

AMONG THE HINDUS

by Anna Roeck

While yet a girl of twenty years I left my dear home and a devoted mother at Stuttgart, and set out for England to earn my living among strangers. Our family consisted of three sons and four daughters; the eldest of the daughters, Mary, was married. Mathilde, who was next to Mary, was away in England, employed as a governess. Julie, the blond beauty of the family, was at Geneva, Switzerland in the same capacity. The modest pension my mother received was hardly sufficient for the maintenance of herself and her three sons, who were still at school. Therefore, we girls, one after the other, went out to foreign lands to embark in the arduous task of a German governess.

Mathilde, at the time of my starting out, had been in England for over four years, and through her perseverance and womanly pluck had succeeded in obtaining a salary of a hundred pounds a year. At that time this would have been considered a fine salary for any man, be he in banking or in government service. Mathilde was with an aristocratic family at their country home near Birmingham, and, of course, had everything she needed, with nothing to buy but her clothing. So she took our father's place, and helped mother finance our brother's education.

It was through her influence that I received a call to a Minister's family at York, where she had served herself when she first came to England after the death of our dear father. Here she instructed the two eldest daughters in German and in music, the two subjects an English young lady must be proficient in before entering society. Dear, studious Mathilde, who needed to conquer the world before her, had been unhappy in this first position. For to her ambitious aims and her thirst for knowledge the quiet life of these country places was most distasteful. She was not allowed to absent herself from the family circle evenings when all assembled in the large drawing room, and so she was forced to employ the late night hours in the pursuit of her studies.

I myself felt most happy here, and ever since have dwelt in my thoughts with pleasure on the quiet, peaceful evenings I spent with that family. There were three young girls and a little boy which I had in my charge. When I arrived in Liverpool my sister met me and escorted me to the home of this hospitable family, where I soon felt at home, and learned to love my little pupils. Mathilde came several times to visit while I was there, and we had many happy times together.

During my stay there a very interesting occurrence took place; the eldest daughter, who was a sweet and noble hearted lady, and always friendly

and kind to me, had become engaged to a Barrister of Queen Victoria. Her betrothed was the son of an Indian monarch, and very wealthy in his own right. While I was there this Prince came on a visit to my friends. I was most interested in seeing him; but after I had seen him I wondered how that noble hearted lady could have taken a liking to that dark man with his rolling eyes! I felt so sorry for her, and even our Houseman told me, "Mademoiselle, he looks too black beside that Angel". When the wedding took place the house was so crowded I had to sleep at a neighbor's house, and took my pupils along too, as there was no room for us at home. The parishoners had built arches all the way from the house to the near-by church, and decorated them with foliage and flowers. They had also strewn flowers all along the way. The dear lady had been so kind to them; she regularly visited them, read to the sick ones, and brought refreshments for all. An aged woman told me she was like an Angel among them, and that she kissed her whenever she came, and also when she left. They all were full of her praise, and I myself felt a keen sense of loss when she left us. It was not so nice there after she was gone. She lived for some years in a town of Ceylon; but because her husband was a native the gentry of the place did not deign to visit her. She had a lonely existance and was quite unhappy. After some years of this loneliness she decided to return to England.

During my stay in York a Missionary Festival took place. The Missionary who preached was a friend of that dear family, and had labored among the Hindus for many years. He preached a most fervent sermon, and his words sounded as if they were those of Christ himself when he called upon his Disciples to go out among the Gentiles. During the few days he was with us he told so much about the need for more workers in that wide field, particularly among the women. Then and there I resolved to become a Missionary myself, and to devote my life to this great cause.

Some months after this fine man had returned to India, I received a letter from my mother, asking me to come home. One reason was that my sister Julie was planning to get married, and wished me to help her with the trousseau. Although this didn't especially suit me at this time, I gave way to necessity and journeyed home, with a heavy heart., for I loved my pupils dearly. Of course, dear Mathilde came to say good=bye and to see me off to the steamer

In the busy times that followed my return home I almost forgot about my aspirations to a missionary life. One day, several months later, I received a letter (through our Mission Society) from a man presently working as a Missionary in India,

giving me much information about the work among the natives, and the life there. The letter was written with such delicacy, I felt duty bound to at least acknowledge its receipt. Quite possibly my correspondent read between the lines the admiration I tried so hard to conceal. At any rate I soon received a second letter, and then a third. After corresponding for about a year, we became engaged, and that only by letter and photograph. Subsequently, I received congratulations from the Mission Friends at Baden, and as one thing led to another, the date was fixed for my departure to India. During all this time my Mother was constantly at my side with her counsel and experience, and seemed really glad about the fulfillment of my great ambition; for as yet it all seemed in the distant future. When the day for my departure was definitely fixed, and a separation which might likely be for all time was imminent, her mother's heart nearly broke, for she felt she might never see me again. To my great consolation, Sister Mathilde came home from England at that time, not only to say good-bye, but to stay permanently with our mother. Julie and her husband had also settled nearby, and could often visit her. But the parting was hard nonetheless. At last the fateful day arrived; To this day, I can see Mother, as she leaned out the window to wave a last good-bye. The day was a rainy one, and that did not help to cheer me. The evening of the first day brought me to Baden, my first destination. Quite a crowd of missionary friends were at the station to welcome me on my arrival. With astonishing sagacity they singled me out from the other passengers and almost before my feet touched the ground I heard my name being called out. Several young ladies came running toward me, and I was soon surrounded by an eager party, with explanations being exchanged. I soon learned that this exact group would be making the trip to India with me. There were three young girls like myself, a middle aged Missionary and his wife, and one unmarried brother. Of course, we girls were particularly free in our communications, so before long I discovered that these were also brides to be. I soon overcame my bashfulness in their cheerful company. After a cordial reception at the Missionhouse, sponsored by the ladies and gentlemen of the Committee, we were informed that we had to stay here ten days more to make all preparations and final purchases for the long journey. We made good use of this respite, and when the day of departure arrived we had everything in readiness. Also, by this time it was as though we had been the best of friends all our lives.

On a lovely day in September we boarded the train for Bern, Switzerland. Arriving at Bern, we found many friends of the Society waiting for us at

the station, and were invited to spend the day in that city. Among other places we visited the Zoo, and found the bear pits most interesting. The droll antics of these nimble gymnasts amused us. From Bern we continued on to Geneva where we spent another day with friends of the Society. This was my first visit to Switzerland, so I anticipated the beautiful lake scenery around Geneva and snow-capped Mount Blanc. Geneva was our last stop in Switzerland; and we were loathe to leave that hospitable country. Now we were speeding toward Marseille, by way of Lyons. We had our own compartment on this train, and kept ourselves awake most of the night by singing. Toward morning, however, one after the other fell asleep, and when the train finally stopped we could hardly realize that we were already in Marseilles; which was the goal of our journey by rail. The sun was shining brightly when we stepped from the train, giving promise of a pleasant sail across the Mediterranean. An agent of the steamship company took us at once to the nearby Hotel de Roma, where he had engaged rooms for us. In the afternoon he called to see whether we were comfortable, and offered us his escort to show us the city. Most interesting to me was the motley crowd of people of many nationalities and costumes on the busy streets. These scenes make the visitor aware that contact with the Orient is near. The surroundings were not especially attractive, there being no mountains or trees, nothing but stony, barren soil with unsightly olive trees. Along the line of the seashore a more pleasing view greets the eye. Magnificent villas among extensive gardens and parks stretched along the deep blue water of the bay.

At last we were installed on board the steamer Said, bound for Alexandria. We four girls were crowded into one cabin of six berths, together with the married Sister, and a Spanish grand,dame. A single wash stand, and one camp stool was the extent of the furnishings. We soon discovered there was just room enough for one person to stand, so in the morning we had to arise, one at the time, dress, and leave. To get up and down the upper berths was a real gymnastic feat, particularly after the most of us became seasick. Of our party, only Sister E. was able to stay up and care for the poor sufferers, faithfully bringing us beef tea, lemonade, coffee and other refreshments. We were lying helplessly in our berths and were so grateful for her kindness and good spirits. After a time the atmosphere in our cabin became so oppressive that in spite of our reeling heads we were obliged to crawl out on deck, and once arrived there the invigorating sea breeze somewhat restored us to normal.

There were a great many passengers aboard our ship, both Caucasians and Orientals. We observed a number of Catholic priests who were bound for

Point deSalle in Ceylon, just as we were. As we were passing Corsica and Sardinia, threatening clouds overspread the sky, and before long we were in a raging storm. The beautiful shores were hidden to our eyes, and we could see nothing but mighty waves and low, black clouds. The two seemed to meet, and we became really frightened when the rain came down in torrents, and drove us scampering back to our cabin. The rolling and tossing of the ship increased our misery, bringing back the mal de mer worse than ever. Eventually the storm abated, and our dear friend the sun returned, drying the deck and restoring our good spirits.

