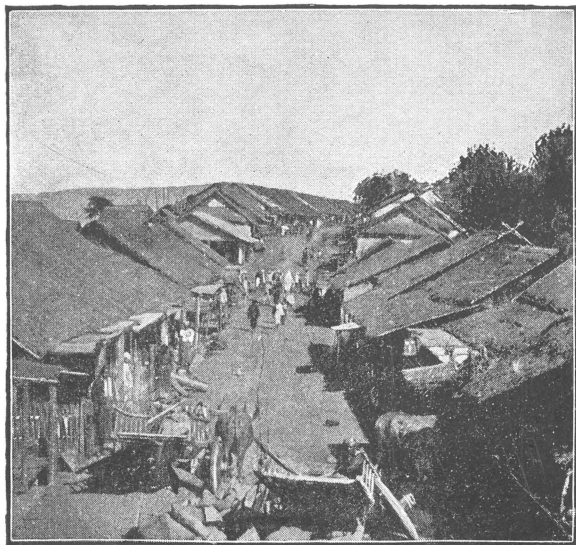


Pioneering

Among the

Kachins.



A STREET IN BHAMO.

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PIONEERING AMONG THE KACHINS.

REPORT OF ADDRESS BY REV. W. H. ROBERTS, OF BHAMO, UPPER BURMA.

SHORTLY after my return to this country, a dear aged brother of Rochester, N. Y., learning that I was to address the ladies of the Southern Association of the City of New York, said, "May I make a suggestion to you as to how, and of what, you should speak when you go before the people?" Knowing that he loved me and the poor ignorant people for whom I had been working for twelve years—for he had given us over a thousand dollars and willed us another—I said to him, "Say to me anything you please; I shall take it kindly."

"Well," said he, "I heard you a few weeks ago before our Association in Park Street Church; but, if you will excuse me, I will say that while you interested me you did not tell what I wanted to hear. Now when you go to New York suppose you do not attempt to make a great speech, but just talk to the people, tell them of the same things and in the same way you have me here in my parlor, and I am sure you will instruct and interest your audience." I followed the deacon's advice and found that the busy, driving people of the great metropolis stayed to hear me tell my story. From that day to this I have noticed that our people are demanding facts regarding our work abroad; and I am here, if you will hear me, to tell you in my simple way how we came to undertake, and something of what it has cost some of us to establish, the Kachin Mission at Bhamo, Upper Burma.

In the latter part of 1875, or early in '76, John W. Stevenson and Henry Soltau, of the China Inland Mission, arrived in Ran-

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goon on their way to Bhamo, located at the head waters of navigation of the great Irrawaddy River, to establish a mission station. They hoped to open communication with their missionaries in Yun-Nan, the most westerly province of China. If permitted to enter the great Empire from the west, they would thus save a sea voyage of nearly three thousand miles and the long journey across the continent of China. I say *continent*, for it is farther from Shanghai to Yun-Nan than from Boston to San Francisco; while from Rangoon to Bhamo, a distance of nine hundred miles, they had a regular line of steamers, and from Bhamo to Yun-Nan, eighty miles, passable mountain roads. As neither of these brethren understood the language or customs of the country, both of which were necessary if they were to make a favorable impression at the Burman Court, Dr. Rose of our mission went with them to Upper Burma.

King Mindoon, the most enterprising and kindly disposed of all the Burman kings of this century, received them kindly and, in addition to a grant of land, gave each a silver cup and one hundred and fifty rupees. Securing a small lot on the main street of Bhamo, they erected and opened a dispensary and wrote in large Chinese characters over the gateway leading into the dispensary (the old board is still there), "Jesus Christ's Hall." This was done that Chinamen, who come in great numbers to trade in the cold season, might see and turn in to inquire what kind of a hall Jesus Christ's hall was; for up to that time the name of Jesus was a strange name in Bhamo and Upper Burma. While Dr. Soltau dispensed medicines and dressed the wounds of all who came, Mr. Stevenson, who spoke Chinese fluently, told of Christ, the great Physician.

It was not long before they learned, through the Chinese, that the mountains between Bhamo and China were thickly populated by wild and independent tribes to whom all had to pay black-mail, as they came down and returned through this country. These tribes were in constant trouble with the Chinese and Burmans whom they plundered at their will. Neither of these nations had attempted

to govern, or dared to attack, them in their mountain fastnesses ; for they build their villages upon the mountain tops and in inaccessible places. Scarcely a caravan, even under a Kachin escort, could come and return without being attacked while passing through the hills.

Not knowing just when their brethren in Yun-Nan might attempt to come down into Burma, or they might wish to enter China, the missionaries sought to cultivate acquaintance and make friends with these mountaineers, some of whom they occasionally saw in the city. The Kachins learned that one of the white strangers was a physician ; and it was not long before a powerful chief sent down ponies and coolies to take the missionaries into the mountains. In passing, let me say that a medical chest and a knowledge of medicines is a sufficient guarantee of hearty reception among any of the people of the East.

During their visit to him, the Chief said to these brethren, "How is it that teachers are sent to the Burmese, Shans, and Chinamen, who have books, and no one comes to teach us who have no books? Are we never to have teachers?" These questions so touched the hearts of these brethren that, upon their return to Bhamo, they wrote to our missionaries in Rangoon telling them of their visit to these unlettered people, and asked what could be done to give them the Gospel. They were so impressed with the importance of this undertaking that they wrote, "Were we not pledged to the Chinese, and had not Mr. Stevenson spent twelve of the best years of his life in learning Chinese, we would give ourselves to work for these mountaineers, that it should be no longer said, 'No one comes to us.' But inasmuch as God has given Burma to the American Baptists in a very special way, it would seem that you should undertake this work."

While correspondence was going on between these brethren and the Rangoon missionaries, the Christian Karens of the Bassein district, who, under the leadership of our brother Carpenter, had established schools in all their larger villages, built and partially endowed their great normal school in the city of Bassein, and

were graduating young men from the Theological Seminary in Rangoon every year, began to inquire if the time had not come when they, following the example of their American brethren, should send out foreign missionaries. Up to this time they had sent to none except their own people. This desire to enter upon foreign mission work coming just as the call of the Kachins was made known to brother Carpenter, led him to feel that it was providential; and he asked the Karen pastors to consider if it was not their duty to undertake to evangelize the Kachins who, like their own people seventy-five years ago when our missionaries came to them, were without books and sacrificing to evil spirits.

In a few days the pastors returned and assured Mr. Carpenter that they were very much interested in the news regarding the peoples of Upper Burma, and that they would like to undertake the work he had suggested. But they reminded him of the bitter hatred of the Burman rulers toward Christian Karens, growing out of the fact that the Karens had helped the English in the second, as in the recent third, Burmese war, in putting down dacoity. While brother Carpenter felt that this was no small obstacle to be overcome, he still urged them to seek the guidance of the Spirit, and if they felt it was duty then to brave the danger. After much prayer and conference, the pastors and their people agreed to undertake the evangelization of the Kachins if the A. B. M. U. would send with them an American missionary to write the language, to represent them in case of trouble with the Burmans, and to act as adviser or leader.

Letters were then sent to our executive committee, asking that they furnish the desired man. In the autumn of 1877, Rev. Jonathan Lyon was appointed to the Kachins, and Rev. J. A. Freiday to the Shans. Lyon arrived in Bhamo in February of '78, looked upon the beautiful hills whose inhabitants he had come to evangelize, and sickened and died in less than six weeks.

