your mind and heart, you were taken into a darkened room. When the door closed, the silence and aloneness greatly disturbed you, but gradually they were overcome by the feeling of a Presence. You were left alone in this room for three days with whatever your

thoughts of God might be. For three days you remained in the silent dark as motionless as the holy men whom you had seen on the bank of the holy Ganges. In accordance with instructions given you by the priest, you

> Put outward thoughts aside
> And the eyes in the midst of the brows,
> Making the outward and inward breaths
> Equal in their course within the nostrils….

That is how you meditated while the mystical *Om* became ever more meaningful to you in your monastic cell. For three days, as you actually lived the life of a secluded monk, you realized what the monks and the holy men thought, what they felt and what the Presence of God meant to them.

Noises from the out-of-doors broke into your thoughts: the sound of an automobile, the rumble of a bullock cart, the cry of a vendor, the laughter of boys your age. These were the temptations of freedom of which the priest spoke. But if you were to follow them, if you were to give in to desire, you would know no peace. For a moment you might have wished with all your heart that you could escape from this faith-imposed prison, but then you came to realize that the room was not a prison. The walls did not confine you. They shielded you from the world so that you could better find the Self within you which is God. That was the lesson you sought to learn: *God and I are one*. You said it over and over, *"God and I are one."* Being one with Him, you also became one with all people. The *mantras* (prayers) helped you. A lovely thought from the holy book, the Upanishads, came to your mind and you repeated it softly to yourself:

> He who sees himself in all beings,
> And all beings in himself,
> He enters the supreme Brahma
> By this means and no other.

The hours passed. There in the darkness you began to understand what the holy men meant when they said that Brahma is found in the search for Him. More loudly now you said, "*Om—Om—Om*" and for a little while there was no feeling of loneliness at all. You had unlocked the inner consciousness of faith.

The door to your "cell" opened, sending a flood of light into the room. Blindly you saw the outline of the priest who had come, as promised, to look into your state of mind and soul. Closing the door, he seated himself cross-legged in front of you and for a long time no word was spoken. The street sounds did not tempt you any longer. You felt honored that the priest had come, but you knew too, that honor is close to pride and that pride is close to sin.

You knew that soon your mother would come and place food—rice and a few cold vegetables—before you. You were sure that she was thinking constantly about you during your three days of retreat and that she was concerned about you. But courageously you remembered that true holy men do not think of food; they do not wish to he remembered and they would not be lured in any way from Brahma and His love. While thinking and with the silent priest seated before you in the shadows, you advanced from childhood into the maturity of spiritual understanding.

The Hindu Trinity

Your religious development continued. You learned the meaning of a Sanskrit word: *Trimurti*. It means a triad or something grouped in threes. Most of all, it refers to the Hindu trinity: Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Shiva, the Destroyer.

You learned, as all Hindus do, that Brahma, the Creator, first person in the trinity, is depicted as a god with four heads. This is an attempt to show that He is all-seeing and all-knowing and that nothing in the world escapes Him. By Him

the world was made. Indeed, He made the world in such fashion that it will endure for a cycle of 4,320,000,000 years; then it will be destroyed, but will be re-established for another cycle, and another and another, through time everlasting. Each such cycle of billions of years of creation and destruction is but a day and a night for Brahma.

You were taught that Vishnu, the Preserver, second person of the Trinity, sustains the world during each of its many cycles. Pictures of Him pass through your mind. He has been depicted as a dwarf, a fish, a lion, a tortoise, as many other animals, and as a man. This is the symbology which interprets Him as the all-knowing one. There is no phase of life which Vishnu has not experienced, and so you worship Him as omnipresent, for He is in all and over all and all life is holy because of Vishnu. You came to understand Shiva, the Destroyer, third person in the *Trimurti*, for when you asked a friend about the origin of evil and suffering in the world, he referred to Shiva.

"Evil," the priest told you, "comes from a source deep within Brahma, and that part of Brahma from which it comes is Shiva. Though Shiva destroys, He also recreates. If He destroys, it is for the purpose of providing an opportunity for renewal, and for an awakening to greater enlightenment. This is regeneration. *Shiva who destroys, also redeems.* This is to say that *the nature within you which seeks to do evil, also seeks to do good. Evil is illusion, but the illusion exists. To believe that it exists is in itself evil."*

It was wonderful to have a teacher who knew, even though you did not fully understand his knowing! Priests and holy men also sought to familiarize you with the meaning behind the myths and legends of your faith. They pointed out that stories and parables were often employed by the early interpreters of Hinduism as a means for transmitting important truths to the people. The masses, unable to understand the deepest significance of the true realities involved in the

faith, were, nonetheless able to recognize some personalization within the stories themselves. Legends, your teachers assured you, are vessels holding hidden truths. When you were disturbed by the difficult subject of caste, it was explained by a wise teacher by way of an ancient story.

The Legend of Caste

Once upon a time, says the legend, there was a god, Purusa, who told Brahma he would be willing to sacrifice himself so that man might be created. When Brahma agreed to this proposal, Purusa was sacrificed on the altar of heaven where, under Brahma's direction, a mighty miracle took place. Out of Purusa's mouth priests were created, priests called Brahmans. Out of his arms came warriors called Ksatriyas. Out of his thighs sprang business people, the Vaisyas. And from his feet emerged the menial laborers, the Sudras. All of these people were different, but all were also alike in that they all represented parts of Purusa the god.

You meditated on this legend as your teacher pointed out that caste is a word of many meanings. In ancient Sanskrit the word for caste is *varna*, and *varna* means color. The light-skinned Aryans who came down the Indus River considered themselves of a higher caste or color than the darker-skinned Indus (Hindu) inhabitants. Caste also means a difference in intellectual ability, in economic and social standing, in occupation and profession. Some people were so low in the social scale that they were not included in any of the four castes. They were outcastes and untouchables.

Though the importance and rigid separation of caste are changing now, you often ask yourself, "Why did the great God Brahma permit people to be different in ability, in color, and in station in life?" The legend of Purusa does not fully explain why today some people are born rich, others poor. Some are wise and fortunate and healthy and happy, others are not. Some die young and others live to be very old. Why?

Had you been born a Hindu, you would have come to a satisfactory conclusion about these questions. You would have learned that a man is what he is in respect to his caste, his fortune and his place in life because of the "wheel of justice" which Brahma set in motion at the beginning of time, even before the creation of man and *the wheel of justice is known as Karma.*

The Law of Karma

Karma, you were taught, inexorably fixes the consequences of one's acts. *A person is what he is because of his Karma, which is destiny in action.* Karma cannot be tampered with, altered, influenced or destroyed. It is neither good nor bad. Karma simply is. It pertains to lives lived before and to lives which will be lived again, for the lives of gods and men have been lived and relived many times.

Had you been born a Hindu, you would be convinced that there is no other answer to the mystery of life and no clear explanation for the seeming inequality in the world than the answer found in the Karmic law. Karma assures and warns you that nothing you do goes unrewarded. Nothing is ever unaccounted for. Nothing is forgotten, discarded, or of no account. Your character and your station in life are determined by the acts, thoughts, desires, hopes and plans for which you are directly responsible.

Though the law of Karma cannot be changed, it can be influenced through the intercession of the gods. With their help you can overcome evil by doing good. With their help you can build up a good Karma. You can prepare yourself for a better station in the next life by living virtuously in this life. What you are in your present life is the consequence of what you have been; what you may be in your next life depends upon what you do in this one. Slowly, man lifts himself through the repetition of lives to reach an ultimate peak of perfection.

Your teachers explained these concepts to you and made

them part of your spiritual orientation. They also told you about Karma's inseparable counterpart: Reincarnation.

The Doctrine of Reincarnation

Reincarnation is the cycle of living experiences in which the soul of man his psyche, *Atman*, or life essence makes its eternal round of births and rebirths. For if a person is to reap the rewards of his deeds (Karma), it is logical that he must not only live *again*, but that he has also lived *before* in an earlier incarnation.

Karma and Reincarnation provide a solution to the perplexing puzzle of why one person dies young and another one lives to old age. Reincarnation explains the phenomenon of a genius, the reason for prodigies. It sustains you in your conviction that God is just and true; and it reminds you that, if you meet the burdens and challenges of this life valiantly, you will be rewarded when you return for another pilgrimage on this earthly plane. Even more, reincarnation prepares you for eventual union with Brahma in a state of immortal bliss. For the soul which bore you is the World-Soul. You came from it and to it you will return. "Never have I not been," said Krishna to a student, "never hast thou not been, and never shall the time come when we shall not be."

Life Is a Classroom

Had you been born a Hindu, you would look upon life in the world as a classroom. Death is a final examination. After death you remain in heaven as long as your good Karma allows you to stay, or it may be that you remain in hell as long as your bad Karma holds you there. After you serve your time in heaven or hell, you return to earth to qualify again for the courses in which you previously failed, or to take the advanced work for which a previous life has prepared you.

The Hindu Scriptures

The Hindu holy books, very old and full of wisdom, help you in your understanding of the cycles of life. Had you been born a Hindu, you would have been taught that these books were conceived by Brahma Himself and transmitted to the world through inspired holy men, the Rishis, who perpetuated them through oral tradition for at least a thousand years before the sacred words were written down.

Among these books are the holy Vedas. Veda means wisdom and spiritual insight, and the more than 100 Vedic books are so important that the years during which they were composed, 1500 to 800 B.C., are known as the Vedic period. Four books are of special importance: the Rig-Veda, which contains 1028 hymns; the Sama-Veda, a book of revelation; the Yajur-Veda, a collection of hymns and prayers; the Artharva-Veda, a series of charms and incantations.

You would have memorized many beautiful passages from these scriptures and learned to chant the stirring hymns, like the one to Surya, god of the sun:

> By lustrous heralds led on high
> The fire-Sun ascends the sky;
> His glory draweth every eye.
>
> The stars which gleamed throughout the night,
> Now slink away like thieves in fright,
> Quenched by the splendor of thy might.

Hymns to the god Varuna would also have become a part of your spiritual treasury:

> He knows the path of birds that through
> The atmosphere do wing their flight,
> And, ocean dwelling, knows the ships.
>
> He knows the pathway of the wind,

The wide, the high, the mighty wind,
And those who sit enthroned above.

Enthroned within his palace sits
The god Varuna whose law is firm,
All-wise for universal sway.

From there the observant god beholds
All strange and secret happenings,
Things that are done or to be done.

You would have learned to chant the prayer of faith:

Faith in the early morning,
Faith at noonday will we invoke;
Faith at the setting of the sun,
O Faith, endow us with belief!

Another holy book, the Bhagavad-Gita, would hold a prominent place in your life. It is part of the famous Mahabharata – an epic of 220,000 lines, longest in the world and records a dialogue between the warrior Arjuna and the god Krishna, who is his charioteer. Here in the Gita you find rules for the conduct of the true Hindu. Its pages urge you to live the kind of life out in the world that you lived during the three days of your initiation, "Holding in indifference alike pleasure and pain, gain and loss, conquest and defeat, so make thyself ready for the struggle, thus shalt thou not fall into sin."

In the inspired Gita, Krishna describes the kind of follower he loves: "Desireless, pure, skillful, impartial, free from terrors, who renounces all undertakings and worships me, he is dear to me. He who rejoices not, hates not, grieves not, desires not, who renounces alike fair and foul, and has devotion, is dear to me. One indifferent to foe and friend, indifferent in honour and dishonour, in heat and cold, in joy and pain, free of attachment, who holds in equal account blame

and praise…silent, content with whatsoever befalls, homeless, firm of judgment, possessed of devotion, is a man dear to me."

To be dear to Krishna, to live the life of tranquillity, wisdom, and faith, these would have "been your chief objectives, had you been born a Hindu. That is why you would also turn to the holy books, the Aranyakas, for instructions on how the will and wishes of Brahma may be attained. Here in the Aranyakas, you would find suggestions for:

THE FOUR STAGES OF LIFE

1. The period of student life or discipleship.
2. The period of family life or householder.
3. The period of contemplation or forest-dwelling.
4. The period of total spiritual commitment or asceticism.

Had you been born a Hindu, you would follow these four stages to a greater or lesser degree depending upon your devotion to the faith. Thus, during the early period of your life you would have been a serious student, realizing that no sharp line could be drawn between what is secular and what is spiritual. You would have studied and discussed religion with your parents and teachers. In all probability you would have found your own guru, a holy manlike your priest who would have imparted special advice, and in whose example you would have found a pattern for your words and deeds. You would have loved and respected this guru so much that you would have placed his picture above your altar. When you thought about his faith, your faith increased; when you meditated on his life, your own life was enriched. "How else can I learn," you would often have asked, "but through someone who has learned?"

During this period of discipleship you might also have begun the study and practice of yoga. Yoga is a science of spiritual development based upon pure thought, pure actions,

pure breathing, pure exercises and pure awareness. You would have sought an accredited yogi as your practitioner who would have helped you acquire control over nature and teach you how to unfold your psychic powers. He would have instructed you how to make the mystical *Om* a usable substance in your physical and mental life. He would have taught you the proper use of food, the secrets of health, and the amazing powers of self-control. Brahma himself says in the holy Gita, "Yoga is the destroyer of misery to him who is well controlled in eating, working and sleeping," Yoga is union with God.

Unless you had decided to become a yogi or join an ashram (spiritual retreat) for the remainder of your life, you would have entered the second stage advised by the Aranyakas, that of a householder. In keeping with tradition, your marriage would have been arranged by your parents. Together with the parents of your bride-to-be, they would have consulted the astrological charts in order to determine whether you were suited to each other and to select the most auspicious time for your marriage.

Your wedding ceremony in front of the holy fire would have been a solemn and sacred event. Here you re-enacted the custom of placing the vermilion on the forehead of your bride and clasping the iron bracelet around her wrist. You were asked to keep sacred a Hindu axiom, "Marriage should be the beginning, not the end of romance." And, as often happens, you would not have seen the person you were to marry until shortly before the ceremony. This would matter little if you had been born a Hindu, for you would trust the judgment of your parents and the guidance of the gods in the selection of your mate. Giving your hand in marriage, you would have said, "I take hold of your hand for good fortune so that, with you, we may attain old age. I am the words and you are the melody; I am the melody and you are the words."

After you had established your home and your children

were grown, you might have entered the third phase: the life of a "forest-dweller." Devoting yourself to philosophical study, which the hard work of making a living for your family had deprived you, you would take a renewed interest in religion. With maturity of thought you would seek to further deepen your knowledge of Hinduism.

Perhaps you would have followed Vedanta, one of the most modern and popular schools of thought whose foremost interpreter, Shankara, lived in the eighth century. It was Shankara who said: "Brahma is the only reality. All else, the world and life, are *maya* or illusion." Shankara explained how *moksha* or salvation is attained "by the realization that we are all caught in veils of illusion of which we can rid ourselves only through wisdom, the wisdom that Brahma is the World-Soul and that our soul is, in truth, the soul of Brahma. *"I am that I am . . . yonder Person (God) I am He"* are the profoundest truths, and Shankara would have been your helper in their understanding.

Or you might have plunged into Vaisheshika metaphysics during your "forest-dwelling" period, or interested yourself in the Nyaya school of logic, or in Purva Mimansa, which insists that the Universe is real, that happiness is a legitimate goal, and that Dharma (religion, righteousness) is the pathway to spiritual peace. As if preparing for the "final examination," you would hold in your heart the knowledge that your earthly sojourn must have an end; therefore, you would dwell in the forest of ideas thoughtfully and with a deepened reverence for life.

Then, according to the Aranyakas, you would be ready to consider the final stage, that of the wandering ascetic. You would contemplate seriously on the idea of renouncing your family, possessions and self to begin a lonely life of wandering with begging bowl and staff in the role of a *sannyasin*, an especially dedicated holy man.

Had you been born a Hindu, the challenge of complete

renunciation would be laid upon your heart by the dictates of your religious culture. At the age of sixty or sixty-five or earlier you would take the counsel of the Aranyakas seriously and say, "I will give up my work and my estate and devote the remainder of my life to spiritual asceticism. My wife will enter a Hindu convent and I will become a *sannyasin*. Our family is grown. We have tasted the world. It is now time for us to give the remaining years to God in a special way."

You could not escape the challenge. The holy men of India, past and present, speak to you. The spirit of the holy books calls out to you. Even the holy cows and the festivals with their music and incense, the sound of the gongs, the sight of men praying in the streets, all seem to ask, "How do you stand with Brahma now that life is waning and another life is dawning?"

The Challenge of the Sannyasin

Something says to you, "Become a *sannyasin*. He walks alone in the lonely places. He chants his prayers after other worshipers have left the temple squares. He kneels at the shrines and washes in the Holy Ganges and wherever he goes he carries with him a serenity and an inner light which you, with all your achievements, do not have."

The *sadhus* (holy teachers) would lay the burden of the *sannyasin* upon you, saying, "When you live in society, you judge yourself by the standards of society. When you live with monks or contemplatives, you judge yourself by the standards of their lives. It is only when you live and wander alone as a *sannyasin* that you have no other standard but God by which to measure your virtue."

The words would express your point of view, had you been born a Hindu. Whether or not you took them literally, they would echo in your heart and mind, tantalizing you to close your earthly life in the role of a holy pilgrim. Wisdom has always come by way of the four stages which the Aranyakas

have set forth in clear, beguiling terms.

Because of the *sannyasins* in Hinduism, you would admire and respect the holy men of all religions and all countries. You see in all prophets the full expression of your unfinished greatness. Often you feel like saying with the eminent *sadhu*, T. L, Vaswani, "When alone and in the depth of silence, I have, methinks, seen the face of Jesus in the village folk, on the faces of the wanderers, and in the countenances of little children. I have communed with Him in the cottages of the poor. I have seen Him among the sick. In little acts of kindness, in seemingly unspiritual things, I have received His benediction. He is a rare spirit in history. His life was love and His crown was meekness."

Had you been born a Hindu, you would insist that Hinduism is interested in every man who has made God more real to a questing world. For your faith is non-sectarian. It knows no denominational lines. It sends out no missionaries. It believes "all roads that lead to God are good." It strives to meet the quest of every seeker no matter what his caste or the outreach of his mind may be.

Hinduism Is Many Things

Hinduism is many things to you. It is the influence of a Gandhi who, renouncing worldly goods and proclaiming that his people could not rightly serve God while "enslaved," instigated a movement which eventually set India free. You revere Gandhi very much and you often pause "before his statues which are seen in many public squares. You visit his shrine at Gandhighat in Delhi where, in keeping with Hindu custom, his body was cremated. You feel the presence of his divine nature and remember that just before he died he asked forgiveness for his assassin. All of this is in the spirit of your faith.

Hinduism is also the work of Vinoba Bhave, one of Gandhi's disciples, who for many years has walked from

village to village, persuading rich landowners to divide their land with the poor and the refugees. "What the world desperately needs," says Bhave, "is changed lives, lives that will demonstrate stewardship and honor God through sharing."

Hinduism is the activity of the Ramakrishna monks, a society of dedicated men inspired by the *sannyasin*, Ramakrishna, and his disciple, Vivekananda. They have developed orphanages and schools, hospitals and rehabilitation centers throughout India and in many parts of the world.

Hinduism is the accomplishment of Dr. M. Modi, India's famous eye specialist. A quiet-spoken, mild-mannered Hindu, trained in American and European medical schools, he is a living example of selfless service. He travels from village to village, working unceasingly in "eye camps" to help the millions of blind and near-blind in the sub-continent. You hear him say, "The people are my god. The operating room is my temple. The instruments are my *puga* (worship)."

To you, Hinduism is many things: it is the philosophy of the eminent scholar, Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan; the wisdom of the remarkable leader, Jewaharlal Nehru; the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore; the profound and practical thought of Sri Aurobindo. It is the work of Ram Mahun Ray, who founded the Brahmo Samaj (Fellowship of God) and was instrumental in abolishing the custom of *sati*, (the burning of the widow on the funeral pyre of departed husband). It is the work of translators in India's universities and the inspiration of India's thousands of holy men. Hinduism is all this and most of all, it is the hope of those who, no matter what their class or caste, feel within themselves the call of Brahma. And hearing his call, they say with the Gita, "My bewilderment has vanished. I have gotten remembrance by thy grace. I stand freed from doubt. I will do thy word."

And So to Die – and Then to Live Again

The word of faith is life. There is no death for you, had you been born a Hindu. True, at the time of transition, your body will be burned and your ashes scattered into a holy river. As a Hindu, you would have often watched the colorfully shrouded corpses being lifted to the funeral pyres along the banks of the Mother Ganges and have waited while the fire consumed the body. Had you been born a Hindu, you would have lighted your father's funeral pyre, just as your son will one day light the sandalwood upon which your body will be placed. You would have heard the incantations and the hollow sound of the conch shells as they were blown, the ecstatic wail of the hymns and the strains of the plaintive instruments while *Om, Om* rang in your heart and mind. But deep in your soul you would have been assured that though sadness and weeping mingled with the funeral flames, there is no death.

Death is merely a release and a beginning again. You would find comfort in the thought that when the time comes for your release, you will remember the admonition of the Vedas, "Let your eye go to the Sun and your life to the Wind. By the meritorious acts that you have done, go to heaven and then come to the earth again; or resort to the waters if you feel at home there; or remain in the herbs with the bodies you propose to take."

Had you been born a Hindu, you would know what these words imply. Silently you would watch as the flames carry some beloved soul to heaven; thoughtfully you would sense the presence of God; confidently you would tell yourself that all life is a cycle, all is Karma and Reincarnation.

True, Hinduism is in transition. India is in transition. So are all religions and all lands. Old temples fall into decay, old customs become outmoded, old beliefs are often neglected and left to die. New eras, industrialization, new thoughts, a shrinking world cause your religion to tremble beneath the

giant hand of change. But always there has been, always there is, and always there will be the one and eternal Brahma, changeless and eternal.

Perhaps somewhere along the way of your Hindu experience you heard of a western philosopher, Emerson, who so loved and respected your faith that he caught the spirit of all that you believe and immortalized it in his Brahma when he wrote the meaningful words:

> "If the red slayer thinks he slays,
> And if the slain thinks he is slain,
> He knoweth not my subtle ways,
> I turn and pass and turn again…."

These lines would be understood by no one better than by you, had you been born a Hindu.

Had You Been Born a Confucianist
(Asia-China)

Had you been born a Confucianist, you would be a member of a movement which was never intended to be an organized religion. You would adhere to a system of opinions which was not designed to be regarded as scripture. You would be following a man who had no desire to be a messiah, a prophet, or a saint.

There are followers of your faith wherever there are people of Chinese descent, whether "overseas Chinese" in Taiwan and southeast Asia, or Chinese in the Americas. But the chances would be ten-thousand-to-one that you would be living on the Chinese mainland where the great majority of the world's 320,000,000 Confucianists live. That vast and sprawling Asian continent now called the People's Republic, which westerners refer to as "Red China" would very likely be your home.

It is not Red China to you even though a red flag with five stars flies over it and even though you and your 650,000,000 fellowmen are Communist controlled. You do not see your nation through western eyes. You see it through the turbulent flow of history, the history of your homeland; a nation which is and always will be known to you by its native name, *Chung-Hua Min-Kuo,* the oldest empire in all the world, the largest republic in all the world, and the dynasty of the world's most venerable sage: K'ung-fu-tze (Confucius).

Confucius and Your Country Are Inseparable

Confucius is not only a man and a legend; he is also the spirit and the hope of your people and your land. Born nearly

600 years before the time of Christ, he grew up in the village of Chow which is in the state of Lu and in the province of Shantung. Even today many refer to the province as holy ground.

There is a question as to whether Confucius' mother, Ching-tsai, was officially married to Shu-liang Ho, the military officer who was to become his father, or whether she was his concubine. There are also conflicting stories about her age. Some authorities say she was fifteen; others, seventeen, when Confucius was born. But all agree about the age of Shu-liang Ho; he was in his early seventies when he met Ching-tsai. Even though he had already sired nine daughters by his first wife, and one son, a cripple, by a mistress, the virgin Ching-tsai accepted all this because of her love for Shu-liang Ho.

History has it that they prayed together for a son at ancestral shrines and that they went together to sacred Mount Mu to offer sacrifices and to plead with all that is holy that they might be blessed with a healthy child. The answer to their prayers was Confucius, born on an autumn day in 551 B.C.

There is also the legend which relates how, during her pregnancy, Ching-tsai had a dream. One night a rare and fabulous animal, the *chi-lin*, part-tiger, part-dragon, whose function it was to announce the coming of kings, appeared to her. In Chiang-tsai's dream, the *chi-lin* prophesied that her child would be born in a "Hollow Mulberry Tree."

As this was the designation for a certain cave in the vicinity of Chow, Ching-tsai went there to await the birth of her firstborn.

Unattended, she brought him forth while two benevolent dragons stalked the skies, putting the power of evil to flight, and while five of the planets, disguised as ancient sages and guided by a voice from heaven, circled the holy place of birth. Later, when she carried her son into the village to their home, the trees bowed down in worship to the young mother and

her child.

Had you been born a Confucianist, you would accept both the man and the legend. You would also accept the spirit and the hope embodied in what Confucius represented in the life and history of your people. You would enter into the sentiments of your most noted historian, Ssu-Ma Chi'ien who, writing in the first century of the Christian era, said, "While reading the works of Confucius, I have always fancied I could see the man as he was in life, and, when I went to Shantung, I actually beheld his carriage, his robes, and the material parts of his ceremonial usages. There were his descendants practicing the old rites in their ancestral homes; and I lingered on, unable to tear myself away."

That is how you feel today as you live and move among the rapidly shifting scenes in your teeming nation. The hope and the spirit of Confucius are always there, just beneath the surface of the visible life. And although the old ancestral homes are reluctantly giving way to a new era, you know that he is still walking with his people through the triumph and the pain of change. He was a peripatetic teacher like Plato and Socrates, a seeker of the Way, like the Buddha. He was a philosopher not unlike his countryman, Lao-Tze, whom he met but once. To those who knew him, he was the immortal sage.

Sometimes he rode in a bullock cart while his students walked alongside. He had the wit and the wisdom they needed, and he lived the kind of life they felt stirring within themselves, a life which, they believed, could remake men and remake their country, too, and help both to realize their greatness.

The heart of this greatness was, according to Confucius, "true gentlemanliness." That was his touchstone; what would the true gentleman be like, what would he do, how would he act, what would be his highest aspirations and his major concerns? Confucius found the perfect image of the perfect

man among the divine sages and the valorous heroes of the past. Actually, they may never have existed except as archetypes, but for Master K'ung these men were real. He believed that they lived just beneath or within the surface man. To him, they represented an idealized past through which he hoped to create a perfect present. But how was this to be done? Through many things and in many ways. Through the true recognition of one's duties, through knowledge, through ritual, through respect for one's ancestors, through an awareness of one's potential and most of all, through love, which is Tao, the Way.

With such ideals Confucius lived and by these rules he taught, never proudly, never feeling that he had attained, and never boasting about his own achievements. He was a happy, yet a lonely man; a knowledgeable, but a searching man; a tranquil, yet a frequently disturbed man; a humble man, convinced that there were others more humble; a wise man, confident that there were others more wise; a man of uncommon sensitivity, who drew unto himself the heart of every other man who ever felt the divine discontent in his own unfulfilled life.

"Many," said the historian Ssu-Ma Chi'ien, "are the princes and the prophets that the world has seen in its time; glorious in life, forgotten in death. But Confucius, though only a humble member of the cotton-clothed masses, remains among us after many generations. He is the model for such as would be wise. By all, from the Son of Heaven down to the lowliest student, the supremacy of his principles is fully and freely admitted. He may, indeed, be pronounced the divinest of men."

Confucius and You

If you could hear the rumble of your Master's bullock cart today, you would no doubt be walking beside it. Your respect for Confucius is that great. It is as great as that manifested in

one of his disciples, Yen Hui. This young man, separated from Master K'ung during a riot in a city, was reunited with him only after a considerable period. Confucius said to him, "I thought you had died." And Yen Hui replied, "While you are alive, how should I dare to die?"

Had you been born a Confucianist, you would often say the same, "How can I die while the spirit and the dream persist; the spirit of what the Master taught gentlemanliness, and the dream he inspired a society of gentle but superior people living together in righteousness and truth?"

You met Confucius first in your parental home. Because of him you were taught quietness and reverence for all things. You were reminded that you should respect all life, that you should be observant and courteous. Even in little things, the presence of Confucius seemed to stand over you. You never discarded paper upon which Chinese calligraphy appeared or where the printed word was used, for this would have been a mark of discourtesy. Politeness, filial piety, love were part of the Confucian tradition. His *yen yu* (words that work) were implanted in your mind as part of a folk tradition, as part of a philosophy, and as part of a living faith.

You were taught his Golden Rule: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

You were instructed in his definition of love and wisdom: "What is love? To love mankind. What is wisdom? To know mankind."

You memorized his counsel to youth: "Youth, when at home, should be filial, and when abroad, respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all and cultivate the friendship of the good."

You never forgot his challenge to goodness: "If you really want goodness, you will find it at your very side."

You understood his insight into learning when he said: "Learning undigested by thought is labor lost; thought unassisted by learning is dangerous."

Confucius and you grew up together, united, not separated, by the more than 2000 years that stretch between your lives. Often when you hear the rumble of a bullock-drawn cart, you imagine Master K'ung as he sat in the jostling vehicle, amused at himself that he should occupy such a make-believe throne when he knew it was but a lowly traveling school. He also knew that no matter how far he went or how long he traveled, he would never catch up with the ancient sages of the land he loved: those men whom he created in the image of his dreams.

He was a player on life's stage re-enacting their ideals, and within the drama were truths enough to feed a hungry heart for all its life. Even when he was a boy, he gathered other lads around him and directed them in the presentation of the rituals for the dead. They would make believe they understood the symbolism of the ageless Chinese forms, the winged dragons and the personified planets. With utmost seriousness, they played their divine games while their elders, watching, began to wonder how all this hidden knowledge had been revealed.

Confucius said that he learned it at his mother's knee. He had lost both his parents when he was quite young, for his father had died when he was two years old and, when his mother died, while he was in his teens, the make-believe ritual of his childhood became a reality. He observed a three-year period of mourning with strict observances of the amenities of ancestral worship. "When parents are alive," he told his companions, "they should be served according to the rules of propriety. When they are dead, they should be buried according to the rules of propriety. After they are buried, they should be honored and sacrificed to according to the rules of propriety. . . . Though a man may never before have revealed his true self, he is certain to do so when mourning for a father or a mother."

Such counsel, passed by oral tradition from generation to

generation, found its way into print and became part of your heritage. In fact, your most important training for life was by way of the *Five Classics*, books which Confucius distilled out of the religious lore of the Chinese ancients and to which he added his own insights into the meaning of the spiritual life.

Like hundreds of millions of Chinese who have come and gone since Confucius walked the earth, you, too, have been favored as one to whom he spoke from the pages of these treasured writings: *The Book of History* (Shu Ching), the emergence and progress of your nation from 2357 to 627 B.C.; *The Book of Changes* (I Ching), an esoteric study devoted to divination, symbolism and oracular sayings; *The Book of Rites* (Li Chi), a study of ceremonial forms; *The Book of Poetry* (Shih Ching), a collection of more than 300 songs, odes and ballads; *The Book of Spring and Autumn Annals* (Ch'un Ch'iu), events in the state of Lu before and during the period of Master K'ung.

