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Samuel Hebich

An old chaplain was once heard to say : " Really, I believe that this German alone has done more for the eternal good of the British in India than any dozen of the best of us chaplains ! "

Samuel Hebich of India

Master Fisher of Men

BY

REV. GEORGE N. THOMSEN,

Missionary, A. B. F. M. S.

*Author of Indische Lebensbilder; The Preacher and the Sermon (in Telugu);
The Real versus the Ideal in Hinduism; John III, 16, or Lessons Learned
at the Foot of the Cross, etc.*

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SECOND EDITION  
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“LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US:
WE CAN MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME”—

HOW?—BY FOLLOWING JESUS AS THIS MAN DID!



BASEL MISSION BOOK AND TRACT DEPOSITORY, MANGALORE

1915

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TO

H. E. THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD PENTLAND, G. C. I. E.,

GOVERNOR OF MADRAS,

AND TO

H. E. LADY PENTLAND.

A man, a Christian nobleman,
Is God's greatest creation,
For he, like truth and righteousness,
Exalts and ennobles his nation.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page.
FOREWORD - - - - -	v
CHAPTER I: The Successful Fisher of Men - -	1
" II: Hebich pays the Price - - - -	22
" III: Preparing for Life's Work - - -	31
" IV: Establishing the Basel Mission in India	43
" V: Mission Work and Worry - - -	54
" VI: Work Begun among Europeans -	69
" VII: One Door shut, Another opened -	85
" VIII: The Work of the Lord in Cannanore	97
" IX: A New Departure in Missions - -	110
" X: Hebich and His Fellow-Missionaries	122
" XI: Native Assistants - - - - -	136
" XII: Life in the Mission Compound - -	148
" XIII: Work at Heathen Festivals - - -	164
" XIV: European Assistants - - - - -	176
" XV: A Remarkable Revival - - - - -	186
" XVI: Work Old and New - - - - -	198
" XVII: A Worthy Son - - - - -	211
" XVIII: When Greek meets Greek - - -	223
" XIX: Lengthening the Cords - - - -	234

IV TABLE OF CONTENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page.
CHAPTER XX: Hebich's Own - - - - -	243
„ XXI: Fire - - - - -	255
„ XXII: On Tour - - - - -	264
„ XXIII: Storm and Stress - - - - -	277
„ XXIV: Last Work in India - - - - -	288
„ XXV: Eight more Years at Home - - -	301
APPENDIX: A Letter from General J. G. Halliday -	312

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Samuel Hebich - - - - -	Frontispiece
2. Hebich's Tub - - - - -	Facing page 16
3. Hebich's Pack of Cards - - - - -	„ 93
4. Three Pioneer Missionaries - - - - -	„ 122
5. Blumhardt, Hoffmann and Josenhans - - - - -	„ 224
6. Old Zion Chapel, Ootacamund - - - - -	„ 280
7. The New Union Evangelistic Hall - - - - -	„ 282
8. General J. G. Halliday - - - - -	„ 312

FOREWORD

“Where did you get the material for your *Life of Hebich*?” I have been asked again and again.

In reply I would say that a biography of this great soul-winner was written more than forty years ago by Dr. Gundert and Dr. Mögling, and that General Halliday translated the same into English. I succeeded, with difficulty, in getting both of these works, for they are out of print. Friends also lent me the biographies of Dr. Gundert and Dr. Mögling, and two volumes of Hebich's sermons. All these books, as well as many reports, histories of missions, etc., I read carefully, but in all of them I only found a dead Hebich. I sought for a living man, and realized that I could only find Hebich alive, if I studied him in the lives of the people of Malabar, the land he loved so well.

During my frequent visits to the West Coast of India, I found innumerable “footprints in the sands of time” of this Master Fisher of Men; footprints that the storms of years could not obliterate, footprints that are eternal. When I examined them more closely, I found that they were too majestic to be the footprints of any man. The thorns of life had all been trodden down, but many a drop of blood marked every step of the way. The footprints

were those of Jesus, and Hebich had only walked in His Master's footsteps.

And now, dear reader, may Jehovah, the Father, bless and keep us;

May Jehovah-Jesus, the Son, make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us;

May Jehovah, the Holy Spirit, lift up His countenance upon us and give us peace!

And may the Master use this book to the glory of the Name of the triune God. May it help Hebich once more to speak to many a sinsick soul, and bring it to a knowledge of Jehovah-Jesus who died that we might live, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

BAPATLA, INDIA,

Christmas, 1914.

CHAPTER I

The Successful Fisher of Men.

And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.—*Mark 1, 17.*

AMONG the many wise men I have met in my life, one of the wisest was a plain fisherman. Being anxious to be a successful fisher of men I asked him: "What must I do to become a successful fisherman?" I jotted down the eight points he gave me, and, as Mr. Hebich followed them in his life and work, I will enumerate and illustrate them in this chapter of anecdotes:—"1. Be in love with your work. 2. Have patience. 3. Study the habits of fish. 4. Have your tackle enticing and alluring. 5. Learn the run of fish. 6. Follow moves of fish. 7. Be in time. 8. Have live bait!"

If ever a man was in love with his work, that man was Samuel Hebich. He had a passion for souls. Like his divine Master he would rather save a soul than eat or drink. His only love was the love of Jesus, and this love of Christ constrained him to go everywhere to seek and save the lost. We shall read about many instances of this love for souls that he manifested everywhere, but one incident may be mentioned here. It illustrates the man and his unique method. It is a remarkable bit of history. One of his converts, a Major, gives the following account of how Mr. Hebich won him for Jesus:—

"The way I first became acquainted with Mr. Hebich was as strange as himself.

“Our battalion was lying in the Madras Presidency, during one of the hottest monsoons I can remember.

“All day long the cantonments were as still as death, for it was only before sunrise or after sundown that any European could move. There was *ennui* on us all, and our tempers were certainly not sweetened by the enforced idleness. In the middle of it all, the news came that ‘Hebich was coming’. It was the talk of the mess that evening. Some of our company had seen him, but to most—including myself—he was known only by hearsay.

“‘You’ll all know him soon, without any introduction either;’ said one, ‘for Mr. Hebich goes where he will, and no one can say him nay.’

“I had my own thoughts, but kept them for the most part to myself, till I should hear more.

“‘And who is this Hebich that makes so free?’ I asked.

“Something in the defiant tone of my voice made my companions laugh, and led them on to go for me.

“‘You’ll be the first he’ll try his hand at,’ I was informed, ‘for he’ll soon hear what a determined sinner you are. Mr. Hebich, sir, is a German who came out here to missionarize the black heathens, but says he found the white heathens, meaning us Europeans, needed the Gospel more, so he spends his time in visiting the military stations, and many have joined the “Blue Lights” from his visits!’

“The tone in which this information was given, stirred up all the bad blood in me, and I used some strong words about Mr. Hebich and his ‘prying impertinence,’ which need not be repeated here (and which I myself had to eat not very long afterwards). I finished up by saying that,

if I found Mr. Hebich in my compound, I would quickly 'kick him out'.

"Before many days passed we had almost forgotten about Mr. Hebich; it was too hot to think of anything long.

"I think it was just the very hottest part of the day, if there could be any comparison in the heat, it was all so hot, and every day and all day alike. There wasn't a man stirring, even the blacks were overcome. I was lying, lazily smoking a cigarette, dreamily listening to the slow creaking of the punkah going above my head, doors and windows all open, without a thought of a visitor, when a step sounded through the verandah. Had I been more wide awake, I might have taken a different kind of interest in the stranger's approach, and been more on my guard. I heard the footsteps grow more distinct as their owner drew nearer. There was a fascination about their even and firm tread, which made one listen. They somehow conveyed an idea of dignity and command.

"I listened for a challenge of some kind from my servant, but he must have taken advantage of the heat to have a nap on his own account. The footsteps crossed the threshold and came up to the door of my room. I turned my head to see who it could be, and there stood a tall, gaunt man. His first appearance, indeed, might have provoked a smile. He looked almost a subject for burlesque, with his long, loose, black coat, his huge green umbrella under his arm, and large hat in his lean hand. But as you looked into his face, you felt yourself wicked for having such a thought. It was his look at you that impressed you. It was the power in those eyes to read you through and through, not with contempt, but with pity for yourself which you could not resent, nay, which made

you ashamed of yourself, and ready to do what he told you, as one who knew far better what was good for you than you yourself.