The Karens, encouraged by Dr. Cushing, went into the mountains, lived among and, as far as they could, like the people, praying and asking that another missionary be sent immediately to take

Brother Lyon's place. While the friends in Burma and the homeland were mourning the loss of the beloved brother at Bhamo, God was dealing with me in a very peculiar way in the seminary at Morgan Park, Illinois. I speak of my personal experience that you may learn how some are called, and how God, while he buries a worker on one side of the world, raises up another to take his place. I had been pastor of a small church in a village in Illinois during my middle and senior years. Having written for the last time the oration I was to give on the day of graduation, about ten o'clock in the evening I began to question where I should begin and spend my ministerial life. Should I remain with the little church in the village, or should I seek a larger field? You who have had to do with young ministers know that they have their aspirations like other men. Desiring to be led, I retired to my dormitory, and kneeling by my bed I asked to be shown whether I should remain in my present station or seek a larger field. How little did I then think that the Lord would lay upon my poor heart and weak shoulders the care of two and a half or three million souls for twelve years. But thus it has been; for there was no one to share this responsibility with me until 1891, when I turned over the work to Miss Manning and Brother Hanson.

When I began to pray, the question came, "Will you go anywhere? Will you go to Burma?" I commenced to argue and make excuses, as the Lord pressed the claims of foreign mission work upon me. I remember to have prayed thus: "Thou knowest that I have always been interested and, so far as I am personally concerned, am willing to go anywhere; but wife does not want to go. I have been slow in learning languages and fear I can never learn to speak a foreign tongue; and there is my dear little daughter, and you know it would just be cruel to take her into the tropics." Feeling that I had about convinced the Lord, or rather myself, that I was not fitted for, and hence not needed in, the foreign field, I climbed into bed and tried but could not sleep. When you have asked the Lord, and he begins to reveal his will, he will not permit you, while in rebellion, to sleep unless he with-

draw his Holy Spirit and leave you to sleep the sleep of death. Tossing from side to side, the thought came to me, "I have not been praying; but I have been arguing with and dictating to God, as to what I can do, and what I am fitted for." I arose and knelt again, and asked to be forgiven for daring to dictate, and pleaded with the Almighty to show me my duty. Oh, what an hour! He showed me not only his will, which I have had no reason to doubt from that day to this, but he revealed more of himself to me than ever before. When he withdrew, I retired and slept as sweetly as a child.

Next morning the thought came that perhaps the Lord had only been trying me in order to teach me to surrender my will, and that I might never be called to go abroad. Going for my morning walk, I met the Rev. Dr. Tolman, our secretary for the Northwest. He laid his hand lovingly upon my shoulder and, looking me straight in the face, said: "You will soon be leaving us. You have interested the boys in foreign missions during your course, for which I am very thankful; but I want to know this morning, how stands this matter with you? We want men. Can and will you go?" Now you see that was rather a pointed question, coming as it did so close upon the experience of the past evening, and I was not quite prepared to answer it. But when he pressed me, to get rid of him I said, "If there ever comes a time when you cannot find younger and better qualified men, then you may call on me." After Commencement I went back, intending to stay with the little church in the village until God should call me away.

In August the church voted me a vacation and I was preparing to visit my old Virginia home, when one day I entered the post-office and took from my box a letter across the corner of which was printed "American Baptist Missionary Union." As I was not in the habit of receiving letters from them it seemed ominous, and I did not open it until I reached one of the quiet cross streets. The first lines of it ran thus: "Our Brother Lyon whom we sent to Bhamo, is dead. The Board of the East has requested the Board of the West to send another to take his place. We have carefully

considered the names of those before us ; but we have no one that we can recommend. Can and will you go this autumn? If so, come to Chicago and meet the Board on Wednesday.” How unexpected ! I had never troubled my wife by telling her my experience in the old Seminary, for she disliked to talk or think of leaving our beloved land. Now that the call had come just as she was anticipating such a pleasant time visiting with me in my southern home, how could I break to her the news contained in this letter ! I could not at once. I walked the back streets, read and re-read, cried and prayed for strength and guidance. Finally summoning up all my courage and wiping from my face, as I thought, all tears and looks of anxiety, I walked toward home. Entering, I said to my wife, “ Here, see ! I have a letter which you may read, or if you prefer I ’ll read it to you.” Looking me full in the face she replied : “ You need not read it, I know what it is. It is what I have feared all our married life, that some day you would be called to go abroad. I tell you now I had rather die than go.” When I saw how it affected her I said, “ I have not accepted, and if you feel thus we will write that we cannot consider the call.” The brave little woman, looking up through her tears, said, “ If God has called you, we cannot say we cannot, for we can, and we will, go.” In less than two months we broke up our home, visited our relatives, and were on our way to Bhamo.

Upon our arrival in Rangoon, we learned that good old King Mindoon was dead, and his cruel son Thibaw, of whom you have doubtless read, was now upon the throne. To save himself trouble and expense, Thibaw put to death eighty-four of his brothers and sisters in one night. The Court of Mandalay was consequently so disturbed, that when we asked the Kin-Woon Minge, or Prime Minister, for permission to live in the country, he said “ the court was in such a state that he did not think it wise to present our petition to the king at present ; but as I was there with my family and outfit, and was to take the place of Mr. Lyon who had a permit, I might go on to Bhamo, and live as Mr. Lyon, until he could obtain and send me a royal order.” Some thirty-five miles south

of Bhamo our old steamer went upon the sands, and for three days and nights we tried to pull over the bar. During this time I think we made three feet. Tiring of navigating the Irrawaddy River at that rate of speed, I called a native boat and took off most of our goods. It took four boat-men four days and nights to push us up to Bhamo. For this they charged the moderate sum of fifty rupees.

Can I ever forget the impression, as I left that native boat and climbed those steep banks between pigsties, and over filth, to the main street of Bhamo? From the gutters rose fumes unmentionable; and as we walked along the streets the little Burman boys, in terms such as they use only to dumb brutes, called after us, "Heck kala! Heck kala!"—"Here, you foreigners." Just graduated, wearing white tie and frock coat, it was quite a taking down of my dignity to be addressed with "Heck kala!" And if you will not consider me vulgar I'll tell you just what I said: "Is it possible that I have come half way around the world to live among this ill-mannered people and in such a stinking pig-pen as this?" Dr. Cushing, who had hurried on ahead, soon met and conducted us to the little mission house which he had built and in which dear Lyon died.

As soon as we could make Mrs. Roberts and daughter comfortable, Dr. Cushing took me away into the mountains to show me something of the field, to meet the two Karen preachers who had gone up the year before, to locate two who had come with me, and also to introduce me to the chiefs whose acquaintance he had made. After visiting a number of villages we returned; and the Doctor preparing to leave me said, "Well, here is a rough grammar and a small vocabulary which I made and collected; I trust it may help you in learning this unwritten language." Notwithstanding his strong Baptist proclivities, he remarked, "Young man, I now install you *Bishop* of the *Kachins*; sink or swim, the work is yours. I must return to my work with the Shans."

With these manuscripts, which I found exceedingly helpful, having called a teacher I commenced the study of the language.