Later you were introduced to the Confucian scriptures, commonly known as *The Four Books*. Here were the renowned *Analects* (Lun Yu) or conversations of Confucius; *The Book Mencius* (Meng-tze), which holds the teachings of Master K'ung as seen by his most famous interpreter Mencins; *The Doctrine of the Mean* (Chung Yung), a catechism of Confucian teaching prepared by the grandson of Confucius, K'ung Chi; and *The Great Learning* (Ta Haio), a treatise on the proper conduct in the life of the individual, the family and the state. That is how Master K'ung became your teacher and how he seemed almost like an ancestor and a parent to you.

The Deification Was Inevitable

Because millions of your countrymen long before your time felt as you did about this nearness to the master teacher, they made the sage a savior quite against his will. They built temples and shrines to honor him and if there should ever be a state religion in your country, it would be founded upon the

life and the sayings of Kung-fu-tze.

Even though the red flag may have cast a shadow over religion, and Communism may have persuaded many people that speculation about the Way of Heaven is a sign of immaturity, your temples are open and public gatherings to Confucius are carried on. His birthday is still observed on September 27 and his spirit is still your people's spirit and their dream.

His deification, represented in temples and in special festivals, is first of all an attitude in the human heart, for that is where Confucius lives. Form and ritual, he insisted, must always contribute to an enrichment and an improvement of life. Unless they do, they are empty and meaningless, "In the morning," he said, "hear the Way of Heaven; in the evening, die content." He spoke with the wisdom of the mythological seers who were his models and it was inevitable that his apotheosis should eventually take place.

It began even before Master K'ung departed this life. It was in the making whenever the bullock cart lumbered through a village street. It was hastened every time one of his 3000 students or one among his 72 superior scholars said, "I have met the Master and he spoke to me." But it was in the summer of the year 479 B.C. that his canonization took recognizable form. Because he was ill, it was hinted that the time of his demise was near. Despite his seeming indifference to fame, he confessed concern that after his death he would soon be forgotten. "The path which I have laid out," he murmured, "will soon be obscured by weeds and grass. How then shall I be known to posterity?"

Foreshadowings of his departure deepened his concern. There was the occasion when a hunter came to him and asked if Master K'ung would kindly identify a mysterious animal which the hunter had killed. Because it was a strange and frightening beast, he had dragged it to a rubbish pile and there discarded it. The hunter was so concerned over what he had

done that he had come to see the wise sage, hoping that at least he could tell him what it was.

Old Confucius took his staff and walked laboriously with the hunter to the refuse heap. There lay a lifeless animal which appeared to be part-tiger, part-dragon. Confucius stood looking down upon it, his wrinkled hands steadying his trembling body on his staff. He shook his head in anguish. "It is the *chi-lin,*" he said. "But why was he slain? Or why has he appeared at all at such a time since he is supposed to come only when kings are to be born?"

He worked doubly hard after that, seeking to complete his *Book of Spring and Autumn*. He worked as though the hunters with their guns stood over him. When the book was finished, he summoned his best-loved disciple, Tze K'ung. The weakened Master dragged himself despairingly back and forth across the courtyard of his home.

"Why are you so late?" he asked Tze K'ung. "The sacred mountain is crumbling, the roof beam is breaking, the old sage is withering away."

Tze K'ung whispered, "If this is true, to whom then can I go?"

Because of love for him, Confucius wept.

Even the Wisest of Men Must Die

Had you been born a Confucianist, you would realize how often your path crosses the path of Master K'ung as you try to cope with the world in all its many phases. How great his wisdom really was! How quickly his maxims find response in your heart!

You visualize his meeting with Tze K'ung, how Confucius retired to his chamber, and how he sat alone prepared to entertain his final guest: Death. What thoughts passed through his mind? Once he had said, "When people want you and need you, go to them; when they set you aside, then hide." Age and a changing world had set him aside as he reached his

final hours. Perhaps he wanted to hide, not only from people, but also from death. Did he dread to die, you wonder? Hardly. He had often said, "Heaven has endowed me with what I am, what have I to fear?" Confucius, teacher of gentlemanliness and shower of the Way, seemed to be always honest in his counsel and harmoniously attuned with his teachings.

Perhaps, there in the shadows, the "crumbling mountain" looked back across the winding path over which he had come in his seventy-seven years, looked back all the way from the "Hollow Mulberry Tree" to the darkening edge of an ancestral tomb, from the *chi-lin* which had announced his birth to the dead *chi-lin* in the refuse heap. He must have seen, as does every man, the passing sequence of life and have felt the truth of his words, "He who seeks nothing more than a bit of rice to eat, a bit of water to drink, and a bent arm for a pillow, he will, even without looking for it, find happiness."

Along memory's path he caught glimpses of the boyish rituals which he had instigated, then his marriage, a not too happy one, and the birth of a son and a daughter. Then there were his careers; first, that of a tithing master who recorded the tenants' grain for their feudal lord, then the keeper of a granary, then an administrator of public works, then Grand Secretary of Justice in the state of Lu, then Chief Minister, but in every position he was always the teacher, devoting himself to the development of gentlemanliness in himself and others.

"True manhood," he insisted, "consists in realizing your true self and in restoring universal virtue. Whosoever will realize his true self and restore universal virtue, the world will follow him."

But the world did not follow him. The world did not learn of him. The world did not become virtuous. "Why are you so late, Tze K'ung?" he had said to his faithful disciple, and this must have been what he felt like saying to the world, "Why are you so late, O world? Why are you so late?"

Born a Confucianist and living on the Chinese mainland, you would share not only the old Master's concern but occasionally his tears. For your country, no less than many other nations, is late, so very late in believing in the wisdom of the Master. As in the days of Confucius when the dukes and the lords fought for power, so governments and war lords are fighting for power in your time. And as the people 2500 years ago were reluctant to adopt his teachings, even though his teachings had worked when sincerely tried, so today they are still being rejected of men.

The "gospel" of Master K'ung did work indeed. It worked so well for a short time in the state of Lu that people said, "We have seen what paradise is like." In that brief Confucian period, love was really love and justice was really just. There was a saying that theft ceased to exist among the people because it had been removed from people's hearts. An era of trust and mutual faith had been ushered in. The good of one was premised on the good of all. Anything lost on the highways was restored, and any wrong was righted because gentlemanliness was man's richest prize. In those days Confucius said, "The superior man understands what is right; the inferior man understands what will sell."

The Utopia did not last. The Prince of Lu, in whose employ Confucius served, fell from grace. It happened that the neighboring state of Ch'i, concerned that a miracle in morals had taken place in Lu and fearing that its people would soon be moving to the 'land of Confucius,' set out to prove that all states are vulnerable. The Baron of Ch'i sent a harem of beautiful dancing girls as a gift to the Prince of Lu. In due time, despite all efforts on the part of Master Fung, the Prince was neglecting his observances of both "state and church." "I have never yet," said Confucius, "found anyone whose desire to build up his moral power was as strong as his sexual desire." So saying, he resigned and, for a time, left the state.

"Government," he declared, "consists of the correct

choice of officials. One must elevate the just men so that they can exert pressure upon crooked men, for in this way the crooked may be made straight." But he saw that the crooked again had become crooked because the straight had become crooked. And the old sage demurred that the saddest thing about the world is the fact that "virtue is not cultivated, that knowledge is not made clear, that people hear of duty and do not practice it, that those who know they are evil do nothing to improve themselves."

"A gentleman," he concluded, "is one who is at least troubled by his shortcomings."

You hazard the guess that these were some of the things that Confucius thought about as he sat in the shadows awaiting his final guest, looking back over the years of his life. And you wonder again what his thoughts would be if he were walking your nation's streets today.

His sovereign sayings hint at an answer, "From life to death is man's reach," he said, which seemed to infer that there is nothing which a man cannot conquer if he will but conquer himself.

"What is wisdom?" he had asked, and then had answered his own question by saying, "It is to know mankind. And what is love? It is to love mankind."

How shall one meet the inevitable? "Wade the deep places, lift your robe through the shallows."

And if that is not enough, then, "Keep your will on the Way of Heaven, lean on the mind, rest in love, and move in art."

"But, Master," you say, "now that you must die, what do you think? Do you believe that you will live again in a life to come?" And you remember how Confucius said, "We do not yet know about this life. How then can we know about death?"

And so he died, as a gentleman, attended only by a grandson and several of his disciples, chief among whom was Tze

K'ung. They performed the solemn rites and buried him on the bank of the River Szu. Ironically it was the Duke of Lu who was anything but a gentleman who ordered that a song of mourning be composed in which he said, "Merciful Heaven, surely thou hast no compassion upon me, for thou hast not left me the one aged man fitted to protect me, the Unique One, during the period of my rule. Full of mourning am I in my pain. O woe! Father *Ni!* Now I no longer have anyone who can serve me as a model!"

If the old Master heard the song, he no doubt shook his head and said, "Why are you so late?"

The Confucianism of Confucius

Had you been born a Confucianist, you would realize that the institutionalized form of your religion is closely interrelated with the destiny of your country. So are the other traditional religions in China: Taoism and Buddhism. There are also some 50,000,000 followers of Islam and approximately 4,000,000 Christians, mostly Roman Catholic, but since the advent of the Communist regime (1949) foreign religions and foreign missionaries have no longer been tolerated.

You are often bewildered as you seek to appraise the Chinese religious scene. You are permitted to maintain your home altar where a small table inscribed with the name of Confucius holds a prominent place and where you observe the amenities of meditating on the good life. You may also worship at the ancestral shrines where the soul tablets of older generations are preserved and you may honor the individual graves with your sacrifices. *In many homes, a tablet on the altar depicts in artistic ideograms: Heaven, Earthy the Rulers, Ancestors and Confucius.* You may worship here or you may go to the temples if you wish, but you know that the consensus of government officials is against such practices. Communism opposes any and all religions, philosophy, or ideology which

are not in conformity with Marxist views.

Open opposition to Confucianism is demonstrated by your Communist leaders in many ways. The printing and the distribution of *The Five Classics* and *The Four Books* have not been ordered stopped. Atheistic teaching has not succeeded in subverting the immortal sage or reducing his teaching to folk tradition. Confucius is treated by the Communists as an historical figure important in Chinese history. Wherever his teachings agree with Marxist views, his teachings are endorsed. But the spearhead of opposition is the creeping propaganda which is directed against all religions in an attempt to persuade men that religious idealism and religious practices are a sign of immaturity and that respect for spiritual traditions is wasteful superstition.

Determined to make an objective evaluation of Confucianism's true merits, you are being driven more and more to an investigation of the intrinsic value which it embodies for you and your world. You wish to discover with absolute certainty what there is in Master K'ung that, under the pressure of modern circumstances, you will be willing to live for and if necessary, die for. You wish to be fully convinced of its truth. Your faith, assaulted by a dynamic, authoritarian force, is on trial and you know that if it is to endure, it must recover an equally vital dynamism within itself.

You do not find this dynamism in the temples or even in the Confucian cult which perpetuates the ceremonials; neither do you find it in the outward forms or in the emotionalism with which some adherents approach the faith. All such expressions, you feel, are vulnerable and could be submerged by a powerful secular state. What can never be conquered, however, is the "Confucianism of Confucius" by which is meant the understanding of Human nature in its relationship to divine nature, a concept so ancient and so deep-rooted that it represents the very essence of your people's life and thought.

It often seems to you that Confucianism in this sense might profit from the threat of communism by putting its house in order. For Confucianism, as a temple cult, had fallen into a sterile formalism long before Marxism unfurled its red flag over your republic. Many Confucian temples were in disrepair and in disrepute generations before Communism came. They had become little more than museum attractions. Rituals had been neglected, precepts were ignored and the way of gentlemanliness was ridiculed, as the ghost of an unrealistic past.

Now, however, under the harsh intrusion of a regimented rule, a rule which reaches down into every ancestral home to disintegrate that home and into every individual life to dominate that life, thoughtful people are becoming introspective and are re-examining the depth and sincerity of their old beliefs. They are searching not only for the meaning of existence, but are relating this meaning to the divine wisdom of their neglected sages, particularly the wisdom of Master K'ung.

You, like others of your faith, looking back into the past, hoping to find a way for the future, realize that more than 3000 years before Confucius, your ancient mentors speculated that life has purpose inherent in itself and interconnected with powers beyond itself. Man's recognition of this union was considered a decisive factor in the development of the individual. One of the earliest of the sages, Yu, who lived in 2000 B.C., said, "Follow what is right and you will be fortunate; do not follow it and you will be unfortunate; the results of life are but the shadows and echoes of your acts." The holy Tang, an equally ancient seer, declared, "It is Heaven's way to bless the good and to bring calamity to the evil."

Confucius, the spiritual protege of such men, became the Master who formulated these concepts into a philosophy which fulfilled the needs of a people who were innately

questing by nature. His religion encouraged man's search for dignity, man's search for the highest possible social order and man's determination to come to terms with the universe which is his "cradle and his grave." Confucius, motivated by the conviction that each individual is dependent upon the other and that all are dependent upon Heaven, came with the simplest of all messages a message built upon a single word, *jen*: a synonym for all that is good. It was *jen* that Confucius saw as the secret and elusive ingredient which transforms men and gives rise to a new-born social order. The manifestation of *jen* in the individual projected itself into society as universal virtue or *li*. *Li* is many things; it is ritual, it is protocol, it is a rod that means "give room to others." According to the Master, *jen* was perfect manhood, *li* the perfect social consciousness.

Jen and *li*, like the hypothetical sages whom Confucius dramatized in his illustrious sayings, are conceivable but perhaps unrealizable ideals. Like the ancient zodiacal light, seen fleetingly in the west at twilight and in the east before dawn, *jen* and *li* might be, for most men, no more than a mirage of goodness, but for Confucius they were real. *Jen* was the logos of the gospel he preached and the life he lived; *li* was the "holy spirit" of his teaching in the world.

When you are sensitive to the needs of others, that is *jen*. When you are good in a world that is evil, that is *jen*. When you are honest at a time when it would seem to be expedient to be dishonest, that is *jen*. Whenever you seek to realize your highest nature, that is *jen*.

When you do not raise yourself above your fellowmen or lower yourself because of them, when you walk without pride in your achievements and without remorse because of your limitations, that is *jen*. *Jen* is the heart and soul of gentlemanliness; *li* is the spirit of gentlemanliness universalized.

The Master said, "A gentleman takes as much trouble to discover what is right as lesser men take to discover what is

profitable."

"In the presence of a good man, think of how you may learn to equal him. In the presence of a bad man, turn your gaze within."

"A gentleman in his dealings with the world has neither enmities nor affections. Wherever he sees the Right, he seeks to identify himself with it."

"The demands that a gentleman makes are upon himself; those that a small man makes are upon others."

"Clever talk and a pretentious manner are seldom found in *jen."*

"The gentleman is one who takes the right as his material, and ritual as his guide in putting into practice what is right"

"In private life, courteous; in public life, diligent; in relationships, loyal." That is *jen.*

The harmonization of our moral being with the universe; that is *li.*

Although Confucius made no reference to a personal God, he did teach about the over-ruling *Tien,* the immutable force to which men and society are subject. Reluctant to discuss the possibility of man's immortality, he, nonetheless, endorsed the ancient and noble tradition of ancestor worship. Deprecating the need for prayers, he never ceased to urge himself and others to live every moment as though Heaven were watching. Heaven to him, as to all Chinese, was but another name for *Tien* or God. Thus, religion for Confucius embraced philosophy and philosophy embraced religion, and as you review the Confucianism of Confucius, one thing remains clear: the person who dedicates himself to goodness finds his place in life and fills it, and by so doing he fulfills himself.

The Disciples of Confucianism

As the ancient sages linked Confucius with the historic past, so the Master's disciples formed a living bridge between

his era and the present. This "apostolic succession" began in earnest when his disciples came to pay their respects at his grave on the bank of the River Szu in the state of Chow. They observed the traditional three years (twenty-seven months) of mourning, and the Duke of Chow offered cattle and sheep sacrifices, as was the custom.

Tze K'ung dramatized his personal grief by building a hut near his master's grave and living there for the remaining six years of his life. Following his example, almost a hundred other admirers of Master K'ung did the same, some building shelters large enough to house their families. A village called K'ung-lin grew up, a ceremonial hall was dedicated, and Confucianism rapidly became a cult

Meanwhile, the disciples became masters in their own right, reinterpreting, redefining and all too frequently, paraphrasing and altering the words of Confucius to fit their personal and preconceived ideas. Every step hastened their Master's apotheosis. His writings were canonized and his legends became the basis for divinations. His death day was made a time for rituals and sacrifices, and his birthday a holiday marked with ceremonial extravaganzas. Temples, shrines and halls of learning rose across the land and as was bound to happen, sects sprang tip, each claiming omniscience in interpreting the Master's will.

Among the votaries none was more like Confucius than his disciple, Men Tzu (Mencius), although he lived only thirty-nine short years (371-289 B.C.), he made his life an imitation of his Master's in both thought and deed. Like Confucius, Mencius stressed the quality of *jen* as the hallmark of true manhood and of *li* as the credential of an acceptable social order. To *jen* and *li*, he added "righteousness" as the supreme virtue of the Way, and the belief that man himself is a symbol of the universe. Like Confucius, he immortalized the ancient seers and with them as his models, he, too, traveled from state to state as Confucius had done, trying to persuade

rulers to try the great experiment: the governed will reflect the conduct of their governors. "Goodness," said Mencius, speaking as Master K'ung had done, "must have its source in the rulers themselves. If not, where will the people go for their contemporary examples?"

He was no more successful than Confucius had been in changing the rulers' attitudes, and eventually he confined himself to the task of enshrining *jen* and *li* in his disciples. In this he seemed to excel. Those who made up the Mencius school became, for a time, the true Confucianists and after Mencius died, he was mourned and revered even as Confucius had been. His disciples, too, compiled his sayings with affection. They became teachers in their own right and developed, as Mencius had suggested, schools of meditation.

Then the elements of Yang and Yin, the positive and negative forces in the universe, became identified with Confucianism, giving it a cosmological emphasis. Later, nee-Confucianism made the role of reason ever more important in the growing tenets of the faith and more schools of thought arose. Neo-Confucianism had its disciples in such scholars as the statesman saint, Wang An-shih (1021-1086), the idealist Ch'eng Yi (1033-1108), the reformer Chu Hsi (1130-1200), the mystic Lu Chiu-yuan (1139-1193) and others. Meanwhile, a new gospel of eclecticism sprang up within the movement, bringing an ever greater amalgamation of Taoism, Confucianism and Buddhism into evidence. Often such an approach, hailed as a religion for the masses, spread itself so thin that it drifted into nothingness or everythingness, depending upon the point of view.

Master K'ung would hardly recognize his teaching or his disciplines were he to return to the "New China." He would not only find his teachings encrusted with a rigorous theology and his simple sayings coldly encased in complex rituals, he would see that superstition, legend and mythology are intermingled with a critical rationalism in a hard-to-identify

approach to faith. Most of all, he would discover that in the religion called by his name, the goal is to worship the messenger instead of seeking to live his message.

Witnessing Communism's advent, he would, no doubt, feel, as you often do, that perhaps Marxism is the nemesis in China's religious history and that a living faith is desperately needed if a people are to survive.

To Be Remembered Is to Be Immortal

Confucius is the example. When you see your old way of life slowly disintegrating under a new political and social order, you turn with thoughtful sincerity to your immortal sage. You find him beside you in every emergency and in every new, forbidding crisis. Riding in his bullock cart, he is with you as you walk searchingly through the loneliness of crowded city streets.

He lives in your heart as the realist: "I do not expect to find a saint today, but if I find a gentleman I shall be quite content."

…as the humanist: "They who know the truth are not equal to those who love It, and they who love It are not equal to those who delight In It."

…as the counselor: "In the presence of a good man, think of how you may learn to equal him. In the presence of a bad man, turn your gaze within."

…as the mentor: "If I were to select one phrase to cover all my instructions, It would be, 'Let there be no evil in your thoughts.'"

…as the balanced man, "To exceed is as bad as not to reach."

…as the mystic, "One should sacrifice to a spirit as though the spirit were present."

…as the statesman, "If you govern the people by regulations and keep order among them by chastisements, they will flee from you and lose all self-respect Govern them

by moral force, keep order among them by ritual, and they will keep their self-respect and come to you of their own accord."

…as the man of insight, "In old days men studied for the sake of self-improvement; nowadays men study in order to impress other people."

…as the perfect sage, "Without goodness a man cannot for long endure adversity, nor can he for long enjoy prosperity."

You loved him for his sense of humor, "There is no need to think thrice before acting. Twice is quite enough."

You knew him as one who was ever sensitive of others. It is said that when, at a meal, he found himself seated next to someone who was in mourning, he did not eat his fill, and that when he wept at a funeral, during the rest of the day, he would not sing. It was told how he would fish only with a line but never with a net, and that when he went hunting he would never aim at a roosting bird.

You feel about Confucius as Yen Hui must have felt when he said, "The more I strain my gaze up towards the Master's moral character, the higher it soars. The deeper I bore down into it, the harder it becomes. If I see it in front of me, suddenly it is behind. Step by step the Master lures me on. He has broadened me with culture and restrained me with ritual. Even if I wanted to stop, I could not. Just when I think that I have exhausted every resource, something seems to rise up, standing out sharp and clear. Yet though I long to pursue it, I can find no way of getting to it at all."

Confucius and your country continually merge in your mind. They are so intricately related, so equally loved that to lose one is to be deprived of both. Only if you *live* Confucianism, you tell yourself, can you pay your debt to Master K'ung and to the China he so dearly loved. You are embroiled in a great conflict, this battle between his China and your China, between freedom and force, between faith

and fear. But where, better than in your land, should these lines be drawn and these issues decided? Could it be that Master K'ung had something like this in mind when he said, "New rulers never come to a land but by Heaven's decree?"

Could he have meant that rulers come not always to bless but sometimes to purge? Could he have known that in the purging, the man of true gentlemanliness might rediscover himself, amend his ways, and turn once more for strength and truth to God? And if man does do that, what then? Will Heaven rush to his aid, and somehow, in a way not known or seen by ordinary men, project its power in such a way that goodness itself will triumph though all has seemed as lost?

Such would be your thoughts had you been born a Confucianist and were you living in the China of today.

Buddha

(Asia-India)

About five hundred years before the birth of Christ a mighty king reigned in India over the land of the Sakyas, from which the snowy tops of the Himalaya Mountains could be seen. His name was Suddhodana and he had two wives called Maya and Pajapati; but for a long time they bore him no children, and the King despaired of having an heir to his throne. Then Queen Maya bore a son and after he was born, the legends tell us, she had a dream in which she saw a great multitude of people bowing to her in worship. Wise men were summoned to interpret the dream, and they told her that the King's son, so golden in color and so well formed, was destined for greatness as surely as rivers ran to the sea — that he would become either a mighty conqueror who would subdue all the people of the earth, or a holy saint, a "Buddha" (the word for one enlightened) who would have more power over the minds of men than the mightiest conqueror could gain over their bodies.

All this was confirmed in the minds of the wise men on account of the wonderful portents that took place at the birth of the child: flowers bloomed in barren places and springs gushed from dry rock on the day when the Prince was born. He was named by the King, "Siddartha," — a word meaning one who always succeeds in what he undertakes — and because of the portents at his birth the King himself bowed down to his own son and did him homage.

Now the King desired greatly that the first of the two prophecies should come to pass. He wished the Prince to be a conqueror, not a Buddha, and extend the power of the Sakyas

by the sword through every part of the world. And he did everything in his power to bring this end about and to weaken the possibility that his son should ever be a holy man.

When the child was still very young a further prophecy was made to the King — namely that the Prince would only become a Buddha after he had seen four common sights which for him would be four omens — an old man, a sick man, a dead man and a holy man in the yellow robe of a beggar. Then and then only, said the prophecy, the Prince would leave his country; furthermore, if he remained at home for a certain length of time he would never leave at all, but would turn all his attention to the art of war, and his armies would sweep over the face of the earth like a devouring flame.

The King summoned his counsellors. He commanded them to make sure that no sick men or old men, no funeral escorts or beggars should ever be allowed on the streets of the city when the Prince was passing. All ugly sights were to be kept from him; he was to be surrounded with such pleasures and such beauties that he would never desire to leave his home; he was to know nothing of the meaning of death; poverty was to be hidden; suffering and sorrow of all sorts were to be concealed in his presence. In these ways, thought the King, any desire to be a priest would be stifled in the Prince, and he would at last become a mighty conqueror as the prophecy had foretold.

In pleasure and luxury, surrounded by beautiful attendants, fed on the most delicious viands, hearing no sounds save music, laughter and the voices of delight, Prince Siddartha passed his boyhood. The King allowed him to study under wise men (who taught him only the most carefully prepared lessons), and it was notable that he easily learned all that was imparted to him and in a short time appeared to be wiser than his instructors. It was notable too that he possessed extraordinary skill at arms, for the King sent to him also the keenest archers and the mightiest swordsmen in his

dominions, to teach him the art of war. These men whispered to each other that no more terrible warrior had ever been born than Siddartha, who soon was more than a match for the best of them and whose strength in comparison with theirs was as three to one.

When a young man the Prince was married to his cousin Yasodhara. His mother had died in his earliest childhood, but that sad event took place too early for him to remember. Now he was happy in the possession of the most beautiful wife in all his father's dominions, for Yasodhara had been chosen for him on account of her great loveliness as well as for her sunny and gracious nature. Truly in all the history of the world no son of fortune had more in the way of love, treasure, beauty, and all things that make for happiness than the blessed Prince Siddartha!

Up to his twenty-ninth year no sorrowful sight had come before his eyes, and he knew nothing of Death, Sickness or Old Age. Then, however, he stepped into his chariot one day to visit the pleasure grounds of the city, and on his way thither an old man ran across the street and fell in front of the horses and barely escaped death. Siddartha was startled at the sunken eyes, the wrinkled yellow cheeks and the gray locks of an old man, and turning to his attendant asked him what terrible misfortune had brought such a fate upon a fellow creature. And the attendant, inspired, we are told, by Heavenly spirits, said to the Prince that what he had seen was nothing but old age and the lot of all men — a lot to which he himself and the Prince with him must surely come in time.

Sadly the Prince rode back to the Palace with his appetite for pleasure spoiled for the day, and when his father heard what had taken place he was greatly alarmed, for the first of the omens had now been fulfilled.

It was not long before Siddartha looked also on Sickness. Try as he might the King could not keep sorrowful sights from the eyes of his son any longer. One day as the Prince went out

behind his splendid horses, a man, writhing in the agony of disease, lay by the roadside, and the Prince was told that he suffered from some complaint of the body such as all men are heir to. And again he returned to the Palace more sad at heart than on the occasion when he had seen Old Age.

When the Prince next went to drive in his chariot another terrible sight met his eyes. He beheld a still form carried upon a bier and asked his companion what it might be. He was told that he was now in the presence of Death, who came at last for all men, cutting them off from their friends and relatives and bearing them away, none knew whither. And the Prince returned to the Palace in deeper sadness than ever. Of what worth were all the joys that surrounded him if they were to be taken from him after he had learned to love them, and how might a man take pleasure in Love and Life if these were to be snatched away as soon as he had grown to realize their full value? The Prince could no longer take delight in the pleasures that surrounded him, or even in the love of his wife, who was about to bear him a child. And he was sick at heart with the fear that he would lose the things that he loved.

When the King heard that three of the four omens had been fulfilled, he trembled with apprehension and stationed guards at all the city gates to intercept the Prince should he fly from home; for now that the prophecy had so far been fulfilled the King was sure it would soon be completed. Nevertheless he sent his soldiers to scour the streets for beggars and holy men and drive them away from the city.

Only a few days afterward, the Prince again went forth in his chariot just as a beggar in yellow robes approached the walls. There was an expression of great peace upon the beggar's countenance, and he seemed far happier than the Prince himself. Siddartha asked the attendant who the man might be and what he did, and he received the reply that the stranger was a priest and sought happiness through giving up all the joys of the earth and begging his bread from door to door

— and it seemed to the Prince as though a great light had suddenly burst through the clouds of his unhappiness, and he knew that he too must give up his palace and his pleasures, his wife and his future child and fare forth as a priest. Surely, thought the Prince, all the things that he enjoyed were no better than wraiths of mist that rose from the river in the morning, since like the mist they were forever changing, and must surely be terminated in sickness, old age or death itself; and he resolved to search for things more lasting than the happiness and pleasure of his youth.

He also resolved to leave his kingdom and become a beggar in a foreign land, attempting to find through fasting and contemplation the truth that must lie behind the changing forms of life, for he knew well that there must be some deep cause for all the things that he had witnessed and some impelling force behind the universe. Otherwise the whole earth and all that was in it and all things that breathed upon its bosom would be idle and wicked delusions. And the Prince knew too that in him lay the power to discover the truth if he should search for it diligently and give his whole heart and mind to this one purpose.

Just then a messenger came to him telling him that his wife had borne him a son. On hearing this the Prince cried out that he wished it were otherwise, for his new-born son would be a hindrance to his design and an added bond that he must tear from his heart before he could go away.

That night, however, when all lay sleeping the Prince and one faithful servant made their way secretly from the Palace. It had strangely come to pass, perchance through the work of spirits, that all the guards at the Palace and the city gates were asleep, and the two went forth unhindered, riding on horseback; and they spurred their horses to the utmost so when the morning came they would be far away. Then the Prince gave his attendant, who was named Channa, all the money and jewels that he possessed and told him to return to the Palace

and tell the King that he, the Prince, had gone forth in search of enlightenment and would someday become a Buddha.

When Channa departed, the Prince gave his fine clothes to a beggar who was passing and took in return the beggar's faded yellow robe, and he, who had been used to all the luxuries of the Court, went from door to door begging his food and eating the bitter bread of poverty.

He crossed the river called the Ganges and came at last to a city named Rajagha. And here he soon attracted attention because his appearance and mien were so noble that even his coarse clothes and his new way of life could not disguise him. He called himself a prince no longer, but instead took the name of Gotama, this being one of the names of the family from which he sprang.

In course of time the King of the new country where the Prince was begging his bread and meditating on Life and Death desired to see the holy man of whom he had heard much talk, and he offered the Prince lands and riches. But the Prince told him that he had already laid aside far greater riches than these, and that nothing in life mattered to him except his quest for the truth, which one day he would surely find. And the King, whose name was Bimbasari, asked him when he had found the truth to return and teach it to the people of his country — and this the Prince promised to do.

For a long time the Prince lived in a cave not far from Rajagha and studied the faith of India as it was then taught, but his studies brought him no nearer to gaining the truth. So he went into the wilderness, where, he believed, fasting and meditation might bring him the things he sought.

He traveled southward for many miles and entered the very heart of the great Indian jungle, teeming with poisonous snakes and filled with savage beasts. Here he prayed and fasted, seeking enlightenment; and he carried out his fasts with such severity that he nearly died as a result of them.

While in the jungle the Prince met five other holy men

who were so much impressed with his fasts and his thoughtful demeanor that they became his disciples. But when he ceased to fast because he did not come any nearer the truth by going hungry, these disciples left him, believing that he had strayed from the path of the truth and never would gain the enlightenment he sought.

After several years the Prince left the jungle and commenced traveling through the country, begging his food wherever he happened to be. And now he was close to gaining the vision that he so greatly desired, for without his knowledge his years of thought and of self-denial had borne their fruit.

One day, bitterly discouraged, and heartsick with his many failures and temptations, he seated himself beneath a peepul tree with the firm resolve that he would not stir from the spot until he gained the truth that he sought. And while he sat there, the legends tell us, he was assailed by all the powers of darkness and evil, and devils crowded upon him so thickly that they darkened the sky and threw all Nature into convulsions in which the earth shook and the air was filled with thunder. All night the Prince sat motionless and all through the night the evil forces strove to turn him from the truth that they knew he was about to achieve. In the morning they departed, and the Prince as he sat, saw flowers spring up and blossom all around him with miraculous swiftness. The air seemed purer than ever before, the sun was wonderfully bright and a peaceful serenity seemed to enfold the entire earth. And when night came and the stars awoke, the truth for which the Prince had been seeking flowed into his soul. He had indeed become a Buddha.