One evening we passed through the Straits of Messina. Our ship did not anchor, because cholera was raging in the city. We felt so sorry for the poor inhabitants, yet could not help enjoying the beautiful scene before us. The streets of this great city were brilliantly illuminated, creating a spectacular night-time scene. After a journey of six days we drew near to Alexandria. The sun had just risen, and its horizontal rays gilded an endless forest of minarets, steeples and cupolas, all interspersed with palms and the flat roofed houses peculiar to the East. A multitude of vessels of every description were at anchor in the harbor, with innumerable small boats plying between them; then all these small boats seemed to turn their attention toward us, and in an incredibly short time we were completely surrounded by them, each dusky boatman vying with the others in shouting and gesticulating while holding up the article he was trying to sell. Ostrich feathers and white coral seemed to be the chief stock in trade. Soon a small steamer came alongside to take us ashore, where another jostling crowd was awaiting our arrival. Coming down the gangplank and setting foot on the wharf, we were confronted by a veritable phalanx of Arabs, men and boys, pouncing on us as if we were their legitimate prey; not only one, but two and three tried to immediately take possession of our hand luggage, or whatever we were carrying. Indeed, we had a hand to hand tussle with these people, to keep them from making off with our things

At last one of the Brothers found the vehicle that was to take us to our Hotel, and once aboard this, we felt reasonably safe. Our ride through the streets of Alexandria proved so interesting we soon forgot the incident of our over-zealous welcome. The streets were extremely narrow and uneven, with no sidewalk as such, and hardly room enough for two vehicles to meet. In meeting or passing other vehicles our carriage, if you could call it that, actually touched the buildings; we anticipated being upset momentarily, and when it did happen we were thrown from our seats in a great mix-up,

and no little hilarity. By this time we were in the best of humor, and directed our diatribes toward the vehicle that was transporting us, a veritable Methuselah. It had probably served its time during the First Empire, and when eventually discarded, was shipped to Egypt. We could see dozens of places where it had been patched up, and speculated on how long it might continue to exist. We finally arrived at our Hotel, which proved to be European in style and service. After dinner we rested on the verandah, watching the passing throng. These were mostly natives, men with long garments covering the whole body; others wore pantaloons and colorful jackets, the indispensable fez being the usual head covering. The women wore long, blue gowns, covering their figure completely. Over the head and face a sort of veil was wrapped, in such a way that only the eyes were visible. After watching this motley procession for some time, one of the Brothers suggested a donkey ride through the city and environs, to which we all joyfully assented. Quite a number of these donkeys were stationed in front of the Hotel, hitched to posts, their drivers waiting alongside for customers. The animals were small and lean, and looked most miserable. Indeed, the poor animals did not inspire our confidence. However, we argued, they had obviously carried others, and so they ought to carry us also. Without more ado we commenced to make our selections. The mounting gave us some trouble, but the drivers assisted us girls cheerfully. A crowd of people was standing around watching us, and we saw on their faces many a smile at our awkward attempts at mounting. When we were all ready to start the driver gave my donkey a cut with the whip, making it start off with a trot, so that I had to hold fast to the pommel to keep myself in the saddle. How the rest of the party got along I do not know, as I was much too occupied with my own problem to think about the others. After some time I ventured to look back and in that short glance saw the rest of them following me in single file, in true Indian fashion. I am afraid none of us saw much of the streets and alleys through which we were riding, bumping up and down and expecting every minute to be unseated. Finally we arrived at the two obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles, and there we came to a halt, and had no end of laughing about our marvelous ride. The driver who attended to my donkey was only a boy; he wore a loose, blue shirt reaching to his knees, and held together with a rope around his waist. He kept running close at the heels of my donkey, continually calling out "Guter Esel, Berliner Esel"; so when we halted I addressed a few words to him in German, thinking that he perhaps understood something of that language, but he remained mute,

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favoring me instead with one of his sly glances which I had observed when I first approached the boy. No doubt the above mentioned words was all he knew about that language. On our way back to the Hotel we met a funeral procession. The makeshift coffin, covered with a colorful cloth, was resting on the backs of a pair of donkeys, being led by their owner. This was followed by the procession of mourners, a mixed crowd of men and boys, howling and shouting at the tops of their voices. This was accompanied by a number of musicians who produced shrilling noises with their discordant instruments. On our way back the donkeys went quite slowly, having apparently spent their available energy on the way out. This afforded us the opportunity to view the buildings and to observe the people we met.

The houses for the most part were very small, with only a few openings for doors and windows; all had flat roofs, in the oriental fashion. The male inhabitants were sitting in front of their dwellings in groups, smoking, talking and gesticulating as if their soul's salvation depended on the performance. They all sat on the ground, crosslegged, seemingly enjoying an everlasting holiday.

Coming back to the hotel, we barely had time to eat a hasty supper, when we had to hurry off to the six o'clock train for Suez. Fortunately, we had had our luggage transferred directly to the station, and when we arrived there we had the satisfaction of seeing our things being loaded on the baggage car. This rail line leads for the most part through the desert, and the heat there is insufferable in the daytime, particularly for Europeans who are not acclimated. Accordingly, we made the trip at night. Even then it is not a very pleasant journey, as we soon found out to our discomfort. The hot sand blows continually, getting into your eyes and mouth, so we were compelled to keep the windows closed; this of course made it very close inside. At first, before night set in, we were delighted with our surroundings; the railway stretches along an arm of the Nile River where vegetation is very luxuriant, giving one an indication of the wondrous fertility of the Nile Valley.

As the sun was setting we saw from the train a long caravan of camels plodding along; the effect was beautiful and never to be forgotten. The endless waste of sand beyond lighted up like a sea of fire, casting gigantic shadows of the moving animals toward us. All too soon we reached the desert proper, and from then on everything looked desolate, except for the star studded firmament, the constellations standing out with a brightness never seen in the northern countries.

Shortly after sunrise we reached Suez, and enjoyed a good breakfast in the garden of the hotel there.

To my great joy I found mail there for me; no less than three letters, written at short intervals, from my intended husband. This gave me great joy, as I had been longing for news from him. Toward evening of the same day a small dory took us out to board the French Liner Imperatrice, which was to take us the rest of the way to India. We had a very nice cabin, with four berths, and much more room to move around. Having been told that the evening meal would be served soon, we hurried to get ourselves in trim for the occasion. We were hungry, for the bill of fare at the Suez Hotel was rather limited. After an excellent dinner, we went up on deck to admire the coast of Arabia. There was little discernable vegetation as rain is practically unknown in this area. All we could see were rocky hills with sandy valleys between. Some one among the passengers pointed out a chain of mountains in the far distance, resting as it were on the hazy clouds and the sandy desert. We were greatly interested when we heard these mountains were a chain of the well known Sinai eminence. While crossing the Red Sea we had fine weather continually, and had no problem with seasickness at all. The heat, however, was almost unbearable. On Sunday we attended a Service conducted by Brother K. who made a short address in German, while at the same time a missionary from Holland was preaching to his group in their language. Five days after we set out, we reached Aden. Our liner had to take on coal there, so we had to lay by for a day and a night. At the wharf itself there is only a Hotel and the Post Office, the town being three miles inland. A friendly Englishman who had come on board invited our party to pay a visit to the town. We accepted, so he escorted us in a covered carriage through the most desolate country we had ever seen to that remote Arabian settlement. We found the town everything but not attractive; surrounded by rocks and sand, with no vegetation except for a small area near a water reservoir where the scant rainfall is hoarded carefully. Turbaned Arabs offered us ostrich feathers and other souvenirs. When we came back to the landing our friends regaled us with a truly Arabic dinner; boiled mutton with curried rice, and tropical fruits for dessert. We now took leave of our genial host, returning to the landing to board the liner. Here we watched with great interest the brown skinned divers who came out in their skiffs, to dive for the coins some of the passengers threw into the water; and they did it very cleverly indeed. Invariably they came up with the coin between their white teeth. After leaving the port at Aden we were on the water for seven more days when at long last the promised shores of India lay before our eyes. It was part of the southern

shore we saw, and it was a truly enchanting sight. A long line of blue mountains with a background of deep blue sky seemed to rise out of the water, with only a narrow belt of green to mark the division. Still farther south, separated by an arm of the sea, we saw an interminable forest of palm trees. This proved to be the island of Ceylon, which is called the pearl of India; and in truth so it appeared to us, as our steamer turned toward the south and skirted its shore. Soon we reached Point deSalle, and here we had to disembark, as our French liner was bound for China. We would have to reach India on a small coastal steamer. This ship for Madras would not be due for some days, we were told. This was a disappointment to us girls; we were so near to the land of our aspirations, this last delay seemed most intolerable. However, we found a comfortable hotel, and the next day hired a vehicle and took a drive out of town to a plantation; The road led us out through carefully laid out parks, along a picturesque bay with occasional glimpses of magnificent villas. Our way led us through shady groves of cocoa palms, and out again in the open to give us views of the bay and the distant hills. It was a constant succession of delights, not the least of which was the plantation itself. This proved to be a novelty to us, as the chief crop was cinnamon. It looked like reeds set out in long rows, with the ground being kept entirely free of weeds. At the edges of the plots, however, the weeds grew luxuriantly, and we recognized varieties which are being propagated in greenhouses in colder climates. On returning to our hotel, we were told the ship for Madras would be in the next day. So we said goodbye to Point deSalle, and set our course for Madras, where we duly arrived after a few days sail. The ship cast anchor some distance out, and the landing of the passengers had to be effected with rowboats. On account of the very strong surf peculiar to this shore, a high pier had been built out into the ocean, beyond the reach of the breakers. At the end of the pier steps with railings led down to a platform, also guarded by railings. The platform was level with the gunwale of a rowboat at high tide, and even so the boat had to ride the top of a wave to make it possible for a passenger to step on to the platform safely. This had to be done very quickly, for if you missed the right moment, you either fell into the depths, or if fortunate, beat a hasty retreat, and the boatman had to try again, much to his displeasure. In time we all landed safely, and glad we were to be on land once more. Viewed from the harbor, Madras is a very picturesque city. In the background one sees the imposing fortress; nearer, many impressive government and commercial buildings.