When I say *teacher*, please do not misunderstand me; for this man with the title of teacher was a common laborer from the field, who like all his people was unable to read, knew no language except his own, had never taught, and had no idea of how to teach. For the ten rupees per month, he sat upon a stool or chair, like a bump upon a log, and allowed me to pump him. Pointing to a chair, for example, I would ask, "What do you call that?" I had learned the phrase, "*Nang kaning gwa de lan?*" i. e., "What do you call that?" He answered, "*Tongko*," and I wrote "*Tongko* is *chair*, and *chair* is *tongko*," thus making an English-Kachin and Kachin-English vocabulary. Holding up my hand I asked, "What is this?", to which he replied, "*Lata*." So down goes "*Lata* is *hand*, and *hand* is *lata*." I placed my finger upon my nose; he smiled, and without waiting to be asked cried out, "*Natee*," so I write, "*Natee* is *nose*, and *nose* is *natee*." Pointing to my eye, I inquire, "What is this?" He answers, "*Me*." So I write, "*Me* is *eye*, and *eye* is *me*." You see it was easy enough to gather the names of objects and parts of the body to which you could point or show; but with adjectives and verbs it was not quite so easy. I would make motions with my hands, bow and nod with my head, wink with my eyes, and thus draw out of him the verbs of motion, bowing, and winking; but when I wanted verbs expressive of some metaphysical or theological thought which you could not motion, nod, or wink, then came the tug-of-war.

I was beginning to understand a little, and my teacher was learning how to teach, when small-pox broke out just across the street. My mountaineer became frightened and fled; and it was four or six months before I could induce another to stay with me for more than a day or two at a time. During this time I called a Burman who taught me to read and speak a little Burmese; and as I go on with my story you will see that I have had use for all the Burmese I could command. Procuring another teacher I continued to work on the language until November, when I called down the Karen preachers and we began our jungle travels; for I wanted to be more with the people, that I might observe their cus-

toms and hear them speaking to each other in their own homes and villages. In this way only can one learn the workings of the native mind and the idioms of Asiatic languages. Now as I look back and understand how little we knew of the language, I am sure the people did not learn from us much more than which way we wanted to go and what we wanted to eat; but it was for our immediate benefit rather than theirs that we were then visiting them.

Returning, my little Burman pony, which two strong men could throw over a fence but which no one on his back could hold, ran into the river and wet me to the knees. Arriving home I found Mrs. Roberts sick with fever, and daughter almost barefoot. Forgetting that I was wet, I began nursing wife and shaping a last upon which I intended to make daughter a pair of shoes, though I am not a shoemaker. Next morning when I awoke, I had fever too. There we were, burning and shaking and shaking and burning. The doctor came twice a day and administered podophyllin and quinine; and the old cook semi-occasionally gave us broth. I remember to have said to the doctor, "Do not trouble about me, I am strong and can soon shake off this attack; do what you can for Mrs. Roberts." But woman-like she got well first. Though the fever was checked, it left me with what I call "attacks." These returned every eight or sixteen days. I shall not stop to describe them, further than to say that they were so much worse on the sixteenth that I wished they had returned on the eighth day.

In the month of March, Brother and Sister Carpenter came up to make us a visit and to see the people to whom they had sent their spiritual children, the Karens. They found me so weak that I had for some time given up riding. As these friends were anxious to go into the mountains and desired me to accompany them, I asked the doctor who had about exhausted all his remedies upon me, if he thought it would hurt me to go? He made the very comforting reply, "My dear brother, I do not think you can be any worse, go where you may." With this encouragement I undertook

the journey, and for the first three or four days I seemed to improve. On the Sabbath a large number came together to hear the "white stranger," and especially to see a lady in European dress. Brother Carpenter speaking Karen fluently and the Karens by this time interpreting readily, we had a very interesting service. At the close of it, Brother Carpenter turned to me and said: "My brother, I have not seen in all Asia a more encouraging field than you have here upon these beautiful mountains." But he had reason to modify his opinion before he returned to Bhamo.

The next day we visited a number of villages; and upon our arrival at the third or fourth, I was taken with one of my sixteen-day attacks and stumbled into the nearest house, which fortunately proved to be the one occupied by our Karen preacher. During the evening we learned that there was a poor woman, a few doors from us on the opposite side of the street, suffering from something like white-swellings. Her friends had already made offerings of fowls, pigs, and other small animals; but there was no improvement. When the Dumsa or Nat priest learned that I was ill, he said to the father-in-law: "Come now, let us be up and doing; for, see, the woman is worse, and along comes the great teacher and he is taken ill as soon as he enters our village. The Nats (evil spirits) are exceedingly angry, for they have not been appeased with all our offerings. Bring a cow early to-morrow morning. Send and call the neighboring villagers; and let us make a great feast and appease the offended spirits." So next morning, before we knew what was going on, a great cow was brought and made fast to three posts in front of the house in which I was lying. The Sabwa and the Nat priest, with their followers, gathered around and slew the animal according to their custom. There was no use of our saying it was not to be done; for in those days we had no influence. There was but one thing that we could do, and that was to express our disbelief in, and to refuse to witness, the sacrifice. As we did not wish to leave the town or the house, Brother and Sister Carpenter came inside and let down the door. Kachin and Burman doors lift up and let down instead of swinging open and shut. This was

done that we might not see, or rather that the heathen might not see that we were observing, their heathenish rites. The facts are that while we did not wish to countenance the ceremony, we wanted to see it just the same. As I was too ill to sit up I lost the sight; but Brother and Sister Carpenter moving near, and peeping through the cracks of the bamboo siding, saw and told me how the priest killed and divided the offering. The villagers cooked, fired guns, danced, and ate until dark. Towards sunset I began to improve; but the poor woman who believed in the sacrifice continued to grow worse, so that faith had nothing to do with either case. And now that I am in the household of faith, I may say that I ate some of the meat offered to devils and did not feel that I was violating Paul's commands; for there were no brethren there with weak consciences.

Brother and Sister Carpenter were expecting to sail in a few weeks for America, and were anxious to return so as to catch the steamer which in those days came but once a month. Just what to do with me was, however, a most perplexing question. I could neither ride nor walk. To return without me would frighten Mrs. Roberts. They finally concluded to construct a litter and hire eight men to carry me. Taking the upper half of two Chinese pack saddles they inverted them and lashed them to two strong bamboos, then split other bamboos and made them fast in the saddles. Over these they spread blankets and quilts, and upon these they spread me, and over me they spread mackintosh sheets. Four men at a time proceeded to carry me. We had gone about three miles when there was a sudden rush and yell of wild men from the jungle on the right and from the mountain on our left. Lifting the mackintosh with my left hand I looked out. I saw men firing guns, waving their swords, and jumping like so many monkeys. Looking out on the right I saw there was no way of escape; and as they were taking my fine pony which one of the Karen preachers had been leading, I cried out to my bearers, "Put me down!" They did this in short order, and made for the jungle. Jumping out of my litter I looked for Mrs. Carpenter, but

could not see her; for she had hidden in the long grass. Two men were making off with her pony. Brother Carpenter was down holding on to his pony's bridle while one man with his sword drawn over him, and another with the muzzle of his gun in his face, were saying, "Let go, or I'll cut you"; "Let go, or I'll shoot you." As the pony was mine he did not like to give him up; and, seeing me approach he called out, "What shall I do?" I replied, "Let go, you cannot defend yourself." In less time than it takes me to tell, they were off with the three ponies, bridles, saddles, and blankets, leaving us thirty-five or forty miles from home.