Gone were the temptations and the sorrows in a divine peace — a peace that became the reward of all disciples of the religion that he founded. This peace was called by him Nirvana and his disciples say he is the only man who attained it in his lifetime, for Nirvana is supposed to come only to the spirits of the dead, who have purified themselves not in one

life, but in many. In Buddha's belief (for as Buddha we shall now know him), human beings live many times and receive the reward or the punishment of past existences in those that follow. This belief is known as "the transmigration of souls." It is the foundation of the faith of Buddha which is believed in today by millions of persons in India and China, as well as in other countries.

In the truth that Buddha had acquired he learned many things. Chief of them, as he believed, are four great facts of life and nature from which the soul cannot escape — that there will always be sorrow and suffering in the world; that these are caused by clinging to things that are always changing or dying; that the only way to obtain peace is to renounce these things and care for them no longer; and that the only way to live is to walk in the paths of righteousness, honesty, virtue, and to believe in the Buddhist faith.

Buddha also believed that animals have souls just as men do, and that by some good action these animal souls become the souls of men. Then the souls go through many existences. If they are righteous they approach the peace of Nirvana, which is attainable only when they are entirely purified; if they are unrighteous they are cast down again into lower forms of life and once more have to struggle upward toward the truth. There is no escape from the consequences of sin in the Buddhist faith. Just so certainly as a man sins he will be punished for it — if not in this life in the next one — and if his sin is sufficiently deadly he will lose again the form of a man and return to the shape of a snake or a lizard to expiate his wickedness through countless generations.

Heaven and Hell have a place in the belief of Buddha also. They are different from the Heaven and Hell that Christians know because in the Buddhist religion they are only temporary abodes for the spirit between its many existences on earth.

When his new faith had come to him, Buddha left the

jungle to preach it to mankind. On his way he met the five disciples that had deserted him and he told them that the truth had indeed come to him and that he was now a Buddha. After they heard him preach they were converted, and after three months the number of Buddha's disciples had increased to sixty, who, like himself, gave all their worldly possessions to assume the garments of beggars and ask for their bread from door to door.

Buddha then told his disciples that they must go in different directions and teach all that desired to learn. He himself went back to Rajagha where King Bimbasara, who desired to know the truth, was living. And he preached to King Bimbasara and converted him, and the King presented Buddha with a bamboo grove in which he might hold his assemblies and preach to the many thousands that now came to hear his sermons.

The fame of Buddha's teachings soon reached his native city and his father, the old King Suddhodana, yearned to see the son who might have been a great conqueror but who had chosen to be one of the most enlightened teachers that the world has ever seen. So he sent a retinue to greet Buddha and ask him to return to his native city. One thousand men went forth upon this errand, but none returned, for all were converted by Buddha and remained to listen to his teachings and then to spread the faith themselves. Then King Suddhodana sent another thousand, and these too remained with Buddha. At last, however, he sent one messenger, the same Channa who had accompanied the Prince when he left the city, and the faithful Channa bore the message to Buddha.

Buddha decided to visit his father and see his family once more, for he desired to bring the faith to the land of the Sakyas. With thousands of his followers accompanying him he went to the royal city and met his father without the walls. And the father's heart was heavy to see how the son had changed, for Buddha was no longer young, strong and

handsome, but wrinkled and emaciated, with gray hair and a bent figure from the hardships he had endured in many years of wandering and preaching.

Buddha would not enter the city of his countrymen but preached in a banyan grove without the walls. And when he preached he converted many of his former friends and relatives. His wife whom he had deserted and who had grieved for him ever since, gained happiness once more, for she too, became converted to the Buddhist faith, and entered the Buddhist sisterhood, becoming a nun. Even the King himself was finally converted by Buddha's teaching, and we are told that he too entered the faith and became a disciple. The son that Buddha had only seen once when a day old became a disciple also, and, when he had mastered the teachings of Buddhism, was made a monk in the Buddhist order.

Buddha lived to be eighty years old and all the rest of his life was spent in traveling through the world and preaching the faith wherever he went. The land that he visited most frequently lay on both sides of the river Ganges and for thousands of years has been called the Buddhist Holy Land. Wise men of all ages have believed in the faith as he taught it, and even today and in modern European nations there are those that profess to be of the Buddhist faith.

The order of monks that was founded by Buddha is the oldest existing religious order in the world. For nearly two thousand five hundred years these monks have practised renunciation and high thinking and have worn the yellow robes of the holy man and the beggar.

Many tales and legends sprang up concerning Buddha even in his lifetime. In fact it is only through legends that we know he was ever a Prince at all. He had a marvelous faculty for controlling the anger of wild beasts and once tamed an elephant that had killed many people, simply by speaking to it in a quiet tone, at which the great animal, which had been raging through the streets of Rajagha, followed him like a dog.

A tale of his great wisdom that is still told by his disciples, is of a woman who had lost her child through Death and who came before Buddha maddened with grief, begging him to bring the child back to life or at least to provide some comfort from the sorrow that tortured her. And Buddha told her to get mustard seed from a house that Death had never visited and when she had done so to bring it to him and he would bring the child back to life.

The poor woman went from door to door asking if Death had visited there, and in every home the answer was "yes!" Nowhere could she find a house that was free from the blight of Death. Then the woman saw that the only happiness lay in renouncing the ties that bound her to other human beings and in seeking the peace of Nirvana, for Buddha had taken this way of teaching her that Death is the common lot of all; and she entered the Buddhist sisterhood and found there the happiness that she sought.

Buddha was supposed to have lived many times and there are many tales of his deeds in previous lives. Some of them tell of happenings when he was an animal and how he finally acquired the human form. Others tell of his good deeds when his spirit had entered the human body but was not yet ennobled sufficiently to become a Buddha.

There are hundreds of such tales in the Buddhist faith. Some deal with Buddha himself; some with his disciples. In all the stories, however, the virtue of self-sacrifice and of renunciation is strongly painted. It is the cornerstone of the Buddhist religion.

When Buddha grew very old he called his disciples around him and enjoined them to preach the faith after he had passed away for he knew that at last the hand of Death was near. He died in a little town in the depths of the jungle, and heavenly music sounded and the trees burst into blossom as his spirit passed away. He was given a funeral with all the honor due to a mighty king and after his body was burned, eight cities

requested a share of his ashes. These were placed in eight great tombs, and the ruins can be seen to the present day.

After the death of Buddha the religion that he preached rapidly spread through Asia. Today it is taught in very different forms in different countries, and the Buddhism of Thibet in China has many elaborate ceremonies attached to it that the Buddhism of India lacks completely. Unlike most of the great religions of the world, Buddhism has never been spread by the sword, but has crept into the minds of men through its own power. And everywhere it is granted that Buddha was a great man and a great teacher, and that many of the principles he taught are second only to those included in the Christian faith.

Had You Been Born a Buddhist

(Asia-India)

Had you been born a Buddhist, you would realize that your religion has unusual world importance, not only spiritually, but as a social force throughout Asia, India, China, Ceylon and Japan. It has also been introduced into America where its temples have been built in metropolitan centers, particularly on the East and West coasts. Of the 200,000,000 Buddhists in the world, some 85,000 are in the United States.

You would be the first to admit that Buddhism in America is different from Buddhism in Asia, that Buddhism in China is different from Buddhism in India, and that all-in-all your religion represents a maze of contrasts. But you would contend that all of the sects and groups in your religion in the various countries are linked together by a universally accepted "creed," You call it:

Belief in the Three Refuges

Throughout the realm of Buddhism, all of your people are united in this belief when they say, *"I take refuge in the Buddha; I take refuge in the Dharma; I take refuge in the Sangha."*

What are these Three Refuges? The first, of course is the Budda, the founder of your faith. He was an inspired teacher who lived some six hundred years before the birth of Christ. *When you say that you take refuge in him you not only mean the Buddha as a man, but you mean as well that the Buddha is a spirit and a consciousness, a state of mind and being.* For "Buddha" is a title meaning enlightenment or awakening. "I take refuge in the Buddha," means that you are confident that the enlightenment which was the Buddha's will guide you and help you

in all your needs. You mean that you are identified with the creative source and power of the universe.

When you say, "I take refuge in the Dharma," you mean that you are trusting completely in the teachings and promises which the Buddha revealed. You mean that you are prepared to practice what he proclaimed and to demonstrate what he declared. You mean that the path of truth which he walked, the righteousness he revealed, the salvation or destiny which he promised are provable and real. Dharma is a process which, like the Hindu Karma, is based on an immutable law. It is faith in the law of cause and effect; faith in the universal principles which can be trusted as the basis of justice and love. *When you affirm that you take refuge in Dharma, you are saying that no matter what happens, no matter how unfair, unjust, or unreasonable life's circumstances may appear to be on the surface, you are determined to trust the unseen, sub-surface power that governs the universe and guides the world.*

The third Refuge, Sangha, means fellowship or communion. Specifically, it refers to the order of monks and disciples founded by the Buddha himself. But it means something more. *When you say, "I take refuge in the Sangha," you are testifying that there is a mystical fellowship of believers who are links in a chain of brotherhood and understanding.* Both the seen and the unseen congregation are bound together by the spirit of the Buddha. Sangha is that spiritual community whose influence molds and directs the destiny of men. When men worship together a power is generated, that is Sangha. When devoted followers of the Buddha, bound together by the quest for Buddha-hood, do the Buddha's will and follow his teaching, one here, another there, unknown to one another, unseen by one another, that is Sangha. When you begin your worship, kneeling or sitting before the little shrine in your home, the first words you whisper as an invocation are, "I take refuge in the Buddha; I take refuge in the Dharma; I take refuge in the Sangha." As you fix your eyes on the statue of

the Buddha and breathe in the incense which reminds you of his teaching, you sense the Three Refuges. But when you intone your *dharanis* or *mantras* (words and syllables from the Sutras or holy writings), when you lay a flower on the shrine and see in it the hoped-for perfection of your own life, that is when you express the Three Refuges in your heart.

The World of Buddhism

Often, when you have finished your meditation, you remain for a long time before the shrine and your mind reaches out to Buddhists everywhere. Your meditation on the Three Refuges brings the heterogeneous groups into a unified Buddhistic world. It is a colorful and dramatic world. It includes barefoot monks in saffron robes, who shuffle thoughtfully through ancient streets, carrying their clay bowls which are sometimes called "begging bowls." Many loyal Buddhists would not think of eating their first meal of the day without placing a token of food in a holy man's bowl. It is their acknowledgement of gratitude, their "grace before meals." This is Buddhism.

It includes thousands of other monks, also saffron clad. Monks called *phongyis* or *bhikkus* or *bonzis*, move among the people, live the life of religious men, reside in monasteries, teach in schools and do social service. Their shaved heads signify humility and discipline. They live by rules called the Vinaya, which bind them to a life of austerity. You see them bent over ancient texts, Pali texts, deciphering and interpreting age-old Sutras. You hear a scholar say, "Greatest of all is the Lotus-Sutra, for it teaches the way of salvation." And another answers, "Surely the Pajnaparamita Sutras are greatest because they teach the true meaning of self." This is Buddhism.

You envision temples such as no other religion in the world can claim. In Rangoon, Burma, stands the Shwe Dagon whose forest of shimmering spires is covered with pure gold.

Often, when a Buddhist dies, a loved one honors the departed by spreading a bit of gold leaf over one small section of these mighty towers, or a devoted follower shows his gratitude for some blessing received by performing such an act inch by inch, through hundreds of years, the patient, loving hands of worshipers have covered the massive pillars of the Shwe Dagon with imperishable gold. You remember the towering solid gold statue of the Buddha in Bangkok's Wat Bovomives monastery. You see again the giant, awe-inspiring figure of the Buddha in Kamakura, Japan and the unbelievably intricate carvings of the reclining Buddha in the Ajanta Caves in central India. You visualize the indescribably beautiful temples in Ceylon. All this is Buddhism.

As you sit before your shrine you are part of it, part of the monastic life, the teachings, the temples. You are part of the threefold belief: the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha. Over and over you tell yourself, "Buddhism is not divided! It is one invincible faith founded on the Three Refuges."

Lamaism-The Buddhism of Tibet

Had you been born a Buddhist, you would know that, among non-Buddhists, there is great misunderstanding and misinformation about your religion. Take, for example, Buddhism in Tibet. For more than a thousand years, Tibetan Buddhism has been a mystery shrouded in the awesome mists of the Himalayas, romanticized by writers and glamorized by weird tales filtering through forbidden monastery walls. Out of Tibet came stories about prayer wheels endlessly turning, of haunting Tibetan horns continually being blown to frighten away evil spirits and of temple gongs eternally echoing in shadowy rooms plated with gold. When people talked to you about your religion, they wanted to know about Tibet. Was it true that there were oracles and soothsayers there who could look into the future? Were there, high up in that fabulous spiritual retreat, strange monks who could leave their bodies

and magically span the earth? What could you reply? Like most members of your faith, you were reluctant to say just what some Buddhist adepts could achieve during periods of meditation. Strange and wonderful things did happen in Buddhism and no one had ever exhausted the full power of the mind or the mystery inherent in deep meditation, Tibet was a mystery, even to you, but it was not a "queer" country nor was Buddhism in Tibet all mystery and magic. It was a philosophical approach to life based upon the belief that a true realization of self can come only if a man frees himself from the desires of the flesh and attachments of the world.

The Dalai Lama

You would know, however, that Buddhism in Tibet is actually Lamaism, a religion of priests who practice many rituals and make up an hierarchical organization with the Dalai Lama at its head.

You would be familiar with the Communist invasion of Tibet and the flight of the Dalai Lama. Escaping with a hundred of his devoted followers, this spiritual leader fled to India in 1960. The non-Buddhist world and the press described the Dalai Lama as just another man, not unlike other religious figures, a mortal man subject to the circumstances of life just as all men are. But to many Tibetans he was a god or the incarnation of a Bodhisattva, one of that group of chosen souls who prefer to live on earth and help people rather than to live, if they wished, in heaven. He ruled like a king and it was believed that no force in heaven or on earth could ever dislodge him; yet he, even as many others, fled before the guns and planes of the invaders.

The Dalai Lama had a rival, called the Panchem Lama, and their rivalry was fully as political as it was religious. When the "Red invaders" came to Tibet, it was said by some authorities, that they drove out the Dalai Lama and set up the Panchen Lama in his place. Other reports maintained that

the Dalai Lama fled for fear of his own safety, relinquishing the field to the Panchen Lama. But no matter what actually happened or who may be right, it is your belief that both the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama believed in the Three Refuges: the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha.

Buddhism in China

Buddhism in China has had a glorious history ever since the first century A.D. At that time, according to legend, Emperor Ming had a wonderful dream. He saw a man whose body was covered with gold step out of the blazing sun and stream down to earth like a golden ray. He saw him conquer the world with his beauty and the challenging power of his thought. Astrologers interpreted the dream by saying, "Surely this golden man is the Buddha!" So the emperor requested that the Buddha's statue and Buddhist priests be brought from India to China to teach his people the Buddha way of life.

The people of China interpreted Buddhism as a religion of renunciation because monks and priests pledged themselves to live according to the three monastic vows: *poverty, defenselessness, and chastity.* Many Buddhists in China who became vegetarians, refused to kill any living thing. Others spent their entire lives in meditation. But in all their practices they never set absolute rules or prohibitions for their followers. Buddhism, they insisted, made every person responsible for his own acts and it urged every individual to find peace and tranquillity within himself and for himself.

China followed Mahayana Buddhism, a theistic form, whose devotees adhered to the ancient Sanskrit texts. Mahayana was a philosophical approach to life that permitted adjustment to ever-changing political scenes. It was referred to as the "greater way" to distinguish it from Hinayana, a non-theistic and almost entirely monastic form of faith whose scriptures were written in the Pali language. Hinayana, also called Theravada Buddhism, flourished in such countries as

Thailand, Laos, Burma, Cambodia and Ceylon, while Mahayana claimed China, Korea and Japan. Wherever Buddhism spread, it soon developed groups within groups and sects within sects. But wherever it was established, whether in the most remote Himalayan retreat or at the shrine at which you worshiped, the faithful follower always said, "I take refuge in the Buddha; I take refuge in the Dharma; I take refuge in the Sangha."

God and Buddhism

Not much was said about God as far as your faith was concerned. Any concept of God was beyond man's grasp and since Buddhism was a practical approach to life, why not deal with practical things? India, where Buddhism was born, had so many Hindu gods that no one could number them. They were often made in the image of men, but Buddhism was made in the image of concepts, great concepts about life and how life should be lived. If the truth were known, you often tell yourself, Buddhism has no God in the Hindu or Christian sense, nor does it have a saviour or a messiah. It has the Buddha. And he was the Enlightened One, the Shower-of-the-Way.

The Buddha! His name as far as you are concerned is above every other name, yet you do not worship him. You worship *through* him. Through him you find your own true nature, the nature of reality and your relationship with all of life. You have a statue of the Buddha to help you in this awareness. Many Buddhists do not believe in statues and you secretly wonder whether the Buddha himself would not be a bit displeased if he returned to earth and found statues and images of himself. But just as people have pictures of their loved ones to remind them of their nearness, so you feel it is right for you to have an image of the Buddha.

Some Buddhists even say that the life of the Buddha the Buddha as a man is unimportant. They emphasize that it is

only his message and his disciplines that are important. But often, as you meditate, as you sit before your shrine perplexed about life's problems and wondering how other people come to terms with them, you find inspiration in the story of the Buddha as a man. For you believe that the soul of the Buddha lived in heaven from the beginning of time, waiting for the moment in which it was to reveal itself to the world. And you may wonder whether your soul lived in heaven before it came to manifest itself on earth.

It is not quite clear just where and what heaven is, but you believe that somewhere there is a realm of emancipation, a state of bliss and a oneness with reality that underlies all life. You have a name for this state of "non-existent-existence"; you call it Nirvana. While Nirvana is a kind of heaven, it is, even more, a perfect blending with the essence of life. You believe that somewhere, somehow, the spirit of the Buddha was waiting in a Nirvanic realm, waiting to be born as a man.

The Birth of the Buddha

In the year 563 B.C., the Buddhistic soul, the Bodhisattva, entered the body of Queen Maya, wife of King Sudhodanna Gautama who ruled the Sakya clan in the Himalayan valley of the Ganges in India. The annunciation came to Queen Maya in a dream. She dreamed that a magnificent white elephant descended from the skies and entered her body. She told her dream to the wise men in the king's palace and they said it meant that she would give birth to a son who would be either a great emperor over a temporal kingdom or a great teacher over a spiritual world.

While waiting the birth of the child, Queen Maya decided to visit her parents in the village of Devahrada, but along the way she heard a voice warning her that her son would be delivered before she reached her parental home. Seeking refuge, she retreated into Lumbini Park. Reaching up to support herself by holding to the branches of a tree, she

discovered that the tree miraculously bowed down as if to worship her. Here, alone, and yet sustained by a great power, she gave birth to Prince Siddhartha Gautama. At that very moment seven other births took place in the Sakya kingdom: five male children who were to become Buddha's disciples; a baby girl who would one day be his wife; and a horse which was also to become important in the unfolding of the drama of Prince Gautama, the foreordained Buddha.

When Queen Maya returned to the palace with the child, the king and his people staged a great celebration. The young prince was taken into a Hindu temple for consecration. There three Brahman wise men repeated what had already been proclaimed: the child would either be an emperor or a teacher at the age of thirty.

The Buddha's Boyhood

King Sudhodanna, concerned over the prophecy that his son might someday abandon the throne, vowed to shield Prince Siddhartha from the world. The king had been warned by astrologers that if the prince ever became aware of the suffering in the world, he would surely try to help mankind through spiritual rather than material aid. Therefore, the king commanded his subjects never to let Prince Gautama be exposed to either the sight of sorrow or the presence of death. And so it was that within the kingdom walls Prince Gautama, living in a sort of make-believe world and enjoying a sort of make-believe peace, saw only the happiness of his father's court.

During this sheltered existence many miracles took place in the life of the young prince. These are part of the Buddha legends and you, as a Buddhist, see in them psychological truths, although some people take them literally. One story relates that one day the prince fell asleep in the shade of a tree and although the shade of every other tree shifted with the sun, the cool shadows never changed at the spot where

Prince Gautama lay. Another account tells that, at the age of twelve, he confounded his teachers with his superior knowledge. At sixteen he so distinguished himself at archery that he won the right to marry his cousin Yasodhara who, as has been said, was born connaturally on the day of his birth.

For twenty-nine years Prince Gautama was spared the sight of suffering until one morning he drove into a city in his horse-drawn chariot. There he saw an old man wearily making his unsteady way along the road. The prince was confronted for the first time with the tragedy of age. Then, in quick succession, he saw a sick man bowed down with disease and a dead man being carried to the waiting funeral pyre. These three scenes revealed to Prince Gautama the true nature of suffering. Here were the agony of age, the tragedy of disease and the sorrow of death; from one or all, no living soul is spared. It was a divine drama and it plunged the prince into deep sadness. He was never to forget what he had seen, nor could he forget the contrast which he observed in the face of a serene and peaceful monk who quietly made his way along these same streets. Surely the monk had found the answer to life's riddle. Surely the man who had set his heart on self-discovery would find peace.

Prince Gautama was never the same after this experience. Haunted by his thoughts, he finally made a tremendous decision. He determined to give up his wife, his only son, his parents and his kingdom and resolved to walk throughout the world as the monk had done. He would search for the answers to the question of suffering and pain. This was to be his mission. This was why he had come into the world.

The Great Renunciation

Thus, one night, a night which you and all Buddhists still refer to as the Night of the Great Renunciation, Prince Gautama left his father's house. In a chariot, drawn by the horse which had been born on the same day that he had been

born, the Prince started toward the tightly barred palace gates. As the horse approached, the gates mysteriously opened of their own accord. The prince and his charioteer rode through, out into the world.

Carrying neither money nor food, the prince proceeded deep into the forest where he shaved his head and put aside his royal garments to don the lowly garb of a monk and to begin his pilgrimage. The charioteer, after vainly trying to dissuade him, returned to the palace. Here, confronted by the royal family, he told them the story, witnessed their consternation and then in anguish, died of a broken heart.

Such is the legend of the Buddha, from his advent to his renunciation of a worldly kingdom. Such is the narrative of the prince who became a beggar and entered into his "hidden years" at the age of thirty. Then the story continues, telling how he studied with Brahman priests, how he walked observingly in the world, how he shouldered the burdens, the sorrow and the pain of the people and unceasingly sought for wisdom.

How Does a Man Recognize His Own Divinity?

Was he aware of his divinity? Did he know throughout his wanderings that he was the Buddha and that his spirit was the spirit of Eternal Consciousness? You are not sure. There are some things about your faith you cannot answer decisively. There are too many speculations among your people for you to be arbitrary about many things. As a devout Buddhist you realize there are three kinds of truth: *absolute truth, relative truth,* and *illusory truth.* Buddhism, you contend, is always reasonable in its points of view, Buddhism is willing to speculate on all questions of life and that is why you are reluctant to say decisively that Prince Gautama knew he was the Buddha before he became the Buddha, Does every man know whether he, himself, is divine? Who is to say that every man is not a potential Buddha?

As you worship before your shrine, you know that for you Buddhism holds great meaning. You remember how, when you were four years old, you had been initiated into Buddhism in an impressive ceremony. Your head had been shaved, you were given the garb of a monk and you had carried a begging bowl for part of a day. The ceremony was to impress upon you the influence of the Buddha. Many of your boyhood friends became monks at the age of nineteen or twenty because they wished to continue the special religious life which had been impressed upon them when they were four. Girls often became Buddhist nuns.

The most wonderful part about Buddhism, you believe, is that it helps an individual to experience what the Buddha, himself, went through in his life. This is what the priests in the temple tried to make clear to you during the ceremony and later, during your school years when you were taught by Buddhist monks. *Buddhism is a religion of teaching.* There are no sacraments, nor elaborate ritual; no redemptive plan, nor promise of heaven or hell, no doctrine that man is conceived and born in sin. *Buddhism is an awareness.* It is belief in the Three Refuges: the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha.

If you feel sometimes that there is a miraculous force at work in your life, you recall that this too was part of the Buddha's experience. Although Buddhism lays no stress on miracles, there are wondrous legends about the founder of your faith. Once he tossed a rice bowl into a river and it floated upstream. On another occasion a pile of straw on which he prayed was transformed into a beautiful altar. Gods, disguised as devils, tempted him, offering him the kingdoms of the world if he would but bow down and serve them, but he refused. All these things are links in a chain of remembrances that must surely have led the Buddha back to a realization of the heavenly abode from which he came and sometimes during your meditations, you have the feeling that your soul, too, was once a Bodhisattva living in heaven since

the beginning of time.

The true awareness of who and what the Buddha was came to Prince Gautama through prolonged meditation. For seven weeks, in fasting and prayer, he sat beneath a Bodhi-tree (the pipal or sacred fig tree), determined not to rise until he had solved the problem of suffering and the mystery of pain. Here in Bihar, India, deserted by friends, weak from hunger and longing, he received his illumination. It was as if he relived the endless cycles of cause and effect existent since the beginning of time. He gradually saw the world of truth unfold for him. His mind was opened. A light surrounded him. He discovered that the cosmos and he were one, and it was at this moment that he realized his Buddha-hood.

The Buddha and You

Had you been born a Buddhist, you too would see yourself under the Bodhi-tree. You would also wish to make the discovery that your leader made. You would believe that your true Self is God and that God is the true Self although even as you said this, you would substitute the term "Universal Consciousness" for "God."

Self with a small "s" is mortal, subject to pleasure and pain, responsive to life's highs and lows, bombarded by change, wrecked by the three tormentors: age, sickness, and death. But all of these occurrences, while appearing real and important to self, are immaterial to the higher Self. True life, according to Buddhism, is a superconscious life, and in this you admit there is a close parallel to the Christian concept of "dying unto self" in order to realize the Christ within.

The Buddha and Christianity

Had you been born a Buddhist, you would recognize many similarities between Buddhism and Christianity. Although the Buddha is in no way a messiah, as was the Christ, he came to save men; not from sin, as Jesus had done, but, rather, from

nature by demonstrating that nature is an unreality. The Buddha gathered his disciples around him and preached his "sermon on the mount" at what is now Sarnath, India. Here, in a deer park called Isipatana, he related what had been revealed to him throughout his pilgrimage and during his meditation under the Bodhi-tree.

"Hear, O my disciples," he said, "I will explain to you the truth of suffering, the cause of suffering, the end of suffering and the way that leads to the end of suffering. Birth is suffering; old age is suffering; sickness is suffering; death is suffering; sorrow, lamentation, dejection and despair are suffering. Contact with unpleasant things is suffering…. And these are the causes of suffering: the craving for pleasure and lust, the craving for passion, the craving for existence, the craving for vanity…. Now, the cessation of suffering is to cease from attachment. Attachment originates in craving, and craving originates in ignorance. To cease from suffering, cease from attachment; to cease from attachment, cease from craving; to cease from craving, cease from ignorance…."

So spoke the Buddha to his disciples and having captured their minds with his logic, he now proceeded to capture their hearts with his love. It was all very well to talk of suffering and the cessation of suffering, and it was reasonable to warn people that they must "cease from craving, cease from ignorance," but how could this be done in actual practice? The Enlightened One had an answer and had you been born a Buddhist, you would hold it as a cardinal creed. The answer lay in what the Buddha himself called the Eightfold Path. It consisted of:

1. Right views
2. Right intention
3. Right speech
4. Right action
5. Right livelihood

6. Right effort
7. Right mindfulness
8. Right concentration

The Buddha also referred to these eight principles as the Middle Way, and he meant that a man should live moderately between extreme spirituality and extreme secularism. This, he felt, was a rule which all people should follow. "My doctrine," he said, "makes no distinction between high and low or between rich and poor. It is like the sky. It has room for all; and like the rain, it washes all alike."

For forty-five years he preached and lived his gospel. For nearly half a century he went about doing good, telling his disciples, "Let your light so shine before the world that you, having embraced the religious life, according to our well-taught doctrine and discipline, may be seen by men as possessing forbearance and meekness."

He established Five Great Commandments:

1. Do not kill
2. Do not steal
3. Do not commit adultery
4. Do not bear false witness
5. Do not abuse your body with strong drink.

He was not interested in final answers. His mission was to turn men's hearts from fruitless speculation into a way of life. His aim, he said, was to lift men above themselves or out of themselves into a higher consciousness where they could realize the greatest potential of their spiritual natures. When someone asked him, "Where is heaven?" he replied, "Walk the Eightfold Path." When he was prodded by those who wanted to know what the soul was like and how and in what form a person would live again, he told them, "Let that which I have not revealed remain unrevealed."

"But, Master," asked a disciple, "of what does religion

consist?"

"It consists," the Buddha replied, "in doing as little harm as possible, in doing good in abundance, in practicing love, compassion, truthfulness and purity in all walks of life."

So spoke the Buddha and shortly before his death, he called his disciples around him and said, "Go now, O monks, and wander for the benefit of the many, for the welfare of mankind, out of compassion for the world. Preach the doctrine. If it is not preached to men, they cannot attain salvation. Proclaim to them a life of holiness."

There were many likenesses between Buddhism and Christianity, but there was also one major difference. Buddhism did not believe in salvation through a messiah, a redeemer, or any person. It believed in salvation through oneself, meeting one's own problems, exonerating ones own sins, and finally, facing death itself with a supreme confidence in Self.

The Death of the Buddha

In a grove of trees, near the holy city of Benares, India, where he had spent his years of ministry, the seventy-five-year-old Buddha clasped the hand of his best-loved disciple, Ananda, which means the blessed one, and told him not to weep. "Whatever is born," explained the Buddha, "bears within itself the seed of dissolution. Impermanent are compound things. Work out your salvation with earnestness."

Had you been born a Buddhist, you would often meditate upon the death of the Buddha because you knew that your life, too, carried within it the "seed of dissolution." Where would you seek help? In the Three Refuges: the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha. And what happens after death? Buddhists are divided in their opinions. Some, like the Lamas, believe that the mind guides the life essence into another stage of consciousness. Others, like the Mahayanas, believe that a process or an energy is reincarnated in another life,

perhaps on this planet, perhaps elsewhere. Hinayana or Theravada Buddhists often cremate the body, keeping the ashes in an urn somewhere in their home.

The Buddha was buried, though no one knows exactly where. Relics of his body, including the famous tooth of the Buddha in the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy, Ceylon, began to be revered. It was said that miracles took place in the stupas and pagodas where these relics were enshrined. You wonder whether this would have been the Buddha's wish, even though, as you know, entire cities like the one at Pagan, Burma, once built to honor him were later abandoned and reduced to ruins by the ravages of time.

The Buddha's words and the Buddha's teaching, you feel, are far more important than stupas and pagodas or even cities. His philosophies and sayings, collected after his death and assembled into scriptures called Pitakas (which means baskets), are the true treasures of your faith. The sacred canon of Buddhism contains three such "Baskets" and they are called Tipitaka or Tripitaka.