The roaring of the surf, the many vessels of all types , anchored in the harbor, or gliding by, the busy crowds of dark skinned men in their brightly colored raiment, all this fills the viewer with wonder and astonishment. A missionary and a native preacher were waiting for us, and expressed their heartfelt joy at our safe arrival. They took us at once to the Mission Building, where the lady of the house gave us a kind reception and provided for our comfort in the most hospitable way. Toward evening our hostess escorted us to the city in a comfortable conveyance drawn by two oxen. The streets where the Europeans live are very fine, with broad walks, all shaded by large trees. Their houses are surrounded by gardens, and are flat roofed, in the Spanish fashion. This part of the city has a palace, several churches, barracks for the military personnel. We also noted the number of fine stores, the largest being the firm of Ochs & Co. We went in here to make a few purchases, and were surprised at the number of European products being shown.

Next day, guided by our chaperone, we had a look at the native areas. These appear more like large villages, with hut next to hut, with very narrow streets , where the brown inhabitants move back and forth like so many ants in an uncovered hill. All industry was carried on in front of the houses. Cobblers were crouched down at the task of making sandals, and the weavers were so busy at their looms none took time to observe passersby. It all looked so primitive, and reminded me of descriptions I had read of ancient Athens.

The same day we also visited the zoological gardens, which has a fine collection of native animals. The park is situated close to the ocean, and in the evening crowds of people enjoy the cool breezes. A band plays there evenings, and it was a treat to us to hear some of the music of our own country.

After about a week's stay with our friend, we felt sufficiently recovered to start on the last leg of our journey, straight across the peninsula of India to the west coast. Bidding an affectionate farewell to our kind friend, we again took a train and travelled all night. None were able to sleep, for we were too busy with thoughts of the impending developments. We talked and sang a great deal, thus escaping our worrisome thoughts. At the first break of dawn we passed through Salem, and after that through Coimbatore, where the beautiful Ghat Mountains loomed up in the distance, clothed in blue vapour, and then we knew we were approaching the western shore. When we neared Paulghaut , Brother D. said to me, "Your bridegroom will surely meet you there", not suspecting the fright he was giving me,

for to meet him at the station in the presence of all this company would have been most difficult for me. So I felt immensely relieved when we left Paulghaut behind. When the train stopped at Tirvor, the station of my future home, one of the party said to me, "Miss H., I see your bridegroom over there on the platform", and she pointed to a gentleman in a black frock coat. I took refuge in a corner of the compartment, fully determined not to meet him before all these spectators. But it was all a mistake, as the man was a total stranger to all of us. So the train went on again, and when we reached Baypoor it was already getting dark, for which I was not a bit sorry. Here our journey by rail came to an end, our final destination being Calicut, a town some six miles distant. (Calicut means "City of the Chickens".) I nourished the hope that I might reach Calicut before our meeting took place, for we were told my fiance, and the man waiting for Sister E. were waiting for us there. When the train stopped a sudden turmoil arose in our compartment; we saw Sister E. pick up her handbags in great haste, and directly we heard her exclaim, "My fiance is HERE, I have seen him"! Out she rushed, the rest of us following slowly. As I was stepping down from the car a strange gentleman in front of me called out, "Where is Miss H.?" A hasty glance at the speaker convinced me he could not be the one; he did not look at all like the photograph. Somewhat relieved, I made myself known to the stranger. I was informed that he was there to guide me to where my intended was waiting for me, and to please follow him. This I did, with a pounding heart, and in deepest silence. The way led through a long passage lighted by lanterns. At the end of this passage we mounted a short flight of stairs, facing which was a door, which my guide opened. I saw before me a well lighted room, and some one there, as if to receive me. How I passed through the door I do not know, I was so bewildered; but in the next moment he was before me, and taking me by the hand led me up to a table, where there was a steaming pot of tea and a plate of sandwiches. Placing a chair for me he bade me to be seated, while he sat at the opposite side of the table. That cup of tea was a great comfort to me; it gave me something to do. I could stir and sip it while I answered his questions about my health and about the voyage, so by and by I took courage and looked him over, finding myself very pleased with what I saw. We talked some more, and I found my embarrassment melting away, when he arose and said we still had a considerable journey before us, and that the rest of the company were waiting for us. I at once declared my readiness to follow him, and took his proffered arm to be led down to the pier, where our friends were waiting for us.

Soon we were at the other shore, inspecting with great curiosity the ox-carts waiting there for us. Surprisingly enough, these cumbersome vehicles drawn by the patient beasts provided a reasonably comfortable means of transportation. We had so much to tell, so many questions to ask, the way seemed all too short. On reaching the Mission House at Calicut I couldn't believe it was already ten o'clock. One of the Sisters was waiting for us on the verandah, lantern in hand. We were shown to our rooms to clean up a bit before our supper, which was served on a large table in the dining room. We were all especially hungry, and certainly did justice to the meal. Before going to sleep that night I gave my fervent thanks to God for the guidance He had given me on the long journey, and for His bountiful goodness in letting me find in this strange land the kindly friend and able protector I needed so much.

When morning came, our company met again, all feeling refreshed by a good nights sleep in clean beds. We now made an inspection of our surroundings. The large central building, with its immense roof impressed us very much. The rooms were all on the first floor, with a wide verandah encircling the entire house. After spending a few happy days in the company of my husband to be, learning to love and esteem him more and more, he informed me he couldn't possibly be absent from his congregation for more than a week, and that he must soon be returning to them. He thought our kind friends would be glad to accommodate me until such a time as I was ready to set a day for our wedding. I thought this over carefully by myself, and when I realized how few were the preparations that had to be made, even the wedding gown all ready in my trunk, and how much it would pain me to see him going home alone, I resolved we would be married with no more delays. So when dear Brother Christian asked whether I might perhaps decide to set an early date, I couldn't help but say, "Yes, tomorrow".

I arose early on our festive day, for the ceremony had been set for eleven o'clock, and there were many things I wanted to do first. As I looked out the window of my room and beheld the brightly shining sun, and the flower bedecked garden a feeling of great gratitude to God for all His goodness and mercy inspired me.

If only my dear old mother could have been with me now; this was my only sorrow. My girl friends helped me to dress, and with fresh flowers from the garden they decked me out in true bridal fashion. At last everything was complete, and followed by my companions I stepped out to the bright sunshine. My bridegroom came forward to meet me, and led me to the chapel, where quite an assembly of people were gathered. The chapel bell

was pealing as we entered, and the congregation sang a favourite hymn. After the wedding ceremony we all partook of Holy Communion, and then returned to the Mission House. There, in the large living room my husband and I received the congratulations of our more intimate friends. Six o'clock was the time set for our wedding dinner. The festive table was decorated with flowers and bowls of fresh fruit. The elaborate wedding cake was placed in the center, and on one end, in front of the hostess there was a huge tureen of chicken noodle soup, which our dear hostess had taken great pains in preparing. With sparkling fresh water this was the entire bill of fare. But the company around the table was none the less merry, various toasts being proposed, of which the bride and groom naturally received the lion's share.

On the morning of the following day we set out for Codacall, where my husband had his mission church. In order to get there we at first had to go to Baypoor by ox-cart, and then by rail from Baypoor to Tirvor, both of which places the reader may remember from the earlier account. At Tirvor an ox-cart had to be resorted to again. At the latter place we were pleased to find the native Deacon of my husband's church waiting for us. He told us the surprising news that the converts of Codacall had started out in a body to meet us on the way and to escort us to my new home. About a mile and one half from home we met them, and the cheer they gave when they spied us was very heart-warming. Our driver even caught the spirit and whipped his animal up to a trot. Thus I made my entry into Codacall, the crowd of singing and running Hindus staying in advance, so to herald our coming to those who had stayed at home because of necessity. They all gave a mighty cheer as our vehicle came to a stop at the garden gate, which had been decorated with flowers and palm branches. Opening the gate, my husband led me up the path between the flower beds to the verandah of our house, where they had all taken position. When I looked at their dark faces, all radiant with joy, their eyes beaming with delight, I felt deeply moved. They surely loved their Pastor dearly, and he must have been a truly good and kind man to inspire such enthusiasm when he brought his bride home. I shook hands with every one of them, and tried to express by gestures how much I appreciated their goodwill. My husband then made a short address in Mahajalim, the vernacular of this area, after which they all returned to their own homes. They were happy to at last have a Madama in their midst, for so they called a white lady. Then my husband led me to the large living room, where lunch had been set out. Later we inspected the rest of the house. My husband's study adjoined the living room, and

beyond this our bedroom, and then a guest room, with the dining room at the end of the hallway. All rooms had a doorway out to the verandah, which faced the west, and therefore was open to the cool breezes from the ocean. We could distinctly hear the roaring of the surf. On two crossbeams of the front porch a large and a small bell were suspended with chains, there being no belfrey on the old church building. The small bell was rung on weekdays every morning, as soon as the clock of the Sahib struck eight, to call the children to school. Our house was located between the school-house and the chapel. The bells could not be rung in the usual way, so our Sacristan fastened ropes to the clappers, and thus produced the desired effect.

Our kitchen was located in a separate building, behind the house, and connected by a covered passageway. Adjoining the kitchen was a woodshed and a deep cistern. On entering the kitchen we came on our two servants, (natives), Josiah, the cook, and Aaron, the house servant. Both were sitting crosslegged on the floor, chewing the betel nut, and talking about the Madama. When they saw us they quickly rose to their feet, and with solemn countenances made their exit. This gave me an opportunity to inspect the place a little more in detail, with a result however that was not at all satisfactory. Pans, kettles, cocoanut shells, brooms, rags and many other things were scattered about the floor. The hearth consisted of a square shaped mass of clay, about two feet high; the level top was covered with loose, flat stones, on which cooking vessels were placed. Going back to the house I expressed my wish to take over the kitchen work. In answer he told me this would be quite impossible; he needed my company too much to risk losing it now. To stand over open fires and steaming pots could prove fatal to anyone not accustomed to this tropical climate. Even natives are sometimes found lying senseless in these kitchens. So ended this part of my housekeeping plan.