As soon as we could collect our thoughts and our coolies came out of the jungle, we took up our line of march, the coolies carrying me, Brother and Sister Carpenter walking. By four in the afternoon we reached the top of the Poncan Mountains, from which we could see the great Irrawaddy; but it was so far distant that it appeared like a silver thread stretching away to the northwest and the southeast. Knowing that we could not reach the Taiping River that night, we decided to turn in and ask the Poncan villagers to care for us for the night. One of the elders, whose acquaintance I had made, welcomed us. We told him how the Kowries had treated us and asked if he could keep us over night, give us something to eat, and let us have ponies on the morrow to go to the city. He replied that he could give us shelter and rice; but as to the ponies he could not say positively, for he did not like to let his go upon the road, lest they should meet their owners. They were stolen ponies. I tell this that you may better understand the people we were among. He invited us to spend the night in his own dwelling. We thanked him, but asked that we be permitted to sweep out and sleep in a small paddy house in the yard. We did not decline his invitation because there was not room in his house; for it was one hundred and forty feet long and twenty or thirty feet wide. The most serious objection was that the floor was made of split bamboos with crevices from a sixteenth to three quarters of an inch wide, and was raised from two to four feet from the ground. Under this floor slept the goats, dogs, and pigs; and up through the

crevices came odors and little black insects sufficient to keep one with delicate olfactory organs and tender skin from enjoying a night's rest.

The old man had the paddy house swept for us; and while his son went to bring rice and cooking chatties, some of our men constructed a fire place where they prepared our evening meal. When the rice was boiled they filled two bowls which they placed before us, with a little dirty salt upon two green leaves. We were about to bow our heads in thankfulness for the rice and salt, when I noticed the tears start in Sister Carpenter's eyes and asked, "What is the matter?" "Matter!" said she, "matter enough! I never could eat rice; and that's not the worst. Just think of all we have been through to-day! Why, here we have been praying for, and sending our dear Karen brethren to work for, these people during the past three years. We have spent two hundred and fifty rupees each, to come and visit them; and this is the way they treat us. I think it is too much for any living woman to stand." I reminded her that, notwithstanding she had been a missionary for sixteen years, she had never been from under British protection, but that she was now among a people who would treat her as they pleased and there was no redress.

Just then, in came my old teacher with our basket of provisions upon his back, and such a broad grin upon his homely face, that I thought perhaps the Kowries had changed their minds and had sent him to tell us they would return the ponies; so I said, "Well, La, what is the good word? Do tell us." "Well," he said, "when you crossed the little stream and the robbers attacked you, I was in the rear and hid in the long grass. After you had gone on one of the robbers found me and, seizing this basket, said, 'Give me'; and, when I refused, he drew his sword and said, 'If you don't give me the basket, I'll cut you.' I knew the man and, calling him by name, I drew my sword and told him if he did n't leave I'd cut him. He went away, but fearing he would return with another and two would be too many for me, I was n't there when he returned; for I hid in another place and remained until dark and

have followed you. The boys with the beds will be along in a few minutes." Somewhat disappointed and yet not discouraged, I asked him to make us a cup of tea and get out the crackers and butter and let us have something for supper. We ate the crackers and drank the tea and sat there discussing the events of the day until ten o'clock, when I suggested that we retire if we were to have any rest.

A storm was gathering; and it seemed to me that I never saw the lightning flash, or heard the thunder roar, as it did through those mountains. We spread down our beds, Brother and Sister Carpenter's heads toward the west and mine toward the south. There was just room so that my feet did not interfere with their sides. The Karens curled down close to the fire, near Brother and Sister Carpenter's feet. When all were adjusted, turning upon my right side I asked if all were ready, if so I would blow out the candle. They replied, "All right." Just as I blew out the candle, the first heavy gust of the approaching storm struck the west end of the old building and brought the siding in upon us. Brother and Sister Carpenter, lying upon their backs with their heads under the old bamboo siding, could not move. Being upon my side and near the edge, I wriggled out and called the Karens to help lift up the siding from the papa and mamma. We managed to lash it fast to the posts with bamboos and rattans, which held it there until the storm subsided. It really seemed as if the evil spirits were after us and we were not to get out of those mountains alive.

In the morning, however, the sun shone as brightly, and the birds sang as sweetly, as if the ponies had not been stolen and the end of the house had not fallen in. The elder also concluded next morning to risk two ponies upon the road, one for Brother and Sister Carpenter to "ride and tie," the other to help carry the baggage. The coolies carried me. On account of fallen trees and bamboos, which had to be cut out of the way before we could pass, we did not reach the city that night and had to sleep in an old zayat near a Shan village. Next morn-

ing we were up at daybreak and reached the city about eight A. M. When we entered the compound Mrs. Roberts, seeing that we were all walking except Mrs. Carpenter, inquired, "Where are the ponies?" I replied, "The last I saw of them they were going up the mountains"; and she understood that we had been robbed.

The friends left us the next day for Rangoon, whence they sailed to the home-land, never to return to the work in which God had so abundantly blessed their labors. Some of you will remember that, on account of impaired health, Brother Carpenter, not daring to return to the tropics, with a heart burning with a desire for the heathen, went with his wife to the island of Yezo, to open a new mission for the neglected Ainos. There he died. His devoted wife still carries on the work.

The hot weather coming on, I grew worse, and in May, Mrs. Roberts was taken ill; and the doctor said we must go away to the sea or home-land, or he would be obliged to bury us by the side of Lyon. At first I felt that I would rather die than leave the mission to which God had sent me; yet with the hope that we might, in Rangoon, with better food, change of air and medical assistance, recover our health, I consented to go. But we had waited too long; for, by the time the monthly steamer came, Mrs. Roberts had to be carried, and I helped, on board. Dr. Soltau came with us as far as Mandalay, and assisted us on board the Rangoon steamer. It was the beginning of June, the rains heavy, the atmosphere muggy; and we grew constantly worse for sixteen days and nights. Oh, what days and nights those were! I remember them as a long night-mare.

Arriving in Rangoon we found that our dear brethren and sisters had made every arrangement for our comfort, even to the providing of a trained English nurse to relieve me in part of the care of my wife. All that medical skill and kindness could do, was done. For a time I improved in health, but Mrs. Roberts grew worse. One morning Mrs. Cushing came and broke to me very tenderly that Mrs. Roberts could never be any better. A few days later,

when I felt a little stronger, I went to Mrs. Roberts and asked her if she knew her condition; and she answered that she did. Then for the first time in my life I wanted to give up and die. I said to her, "My constitution is broken and I may never be well again; and now if you are to be taken from me, and my family broken up, I do not want to live; I want to die, too." Reminding me of our little daughter she said: "Live for her sake. When I am gone take her to mother, and when you are well come back; for there is to be a great ingathering of the Kachins. You will be permitted to share in it. I will go and await your coming." Now after ten years, as I see these people coming to the Lord, it seems to me that God lifted the veil and allowed her to see the future. While watching with her, the news came that all the belongings we had left in Bhamo were burned.

When I could do no more for her, the friends put me and my motherless child on board a steamer; and with but five dollars in all the world, for I had lost and paid out all I had, I turned my face homeward, saying with one of old, "Behold, I went out full, but return empty." Need I tell you that it was a long, sad, and lonesome voyage? Upon my arrival in Boston, I suggested that I be permitted to resign, as I feared I should never be able to return; but our dear secretary said to me: "You are in no condition to decide such a question or to take care of yourself. Allow us to care for you; and if you can recover your health, return as soon as possible." With change of climate and relief from all anxiety I recovered and, in less than twelve months, was on my way back to Bhamo, taking with me another young man and his wife. When our steamer touched the Rangoon wharf, before she was made fast, Dr. Smith sprang upon board and, taking me by the hand, said, "My brother, have you heard that there are seven Kachins awaiting baptism?" Ah! had he told me that I had been given a fortune, it could not have delighted me more than to learn that seven of those for whom we had suffered so much, were waiting to put on Christ in baptism.