“Mr. Hebich, for it was he, advanced into the room. I rose to meet him, tossing my cigarette out of the window. He made me a profound bow, and, holding out his hand in a friendly manner, wished me ‘Goot day’. Where now was my spleen, my declaration to eject this man? Gone, I know not how nor where. I felt something like a schoolboy before his head master. I returned his salutation awkwardly, but without knowing what to do next.

“He was quite as much at home as I was away from it. He politely motioned me to a seat, and took one himself at a little distance.

“After a few moments’ silence he said abruptly: ‘Get down de book’.

“I crossed the room and stood before my bookshelves. I did not need him to tell me what book. There were books of fiction there, I knew it was none of them; it was truth he wanted, and somehow I seemed for the first time to despise them myself. There were regulation books, and technical works on tactics of war; but these were not for him; his was an errand of peace. There in a neglected corner was my Bible, a book that formed part of every officer’s outfit, as well as private’s kit. But I had never even opened it. My hand sought it readily now.

“I brought it back to my seat near the table, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Hebich. He gave an approving gesture and continued gravely:—‘Open de fierst shapter of Shenesis, and read de fierst two ferses’.

“I read aloud: ‘In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form,

and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'

"'Dat will do, shut de book. Let us pray.'

He kneeled down, so did I, but what he prayed I do not know; I was moved with a strange, new impulse. I could not think two thoughts together. I didn't know what to think, or say, or do. I was bewildered with these questions:—What must I do? What is it I want? To whom shall I go?

"Mr. Hebich rose, and gravely shaking hands, bowed himself out, and departed as he had entered. I could not go to mess that night. Partly I was afraid, though no one ever accused me of being a coward, partly I was unfit to meet any one. It was as much as I could do to go through my duty.

"Next day I was lying idle as on the previous day, only with a strange wondering on me and a sort of dread as to what was coming, and yet a desire to see it all out. Not a sound or movement, but just the punkah going overhead.

"Once more a step was heard—the same step as yesterday—away outside, entering the compound; crossing it; on the threshold; at the door; and there was Mr. Hebich again.

"Again I rise to return his 'Goot day'. Again I am awkward and off my guard. Again I am motioned to a seat, and after the same solemn silence the order comes:—'Get down de book'.

"Again the walk to the bookshelf, the hand unerringly reaching down the Bible, and I take my seat.

"'Open de fierst shapter of Shenesis and read de fierst two ferses.'

“I read again aloud: ‘In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.’

“‘Dat vill do, shut de book. Let us pray.’

“This time I listened to his prayer. What a prayer it was! I had never heard prayer but from a book before. It was just like a man talking to his friend. He told the ‘Dear Father’ all about me. He asked Him to show me to myself, and make me abhor myself, and flee from myself to Christ.

“Again he left as he had done the day before. The Bible lay open on the table. I could not close it, or put it away. I could do nothing but go back to it, and sit down there like a schoolboy that has been turned at his lesson. I read those verses over and over again, until they burned into my very soul.

“I did not need an interpreter. The words were their own commentary. It just meant me. Yes, I was like that earth, without form, and void. It was sin that made me so, and the darkness of unconcern and unbelief just kept my real state out of sight, and out of mind.

“‘And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.’

“Was this strange man’s wonderful power over me, bringing me by his prayer into contact with the living God, just the moving of the Spirit of God? If ever man was humbled, convinced of his need as an undone man, if ever sin in all its sinfulness became a reality to any one, it was so with me. The scales of pride, prejudice, worldliness, fell from my eyes.

“How I passed the time until next day I know not. I thought not of the heat. I was aroused to a new interest. It was the stirring towards a new life, the hour that precedes the dawn.

“That step was heard entering the compound. I waited with suppressed expectation. I had my Bible open, I was ready with my book for the teacher. My heart was full. I rose and grasped his hand. ‘Mr. Hebich, I see it all. What must I do?’

“He looked on me with all the yearning of spiritual affection. ‘My son’ (his faith took me to his heart as already such in the Gospel), ‘God said, let there be light!’ ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!’

“He pointed me to the Cross of Calvary, where Jesus took my ruin and made it His, and then upward to the throne, where, as my Risen Life, He could make God’s righteousness mine.

“We knelt down together, and that day I prayed for the first time without a book, and thanked the Lord for life eternal through faith in Jesus Christ.”—

The Major’s story not only illustrates Mr. Hebich’s love for souls, but also his great patience. He never was in a hurry. He waited upon God and upon men. He gave them time to think, but when he was sure that God had given them to him, he would not rest until they had also given themselves to God.

A lady missionary often told visitors how Mr. Hebich won an officer to Christ in Coimbatore. This gentleman was very much annoyed at the humble German’s “prying impertinence,” and had given strict orders to his servants never to let the *padre* into the house. One day Mr. Hebich

espied the gentleman entering his compound and hurried to intercept him, but was too late, the officer closing the door in his face and locking it. But this could not drive the man of God away. Going to the rear of the house he found that all the doors there too had been locked, but there was an open window. He climbed into the house through this and soon stood before the officer with a face full of pitying love, saying: "My son, why do you flee from your father? I love you. Do let me pray with you!"

The meekness and patience of this strange man overcame the officer's hard heart. Soon he was melted in tears, confessing his sins and crying to God for mercy. Mr. Hebich's persistent love and great patience won this gentleman for Christ and he became a very humble follower of Jesus.

In Calicut, among a grove of lovely palms, lived the last of Mr. Hebich's catechists, Thomas Abraham Chaddyappen. His father was Judge Strange's butler and his brothers were Joseph and David, of whom we shall hear in another chapter, David being the young catechist who died of cholera and who was buried by the Addises at Coimbatore.

I consider myself fortunate in having been permitted to see this venerable servant of Christ. When I asked him to tell me something about his old spiritual father, his face brightened and he was young again.

"Why, sir," he said, "how can I tell you all that our father said and did? How he loved us and how patient he was with us. Can we ever forget his patient love?"

"When he sent my brother, myself, and two other lads to Mangalore to be educated, he wept bitterly. 'My sons, my sons,' he said, 'O, remember it is not learning alone

you need, above all, you need God's Holy Spirit! Learning is only the trial to teach a young lad obedience. The proud young lad must go down and carry his cross and go to Calvary. Do you like that, you boys?

"Yes, sir!

'Then pray Jesus to give His Holy Ghost to you!' Oh, what prayers, what prayers, our father made for us!"

Among the many stories old Abraham told me, there is one that beautifully illustrates Mr. Hebich's knowledge of men. The old fisher of men had carefully studied the habits of men and so his patience never was worn out and he never let any one repulse him. He would let men have their way, until he could gradually lead them into a better way. We will here give the old saint's story in his own vivid words:

"There was Captain Robinson in Cannanore. Father Hebich took us one morning to his house. Our father went on to the verandah. In one hand he had his long black stick, in the other his chatri or umbrella. He never went out without his stick and chatri. Bowing very low he said: 'Good morning, Captain!'

"With a loud voice the captain shouted: 'Who are you?'

"'I am a messenger of Jesus Christ'.

"Then the Captain said: 'I have no work with you. Go away! I will not hear you!'

"'Please, Captain, hear me. I have two words to speak to you!'

"'No, no! I have no time!'

"Leaving our father standing on the verandah he ran into the house, but Mr. Hebich did not leave. He had not even been asked to sit down. There he stood on the

verandah with clasped hands and, closed eyes, praying silently.

“Then the Captain came downstairs, and, calling his butler, he asked: ‘Has the old man gone away?’

“‘No, sir!’

“So he again came outside and said: ‘What is your name?’

“‘My name is Hebich.’

“‘Are you a German?’

“‘Yes, Captain.’

“‘What do you want to tell me?’

“‘Captain, are you not a sinner?’ he asked, pointing his finger at him.

“‘What do you mean? I am a sinner!’

“‘Are you prepared to meet your God?’

“Then the Captain looked round and round and again he rushed into the house, leaving our father standing there alone. He called his lady, saying: ‘Come, downstairs is a man of God!’ Then the Captain’s lady asked: “‘Are you a missionary?’