For some days I was kept busy unpacking my trunks and boxes, and in giving the bachelor quarters a little more of that appearance which betrays the presence of a housewife. During these busy days my thoughts often wandered back to scenes of my childhood; thoughts of my mother and my sisters kept returning as I discovered the many things they had so thoughtfully stowed away in packing for my journey. They seemed to anticipate all my needs, and many times I knocked gently at my husbands door, asking him to come and see, and to share my sorrow and my delights.

After I had finished my work in the dwelling house, there was left to me the harder task of creating some kind of order out of that chaos in the kitchen.

For this work I asked my husband to act as interpreter, to tell the two men what was expected of them. His presence and the peremptory commands soon brought some order into our kitchen, and by continued supervision I managed afterward to keep things more or less as I wanted them to be.

Our domestic affairs once settled and more leisure time secured, the first and most urgent thing for me now was the study of the native language. My husband, of course, was my first teacher. It took me over a week to become somewhat acquainted with the alphabet, and to be able to spell out individual words. The letters are so different from anything I was familiar with, that I really wondered how anyone could ever make them out; but my husband could read the language fluently. The long compounds, and the joining together of words by phonetic changes into one uninterrupted chain was most difficult to learn. The best progress was made by hearing the language spoken. The women of our congregation were from the first only too assiduous in their visits, thus monopolizing a great deal of my time. By and by when I got a little more acquainted with them, I tried to answer their thousand and one questions by signs and gestures, intermingling the few words I had mastered so far. I also took recourse to pictures, pointing out certain objects, and without being asked they would immediately respond with the correct word. These words I would pronounce as best I could which often provoked smiles from my audience. No doubt I had mispronounced the word, giving it an altogether different meaning; but they were very patient and repeated the word over and over, until I had pronounced it to their satisfaction. To give the reader a little idea of the Hindustani alphabet, I will write the Lord's Prayer in that language; perhaps some future Missionary will read this narrative and be able to read and understand it.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Handwritten text in a script, likely representing the Lord's Prayer in a local language. The text is written in approximately 10 lines of cursive script.

Thus time slipped by, and when Christmas came, I had quite a bit of every day talk at my command. Christmas in this latitude is not heralded by ice and snow. On the contrary, green trees, blossoming shrubs and flowering plants of many kinds are seen everywhere. I procured a small coffee tree from a native, which had been dug with the roots intact, and this I planted in a box. The box was then covered with green banana leaves, and the tree decorated with candy and other things made for the occasion. Our cook Josiah fashioned candles for us out of tallow and twine. It all looked very pretty; the Christmas tree on the middle of our large table, surrounded by little presents for all the smaller children. The delight of these youngsters when they saw the lighted tree and received their gifts was a joy to us. After the excitement had somewhat abated I went over to the melodian and accompanied the children in their singing, as we used to do at home years ago when my good father was still with us. The children crowded around me, singing the hymns in their native tongue.

Shortly after Christmas we had a visit from my travelling companion, Sister E. But she did not come alone; for she had been married shortly after we left Calicut. We had corresponded ever since our parting, but had never been able to see each other. No wonder this meeting was a red letter day for us. Our husbands actually were a little jealous when they observed us talking by the hour, ignoring them altogether. In the exuberance of our joy we even fell into talking French, after which we tried Mahajalim, providing no end of amusement to our lords. Our husbands were planning to attend a conference of Missionaries at a place not too far distant, and as they could not be back the same day, we decided we would join them the following morning. But as it turned out, we had so much to talk about that it was near daylight before we fell asleep. In the midst of our heavy slumber we were awakened by a heavy thumping at our door, and saw to our dismay that it already was eight o'clock. We had promised to be on our way at seven o'clock, and so we were going to disappoint our husbands. My husband afterward asked the servant why he hadn't wakened us earlier, to which he replied he had knocked on the door for an hour, but could not awaken the Madamas. The fact was he had overslept himself, as he was in the habit of being aroused by my husband most mornings.

Thus it was after mid-day before we arrived by ox-cart at the place where our husbands were meeting, and we found a cold dinner; besides this we had to submit to a severe scolding for causing them so much anxiety. However, by the time we were ready to start back again all ^{was} well, and we had

a lovely ride over the hills to our home. The next day our friends left us to return to their own station, and it was a long time before we were in the company of Europeans again. But we were happy with each other and quite used to our native company.

My husband was often away for weeks at a time, and then I felt most lonely; but when he came home again he had so much to tell me about his adventurous trips through jungles and crossing rivers, that I was most thankful to have him back again, safe and sound. Then in the evening, as we rested outside, he would tell me of his experiences among the heathen. While on his way to investigate one of the elaborate festivals held to honor one of their many Gods, he passed through a little village where no missionary had ever visited before. An old man with silvery hair was sitting in the doorway of his little hut, and when he saw a white man with natives following him, he got up and made a deep bow and begged them to sit down and rest and tell him some good news. Then my husband sat with him, and in his kind and benevolent manner told the man of Jesus, how he came into the world to save us, and how God loved all of us. Then the old man began to weep and tremble like a child, and cried over and over, "Is that true, is that really true"? Then the natives spoke with him and at last he called out, "I do believe in that Saviour; you must come again and tell me more of Him". They left portions of the Holy Scripture with the man, promising to return soon.

At the latitude in which we were located night sets in a little before seven o'clock, with scarcely any twilight. About an hour after sunset the sea breeze comes in, and then we liked to sit out and enjoy the evening and cool off from the heat of the day. We could always hear the roaring of the surf quite distinctly, a sound I never tired of listening to. It was a company of a sort for me when my husband was away on one of his frequent preaching trips, and I was all alone. At full moon the scenery from the vantage of our porches was truly enchanting. Every shrub in the gardens was clearly visible, while tall bamboo and wild mango trees cast their shadows over the road. In the distance we could distinguish the rice paddies and the lines of cocoa palms. The air was filled with a multitude of lightning bugs darting through the night like so many meteors/ The chirping of various insects indicated that even these little beings felt happy to be a part of such a night.

Sometimes the peace of the night was interrupted by thumping drums and the shrill cacaphony of native instruments, interspersed with hoarse shouting. This we well knew came from a Hindu temple nearby, the poor

deluded worshippers not knowing the true God, who had made Himself so manifest in the beauty of His works. But listen! The familiar melody of a Christian hymn comes sounding through, the several voices blending harmoniously together. To our great joy we hear this regularly, and join in singing from our distance. It comes from the home of our Deacon, where the family worships God before taking their night's rest. Often we see a late wanderer passing by on the road, carrying a blazing torch. or a stick with a piece of tin attached to it, with which they frighten off the poisonous snakes which abound in the dark. It is not safe to venture out without this protection. Many times we would have a visitor; these people will not knock at a door; instead, they announce their presence by coughing discreetly, until they attract your attention. My husband would thereupon inquire what they wanted. In a tone of complete despair he would then perhaps get the answer, "O Sahib, there is a snake in my body, give me medicine to drive it out". By this he meant simply that he was in great pain, for their way of expressing themselves is most picturesque. In most cases my husband would simply administer a purgative medicine, and with the patient would go home contented. The next morning we could expect him to return and announce, with a reverential bow, his complete recovery, going into detail much too complete for our taste.

One evening, as we were having a cup of tea, we were pleasantly surprised by the strains of a beautiful hymn being sung by young students of our congregation who had come home from the native Seminary at Mangalore. The melody and the words I shall never forget, although a long time has elapsed. The words were in English, and went right to my heart; somehow reminded me of a group of converts we had, who went about singing the Bible stories they had learned for the benefit of their poor, deluded brethren. One wondered how these hard-hearted people could reject the love of the Saviour so freely offered. We invited these brown students in for refreshments, and had a very nice talk with them in English, which they spoke fluently.

In general, the Hindus show very little fortitude when suffering pain. In cases of ailment they often throw themselves on the ground, moaning and lamenting in the most pitiful manner. Acute tooth-ache puts them into a state of utmost despair, and they run to the Sahib, knowing that he can relieve them. Having arrived at the Sahib's house, the sufferer announces his presence with howls of pain (?). My husband then leads the patient inside, and after ascertaining the cause of the complaint, bids him to be seated, quietly picks up his forceps, and before the poor fellow is aware

of what is happening has efficiently pulled the offending tooth. This treatment, of course, induces the patient to howl so loudly that passers-by stop to see what may have happened. The Sahib now has his hands full trying to pacify the patient.

The Hindu meal consists of rice, boiled with a little salt seasoning, and eaten as a kind of soup for the morning and noon meal. In the evening they again have rice with a strong broth seasoned with nine different spices and sliced onions; to this they add the milk of the cocoanut, and the finished dish is called curry. This is a favourite of all Indians. The way they eat it is simplicity itself; squatted on the ground, each receives his portion served on a banana leaf. This they eat with their fingers, displaying in the act a decided gracefulness. Their hands are always carefully washed before touching food. The well to do most often use plates, but never forks or spoons, and they also have their meals sitting crosslegged, although they will usually have mats to sit on.