We purchased as quickly as possible the few things we needed,

transacted our business in Rangoon, visited our brethren at Bassein, then hastened away to Bhamo and thence to the mountains to learn who the first seven, of those two and a half million people, should be to follow our Lord. In the village of Bumbwa, on the top of the second range of mountains east of Bhamo, four men and three women with friends met us in the house of the Karen preacher, and told us their experience. They said that in their Nat offerings they had found no rest of soul, but now, since they had believed in and worshipped Christ, they found peace; that they would never again sacrifice to evil spirits; that they wished to follow Christ's commands and observe Christian customs. We saw no reason why we should not receive, baptize, and organize them into a church. The examination closed about ten o'clock, and we promised to baptize them the next morning.

After they had gone to their houses it occurred to me that the baptismal formula had never been translated. The native preachers with their Karen New Testament, the present Mrs. Roberts with the Burmese, and I with the English, set ourselves to work to translate it. We desired, if possible, to do so, in order that the candidates and those who witnessed the ordinance should understand when we said, "I baptize you into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." That they might understand we must be sure to use just the right words. Now after ten years' experience, and more perfect acquaintance with the language, I am surprised that we translated it so accurately. When we had agreed upon, and written out, the formula in Burmese characters, the young brother who had just commenced the study of the language, said if we would write it in Roman characters he would learn it, as he wished to baptize some of the converts next morning. When I fell asleep, about twelve that night, he was repeating the formula; when I awoke he was repeating it. I do not know whether he was repeating it all night. Just before noon a great crowd gathered upon the banks of one of the beautiful mountain streams, to witness this new strange ordinance. I went in, received and baptized four, and then turned to come out for my young

friend to come in and baptize the other three. Stepping into the water to just above his knees, he whispered to me, "You had better go on, I've forgotten the formula." Poor fellow! he was never permitted to baptize a Kachin, as he was transferred to another mission. That night we organized, and administered the Lord's Supper to, the first Kachin church. This may seem to you a small beginning; but to us who knew the difficulties that had been overcome, it was a day of great things.

Feeling that evangelization and education should go together, Mrs. Roberts, who had spent two years teaching Burmese girls in the Kemendine School previous to her marriage, agreed to teach a school if the Karen preachers could induce the parents to send down a few children. After much talk, two girls sent word that they would come and learn "the Book" if we would allow them three cents a week for *coon* — a chew composed of lime, such as we use in white-washing, cutch, tobacco, betel nut and leaf. It makes the teeth as black as jet, and causes most of them to fall out early. We did not like to encourage such luxuries. But wishing to bring them under Christian influence, we sent word to let them come; and if we found that they needed *coon* they should have it. In a few days two of the roughest specimens of humanity that ever entered school presented themselves, — one girl of sixteen, the other about twelve years of age. Next morning, after they had bathed and combed at their hair, they were brought in and school began. Standing one on either side of Mrs. Roberts, she held up before them the Burman thimbongyee, or spelling book. Pointing to the first character of the alphabet she said to the older one, "Now, Tunki, you say 'ka-gee.'" The poor child, looking as if she were about to be hung, whispered, "Ka-gee." To the younger, "Now, Ma Yam, you say 'ka-gway.'" That was too much for them. They first looked as if they would cry, then snickered. Mrs. Roberts insisted that they should not laugh, but repeat the names after her until they had learned them. This went on day after day, until they had mastered the characters. Then came the spelling. As soon as they could read a little, they were given

Mrs. Judson's smaller catechism with the promise that when they could read and answer the questions nicely, they should be taught to read and sing hymns.

As our house had but four rooms and the other family had to occupy two, my study, parlor, and Mrs. Roberts' school-room were all one; for Mrs. Roberts did insist that natives should not share our bed-room. I managed to stand the spelling, reading, and catechising; but when it came to that sing, Oh, my! I finally concluded that if I were to go on with my book work, I must arrange to get Mrs. Roberts and her school, which now numbered four, out of the house. I had no appropriation for a school building, but I built one at a cost of nine dollars. I felt quite confident that the committee would not go back on me for this unauthorized extravagance. When the building was opened for public worship, sixteen came to morning service. I remember to have written Dr. Murdock quite an enthusiastic letter regarding the attendance. Among these were four strange women who had never attended a Christian service and did not know just how to act. They managed to sit upon the little benches while the teacher read and translated from the Burman Bible. They seemed to enjoy the singing; but when, in the good old way, we began to kneel in prayer, they did not quite understand. Looking most anxiously at the oldest man in the audience, they inquired in a loud whisper which all could hear, "What shall we do?" He replied in a lower whisper, "Get down." With much difficulty they managed to kneel; I say with difficulty, for their skirts, composed of one straight piece of cloth wound around them, are much tighter than those you ladies wore a few years ago, and you remember how difficult it was if you ever knelt in prayer when you had them on. The prayer ended, looking at the same old man they inquired, "Now what shall we do?" He said in a full voice, "Get up!"

The school and congregation continued to grow until our nine-dollar school-house was too small. As there was no more room in the compound on which I could build a larger one, I concluded that I would have to go to the court of Mandalay, and if neces-

sary acknowledge that I was not Mr. Lyon (for up to this time the Minister of State had not sent my royal permit), and petition that land be granted for enlargement of our work. Some of my friends thought I would be wasting time and money in the attempt; for King Thibaw disliked whites and had not, up to that time, made a single grant of land to foreigners. But as there was no other way, I felt that God could incline the heart of this cruel king and his ministers to grant land if it were for the furtherance of his kingdom.

Upon my arrival in the capital, I remembered that I had not brought with me a present for the Kin-Woon Mingee, the Prime Minister. It is customary first to give a present to the minister and then make known your request. The afternoon before I was to be presented, I spent rummaging the bazaars and Jew shops for a suitable gift. The best I could find, that was purely foreign, was one of your little New England clocks with an alarm on top, worth \$1.50, and a bottle of Florida water. Next morning early, with my little clock and bottle of Florida water, and a Frenchman as interpreter, I presented myself at the Kin-Woon Mingee's house. He received us very graciously. Reminding him of my visit in 1878, I told how the Kachins were learning to read and of the number in the school, explained our cramped condition, and begged that he would use his influence with his Majesty to grant us land for the school. I did not tell him how many had become Christians; for he was a bigoted old Buddhist, and it would only have prejudiced him and weakened my claim. I told what I thought would please him. The old man rather took to me and promised that he would speak to, and do all he could to induce, the king to make the desired grant.

Returning to the steamer much elated, I told the captain with whom I was boarding, of my success. He smiled at my credulity and gave me to understand that he did not believe that the Minister had any intention of keeping his promise; that what he had said to me was only an Oriental way of getting rid of me. There and then I made up my mind that I would not be forgotten, but would

appear at the minister's gate every morning for some time to come, and thus remind him, as he went to court, of his promise. The next morning I was up and had my little breakfast by five o'clock, and trudged away four miles to pay my salaams to his Excellency as he passed out of his private court. This I continued day after day. Sometimes he would notice me, and at other times passed without recognizing me. On the seventh or ninth morning he stopped; and smiling very graciously he said, "I'll speak to the king of your business to-day." I bowed lower than usual and said, "I hope you will." I can assure you I meant it, for I was growing weary of my early morning visits. In the afternoon I received a letter inviting me to come at ten o'clock to the Thloat-Daw, or Supreme Court, and there in person make my requests before the four Mingees constituting the high court.