“‘Yes, mamma, I am a poor missionary.’

“Then our father asked the Captain: ‘Do you have prayers, I mean family prayers in your house? Have you a Bible?’

“The lady answered: ‘O, yes, we have a Bible, but only pray sometimes!’

“Now the Captain said: ‘Mr. Hebich, will you come in?’

“Calling his servant he said: ‘Boy, bring a chair!’

“Our father now sat down. Looking sharply at the lady and pointing his finger at her, he asked: “Did you give your heart to Jesus Christ?’

“‘I hope so.’

“Hope? I want to know are you sure? *Did* you give your heart to Jesus Christ?’

“The lady was silent. Mr. Hebich now said: ‘Let me see your Bible!’

“They showed him a new family Bible. Taking it in his hands, he said: ‘Oh, dear Captain, what a precious treasure you have!’ Then the Captain, too, was silent.

“Thereafter our father read a chapter, knelt down and prayed. After he had said Amen, the Captain and his wife began to cry, saying to Mr. Hebich: ‘Now we know. Our life is misery. You must pray for us!’ Thereafter our father left.

“Coming back to the mission house he called all the catechists, by ringing his little bell, and then said to all: ‘I have a new Captain and his lady. You must always pray for them!’

“He also called the soldier brethren and said to them: ‘You must pray much for the new Captain and his lady!’

“After three days the Captain came to see Mr. Hebich. Four hours he spent with father. He explained Heartbook to him and prayed with him. A week after that our father called to see them again. Very happy, the Captain now said: ‘Dear father, wife and I now have come into the light. But our servants are heathen, therefore, please send catechist to them!’

“Then Mr. Hebich sent me to teach servants and the Captain and his lady told me their story. So for six months I taught servants. After seven months the butler said: ‘I want to embrace Christianity’.

“I asked: ‘Will you be a true Christian?’

“A week later our father baptized Joseph and his wife, then the cook and his wife. After ten days the Captain

and his lady went to the Hills and I saw them no more!"

This simple story, so simply told, illustrates one of Mr. Hebich's methods, and also shows the great interest his converts manifested in the spiritual welfare of their servants, after they themselves had come to Jesus.

Mr. Hebich's Gospel tackle was always enticing and alluring, because it was simplicity itself. This consisted of his simple prayers of faith and his plain, pointed preaching of "the Book". His prayers were more impressive than his sermons. It is a pity that we have not a volume of the prayers of this great and good man. The prayers were always long, but so childlike, so confiding, so artless that every one could join in them. Of the few prayers that have been printed in German I will translate one.

Before one of his addresses in Stuttgart, on the 6th of January, 1868, he prayed as follows:

"Oh, Thou eternal and holy God, our everlasting covenant God! We approach Thy holy throne in the name of Jesus and by the blood of Jesus. We pray Thee to give us the greatest of all gifts, Thy Holy Ghost. Yes, come, Thou dear Holy Ghost, and arouse us. Open Thou our ears and our eyes. Give us an understanding heart that is turned towards eternity!

"Alas, what is man that Thou canst be mindful of him! What would we be without Thee, O Jesus, Thou Lord of glory, Thou Mediator between us and the Father? What would we be without Thee, the most despised amongst the children of men? Oh collect our hearts and minds in Thy holy presence. Thou didst call us with a holy call. Thou dost carry on the holy work in our hearts and hast done great things for many of us; yes, inex-

pressibly great things, so that we may bear witness of Thy great love.

“How great is Thy work, O God! Therefore, Thou art also called Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. Thou alone art the Redeemer. Thou hast also redeemed me. When Thou didst see me lying in my blood, Thou didst speak to me and say: thou shalt live! Oh, how great is Thy work in saving lost sinners! Alas, what would I be without Jesus! Where was I during those years, before Thou didst find me? Not with Thee, but in sin, dead in sin and transgressions. But Thou didst seek and save me and didst bless me!

“Without Thee everything is dead. Only he who will come to Thee, the Lamb of God, will receive forgiveness of sins and eternal life!

“Lord Jesus! We are met together to pour out our hearts before Thee. To-day we remember the heathen, for it is the heathen’s day. To-day Thou didst send heathen who came to Jerusalem and enquired for the King of the Jews; and who came to worship Him and bring their gifts to Him. Oh, what a marvellous story! We thank Thee that Thou didst keep it for us.

“We pray Thee, Lord, come into our hearts and restore to us our first love. Oh, come now, and begin a new work of grace in our hearts. Pour Thy love into them, for first of all the fire must burn in our own hearts, before we can do anything for others. Oh, come Lord, take us just as we are before Thee. Take our prayers, take our gifts that we bring to Thee. We raise our hearts and hands to Thee and pray for our own souls and for our brethren, whoever they may be, of whatever nation they may be, white or black. Thine is the work! We have

cost Thee thy blood! We pray Thee strengthen our brethren in all their trials, not only the white, but also the black brethren whom Thou hast chosen. Satisfy them. Thou dost know their many temptations. Thou knowest that they have left all to serve and follow Thee.

“We pray Thee especially for our dear Committee in Basel, for all the gentlemen and brethren. Strengthen their health and give them a firm faith, so that they may do Thy holy work. Help us all to lift up holy hands to Thee, our Lord and God who hast bought us with Thy holy blood.

“Bless all this company who have met together in this hall. Let them enter the new year with new divine gifts and power. Let us, too, serve Thee and bear fruit for eternity.

“There is plenty of money, but we have no heart, so our hands do not come out of our pockets. Give Thyself to us, so that we may know that Thou art with us. Bless also all who are working for Thy holy mission work and receive us, too, we pray Thee, as Thy helpers, just as we are before Thee. Give us grace so that we all may be of one mind. Let him that names the name of Jesus forsake all unrighteousness!

“Bless all the pastors and their families. Give them much success in all their work so that they may win especially the dear young people for Thee. And all that Thou seest we need and ought to bring before Thee, take it and remember us in Thy grace. Now Lord, hear us, for Thy holy Name’s sake. And now be Immanuel, God with us, God among us. Hallelujah, Amen!”

Sometimes there were peculiar petitions in Mr. Hebich’s prayers. Once when his heart was troubled, because the

Native Christian postmaster of a town in India was in distress, he prayed: "Oh Lord, bless Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Help her in all her needs, and please don't forget our poor postmaster John!" . But, however quaint the phraseology may have been, all felt that Mr. Hebich prayed as a priest and a king, and that his prayers were the deepest expression of his soul and were prayers of faith, going from a burdened heart to the throne of grace, and that the prayers were sure to be answered.

"Learn the run and follow the moves of the fish!" the old fisherman said, and none followed these rules more faithfully than Mr. Hebich, the master fisher of men. He always went where men were to be found. In other chapters we shall see how he visited, as often as possible, the regiments he had met in Cannanore. A gentleman, E. K. Groves, Esq., a son of Anthony Norris Groves, relates that, whenever Mr. Hebich came to the French Rocks, to his own regiment, he would invariably visit all from house to house and that his presence quickened the flow of spiritual life in every heart. How he would look after his own and teach and admonish them, Mr. Groves tells us, in a little sketch he wrote of one of his visits to that military station. As this description is very interesting and amusing, we give it here *verbatim*. Mr. Groves writes:

"I was greatly struck by my first sight of the German missionary, as he stood behind a table with a large open Bible on it and scanned the audience with his beautiful, searching eyes. Hebich had a fine head and full beard. He used to dress in a black gown with a white collar that almost covered his shoulders, and was always more at home, if he could freely walk a few paces to the right and

left of where he was standing than when shut up in a pulpit.

"I shall endeavour to give his discourse on this particular occasion, as nearly as I can remember it, in his own language. There is a force and a pathos in foreigners' English that so materially helps one to remember the subject, that I shall not attempt to improve it. He read the fourth of Ephesians and expounded it, till he came to the sixteenth verse, which he read slowly and repeated the words: '*Fitly shoined togeder!*'

"He paused a few seconds, and abruptly put the question: 'Did you efer see a tob?' This homely appeal roused the sleepy and caused a smile to pass over every face. 'If you go to Palhully (a factory in the neighbourhood), you vill see some fery large tobs. You and I cannot make a tob. It requires a cood carpenter to make a tob, or it vill hold no vater; because it is not made of von peece of ood, but of many, and de many must be *fitly shoined togeder*. Dere are four dings to make a cood tob:

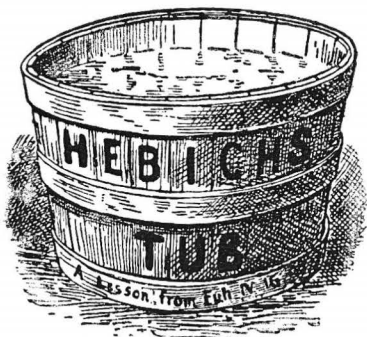
"1. It must haf a cood bottom:

"2. Each of de peeces must be fitly shoined to de bottom.