At first, when Hindu women would come to visit me, I would ask them to be seated in the usual fashion; but they would not sit on chairs, and simply remained standing, laughing at my offer of hospitality. On my continued insistence, they finally would sink to the floor, leaving me in the awkward position of royalty on the throne, with the subjects consigned to squatting on the floor. It took some time for me to get used to this arrangement.

Another thing I never thought I could do was to kiss those dark skinned and oftentimes rather dirty little children, but I learned to do this too. They all have such beautiful, dark eyes, and will respond when they see you love them. All the women in the neighborhood took a great interest in me. Whether converts or not, they were want to call on me to solve their day to day problems. My husband and I frequently took walks in the cool of the evening. Seeing me walk alongside him while we conversed in a foreign tongue, and he listened with apparent respect, no doubt was a factor in the natives referring to my husband as "the chained one". The native women invariably walk behind when they go out with their husbands, which seldom happens, and talking then is not customary.

My garments were also a great curiosity to them, for I looked like a Queen compared to those Hindu women. Their normal attire consists of only a cotton cloth wrapped around their loins, and neither shoes nor stockings. Often when we passed by houses of the heathen, women and children would run to the road and stare at us. One little old lady placed herself right in front of us, so to have a really good look at us. We stopped and spoke

a few pleasant words, at the same time inviting her to come and see us. This impressed her so much, she told everyone she knew about the great event. As a rule, the women are very indolent; they don't know how to sew or knit, and reading and writing is still a mystery to the common people. To sit and gossip by the hour they all understand to perfection; nor is this the worst, for they all chew the betel nut. This nut is cut into slices and wrapped in a tobacco leaf. What a compound for chewing!

These women show an affection toward their children which reminds me of a monkey mother. Boys in particular they indulge beyond all reason, and instead of punishing them for their misdeeds they even praise their wrongdoing. On one occasion a woman came to our house, sobbing and holding a piece of cloth to her head which was bleeding profusely. She told us that her boy had struck her, and asked my husband to punish him for her. As the boy belonged to our school, my husband told her he would do it, and to send him over right away. All at once the woman turned and went off scolding, saying she would never allow her own dear child to be treated harshly.

The one outstanding exception among all the women of our congregation was Sarah, our Deacon's wife. She had been brought up in one of our mission schools, and had from her earliest childhood been under the influence of Christian teachers. She spoke English fluently, which of course brought her closer to me. But the dear creature was very timid; I suppose she looked up to me as to a superior, with whom to make free would not be proper. It took a long time till I could induce her to put aside the gravely respectful demeanor she maintained during our intercourse. I of course felt toward her like a sister, and would have appreciated the same from her. She was always ready to visit the sick, and her acts of kindness were many. Her children were always dressed neatly, for their mother had learned how to sew. This gave a much needed example to the other women, whose children ran wild and almost naked. How neat she kept their little cottage and the garden in front of it. Her husband was a good man also, and very talented. He had received theological training among our Missionaries, and spoke English fluently. He was ordained and installed at Codacall, to assist my husband, take his place when he was absent, or to go with him to help preach at some of the great idol festivities. Our Deacon was tall in stature and refined in bearing, enhanced by that oriental gracefulness so often a characteristic of the Hindus.

We were filled with joy and thankfulness when a daughter was born to us. This event created great excitement among our people, as they had looked

forward to it with almost childlike curiosity, yet seemed disappointed that it was not a boy. They consoled me on that account, because girls in their eyes are of little value. When the child was two weeks old we made preparations for its baptism. The old chapel served as the place, and the Elders of the congregation as witnesses. Many of the natives followed us to the house, in order to have a closer look at the wonderful child. I do not think it was entirely curiosity which prompted them; I believe they had learned to love us, and wanted to express their feelings by showing admiration for our little one. The fair hair and blue eyes of many of our people have a great fascination for the Hindus; perhaps they sense a long lost kinship with the Aryan race.

After the baptism I again took up household and other duties among the women and girls of our flocks, insofar as my additional charge would allow. I had started a group of girls in learning handiwork. Hardly one of these knew how to use a needle, and it required no end of patience to initiate them in the rudiments of these arts, and how to do neat and clean work. I would tell them stories which my husband had translated for me, or I would teach them to remember by rote some of our beautiful hymns. So we often sang together, sitting outside, shaded by the wide overhanging roof. It did my heart good to see those little ones, crouched down before me, trying their best to do justice to their unaccustomed task. That they really enjoyed their lessons I found out from their mothers telling me that when they were compelled for one reason or another to stay at home, there were many bitter tears shed.

The wife of our Deacon often assisted me in this work. One day Sarah was absent and I had to leave the girls alone while I went in to respond to my little daughter's demands. During my absence one of the girls managed to appropriate a little box which contained spools of varied coloured thread. The act was observed by some of the other girls. When the lesson was over, instead of going home as usual they stood together near the porch railing, talking and giggling. When attracted by their unusual behavior I asked for an explanation, and they laughingly told me what had happened. The culprit, Christina, had already made her departure. I reprimanded the girls for making light of the matter; and asked them not to tell anyone what had happened, and then dismissed them. To my great relief, Sarah came shortly afterward, and I related the disagreeable mischief to her. We decided to go to the girl's home, and try to convince her of the sinfulness of her act. On reaching the house and

entering the courtyard we saw an unusual number of women sitting around. Not suspecting anything to be wrong, I politely asked for Dorcas, the mother of Christina. No answer was given, and I was beginning to feel quite uneasy, when suddenly Dorcas herself rushed out of the house in apparent great anger, overwhelming me with a torrent of insulting epithets. She accused me of being entirely at fault, placing that box just where it could tempt her daughter, and that her dear child would never enter my home again. At the same time she threw the box at my feet, and some of the women said I ought to be ashamed for making a fuss about such a trifle. All of this grieved me very much. I left the box where it lay, as I gave no thought to reclaiming my property, and waited quietly till they all had their say. I extended my hand to Dorcas as a gesture of good will, and told her I had only the best intentions toward her and Christina, and then took my departure. I hoped the matter would clear itself some day. This indeed it did, as Dorcas and her husband came to see me before a week had elapsed and begged my pardon tearfully; this I was only too glad to grant. Not long after this Dorcas became very ill, giving me an opportunity to show her how fully I had forgiven her. After her recovery she was a changed woman. I dare say she found her Lord, as she became a regular attendant at the prayer meetings I held Thursday afternoons for the women members. These meetings were very informal, my principal aim being to make the women feel at ease, gain their friendship, and open their hearts to the love of their Saviour.

When our little daughter was about four months old my husband received a letter from an old friend of his, telling us that he and his wife were going to pay us a visit. They indicated the time of their arrival at Tirvor, our closest railway station. More than a year had gone by since our last visitors had cheered our home with their presence. No wonder we were overjoyed at this news. When the longed for day arrived I had the house all in order, and arranged flowers for each room. My husband started off with an oxcart to bring home his friend; for the wife we had dispatched somewhat earlier a mandshill, which is a sort of hammock, supported by a pole, with a shade over it. This conveyance is carried by four men, and provides comfortable transportation, even for one who is ill, as the movements are gentle. My husband had expected to be back at two o'clock with his guest, so I was waiting on the verandah long before that time. Then I remembered that the mandshill carriers always announce their arrival with loud chanting; as yet, I had heard nothing. The gate was opened wide, anticipating their arrival. On either side of the path leading

to the house were beds of flowers, nursed by the loving care of the master of the house, who loved flowers so well. Two beds of exquisite tea roses were in full bloom just at this time, and tropical butterflies hovered over them, attracted by their fragrance. Among the blossoming trees and shrubs colorful parrots and songbirds flitted about, filling the air with their song.

Suddenly in the distance I could hear the chanting of the Manshill carriers, and presently they emerged from under the trees which shaded the road and turned in at the gate. I helped my visitor extricate herself from this strange conveyance, and gave her a most hearty greeting. Soon our husbands arrived, and we all enjoyed a good luncheon. Our dear Sister had been in India for a number of years, but alas, at the cost of her good health. She told me that she was never entirely free of suffering, but she bore it most bravely, always having a ready smile. She quite won my heart during the few days they stayed with us, and when they left it was like parting from a lifelong friend. This is a feeling only those can understand who live away from their families, and are isolated in a strange land. Yet I had every reason to be thankful to God, for he had given me a good and devoted husband, and a precious child.

Nearly every mail brought a letter from one or the other at home; they had not forgotten me. Only letters are not like being together, and love transferred to paper seems unsatisfactory. After our guest departed things went on as usual, but my thoughts often reverted to my departed Sister, who had left a void in my heart which I tried in vain to overcome. Sarah, the Deacon's wife, did much to buoy me up with her kind and winning ways. No doubt she also felt the need for companionship, for she visited me daily, bringing something which she thought might please me. But the dear girl was so shy and ceremonious I almost despaired of winning her confidence. After a time she put aside her restraint, and we were more like sisters, helping each other in many ways. Through this friendship I also gained the confidence of the other Hindu women. Every Sunday afternoon I gathered around me the younger women and some of the girls to give them singing lessons, playing the accompaniment on the melodian. Hindus, both men and women, as a rule have good singing voices, and a decided talent for music. They take a great delight in singing, entering into the spirit of it wholeheartedly, and showing much pride in their fine accomplishment. After the singing lesson was over, I instructed some of the women in a course of reading, which was rather uphill work, for they are not given to much study. But I persevered, and brought some

of them far enough so they were able to read simple Bible stories and some of the hymns.