Fifteen minutes before ten, letter in hand, I appeared at the palace gate and was admitted for the first time within the palace inclosure. A kind of special policeman, or guard, met and conducted me from the gate to the Thloat-Daw. As we came up to the stairs, he said to me, "You will please remove your shoes." It was in December and it had rained the night before, so that by the time I had ascended those nine wet steps, my socks and feet were thoroughly soaked. The building was of the zayat order, with open sides and double floor. On the first floor, surrounding the second central floor, knelt all the petitioners. Upon the second floor, or raised platform, sat the Kin-Woon and three other Mingees in state. As we came near we had to fall upon our knees and hold our hands before our faces, thus concealing them; for to look a minister full in the face in court would not be tolerated. When spoken to or questioned we had to reply, through our fingers of course, "Hoke ba paya," — "Just so, my Lord —" whether it was so or not. While it was not court etiquette to stare around or look at the ministers, I nevertheless wanted to see them just the same; so spreading my fingers a little, I peeped through. Shall I tell you what I saw? Well, one of those august ministers was shaving himself with a pair of tweezers — for they pull out, instead of

cutting off, their beard; another was preparing a chew of their favorite betel and coon, pasting the soft lime-mortar on his betel leaf with his finger-nail; the third, with his mouth so full of coon that he could not speak, was using a little square hole cut in the floor as a spittoon. When I looked upon these inferior men, I could not help feeling that I was humbling myself beyond measure in putting myself in such an attitude before them. While they were talking among themselves, thoughts like these flashed through my mind, "Not for all that you can give, would I again put myself in such a position." Then the thought came, "It is not for self that I am here, but that I may obtain land upon which I may establish a mission and Christian school. No, not for self but for Christ I thus humble myself." The latter thought made me feel, that I was honored in being permitted thus to humble myself before them, for His sake who humbled Himself that He might exalt us.

After putting a number of questions the Kin-Woon said, "We have inquired and find that there is no suitable land available inside of the stockade; but, if you will take land outside, we will recommend and petition that the king grant your request." Now this city of Bhamo was stockaded on three sides with heavy posts planted five feet into the ground and sixteen above, with three gates which were open at sunrise and closed at sunset, and no Kachin was allowed inside after the gates were closed. It looked as if I was to be thwarted in my attempt. Addressing the Prime Minister I said, "My lord, do you not know that it is dangerous to live outside of the stockade, for the Kachins are very treacherous?" To which he replied "Yes, but you are their teacher; and they won't hurt you, you know." I did n't know any such thing; but I knew that neither he nor anyone in that court would dare to sleep outside, even with a guard. When I saw that there was no possibility of obtaining land within the stockade, I determined to trust God and go outside; so I said to him, "If I must, I will accept what you have a mind to give." They then said that I might return to Bhamo, and, with the mayor of the city, measure and make plot of any land outside, and return it with the recom-

mentation of the mayor; and they would then present it to the king.

Returning to Bhamo I selected, measured, and made plot of a beautiful three-acre compound just east of the east gate. It was formerly a Shan governor's garden. When I had my measurements and plot ready, I invited the mayor and two other city officials to come and re-measure the land with me. They seemed to think it was rather large, and hesitated somewhat; but I had made up my mind if I had to go outside, I should have a good large piece. I invited them to my house, where Mrs. Roberts had prepared refreshments. After we had eaten I placed before them the plots and papers to sign. By the side of these I placed a hundred and fifty rupees for them, not as a bribe, but as a kind of coaxer; for I wanted them to sign and say that my request was reasonable and measurements accurate. Those who know Burman character need not be told that it had the desired effect. The plot was forwarded to Mandalay, and the grant sanctioned.

Upon this land, which I fenced and cleared, I erected a dwelling, a school-house which would accommodate fifty pupils and seat a hundred and twenty at public worship, and constructed dormitories for boys, and native houses for teachers and servants. We had twenty-five pupils, and good attendance at public worship on the Sabbath. It really looked as if we had the plant established.

On the night of the 4th of December, about one o'clock, we were awakened by yells and firing of guns. Springing from my bed I looked toward the city and saw men with torches setting fire to the thatch-roofed houses, and shooting down the frightened men, women, and children, as in their bewilderment they rushed into the street. My Kachin cook was already rattling at my bed-room door crying, "The Chinamen have come! The Chinamen have come!" Before daylight the mayor's dwelling and the soldiers' barracks were in flames, and more than half the city with all the Chinese quarter was in the hands of Chinese and Kachins. For two days there was almost constant fighting between these invaders who held our part of the city and the Burmans who tried to dis-

lodge them. On the 7th, or the third day after the attack, while the Chinese were carelessly feasting and smoking opium in their temple, the Burmans drove in their pickets and re-took our part of the city. So soon as they saw that our old house inside the stockade was still standing and everything on the new compound in perfect order, they set fire to the old house. As I stood with my wife upon the veranda, and watched the old building burn I could not keep back the tears, so many were the associations connected with it. While it was burning, two men slipped into the jungle and fired at us. One ball entered the wall just back of my head, the other fell just in front of us. Then for the first time we realized our true situation. Here we were in the Burman country, protected and respectfully treated by the invaders who had driven the Burmans from their homes, and hated, in consequence, by the Burmans. Just as the Burmans were preparing to make a rush upon our house, the Chinese came from their temple and drove them pell-mell, all except one, whom I hid in my house and thus saved his life. From him I learned the intention of the Burmans.

Knowing that the Burmans were bent on killing me, and conscious that it grew out of a misunderstanding, I determined next day to go to the Burman authorities on board their steamer, two miles below the city, explain my position, and, if possible, have a thorough understanding that I might not be a target for every Burman soldier who might wish to practise upon me. So taking with me a Chinese Christian to interpret for me and to pass me through the Chinese line, and teacher Mau Keh to accompany me to the steamer and interpret in Burmese, I reached the sand-bar, which in the dry season was a mile wide. Here I told the Chinese Christian to hide and wait until we returned. Proceeding across the bar, I saw the Burman pickets popping their heads up over their sand-pits like prairie dogs out of their holes. Seeing them level their guns, I waved my hat and cried out to them in Burmese, "Don't fire." They did not until they thought we were in range. Watching them closely, we fell upon the sands at the flash of their

guns, and before they could re-load we ran up to them and inquired, "Why did you fire; did you not know us?" A little ashamed of their conduct and chagrined at their poor marksmanship they said, "Oh, no! we thought you were Chinese." Big liars! they knew we were not Chinese. But we did not tell them that they were liars, for it would hardly have done. I explained to them that we were not in sympathy with the invaders and why it was they were protecting us; that we were prepared to go on board the Burman steamers and leave our homes if the Burmans would receive us; and that I had come down to ask the general and the mayor to take us on board or allow us to have native boats so we could get away to Lower Burma; that the Chinese, to be sure, had not harmed us, but that the Kachins were coming in great numbers and the booty would soon be exhausted, and we feared they would plunder and harm us in spite of the proffered Chinese protection.