"3. Each von must be fitly shoined to his fellow.

"4. Each von shall be kept close by de bands outside.

"Von peece may be narrow and de next peece be vide, yet it shall be a cood tob; but if a leetle shtone or a bit of shtick vill come between de peeces, it vill not do at all. If de peeces are near, but do not touch, it vill not do at all; and if all de peeces but von touch, and are fully shoined togeder, and dis von fall in or fall out of de circle, it is no tob at all. Now, if we haf a cood bottom, and efry peece be fitly shoined to de bottom, and all are fitly



“Did you efer see a tob?— Fityly shoined togeder?— Dere are four dings to make a cood tob:

- “1. It must haf a cood bottom.
- “2. Each of de peeces must be fityly shoined to de bottom.
- “3. Each von must be fityly shoined to his fellow.
- “4. Each one shall be kept close by de bands outside!”

shoined togeder from de top to de bottom, haf we now a tob? No, no, it vill not hold vater for von moment till de bands are put on. De bands press hard on each peece of ood, and den are dey yet more fitly shoined togeder.

“‘Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ!’ Here vee haf *de cood bottom* for our tob. It is perfect, and efry von dat truly believes is resting on dis cood bottom and is fitly shoined to it by de Holy Spirit of God. Dere are many who call demselves Christians who are not so shoined, but vee are not shpeaking of dem now.

“In de Acts of de Apostles vee read often of ‘being filled with the Holy Ghost,’ and, ven gadered togeder for prayer, vonce de whole house did shake vid His power. Shüst so now. He fills vid peace and shoy de soul dat loves de Lord Jesus, and likewise de company gadered togeder in His name. *Sometimes!*—not always. *Sometimes!*—not—*always!*—Vy not always? Vee shall see. Vat is de small shtick or shtone between de peeces of ood dat make de tob? It is dee *leetle quarrel*, de *hard word*, de *dirty bit of money* dat keeps broder from being fitly shoined to broder! Vat is dee shpace between de peeces from top to bottom, troo vich you can see de light? It is de *coldness* dat you feel, but do not tell! De Major’s wife and de Captain’s wife vill bow, but not shpeak or greet each odder as formerly, because vispering has com between dem. Vat is de peece of ood dat falls out of de circle? It is de *proud, unforgifing spirit* dat efry von can feel is in de meeting, and vich causes all heafenly peace to run out. So you vill pray dat de Spirit shall be poured out, and ven He comes, He can not remain ih de meeting, because you are no more fitly shoined togeder. You are

fery sorry dat you haf no blessing, and you leave de meeting because it can do you no cood. You shtay at home vid de defil and become dry indeed.

“Oh, beloved, *be fitly shoined togeder!* You haf no power of your own. Dat vich shall keep you is de *encircling bands of de love of Jesus*, and as dis power presses on each von of you, so vill you become yet more fitly shoined togeder. Den de Holy Spirit shall remain among you and fill you to overflowing. Den all who come into your midst shall be refreshed, and de name of de Lord Jesus be glorified. Amen!”

Again, Mr. Hebich was always ‘in time.’ He never put off saying a word in season or out of season. When God gave him a message he always delivered it punctually. He never doubted, never hesitated, and thus never lost the opportunity of doing good.

One of the most enthusiastic converts of the 39th Regiment, Hebich’s Own, was General J. P. Carnegy, who later on was in command of the troops in Cannanore. At mess one day the General related how he met the prompt German for the first time, and how he won him for Jesus. The General said: “When I was going by boat on the backwaters to Cannanore, just after sunset, I suddenly heard some one call out: ‘Stop! Stop!’

“I ordered my boatmen to see what was the matter. We had hardly come to a halt when a queer-looking man came aboard my boat, saying: ‘Goot efening, where are you going?’

“‘To Cannanore’

“‘Are you sure?’

“Smiling at this blunt question I replied: ‘Yes, I am sure of going there!’

“Are you as sure of going to heafen as you are of going to Cannanore? Think about it. Goot night!”

“With these words Mr. Hebich left me, for he was my strange visitor. I did think and pray about this question, until I had the assurance of salvation!”

How the wise fisher of men bided his time and then acted with decision he himself tells us shortly after his return to Zürich, in 1860:—

“Some years ago,” he said, “the officers of one of our regiments in India gave a dinner and I was present as chaplain. A very young officer, after his tongue had been well oiled with wine, began to talk rather wildly and he singled me out as the one to make fun of. He was very wise in his own conceit and kept saying: ‘Parson, you know yourself that what you preach isn’t true! There is no God. There is no soul. There is no hereafter. All is matter and matter is all, so, whether we stand or whether we fall, it doesn’t matter at all!’

“I let the young man talk and paid no attention to him, but he wanted to discuss and argue and grew very loud. At last, in order to prove the foolishness of such talk, without saying a word, I got up from the table, took my chair, lifted it up, laid it on the floor and then set it up again.

“After this I walked over to the officer, and, without a word, I took him up in my arms, laid him on his back and then set him on his feet again.

“This, of course, greatly enraged him. Drawing his sword, he tried to aim a blow at me, to avenge this public insult. The other officers prevented bloodshed. When all had quieted down I said:

“Gentlemen, the young officer wanted to argue with me and I have now answered him. He says, man is only matter like a stick or a stone. If that is true, how can he say that I have hurt his honour by my act? I lifted the chair and put it on the floor and then put it on its legs again. It never protested and did not get angry, but just let me do with it what I pleased. If this young man has no spirit and is only matter, why should he protest and grow angry when I treat him as I did the chair? I think he will have to say that he has a spirit after all, or else why was he so indignant? Matter cannot be indignant and resent an insult!”

The young officer could make no reply to this palpable argument. He went home thinking about this timely object lesson the old teacher had given him of the fallacy of materialism and soon began to reason: “If I have a soul, how can I save that soul? It is immortal! Where shall I spend eternity?” Going to Mr. Hebich he sought and found light in Jesus and became a humble follower of his Lord Who had also saved him.

On the 14th of September, 1857, the year of the awful Mutiny in India, during the siege of Delhi, this young officer was lying, wounded to death, in the trenches before the city. A comrade bent over him as his life-blood was ebbing away. With difficulty the dying man drew his note-book from his pocket, and, giving it to his friend, said: “Please send this to my dear, praying mother in England with the love of her only son. Tell her that I die trusting firmly in Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord. And I have one more wish: send my love and esteem to Mr. Hebich and tell him that I thank him with my dying breath for having brought me to a knowledge of Jesus!”

Finally, this great fisher of men's success lay in the live bait that he always made use of, to win all to Jesus. In reading his sermons we see it on every page. It was 'the Book, the Book, the Book.' And in 'the Book', in God's Holy Word, he found the Crucified Saviour on every page. Jesus looked at him in the glory of his sufferings and death on Calvary, and it was Jesus only whom he presented everywhere as the world's Great Magnet.

Even when there were social gatherings, his heart was so full of the Suffering Saviour that he could not join in the talk and laughter of the people, but always sought to speak a good word for his Lord and Master.

Once when a large company of people had gathered together at an evening's reception, during a lull in the conversation, Mr. Hebich suddenly asked: "For whom did Jesus die?"

Various answers were given: "He died for sinners."
"No!"

"He died for all men."—"No!"

"He died for the whole world."—"No!"

"He died for the Jews, for the Romans, for the soldiers."
"No! No! No!"

At last from a corner of the room a timid young lady said: "He died for me!"

This answer so overpowered the grateful servant of his Master that he pulled out his handkerchief, and, wiping his eyes, he sobbed: "Yes, for me! For me, poor sinner. Jesus died for me!"