The Holy Books of Buddhism

The first Basket is known as the Vinaya-Pitaka, a book of rules for the various orders of monks and nuns. It contains the history of how the disciplines and the orders were formulated, how these should be enforced, and what the Buddha had to say about them in his sermons and discourses. The second Basket is the Sutta-Pitaka or book of sermons containing the gospel according to the Buddha. It records the Four Noble Truths:

1. The truth of suffering
2. The cause of suffering
3. The cessation of suffering
4. The way that leads to the cessation of suffering

It also explains the Eightfold Path and offers instructions in the form of dialogues between the master and his disciples as well as a summary of Buddhist ethics under the title of the Dhammapada. The third Basket is the Abhidhamma-Pitaka and is called the "Basket of Development." It discusses Dharma, the way of life, and the cause and essence of all living things.

There are also other writings, such as the Jatakas, comprised of more than five hundred legends; they deal with accounts of the Buddha, many of which are supposed to have taken place in his previous incarnations. It is believed that the soul of the Buddha may have manifested itself many times before he came to earth, just as it is believed that he has, no doubt, reappeared many times since he died, perhaps even as a Jesus or a Mohammed or some other famous personage. But the greatest thought among all of the writings is this: "I take refuge in the Buddha, I take refuge in the Dharma, I take refuge in the Sangria."

The Sects of Buddhism

As you worship before your shrine, secure in the Three Refuges, you feel as though you were in the very center of the stirring world of Buddhism, a world which, you insist, is based on equality and justice. It is a world which has never denied admittance to anyone, no matter what his race, color, or station in life may have been. Around you are many "Buddhas" or, rather, the Buddha as known by many names, such as: Sakyamuni, the historical Buddha; Amida, the Buddha of eternal light and life; Avalokitesvara, the Buddha of love and Kevannon, the Japanese Buddha of mercy. Around you is also the great galaxy of Buddhistic expressions represented in more than forty schools of thought, all claiming to be truth and all, apparently, able to prove their claim to the satisfaction of their followers.

These many "denominations" bear ambitious names:

Tendai (salvation for all); Nichiren (named after its thirteenth century founder); the Mystical School (a pantheistic approach to universal understanding); the Shingon School (a school of mystical enlightenment); the Hsuan-tsang School (named after its seventh century founder); the Pure Land School (a pietistic sect of the Mahayana movement); and many more, including the group which has captivated the attention of America: Zen Buddhism.

Zen, you tell yourself, although a highly mystical expression of your faith, is not as rational as Buddhism usually is. Its exponents, however, would be the first to say it is one of the most practical and reasonable of all the groups and sects. *Zen seeks to help men realize the universality of the Buddha nature in themselves, in the universe, and in the living essence of all life; but, most of all it seeks universality in the interrelation of all three.*

Zen is neither easy nor simple. In Burma, the form of the word is Zan; in India, Jhana; and in Japan, from where it spread to America, it is Zen. The Burmese Buddhist uses Zan as a very mysterious and profound process to attain supernatural powers through concentration. He strives to attain trance-like states, to study color absorption, and to develop various degrees of meditation which eventually lead him to perform supernormal acts. Indian Jhanas resort to yoga practices in an effort to enter a state of bliss called Samadhi. But the Japanese believe that the aim of Zen is to return man to his true form of being and to recognize that that form is formless.

Zen does not believe in institutionalized expressions of Buddhism; it has no set pattern, and it will have nothing to do with the deification of the Buddha. "If you meet the Buddha, kill him," says a Zen teacher, by which he means not only that the Buddha never wished to be worshiped, but that there is an awareness greater than Buddha-hood, the awareness found through abstract meditative practices.

The founder of Zen was Bodhidharma, who was born

about a thousand years after the Buddha. He not only opposed the formalism that had grown up around the Enlightened One, but he was disturbed by the cults that presumed to re-interpet the Buddha's teaching. "Religion," said Bodhidharma, "has but one goal: the direct realization of truth. Anything that interferes with this must be swept away."

"Let us not be concerned about the way toward the goal of truth," said this reformer. "Let us be concerned only about truth. Every act, every thought, every impulse is your religion. Do not talk religion; do not argue religion; do not teach religion; just *experience* religion."

Zen grew out of the deepest possible interpretation of the triple Refuge: the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha. It surrounded itself with stories and paradoxes in an effort to find and teach "truth." It ridiculed people who thought they were being religious when they merely talked about religion, or monks who imagined themselves Buddhas because they sat under Bodhi-trees, or people who said they could not worship unless they had just the right temples and priests. It said that a man can be a spiritual being no matter what his occupation or place in life may be and no matter where he may live or worship. *The faith of every man has already been planted in his consciousness, said Zen.*

Soon people were devoting themselves to *zazen* (ascetic meditation) seeking to achieve *satori*, a state of enlightenment. They began employing philosophical problems called *Ko-an* on which they meditated. These required a high degree of "intuitive reasoning." A favorite *Ko-an*, so popular it soon became a cliche, proposed, "If clapping two hands makes a sound, what happens if you clap one hand?"

Zen stories caught the popular fancy and many people claimed they found some deeply hidden truth in them. "Once there was a pilgrim who came to a Zen and said, I want to find the Buddha." The Zen, who was drawing a bucket of water out of the well, pulled it up slowly hand over hand. When he

got it to the top of the well, he poured the water over the pilgrim's head. Frightened, the pilgrim cried out, "Why did you do that?" The Zen replied, "It is just as sensible for me to pour water on you as it is for you to ask me to show you the Buddha. If you must ask where the Buddha is, no one can tell you."

Another story told that two men came to a river where a lovely girl was afraid to cross. The older of the two men picked her up and waded through to the other side where he set her down and she went her way. The two men walked on together all day, saying nothing. Toward nightfall the younger of the two spoke. "Brother," he said, "I do not think it was proper for you to carry that girl across the stream." The older man answered, "Brother, I carried her only for several moments while crossing the water. You have been carrying her all day."

All this is Buddhism. From Lamaism in Tibet to Zen in the United States, the Prince who became a beggar left a profound impression upon the world even as he inspires you to meditate before your shrine. As he challenges the world, so he challenges you. His voice and his words seem as real to you as though you had lived with him during the days of his ministry. His image will be before you in the dwindling light of your old age. Although the incense on his altar will burn low, what he represents to you will become ever clearer as the years go by.

The Buddha's Life Is the Legend of Every Man

"I, too" you tell yourself, "was born in a 'palace,' the child of a king, as was the Buddha. I, too, came into the world bearing with me something of the divine. Protected for a while from the full impact of the world, I was never quite inspired to think about my destiny and the meaning of life until I saw, as did Prince Gautama, the manifestation of suffering, sickness and death from which no one is spared."

Like the young Prince, you must seek to recognize your

Buddha-hood. You must learn that nothing is permanent. Your heart must be fixed on eternal, not on temporal, values. You must realize that to do good is the greatest joy; to love peace is the highest motive; to live as though this life is but part of an onward-going life is the deepest truth a man can ever find. And what is the greatest law by which a man can live? The Buddha called it not a law but a golden rule. He said, *"Hurt not others with that which pains you."*

Had you been born a Buddhist and were you seated in the shadows, alone before your shrine, and were you to think about the Buddha's golden rule, you would wonder if, perhaps, his faith has been made more complex by his followers than he ever intended it to be.

You must keep uppermost in mind the truth that realization of self can come only if a person frees himself from the desires of the flesh and the attachments of the world. There is a technique in Buddhism which tells you how to meditate. It says that, as you sit quietly before your shrine, you should visualize a cup of muddied water. It is muddied because it has been shaken and disturbed, but as it is quieted, all the murk and sediment go to the bottom. Then the water becomes clear. It is suggested that a man's mind is like that cup of water, and it is the silence of meditation that induces the mind to be stilled and cleared.

Sometimes it seems to you that Buddhism itself has been muddied; time, political discord, and theology have caused it to be so involved that its simple beauty and directness have been obscured. Yet, as you journey back through the maze of meanings and clear away the trappings with which the Buddha has been enmeshed for 2500 years, you stand face to face with yourself, your true self, made in the image of what the world calls God.

Then when your mind is stilled, when you wonder how you can more fully realize that Self and hold to it and truly walk the path your Founder trod, you know there is a way. It

is found in the threefold Refuge: the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha. Knowing their deepest meaning you can live at peace, and die, as did the Enlightened One, in the knowledge that dying, too, is a part of life.

Such would be your faith had you been born a Buddhist.

Woo of Hwang-Ho: The Girl of the Yellow River

A.D. 635 (Asia-China)

Thomas the Nestorian had been in many lands and in the midst of many dangers, but he had never before found himself in quite so unpleasant a position as now. Six ugly Tartar horsemen with very uncomfortable-looking spears and appalling shouts, and mounted on their swift Kirghiz ponies, were charging down upon him, while neither the rushing Yellow River on the right hand, nor the steep dirt-cliffs on the left, could offer him shelter or means of escape. These dirt-cliffs, or "loess," to give them their scientific name, are remarkable banks of brownish-yellow loam, found largely in Northern and Western China, and rising sometimes to a height of a thousand feet. Their peculiar yellow tinge makes everything look "hwang" or yellow—and hence yellow is a favorite color among the Chinese. So, for instance, the emperor is "Hwang-ti"—the "Lord of the Yellow Land"; the imperial throne is the "Hwang-wei" or "yellow throne" of China; the great river, formerly spelled in your school geographies Hoang-ho, is "Hwang-ho," the "yellow river," etc.

These "hwang" cliffs, or dirt-cliffs, are full of caves and crevices, but the good priest could see no convenient cave, and he had therefore no alternative but to boldly face his fate, and like a brave man calmly meet what he could not avoid.

But, just as he had singled out, as his probable captor, one peculiarly unattractive-looking horseman, whose crimson sheepskin coat and long horsetail plume were streaming in the wind, and just as he had braced himself to meet the onset against the great "loess," or dirt-cliff, he felt a twitch at his black upper robe, and a low voice—a girl's, he was

confident—said quickly:

"Look not before nor behind thee, good O-lo-pun, but trust to my word and give a backward leap."

Thomas the Nestorian had learned two valuable lessons in his much wandering about the earth—never to appear surprised, and always to be ready to act quickly. So, knowing nothing of the possible results of his action, but feeling that it could scarcely be worse than death from Tartar spears, he leaped back, as bidden.

The next instant, he found himself flat upon his back in one of the low-ceiled cliff caves that abound in Western China, while the screen of vines that had concealed its entrance still quivered from his fall. Picking himself up and breathing a prayer of thanks for his deliverance, he peered through the leafy doorway and beheld in surprise six much astonished Tartar robbers regarding with looks of puzzled wonder a defiant little Chinese girl, who had evidently darted out of the cave as he had tumbled in. She was facing the enemy as boldly as had he, and her little almond eyes fairly danced with mischievous delight at their perplexity.

At once he recognized the child. She was Woo (the "high-spirited" or "dauntless one"), the bright young girl whom he had often noticed in the throng at his mission-house in Tung-Chow, the little city by the Yellow River, where her father, the bannerman, held guard at the Dragon Gate.

He was about to call out to the girl to save herself, when, with a sudden swoop, the Tartar whom he had braced himself to resist, bent in his saddle and made a dash for the child. But agile little, Woo was quicker than the Tartar horseman. With a nimble turn and a sudden spring, she dodged the Tartar's hand, darted under his pony's legs, and with a shrill laugh of derision, sprang up the sharp incline, and disappeared in one of the many cliff caves before the now doubly baffled horsemen could see what had become of her.

With a grunt of discomfiture and disgust, the Tartar riders

turned their ponies' heads and galloped off along the road that skirted the yellow waters of the swift-flowing Hwang-ho. Then a little yellow face peeped out of a cave farther up the cliff, a black-haired, tightly braided head bobbed and twitched with delight, and the next moment the good priest was heartily thanking his small ally for so skillfully saving him from threatened capture.

It was a cool September morning in the days of the great Emperor Tai, twelve hundred and fifty years ago. And a great emperor was Tai-tsung, though few, if any, of my young readers ever heard his name. His splendid palace stood in the midst of lovely gardens in the great city of Chang-an—that old, old city that for over two thousand years was the capital of China, and which you can now find in your geographies under its modern name of Singan-foo. And in the year 635, when our story opens, the name of Tai-tsung was great and powerful throughout the length and breadth of Chung Kwoh—the "Middle Kingdom," as the Chinese for nearly thirty centuries have called their vast country—while the stories of his fame and power had reached to the western courts of India and of Persia, of Constantinople, and even of distant Rome.

It was a time of darkness and strife in Europe. Already what historians have called the Dark Ages had settled upon the Christian world. And among all the races of men the only nation that was civilized, and learned, and cultivated, and refined in this seventh century of the Christian era, was this far eastern Empire of China, where schools and learning flourished, and arts and manufactures abounded, when America was as yet undiscovered and Europe was sunk in degradation.

And here, since the year 505, the Nestorians, a branch of the Christian Church, originating in Asia Minor in the fifth century, and often called "the Protestants of the East," had been spreading the story of the life and love of Christ. And here, in this year of grace 635, in the city of Chang-an, and in

all the region about the Yellow River, the good priest Thomas the Nestorian, whom the Chinese called O-lo-pun—the nearest approach they could give to his strange Syriac name—had his Christian mission-house, and was zealously bringing to the knowledge of a great and enlightened people the still greater and more helpful light of Christianity.

"My daughter," said the Nestorian after his words of thanks were uttered; "this is a gracious deed done to me, and one that I may not easily repay. Yet would I gladly do so, if I might. Tell me what wouldst thou like above all other things?"

The answer of the girl was as ready as it was unexpected.

"To be a boy, O master!" she replied. "Let the great Shang-ti,[1] whose might thou teachest, make me a man that I may have revenge."

The good priest had found strange things in his mission work in this far Eastern land, but this wrathful demand of an excited little maid was full as strange as any. For China is and ever has been a land in which the chief things taught the children are, "subordination, passive submission to the law, to parents, and to all superiors, and a peaceful demeanor."

"Revenge is not for men to trifle with, nor maids to talk of," he said. "Harbor no such desires, but rather come with me and I will show thee more attractive things. This very day doth the great emperor go forth from the City of Peace,[2] to the banks of the Yellow River. Come thou with me to witness the splendor of his train, and perchance even to see the great emperor himself and the young Prince Kaou, his son."

"That I will not then," cried the girl, more hotly than before. "I hate this great emperor, as men do wrongfully call him, and I hate the young Prince Kaou. May Lung Wang, the

[1] Almighty Being.

[2] The meaning of Chang-an, the ancient capital of China, is "the City of Continuous Peace."

god of the dragons, dash them both beneath the Yellow River ere yet they leave its banks this day."

At this terrible wish on the lips of a girl, the good master very nearly forgot even his most valuable precept—never to be surprised. He regarded his defiant young companion in sheer amazement.

"Have a care, have a care, my daughter!" he said at length. "The blessed Saint James telleth us that the tongue is a little member, but it can kindle a great fire. How mayst thou hope to say such direful words against the Son of Heaven[1] and live?"

"The Son of Heaven killed the emperor, my father," said the child.

"The emperor thy father!" Thomas the Nestorian almost gasped in this latest surprise. "Is the girl crazed or doth she sport with one who seeketh her good?" And amazement and perplexity settled upon his face.

"The Princess Woo is neither crazed nor doth she sport with the master," said the girl. "I do but speak the truth. Great is Tai-tsung. Whom he will he slayeth, and whom he will he keepeth alive." And then she told the astonished priest that the bannerman of the Dragon Gate was not her father at all. For, she said, as she had lain awake only the night before, she had heard enough in talk between the bannerman and his wife to learn her secret—how that she was the only daughter of the rightful emperor, the Prince Kung-ti, whose guardian and chief adviser the present emperor had been; how this trusted protector had made away with poor Kung-ti in order that he might usurp the throne; and how she, the Princess Woo, had been flung into the swift Hwang-ho, from the turbid waters of which she had been rescued by the bannerman of the Dragon Gate.

[1] "The Son of Heaven" is one of the chief titles of the Chinese emperor.

"This may or may not be so," Thomas the Nestorian said, uncertain whether or not to credit the girl's surprising story; "but even were it true, my daughter, how couldst thou right thyself? What can a girl hope to do?"

The young princess drew up her small form proudly. "Do?" she cried in brave tones; "I can do much, wise O-lo-pun, girl though I am! Did not a girl save the divine books of Confucius, when the great Emperor Chi-Hwang-ti did command the burning of all the books in the empire? Did not a girl—though but a soothsayer's daughter—raise the outlaw Liu Pang straight to the Yellow Throne? And shall I, who am the daughter of emperors, fail to be as able or as brave as they?"

The wise Nestorian was shrewd enough to see that here was a prize that might be worth the fostering. By the assumption of mystic knowledge, he learned from the bannerman of the Dragon Gate, the truth of the girl's story, and so worked upon the good bannerman's native superstition and awe of superior power as to secure the custody of the young princess, and to place her in his mission-house at Tung-Chow for teaching and guidance. Among the early Christians, the Nestorians held peculiarly helpful and elevating ideas of the worth and proper condition of woman. Their precepts were full of mutual help, courtesy, and fraternal love. All these the Princess Woo learned under her preceptor's guidance. She grew to be even more assertive and self-reliant, and became, also, expert in many sports in which, in that woman-despising country, only boys could hope to excel. One day, when she was about fourteen years old, the Princess Woo was missing from the Nestorian mission-house, by the Yellow River. Her troubled guardian, in much anxiety, set out to find the truant; and, finally, in the course of his search, climbed the high bluff from which he saw the massive walls, the many gateways, the gleaming roofs, and porcelain towers of the Imperial city of Chang-an-the City of Continuous Peace.

But even before he had entered its northern gate, a little maid in loose silken robe, peaked cap, and embroidered shoes had passed through that very gateway, and slipping through the thronging streets of the great city, approached at last the group of picturesque and glittering buildings that composed the palace of the great Emperor Tai.

Just within the main gateway of the palace rose the walls of the Imperial Academy, where eight thousand Chinese boys received instruction under the patronage of the emperor, while, just beyond extended the long, low range of the archery school, in which even the emperor himself sometimes came to witness, or take part in, the exciting contests.

Drawing about her shoulders the yellow sash that denoted alliance with royalty, the Princess Woo, without a moment's hesitation, walked straight through the palace gateway, past the wondering guards, and into the boundaries of the archery court.

Here the young Prince Kaou, an indolent and lazy lad of about her own age, was cruelly goading on his trained crickets to a ferocious fight within their gilded bamboo cage, while, just at hand, the slaves were preparing his bow and arrows for his daily archery practice.

Now, among the rulers of China there are three classes of privileged targets—the skin of the bear for the emperor himself, the skin of the deer for the princes of the blood, and the skin of the tiger for the nobles of the court; and thus, side by side, in the Imperial Archery School at Chang-an, hung the three targets.

The girl with the royal sash and the determined face walked straight up to the Prince Kaou. The boy left off goading his fighting crickets, and looked in astonishment at this strange and highly audacious girl, who dared to enter a place from which all women were excluded. Before the guards could interfere, she spoke.

"Are the arrows of the great Prince Kaou so well fitted to

the cord," she said, "that he dares to try his skill with one who, although a girl, hath yet the wit and right to test his skill?"

The guards laid hands upon the intruder to drag her away, but the prince, nettled at her tone, yet glad to welcome any thing that promised novelty or amusement, bade them hold off their hands.

"No girl speaketh thus to the Prince Kaou and liveth," he said insolently. "Give me instant test of thy boast, or the wooden collar[1] in the palace torture-house, shall be thy fate."

"Give me the arrows, Prince," the girl said, bravely, "and I will make good my words."

At a sign, the slaves handed her a bow and arrows. But, as she tried the cord and glanced along the polished shaft, the prince said:

"Yet, stay, girl; here is no target set for thee. Let the slaves set up the people's target. These are not for such as thou."

"Nay, Prince, fret not thyself," the girl coolly replied. "My target is here!" and while all looked on in wonder, the undaunted girl deliberately toed the practice line, twanged her bow, and with a sudden whiz, sent her well-aimed shaft quivering straight into the small white centre of the great bearskin—the imperial target itself!

With a cry of horror and of rage at such sacrilege, the guards pounced upon the girl archer, and would have dragged her away. But with the same quick motion that had saved her from the Tartar robbers, she sprang from their grasp and, standing full before the royal target, she said commandingly:

"Hands off, slaves; nor dare to question my right to the bearskin target. I am the Empress!"

It needed but this to cap the climax. Prince, guards, and slaves looked at this extraordinary girl in open-mouthed

[1] The "wooden collar" was the "kia" or "cangue,"—a terrible instrument of torture used in China for the punishment of criminals.

wonder. But ere their speechless amazement could change to instant seizure, a loud laugh rang from the imperial doorway and a hearty voice exclaimed: "Braved, and by a girl! Who is thy Empress, Prince? Let me, too, salute the Tsih-tien!"[1] Then a portly figure, clad in yellow robes, strode down to the targets, while all within the archery lists prostrated themselves in homage before one of China's greatest monarchs—the Emperor Tai-tsung, Wun-woo-ti.[2]

But before even the emperor could reach the girl, the bamboo screen was swept hurriedly aside, and into the archery lists came the anxious priest, Thomas the Nestorian. He had traced his missing charge even to the imperial palace, and now found her in the very presence of those he deemed her mortal enemies. Prostrate at the emperor's feet, he told the young girl's story, and then pleaded for her life, promising to keep her safe and secluded in his mission-home at Tung-Chow.

The Emperor Tai laughed a mighty laugh, for the bold front of this only daughter of his former master and rival, suited his warlike humor. But he was a wise and clement monarch withal.

"Nay, wise O-lo-pun," he said. "Such rivals to our throne may not be at large, even though sheltered in the temples of the hung-mao.[3] The royal blood of the house of Sui[4] flows safely only within palace walls. Let the proper decree be registered, and let the gifts be exchanged; for tomorrow thy ward, the Princess Woo, becometh one of our most noble queens."

And so at fourteen, even as the records show, this strong-

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[1] "The Sovereign Divine"—an imperial title.

[2] "Our Exalted Ancestor—the Literary-Martial Emperor."

[3] The "light-haired ones"—an old Chinese term for the western Christians.

[4] The name of the former dynasty.

willed young girl of the Yellow River became one of the wives of the great Emperor Tai. She proved a very gracious and acceptable stepmother to young Prince Kaou, who, as the records also tell us, grew so fond of the girl queen that, within a year from the death of his great father, and when he himself had succeeded to the Yellow Throne, as Emperor Supreme, he recalled the Queen Woo from her retirement in the mission-house at Tung-Chow and made her one of his royal wives. Five years after, in the year 655, she was declared Empress, and during the reign of her lazy and indolent husband she was "the power behind the throne." And when, in the year 683, Kaou-tsung died, she boldly assumed the direction of the government, and, ascending the throne, declared herself Woo How Tsih-tien—Woo the Empress Supreme and Sovereign Divine.

History records that this Zenobia of China proved equal to the great task. She "governed the empire with discretion," extended its borders, and was acknowledged as empress from the shores of the Pacific to the borders of Persia, of India, and of the Caspian Sea.

Her reign was one of the longest and most successful in that period known in history as the Golden Age of China. Because of the relentless native prejudice against a successful woman, in a country where girl babies are ruthlessly drowned, as the quickest way of ridding the world of useless incumbrances, Chinese historians have endeavored to blacken her character and undervalue her services. But later scholars now see that she was a powerful and successful queen, who did great good to her native land, and strove to maintain its power and glory.

She never forgot her good friend and protector, Thomas the Nestorian. During her long reign of almost fifty years, Christianity strengthened in the kingdom, and obtained a footing that only the great Mahometan conquests of five centuries later entirely destroyed; and the Empress Woo, so the

chronicles declare, herself "offered sacrifices to the great God of all." When, hundreds of years after, the Jesuit missionaries penetrated into this most exclusive of all the nations of the earth, they found near the palace at Chang-an the ruins of the Nestorian mission church, with the cross still standing, and, preserved through all the changes of dynasties, an abstract in Syriac characters of the Christian law, and with it the names of seventy-two attendant priests who had served the church established by O-lo-pun.

Thus, in a land in which, from the earliest ages, women have been regarded as little else but slaves, did a self-possessed and wise young girl triumph over all difficulties, and rule over her many millions of subjects "in a manner becoming a great prince." This, even her enemies admit. "Lessening the miseries of her subjects," so the historians declare, she governed the wide Empire of China wisely, discreetly, and peacefully; and she displayed upon the throne all the daring, wit, and wisdom that had marked her actions when, years before, she was nothing but a sprightly and determined little Chinese maiden, on the banks of the turbid Yellow River.

Marco Polo: The Great Adventurer Who Unveiled the East

1254 – 1324 (Asia-China)

Rarely before his time had the feat of any man so mightily benefited the race as the feat of Marco Polo. He unveiled the East and inspired his imitators to discover the West. He nerved our Elizabethan seamen who went sailing the wide seas over, seeking an ocean way to the lands he had reached on foot.

Fame came to him by a series of chances none could have foreseen. He was of a Venetian family of merchants trading with China, where Kublai Khan, first foreigner to reign in China, ruled with masterful hand an empire extending from the Arctic Ocean to the Strait of Malacca, and from Korea to Asia Minor and the borders of Hungary. He presided over a conquering race which two generations before had had no written language, and no trade or art but that of war. The Polos, with their culture and their tales of Europe, aroused his admiration, and he sent them back with a request to bring to him holy oil from Jerusalem and a hundred missionaries to convert and civilise his subjects.

Between their departure for the East and their return to Venice 15 years elapsed, and Marco's father found that his wife was dead, leaving the boy of 15 whom he had not seen, he decided to take Marco with him on his return to China; and when Marco was a boy of 17, he set out once more, taking with him his brother and his son.

They went to Jerusalem and obtained holy oil, but instead of the hundred missionaries they had only two friars to

accompany them, and these, hearing that war was raging, turned back and left Marco, his father, and his uncle to go on alone.

This journey occupied four years. It lay through lands which were not visited again by white men for the next four centuries.

They passed through Armenia; they skirted Mount Ararat; they heard of the oilfields of Baku, lighting the lamps of all the country and providing an immense trade for caravans and ships.

Turning south, they followed the Tigris through Babylon, and went on to the Persian Gulf, and northward through Persia.

We trace them through the desert of Kerman on to Khorassan and so to Badakshan, where Marco, toiling on under the deadly effects of fever, had to remain for a year to recover his health. One of the few personal touches in his narrative is the mention of his stay here, where the air of the hills, he says, is so beneficial that it will cure a sick man in four days.

Restored to vigour, the party resumed their journey, crossing the high Pamir plateau, which Marco first described; south-east to Khotan, and so to the Gobi Desert. The crossing of the desert at its narrowest point occupied thirty days, and we appreciate the courage of Marco Polo the more by realising that he accepted the common belief that the wilderness abounded in demons who beguiled poor travellers to destruction. It is obvious that part of his description relates to mirages, part to the sounds emitted by the cooling sands at night, and part to native legend.

To the Polos the demons were real enough, yet they bravely passed through the dreaded domain. No European followed them for the next six hundred years, when Prjevalsky explored there and found the wild horse which now bears his name. At last they reached China, and made their way to the

Court of Kublai Khan, who was rebuilding Peking and making himself the summer palace which inspired the poem in the dream of Coleridge, the "twice five miles of fertile ground with walls and towers girdled round," by which the sacred river ran "through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea."

The Emperor received the wayworn party with delight, arranged for the holy oil from Jerusalem to be stored in a temple and the travellers to be given places of honour at Court. One of the most remarkable men of his age, the Emperor was the first of a terrible line of conquerors who had risen above the mere victorious savage, and he saw in Marco Polo an instrument capable of furthering his mission of taming his fierce followers and reconciling the conquered Chinese.

He found Marco a ready pupil, who learned the language of the country, spoken as well as written, and showed such tact and wisdom that Kublai Khan made him his representative on important embassies, into provinces remote and near. These missions on behalf of Kublai Khan gave to Marco an almost unrivalled knowledge of the life of the Far East. For three years he was governor of an important city, but the Emperor loved to have him near, for Marco was a matchless observer, unlike other emissaries who merely took a message and brought an answer back.

Marco brought back answers and gave the Emperor a graphic story of the peoples he had seen, the customs he had noted, the strange sights he had witnessed. His deathless book is practically an abridgment of the reports with which he delighted Kublai. Seventeen years the Polos spent in increasing prosperity at the Chinese Court, and then they desired to return home, for Kublai waxed old and they knew not what might befall them after his death.

The Emperor was distressed beyond measure at the mention of their going; he would double and treble their wealth if they would stay, he said; he wanted them to live and die in his dominions.

Probably they would have done so had not chance, which had taken them to China, taken them out again. A princess of Kublai's family being promised in marriage to the King of Persia, and wars preventing her making the journey by land, Kublai was persuaded to permit the Polos to accompany her on her journey with a fleet of ships.

Sadly Kublai bade farewell to his three honoured servants. He loaded them with riches, he gave them letters for the Pope and for various sovereigns, and begged them to return to him after they had made a stay in their own land. They sailed with a fleet of 14 ships early in 1292, but unfavourable winds held them up for a period of five months off Sumatra. They coasted along Ceylon and the southern shores of India, and two years elapsed before they reached Persia. By that time the King of Persia was dead and the bride-elect was handed over to his successor, parting with deep grief from her friendly escort.

Making their way home as they had come, the Polos at last reached Venice in 1295. They had almost forgotten their own language. Nobody recognised them, nobody believed they were the three men who, setting out in Venetian garb in 1269, had come back dressed as Tartars. But they gave a splendid entertainment, appearing in the rich robes of Venetian merchants, and during the meal they vanished, and reappeared wearing the dilapidated garments in which they had returned home. Slitting open the seams of their clothes, they poured out a treasure of jewels Kublai Khan had given them. They were believed without further question, although the stories they told of the riches of the lands they had visited, of the immensity of the areas covered, and the teeming millions of the people with which they had mixed, were sternly discredited, and Marco was nicknamed Millions.

But his adventures were not yet ended. Venice and Genoa were at war, and Marco was ordered to provide and command a galley for the defence of his native city. In the battle which followed the Venetians were defeated and Marco was one of

7000 prisoners. He was borne away to Genoa and flung into gaol (jail). Had that not happened Columbus, a later son of the city, would never have sailed from Genoa to discover Marco Polo's Cathay.

Marco had written nothing of his travels, and but for his captivity his knowledge would have died with him. But there lay in gaol with him a man named Rustician, a native of Pisa, who was a writer, and together the two beguiled the year's imprisonment by a book on the Venetian's travels, Marco dictating, Rustician writing. By that happy accident there was preserved to posterity one of the greatest epics in travel story of mankind.

All we know of the most astonishing adventure of the Middle Ages comes from that prison-written book. In it we see Kublai Khan in his glory, with nine thousand soldiers guarding the palace, his five thousand elephants, his countless droves of horses, his gold and silver representing the loot of half the world, his banqueting-hall, his family, his guests, his habits, his wisdom, his rapacity, his cruelty, his justice.

The book takes up the whole range of Asia, with something strange, exciting, picturesque, grotesque, for every place and people. Marco had an eye like a camera, missing nothing, but like Herodotus, he accepted legends, in simple faith, as with demons of Gobi, his roc carrying off elephants in its claws, his sorcerers charming the sharks for the pearl-fishing off Ceylon.

But he knows all about the commerce and arts and customs of reality, about the trade in silk, about the use of paper made from cotton and from vegetable fibre (centuries before we had it), and not only paper for common use, but paper for money, from pieces a farthing in value to pieces stamped to represent sums equivalent to many pieces of gold.