With one man before me and two behind me, they marched me across the sands until within fifty yards of the steamer, when they ordered me in a very rude way to sit down. I said, "I don't wish to sit down; I wish to go on board the steamer that I may see the mayor and the general; and besides I am very thirsty." Again they ordered me to sit down: "You drink no water here." Two of them guarded me, while one went away to the steamer to report. In a few minutes a young Burman officer, gayly dressed, with a royal spear in his hand, followed by about fifty soldiers, came and, standing over me, looked down with an air of contempt and asked, "Where were you captured?" "Captured! I was not captured. I came in to see the mayor and the general, and explain my position." I made the same statement to him that I had to the soldiers. He asked in what business I was engaged, to which the Karen preacher replied, "The teacher is not a business man, but a teacher of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ." At the mention of the name of Christ, his eyes seemed almost to snap fire, and he said, "Don't you speak of that dog religion unless you want to die quickly." He then said he would go and speak to the general himself. While he was gone, over a hundred of those rough sol-

diers, made up of the offscourings of Mandalay, gathered around me and accused me of almost everything that was bad. When they could say nothing more, they said that I combined all the evil of the Kachin, Chinese, and Kala — emphasizing the Kala as only a Burman can. Some said, “Cut him,” others said, “Shoot him”; but no one touched me. I must confess that I have been in more pleasant company and have been more highly entertained. While this was going on I heard a command of an officer, “Thwa !” [Go!]; and I questioned for a moment, “What does this mean? Do they intend to drive me away in this rude way and shoot at me as I go?” Looking to see from whence the voice proceeded, I saw the Sickie of Bhamo, second officer to the mayor, approaching. Again he cried out, “Thwa !”; and the rabble dispersed. As he came up, I rose and gave him my hand, which he grasped cordially; for he knew me very well.

We then sat down and talked over the situation. He told me the governor had sent him to say that while he believed my statement and would be glad to help me, there were so many wounded on board the steamers, and the native boats were so busy bringing rations for the troops that he could not at the present take me on board or let us have boats to get away; but that I should return to my house and remain until the next day, when there would come three large steamers with three thousand troops. When I saw the steamers arrive I should come with the others, and he would give us free passage to Mandalay. Cunning old fox! I knew very well that there were no three steamers on their way; for the telegraph wires had been down for seven years, and the native boats sent down could not even have reached Mandalay, much less returned with a promise of reinforcements. He supposed that I would return and tell the Chinese these troops were expected, and that they would become frightened and flee; and the Burmans would then be able to re-take the city and save themselves from disgrace.

I returned, but said nothing to the Chinamen. I sent, however, and called Brother and Sister Freiday, and assured them that we

could expect no help from the Burmans. As things were growing worse we resolved to take a few things and, with some of our most faithful followers, go away among the Kachins and, if possible, cross the mountains into the Shan country and thence to Mandalay. We arranged to leave the next night; but about three o'clock in the afternoon we saw the smoke of an approaching steamer; and through opera-glasses we looked to see if it were really the three Burman steamers coming. As she approached we saw her flag floating at the mast, and for some time we tried to distinguish the ensign. Those standing by asked those looking through the glasses, "Is it the peacock? Can you see?" Finally when a favorable gust of wind brought it squarely round, what did we behold? Not the Peacock, but the Old Union Jack. Some of you do not love and respect the English flag as those of us who have been in the east. Our hearts beat quick and fast as we said to one another, "An English steamer! An English steamer!" We watched while she came up near the Burman gun-boat, and waited to hear the whistle and to see the anchor cast. But instead of anchoring or coming nearer to the city, she turned in mid-stream and steamed back down the river. We queried why an English captain should come so near and go away without attempting even to communicate with and assist us. Noticing that the steamer had a flat alongside, we comforted ourselves with the thought that perhaps the captain would take the flat back and anchor in deeper and wider waters and return for us on the morrow. On this account we postponed our wild venture until the next night.

That day about the same time as on the previous day, Mr. Friday sent a note saying that the steamer was coming and that I should, if possible, communicate with them. Bidding my wife farewell, for I knew the danger, I said, "Pray, and I will run the gauntlet." Passing the Chinese lines unchallenged, I ran upon the Burman pickets in the jungle, one of whom I knew. I said to him, "Now, you go ahead and conduct me to that incoming steamer; and if possible prevent those Mandalay soldiers from firing upon me as they did day before yesterday." Walking with him he said,

“Teacher, I want you to do something for me now”; and I asked, “What is there that I can do?” He answered, “You know that I am an opium smoker; and I have been without opium for three days, and am nearly mad. Can’t you give me opium?” Feeling in my vest pocket I found a small bottle of two-grain morphine pills. I gave him five, and he swallowed four of them at once. As we walked, it began to act upon him and he became very talkative. By the time we came near the line, he was feeling much better and ran ahead of me and cried out to the troops, “Don’t fire upon the great teacher; he is going to the English steamer. Don’t fire or you’ll get into trouble!” Having passed the first line and when within two or three hundred yards of the English steamer,—it had anchored just off the mayor’s steamer,—I saw two Europeans come down from the mayor’s steamer and start to meet me. I took it to be the captain and chief officer, but it proved to be the captain and Dr. Soltau of the China Inland Mission. Having to pass near the general’s steamer, anchored just ahead of the mayor’s steamer, two shots were fired from the general’s steamer at me. They say I fell. Of this I have no recollection, for there was such a hubbub; I remember only to have seen the English captain run back to the Burman steamer where he cried out in good strong Burmese to the officers in command, “Do you call yourselves governors and generals, and cannot prevent your men firing upon the teacher? Order that that firing be stopped.” Dr. Soltau, pressing on through the crowd which was gathering around me and howling fiendishly, seized my arm and helped me along through the crowd until I reached the bank of the river. Here I saw the Mandalay troops dragging the man who had conducted me, down the gangway from the mayor’s steamer which he had entered, on to the sands. There they doubled him over, and pounded him with the butt of their guns and the back of their swords until he was unconscious.

The captain by this time had gotten his gig alongside the shore. Stepping in I was rowed to the English steamer. But what advantage or pleasure was there to me beneath the English flag, when

away in the city were my wife, Mr. and Mrs. Freiday, and two of our Karen preachers and their families? They must come away, or I return. So the captain went on board and asked the governor to permit him to go with his gig up the river and bring away the missionaries. The governor replied, "You cannot go, there is one away already." The captain, a brave Dane, with firmness in his look and strength in his manly voice, speaking good Burmese and looking the governor straight in the face, inquired, "Do you desire me to take your letters and your wounded to Mandalay?" He replied, "I do." "Then," said the captain, "consider well what you say; for I tell you, as captain of an English steamer, I will not take a wounded man or letter for you unless I am permitted to take away those missionaries." The governor, seeing the captain's firmness, said in a kind of patronizing way: "Oh, well, Captain, if you wish to take the American teachers only, you can go up and bring them away; but no one else. When you return you must come first to my steamer, that I may see that you have them only." The next question was, who would take the risk of rowing us up the river through the Burmese and Chinese picket lines. The captain called out for the Kallasses. When they came above he said to them, "I want four men to row me to the city to bring away the missionaries." I never cared for Kallasses before; but four of those half-naked black sailors said, "Captain, if you wish to go, we are not afraid and will row you." With the four men rowing and the captain steering, I stood in the bow of the boat, and held the English flag above my head, and waved it, and cried out to the Burmans and Chinese, as we came up to their line, "Don't you fire on this flag unless you want trouble!" None dared to fire. When we reached the city, the Chinese, still true to us, helped us bring the ladies and a few little things to the gig.

Promising the Karens that I would return next morning, we rowed away down the stream, first alongside the governor's steamer that he might see that we had brought no natives, and thence to the English steamer. A ladder was let down, the ladies and Mr. Freiday reached the deck; I stood in the boat and, for

the first time, my nerves gave away and I began to cry. While we were gone, Dr. Soltau had been using every argument with the governor to allow us to bring away the Karens and their wives, as they were English subjects. But the governor, exceedingly obstinate, said, "They have lived among the Kachins; they can remain among them." There was nothing left for us to do except pray that God, who hath power over the hearts of all, would incline the governor before morning to allow us to take away the Karens. Although our ladies had not had their boots off for five days and nights, we got but little sleep. Between three and four in the morning I arose, and finding that the captain was up, went to his room and asked, "How much money have you on board?" He replied, "Five or six thousand rupees in cash; why do you ask me that?" I said: "I want it. You know that money has a powerful influence over a Burman; and I have determined, if I can procure it, to offer the governor and the general five thousand rupees to allow me to take away the Karens this morning. When I reach Mandalay and tell the prime minister that I have had to pay the officials this sum to allow me to take British subjects out of Bhamo, he will not permit me to pass into British territory without refunding it. And if he should, we have brethren in America who will not allow these Karens to perish for the sake of five thousand rupees." The captain thought the plan was a good one and said, "You can have all there is if you will give me your check on the treasurer."