The following chapters will show us how this unique soul-winner, Samuel Hebich, *became* a fisher of men.

CHAPTER II

Hebich pays the Price.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit.—*John 12, 24.*

SAMUEL HEBICH was born on the 29th of April, 1803, in Nellingen, a small village near Ulm in Würtemberg, Germany. Friedrich Karl Hebich, the boy's father, was a native of historic Ulm, where a battle was fought, in 1805, between the French and the Austrians.

The father of Samuel Hebich was a very unique character. For twenty-eight years he was the pastor of the village church of Nellingen. He was the father of seven sons, every one of whom grew up to be a stalwart man, a head taller than his father. He was, moreover, a short, thickset, powerful man who was far more expert in wielding the sword of steel than the sword of the Spirit. When Napoleon's officers, during their campaigns, were quartered in his house, the clergyman's study would often resound with the noise of clashing rapiers in the hands of the pastor and the officers, until the latter would confess themselves beaten. This strange man had brought with him, from his university, not only a love for the classics, but also a love for fencing, and none of the officers of Napoleon's armies could ever overcome him. The peasants of his flock were very proud of their pastor's prowess in sword-play. During the disturbed days of the

war the clergyman was always prepared to draw his sword in defence of those committed to his charge.

We cannot, however, speak so highly of his spiritual warfare. His was a rationalistic age; hence, since the pastor had imbibed the spirit of his age, he had not so much a passion for souls, as an all-consuming love for liberty, virtue and man's sovereignty. The study of the classics he considered of greater importance than the study of the Bible. When he died on Christmas Day, 1827, fourscore years of age, a copy of Horace was found lying on his bed, and not a copy of God's Holy Word!

In the old pastor's home there was great poverty. The older boys soon left home to shift for themselves, becoming merchants or officers in the army. The fourth son, Samuel, was so mild in disposition and so gentle in his ways that the parents determined that he should become a clergyman. As his parents did not have the means to send him to school, the father undertook the education of the promising boy. He taught him Latin, French, and the catechism. The boy had to commit his lessons to memory, but did not receive the longed for explanations of the same. There was no systematic development of the mind. He was told to store up in his mind many classical quotations, but he was never led on step by step in the pathway of knowledge; so he learned many things, but not much.

The Psalms in the Bible and the sublime portions of the prophetic books were taught the lad, because of their literary and æsthetic value. Mr. Hebich in after years could never remember having read the New Testament with his father. Whenever, in those days, the old gentleman would mention the name of our Lord Jesus, he would always reverently lift his little black skull cap.

This made a very deep impression on the boy's mind. A conversation, however, that he once overheard between his father and one of his elder brothers, troubled him very much. He heard his father say:

"All that is in the Bible is not to be believed. For the sake of the common people, however, it is best to continue teaching the old faith!"

This remark filled young Hebich with consternation. But, later on, he thought that he must have misunderstood his father. All through life the reverent act and the irreverent word of the father puzzled the son. He could never understand this inconsistency in the guide of his youth.

As a boy Samuel was considered a dreamer of dreams. He was often alone, lost in thought. He tells us in a letter what were his feelings in those days:

"When I gazed into the magnificent blue sky overhead, so full of glory, my heart was filled with great thoughts. Alas, I knew not the Solace of souls. Within me was a troubled life and a grievous strife. I wandered about with a deep longing in my breast. This anguish of soul continued, until Satan conquered me and the lust of life destroyed my innocence!

"When I was thirteen years of age, my brother Max, fourteen years my senior, who had a confectioner's business in Lübeck, lost his first wife by death. He asked my parents to let me come and live with him, if they and I would consent to do so, in order, as he expressed it, that some trustworthy person might be near him—the servants being very untruthful and dishonest. This offer was gladly accepted. Before going there, however, I was to be confirmed. I longed for that day to come with all

my soul, for I had the foolish notion that, when I should have quit Nellingen, my dry schooldays would be over. On the 4th of May, 1817, I was confirmed with thirteen others. I was but poorly prepared for this great act of consecration, since, at that time, I cared very little for spiritual things. My mind was always filled with thoughts about my coming journey and the great wealth and pleasure my future had in store for me.

“I finally left home, in a stage-coach, on the 8th of June of that year, and, after twenty days, I arrived in my beloved Lübeck. My brother, who had married again, and his wife, gave me a very cordial welcome to their home. I became an apprentice in the confectioner’s business and worked hard. Every evening I spent at home in study, to remedy the deficiencies in my education. My brother arranged for a private tutor to come to the house, and only now did I learn to know my own ignorance. These lessons were continued for three years, until I had acquired the elementary knowledge of a merchant’s apprentice. My brother had marked out for me a merchant’s career and I gladly entered upon it. He now succeeded in apprenticing me to a well-known merchant in the city, whose service I entered on Easter Day, 1820, and with whom I spent the next four years.

“During these years of my apprenticeship my heart was sorely troubled, for I was seeking, seeking, seeking with tears — and yet I never could find what I was seeking. I was feeling for my way in the dark. All through the week and even during the forenoon of Sundays I was kept busy at work; and the evenings, too, were occupied with studies, so that I had no time for recreation. I especially felt the need of a friend, to whom I could tell my heart’s deepest

longings. This need became greater day by day. My brother loved me cordially, but our great difference in age precluded any feeling of sympathy between my young, impetuous heart and this sedate man of the world. Oh how I sought for a sympathetic friend, but I sought in vain!

“Many events combined to make me very melancholy. When I had an hour to myself, my bitter tears were sure to be my meat and my drink. ‘Where, oh, where is He whom my soul loveth?’ I felt like crying even though, as yet, I knew Him not. The watchmen that go about the city had not seen Him and could not tell me where the Beloved of my soul was to be found.’”

“Oh it was a hard time! By sin I had earned eternal death. Conscience condemned me and gave me no peace nor rest. The law of God confirmed this condemnation. Now my soul began to fear and tremble, for I saw no way of escape. My heart recognized the holiness and righteousness of the great God and Creator, and my eyes, estranged from Him by sin, no longer dared to look up to His holy place. An awful darkness came over me. Sun, moon and stars withdrew their shining. Trembling with anxiety and fear I cried out: ‘Ye mountains, fall on me! Earth, open thy mouth and swallow me! For the iniquity of my sin is revealed before the holy God. Who can hide me from His awful Presence? Who can shield me from the lightning of His all piercing eye?’”

“This time of utter despair and darkness lasted for about eight days. I do not believe that I could have endured that awful agony of soul and lived much longer, had not my Creator and Saviour upheld me with His almighty hand. Satan kept suggesting: ‘Kill thyself and thus end it all!’ Had I listened to him, what would have

become of my immortal soul?—‘Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence?’ These words echoed and re-echoed in my soul. But the eternal Father, Whose love is past finding out, Whose tenderness surpasses all thought, Who bears on His heart all the sons of Adam, could not leave me to myself in my sore need. He came to me and was not ashamed to reveal Himself to me, a great sinner. He caused His light to shine in my darkness, and though that darkness had been exceedingly great, He yet found a way by which His tender love could reach me, yea, a way by which He could enter with His majestic power into my desolate heart. And all this was done without human instrumentality, so that I might live!”

It was out on a cabbage field outside of the city that Jesus met the young man and gave him the glad assurance of the forgiveness of all his sins. Now he had found the Friend in need, the Friend in deed. Overcome with joy unspeakable, young Hebich says: “There I once more had the boldness to lift my sinful glance to the Holy One and Pure. There, falling on my knees, literally in the very dust, I prayed to Him, whose Spirit was even then hovering over me. The burden of my sins rolled away and now I dared to look with the eye of faith on my Saviour and my God. I had been seeking an earthly friend, and, lo! I found that eternal heavenly Friend Whom I had not sought—my Lord and my God!” — This happy day, when Jesus washed his sins away, was the 13th of June, 1821. Twenty-six years later, he celebrated this day on a Sunday with his Hindu and European congregation in India, as the birthday of his soul. It was the most memorable day of his life.