One of his stories of animals is charming, telling how the Tartars, invading the Arctic regions to plunder, rode mares that had foals. The foals were left, attended, at the highest

altitude to which they could be safely taken, while the men rode on. As the Arctic night came on, a night four months long, the men would lose their way, whereupon they would fling their bridles on the necks of the mares, which, guided by instinct, would find the way through the icy gloom to the place where they had left their foals.

Never were great adventures more placidly told. Not once does Marco raise his voice or strike an attitude. He has blistered in torrid sunshine, frozen in bitter icy wastes, encountered a thousand dangers, traversed unthinkable distances, now amid scenes of princely luxury, now among cannibals, but not one purple patch does he venture.

He puts on the map for the first time such places as the Pamirs, Tibet, Burma, Siam, Cochin China, Java, Japan, Ceylon, the Andaman Islands, and a Central Asia previously unheard of. He is never excited; he has seen much, believed much, and expects his readers to be as trustful. They were not. It took centuries to reveal how marvellous was his fidelity to truth concerning the lands he had seen.

But Columbus read and believed Marco Polo. His copy of the book exists with his own written comments on seventy of its pages. Yet down to the 18th century men were seeking China unaware that it was Marco's Cathay. Columbus thought his America was either India or Cathay, and died believing so.

Marco's imprisonment was ended after a year, and he returned to Venice to marry, to become the father of four daughters, and to die at the age of seventy.

After the most astonishing exploits achieved for a thousand years he settled to the quietude of Venetian commerce again, a hero out of harness, back in the counting-house and busy at the wharf, as if his quarter of a century in the Orient had been a dream. But there were his jewels and the gold tablet he had received as passport from Kublai Khan, the hair of the yak he had brought from Tibet, and the head and feet

of the musk deer from India. And he had memories such as have seldom stirred the heart of man.

Gradually his book opened the eyes of the world to the wonders he had seen. Men longed to reach the lands he had described. The way to them by the paths he had trodden was barred by fierce warring nations, and there remained only the sea routes. His was the story that led to the rounding of the Cape and the finding of the way to India, to the voyages of Columbus and Magellan and Drake. All our Elizabethans trying to take short cuts across the North of the world were seeking the territories Marco Polo had pictured.

He it was who led to the discovery of America, and after that to the finding of the fifth continent. His book is a record of things seen and done by one man, the most courageous and splendid man of his age, a man unexcelled for valour and fidelity in any age, a quiet, modest, but indomitable hero, a little credulous as to things he hears, but true as a man on his oath as to what he has seen and done.

Tycho Brahe: The Curious Man Who Was Nearly Great

1546 – 1601 (Scandinavia)

He was one of the greatest servants of science, one of the most illustrious pioneers of modern astronomy, yet a man who devoted his great intellect to whittle away the discoveries of Nicolas Copernik, proving that the Earth goes round the Sun. He was a man of whom we may say that he was nearly great.

Tycho was a Danish nobleman. He was born three years after the death of old Nicolas Copernik, the monk whom we call by his Latin name of Copernicus. Tycho's father was not a rich man, but his rich uncle Steno Bille adopted him and sent him to the University of Copenhagen. Tycho, a fiery-natured, red-headed, and hot-eyed youth, was to become a lawyer.

While he was a student the air buzzed with predictions of a solar eclipse. All the world was agog with excitement. Statesmen quaked for the fate of nations; guilty kings went in fear and trembling to confession. Such a stupendous event as an eclipse of the Sun must surely mean something disastrous for the Earth.

Sure enough, to the very day, came this eclipse. That day, August 21, 1560, is a memorable date in the history of Evolution. No king fell dead from his throne. No fire from heaven consumed the crops sown in the fields by patient man. No fearsome plague swept through Europe in obedience to the wrath of God. But a boy of 14, studying law in Copenhagen, was smitten by wonderment and entranced by the thought of it all.

Knowledge that could foretell such a thing as this! Knowledge of things to come! Knowledge that ran ahead of time! Knowledge that could climb into the starry heavens!

He saved up his pocket-money and bought a little globe. He went to the book-sellers and inquired for works on astronomy. He began to make instruments of his own for studying the stars. All very well, said his tutor, but what about the law?

Tycho was now studying at Leipzig, and his tutor had ambitions for this nephew of the rich Steno Bille; why, he might become the Chancellor of Denmark. So the study of the stars was forbidden to Tycho. The in-exorable tutor stood like destiny in the path of his young pupil, pointing to the dusty folios of the law.

Well, Tycho bowed before the authority. But there was a little window in his bedroom, and by the mercy of Heaven the smallest window on Earth is big enough to admit at least some fragment of the majesty and the loveliness of the starry firmament. At that window he fixed his career, whatever his tutor might say. Through it he saw the glowing heavens that entranced him all his life. At that window, night after night, the student of law studied the Moon, the planets, and the stars; and in August, 1563, being then only 17, he observed a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, proving to himself that the planetary tables of tradition were a whole month in error, while even the tables of Copernik were wrong by several days.

Thus was the inexorable tutor overcome by an elation of the mind. Tycho did not, we may suppose, realise that he was on a path which would bring kings to his foot-stool. He realised only the thrill of knowledge, the thrill of that power which knowledge gives to a man's soul. Nothing could stop him now. He threw law to the winds and set himself to draw up astronomical tables, convinced that he could find his way among the stars better than any other man on Earth. Two years after this decision Steno Bille died, and Tycho found himself rich, able to pursue his way among the stars without

any earthly obstacle.

But note this very interesting fact. He was ridiculed and angrily censured for numbering himself among the astronomers. He, a nobleman, a great gentleman of Denmark, a rich man, to waste life over such a paltry business as the science of the stars! Why, he was unworthy to sit among gentlemen. His place was with tradesmen and monks. Poor Tycho! What a misfortune to be a gentleman and to have brains! They made life so hard for him in Denmark that he took himself off to Germany, there to pursue his study in peace.

Unfortunately for peace, he fell one night into an angry dispute over mathematics with a fellow-countryman. They met next morning, almost in the dark, with drawn swords. Whether they could see each other is doubtful, but the naked swords slithered and slashed, and the end of it was that the nose of Tycho fell to the ground, sacrificed to mathematics. Tycho was an ingenious fellow. He made himself a nose of fine gold, stuck it over the vacant space by means of cement, and carried ever afterwards a box of cement in his pocket lest the nose should suddenly drop off in company. His face once repaired, he turned once more to the stars.

His genius lay in constructing instruments for observing and measuring the movements of the heavenly host. Before his day there were no instruments worth speaking about. Tycho constructed the first quadrant; it was a prodigious thing, needing 20 men to carry it.

Suddenly into these studies came a passion for alchemy, the belief that he could transmute common metals into gold but, happily for science, a new star swam into his ken, growing to the brightness of Jupiter, and then in 18 months waning out of vision. This marvel of the sky recalled Tycho to the stars.

Presently the University of Copenhagen asked him to deliver a course of lectures on astronomy. Could a nobleman descend to such base levels as that? Tycho did. But note the

character of the man. His lectures took the form of sowing radical ideas in the mind of conservative humanity. He did talk about the stars, but in talking of those mysterious lights in heaven he trod upon as many earthly corns as he could manage. He set society by the ears. He ridiculed the whole order of things. He exalted intelligence to the supreme place in human affairs.

As if to startle the world by his acts as well as his words, this fiery nobleman with the red head and the golden nose married a peasant girl of Denmark.

Such was his power, however, that even so revolutionary an act as this could not put him out of court. On the contrary, the King of Denmark gave him £400 a year for life, an island on which to build an observatory, and the colossal sum of £20,000 with which to build it.

Then came into the world the first and greatest of all observatories, an observatory never since surpassed for magnificence—a palace like a cathedral, with gardens surrounding it, statues of famous men adorning it, printing shops at hand, and dwelling-houses for its disciples. Twenty thousand pounds was a huge sum in those days, but it is believed that Tycho spent as much out of his own purse. They called his fine workshop the Castle of the Heavens.

Here Tycho lived for 20 years with his peasant wife and a queer, crack-brained person whom now we should call a medium, a man who professed to be governed by spirits or angels who spoke through his lips. And here Tycho experimented with quack medicines and dabbled in astrology, fore-telling the fate of peasants by the stars and dosing them with his queer remedies, one of which became famous all over Europe. In Italy Tintoretto was painting his vast canvases. In France Descartes was playing with toys. In England Shakespeare was writing plays.

Now, Tycho was deeply religious, and the new idea of old Copernik that the Earth went round the Sun, and was only

one of many planets sweeping through the heavens, disgusted him as contrary to Scripture. Strange it seems to us, but we must remember the limitations of knowledge and the narrowness of belief in those days. And so the amazing Tycho used his unrivalled knowledge of the heavens to destroy the fame of Copernik. He did not actually oppose this new idea; he gave it a twist in an opposite direction. The whole of the heavens did, indeed, move, he said, but stars and everything else moved round the Earth; the planets did, indeed, revolve round the Sun, but planets and Sun also revolved round the Earth. At the very centre of the heavens was this little Earth.

We must remember that people did not want to believe in Copernik's idea. To the practical people of that age it was a ludicrous notion, a thing to be laughed at, a good joke; any clown, if he got up early, could see the Sun rise with his own eyes, and if he kept his eyes open at dusk he could see that same Sun set. What nonsense to talk of the Earth moving—the Earth on which people stood upright, and trees grew upward, and over whose fields the crows flew as calmly as a man walked! This Copernik would have us believe that crows flew upside down, and that men walked with their heads under their feet, hanging to the Earth like flies to the ceiling!

Still, certain people said that Copernik was right and that the old Greek Ptolemy was wrong. These people were no fools, and slowly their influence began to tell upon thoughtful minds; it looked as if the Church would have to light its human bonfires in order to save humanity from such terrible beliefs. But here was Tycho, the greatest of all astronomers, telling people that Copernik was wrong, or that he did not mean what it was said he meant; and so the Church drew a breath of relief, and kings and states men agreed that Tycho was a great fellow a man from God. Such was the fame of Tycho as a defender of the Scriptures and a master of the stars that James the First of England paid him a visit, leaving behind him, as a royal present to the great astronomer, a dog

that was destined to change Tycho's fortunes. For one day the Chancellor of Denmark came to the Castle of the Heavens, and, this dog getting in his way the Chancellor kicked it. Tycho was no courtier, but he was devoted to animals, and he gave the Chancellor such a rating as no bigwig in this world, perhaps, had ever endured before. White with rage the Chancellor went home, swearing he would ruin this insolent astronomer.

The old king died. His son was snubbed by the red-headed Tycho and did not like it. Such was Tycho's rough manner. If his medium began to speak at dinner, kings, philosophers, and statesmen were hotly told to hold their peace. If a nobleman attempted to give himself airs, Tycho would expose him as an ignoramus. Tycho offended people everywhere, and he offended the boy king. It was the Chancellor's opportunity. Tycho's pension was taken from him, then his estates, then his observatory; and, to crown all, the Chancellor appointed a committee to report upon the value of Tycho's work, and the committee brought in a verdict of Useless and Bad. Then was poor Tycho hooted and attacked in the streets, and presently driven into exile with his peasant wife, his children, and his dog. He said nobly in that dark hour of his life that, wherever he might go, over his head would be the same heavens and the same stars, and the thought of that comforted his soul.

Few things in history can move us more than the misfortunes of the great; a sudden fall from the dizzy heights of power and authority to the black abyss of poverty in exile. As a rule, so tremendous is this crash that the victim never recovers from it, remaining for the rest of his days stunned by a concussion of soul which robs him of all will and power. But Tycho was a man of infinite courage and unconquerable force of character. Two years he passed in the wilderness, and then he reappears in history, destined this time to do more for humanity than ever before.

The King of Bohemia sent for him to Prague. He was given three thousand crowns a year, a castle, and an observatory. Once more he became the great teacher of astronomy to whom philosophers and kings came, for advice. Here he ascended the throne of power once again; and here all that was sweet, tender, and compassionate in his proud nature went out to the poorest and the sickliest of his students, a married man with a family, John Kepler.

Kepler, whose name is known throughout the civilised world and will live forever, while the name of his master is sinking with every year into darker oblivion, addressed that master as Most Noble Tycho, confessing that he owed everything in life to Tycho's humaneness, charity, and intellectual sympathy. So let us remember him as Most Noble Tycho, forgetting his arrogance, his fierce temper, his absurd superstitions, and his opposition to the work of Copernik. He gave to astronomy, in days before the telescope, its first instruments, and he made it one of the exactest of exact sciences. Nor was he only the journeyman of astronomy, its mere instrument maker; for it was his enthusiasm for the majesty and beauty of the stars which kindled the soul of John Kepler into flame; and it was John Kepler, the pupil of Tycho who had scorned old Copernik, who brought the theory of Copernik to its final victory.

Thomas Stephens: The First Englishman in India

1549 – 1619 (Asia-India)

The race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; Thomas Stephens, the quiet, brave scholar, won the race to India, the first Englishman there. We hardly know of him at home, but more than 300 years after his death his name shines bright in Portuguese India, where they still chant the poems written by the foreigner they called Thomaz Estevao.

Stephens was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. Afterwards he went to Rome and became a Jesuit.

Columbus in seeking India had found the West Indies and South America; Cabot had found North America; Willoughby had perished with all his crew; Chancellor had found the White Sea and Archangel, and the way on foot to Moscow—all of them seeking India, with its spices and gold. Stephens sought it only for the salvation of souls. England could not reach this promised land by sea, although the King of Ternate in the Moluccas had contracted with Drake to supply England with all the cloves we needed.

There was nobody to follow up that most romantic of treaties, nobody to take the determined scholar to India under the flag of England, so he enlisted under the flag of Portugal. He sailed from Lisbon in 1579, and, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, reached India the same year, to become rector of the Jesuit college in Goa.

Stephen wrote home to his father a series of letters glowingly describing the fertility of the land, the wonders of the scene, and the openings for peaceful commerce. There were no newspapers then, but news travelled as it had always

travelled before printing was known, and soon commercial England was on fire with ambition to share the trade described by this pioneer.

The first trading mission from England went out in 1583, and Stephens had to intervene to save the lives and liberty of its four members from the jealous Portuguese.

Stephens had his hands full, however, in other directions. The frightful Inquisition was busy in Goa, burning not only men and women but their temples and their writings. The native literature perished in the fires lit by Christians. Stephens devoted himself to the creation of a new literature for the stricken people.

He was the first Christian to write a line for publication in India. He wrote a grammar for the natives, and then, when that had sunk in, he applied its principles in a translation of the New Testament. It left his hands as a great poem, and the people came to know and love the Christian faith through his poetry. It has been often reprinted, and is still beloved of native Christians in Portuguese India. That was the foundation of Christian literature in India.

Forty years he lived in India, and there he died. He was revered as a saint. He feared no danger, but braved peril, disease, and discomfort in a strange land, first of his nation to do so, to bring glad tidings to a people for whom his heart yearned.

Henry Hudson: He Has Been Missing for Three Hundred Years

Died 1611 (Exploration)

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

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

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

How he was to do it the Muscovy Company did not explain, except that he must not go south, he must not go by the Cape of Good Hope; he must "penetrate directly to the Pole," and drop comfortably into the Pacific. So away he went, he and the boy and his ten men, quitting Gravesend in May 1607. His last journey to London included a touching little ceremony, his visit to St Ethelburga's Church in Bishopsgate, where he and his crew, "proposing to go to sea in four days," attended Communion.

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

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

He was mastered by forces too strong for man, but he had added a great fact to the world's knowledge, for he had proved that there does not exist a short cut to China by sailing over the North Pole. But he dared not go back without something positive to tell. He found the icy waters of the North to be alive with whales, and on reaching the Thames, in September

of the year of his sailing forth, he set hardy English fishermen on fire with the prospect of whale fishing in the North. He became known as the father of the Spitsbergen whale hunt, which long brought wealth to the nation and steeled the fibre of our seamen.

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

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

The ice was impassable; it could have smashed a thousand ships like his and dropped them into the depths unseen; and in addition to ice, there was a terrific storm during which he anchored his ship to ride it out. The intrepid man then turned his helm and tried to get round the world by a north-west route, though his provisions were short and the season more than half gone. He had a giant's courage, but he had a great man's discretion, and he would not risk the lives of his boy

and his crew in pursuit of an absurdity; so when he found the North-West Passage impossible he abandoned it, and brought his ship home as taut as when he sailed her out.

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

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

There was no rest for our hardy hero failure on the Hudson had made him determined to find a north-west passage by another route, and so, in April 1610, he sailed again to seek it. He had a 55-ton ship, provisioned for six months, to get to the other side of the world by an undiscovered way! But the

elements of defeat did not lie so much in his scanty stores as in his crew. Of these there were 20, with his son and himself, and among them was a wretch named Green, a dissolute fellow whom Hudson had befriended when his family cast him off. Sound men and sound hearts are essential to a great enterprise such as that on which this little company was setting out; unsound hearts corrupt others, and so our captain was to find.

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

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

He was not the first to enter either the strait or the bay; but no one had ever gone so far as he, no one ever explored them so systematically and thoroughly as he. Entering the bay and finding an enormous tract of water, he thought this at last must be the sea that would take him to the East; but, alas! he was in a bay of half a million square miles, an inland sea more than twice the area of the entire North Sea. But he did not know it. He spent three months in exploration, naming capes and headlands and islands, but seeing no way out. The ice grew, the ship was again and again in peril of being closed in, and the crew, secretly urged by Green, raised their voices in complaint at the hopelessness of the quest. Henry Hudson's heroic heart never failed him. It was a fight for life indeed, but

a fight for honour too. He pulled out his chart and showed the men that they had sailed 300 miles farther than their countrymen had ever gone before. Would they continue or return? The crew were divided, so Hudson decided for himself, and went on seeking the North-West Passage. He had made up his mind, if necessary, to winter in the ice.

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

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

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

they ate moss, buds of trees, and frogs.

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

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

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

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

Christina of Sweden

1626-1689 (Scandinavia-Sweden)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Swedes, behold your king!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So she grew from childhood into girlhood, and at thirteen

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

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

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

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

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

The courier gave a sneering look upon this evidence that the refinement and culture which marked at least the palaces and castles of other European countries were as yet little

considered in Sweden. Then, important and impatient, he turned to the attendant. "Well," he said, "and is there none here to receive my dispatches? They call for—houf! so! what manners are these?"

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

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

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

"And who is this officious stranger, Klas?"

The tone and manner of the question again surprised the courier, and he looked at the speaker, amazed. What he saw was an attractive young girl of thirteen, short of stature, with bright hazel eyes, a vivacious face, now almost stern in its expression of pride and haughtiness. A man's fur cap rested upon the mass of tangled light-brown hair which, tied imperfectly with a simple knot of ribbon, fell down upon her neck. Her short dress of plain gray stuff hung loosely about a rather trim figure; and a black scarf, carelessly tied, encircled her

neck. In short, he saw a rather pretty, carelessly dressed, healthy, and just now very haughty-looking young girl, who seemed more like a boy in speech and manners—and one who needed to be disciplined and curbed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly she burst into a merry but scarcely lady-like laugh. "Ha, ha, ha! this is too rare a joke, Karl," she cried. "Lord Chancellor, Mathias, Torstenson!" she exclaimed, as these members of her council entered the apartment, "what think you? Here come dispatches from the Emperor of Germany begging that you, my council, shall consider the wisdom of wedding me to his son and thereby closing the war!

His son, indeed! Ferdinand the Craven!"

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

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

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

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

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

Christina again broke into a loud and merry laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, sirrah groom," he said to good-hearted Jous, "I would have you know that I am no novice in the equestrian art. Far from it, man. I have read every treatise on the subject from Xenophon downward; and what horse can know more

than I?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Light as the touch was, however, it was enough. The unruly horse reared and plunged. The startled scholar, with a cry of terror, flung up his hands, and then clutched black Hannibal around the neck. Thus, in the manner of John Gilpin,

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

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

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

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

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

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

At eighteen she had herself formally crowned as KING of Sweden. But at twenty-five she declared herself sick and tired of her duties as queen, and at twenty-eight, at the height of

her power and fame, she actually did resign her throne in favor of her cousin, Prince Karl—publicly abdicated, and at once left her native land to lead the life of a disappointed wanderer.

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

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

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

Sir Joseph Banks: He Did a Greater Thing Than He Knew

1743-1820 (South Seas-Australia)

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

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

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

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

But we can forgive Sir Joseph Banks. He did a very great

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

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

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

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

It was in his schooldays at Eton that there happened the incident upon which his career may be said to have turned. The boys were out bathing one evening and Banks was left to

find his way home alone. He walked slowly along a lane brilliant with flowers, and the sight of these glorious blossoms filled him with delight. "How beautiful!" he thought. "It is surely more natural that I should be taught to know these things than Latin and Greek." Latin and Greek were his father's command, but Joseph from that hour resolved to study flowers as well. We may say that British Australia was born in that lane that night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Banks's presence with the expedition lent additional fame to the enterprise of Captain Cook, and the voyage was so successful that a second cruise was organised. Banks was to have accompanied it, and he engaged a staff and rigged up cabins on deck for their accommodation, with great receptacles for

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

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

He built up an incomparable scientific library, and every scientist and earnest student was free to labour in it. His collections of birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, and plants were at the disposal of all the world. He brought together rich men and deserving poor men; he helped good men in need with counsel and money. He did more than that, for the spirit which prompted him to search for the lost La Perouse animated his

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

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

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

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

I'll break my staff,

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

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

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

William Wilson: Wilson of the Duff

1760-1814 (South Seas)

He was a sea captain living in retirement at Portsea in 1796. He was known as a serious man, who had joined earnestly in the service of his Church. He was only 36, but the stories he could tell of his adventures used to make the boys of Portsea open their eyes.

He was a Tynesider, the son of a sea captain, and it was on the sea he had his schooling. When he was 15 he joined the army; his first adventures were in America, where he fought at Bunker Hill and at Lexington during the war of the Revolution. When that war ended William took service in the navy, and in command of four ships escaped a French fleet and relieved Sir Eyre Coote near Madras. He was afterwards captured and imprisoned by the cruel Hyder Ali.

Of the 153 prisoners who were captured only 32 returned alive; among them was Wilson. These and many other stories he had to tell. But his days of adventure were not over. It was in a strange way that he entered on the second part of his life.

He heard one day that a new society had been formed to carry missionaries to the South Seas, and at once offered his services. He sold his house, bought a ship, the Duff, for £5000, and in the autumn of 1796, with thirty missionaries on board, took the ship down the Channel.

It was an important voyage, for in that ship were the first Protestant missionaries to settle in the South Seas. They were a mixed company; only four were ministers, the rest were carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, and men of other crafts. There was also a cooper and a surgeon. One of them was a

bricklayer, Henry Nott, who lived to translate the Bible for the people of Tahiti.

Wilson had for his task to bring the ship safely through long voyages. In fifty days the ship crossed the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro. Afterwards they made a journey of 13,820 miles without touching land. Only once in 97 days did these voyagers see a ship.

The first land they saw was Tahiti, where they landed some of their strange cargo. The rest of the missionaries they left in the Friendly Islands.

Then it was that Captain Wilson steered his ship toward China.

It was on the voyage there that he became one of the discoverers of the Fiji Islands. Through those dangerous seas he took the Duff with true seamanship. Once they struck a reef, and, according to the ship's log, the crew were conjuring up pictures of cannibal fires and savage dances. But Wilson saved the ship and the men escaped that awful fate.

Some of the most important islands in the group were first noted by Wilson.

They arrived in due course in Canton and loaded the ship with tea, which was sold in London for £4000. As his biographer says, a way into the Southern Ocean was now open. This was the great work in which this fine sailor had his part.

Samuel Marsden: He Took the Good News to New Zealand

1764 – 1838 (South Seas-New Zealand)

We could not tell the story of our great Southern Dominions without remembering Samuel Marsden, who arrived in New South Wales as the 18th century was closing, and was chaplain there in the very early days. This noble Yorkshireman, before he died in 1838, saw a new age begin in Australia and New Zealand.

In the 18th century the Maoris held possession of New Zealand. One of them had been to England to interview the King, and was returning home disappointed; but on the ship he found a friend in Marsden, who was returning to Sydney after a visit home, Ruatara, this Maori, did not forget his friend, and through him as interpreter Marsden was to preach the first sermon ever heard in New Zealand.

A visit to that land in those days was not altogether safe. In 1809 the ship Boyd had been wrecked and every man on board had been slain and eaten. Some said these Maoris should be killed, but Marsden had a better way. He bought the brig Active, and he and three men of the Church Missionary Society, with their wives and children, six mechanics from New South Wales, some Maori chiefs, and a scratch crew of ten nationalities, left Port Jackson. The voyage took no less than three weeks. When he landed Marsden had first to reconcile two tribes and make peace among them. When this was done the islanders crowded round to see the new cattle and horses Marsden had brought with him. Marsden and his white friends slept at night with the islanders

near them, their spears stuck upright in the ground. No harm befell them. In the morning Ruatara made preparations for a service.

The chiefs, Ruatara, Koro-Koro, and Shunghee, were dressed in regimentals given to them by Governor Macquarie of Sydney. Each had a sword by his side and a switch in his hand with which he marshalled the Maoris to their places as the historic service began. This is what Marsden said of what happened then:

I rose up and began by singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, and felt my very soul melt within me when I viewed my congregation and considered the state they were in.

After reading the service (during which the natives stood up and sat down at the signal given by the motion of Koro-Koro's switch), it being Christmas Day, I preached from Luke: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." When I had done preaching Ruatara informed them what I had said.

There is an inscription on the Marsden Cross in the Bay of Islands to recall that Christmas Day of 1814 when good tidings of great joy reached the Maoris.

Gaw Hong: The Man in a Brown Coat

Died 1769 (Asia-China)

Although a thousand years should pass you will still be alive.

This is the lovely epitaph the Chinese wrote on Gaw Hong's statue in the island of Formosa. About 160 years ago there were head-hunters in the mountains who made raids on the Chinese in the plains.

Living in the island then was a man named Gaw Hong, who was universally beloved, and the plainsmen begged him to go into the mountains as their ambassador and sue for peace.

Others had gone, and been killed. But Gaw Hong accepted the mission. What a marvellous mystery is Personality! Not only did the head-hunters, who could not understand a word he said to them, make no attempt to kill him, but they quickly grew to like him.

Gradually he learned their language, and as soon as he could talk with them taught them the wickedness of human slaughter. Such was his influence that for a time they stopped raiding, until the day came round for the yearly sacrifice.

And then they would not listen to him: they must have a head.

In vain he pleaded. One head once a year they must have.

Finally he said: "Very well. At dawn tomorrow a man in a brown coat and red hat will come along the road by my house. You may have his head."

It was only after the man in the brown coat had been ambushed and killed that the head-hunters found that they

had killed their friend Gaw Hong.

How could they atone? Only by doing what he desired. They gathered together from 48 villages and vowed never again to kill for sacrifice. A great stone was buried as a symbol of their promise, and since 1769 the promise has been kept.

Adoniram and Ann Judson: Imprisonment of Adoniram Judson in Burmah

1788 – 1850, 1789 – 1826 (Asia-Burma)

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

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

specially enraged, and by their influence obtained an order from the government to stop zayat and all other preaching. In the summer of 1820 Mr. Judson baptized seven additional converts, though it was at the peril of their lives.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The death prison was constructed of boards, and was considerably stronger than an ordinary Burmese dwelling-house. There were no windows, nor other means of admitting the air, except by such cracks as always exist in a simple board house, and only one small door. The ground served as a floor, and prisoners were continually dying from disease, making the atmosphere very unhealthy and dangerous. The supply of food was so irregular that, when it came, the maddened way

in which it was devoured not infrequently resulted in death.

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

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

Mrs. Judson wrote a letter to one of the king's sisters, with whom she was on intimate terms, beseeching her to interfere in behalf of the missionaries; but the letter was sent back, with the message that nothing could be done. On the third day she wrote and sent a letter to the governor of the city, who had the entire direction of prison affairs, requesting permission to visit him with a present. The governor was pleased, and told her to come, at the same time informing the guards that they must offer her no indignity or resistance. On reaching the governor's house she was received pleasantly, but was informed that the prisoners could not be set free, though

possibly their situation might be rendered more comfortable. "Go to my head officer at the prison," said the governor—"maybe he will do something for you." She went, but her first glance told her that the tiger-cat would probably do nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

The officers carried the money and other things to the king, saying, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this

money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks full of clothes, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

And now began a new and terrible scene of misery. The missionaries had seen men and boys beaten and smothered and starved, and then dragged out by the heels and fed to the dogs. But to see a lion, that could not comprehend the meaning of such cruelty, was something for which the missionaries

were not prepared.

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

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

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

For some two hours she was in the governor's company, he being very talkative and agreeable. She then started home, but on her way was met by one of her former female servants,

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

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

What was her astonishment on arriving at the courtyard to learn that the prisoners were not there, but that two hours previously they had been sent to a prison four miles distant! The cartman who brought her to Amarapoora refused to go farther, saying that his bullocks were tired, and that it was too hot and dusty. With her babe in her arms, and the sun pouring down its blistering rays, she walked all over the town hunting a new cartman. Succeeding at last, the journey was

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

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

cried out to be thrown into the river. There were yet eight miles to walk, and the way was over sand and gravel that felt like hot coals to their naked feet. The skin peeled almost wholly off, but the unfeeling drivers plied them with their whips, caring nothing if they killed them even before reaching Amarapoora.

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

After a restless night with her babe Mrs. Judson arose,

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

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

day, and then crawled down, being too weak to walk, and got into a boat bound for Amarapoora.

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

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

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

At noon they left, Mr. Judson being in charge of the chief jailer, and Mrs. Judson and her servant and children in a boat which she hired. Both reached Ava before dark; but while Mrs. Judson found her way to her own house, Mr. Judson was

locked up in prison.

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

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

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

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

have his liberty.

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

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

The English army were approaching constantly nearer and nearer to Ava, and the Burmese were thrown into great consternation. They saw, from the ease with which their forces were vanquished, that unless peace was speedily made their city would fall into the hands of the foreign army. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were consulted daily, as also were two English officers in captivity there. After almost endless negotiations, and the payment of a large sum of money to the king

by Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander of the English forces, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were allowed to leave Ava for the English camp at Amherst, thirty miles from Maulmain.

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

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

Jan Thorwaldsen: Old Jan's Twilight Tale

1789 – 1835 (South Seas-Hawaii)

His face was wrinkled and his back was bent and his step was faltering and slow, but he was the best story-teller in all Copenhagen, and wherever he went a group of children followed until he seemed like another Pied Piper. In all his seventy years he had not grown too old to have an interest in their sports and games, nor was he ever too busy to refuse a bit of advice when they asked it. That is why he put aside the book he was reading and went out on the stoop, for just then merry voices sounded in from the street and he knew the neighborhood boys and girls were having a frolic there.

They saw him as he came out of the doorway, and one of the number called blithely, "Ah, there's Jan now! I wonder if he has a story for us?"

And with a rush and bound they surrounded him and began a chorus of pleas.

"A sea story," called gray-eyed Charlotte Ruleson, whose father was a boatman, and who had heard many of the weird yarns floating about among sailor folk; "one with pirates and lots of shooting." While another begged for a ghost tale with a big spook, and still another wanted a fairy story with witches and goblins and all those creatures who play pranks in Elfland. Each had his request for the kind of tale he liked best, but one slender boy, with a shock of yellow hair and a face like a youthful viking, said nothing. He just stood and watched the old man, with a look of pleading in his lobelia-blue eyes.