I could not induce the heathen women to come and visit me and to take part in the lessons. They all belonged to a lower caste, and spoke a language which I could not understand. One very old blind woman came every Saturday to beg, a small boy leading her by the hand. Our Deacon could speak that low form of Mahajalim, so I asked him to speak with her about her immortal soul. He could not make her understand that she also had a soul, and she would leave us, crying out, "I have no soul, I have no soul"!

Women of the higher castes, such as the Brahmins and the Nairs are seldom ever seen on the road, and they are never allowed to approach a European, or a native belonging to a lower caste. When they do go out, they travel in groups, one behind the other, led by women servants shouting "Ho-ho", announcing to others the coming of their superiors. The Nair caste is one below the Brahmin, taking the place of the former Warrior caste, the Kushatrias; the Brahmins call themselves half-gods, and therefore their pride is traditional. They derive their subsistence from the income of the lands attached to the temples, and from the offerings the heathen bring to the idols. Another source of income are the rentals for innumerable services offered at the myriad of shrines, and the ceremonials connected with the worship there. The Brahmins wear a worsted cord around their loins as a mark of their rank. On the great festivals this is substituted by a cord of Kusha grass, and a proverb tells us that on these occasions they will "eat till their cords break". This pretty well characterizes the moral tenets of this priestly caste, who hold high living and feasting to be the chief aims in life. They actually use the phrase, "Filling my belly is my bliss".

The women lead a lonely life, being strictly confined to their homes and hardly ever seen out of doors. The husband leads a most active life, and to judge from his attendance at the various ceremonies at the temple, which often extend late into the night, seems to spend little time with his family. The delight of these Brahmin women lies in the possession of jewelry, mostly of silver, sometimes of gold, with which they load down their persons. Ears, nose, arms and ankles are loaded down with circlets of precious metals.

Quite frequently Brahmins came to visit my husband, apparently having no fear of contamination; however, after leaving his presence, they subjected themselves to no end of washings, thus ridding their bodies of the

contact with an inferior being. They liked to talk with him about their Shastras, or Holy books, with which they knew him to be well acquainted. Some of them admitted freely the grossness of their idolatrous worship, and openly declared their belief in one supreme God. Their people, they said, wanted something more tangible, an idol which they could see and worship as they carried it about in their possession. Abstractions are alright for educated people, but are not comprehensible to lower class Hindus, who prefer worshipping animals to the one true God. The Hindu religion has over thirty million deities. Supposing we convert to Christianity, they would argue, who is going to take care of our families? Give us a salary, and we will become Christians; with these words they wound up the conversation.

A young Brahmin to whom my husband gave instructions in the English language came often to our house. His father was a man of considerable wealth, and had spared no expense in giving his son a thorough Brahmin education. When meeting me by chance he never failed to salute me with a deep bow which I returned and then met his glance without embarrassment. This seemed to impress him a lot, for Hindu women will keep their eyes downcast when speaking to one they consider their superior. We became quite good friends after a time, and when I showed him my water colors of Indian fruits and flowers he expressed great admiration and wonder that a woman could produce anything like that. After this he often brought me beautiful native flowers to paint which had been left at any of the innumerable shrines by worshippers. He seemed to have no scruples about removing these offerings and bringing them to me to reproduce with my means. I sometimes played for him on our melodian, and this invariably put him into ecstasy; he seemed to really appreciate our good music. My husband had great hopes of converting him to Christianity, and used his best arguments to convince him of the folly of idol worship, but all to no avail. This seems a difficult step to take for a single Hindu; whole families, yes; but seldom a single member. The only analogy to it might be found among the orthodox Jews, where, when one of a family defects through marriage, that person is declared officially dead, and is buried in effigy. In one case that came to my attention, a dying mother refused to see her own daughter. Just so it is when a Hindu goes over to Christianity. Every tie that bound him to the past is cut asunder, and he is like one cast out. This young man was the eldest son, and as such the future heir to a large property, all of which he would have had to renounce had he converted to Christianity. Even among the lower castes where there is much less at stake,

going over to Christianity is a difficult path for them to travel. There lived in our village a low caste family of three daughters and one son, plus the parents. The eldest daughter Josephine, taking with her the youngest sister, entered on her own impulse the Mission School at Calicut, where poor girls of both heathen and Christian parentage are taken care of and educated. She made very good progress in school, soon winning the hearts of her teachers. But what was far better, she learned to love Jesus and was baptized and received the name Josephine. At vacation time she would visit her parents and tell them about her Saviour, but without making any impression on them. Before long the remaining daughter followed her sisters and also became a Christian. The parents complained bitterly, now that they were getting old all their daughters had left them. We pointed out all the advantages the girls had at Calicut, how they were getting an education, and how they were being guarded against all the temptations that would normally confront them, and to which they would probably fall victim. This reconciled the parents somewhat. Sometime later the second daughter, the last one to leave home, fell seriously ill at Calicut. The poor mother wanted so badly to see her child once more, but had no means to defray the expense of the trip. We managed to provide her with the necessary funds, and she got to see her child a few hours before she died. With many tears the dying girl entreated her mother to accept Jesus as her Saviour too. The woman was deeply moved at seeing her child die so peacefully. Unfortunately, soon after her return home the good impression wore off, and she went back to her old ways, in spite of all we could do.

Josephine was married to a good Christian man at Calicut. Some time after this her father visited them. During his stay there, he also fell ill, but was restored to good health again through the loving care of his daughter. His heart was softened by this, a thing which was most surprising, because he had always spurned every effort in that direction which his daughters initiated, even more so than his wife had. Of his own free will he sought instruction in the Christian doctrine, and finally was baptized and received into membership in our Congregation. But he never returned to his wife and son; they remained heathens, and he didn't belong to them anymore. This is only one of the instances where families were separated when one or more embraced Christianity.

The country around Codacal is rather level, intersected though by low ridges, some of which might be called hills. The green fields of rice, which are bordered by plantings of cocoapalms, offer a charming sight. The gigantic banyon trees tower over all on the higher ground. The huts of the

natives are small, and scattered about irregularly. The walls are built of clay, while thick layers of heavy leaves fastened to bamboo poles form the roof. Furniture there is none. The occupants sleep on mats on the floor. The only household article is a wooden chest; this is their treasure chest where they stow away their few possessions, such as clothing, trinkets, and perhaps a little book or two. Behind the house one finds the usual cistern, from which water is drawn for daily use. In the morning they will gather there to wash and to clean their teeth, using hands and fingers for this operation. They have no need of combs. The men shave their heads, all except for a small forelock, which is braided. The women simply use their fingers to comb their long black hair, forming it into a knot on the back of the head. Behind the hut, and usually close to it, there are plantings of bananas, a few cocoa palms, and a small jungle of bamboo growth. On the front of the hut there is always a small porch attached. Every Saturday the housewife smears the floor of the porch with a paste of cow dung, which is considered a great purifier by the Hindus. When a visitor comes, the best mat in the house is brought out, and the guest is invited to take a seat, (or a crouch). In the place of more appropriate refreshments, the guest is offered a little box containing a compound made of the betelnut. With the help of this, conversation is soon stimulated. In case the visitor was myself, then I had to remain standing, as these people possessed neither chair nor bench to offer me. But my hosts certainly made up for this deficiency with their exaggerated politeness. In their speech these people exhibit a wonderful fluency coupled with such poetic vividness of expression, one feels moved back in time some thousands of years, when our ancestors considered the sun, moon and stars, as well as the clouds, the dawn and the twilight as living beings, with emotional experiences common to the race of man.

After the birth of our second child my health was badly shattered, and I had an attack of fever every day; but I did not give up, and continued with my work every day. My ailment and weakness increased, and finally I agreed to an extended stay at a health care center at Kaity, in the Blue Mountains. For the last time the women of our Congregation assembled at our house. I presented to them my dear Sarah, and instructed them to look to her as the one who would take my place during my absence. On the evening of my departure the dear girl came to me once more to say goodbye. She blushingly accepted my gratitude for the relief of worry she gave me by taking on this responsibility.

The next morning we left our home at Codacall to journey to the mountains.

Again the means of travel was ox-cart and rail. Toward evening of the first day we reached Coimbatore, where we stayed for a few days, until my husband had to return to his flock. I then continued my journey under the guidance of Brother W. who was in charge of that particular station. He had come down expressly to conduct me and the two children. This time we travelled in a "Palankin", which might be compared to a little carriage without wheels, and carried by four men. It being evening, with a full moon, we found much to look at. My escort, Brother W., followed on horseback; his presence was a great comfort to me, as our way led through jungle, with the ever present danger of tigers. Our carriers kept up a steady flow of conversation, plus much shouting, to ward off this danger. We were now in mountainous country, and frequently skirted by deep ravines and gorges, from which we could hear fast rushing water. Several times we passed by waterfalls so closely, the spray wet our faces. As we came safely out of the jungle a faint glimmer in the east gave promise day was approaching. From the immediate surroundings, it was obvious we were approaching a settlement. The pathway was now lined by a hedge of roses, behind which were beautifully kept lawns, much shrubbery and carefully tended flower beds. Far back, among the trees, we saw the great villas which were occupied by British landowners and Government officials. After we passed through this area the road led upward into the mountains, so we changed to a lighter, armchair type of conveyance. After what must have been most exhausting work for even our sturdy carriers we arrived at a summit, from which the Mission-house of Kaity could be seen situated among the large shade trees.

As we drew near, the house mother came down to the garden path, waving a kerchief in welcome. She welcomed us like a true Sister and caressed the children in motherly fashion, all of which reassured me we had made a good decision in coming here.