After this, his new birth, young Hebich had to go through all the Christian's infantile diseases. There was the debilitating fever of doubt and distrust, the measles of pride and the many other pains and aches that are sure to attack every new convert. But God had near at hand a physician of the soul who knew all these diseases and their cure. This helper in distress was the Rev. Mr. Geibel, the pastor of the Reformed Church in Lübeck. Young Hebich, being the son of a pastor of the Lutheran Church, was at first afraid of the Reformed faith. It was not until the beginning of the year 1822 that the young man went to hear the sermons of this godly minister. He was greatly edified by these discourses, but especially by the prayers of the preacher who always prayed to Jesus. Hebich confesses: "This at first made me angry and filled me with doubts as to the man's orthodoxy. But then I recalled the fact of my father always lifting his cap, when Jesus was named, and this set my mind at rest. At last a still small voice within whispered to me—'This is the same Jesus, in Whom thou hast found forgiveness of all thy sins!'"

It may seem strange, but yet it is true, that both the father and the brother of the young man were highly displeased with the change that had taken place in his life. They blamed him for attending another church and for reading his Bible every spare moment. The father wrote Samuel "an awful letter," as he calls it, in which he says: "My son, you have gone astray!"

On reading this, great darkness again began to fill young Hebich's soul. He reasoned within himself: "You stupid fellow, you are not yet twenty years of age, while your father has lived more than seventy years and is a

learned and clever clergyman of the Lutheran Church. Your brother, too, is a highly respected man. Is it possible that you alone know the truth and that they both are in error? That can't be! Your self-conceit has blinded you." He adds: "All of these thoughts greatly perplexed me. I can still point out the place where these thoughts burst upon me like a host. It was a stormy day, and I was crossing the market-place to go home, when it seemed to me that a voice spoke to me saying: 'Wilt thou love father or mother more than Me? Thou art not worthy of Me!' I now knew that it was my duty to follow Jesus, and the hard words of my father and my brother fell from me like the drops of rain."

In 1823, he was once more permitted to pay a visit to his father's house and spend some time with his parents. He was filled with joy, when, on taking his departure, his father holding his hand, said to him: "My son, I have carefully observed your words and actions, and I am glad to see that you have peace and rest in your heart and that your walk harmonises with your talk. Continue to be consistent and I shall no longer object to your new life!" This young Hebich decided to do with all his heart and strength by the help of God. He despised hypocrisy and asked God to help him always to lead a consistent life, so that all men might see that he was a true follower of Jesus.

One more experience may be mentioned here: Young Hebich fell in love with a handsome young lady who attended the same church. He noticed that his devotions were far more fervent when she was present than when she happened to be absent. At once he asked God for grace to overcome this attachment to a human being, so

that he might see Jesus only. His prayer was answered. He says: "I now knew what a wonderfully, mysteriously holy thing falling in love is!" He also came to the conclusion that he must never get married, but must remain single, so that he might give all his time and strength to the service of Jesus. Like Paul he was determined not to know any one or anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Thus Hebich paid the price of success. He consecrated his life and his all to Jesus only, and so executed the deed of his life.

"'Tis done: the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's and He is mine.
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine!"



CHAPTER III

Preparing for Life's Work.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.—*Matthew 11, 29.*

ONE of the best classes in the practical school of life is the commercial travellers' class. This class young Hebich entered, after he had served his business apprenticeship. On Easter Day, 1824, he had finished his time with Schmidt & Co. of Lübeck. Living in a large city like Lübeck in North Germany was an education in itself. Here he imbibed the liberal pushing spirit of the first city of the Hanseatic League. As J. L. Bruhns & Sons desired his services, Schmidt & Co. reluctantly let him go. His work now was threefold, he was a traveller for the house, their correspondent, and, at times, their bookkeeper.

During all the years of his apprenticeship young Hebich was a faithful worker in the Church. Having joined a Missionary Society, his zeal for the conversion of the heathen was fanned into flame by the reading of the mission reports. A great longing for the conversion of the whole world was now born in his soul, and he felt it to be his duty to go out into the world of heathenism to tell "his brethren," as he called the pagans, all about the salvation, so full and free, offered to all. When this sense of duty became an almost irresistible impulse, he consulted his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Geibel, saying that God was calling him to this special work in his vineyard, and he asked him how he could go forth to fulfil the great

commision. Mr. Geibel was a careful man. His motto was: "First be sure you're right, then go ahead." He advised the young man not to hurry, but to abide God's time: "Wait until God so leads you that you cannot do otherwise. Be true and faithful in your present position and prove yourself a true Christian in it. In this way you are also working in the Lord's vineyard. If the Lord needs you for a special service, He will—if you quietly work and wait—lead you as He did Moses, so that it will be impossible for you to do any other work than that which He gives you to do!"

On the 5th of April, 1825, Hebich made his first business trip. He first went by way of the Baltic Sea to Reval, in Esthonia, then on to St. Petersburg, and on his return journey he stopped over in Finland, arriving home again on the 25th of August. On this trip he had the usual experiences of a commercial traveller; but, being a Christian, he everywhere sought for communion with Christian fellow-workers, and had the privilege of becoming acquainted with a noble Christian woman, Madame Lefrén, who always exerted a great influence for good on his life. She was his true friend and adviser in Christian work. The years 1826 and 1827 he spent also in travelling for his firm, principally in Sweden. In 1828 he heard with great sorrow the news of the death of his father.

This incessant travelling, in days when travellers had to endure great hardships, made Hebich very tired, and he now determined to take a vacation. So he went to the estate owned by Madame Lefrén to get a change and a rest for body and soul. He received a warm welcome, and soon he was offered the position of administrator of one of the lady's large estates. There he could live well

on the salary paid him, and, at the same time, keep himself employed in the Master's vineyard. The young man who could not be idle gladly accepted this appointment, for he now believed that he had found his proper sphere of labour. While he could not be a missionary to the heathen, yet he could work as an evangelist in Europe.

On his business trips he had many tokens of divine help in every emergency; and he realised, as never before, that, if he would only be true to God, the Almighty would surely be true to him. Once, at the close of a year's work, it was his unpleasant duty to go to a Swedish business man and explain to him how some serious errors and omissions had crept into the account books. After an earnest prayer for guidance and help, Hebich went to the gentleman and found him in very bad humour that day. The young agent explained the firm's mistakes as best he could; whereupon the gentleman interrupted him, saying: "After all the mischief has been done and the money has been spent any fool can say: it was only a mistake!"

Hebich, deeply humiliated, remarked: "We are all liable to make mistakes, for we are only human."

This reply only infuriated the merchant, so the young man in deep humility prayed: "Please forgive me my fault even as our Lord Jesus Christ must forgive us our sins!"

Now the Swede's cup of wrath was full to the brim and furiously he shouted: "Leave me, you hypocrite. I will no longer listen to your hypocrisy!"

Immediately Hebich fell on his knees in the office and with tears cried unto God: "Thou seest, O Lord Jesus, that he will not believe me! O, convince him that I am speaking the truth! Thou, and Thou only knowest the

deepest thoughts of my heart. Show me whether I am a hypocrite or not!"

This prayer surprised and silenced the angry Swede who now put his hand on the praying man's shoulder, saying: "Tut, tut, that will do. Come, get up!"

But whenever Hebich had begun to pray he never stopped until he had received the witness in his soul that his prayer had been heard. So he paid no attention to the other man, but kept on praying. This embarrassed the merchant very much who now said: "I no longer doubt your word. I believe you and all is right now. Do get up!"

But even this appeal did not move Hebich. He must empty his whole heart before the throne of grace. At last the merchant with tears in his eyes and with a broken voice confessed: "I have wronged you. Please forgive me. I am very sorry that I have, by my hard words, offended a Christian brother!"

Then Hebich said: "Amen!" Arising from his knees he now no longer talked about business matters, but he and the Swede conversed together about Jesus and His love. Soon their hearts burned within them as they thus talked together in the office which had now become a Bethel to both.

In the year 1828, Hebich once more returned to Lübeck *via* Moscow. Probably it was in this year that the young man was arrested and detained in St. Petersburg by the police who found fault with his pass and took him for a suspicious character. Hebich fumed and fretted under this restraint, but all his entreaties, scoldings, angry protests, and threats were in vain. It was only on the next day that the police released him with many apologies. Running

as fast as he could, he hurried to the harbour, but the ship, in which he had engaged his return passage, had sailed and was only pointed out to him as a dim speck on the horizon. He was much surprised, however, when, on coming to Lübeck on another ship, he learned that the other vessel had been wrecked and every life aboard had been lost, and he was very grateful to God that he had been detained. God had used the police of St. Petersburg to preserve the life of His servant.