Jan saw it, and knew that he, too, had his desire, but for some reason had not voiced it. So he turned to him and asked,

"And you, Bertel Thorwaldsen, what do you want?"

As he spoke, a smile of rare sweetness came over the lad's strong face, and he answered in a voice that was low and vibrant, "A hunting story, if you please; one of the days when you were in India."

A chorus, of laughter sounded from the group, and smiles and grimaces were on almost every face.

"You might know he'd ask for something about animals," exclaimed Christine Jacobsen. "Most of the time he isn't sketching he puts in watching them, and the other day the school-master said if he knew half as much about his lessons as he knows about horses and cattle, he wouldn't get the ferule so often. You'd think he'd get over dreaming about them when they get him into trouble."

"Yes, especially after what they did for him today," remarked Hals Sorensen. "He forgot to take his father's dinner because he was at the Amalienborg making a picture of the king's riding horse, and poor Gottshalk Thorwaldsen had to go without eating after working all morning over his figureheads. So now there's talk of taking Master Bertel out of school and sending him to Jutland to work in the fields."

"We all know that, Hals Sorensen," Christine broke in, "so I don't see why you need tell it again. My mother says it's a pity, too, because Bertel has a real talent for drawing, and if his father'd only let him help with his figure-heads his own work would be better and people would stop saying he has a no-account son."

Christine's mother was the daughter of an artist, so the girl knew that when a love of drawing is born with one he can no more put it aside than he can do without air and water. Her sympathy and understanding had often smoothed the boy's path when his comrades ridiculed him, and he looked at her now with kindly eyes.

Jan, too, smiled at her, because loyalty is always admirable, and he liked her defense of the boy. He knew all about

the forgotten dinner and the gossip among the men in the shipyard, that Bertel ought to be taken from school and put to farming, for he worked there himself and had urged the father not to be too hard on the lad while all the others recommended punishment. With all his wrinkles and white hair he still had enough youth in his heart to know that the best-meaning boys sometimes forget, and had sufficient faith to believe that Bertel's knowing his father had gone hungry was a punishment that would keep him from forgetting in the future. Always before he had come in good time with the pail, and often, while the elder Thorwaldsen ate, would correct the drawings from which were carved figure-heads for merchant vessels, and many a piece of work was better because of the boy's touch. A lad like that, he reasoned, was not bad at heart, and it was well to be lenient with him for once. So he spoke very kindly.

"I know all about it, Hals," he said, "but I believe Bertel has had his lesson, and it won't happen again. I am sure his father thinks so too, because just before I came home tonight he told me that after this he intends to take him to the shipyard every day to help with the cuts, which will be far better than working in the Jutland fields. So let us talk of something that will make no one unhappy."

And quieting their remarks, they sat down beside him to listen to a story.

Away to the north the sky glowed with a soft pink light, as if a sheet of rose leaves had been spread across it, and downward, from the mass of color, streamers like variegated ribbons floated toward the horizon, faint at first, but fast deepening to the gray that comes with the approach of night, and Jan watched the changing tints with dreamy eyes. Bertel's request for a hunting story had brought memories of twilight tints in other skies, and of the far-off time when every day was filled with thrilling adventure. For he had not always been a cargo loader in the Copenhagen shipyard, but once had

traveled in distant lands and hunted game with the best sports of Europe. But he was old now, and the most exciting things life held were the evening visits of the children, to whom the tales of the one-time wanderer were like the pages of some splendid romance. So he began a story of his Indian days, one which he said was the most vividly remembered of all his hunting experiences.

Blue-eyed Bertel moved closer, and sat with glowing eyes as the old man described, in a picturesque way, the jungle where he had hunted in his youth. The boy could almost see the trees with their trailing moss, the lush, tropical vines that swung ropes of bloom from the branches, and the banyan thicket, made hideous at night by the cries of savage beasts. He had often heard of how the natives hunted with javelins, and how, when the first European sportsmen came, they acted as guides to the strangers, but it was all new and thrilling when recounted by the one-time huntsman.

Jan then told of a guide sighting a lion, a magnificent creature that well might have been the king of all that jungle.

"The fellow sent his javelin at him, and struck the beast full in the breast. And, ever since that day, I think of a lion, not as a wild creature of the woods, but as one guarding with his life all it holds most dear. Because," he went on, "his mate was just beyond with her two cubs, and as the iron struck him he lunged forward, with defiance in his eyes, as if to say, 'You shall not harm them until you have killed me.'"

Bertel thought a great deal about the story, and for a long time afterward, when men talked of bravery, he saw a lion in the Indian jungle, standing with a javelin in its breast, yet defying the hunters to touch its mate and little ones. And often when he went to visit Jan he would ask him to repeat the tale. Then, someone, seeing him at work on the figure-heads in the shipyard, persuaded his father that such talent for drawing and carving ought to be cultivated and he was sent to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Throughout that

winter there were sketches to be made in the evenings, so there was no time for visits. Before summer came Jan died, and there were no more twilight tales. But he remembered those he had heard, and, most vividly of all, that of the wounded lion in the Indian jungle.

Years passed, with summers of Denmark's lovely twilights and winters made glorious by northern lights. Bertel still worked at his drawing, and at carving too, modeling figures he hoped someday to fashion in marble. But marble costs much money, and Thorwaldsen was poor. He went to Rome, hoping in that home of art to find someone who would give him an order, that he might prove what he could do. But no order came. Still he worked on undaunted, even when the first model of his "Jason" crumbled into fragments because he was too poor to have it cast. He struggled on until it seemed useless to hope longer. Then, heartbroken and discouraged, he packed his trunk to return to Copenhagen.

But it was not meant for Bertel Thorwaldsen to die unknown. An English banker, whose name, by the way, was Hope, heard of the artist, and came to see his work. To Thorwaldsen he seemed as good as his name, for he gave him an order for a statue, which was so finely executed that the genius discovered long before in the Copenhagen shipyard came to be recognized all over Europe. Order after order came, and he carved so rapidly and exquisitely that the whole world was amazed. Not since the days of the old masters had any wrought such wonders with chisels and marble, and he was called to almost every continental city that wished to erect a splendid statue. The Danes, who had thought him a worthless fellow, no longer talked about Gottshalk's no-account son, but spoke proudly of "Our Thorwaldsen."

Just as he was rising to his zenith, Switzerland was eager to erect a monument to the memory of her children who had died in defense of the Tuileries. All the world knows how, when Louis XVI was taken before the assembly that was to

deprive him of his power, a mob attacked the palace. The Swiss guards might have driven it back, but a messenger from the king came with word that they should not fire into the crowd, but were to retire. Within the palace was a handful of warders whom the royal edict did not reach, and they, not knowing of the order, tried to defend the place. But too weak to hold out against the populace, and too faithful to desert their post, they were massacred without mercy. What was more fitting than that the mountain land that nurtured them should raise an undying tribute to their memory?

General Plyffer von Altishofen, an officer of the guard who escaped from the mob, had returned to Lucerne and was living in retirement there. It was his idea to erect a monument to honor his fallen comrades, and he made known his plan.

All Switzerland responded. From every canton, from every lake-gemmed valley, and upland Alp, came a manifestation of the spirit that has made the country a fitting land of Tell, and the voice of the people said, "We will make it a national monument to our heroic dead."

Funds began to pour in, the amount growing steadily and rapidly until enough was realized to erect something very splendid and very enduring.

"Who shall the sculptor be?" was then the question.

And in answer was asked another question, "Who but Thorwaldsen?"

So to Italy, where the magician of the North was at work, came a call from crystal lake and snow-capped peak that he should come to Lucerne. And to Lucerne he went, to begin the work that was to immortalize him.

But he had a hard problem to solve. What was a theme noble enough to commemorate such heroism? It must be something grandly appropriate, yet different from every monument in the world, for the spirit of patriotism was afire in Switzerland, and nothing commonplace would be considered.

One sketch after another was made, only to be cast aside

as being a conception not big and fine enough. Then one night as he lay thinking about it, when the wind whipped the water of the lake until it sounded like the old Baltic beating against his own Danish shores, there came a memory of Jan's twilight tale.

"Standing with a javelin in its breast," the old man had said, "yet defying the hunters to touch its mate and little ones."

Nothing could be more appropriate than that, he thought, and the next day he submitted the design, a wounded lion guarding the escutcheon of France.

The men of the committee were delighted. It was an unusual theme, and worthy of such a memorial. So the model was begun.

Thorwaldsen had never seen a live lion, but that was no insurmountable obstacle to him. He studied old statues for form and proportion, reading, drawing, and working night and day, and when the finished model suited him it was chiseled out of native granite in the general's garden, against a rugged cliff overlooking the lake and facing the peaks, a fitting tribute to the children of the Alps.

And did Switzerland approve? Ah, yes. The day of its unveiling was made a national holiday. From every canton throngs of people poured into the city, singing the songs of Helvetia and showering honors upon a Northern artist. Yet none knew whence came his inspiration, for not until many years afterward did he reveal the secret. Then, walking one evening with his loved friend, Hans Christian Andersen, he told the cargo-loader's story.

"I was just a lad when I heard it," he said, "but I never forgot it."

Thus it became known that old Jan's tale of a wounded lion in an Indian jungle, told at twilight to a blue-eyed boy in Copenhagen, became the inspiration of the matchless monument that today looks out over the clear waters of the Lake

of the Four Cantons, and is known the world around as "The Lion of Lucerne."

Hiram Bingham: He Led the Pilgrims of Hawaii

1789 – 1869 (South Seas-Hawaii)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Henry Havelock: The Man Who Died to Save India

1795 – 1857 (Asia-India)

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

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

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

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

He sailed for India in 1823, to remain there for 26 years, passing St Helena while the turf was still new on the grave of Napoleon. On the long voyage out he found a master and a pupil in an officer who, learning languages of him, preached

anew the Gospel he had imbibed from his mother's teaching.

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

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

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

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

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

When the news reached Havelock he at once obtained leave of absence, and was preparing to start when word was brought that the men of his regiment wished to speak to him. In the courtyard he found his Saints drawn up in ranks. The sergeant stepped forward with a salute, a blundering apology, and a murmur of sympathy, and the request that he would be

so good as to accept a month's pay from the men to enable him to refurnish his ruined home.

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

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

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

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

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

Promotion in those bad old days was by purchase, and

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

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

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

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

Reaching Bombay at the end of May, he was ordered to Galle, but on the way his ship was wrecked, and he had a narrow escape from death. With all haste he made his way to Calcutta and while raising a force at Allahabad heard the dire

story of a massacre at Cawnpore. Havelock had to regain Cawnpore before he could advance to the relief of Lucknow, which was also invested by rebels.

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

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

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

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

there to await the coming of reinforcements.

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

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

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

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

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

Havelock bravely cooperated with Sir Colin Campbell, but his life-work was now done. He had performed wonders with incredibly small numbers and equipment. His health was

ruined, and eight days after the arrival of Campbell his courageous life ended—too soon to know that he had been made a baronet with a pension of £1000 a year.

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

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

Hans Christian Andersen

1805-1875 (Scandinavia-Denmark)

The ancient town of Odeuse, in Denmark, seems almost as if it was situated on the borders of Fairyland, so full is it of old stories and traditions and curious legends. So it was really the exactly right birthplace for little Hans Andersen, "the future Fairy King," and there he was born on April 2, 1805.

No one could possibly have guessed that this baby held in his tiny mottled fist the golden key to Fairyland, or that he had any connection whatever with fairies. His home was not in the least like a palace, in fact it was only a poor cobbler's room, so small that quite half of it was taken up by the big bed on which the baby lay, while the other half had to serve for workshop, kitchen, and dining-room all in one.

It certainly was a very poor and very small room, but the baby learned to love it as soon as his quick eyes began to look about and take notice of things. There were shining glimpses to be caught of cups and glasses on the top of the chest of drawers, and on the panels of the door were painted beautiful gay pictures of hills and dales and flowers which delighted his heart. Then too, as soon as he grew old enough to toddle out by himself, he brought home all the wild flowers he could find, and with their dear faces smiling at him he thought this room the loveliest home in all the world.

In the evenings when he was tucked away into the big bed and the cotton curtains were drawn round it, he lay and listened to the tapping of the shoemaker's hammer, and the busy life going on in the room, wide awake and perfectly contented.

"How nice and quiet he is, the blessed child," said his mother, peeping in through the curtains to see if he were asleep, and finding him with wide open eyes smiling happily to himself.

That must have been the beginning of the fairies' work, for they certainly kept him happy and amused all through his babyhood. People might have called those fairies the child's own thoughts and fancies, but any sensible child who knows anything at all about fairies knows better than that. The fairies may have come in with the wild flowers or lay hidden in the fresh birch branches that stood behind the polished stove, or swung to and fro in the branches of sweet herbs that hung from the rafters. At any rate there can be no manner of doubt that they must have lived up above in the roof-garden, although that garden was nothing more than a box of earth where parsley and sweet peas grew. Anyone who doubts that has only to read "The Snow Queen" to find there an exact description of little Hans' roof-garden, and if there were no fairies there, how could it have found its way into a real fairy tale?

The father of little Hans was, as we have seen, a cobbler, but he was not very clever at his trade, and instead of mending shoes he was much fonder of building castles in the air or reading the books which crowded into the shelf hung close to the window where he worked. He had plenty of time to make toys for his little son, and Hans was the happy possessor of a mill that could work while the miller danced, a peep-show with puppets to act, and all kinds of pictures that changed into different shapes when they were pulled by a string.

Unfortunately this was not the best way of making money, and the cobbler did not grow rich. There came a day, however, when it looked as if fortune meant to smile upon him. The squire of a country village close by needed a shoemaker, and offered a house and a garden, and grass for a cow, to the man who could make a good pair of shoes.

There was great excitement in the cobbler's home when a piece of silk was sent by the squire's lady to be made into a pair of dancing-shoes, and every night Hans, when he said his evening prayers, said a special prayer asking God to help his father to make these shoes most beautifully, so that they might all go to the house with the garden, and the green field for the cow, and live happily ever after.

But when the shoes were finished and the cobbler carried them off rolled up in his apron to the great house, the squire's lady was not at all pleased with them. She said he had quite spoilt her beautiful piece of silk, and she could not think of having such a bungler for the shoemaker.

The poor cobbler listened in silence, and when she had finished he caught up his knife and in a great rage cut the pretty dancing-shoes into ribbons. Then he turned and went sorrowfully home.

So that dream-castle tumbled to pieces, and Hans wept bitterly because he thought God had paid no attention to his prayers. He was only a very little boy and did not know that God has many ways of answering children's prayers. Perhaps if Hans had gone to live happily in the country as he wished, then he would never have found his way into the much fairer country of Fairyland.

Hans had a mother too, as well as a father, but she was not a very wise mother, and she did not look after him very carefully. Sometimes she spoilt him sadly and allowed him to do whatever he liked, whether it was bad or good, and sometimes she did not trouble herself much about him at all. His best and wisest friend was certainly his old grandmother, who lived close by, and who used to come every day to see her little grandson. All the nice old grandmothers in those fairy tales are just like that grandmother of his. She was always cheerful and kindly and very wise, with a tiny bent figure and the sweetest of blue eyes. Whenever she came she brought Hans a bunch of flowers, and Hans would climb up to the top

of the chest and arrange them in the glasses that stood there. He had wonderful hands for arranging flowers, and he used to say, "Flowers know very well that I am fond of them; even if I were to stick a peg into the ground, I believe it would grow." That was quite true. Flowers know, almost as well as little boys and girls, who are fond of them and who are not.

All the old people who lived near the cobbler's house were fond of Hans, and he loved to go and see them and tell them all the things he knew, until they nodded their heads and said, "What a clever child it is;" then in return they would tell him all sorts of stories which they had heard when they were children, and Hans carefully stored them up in his mind, to tell many years afterwards to other children. There was "The Tinder Box," "The Travelling Companions," and many others that every child knows now.

But although the old people were fond of Hans he was always a lonely child, and never had anyone of his own age to play with. Even when he went to school he never played games with the other boys. They were so rough that they frightened him, and he was much happier sitting by himself and dreaming his dreams.

He did not stay very long at any school, for his parents allowed him to do very much as he liked, and school was not to his taste.

To begin with, his unwise mother had told the schoolmistress at his first school that Hans was never to be whipped, whatever happened, and the good dame quite forgot this one day and gave him a well-deserved tap with the birch-rod.

Hans said never a word, but got up at once, solemnly tucked his book and his slate under his arm, and marched out of the schoolroom. He went straight home and told his mother what had happened, and instead of sending him back to be whipped again, which would certainly have been wise, she took him away from the dame's school and sent him to another.

At this new school Hans was charmed to find a very little girl whom he thought much nicer than the rough boys, and with whom he immediately tried to make friends. The little girl told him that she wanted specially to learn arithmetic, that she might someday be a dairymaid at a grand castle.

Hans at once set to work and drew a splendid castle on his slate, and told her it was a picture of his very own castle, where she should be dairymaid someday.

"For you know," he said, "I am really a great nobleman, and the castle belongs to me, but when I was a baby the fairies came and took me out of my cradle and carried me off to the cobbler's cottage."

He thought his new friend would love his make-believe stories, just as the old people did, but the stolid little dairymaid looked at him coldly. She did not believe in fairies at all, and she thought that Hans was not telling the truth, or that he was quite mad and foolish.

Poor Hans never tried to tell any more tales after that, but he went on dreaming them all the same.

Of course if a boy spends his time dreaming about fairies he is apt to leave his lessons unlearned, and that was exactly what happened to Hans. He was always in disgrace and never knew his lessons, and his angry master did not feel in the least less angry when the boy presented him with large bunches of wild flowers. The flowers were beautiful, but they could not make up for idleness.

Hans could easily have learned his lessons if he had tried, but he was not fond of lessons and was a great deal too fond of only doing what he liked best. He loved to make doll's clothes and to sit in the yard near the gooseberry bush and watch its leaves unfolding from day to day. There he sat under a tent which he rigged up out of his mother's apron and a broomstick, as happy as a king, and no one sent him back to school or made him learn his lessons.

After the sad business of the dancing-shoes, the poor

cobbler grew less and less inclined to work, and at last went off to be a soldier, hoping to return covered with glory. That castle also tumbled to pieces, for the poor man died before he began to fight. Then his widow married again, and little Hans was left more than ever to himself.

By this time the boy was eleven years old and was growing into a long, lanky, queer-looking lad, with a face that was almost comic in its ugliness.

If ever there was an Ugly Duckling it was Hans Andersen. All the other boys laughed at him, teased him, chased him away and shouted after him, until the poor awkward child longed to run away and hide himself from the cruel, unkind world.

No one understood him, no one knew all the wonderful things that he thought about and the great things that he meant to do. He had begun to read Shakespeare, and had made up his mind to be a great writer of plays, but when it was discovered that Hans Andersen was conceited enough to think he could write, the boys shouted all the more scornfully after him, "There goes the play-scribbler," and tormented him more cruelly than ever.

Hans had a dim idea that the higher born, nobler people would understand him better and treat him more kindly, and certainly one or two of the great families took an interest in the poor cobbler's son. It amused them to hear him recite whole plays from memory, and to see the poetry he tried to write when he knew little about spelling and less about grammar. The boy was certainly clever in some ways, but what could be done with a boy who had left school almost as ignorant as when he went to it?

About this time there dawned a great day in Hans Andersen's life, the day of his confirmation at St. Knut's Church. It was the Sunday after Easter, and the boy had been thinking a great deal of the promises he was about to make, eager to begin the new life, and anxious to become a true and

loyal servant of God.

But it was so difficult to keep his mind from straying to other things. There was his new coat, which had been made for him out of his father's old one. The very thought of it filled him with pride, and above all there was his new pair of boots. He had never worn a pair of boots before, and these were quite new. His only fear was that the people might not notice them, and he was so glad when they creaked loudly as he walked up the aisle. They made so much noise that no one could help looking at them.

Then suddenly as he walked up, filled with delight over his coat and the creaking of his new boots, he remembered where he was and what he was doing, and he hung his head with shame to think that at such a time he should think more of his new boots than about God.

He never forgot how he felt that day, and he remembered it with sorrowful shame for many long years afterwards. Indeed it was the remembrance of those very confirmation boots which made him write the story of "The Red Shoes."

But now it was time that Hans set to work in earnest, for after being confirmed he was a child no longer. His mother did not know what to do with him, but Hans had quite made up his mind to go away to Copenhagen to make his fortune.

"You go through a frightful lot of hardships first," he explained, "and then you become famous."

So the Ugly Duckling set out to see the world, quite certain that he was going to live happily ever afterwards, as the fairy tales say.

He little guessed all that lay before him, and how truly "frightful" those hardships were to be. All that he had neglected to learn had still to be learned, he was to suffer hunger and cold and bitter want, and again, like the Ugly Duckling, to be driven away, laughed at, despised, and persecuted.

But the beautiful ending to the fairy tale was to be his too. Hans Andersen, the queer, uncouth boy, was to become Hans

Andersen the author, whose beautiful thoughts and dream pictures made him famous throughout all lands, and who, with the golden key, unlocked for all children the gates of Fairyland.

Like the swan who had once been the Ugly Duckling, "he now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him."

At the end he forgot all the hardships and sorrows of his life. He only remembered the beautiful things, and kept always the sunny heart of a little child, so that he could say at the last, when he came to the very end of the fairy tale, "Oh, how happy I am! How beautiful the world is! Life is so beautiful! It is just as if I were sailing into a land far, far away, where there is no pain, no sorrow."

James Calvert of Fiji

About 1813 – 1892 (South Seas-Fiji)

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

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

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

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

The greatest man in Mbau was Thakombau, and for a long time Calvert did all he could to induce him to give up his cruel ways, for among primitive people to win the Chief is

to win the tribe. Thakombau, who, though his father was living, was the ruler of Mbau, was hostile to Christianity and would not allow its worship in his domain. War broke out, and all the old cruelties were repeated, though Calvert worked endlessly to persuade the Chief not to sacrifice human lives and to make peace with his enemies.

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

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

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

During such wars Calvert ran many risks as peacemaker. Once he called at a certain island to warn the people that their enemy was about to attack them; but they took him for an enemy himself, and as he waded to land he was surrounded by hostile islanders chanting his death-song as they dragged him to shore. Happily for him, the Chief of Mbau, who knew him well, had just arrived on the island. Had he not been there Calvert might have suffered the fate of John Williams

and James Chalmers. He had had fifteen years of rough work, he reminded himself as the warriors surrounded him, and it would be a fitting end if he were killed on such a mission.

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

Elisha Kent Kane: The Dauntless American in the Arctic

1820-1857 (Exploration)

Since the days of Edward the Sixth, when Sir Hugh Willoughby and his men all perished, frozen at their posts among the treacherous rocks around Spitsbergen, the infinite silence of the Arctic Seas has been the setting for supreme heroic deeds; yet have any been more heroic, we wonder, than the search of Elisha Kent Kane, an American scientist and explorer, for the lost ships of Sir John Franklin? The lost man was not even a fellow-countryman, but Dr. Kane needed no other incitement for his chivalrous adventure than the call our common humanity made upon him.

He was born at Philadelphia. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia, and in 1842 received his degree of M.D., entering the American navy as a surgeon the following year. In 1850 an expedition was organized to search for Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane was appointed surgeon and naturalist to the party. After an absence of 18 months Dr. Kane returned, but though in feeble health he was determined not to give up the search.

He lectured throughout the States with the object of raising enough money to finance a second expedition, and in 1853 this hope was realized.

A second expedition, financed by Henty Grimell, set out with Dr. Kane at its head. The little ship Advance sailed up Baffin Bay, through Smith Sound, and so into an enclosed sea now known as Kane Basin, thus preparing the way for many future Polar Expeditions.

The whole expedition was heroic in conception and realization, but we must concern ourselves only with one striking incident. In September the ice closed in on the Advance, and throughout the dark night of the Arctic winter the men were confined to their ship, preparing for the hazardous search-parties which would begin with the first gleams of early spring. In March eight men were sent out to prepare a food depot for future use. Ten days later, toward midnight, Kane and his men were stitching moccasins in the warm cabin when they heard shambling footsteps above, and in staggered three of the men, haggard, swollen, with frost-bite, scarcely able to speak. At length they learned that four of the men were lying frozen and disabled in their tent, and the fifth man had stayed to look after them in peril of his life. These three men had set out for help, but they were so exhausted and bewildered that the only information Dr. Kane could elicit from them as to the whereabouts of their companions was that they were somewhere among the hum-mocks to the north and east, and that the ice was "drifting heavily."

Instantly Dr. Kane prepared food, packed up a small tent, made ready the sledge, and the rescue party set out. The least disabled of the three officers was wrapped up in furs and eider-downs and strapped into the sledge in the hope that he would be able to guide them, and then the nine men, with Dr. Kane at their head, set forth across the icy wilderness in cold 78 degrees below freezing-point.

The disabled officer, who had fought against sleep for 50 hours on the terrible journey back to the ship, fell at once into a death-like sleep, and the ten rescuers struggled on for 16 hours, their only landmarks huge icebergs whose forms they recognized jutting out at intervals across the bay. And when at last they found themselves in unknown regions their sick comrade awoke delirious and quite useless. They only knew their messmates must be within a compass of forty miles, somewhere in those infinite frozen stretches and soft, fatal

snows.

They came at last to a long, level ice-floe, and Kane, thinking it would have proved attractive to weary men unable longer to combat the rugged surfaces and hummocks, decided to search it. To halt for a moment would have meant certain death, for the temperature had fallen 30 degrees lower.

All the members of the party suffered greatly from thirst, for they could not wait to thaw the ice; and in such intense cold, if unthawed, ice burns like acid, leaving the lips and tongue bleeding. Dr Kane ordered his men to spread out so that the search might be more thorough; but willy-nilly the men found themselves drawing close together, the awe of those unconquerable solitudes—remote, austere—and the intense stillness playing havoc with their shattered nerves. Dr Kane himself fainted twice in the snow.

All the men were exhausted. They had been 18 hours without food and water, but with indomitable courage they pressed on and at length they saw the American flag, a splash of colour, drooping from a hummock of snow just behind the tent of their lost comrades.

Instinctively the men stayed without the tent waiting for their leader to come up, and in that awe-full moment, uncertain whether his men were living or wrapped round in the deepest of all silences, Dr. Kane crawled into the darkness of the tent.

He saw the four helpless figures stretched out upon their backs, and they cried through blackened and frozen lips: "We were sure you would come." And instantly there came a ringing cheer from outside. That was a great moment!

There were now 15 men to be brought back to the ship. The rescuers had had no rest for 21 hours, the tent would only hold eight men, and outside only incessant motion could prevent death. The sick men were undressed, rubbed, and packed again in furs and reindeer skins. This took four hours more, and by now the rescuers were dazed and exhausted,

their fingers numb with frost-bite.

But Dr Kane prayed, and then began the long trek back to the ship over ice and snow and bleak ridges, wild and rugged beyond conception.

They travelled for some hours, upheld by an inspired cheerfulness; and then quite suddenly the spirit went out of them, and they were all conscious of hopelessness and failure. Hans, the Eskimo guide, was found under a drift, nearly stiff and unable to speak. All the men begged their leader to let them sleep—"they were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a little sleep was all they wanted." One man flung himself down in the snow and refused to rise.

It was a fateful moment. Only a great man and a born leader could have saved that little band of brave men who, through exhaustion, were indifferent to their fate. But Dr Kane did not know the word failure. He was a born leader, with that inspired courage which waxes stronger as the need for it grows more desperate, with that grim determination which hardens when faced with imminent disaster. Thoughtless of self, he fought against the deadly languor which was overpowering his men. He wrestled, commanded, jeered, and stormed; but in vain. Then he helped them to pitch the tent.

The cold had become so deadly that their hands would scarcely do their bidding. But at last the tent was up. The men staggered into it, and Dr. Kane, after bidding them follow after a four-hours rest, pushed on with one companion to the half-way tent that he might prepare food and drink against their coming.

Happily the way lay over a smooth stretch of ice. Neither of the two was in his right senses, but with indomitable spirit they moved onward, talking resolutely, though what they said was meaningless. They lost all count of time, and as in a stupor they watched a bear knock over their tent, they were too dazed with cold to care much. Fortunately the bear ran off at their approach.

They succeeded in raising the tent with difficulty and crawled inside, dead to the world. When they awoke three hours later Dr Kane's beard was frozen so fast to his buffalo-skin that his companion had to cut him loose with a jack-knife. But they were refreshed and in their right senses, and were able to light a fire and prepare food before the others came.

Now began the last and most severe stage in all that terrible journey. The way was wild and rough, and supreme exhaustion was leading to that most fatal thing, loss of self-control. Some, mad with thirst, ate snow, whereupon their mouths and throats swelled and made them speech-less. All were over-powered by the deadly sleep of cold, and were constantly falling on the snow.

Then Dr Kane found that if forcibly roused at the end of three minutes these little sleeps did them good; so each in turn was allowed a short sleep on the sledge, watched, and wakened. The day was windless or else all must have perished. As it was the men were delirious and remembered nothing of their journey. Yet, though all sense of perception and memory were lost, the instinct for obedience and devotion to duty lived on. These hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men still held on, tugging the sledge which bore their disabled comrades. One man was sent tumbling ahead to get help from the ship, and so strong was his sense of loyalty and obedience that though quite delirious he repeated the leader's message perfectly.

The ship's surgeon hastily prepared a sledge and set out to meet the gallant band. He was shocked beyond words at their appearance. The ten rescuers who had set out three days before, hardy and vigorous, were now bent and feeble, and covered with frost. Most terrible of all—they gave no glance of recognition, only a wild and vacant stare, and staggered on, dragging the sledge, everyone delirious. They stumbled on unheeding, unseeing, until they came to the ship's side. Dr.

Kane gave the halt. Like automata they dropped the lines, mounted the ship side, rolled into their beds, in their icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep. Dr Kane held on until all his companions were settled as comfortably as possible; then he, too, fell asleep, and woke raving. So each man in turn awoke frantic, and for two days the ship was like a madhouse. Dr Kane himself was the first to recover. Two of the men died; all suffered severely.

Throughout that summer and, a second terrible winter the ship remained immovable while the men carried on with their self-imposed task. They suffered greatly from hunger and disease, brought on by malnutrition; for rats, puppies, and scurvy grass are but ill substitutes for fresh meat and vegetables. They explored new fields accomplishing much geographical as well as scientific research, during which time they attained what was for 16 years the highest northern latitude. At last they decided to take to the boats, and eventually found their way to Greenland and so home.

Dr. Kane, never a strong man, died not long after his return, but he lived long enough to record one of the most beautiful stories of patient devotion and selfless courage the world has ever known.

Parsee Sorab: Two Lives Nobly Lived

1823-1894 (Asia-India)

Young Sorab, the Parsee, was proud of his place at the head of his class. Then, one evening, a Hindu master gave him the wrong lesson to do, called on him the next day, and sent him to the foot. Furious at this injustice Sorab knocked off the man's turban.

George Valentine, the English headmaster of this school in Bombay, asked how it had happened, sympathized with the boy, and then read a passage from the Book that he lived by, "Love your enemies. Pray for your persecutors; do good to them that hate you." And the lesson stuck.

At 17 Sorab had made his choice; he wanted to live by the same Book as the wisest man he knew, the headmaster.

When the Parsees heard this they mobbed the school, seized Sorab, and dragged him off to a ship bound for China. An English magistrate intervened and sheltered the lad until the mob's anger had waned. Eventually he went back to the school, but his life was still threatened. He then went to Sircage, and was concealed by the English Commissioner in an underground palace, but the first time he dared to put his head above-ground he was attacked from behind, over-powered, and taken to gaol. A servant learned where he was, and his host, disguised as a gaoler, went at midnight and rescued him.