At this altitude nature is not too dissimilar from the more temperate zones of Europe. Many of the trees were familiar, and among the wild flowers I recognized some old friends. Of fruit trees in the garden I saw all of our well known German Species, plus the most wonderful orange and lemon trees. The orange trees in particular offered a most beautiful sight. Adorned with the most glossy, dark green foliage which the Creator seems to have made as a foil for the colorful orange fruit, they offer the beholder a vision in loveliness at any season. There was a lovely little wood not far off from the Mission house, where we often walked, resting sometimes on a mossy bank underneath a large

banyon tree. This afforded me great pleasure, for around Codacall no one would think of venturing off the road, much less sit down anywhere outside, because of the numerous poisonous snakes in that area.

It was at this time that my husband found it necessary to join me at Kaity, for his health had broken down, and he needed desperately to recuperate too. During our stay at this Mission house we had occasion to witness the burial ceremony of a young heathen woman. Death had taken place at six o'clock in the evening, and almost immediately a number of men started off, going from village to village for many miles around, inviting everyone to the funeral. Each messenger was provided with a conch shell with which he announced his approach when nearing human habitation. They rushed with the veritable speed of the wind thru mountain passes and over crags to deliver their mournful invitations. In the meantime the relatives had constructed a high canopy of bamboo poles, decorating this with all manner of colorful materials and wreaths of fresh red roses. When all this had been completed, they brought the body out from the hut, placed it on a bedstead, which had previously been put in front of of the dwelling. The above mentioned framework was now placed over the bed, the deceased thus resting beneath a canopy of red roses and drapery. This was no doubt in imitation of the mighty Rajah funerals, or the idol processions. At this point the male relatives started a dance around the bier, emitting savage yells, while others beat drums or blew on conch shells. If their object was to drive away the evil spirits one would think they must have succeeded, but I rather think the outlandish din was created to speed the soul on its journey to their version of Paradise. The women were in a group by themselves, sitting on the ground, wailing and lamenting. This noisy wake was kept up all through the night. Next morning I walked over to the site of the ceremony, in company with my husband. We were received with a great show of respect, and an old man who seemed to act as a kind of master of ceremonies assured my husband that we were welcome to stay as long as we liked. Perhaps the German Missionaries were in better repute than other Europeans, who as a rule are not welcomed at such occasions for fear they might disturb the last rest of the deceased.

My curiosity was soon satisfied however, for the whole spectacle was too repulsive to make a lengthy stay possible. After making a sketch of the scene, I went back to the Mission house. My husband gave me a description of the rest of the proceedings later. About two hundred people

were involved in the ceremony. After a time the bier was carried to a nearby meadow and placed inside a square marked off by posts. Now a calf was led inside the square, and made to go around the bier three times, thus transferring all the sins of the deceased onto the calf, which was then driven out into the wilds. By twelve o'clock, according to their belief, the soul of the departed had reached Paradise, at which time the mortal remains were removed to a distant place and destroyed by fire. The unearthly din kept up till the very end.

After some time we moved from Kaity to another Mission a few miles distant. It was while we were at Kotagherry that a son was born to us, brightening our home and our lives. Also, during our stay here, I found time to paint many of the native flowers and fruits of India, together with landscapes of this picturesque area.

Our dear members at Codacall rejoiced with us at the birth of our son, and eagerly awaited our return to their midst. But my health returned so slowly that my husband was obliged to return to his parish without me. At this time the sad news of my mother's death reached me. With this sad news all thought of seeing her again in this life was given up. After a few more months here, we were able to return to Codacall, and were all together again as a family

Our good old janitor, Abel, had anxiously awaited my return, as he was very ill, and no one there could provide the nourishing food he needed. These poor people are in a pitiable condition when seriously ill, as their diet consists solely of rice and curry, which is neither nourishing nor appetizing. I was always glad to provide them with good broths. Abel was indeed very grateful to us for our care, as he lay suffering in the last stages of consumption, with only a mat on the floor to lie on. He was a devout Christian, and his death was a severe blow to us, but what a joy it was to know that he had accepted his Saviour.

My health did not improve, so we at length decided on a trip to Europe. But alas! I would be obliged to go all that way alone with the children, for my husband could not be spared by his Congregation for that length of time. I knew this separation would be a difficult one. Soon after this decision was reached we celebrated my husband's birthday. In the early morning, the girls and I, together with a company of neighbors gathered outside his study window and sang a favorite hymn for his special day; he soon appeared, and thanked us heartily for the pleasant surprise. Our little daughters presented their papa with a bouquet of flowers

The last Christmas which we all spent together will never be forgotten. It was truly a day filled with joy and love. I had again decorated a coffee tree with gilded ornaments, candles and oranges, which served beautifully as a Christmas tree. How the children did rejoice over their dolls and other presents! I can still picture their joy and their radiant faces. Our sweet baby boy stretched forth his hands and cried, "Ah-ah". By the next Christmas he was to be with Jesus, whose nativity we were now celebrating. Yet amid all the joy of this happy time there was a touch of sorrow, for the time of separation from my husband was near at hand.

Soon I was very busy with preparations for the trip to Europe. The native women showed their love for me by many kindly offers of help. I was touched by the real show of affection of these people. It was more than ample reward for any annoyance they had ever caused me. I had learned to know and to love them all so greatly, that it was hard to leave them. Shortly before my departure we all gathered at our home and held an earnest prayer meeting. I urged them not to forget their Saviour, and not to neglect their communion with Him. I also asked them to pray for me, which all promised to do, and I was sure by their earnest faces the promise would be kept. My last evening at home was a hard one; visitors stayed till very late. Dorcas also appeared, and tearfully again asked my forgiveness. Last of all, Sarah came and told me how much my love and companionship had meant to her. How sad was my parting with that true Sister in Christ!

Early the next morning the whole Congregation assembled to bid us farewell. A fervent prayer was offered, and we shook hands with them all, shedding many a tear. A number of them followed our Ox-cart to Tirvor, from where we travelled by train to Calicut. At this port we took a coastal steamer for Bombay, the journey taking about five days.

We stayed here at Bombay for several days, having taken lodgings at a hotel. Our room was on the east side of the building, and so exposed to the unhealthy east winds which are prevalent here. During our first night our little son was taken seriously ill with croup. A Doctor was called, but the child continued to worsen, and in just a few days was taken from us to his eternal home. In repose, his dear face told us, "Weep not, I am very happy". But for the consolation of knowing that his soul was safe in the arms of Jesus, my grief would have been unbearable. There in a churchyard near the sea we laid our child to rest.

I shall briefly describe the great city of Bombay. About thirty thousand Europeans inhabit the fine part of the city, which is completely surrounded by a high walled fortress. Here the streets are wide and clean, with three

and four story buildings. Large verandahs with ornately carved pillars embellish these buildings. A main street leads from the wide spreading fortress to this part of the city through an archway.

The native settlement is not so nice; one may see interesting groups of people; always some hovering about an open well, drawing water, while others will be throwing water over themselves; the customary way of bath. The streets are narrow, most buildings of wood, generally of two stories, thus combining business and living quarters. The merchants invariably sit out front with baskets piled high with merchandise. In the evening the scene is one of revelry, crowds of people traversing the streets, looking for sweet-meat and popcorn vendors. The women are especially fond of a certain sweet made of sugar and rice flour, baked in cocoanut oil. We would not find these sweets very tempting for the cooks are untidy and careless while preparing them.

Beyond this settlement the large villas are situated; very imposing structures, with handsome pillars. Here the wealthy class resides, including the rich natives. Here I must mention the choice tropical fruit found in Bombay; it is the mango. It is a beautiful, golden yellow with a greenish tinge, somewhat larger than a peach. It has a most distinctive flavor, something of a cross between pineapple, orange and a peach.

Now the day arrived for me to continue my journey. My husband had accompanied me this far, but he now had to return to his congregation. So we said goodbye then, and he returned to Codacal, while I took a ship for Genoa, Italy, accompanied by the two girls and their nurse. There on the pier a large throng was gathered, waiting to wave a last goodbye. Among the many faces I could discern the features of my husband. After a voyage of nine days, we arrived at Aden in the middle of the night. The sudden stopping of the ship awakened me. I arose, and saw the bare cliffs of Aden, encased by fog. As my little ones were fast asleep with their nurse, I went up on deck to wait for the sunrise. As I sat there in a quiet nook my thoughts wandered back to the joys and sorrows of the past. I thought of a dear Sister who had passed this way some time ago, and her on this lonely coast she had buried her little one. I so longed to go ashore and see his little grave, but did not dare leave the ship for that long a time.

Soon we passed through the channel of Suez; This is so narrow that but one ship can go through at a time. On each side of this man made waterway stretches the vast desert. Seven days more, and we reached Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus.

This seaport of the northern Mediterranean is also known as "The Beauty", which aptly describes the surroundings. We were relieved that the sea voyage part of our trip was over with.

A wealthy mission friend met us at the pier and took us to his Villa, where we were hospitably received by his wife and daughters. A minister, the brother of Missioner W., whose wife had died and left two children, (which we were taking care of on their journey to Switzerland), came to meet us at Genoa with a nurse, to help^{us} on with the many children. As our liner was behind schedule, the good man decided to fill in the time by going out to the shore to inspect the old fortress there. He was accompanied by the nurse, an eminently respectable lady. Somehow, during the tour, they became separated, and were unable to find each other. The Brother's Italian being less than fluent, his plea to the Police was interpreted, "My wife has eloped"! With the sketchy description he was able to provide they soon had the good nurse lodged in jail. A good deal of time was spent before the matter was resolved to everyone's satisfaction. We all had a big laugh at this adventure. The final part of our journey was now made by rail.