In 1829 Hebich settled down in Helsingfors, Finland, to administer another estate. There another attempt was made to induce him to marry. After much prayer and reading of God's Word, he now resolved to become a missionary like the Apostle Paul. He says: "This resolution was come to after a thousand struggles. I now determined not to rest until I had entered the service of some Society as a missionary to the heathen!"

This resolution he wrote to Madame Lefrén, telling her, however, that he would not leave her estate, until the Lord had shown him definitely what work He would have him to do. Hebich was now, in the providence of God, prepared to enter upon the second stage of his preparation for his life's work. He was now ready to enter the Mission College.

After a long correspondence and much waiting Hebich was at last permitted to enroll himself as a student in the Mission College in Basel. He had decided to apply to the London Mission Society, if his application to Basel should be rejected, and had even written to them, but Pastor Geibel never sent the letter, because he did not know the address of the Committee in London, so he did not come in touch with that great Society. As Madame

Lefrén had kindly offered to defray all the expenses of Hebich's education, the young man now joyfully left all his friends, and, after a long, tedious journey he arrived in Basel.

It was Christmas Eve, 1831, when the good Inspector Blumhardt had gathered his children, the students of the College, around a Christmas tree to sing the praises of the Babe of Bethlehem. He was about to distribute the simple presents the Germans, no matter how poor they may be, give their loved ones, on that happy occasion, when there was a knock at the door. On opening the door a distinguished-looking stranger, in a cape and with a fur cap in his hand, entered. He asked to see the Inspector. The old teacher was somewhat awed by the noble appearance of the visitor and went to him awkwardly, but soon he kissed him on both cheeks and introduced him to all the students as "our new brother Hebich!"

"We are just celebrating our Christmas festival, dear brother," the old Inspector said to the newcomer. "The Lord be with you and bless this day that has brought you to our house. But—I—I usually say 'thou'—*Du*—to our students; you see that is our custom here,—and—and see, we also have a plate for—for—thee!"

There were some apples and walnuts on the plate and these were handed to the new student. Then the venerable Inspector led in prayer asking for God's blessing on all, especially on "our new brother Hebich." Another hymn was now sung, and each student, taking his plate, left, after thanking the Inspector and his good wife for all their love and kindness. Hebich alone stayed in the room, very much embarrassed and perplexed.

"Will you—ah—wilt thou, dear brother, not also take thy plate and go?—That is our custom."

Hebich now tried to express his thanks as the others had done. Then he went to his narrow room, where the strangeness of his new surroundings quite overwhelmed him. This, then, was the Mission College! This was the Inspector, and these were his fellow-students!—How small everything seemed to him! All were crowded together in a very small house, living as in a monastery. The students had to do all the housework, cooking, sweeping, sewing, and washing. With the growth of the Institution, however, all this has necessarily been changed.

How different these simple-minded students were from the business men, with whom he had been accustomed to mingle! To live in such cramped quarters, and to mix with such narrow-minded men, seemed very hard to Hebich. How could he ever get used to such a life? Why was God leading him down into this valley of humiliation, when he expected to live on the heights of learning?

This school experience was just what he needed. In after years he looked back with gratitude on the short time he spent in the College, and he highly prized the very many valuable lessons he learned there. To a fellow-missionary in India, a merchant, who had entered the service without a course of training in the College, he was wont to say: "Man, you ought to have spent at least one year in the Mission College. There they knock the corners off a man and teach him to be humble!"

There were thirty-three students in Hebich's class, some of whom proved to be his superiors in scholastic learning. It was hard for him to accustom himself to the routine of studies. Never having had a systematic course of training, he could not understand why he must learn so many grammatical rules that seemed to him like the study of

jurisprudence which has been wittily declared to be "as dry as sawdust without butter."

Hebich was not a very brilliant student. He seemed to be too old and too impatient to learn. He could speak German and Swedish and knew enough French and English to make himself understood. He also had studied Latin and Italian; why should he add to the knowledge of all these languages a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew? A characteristic story is still told by the present-day students of the College about Hebich's dislike of study. After trying to master the simple rules of Hebrew Grammar and failing, he one day went down to the Rhine, near Basel, and flung his grammar into the river, saying: "I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abram rich!" (See Gen. XIV).

When the Committee saw that this impetuous young man would not and could not learn, because of his impatience and innate dislike of science, they met and voted to send him away from College, because of incompetence. Suddenly Hebich appeared, uncalled, before them and said:

"Brethren, God has sent me here. I am obeying His orders. Even though you vote to send me away, I will not go, for God has not given me leave to go!"—Hebich stayed on, for the Committee never put their resolution into effect!

After spending less than three years in the College the final report of his teachers read: "Hebich has little aptitude for grammatical studies. He might probably be able to pick up languages colloquially with greater ease. He has, however, much maturity in spiritual matters. His conduct and demeanour are excellent!"

Thus we see that although he was not pre-eminent as a student, he was pre-eminent as a winner of souls. In those days soldiers would frequently be coming and going in Basel. The warlike complications in the city served to reveal, in a new light, the character of this inapt pupil. On one occasion, when some of the soldiers desired to see the Mission College, Hebich volunteered to be their guide. Taking them to the museum he took occasion to speak to them collectively and individually about the one thing needful.

At another time, when the Inspector, in deference to the wishes of the authorities, was minded to enlist some of the students in a warlike expedition, Hebich resisted such enlistment with great vehemence, saying: "I will run no risk in such a paltry, miserable enterprise. My life and limbs belong to my Lord, who alone has a right to demand them of me. Gladly will I give all for the heathen, but for the city of Basel I will not shed a single drop of blood!"

During his vacations he would go from place to place eagerly availing himself of every opportunity to preach the Gospel. He would not only go to Protestants, but to Roman Catholics as well; in fact, he tried to speak about their souls' salvation to every man, woman, and child he met. He reports about his preaching tours:

"We spent our night in the monastery at Simplon, where the monks entertained us most hospitably. During supper I had an opportunity of telling them about the life-giving power of Jesus. I related to them the story of my conversion!" Again: "I have had a vision of my Lord and Master in the mighty mountains!" He concludes: "To the glory of God I can state that on this short tour

my inner man has been greatly strengthened by the sweet communion I have had with so many dear disciples of Jesus. We hardly ever left any house in Switzerland, where we had been staying, without prayer, and everywhere we were conscious of the blessed tie that binds our hearts in Christian love to the souls of the dear redeemed in Christ!"

A fellow-student, who accompanied him on one of his tours, gives us a glimpse of how he won men for Jesus. He writes:

"Coming to a hill near the lake of Constance, Hebich said to me: 'We must go up there!' I remonstrated with him, telling him that we surely could get no hearing, as the many carriages standing before the house showed that there were already many visitors there. Hebich would not listen to me, so we ascended the hill and went to the mansion. Seeing some servants, my companion told them that we would like to see the lake from that elevation and asked to be taken to the balcony. After gazing at the view for some time, he asked whether he could not see the owner of this beautiful place. I nudged him and whispered to him that we had better go. He paid no attention whatever to me. At last the gentleman came out, and, after some conversation with Mr. Hebich, he invited us into his house to partake of some refreshments.

"A large, fashionable company of people were seated around the room. We entered, sat down, and at once Hebich began to speak to those nearest him, asking them how they stood with Jesus; then taking his New Testament from his pocket, he said: 'Let me read something to you!' After reading a selection from the Bible he quietly said: 'Let us pray!' While he was kneeling down, some of

the company left the room, but this did not disturb him. He prayed earnestly for all.

“How did he get an invitation for us to enter the gentleman’s house? Why, when the latter came to us on the balcony, Hebich pointed to the glorious scenery and said respectfully to him: ‘What a beautiful prospect you have here, verdant hills before you, snow-capped mountains in the distance, and at your feet the lovely lake. But, my friend, what will you say when you view all this glory after death? What will your prospect be over yonder?’

“The gentleman told us that he, too, was a Christian and had been praying that a blessing might come to all his guests on this day. When we left, he thanked Hebich warmly for having come, also for having read the Bible and prayed with them.”