Hoping that the Parsees of Bombay would now have tired of the chase the lad went back to school. This time word came that his mother was dying, and at last he was captured, put into a rudderless boat without oar, sail, or provisions, and

pushed out to sea.

Four days he floated, unconscious. He came to on land, and was succoured by some Portuguese fishermen.

It seemed now that Fate had decreed Sorab should live; the Parsees let him alone, and he was allowed to work in peace.

Sorab was helping to found an Industrial Village for rescued slave children at Nasik when he first saw Franscina, the sensitive, lovely girl Lady Ford had adopted and educated far in advance of most Indian girls. They looked at each other and fell in love. Both believed in the way of love and peace, both were courageous and loyal, both were used to clear thinking, and eager to carve out new ways for their people. They married, and for 40 years worked together for India.

At first they were poor, for Sorab, in forsaking his family's religion, was cut off from their fortune; but Franscina was good at everything. She could run a house, she could cut out and make clothes; she knew all the simple remedies for children's ailments, and as a teacher she was a genius. She taught her own children to read English before they were four, and took charge of the girls department in Sorab's village scheme.

Franscina shone during epidemics. Cholera broke out; the doctor was a day's journey away; medicines had been ordered but had not arrived. The people were dying of fright. "The best inoculation is fearlessness," said Franscina, going freely about dispensing coloured boiled water until the real medicines came. Fear, she knew, would be taking its toll in the villages. She dispatched Sorab to calm them with baskets of bread pills.

During famines Franscina would clear several rooms and verandahs, hang up string cots, and fill them with starving orphans. This was all done without any fuss; the family grew used to it.

As these little ones grew up Franscina saw to it that they went to school and learned trades, and 20 years later strange

men would meet her, salaam, tell their names, and say, "I was one of your boys after the famine of such-and-such a year."

When the plague came Franscina had her hands full trying to explain the danger from rats and the need for segregation, telling the humble fold that when soldiers came to dig up their earth floors it was for the sake of cleanliness and not to hunt for treasure; persuading the washmen that they must not hide their dead beneath piles of linen, and that it injured no one's chance of re-birth to be touched after death by a Christian. Above all she had to assure them that the inoculations did not contain a solution of Christianity. She had work, too, with the English Tommies detailed to do wholesale disinfections, persuading them not to treat the Hindu's household idols in the same way they treated the cooking pots, thus making Indians their enemies forever.

Sorab and Franscina longed to do some lasting work to improve understanding between Indians and the English. This could only come about through personal relations. They decided to found a school for boys and girls of all races and creeds. They began modestly with seven "mixed infants." This grew to be the Victoria High School of Poona, with 400 pupils, later moved to Bombay.

The bookish learning of this school, done in English, was not suitable for the children of the very poor, but Franscina could not bear that they should be left out. She established two free schools for them in their own dialects, and another was opened for Parsees.

By this time Sorab's Parsee relations had decided that, although a Christian, he was a good man after all. They organized a great welcome for him in the public square, and the oldest Parsee, chosen to do him honour by placing a wreath round his neck, did so saying, "Suffer me thus far. On this spot, fifty years ago, it was I who cast stones." Thus the new faith was vindicated.

It was vindicated again in Sorab and Franscina's seven

daughters and one son, all brought up to serve India as teachers, lawyers, writers, doctors. When the father died those who were with him said there was a light on his face as when the westering Sun catches some rugged mountain peak; and so great was their love for him that it seemed to them that outside the birds ceased to sing and the hum of insects died away.

Franscina saw that her schools had good endowments, and that they were well run; then she went back to Nasik, where she had first seen her Sorab, and spent her twilight years being fairy godmother to the boys and girls of the Industrial Village he had founded. She passed away in 1910.

Two lives more nobly lived it would be hard to find in modern Asia. And their children carry on.

Scenes from the Life of John G. Paton: Scottish Missionary in New Hebrides

1824-1907 (South Seas-New Hebrides)

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 list, 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 blood-fiend 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.

Father Damien

1840 – 1889 (South Seas-Hawaii)

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 Chæur, 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. Today, 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 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, forever 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 forever 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. Nearby 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 overhot 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. Someone 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 anymore. 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."

James Chalmers: The Boy of the Adventurous Heart

1841 – 1901 (South Seas)

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.

Chalmers, the Friend: The Scout of Papua

1841 – 1901 (Date of Incident, about 1893) (South Seas)

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 faroff 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. Today 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."

Patrick Manson

1844 – 1922 (Asia-China)

Nature lighted on this medical student from Aberdeen University to bestow her unaccountable gift of wisdom.

He had other gifts, intuition and untiring industry, and the intelligent curiosity of all discoverers. Others have these gifts, and yet fail to do what he did; but with his first great gift neither absence of means nor the necessity of working hard to make a living could keep him from finding the key and fitting it into the lock to open one of Nature's secrets. He was the man who was chosen to show that the presence of common blood-sucking insect is essential in maintaining and disseminating a widespread parasitic disease.

Others had guessed at the part played by insects in spreading diseases; he was the first to prove that it was not a speculation but a reality from which it was impossible to escape.

Without him the problem, so indispensable to scientific knowledge and so abundant in its practical application to human welfare, might have remained unsolved. He set the human race on the path of eliminating from their midst some of the most fell diseases which attack them. Malaria, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, plague, and typhus are among them.

It will be seen that most of these are tropical diseases. The tropical disease first attacked by Manson is not among them, and it is of rarer occurrence than the rest, though not less dreadful in some of its manifestations. The young medical student went out while he was a young man to follow medicine in the Far East, and that was not only because it offered him a means of livelihood but because the study of tropical

diseases had a rare fascination for him. He went first to Formosa and then to China, where he stopped for something like 18 years.

In China, though he was a busy and hard-worked doctor, he made time to pursue his life interest in the causation' of disease. The particular disease that attracted his observation, because so many of his patients suffered from it, was elephantiasis.

When he came home on leave in 1874 he found that another scientific man, Lewis, had found filaria, or tiny wavy thread-like bodies made visible by the microscope, in the blood of patients suffering from the disease. Manson examined the blood of no fewer than a thousand Chinese. He found, as Bancroft of Brisbane had done, that these thread-like bodies escaped from more complete parasites that infected the organs of sufferers, but by themselves the threads developed no further. Other observers had therefore concluded that they were mere accessories of no importance. Not so Manson.

That gift of wisdom prompted him to take another view. He believed that they were important. He judged that they did develop, and that, therefore, their development must take place outside the body where they were found. Where? It must be in the body of some insect that took them in. The insect was the mosquito.

He was confirmed in his view because he found that these microscopic threads, though in the daytime confined to the lungs and the great blood-vessels, flocked after sunset toward the skin. It is after sunset that the mosquitoes mostly attack human beings. It is then that they take the thread-like embryos into their own bodies and there permit them to develop into the fully equipped and deadly parasite. With the help of a Chinese, one of those unknown heroes whose names generally go unrecorded, he tested his theory.

The Chinese consented to be infected by mosquitoes that

had attacked persons suffering from elephantiasis. In his turn the Chinese developed the disease. The case was proved. It was discovered that the threads sucked into the mosquito's body there underwent changes of growth and thus were set on their course for infecting other human beings.

This was the beginning of a new era in tropical medicine.

When Patrick Manson left China in the last years of the 19th century the causes of malaria were much under discussion. The parasite of malaria had been discovered by a French army surgeon named Laveran in 1880. But there had been a long pause in further progress. From the parasites filaments were known to escape into the blood, but they were thought by most investigators to play no further part in the disease.

Manson, with the extensive knowledge gained from his studies of elephantiasis, was certain that they must have some vital meaning. They were not produced till the blood was shed, and therefore their destiny was outside. Like the other thread-like bodies that he had studied they must be nursed by mosquitoes.

This was Manson's mosquito malaria theory. He communicated it to Ronald Ross, who sought his advice, and it inspired and guided Ross in his wonderful discovery of the cycle of the development of the malarial parasite in the spotted-winged mosquito. It led to the solution of the malarial problem, and it was Ross himself who said afterwards that had it not been for Manson's first discovery that problem would always remain unsolved.

The task accomplished, the secret found, it might almost seem that Nature was satisfied with her assistant, and had no further task for him to do. But that view is not fair to Manson's continued industry, enthusiasm, and influence. He settled in London and became attached to the Seamen's Hospital, where there were many cases of tropical disease; and after occupying the post of medical adviser to the Colonial Office he was made head of the London School of Tropical

Medicine.

The foundation of such a school had always been his dearest wish, and as its director he was well content. There for a number of years his sage and benign influence made itself felt among hundreds of students and medical men.

In the words of one who studied under him, he radiated rather than imparted wisdom and inspiration.

His portrait is on the wall, a recognition that he was the father of tropical medicine. Such a title is rightly his, for, though men had speculated before on the possibility or the probability that insects conveyed and spread disease, none before him had followed out what the particular organism was and what the insect did. He was the first to discover the connected series of facts and to record them without ambiguity or possibility of error.

Dagmar of Denmark: The Golden Dawn

1847 – 1928 (Scandinavia-Denmark)

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

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

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

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

Lubiska, the faithful nurse, made answer:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly through the echoing corridors rang the blare of silver trumpets, the clarion that in those days was the signal

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

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

Dragomir turned her gentle eyes upon her friend.

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

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

As the train of the princess moved into the great ceremonial hall, there advanced to meet it a knight of truly splendid face and figure. It was Sir Strange Ebbeson, the one about whose kingly bearing she had remarked to Lubiska a few moments before. He was the emissary of Valdemar, which meant he was the proxy sent by the Danish ruler to ask the hand of the princess and speak the betrothal words in his stead, it being deemed not in keeping with the dignity of a monarch for him to go and press the suit himself. As this chivalrous Dane bent knee in greeting, Dragomir could not conceal her curiosity concerning his sovereign. So she said with a shy smile, "Tell me, is Valdemar like thee?"

The cavalier's eyes twinkled at her question.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was the beginning of a very beautiful story, for Queen Dagmar kept her vow. So, to the people, as well as to the king, it seemed that a new and glorious day had dawned for them. From the moment of her marriage she thought above everything else of the welfare of her subjects, and as her wedding gift she gave to the tillers of the soil a happier lot than they

had dreamed of knowing.

It came about in this way:

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

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

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

King Valdemar granted the request, and as fast as the tongues and feet of men could speed a message, the glad news went by courier from province to province. Never had such rejoicing been known among the lowly folk as when the prison doors were opened to free those who had rebelled against the plow tax and it became known that never again would it bring them misery. Some of them declared Dagmar was a saint, and from the Skager Rack to Kiel Bay the whole

country sang the praise of the lovely young queen:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There came a day when joyful tidings went among the people of Denmark. The bells of the royal castle proclaimed

that a son was born to Dagmar and Valdemar, a boy who some time would rule over the land as king.

"Dagmar's child!" the glad peasants exclaimed when they received the message, for although they loved Valdemar, they loved even more the great-hearted queen whose pleading had annulled taxes and opened prison doors. They took from their scanty savings coins with which to buy a gift for the babe, and for the mother whose coming had meant so much to them.

Now it happened, in the time when Valdemar reigned, that kings often had to be away from home for many weeks, because, there being no railroads, they could not travel speedily, yet visits must be made at least once a year to the chief town of every province. Valdemar went more often than that, because he believed that in order to rule his realm wisely a king must get close to the people. So several times each month he rode with his attendants out from the gates of Ribe to learn at first hand the desires and needs of his subjects.

One day—it was in the spring of the year, the very early spring that in lands like Denmark is a thawing time, when ice-bound rivers spring to life and begin leaping and flowing; when green turf peeps from under white snow-cushions, and flower-petals begin unfolding along what have been frozen wastes—King Valdemar had gone to a distant part of the country, to the castle of Skanderborg, from which he might visit a hundred villages and see the people as he wanted to know them. Dagmar stayed at Ribe with her maidens and her small son. And because she loved the awakening of nature that April brought, she chose to ride abroad and drink in the fragrance of the freshly thawed earth. She summoned a groom to fetch Lubluck and, mounting him, galloped through the park that encircled the castle and on past fields where the plows of peasants were turning up the earth and preparing it for sowing. They cheered as she dashed by and waved to them, cheered from the depths of hearts made happy by the sweet spirit of the young queen.

"Ah," she thought, as she kissed her hand in answer to their greeting, "happy indeed am I with all hearts in Denmark loving me."

Suddenly, without a move of warning, Lubluck shied and plunged into the air. Had not Dagmar been a matchless horsewoman he would have thrown her to the ground. But the agile daughter of Bohemia, accustomed from babyhood to unexpected moves of a mount, quieted the fiery creature and set about finding the cause of his sudden fright.

It did not require any searching. Extending from under some bushes at the side of the road was the head of a man, a white-faced, silent figure stretched there like one dead.

With a low cry she sprang from her horse and ran to him, and as she did he opened his eyes and looked at her as if in great pain.

"Robbers felled me as I hurried home with the gold from the sale of my master's kine," he said, in answer to her question. "All night I have lain here on the ground."

He was dressed in the garments of a cowherd, which showed he was of the humblest peasantry, one a queen might hardly deign to notice. But to Dagmar he was of neither high nor low degree. He was a human being in need of help, and the great, tender heart of her went out to him instantly.

"I'll lead you to yonder hut," she exclaimed as she pointed to the cot of a swineherd about half a mile across the fields.

But the man could not rise, even with her help.

"I'll have to summon the peasants," she said. So she took off her thick fur coat and wrapped it about him as a shield from the sharp March wind. Then she turned to remount Lubluck.

But it occurred to her that if she left the man lying there with his head almost in the road some horse's hoofs might strike it, or the cartwheel of a strolling vender might roll over it.

So she turned to the charger whose intelligence made him

not only her mount but her comrade and said, "Take care of him, Lubluck."

The beautiful creature neighed and squared himself beside the stranger, while Dagmar ran back across the freshly plowed fields to where the peasants were working.

In her eagerness to get help she did not realize that with every step she took over the moist earth the soft kid of her boots grew damper and damper until it was soggy wet. She did not realize how sharply the wind cut through her satin dress, or how chilled she was, having suddenly exposed her body, hot from the exercise of riding, to the early spring blast. She thought only of the man lying white and miserable at the side of the road, and as she came within sight of the peasants she plunged ahead more rapidly than before, waving frantically and calling.

They saw her and heard. They sped to the rescue and carried the unfortunate fellow to the cot of the swineherd. Then Dagmar put on her cloak and, remounting Lubluck, galloped back to the castle. But as she went it seemed to her the marrow in her bones was frozen. She shivered and shook with cold, and that night the queen of Denmark tossed with fever.

Two days passed, and the illness of the girl sovereign grew alarming. On the morning of the third the court physician shook his head when the ladies in waiting asked how fared their beloved mistress and answered, "We must send for the king."

Couriers were despatched to the distant province where Valdemar had gone. It was far south and east of Ribe, and it meant days of riding by land and sailing by sea before a messenger could reach him.

Now it happened that Valdemar, after many hours of going from one village to another, traveling afoot in the guise of a strolling peddler that the peasants might not know he was king and might talk freely to him of their lives and needs, went back to Castle Skanderburg for a much-needed rest. But

to lie down during the daytime was no rest at all for this energetic sovereign.

"I'll have a game of checkers," he exclaimed to Lars Sunderson, one of the train of knights who had gone south with him.

Accordingly the two sat them down at a table to match their skill in moves with the little wooden men.

Both played well, and both grew so interested in the game they did not hear the clang of armor just beyond the windows as a rider galloped into the courtyard. But when Dagmar's page hurried into the hall where they sat the king leaned forward in consternation, his mind filled with wondering fear for the wife and babe he had left behind.

"The queen," he exclaimed in question as the velvet-robed youth bent knee before him.

"Her Majesty is very ill," came the answer.

An old folk-song tells what Valdemar did then.

The king his checker-board shut in haste,
The dice they rattled and rung.
Forbid it, God who dwells in heaven,
That Dagmar should die so young.

He dashed into the courtyard and mounted his charger, followed by all the knights who had fared south with him.

Over moor and fen he sped. The songs of that day say that never in all the history of Denmark did cavalier ride at such hot speed, and although the knights of his train bestrode mounts of much mettle and swiftness, and pushed forward with all their might, one by one Valdemar left them behind. The ancient minstrel lay describes how the train grew smaller and smaller because of the fierce speed of the ruler.

When the king rode out of Skanderborg
Him followed a hundred men,
But when he rode over Ribe bridge.

Then rode the king alone.

After what seemed ages instead of days, he reached the bedside of Dagmar too late to be with her long. With the same beautiful smile that both peasants and nobles of two kingdoms loved, she greeted him. Then, with a tired sigh, she closed her eyes and said:

"The bells of heaven are chiming for me.
No more may I stay to speak."

That night the bells of Ribe tolled the passing of Dagmar, and a king in his palace and peasants in their huts wept because of the going of the sweet Bohemian girl who

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

She had asked as her marriage portion the gift of freedom for the tillers of the soil. She had put sunshine into lives where shadows had been, and finally gave her own life in trying to save that of a cowherd beside the road. She had fulfilled in both letter and spirit the promise given to her father, good King Ottocar, when amid the cheers and tears of all Bohemia she rode away from Prague to become King Valdemar's bride.

In piety, virtue, and fear of God
The whole of her days were spent.
And even her subjects were her thought.
Their hopes on her care was bent.

Is it strange then, although almost eight hundred years have passed, and not a stone is left of the palace where she lived and wrought for the welfare of Denmark, that her name and memory are to the people of that country like the fragrance of some rare flower? Is it strange that in hut and hall of that northern land poets still sing the praises of the lovely

queen, and mothers tell the children of her whose life and deeds make as sweet a chapter as is to be found in the whole great book of history, Dagmar, whose coming was as the dawn of a new and beautiful morning to a people and a king?

Fridtjof Nansen: Captain Greatheart of the Frozen North

1861 – 1930 (Scandinavia)

Prince of Arctic explorers, pioneer of the Polar ocean, he crowned a life of matchless courage and endeavour as a Captain Greatheart of peace.

He added vast areas of the Frozen North by land and sea to the map of the world; and when the world he knew and lived in had been shattered by the Great War he stood among the greatest who strove to bind the fragments together again in the bonds of peace. When he died he left it richer in the memory of a man who in all he did and all he sought to do was of unstained nobility of character.

In him from his earliest manhood burned the divine prompting which sends men to seek the unknown places of the world. It urged him to probe the secrets of the Arctic, and it inspired him with the knowledge of a new way to seek them. He was not satisfied with the personal glory of one unprecedented achievement in exploration; he continued while his powers and vigour sufficed to endeavour to enlarge the boundaries of geographical knowledge. Never was there an explorer who more completely commanded the approbation and admiration of other explorers in the same field, and the reason was that in none of his work appeared a trace of self-seeking. When his work of active exploration was over his inquiring and well-furnished mind was still busy with the problems he had himself raised, and all his vast knowledge was ever at the service of those who might follow him. So it might be truly said that his services to exploration never ended. But when

his own personal share was accomplished he sought and found a greater task awaiting him, and he turned as fearlessly and as whole-heartedly to the work of helping to regenerate a stricken and devastated Europe.

He was one of the soldiers of Christ, a warrior to whom no man owed his death but to whom thousands of sufferers from famine and pestilence in Russia and Armenia owed their lives. At Geneva he stood like a rock for peace among men. If we read Fridtjof Nansen aright he would in all humility have hoped that the trumpets which sounded for him when he passed to the other side should speak of what he did for the suffering and afflicted or for what he schemed for the future of peace. In his great simple heart the long-drawn efforts of his mind and body in the Arctic would have seemed by comparison a very small matter. Yet because the world so readily forgets the peace-makers it may well be that his voyage in the Fram across the Polar ocean will be his most enduring memorial.

It is a chapter headed with letters of gold in the story of the Arctic. It shined out with the lustre of the great idea inspiring it. In that way it was an isolated achievement, but it was one of long preparation on the part of the hardy Norseman who realised it. He came of a family with a 300-year-old tradition of voyaging in Arctic seas, and from his earliest years the desire to explore grew within him. As a boy he had attempted a ski journey with a companion; it had elements of danger and daring and fell not far short of disaster. As a young man he was seized with an almost sudden desire to attempt to cross Greenland by a more northerly route than had ever been attempted. Greenland, the second largest island in the world, is still partly unexplored, and at that time, nearly 50 years ago, the most daring attempt to cross it had been that of Peary.

This consideration and the knowledge young Nansen had acquired from another famous Arctic explorer, Nordenskjold,

determined the young man to undertake this new journey across the inland ice of Greenland from the east to the west coast. His proposal received very small encouragement, especially when he asked the Norwegian Government's help to the amount of £300. Except in scientific circles and among the young and ardent the opinion was that his undertaking was only worthy of a madman.

Nansen was so resolved to go that he would have paid his own expenses, but help was forthcoming from a Danish gentleman, Mr. Gamel, and with this encouragement the young Norwegian started, accompanied by his friend Sverdrup and four others.

They were all young and all hardy, but they needed all their vigour and resolution to make a journey which began with many dangers on the coastal ice-floes and continued with a tremendous ascent to 8000 feet over the great ice-cap of North Greenland. They had to drag themselves and their sledges over what seemed interminable miles of ice; but in spite of cold and snow-storm, hunger and thirst, frostbite, and all the hardships that beset Arctic travellers, they got across and triumphantly confuted the hostile critics who had predicted failure. So ended the first venture of the young Viking, and Norway was willing to make a Saga of it but still unwilling to encourage a further one. But the journey itself rather than the triumph had bred in Nansen an unshakeable determination to go farther and do better. To his rare qualities of courage and endurance he added the rarer gift of a scientific imagination. A friend had said to him after the Greenland expedition that he would next be going to the Pole, and he replied that he certainly was.

But he considered the problem of the Pole with scientific detachment, studied the possibilities carefully and long, and evolved an entirely new method of attack. Before his time the attempts to reach the Pole had been a long series of glorious defeats: the problem was how best could defeat be turned into

triumph?

There had been a tradition among Arctic explorers, and especially among the Norse seamen of whom he was the heir, that behind the wall of ice of the Frozen North lay an ocean. Explorer after explorer had been turned back by the wall of ice; it moved to meet and repel them. After they had burst their way a greater or less distance through the barrier they had all been borne back by fresh battalions of ice-floes carried on currents flowing south.

We may imagine the circle round the Pole enclosing the circumpolar ocean as a great clock face, and for convenience of illustration we may imagine it studded with the figures of the hours. Polar explorers endeavoured to force their ships into the interior of the clock face at one of four points. The sea route most favoured was by way of Hudson Bay and Smith Sound, situated at about nine on the clock. Another was between Greenland and Spitsbergen, somewhere between seven and eight o'clock. A less-favoured one was from Franz Josef Land, on the other side of the clock just after four. There was also the way by Bering Strait from Alaska, just after eleven.

From whichever point on the clock face the explorers started they sooner or later encountered a current against them, and found their ships held up, so that if they wanted to go farther north they must take to sledges. One expedition ending tragically had conveyed to Nansen's perceptive mind a proof of the theory he had formed in it. His point was that if currents flowed out of the Polar ocean, in which he firmly believed, it followed that they must flow into it. The expedition which established this belief in his mind was that of De Long, a lieutenant in the American navy.

De Long started at Bering Strait, his ship stuck fast in the ice shortly after starting, drifted two years in a north-westerly direction, and then foundered on the New Siberia Islands. His was the only ship not driven southward by currents, but to

Nansen's way of thinking there was another inference to be drawn from the tragic story.

Two years after the disaster some articles belonging to the ship were found on the south-west coast of Greenland. They had drifted right across the clock face, therefore showing that the Polar ocean was moving and that there were currents right across it.

That was what Nansen thought, what he said, and what he proved. By the voyage he made on the Fram, when with the utmost difficulty he had persuaded the people to support his enterprise, he put the circum-polar ocean on the map. He declared that if instead of sailing against the currents a ship could sail with them it must cross the Polar ocean, perhaps the Pole itself.

Hardly one of the practised Polar explorers believed in his theory or thought that he could prove it true. They questioned his experience, for which he had only to show a sledge journey across Greenland. They declared that a ship, however carefully built, must be crushed by the ice in any such attempt. Of the dozen famous men who had striven to pierce the secret of the Arctic not more than two would say a favourable word. Nansen went on.

He had not only the courage to dare the impossible, he had the insight and the knowledge to tell him the risks; he carried within himself the assurance that he would triumph. Something in the man was able to convince a sufficient number of the half-hearted to enable him to get together the money for the vessel he wanted. It was a proof that when the right prophet comes he is not without honour in his own country. Today the Fram, built on the principle of an orange pip that the ice might squeeze but could not crush, is one of Norway's national possessions, and England may take pride in her own contribution to its preservation, which was a tribute not only to Nansen the explorer but to Nansen the peace-maker.

The Fram's voyage is one of the milestones on the map of the world. It started in July 1893, and Nansen records the gush of relief he felt when all the preliminaries were over and the great adventure begun. After a number of set-backs along the northern coast of the Old World the Fram was frozen in off the New Siberia Islands, half-past one on the clock face, in the last week of September, and the real Polar voyage began. Henceforward the voyagers must trust themselves to the grip of the Polar ocean, hoping that it would not be the grip of an enemy and trusting to Nansen's belief that it would prove an ally.

We might speak of the journey as a romance, but it was a terribly tedious one. The wearing, wearisome Arctic night descended on them and still they drifted on. It was hard to resist the gloom of the long waiting, for week after week the Fram might appear not to move a foot. Even Nansen confesses to the desperate strain of prolonged inaction; but his fits of depression never lasted long and he was conscious that it was his business to resist them.

In his story we can read of the gales, the blizzards, the onset of the ice which crashed over the Fram but could never crush her; that was emblematic of Nansen himself.

He might be staggered, he might be cast down, but he could never be kept down. He pined in inaction. Therefore he set himself fresh tasks to do on the Fram, undertaking microscopic work and scientific observations to help him to keep his soul in patience. The greatest conquest this active energetic man accomplished was over himself. Spring came and summer, and the Fram moved little faster, now and then slipping backward under the influence of some perverse current, now sideways like a crab, but yet onward. Even a crab, Nansen observed in his diary, ultimately reaches its goal.

Summer went, the autumn of 1894 arrived; a year passed and another winter came, with the blizzards and the northern lights in the darkness. Then the question arose in Nansen's

mind whether, if the Polar ocean would not help them on, they ought not to explore it on foot. If the Fram had got so far in 1894, where would it be in 1896? If it could drift no nearer to the Pole, was it not a duty to try to get there by sledge?

He reasoned it out with Sverdrup, his right-hand man, and, as with every Arctic explorer, the idea that he might reach the Pole strongly attracted the Fram's commander. It would be a journey there and back of 483 miles over the ice; it might be done by two men and 28 dogs for the sledges in a possible 50 days. The only question was whether it was justifiable to deprive the ship and its crew of the food and dogs and other necessaries for the journey.

Finally Nansen determined to try. He left Sverdrup on the Fram in the firm and justified conviction that the ship must drift across. He chose for himself the harder and more perilous task of making the Polar dash in company with Hjalmar Johansen. The two left the ship on March 14 and Sverdrup went a little way with them. They said goodbye on top of a hummock. Presently the Fram's rigging disappeared beneath the margin of the ice, and Nansen and Johansen struck out into the unknown.

Sometimes the weather and the going favoured the travellers, fine sunsets and smooth ice; then it changed to hummocky roughness, with the ice itself moving southward in its capricious drift.

Sometimes the two men would fall asleep as they strode along, being awakened suddenly by falling over their snowshoes. The ice grew worse and worse, and on April 7 even the inflexible Nansen, hoping against hope, had to admit that they were doing no good. They had reached the 86th parallel, farther north than man at that time had ever stood before, but the attempt to reach the Pole had failed. With a heavy heart Nansen resolved that they must turn and shape their course back to Cape Fligeley, which was 370 miles away, if

they wished to leave the Polar basin alive.

The journey to safety was no easier than the path toward the Pole. Storms and fogs assailed them; lanes of water in the ice barred their path.

Not till July 24, more than five months after they had started, did land come in sight, and, Nansen suffering from lumbago, they dragged themselves toward it.

They reached it at last, and a bitter land of promise it was when they found it. Bleak and barren though it was, they had to winter there, and it was next summer, the June of 1896, before the travellers could attempt to sail south in their boat. It was one day in the middle of June when, awakening as if from a dream, they heard the barking of dogs, not their own, for these were all dead, but those of the Jackson-Harmswortb expedition at Franz Josef Land.

So the great adventure ended, and Jackson's ship Windward took Nansen back with flying colours to Norway. A week later the Fram also reached Norway in safety under Sverdrup. She had drifted north after Nansen had left her and had returned by the west coast off Spitsbergen.

With the voyage on the Fram Nansen's life as an explorer came to an end, and he became actively interested in the affairs of his country, which ten years later appointed him Minister to England. He retired after two years from that honourable post, and in ten years after that returned from the service of his country to the service of the world. He threw himself into the work of the League of Nations. He was the first to organise from Geneva the rescue of the soldiers of many nations who were scattered all over the world at the close of the war.

In the end Nansen got nearly all of them back to their own countries, and he expanded his original plan so as to include the return of refugees of all kinds to the homes from which the war and the treaties had evicted them. Nansen and his committee handled between three and four million of

them.

This giant among men was almost too strong for Geneva, where the slowness of movement of some of its machinery moved him to impatience. Just as when a young man his schemes had seemed too great and impulsive in the judgment of slower-witted men, so his splendid confidence that the world must be made better at once and without delay troubled his colleagues of the League, who thought he hoped too much and feared too little. But that was the keynote of his life and career. He hoped on and feared not at all.

Burke and Wills: Two Men Who Made a Brave Pilgrimage

Died 1861 (South Seas-Australia)

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

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

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

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

brother out to Australia, where he afterwards joined them.

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

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

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

Cooper's Creek is an area through which runs a river that in a wet season is two miles broad and 20 feet deep, but in a dry season crawls and contracts to nothing. Here Burke established a depot of stores. He should have waited longer for a new convoy from Melbourne; but, full of impetuous ardour, he hastened on, taking with him Wills; two other men named

Gray and King, six camels, two horses, and provisions for only three months.

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

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

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

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

They discovered that Brahe and his companions had departed, taking with them for their own sustenance practically all the stores. On a tree was engraved the one word, Dig. They dug and found a few beggarly handfuls of food. All that happened on the journey up and back, and the events that followed we know in the main from the splendid, restrained

diary of Wills.

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

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

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

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

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

The quest of Burke and King was hopeless. Burke struggled on until he dropped dead of sheer starvation. King, the toughest of them all, just managed to survive until friendly Natives came up and found him, carried him to their village,

and sustained him until a rescue party coming up from Melbourne on September 16 discovered and carried him back to safety.

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

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

George Edward Pereira: Greyhead Walks 3000 Miles

1865 – 1923 (Asia-China)

He lies in a Chinese graveyard, but he should live in all our hearts, this greyhead who walked for thousands of miles for his country.

His name was George Pereira. He had won the C.B. and D.S.O., served with the Grenadier Guards in the European war, and had made himself remarkable for two things: courage and consideration for his men. As a boy he had received an injury to his spine, which lamed him for life. He was also suffering from the effects of frost-bite in one of his feet, and was liable to attacks of sciatica and lumbago.