I was so very glad to see my old home once more, and what a reception awaited me there! But my appearance was so altered that my friends hardly recognized me. The love and the tender care I received from my family and friends did much to restore my health. After a two year stay I returned again to India. Here we lived and worked for three more fruitful years, at which time the decision was made to leave the field. Accordingly, we bade that home final farewell, and sailed to America.

Here my dear husband labored as a minister of the Gospel for ten years, when he was called to our eternal home by his blessed Saviour. I have now been a widow for many years, and have written and painted a great deal about my life in India, partly from memory, and partly from memoranda kept while there. And now I will conclude my narrative, hoping that my faulty efforts have given you, my kind reader, some idea of a missionary's life in India.

Supplemental Notes

There is a great change visible among the heathens of India. Formerly they would throw stones at our Missionaries who preached to them. Now they will often invite them to come to their homes. Most of the people will buy Christian books, and read them. A great hindrance to Christianity is the caste system, the name given the several classes of society whose occupations are marked for them by their ancestry. There were four original castes: the Brahmin, or sacred order; the Cheteree, or soldiers and rulers; the Vaissya, husbandmen and merchants; the Sudrus, mechanics and laborers. In the progress of time, numerous mixed classes or castes have come into being. Generally, their moral conduct is vile, and their religious life a bottomless mire of iniquity.

When going to a heathen festival, my husband had to make many preparations. Native preachers were summoned, and men engaged to carry tents and provisions. Part of the journey could be made by ox-cart, and part by boat. Where no boats were available, they had to ford rivers by wading. Natives would sleep on the floor of their tent; my husband had a small mattress to sleep on. There were plenty of insects, and even tigers in that area. Thousands of people gather together and bring offerings to the particular deity they are worshipping. The Brahmins and the Cheterees alone are allowed to enter the temple, all the rest are obliged to remain outside, and get their blessings there, after offering money or some of the fruits of the land. For two weeks there is a great fair going on, with such a din and turmoil, that the Missionary has to stay some distance away. They will set up in the shade of a tree, and attract the attention of passersby with group singing of hymns. The natives would gather round and listen to the preaching, asking questions and making remarks. Many would follow to the tent, to hear more of Christ and His doctrine, or to buy books. Thus they would labor for about two weeks, and then return home, very tired, but with invitations from some of the heathen to come again.

Anna Caroline Roeck (1846-1913)

Anna Caroline Roeck, nee Hahn, wife of Pastor Christian Roeck, who passed away nineteen years ago at Ixonia, Wisconsin, died on the 3rd of October (1913), at the home of her daughter in Dwight, Illinois. Our beloved sister, now fallen asleep, had a blessed and peaceful end, trusting in her Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The widow of Pastor Roeck was born on the 10th of August, 1846, in Stuttgart, Germany, where she lived in her childhood and early youth. In 1867 she travelled to India, where she married Missionary Christian Roeck. Their marriage was blessed with ten children, of whom 3 preceeded their parents in death. For many years she was a faithful helpmate to her husband in the field and the work of the Mission in India. During this time she instructed many women and children in the word of God.

Because of ill health Missionary Roeck, after 12 years of labor in his chosen field, had to abandon the work in India. He and his family now journeyed to the United States. After serving a congregation in New York State for a year, the family came to Wisconsin. At this time Pastor Roeck joined the Wisconsin Synod, in which he served many Congregations. In the year 1888 the deceased came with her husband to Ixonia, where the Pastor accepted the call to serve the three Ixonia congregations.

In the year 1894 the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, called her dear husband from her side. After the death of her husband she resided in Ixonia for six more years. With the help of her older children she taught at the Christian Day School there. Later she lived with married daughters at Helenville, and at Dwight, Illinois. She spent some months with her eldest son, Albert, in Los Angeles, in a vain attempt to improve her failing health. But she soon returned to Wisconsin. The last months of her life were spent at the home of her daughter, Mrs John Hahn, in Dwight, Illinois.

On the 3rd of October she suffered a fatal heart attack. On the following Sunday the Rev. Leimer conducted a funeral service at the home of Mr John Hahn. Since it was her wish to be buried at her husband's side, the body was brought to Ixonia. On Monday afternoon the funeral and committal service took place, the same being attended by a large gathering of friends and relatives. Rev. J B Bernthal had a comforting sermon for the bereaved, basing his remarks on Psalm 16, vs. 5-6. Rev. Edw. Fredrich officiated at the grave. The departed

reached the age of 67 years, 1 month and 23 days. She leaves behind two sons, Albert and Rudolph, and five daughters, Anna, Julia, Mathilde, Clara and Rosa, and 11 grandchildren. The ladies of St Paul's congregation laid a beautiful spray of flowers on the coffin of their former Pastor's wife. The Choir sang several appropriate selections.

--(From "Evangelisches Lutherisches Gemeinde Blatt" of Nov. 1st, 1913.)

Death Notice

It has pleased the Lord in His infinite wisdom and will to summon out of this life to his eternal home the soul of Rev. Christian Roeck. He departed this life on Ascension Day, May 3rd, (1894) having suffered a short but severe illness. He reached the age of 57 years, 5 months, and 27 days.

The deceased was born on November 6th, 1836, in Kirnbach, Grand Duchy of Baden. His parents were the Countryman Georg RÜck and wife Barbara, nee Wolber. Early in his youth the Lord drew him mightily to Himself, so that he learned to know and love his Saviour. Also in his youth the Lord awoke in him the longing to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

To arrive at his goal, so it be God's will, he announced himself as a candidate for instruction in the Mission field at the Institute at Basel. Subsequently, he was accepted, and with much prayer and great zeal pursued his studies in this work. After the completion of six years of study he was ordained as a Missionary and sent to East India. With all earnestness he here pursued the learning of the difficult language, and in a comparatively short time was able to preach the precious Gospel to the heathen in their own language. Now his longing to preach Salvation to the heathen came to fulfillment, and he thanked his God.

The Lord had equipped him with a splendid preaching ability so that he was able to preach the Gospel in an especially hearty, convincing and winning manner; also he was gifted with due wisdom, patience and love, so necessary to realize rich blessings in the care of souls, so that in twelve years of work in India, many heathen and also Christians derived much blessing from his ministry.

He would gladly have remained at his post as Missionary for his entire life. His wife Anna, nee Hahn, of Stuttgart, with whom he was united in marriage on October 31st, 1867, could not accustom herself to the tropical climate, and after years of illness, they found it necessary to relocate. Their choice was America.

In the month of May the family arrived in New York. After he had served a congregation ⁱⁿ New York State, he accepted a call to Wisconsin, to serve the parishes of Ridge and Wauseca. At this time he affiliated with our beloved Synod. After a years time here, he accepted a call to Morrison, in Brown County, where he served about ten years with much blessing. In the year 1887 he received a call to Ixonia which he accepted. With much faithfulness, self sacrifice, and many blessings he served the three congregations in this area. He soon won to himself the hearts of his membership through his splendid sermons, his truly evangelical manner, and his mildness and humbleness.

Our Lord also gave to him his share of Cross and affliction. Many times in India he experienced the hate of the heathen and the false Christian. Two of the four children born in India the Lord took to Himself in their infancy; and, of course, his family was not exempt from the usual ailments. He himself was often plagued with illness.

With the beginning of this year (1894) an obstinate ailment, a diabetic condition, with dysentery, appeared, and even though he often felt very ill, he still executed his office with great faithfulness. Even on Cantate Sunday he preached twice, and distributed the Lord's Supper. These were to be his last ministerial acts. On the following Wednesday, in addition to his previous suffering, he became ill with a serious dysentery which soon sapped his strength. The Lord Jesus was his comfort. To Him he committed himself, and prayed for a blessed end. On Tuesday, May 1st, according to his wish, he received Holy Communion for his comfort and strengthening, and at which occasion in an uplifting manner made his confession and testified to his belief in his Saviour; among other things, stated he only desired the same mercy that was shown the penitent thief on the cross.

The Lord was hurrying His servant home, and so his strength failed rapidly. On the morning of Ascension Day at 7 o'clock he gently fell asleep and as we confidently hope, entered into his Heavenly home. This Ascension Day was for him without a doubt, the most wonderful festival of his entire life. He was now permitted to follow his ble'ssed Saviour into Heaven, where, free from all earthly misery, he could be forever blessed by Him.

The funeral took place on Exaudi Sunday. The participation by the members of his Congregations, as well as many guests, testified to the great love they had for the deceased. The Professors from Watertown,

plus eight colleagues in the ministry also participated at the funeral. At the funeral home P. Brenner performed the Liturgical Service; J.H. Brockmann officiated at the church, and at the grave P. Guenther gave a beautiful address on the comforting Word: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy". He also had the Committal Service.

Even though we now have all reason to praise God for the Grace so richly shown the deceased, nevertheless the loss of the beloved Preacher and Minister, the faithful husband and the dear Father, will be painfully felt. It will be most grievous to his wife and the eight children he left behind, the youngest of which is about six years old. May the Lord who calls Himself the provider of the widows, and the Father of the orphans, take into His care the deeply grieved family, and be their light, comfort, rod and staff, and so lead them that they may in due season follow the deceased into everlasting blessedness. Yea, may the Lord grant this mercy to us all, Amen.

J. H. Brockmann.
Watertown, Wisconsin
May 8th, 1894

(From "Ev. Luth. Gemeinde Blatt" of 1894)