We thought best that the captain and Mr. Freiday should go again to the governor and ask permission; and, if he did not grant it, offer the five thousand to allow us to take away the Karens. Before the request was made, the governor said, "If you wish to take away the Karens, you may; I have changed my mind regarding the matter." You see God had heard and answered our prayers. With the cutter we again went up and brought away the Karens, Christian Kachins and Chinamen, to the number of forty. We said to the Kachins and Chinamen who had treated us so kindly during the five days we were at their mercy, "Go in and

take what you like, but do not destroy our houses.” Returning to the steamer we weighed anchor and steamed away, thanking God that our lives were spared, although we had left all our earthly possessions behind us.

When we arrived in Rangoon, Mrs. Roberts, much enfeebled by her stay in the climate and the great strain through which we had passed, returned to America; and I was ordered to take charge of the Eurasian boys’ school and await developments. But before Mrs. Roberts reached America the Lord showed me my duty; and I returned to Bhamo, where I found that when the Chinese left and the Burmans got possession, they had burned all the property belonging to the Kachin mission even to the fence posts, and had cut out and broken every door, window, and venetian in the Shan mission house. Taking up my lodging in the Shan house, I tried to go on with my mission work; but the Burmans, angry with the Kachins, Christian and heathen, would not allow them to come to me, nor me to go to them. During the long rains, I had but seven boys over whom I could exert influence. I taught them, and they taught me.

During this time, I wrote to the Burman Minister of State, telling how his officers had treated us during the disturbance; how they prevented us from taking away with us our goods; and how, when the city came again into their possession, they wilfully destroyed and burned our buildings. I asked that he remunerate us to the amount of fourteen thousand rupees, and stated that if he did not do it, I should ask the English government to compel him to so do. While waiting for the reply, I made it the business of the morning, from eight to nine, to pray that in some way the government might be overturned, or some change brought about by which we should be able to work unhindered. I remember one morning just before receiving the reply to my letter to have prayed thus: “O God, dost thou not see that there are here upon these hills those who would come to me, and to whom I would gladly go; but these Burmans will not permit? They are hindering. Hast thou forgotten how they tied Judson’s feet together and strung him over

the pole night after night in that prison at Ong-pen-la? How they have driven bamboo spikes down the throats of Karen Christians; how they have styled the religion of Christ a dog's religion; how they now hinder me in my work for these poor, ignorant Kachins? How long, how long shall this continue? Oh! hear and answer." The answer came, I cannot tell how, "I have heard, and it shall be done."

Next morning, I told teacher Mau Keh I felt that the time had come for us to leave Upper Burma; for we could do nothing more until there should come a change in the government. He asked, "Have you any news by paper or letter leading you to think that the English will move on the country?" I told him of the answer that had come to me from above, but he seemed rather incredulous. In a few days after, the steamer came and brought a reply to my letter from the court at Mandalay. It charged me with false statements and diplomatically ordered me out of the country. When the steamer was ready, we packed and went aboard. We had nothing to pack but a table and a mattress which I spread on the floor when I slept, and a kerosene-oil box which I used as my study chair. We threw the box away and packed the table and mattress. The court had written that I should not again trouble them by letter; but on my way down from Bhamo to Mandalay I wrote again, reminding them that their action, in thus treating me, was not in keeping with their treatment of eighteen months previous, when they granted me three acres of land upon which to do the work which they now said, "in nowise concerned me as a foreigner, but belonged exclusively to the Burmese authorities." I further stated, "I am now leaving his Majesty's dominions, not to return again until life and property shall be secure."

Just after crossing the Burmese frontier into English waters, I met Sir Charles Bernard, who was on his annual tour as Chief Commissioner of British Burma. Having heard that I had petitioned the king, he inquired "if he had remunerated me?" Drawing from my pocket the reply of the Minister of State I said,

"No, sir; but they have accused me of false statements and ordered me out of the country." He said that I should go on to Rangoon, and write a fuller statement of my case to the Government of India. Upon his return in a few days, we would send this with the King's reply to the viceroy, and learn what action the government of India would take in the matter. While waiting in Rangoon for the viceroy's reply, Sir Charles Bernard inquired of Mr. Freiday what pay we would ask to go with Gen. Prendagrast to Upper Burma; for the government had determined to dethrone King Thibaw, and they would need Mr. Freiday as Shan interpreter upon their arrival in Mandalay, and me as Kachin interpreter when they should arrive at Bhamo. We replied in substance that our services were at their disposal; that they could make up to us in grants of land and assistance in school work, when her Majesty's flag should float over all Burma; and that we did not desire to be feed or salaried, for we were drawing our salary from the mission.

On the fifteenth day of November, less than sixty days from the date of the letter ordering me out of the country, we were on our way with three thousand picked men of the army of India to dethrone the king. They sent him away to the Bombay presidency, to spend the remainder of his days in quietness with his Jezebel-like wife, Sophialat.

Reaching Bhamo, the Kachins, learning that I had arrived with the English troops, came down, and the Christians said, "It is just as we said, 'Go away; we will pray God mightily and you will come back quickly.'" Then I urged them to come together, talk things over, and take up labor again. At one of these meetings I said to them: "We have had two school-houses destroyed by fire; shall we not now build, as a memorial to the first Kachin teacher, a brick building which no one can burn? Do you know who the first Kachin teacher was?" Some replied, "You." "No," I said, "don't you remember teacher Lyon who came before I did?" "Yes," said they, "but he did not speak our language or help us in any way." Then I said to them: "How

could he do more than he did? He left his country and came and made his grave among you. Had he not come I might not have come. How much now will you give to build a memorial to him?" These poor, ignorant ones gave in cash and in labor, until I was ashamed to urge them to give more. I wrote to friends in America and in Burma, and asked for gifts for this purpose. The government of India gave me three thousand rupees; the English officers, civil and military, in Bhamo, with whom I had served during the expedition, gave another thousand; and we erected a two-story brick school and chapel building at an expense of a little over twelve thousand rupees, upon a beautiful ten-acre lot which the government had given in freehold, in exchange for the three acres which they had taken into their cantonments.

When the building was completed, a few days before the dedication, with twelve Christian men we took up the remains of Brother Lyon; and, placing the old coffin in a new one, we laid him in a vault under the second arch of the main stairs leading up to the second story. Before closing the vault one of the natives offered a prayer, in which he said, "O thou God of heaven and earth, we thank thee for the coming of this one whom we now re-inter; for had he not come our other teacher would never have come, and we might have died in ignorance of the true God, and our children had never learned books." Having sung a hymn, we closed and covered over the vault; and there left him to rest until the trump of God shall call him forth.

After dedicating the chapel and baptizing eleven, failing health compelled us to sail as speedily as possible, for this country, leaving a church of seventy baptized believers and property worth over twenty thousand rupees. Thus I have imperfectly told you how we came to undertake, and what it has cost to establish, this mission. I hope that when I return this autumn, taking reinforcements with me, you will not forget to pray for us and to contribute to the furtherance of the work among these wild mountaineers.