At 56 he set out alone on his tramp across Asia because he had the heart of a boy. He reached Lhasa from Tientsin, after a journey of 6360 miles, and then crossed the Himalayas into India. For a time he was in a nursing home in Calcutta, suffering from clots of blood in his leg. But as soon as he was well he set off again, this time travelling from west to east, from Burma to Shanghai. Then he marched in another direction, from south to north, leaving Yunnan in the hope of reaching Kansu. But he never finished that last journey, for his frail body was worn out by his spirit, and he died on the way.

Before we can appreciate Pereira's achievement we must consider the difference between travelling in England and travelling in the Chinese Empire. China is haunted by bands of brigands; most of them are soldiers who have been given arms but no pay, and so have turned bandits in order to live.

Besides the danger threatened by them there was the difficulty of finding food when passing through the famine districts. After that came the perils of mountains and rivers and intense cold. But there were consolations. Very beautiful were some of the Chinese valleys, filled with the pink blossoms of peach and apricot trees and the white plum-flower, while the mountainsides were sometimes clothed with lilies, pansies, and honeysuckle. Little temples would be set among the cedar forests on the hillsides, and often magnificent views lay below, where the great Yellow River wound its way through woods and mountains.

Pereira grieved over the corruption and almost hopeless disorder that existed under the Chinese Republic. His heart bled for the patient labouring people, who were cheated by corrupt officials, raided by brigands, and forced to give food or transport animals to the soldiers. The coolies he found patient, likeable, hardworking people; and in strange contrast to the complete corruption of the Government officials was the action of a Chinese innkeeper, who walked twelve miles in Pereira's track to give him something he had left behind.

The inns are deplorable in China; one is known as the Grave of Ten Thousand Men. They are for the most part very dirty. The guest room has a platform at one end on which the traveller puts his bedding. Beneath the platform is a flue heated by burning long millet stalks. The traveller is roasted while they burn, and frozen when they die out. The walls are infested with vermin. The door is ill-fitting and draughty. The windows are of paper.

Pereira considered that Tibet was detestable. Although parts of it are picturesque, the typical landscape is a monotonous treeless plain. In this desolate land live a people whose lot is wretched in the extreme, but they seem quite resigned, and even sunny-hearted. They wander about riding the shaggy yak. These simple tribesmen were servile and friendly, bowing low to Pereira, and putting out their tongues as a sign

of homage. Among these queer folk Pereira was amazed to find an elderly white woman. She was not a missionary, but a student of Asian things, and her native city was Paris.

For the most part Pereira slept in his tent. Sometimes he was fortunate enough to come on a Buddhist monastery; now and again he slept in a Tibetan inn—often a one-roomed hovel which serves as a stable as well as bedroom and kitchen. It was typical of the primitive life he led that when his watch failed Pereira bought two cocks to wake him in the morning.

Despite the intense cold of Tibet Pereira used to get up at half-past five in the morning. When his journey for the day was done (sometimes it was a march of 24 miles) he would make detailed notes in his diary and on his maps. He was a man of scrupulous accuracy. For instance, when he reached Lhasa he recorded the distance and noted that, although he had ridden in mule carts, or on yaks, or in coracles, for part of the way, he had actually walked 3527 and a quarter miles. He would note not only distances and heights, but also the number of families in each village he passed through, and many other details.

Pereira's diaries are plain records of facts and figures. He notes that he had seen Chinese with wheelbarrows fitted with sails, but he does not stop to say that the sight was picturesque. He tells how he heard bagpipes playing *The Campbells are Coming*, and, looking out, saw that the pipers were Mongol soldiers who were marching a monk away—to have a finger cut off, as Pereira afterwards discovered.

While he was yet ten miles from Lhasa he saw a golden glitter; it was the roof of the Potala, the official residence of the Dalai Lama, the monk ruler of Tibet. It stands on a hill. Below it cluster stone houses, dirty streets, and a few villas with gardens of willow trees. There were some shops, where he could buy such luxuries as sugar, eggs, and potatoes. There was a telegraph office. Pereira went in and telegraphed to his brother "Lhasa. Englishman first." Then he wrote in his diary:

After all the worries, anxieties, and hardship it seems like a dream that the great trek is really over. I would not make the return journey for a million pounds.

After a short stay in Lhasa he set off anew. The cold mountains tried him sorely and he wrote:

I long to look back upon Tibet as a reminiscence. How nice it will be in the winter to sit by the blazing fire in a comfortable chair and think of the sufferings I endured there, and of the marvellous way in which Providence protected me from even worse. I think a second such journey would kill me.

He died on the third stage of his great Chinese tour. Up to the last he worked on his maps, and he passed away in the arms of a friend.

Fru Kristin Sigfusdottir: The Wonder Woman of Iceland

1870's (Scandinavia-Iceland)

She was born on a lonely farm in the 70's of last century (1800's), a Viking child who would have been at home in the conditions of the island when her ancestors first colonised it a thousand years before.

She spoke the Viking tongue; she had the courage and determination of the Vikings without their ferocity. Her family was unlettered, but the old spirit and energy of her valiant forefathers survived in her in gentler form.

It was the sea of knowledge that she yearned to sail. She longed to read and write, but was mocked and derided by the household. She persisted; she managed to borrow books and to master the three Rs unaided; she became the first scholar produced by her toiling farming family.

She married young, and the eldest of her six children was only seven when the youngest was born. Life was hard and wearing. She was cook and doctor, nurse and counsellor; she laboured on the farm, among the crops and animals, and at harvest time kept place and time with the rest of the reapers. In winter she spun wool and wove it into garments for her family.

She looked out on the same forbidding scene that her ancestors had so long known: the great fields of lava and barren sand, the ice-hills with their smouldering volcanoes, the ice-sheet and the boiling springs, the icebergs drifting down from Greenland each summer.

Whenever and wherever she was able to do so she

borrowed books and read with glowing delight. As her family grew up and the first suggestion of leisure came to her, imagination stirred in that strong, fertile brain, and she began to create. She wrote a book called *Strangers*. She followed that with a play, and after this play came a second book called *Wishes*. The three works have been acclaimed as Icelandic classics.

The women of Iceland recognised that a genius abode out in the wilds, and invited her to Reykjavik, the capital of the island. She went wondering, for never before had she seen a town; she knew nothing of the life lived by people assembled in the comforts of civic life, nothing of a theatre for which she had written a play.

Here was an Icelandic ugly duckling of learning, a swan come suddenly to fame. The learned women of the Iceland capital acclaimed her their queen of intellect, a happy reversion to those Viking scholars who in the 12th and 13th centuries gave Iceland the richest native literature then known in the world.

So she had her triumph, then went back to her few ungenerous acres of sorry land, but mistress of that boundless universe that exists in the reflective, imaginative mind. Time will test and try her work, but contemporary judgment ranks it with the masterpieces of the greatest age of Icelandic literary genius.

Jorgen Bronlund: The Immortal Eskimo

1877 – 1907 (Scandinavia)

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

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

Terrible weather, heavy going, failure of the dogs, shortage of food, and repeated frostbite foretold the end long before it came. A foreboding caused Erichsen to write up his journal and leave it in two parts, in cairns at a considerable distance from each other on the way back. Winter was on the devoted trio in a trice, and the night that lasts four months descended on them. Starving and exhausted they toiled on, marching with difficulty in the cold and darkness, covering only two miles a day, sometimes only one.

Famished and frozen, they were overtaken by a snow

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hagen died November 15, and Mylius about ten days after Jorgen Bronlund.

Two years elapsed before a rescue part found his body. There he lay amid the snow partly screened by a crevice that had formed his deathbed. Attached to his neck was the bottle

with the maps. By his side in order and carefully stacked, were the precious manuscripts. In his pockets were the last letters of the white men. In the diary was that tragic message, his own epitaph, written with his dying hand. The brave Eskimo, though he knew it not, had succeeded in bearing back to civilisation the secrets his master had discovered.

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

Lawrence Edward Oates: The Greatest Defeat in the World

1880 – 1912 (Exploration)

Did we think victory great?
So it is— but now it seems to me, when it cannot be helped, that defeat is great.
And death and dismay are great.

All the life of Lawrence Edward Oates would seem to have been a preparation for those hours in the Antarctic when he walked to his death in a blizzard to try to save his companions beset by hardship. Never was a greater example of the truth that no man can tell till the end of his life what has been the most important hour in it.

He was only 32 when he died, and his biographer, Commander Bernacchi, himself a veteran of the Antarctic, confesses to a difficulty in finding material for the story of his life before he went with Scott on his second expedition to the South Pole. He was the typical young English cavalry officer, popular with his comrades, who nicknamed him Titus; fond of sport, fonder still of adventure. He had seen service in the South African War, where he had just missed the Victoria Cross.

He was with the Inniskilling Dragoons in India when he wrote to Scott, who was on the eve of his Antarctic expedition, to beg to be taken as one of his party on the Terra Nova.

At Mhow in Central India time hung heavily on the young soldier's hands and inactivity irked him; but it was

admiration of Captain Scott and the feeling that here was a man who was about to do something great that dictated Oates's letter to the explorer. He told Scott that he was keen to serve with the expedition in any capacity whatever, and wanted no pay. Something in his blunt letter appealed to Scott, who wrote to ask what his qualifications were; and Oates replied that he was a cavalry officer with a considerable knowledge of dogs and horses, that he had been to Tibet with mules, and modestly hoped that he was not unfitted to take charge of the dogs and ponies. He was asked to come to London to talk it over, and, the two men recognising in one another a kindred spirit, the sailor took the soldier. Oates, rather shyly, asked Scott whether he would have a chance of going on the actual sledge party to the Pole, the Commander replied briefly that he intended to take the four fittest men, and if Oates proved to be one of these he would certainly go on with him.

With this conditional promise Oates joyfully embarked, and once on board turned his hand with swift adaptability to any job that was offered him, from shortening sail to shifting cargo or washing down the paintwork.

His story is not that of this Antarctic Expedition which began with such bright hopes and ended in such tragedy. The voyage was the least part of it. The record of the 900-mile sledge journey to the Pole on which Oates was taken is best told in the diaries of Captain Scott, found near the dead bodies of himself and his last companions. The most heart-rending sentence in it is in the message Scott penned to England. It reads:

Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. That hardihood and that courage belonged to Lawrence Oates in full measure. He added to them an act of sacrifice which raised this simple soldier to a height where he shines as an inspiration to the

world, leaving a name that can never be forgotten. Almost from the beginning, the sledge journey to the Pole was dogged with mishap. The preparations for it were long and difficult after the party had reached their starting base. Scott had worked hard during the winter months for the southern journey. One of the questions hard to decide was whether to take ponies or dogs or both. He at last decided that the ponies should haul food and equipment as far as the Beardmore Glacier, 400 miles away and rather less than half the whole distance to be traversed Oates, we now know, did not think that the ponies were fit for the work, but very naturally allowed himself to be over-ruled by his leader.

The decision to take the ponies involved a delay of some weeks because they could not stand the late winter climate. The delay also caused another entirely unexpected misfortune, the character of which was only learned when it was too late. All unknown to Scott, while he delayed, Amundsen with his Antarctic party was starting on the same journey by a shorter route, and with more fitting equipment. Fortune favoured the Norwegian; it seemed to set its face against the English party from the first. The story of that sledge journey on its successive sections is one of almost uninterrupted and unexpected hardship and difficulty. Blizzards whirled down on them half the way to the Beardmore Glacier; the going was far worse than had been expected. They arrived at the halfway house, where the ponies were to be left behind, with vitality more exhausted than it should have been.

The second half of the journey with sledges to haul showed no improvement. The party were behind their scheduled time; they dared not pause for rest lest their food rations should prove insufficient. There was nothing for it but to go trudging on, hauling their sledges with agonising effort.

In spite of the heavy going over soft snow or crumbling ice they contrived to keep to nearly ten miles a day. But it was at terrible cost to themselves, and each began to ask himself how

long he could keep the pace, and each to fear that his weakness might betray the others. What their nights were when they shivered, half frozen and half thawed, through brief hours of exhaustion, and when they seemed neither asleep nor awake, we hardly find it possible to think.

At last, when the lessening stock of food had lightened the sledges, they had only 27 miles to go; another two good marches would take them to their goal. Their exhaustion was beginning to break down their resistance to the cold, but it seemed that their task was all but accomplished.

On January 16 they had been marching about two hours when the seaman's eyes of Lieutenant Bowers, one of the five explorers, saw something that looked like a cairn of stones. But how could it be a cairn? Were they not the first to cross this untracked solitude? They marched on another half-hour and there was a black speck far ahead. The bitter truth burst on them. There should be nothing black on that white icefield. With sinking hearts they came to a black flag tied to part of a sledge. Then, drawing nearer, they saw sledge tracks and the marks of skis and the foot-prints of many dogs pointing to and from the Pole. Amundsen had beaten them; the intrepid Norwegian explorer had come and gone.

Our own hearts sink as we try to realise the bitter shock of disappointment to these worn and bewildered men. Had they indeed been the first to set their feet at the South Pole the exultation might have so lightened their spirits that they would have set out on the return journey with bounding pulses and renewed vigour. It was not to be. They must face the miles back with the bitter consciousness that, though they had done their duty, it was not enough.

The return journey had no mercy for these men who had suffered so much in body and in mind. Its difficulties multiplied when judgment had to be exerted as to the best and quickest path to be taken at some stages; judgment more than once failed. We may surmise that the physical havoc wrought

on the constitution of their leader lessened the insight of his explorer's mind. But even the elements waged war on them. They should have had at their backs for nearly all their journey the wind that blows from the Pole northward. It dropped to a calm. For days it turned and met them.

All this was learned long afterwards in Scott's diaries. It is from those pages, steeped in disappointment but to the last never tinged with despair, that we learn the part paved by Oates in the tragedy befalling them all. His feet had been frostbitten; he could scarcely stumble along; even his iron will could not keep him in the traces of the sledge. He was left to sit on it while the others searched for tracks, and then to plod behind alone with his thoughts. He asked his nearest friend among them what he should do, and all his friend could reply was "Slog on— just slog on," though both knew death was certain.

So Oates tried to battle to the end, though doubts came with every dawn and lasted through every agonising day. His hands were useless; his feet would barely support him. Try as he would he kept the whole party waiting. He came to the end of his endurance. He could not go on. He asked them to leave him behind in his sleeping-bag. They would not leave him, though they knew that his hours were numbered. He struggled on a few miles more and then they camped, knowing themselves to be companions of death.

He awoke in the morning after a little sleep, and as he woke knew what he must do. He struggled to his swollen feet and limped out into the blizzard howling about his last camp. He bade no goodbye; he said only:

I am just going outside; I may be some time.

Thus he spoke his own epitaph, with no unneeded word. He was going outside so that his companions should not be burdened with the hindrance of his company. The chance was faint, but his departure might give them some hope, however slender, of life denied to him.

Long afterwards, when the bodies of the rest were found, a service was read over them beginning with the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Over the body of Oates no service could be read, for the snow of the blizzard had enfolded it forever; but near the camp where he went forth into the whirling snowstorm a rude cross has been set up, and on it are the words:

Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman.

Arthur Jackson: He Sacrificed His Life in a Far Country

1885-1911 (Asia-China)

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

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

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

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

friends loved him; and it seemed as if Jackson would live many days in China and save much suffering.

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

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

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

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

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

chance few fellows get," he said.

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

Saida: The Man Who Saved the Map

Around 1900's (Asia-India)

Saida was a humble coolie who became the hero, for at least one evening, of the Royal Geographical Society.

A British expedition was exploring Seistan, once a prosperous country with fair cities, but now for the most part a barren tract lying between Baluchistan and Afghanistan.

And adventurous member of the expedition, an Indian officer, Khan Bahadur Shekh Mohiuddin, decided to cross the Plain of Death.

This Plain of Death is the high plateau in the south-east of Seistan on the threshold of the Afghan mountains, and a deep wedge has been driven through it by the terrible gale which sweeps over a hundred miles of Seistan from May to September. Nothing lives in this wilderness but a few tamarisks, which grow in two deep depressions at the western end of the plain. In these depressions water gathers during the winter rains, and so the hardy trees live where all else is gravel, rock, and sand.

Mohiuddin had found the aqueduct which used to supply the cities of the plain with water. Standing beside it he must have had wonderful visions of the Plain of Death as it was long ago, with its fine cities and gardens. Now nothing was left but the aqueduct and the Place of Tamarisks. He could see it in the distance, and his guides told him that there would be water in the depressions, for last winter's rains had been unusually heavy.

In spite of the risk involved, for it was in the month of June, when the gales are at their height, Mohiuddin decided

to cross the dangerous plain.

The little train of men and camels reached the Place of Tamarisks only to find that the water was unfit to drink Mohiuddin was advised to turn back to the river behind them; but he refused. He had said that he would cross the Plain of Death, and he would do it, although there were 55 miles of wilderness between him and a stream of water.

They pushed on in faint moonlight, and lost their way. Next day the guides wanted to go on, in spite of the heat, for they felt that every hour was precious. But Mohiuddin determined to wait for the cool of the evening, and two of the guides rode away.

At nightfall Mohiuddin, one guide, and some coolies loaded up the baggage camels and set off. They struggled on, growing wearier and more thirsty every hour. At daybreak Mohiuddin could go no farther. He asked his men to dig for water. They obeyed, but there was no water, only damp sand. And when they turned to tell him he was dead.

The baggage camels had wandered off while they were digging. Some of the men could no longer stand, but four were able to push on.

Suddenly one of the coolies named Saida declared he was going back for Mohiuddin's map. He knew Mohiuddin prized the map so much that he had died to make it, and Saida did not wish his master's death to be in vain.

The other coolies called him a fool, for there was no time to waste, and each man needed every ounce of his strength to reach safety. Saida knew that, but nevertheless he went back.

He survived alone of all the expedition, and he, too, would have died like the rest but for some shepherds who found him lying senseless on the brink of a stream. He had fainted as he stooped to drink.

Sir Henry McMahon, leader of the expedition, told the heroic tale to the Royal Geographical Society in London.

Many are the men who have died as explorers, but none

perhaps have risked their lives more bravely without thought of fame or reward than this humble coolie in his resolve, at all costs, to save his master's precious map.

Mohammed Ismael and His Nine Men

Died 1915 (Asia-India)

Mohammed Ismael was a non-commissioned officer in a famous Indian regiment, the Punjabi Mohammedans, the very existence of which is a very fine tribute to the British rule.

The Punjab was annexed after stormy years of rebellion, and so splendidly was it controlled that when the Mutiny broke out the natives stood firm to help the Government against the Sepoys. It was then, in those tragic weeks, that the regiment of the Punjabi Mohammedans was hastily scratched together. From the first it had a shining record of loyalty and faithfulness to its officers, but it was not until the years of the Great War that the regiment earned its great glory through Mohammed Ismael and his nine men.

In the autumn of 1914 Turkey came into the conflict on the German side, having carefully chosen her moment. The Near East was already in a ferment, Egypt seething with discontent and a sense of rebellion on religious grounds. Knowing this, the Turkish Government called for a Holy War in which all true Mohammedans would have the chance of throwing off the English yoke.

From countless minarets the call came nightly:

> "Prayer is better than sleep.
> Glory for all and heaven for those who die."

The unreasoning devotion and bravery which only a religious war can call out began to stir in the Mohammedan countries Chiefly the reaction was felt in Egypt.

Autumn passed into winter and spring, little did people in England, concentrated as their thoughts were on the Western Front, know what the Holy War was meaning to the British Command in Egypt. There was a terrible strain of watching and waiting, with not enough troops to guard the frontier. Only a handful of men could be spared to watch over the important defences of the Suez Canal. Among the companies who stood the fierce ordeal of that summer were some drafted from Indian regiments, including a company of the P.M., as they were called.

There was no need for any secret fear lest the P.M. company might hear the call to the Holy War. They were true to their faith, but they were also loyal to the England they had learned to love and reverence; and they had an overwhelming pride in their regiment.

Danger deepened in the area of the Suez Canal. It was known that the enemy were about to attempt a blockade, and there were not nearly enough men to guard the waterway. No aeroplane could be spared to watch the desert. Then it was that the P.M. Company were sent to guard one of the outposts of the canal defences. They watched with the greatest vigilance, but in spite of their patrols the enemy succeeded in creeping up in the dead of the night and laying mines in the sand.

The security of the Suez Canal was in danger. Word came from headquarters that at all costs the mine-laying must be stopped, the defences tightened.

The officer in charge doubled the patrols and sent bodies of the Camel Corps scouting far and wide. A number of camels were detailed to sweep the desert. Each afternoon they began their work, dragging hundreds of miles of banks with harrows set with brushwood. When morning came it was easy to see in the swept track the tell-tale marks of enemy feet.

In the course of this strong vigilance suspicion fell on certain inland regions. A daily watch was set on a high sand

dune about two miles from the camp, and presently the command came that a nightly watch should also be set. For this work Sergeant Mohammed Ismael and nine of the rank and file of the P.M. were detailed by the commanding officer.

One afternoon, when the desert was glorious under the sinking sun, the ten men marched out as usual across the sands to the post on the high dune. They exchanged a few friendly words with the men they had come to relieve, and these set off back to the camp, leaving the group of P.M. at their lonely post, swallowed up in the black night. Little did they think that would be their last sight of Mohammed Ismael and his nine men.

That glorious sunset was a weather-breeder, as sky watchers say. At midnight a wind arose, and before dawn the desert was thick with a sand storm that hid the Sun and turned the level stretches into a seething waste. At nine o'clock the night patrol was due back in camp.

The morning passed, and as still they did not arrive the officer in command made anxious inquiries about his missing men. All he could glean was that a cavalry scout, serving an outlying desert post, had seen in the dim stretches a group of men who looked like the P.M. patrol on their way back to camp. But clouds of sand had come up about them and he could not be sure of their direction.

The day passed without sight or news of them. Another patrol took their place.

Presently the names of Mohammed Ismael and his nine men were posted as missing. It was thought they had been lost in the sandstorm, had wandered into the deep desert and died of thirst. Days ran into weeks and months and the little group of the P.M. slipped out of memory except in the mind of their captain and their comrades and their families waiting for them in far-off India.

Once or twice the idea had come to officers discussing the loss of a valued patrol that the men might after all have seized

on the cover of the sandstorm to desert and take a stand in the Holy War. But the thought was unthinkable.

Years afterward the true story came to the ears of a British officer, and with overwhelming pride he told the world the facts about Mohammed Ismael and his nine men.

Sergeant Mohammed had marched his men off as usual, but the desert track was hidden in clouds of sand. For hours the forlorn little company wandered in the waste, completely befogged, no sense of direction left in anyone of them. Hungry, thirsty, weary, their eyes inflamed by the sand, they sat down in the desert and hid their faces, waiting for the storm to pass.

In this attitude they were spied by a wandering Turkish patrol. Mohammed and his nine men were taken prisoner and marched off to the base at Beersheba.

There they were given a meal and allowed a few hours' sleep. Then they were taken under escort to a tent where a German officer sat at a table. The man looked them over, asked their names and company, their homes, various details which the sergeant answered in his grave, dignified way. Then the officer demanded if they were not ashamed to be fighting against men of their own faith.

Sergeant Mohammed Ismael answered for his men, saying his words slowly, deliberately. "This is a political war. It has nothing to do with religion. We remain with our own units and observe our enlistment oath and our faith with the salt we eat." The officer curtly pointed to a pile of Turkish uniforms in a corner of the tent.

"They are ready for you to wear," said he. "I will give you three minutes to decide whether you will put them on or be shot as traitors to your religion."

Mohammed and his men went out of the tent and said among themselves just a few words, solemn and low. The escort marched them back. They had time for one look at the sky, at the fair land rolling to the skyline, one thought of the

fairer land of home and loved ones waiting them by Jhelum River. Then they were facing the officer again.

"Well?" he asked.

For a moment the ten men looked at him and then they cried in ringing tones: "Three cheers for King George."

The officer had one answer to that—the firing wall and a volley.

The British officer who learned the story and made it known could not help showing how he was touched by it, how immeasurably proud of such sons of the Empire. As he finished he said, "I cannot refrain from quoting a verse of Malachi which always comes to my mind when I hear of some deed of sacrifice:

And they shall he mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

Sam Pollard: He Gave a Tribe the Bible

Died 1915 (Asia-China)

He gave the Miao folk a language and a Bible! Miao is the name of an interesting tribe who live chiefly on the hills in South-West China.

They are not Chinese, they own no territory, and are shy and timid, living in out-of-the-way places. Their occupations are hunting and agriculture.

Our knowledge of them comes from their English friend, Sam Pollard. He took their part, and gave his life to the task of teaching them about God and human life.

He died in 1915, after he had given more than ten years of his life to his new friends. They said: "He is ours, let us bury him; we will arrange for coffin, bearers, grave, and tombstone, for we loved him more than our fathers, and he was ever kind to us." Away to the hilltop they marched, through the maize fields, 1200 of them, 400 being scholars from the school he had founded. One of the oldest men in the tribe said a few words by the graveside; and there, among the sapling oaks, surrounded by Miao graves, this brave Englishman lies.

Every boy and girl will remember the story of the Venerable Bede, who struggled, as he was dying, to finish his English translation of St John's Gospel, and, when the last sentence was written, sang "Glory to God," and died.

Even so, Sam Pollard deeply longed to finish his translation of the New Testament into the language of the Miao, and around him, as around Bede, the native teachers sat, counting the chapters and then the verses yet to be dictated. And he finished it as he longed to do.

He had had to invent written characters, as the Miao had none. He made certain signs for each sound. Then he had to fit the beautiful stories and parables into the life of the Miao. There is a parable about a treasure hidden in a field. Now, these simple folk do not know what it is to find a treasure like that, but if a Miao were out and saw a musk deer anywhere he would leave all and go off to capture it. And this was exactly what the parable meant; and so the musk deer went into the parable.

When the translator reached the familiar words "Thy kingdom come," he had another difficulty. The Miao never remembered a kingdom. They had never had a king, so that they were taught to pray "Thy heavenly home come," which seems a beautiful thought.

It was a great thing to do for these ignorant hillsmen, to enable them to read the most beautiful book in the world in the language of their own land.

They have schools now in that hill country far in the heart of China, and there are thousands of tribesmen whose most precious memory will be of the man "who travelled up and down their mountains to bring love and learning and healing to them."

Miss Ethel McNeile: The One Who Was Left

Died 1922 (Asia-India)

When the *Egypt* went down in 1922, after colliding with another vessel 25 miles south-west of Ushant, she took with her something far more precious than all the gold in her bullion-room—human lives and brave hearts, and among them a woman whose soul triumphed in that hour of sacrifice.

In the confusion and dismay before the *Egypt* went to the bottom there was a mutiny of Goanese stewards. It was quelled, but the time left for getting out the boats was then short. The women and children were lined up. They could not stand on the deck, so sharply tilted it was, but they lay along the rail, edging their way as best they could toward the waiting boat. A number of passengers had failed to get their lifebelts at first, only to find later that the water was too deep in the cabins to reach them. The assistant Marconi operator took off his own life-jacket and gave it to a lady who had none, and that brave fellow did not come home.

The Chief Purser, who was superintending the loading of the boat and counting heads as the passengers were helped into it, called "Three more." Number Three in the line was Miss Ethel Rhoda McNeile, known in India as Sister Rhoda of the Church Missionary Society. Hers was the last place. As she realized her chance of life she heard a married woman just behind her murmur her last agonising thought: "Oh, my children! What will they do without a mother?"

As if it were the most natural thing in the world Miss McNeile put her arm round the woman and moved her in front of her.

"If you don't mind," she said, "we will change places."

There was no time for anything more to be said, no time for a message to her friends and relations in England. The woman to whom she had given her place was at once seized by the sailors and pushed into the boat. The last place was filled; the boat was cut adrift, and a moment after the *Egypt* heaved over and sank.

The one was taken and the other left. But she who gave her life saved her soul and gave the world an imperishable memory of sacrifice and greatness. Her brother, a Norfolk vicar, has said of her:

My sister naturally gave up her place because she was a Christian. It would have hurt her more that the children should be motherless than that her own life should be at an end. She was always capable of rapid thinking and quick decision, and she used both in that second of mortal peril in order not to miss her opportunity.

There were two chances. Her chance of life and her chance of giving life to another, and it did not take her a second to choose between them. She chose immortality, and her name is graven among those of the noble army of martyrs and heroes. All her life she had learned to sacrifice herself for others, and in her death she left behind her an imperishable spirit and the glory of a great example.

It is with a full heart that all who know her story will stand in the Church of Bishops Sutton, near Alresford in Hampshire, where her father and brother lie, and read there the inscription to her memory.

Captain Cecil Foster: The Wonderful Journey in an Open Boat

Died 1930 (South Seas-Australia)

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

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

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

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

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

It was sheer superstition. The weather was bad, but they had lived through worse. The ship was riding all right; there was no reason at all why they should have fears for her. She

was passed A1, was loaded under expert supervision, and commanded by a good master.

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

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

Scully hastened to the bridge.

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

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

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

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

Her S O S crackled out again and again giving her position, and at 2:15, in the darkness of the night, the crew took

to the two boats and pulled away to watch the ship go down half an hour later. They waited in vain until the afternoon for ships to come and pick them up; then Captain Foster decided they must try to make land.

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

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

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

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

A plank in his own boat was split when it was launched,

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

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

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

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

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

"Good luck!" said Mr. Smith; and as the two boats drew apart all the men cheered.

From the first day their mealtimes were fixed, as well as the rations. At eight in the morning each man was served

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

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

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

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

Got the oars out again to give the men something to do and get the boat ahead. Very little progress made. All hands getting weak but keeping wonderfully cheerful. They swear at each other occasionally, and that lets off a bit of steam. Most of the crew take every available opportunity to run water over their heads. A few have been over the side (coloured men). None of the whites try it as there are sharks about. (We have

seen a few, but they don't keep along with the boat for any length of time.) The baths and keeping the head wet are a great relief.

Later in the morning he wrote:

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

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

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

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

Steamers scoured the Indian Ocean for them and missed them; no one thought they could possibly survive; yet both those little boats lived through terrible storms and made their way to land.

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

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

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

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

Maung: The Man Who Held a Flood Back

(Asia-Burma)

Maung was an unknown native of a Burmese village near Shwebo, where there is a large reservoir, and there came a day when he was known from end to end of the Province.

One day, at the end of the monsoon, disaster threatened Shwebo. The rainfall had been unusually heavy, and the people of the district rejoiced in it, for now their big reservoir would be filled. But when at night the rain was still falling in sheets, and the waterways that fed the reservoir were flooded, they began to get anxious. When morning dawned a terrible cry arose that the reservoir was bursting its banks.

Sheets of water ran over the sides; the roads toward the village were like rivers. If this could not be stopped the entire village, with its frail wooden and bamboo houses, would be swept away. The police did what they could. They fired blank cartridges to warn people, they sent to the town for help, and a handful of engineers hastened to the spot.

Among them was Maung the villager. He was sent along the embankment to examine its condition, and he came on a place where the masonry had cracked and a trickle of water was coming through. He knew well enough that if the crack was not stopped it would burst, and the flood would sweep away all life in its course.

Maung did the first thing that occurred to him. He wedged his body into the crack and stayed there.

One of the engineers spied the rigid figure, and the handful of men on the spot worked with superhuman energy. Hour after hour passed, and still the brave Maung, motionless as a

fallen statue, lay wedged in the crack.

He was numb with cold, a mass of aching misery, but he stayed there. Only the labours of a few men and his heroic body had saved the reservoir so far.

At last one of the engineers saw that the brave man was about to collapse. He lifted the benumbed body away and thrust his own into the streaming crack in the embankment. For a time Maung could not move. As he staggered to his feet the reinforcements and equipment arrived. The reservoir was saved.