On the 2nd of August, 1833, during the absence of Inspector Blumhardt in England to confer with some friends about the advisability of establishing a mission in India, a pitched battle was fought between the town’s people and their enemies near Basel. Some student volunteers accompanied the army surgeon to the battle-field to help the dying and the wounded. The next day they returned safe and sound from the shower of bullets. Now Basel was in great danger, and many soldiers from Bern and other places in Switzerland were quartered in the city. This gave Hebich an opportunity to tell all the soldiers about Jesus and His love. A captain came, like Nicodemus of old, to Hebich at night. He soon learned to know Jesus as his Saviour and he was not then ashamed to confess Him before men.

When the Inspector returned from England, he brought back with him some good news. The East India Company

had closed India to missions, so that foreign societies could not enter that land with the Gospel. In the year 1833 Parliament renewed the charter of the East India Company, but put in it a provision granting the right of entry into India to all Europeans, also permitting them to buy and hold property in the land. The growth of public sentiment in England in favour of the evangelisation of India had brought pressure to bear on the statesmen to force them to remove every obstacle in the way of the establishment of missions. All the students rejoiced with the Inspector over this great victory of Christianity. This provision opened the doors for many missionary societies to enter in and possess the land, and this, too, in the providence of God, opened the way to Hebich for a quarter of a century's work for the Master on the West Coast of that vast caste-ridden country. Before this Act was passed, only British subjects could preach the Gospel in India, now Americans and Germans and other Europeans were free to come and win the land for Jesus.

CHAPTER IV

Establishing the Basel Mission in India.

Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves!—
Matthew 10, 16.

AFTER Inspector Blumhardt's return from England it was voted to establish a small German Mission somewhere in India. Where? How? When? By whom? On what lines? These perplexing questions still remained to be answered.

At first it was planned in Basel to send a couple of missionaries to India who were to be supported from the homeland for a few years, but who thereafter were to be supported wholly by the native churches. This plan was abandoned, on consultation with returned missionaries, who unanimously said that such a plan would never succeed. Then it was proposed to adopt Dr. Groves' plan of establishing an independent Faith Mission. The missionaries, Dr. Groves said, were not to be hampered by creeds or committees. They were to take the Bible as their only rule of faith and look to God only for their support. He was sure that people in England would be found willing to support a mission established on such an independent basis. The Committee in Basel was inclined to agree with Dr. Groves. All thought that the missionaries ought to show such a spirit of faith and self-denial as the good brother prescribed, and that an allowance of 50 pounds sterling a year might be ample for their support; but they

did not think that it would be advisable to let the missionaries be without any guidance from home and wholly independent. So this romantic mission plan was also abandoned.

On the 12th of February, 1834, Prince Victor of Schönburg promised to give 10,000 thalers, if the Basel Committee would send three brethren to establish a school for the training of catechists somewhere in India. This generous offer was welcomed as a plain indication from God that the Committee was to go forward in this great enterprise. On the very next day it was whispered from mouth to mouth: "Do you know that John Christoph Lehner, Christoph Leonhard Greiner, and Samuel Hebich have been chosen to found and organise the new mission in India?"—These three men were ordained to that work on the 16th of March, 1834, by Pastor Hitzig, in Lörrach, Baden.

After the appointment and ordination of Lehner, Greiner, and Hebich the question of their location in India was to be decided. Some said: "Let us establish a school for catechists somewhere near the Tinnevely Mission!" Others: "No, the country is so vast and the missions are so few that we cannot afford to settle near any other mission, where there will surely be friction between our missionaries and theirs. Let us settle among a purely heathen people far away from other missions and from large cities having a European population." When the three newly appointed men came to England to learn more about India and to consult with their English brethren, it was finally decided to establish the new German mission on the beautiful West Coast, somewhere between Bombay and Cochin. Hebich, in consultation with Dr. Coates, the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, fixed on Mangalore as probably the best site for this new work.

At last on the 12th of July, 1834, Hebich and his companions embarked on the good new ship *Malabar*, for Malabar. The ship sailed on the 15th, around the Cape of Good Hope for India, stopping only for a few days in Madeira, off the coast of North Africa. Among the passengers were the Rev. B. Bailey, a Church of England missionary from Travancore, and Mr. Sullivan, a collector, who were returning to India from furlough. These two experienced men gave the newcomers many useful hints.

Hebich's two associates, being studious men, spent most of their time in their cabins, studying languages and many other useful things so as to be ready for work in the new land to which they were going. The senior missionary could not spend his time in such a way. It was his work to win souls for Christ. So we do not find him poring over books in seclusion, but going from sailors to passengers, and from them to the officers, inviting them all to come to Jesus. He found the sailors very much hardened, hence they paid little attention to the man or his message. After trying various ways to get a hearing, he one day said to them quite abruptly:

“Dear friends, I am a servant of Christ and it is my business, in His name, to point out the way of life to all men, therefore, also to you! I must do my duty, in order that none of you can say on the great judgment day: ‘Lord, Thy servant Hebich did not care for our souls! He did not say a word to us on the ship!’ So now I am going to preach to you the Gospel, for I do not know whether any one of us will be alive a week from to-day. I am going to preach to you now, then I at least have done my duty.”

None of the sailors would listen to him. They remained busy about their own affairs in their narrow quarters in

the forecastle, smoking, chatting, sleeping, sewing, dressing, shaving, reading, and playing cards. Hebich then left them with a heavy heart. Telling God that they were too hardened to hear, he spent a short time in prayer in his cabin. He had hardly knelt down when there was a rap at his cabin door; a sailor entered with a message: "Come, Mr. Hebich, please preach to us. We are now all ready to hear what you have to say!"

How this unique man spent the monotonous hours of the weary weeks on board ship he himself tells us: "If there is nothing to hinder, I give daily three hours of instruction to some enquirers. In the first hour I teach a gentleman, a native of French Switzerland. God's Holy Spirit has led him in marvellous ways. He is much distressed about his soul's salvation. He has voluntarily asked me to point out to him the way of life more clearly. The second hour I devote to the instruction of a youth sixteen years of age, a cadet from Scotland. His conscience troubles him, so he comes to me. Sometimes his frivolous talk tries my patience to the uttermost, at other times his heart is soft as wax. My most hopeful disciple is the mate of the ship who comes at the third hour. He robs himself of an hour's sleep in order to have time to listen to the Gospel message. God's Holy Spirit has touched his heart. Unless he becomes ashamed of Jesus, I have great hopes of his becoming a true Christian."

On board ship, Hebich once more let his beard grow which he had shaved off when he entered the Mission College. This long beard distinguished him from Europeans in general in India, who, as a rule, only wear a moustache or have smooth-shaven faces. The long beard so impressed the natives of the land, that everywhere Hebich was known

as the *Dadikaran Padre*, the bearded parson. He clung to it as his dearest possession and was very proud of it. No one could ever persuade him to shave, and no amount of chaffing could induce him to curtail the length of this beard. A lady once presented him with a razor, and thus gave him a hint to shave like other men. He took the razor, but not the hint. Another time, when he had in a sermon denounced women's vanity in wearing hats decked with flowers and dresses gay with ribbons, a lady after the service remarked: "Mr. Hebich, you are as vain as any woman!"

"How so?" he asked.

"Why, see how proud you are of your beard, just as proud as we are of our ribbons and flowers!"

He mildly pocketed the reproof, but kept his beard as carefully as ever before.

This little vanity might have been excused in him, if it had not created in his catechists and admirers the foolish idea that they could be Hebichs, if they would only wear long beards and copy his peculiarities.

The *Malabar* cast anchor in the harbour of Calicut on the 14th of October, 1834, then one of the most important commercial and industrial centres on the Western Coast of India. Calico is said to be called after Calicut, for there this peculiar cotton cloth was first woven and printed. This day is a memorable day, for a new mission was born, whose influence was to become world-wide and whose blessing was to become very great.

On stepping ashore, Mr. Hebich turned to his companions, saying: "Here we see heathenism!"

As nothing of heathenism can be seen at the landing, there being only the busy throng of people coming and

going, the boatmen rowing to and fro, and the fishermen cleaning and mending their nets, Lehner and Greiner looked in surprise about them and asked: "Where? Where can we see heathenism here?"

Pointing to a pile of putrefying fish, Hebich said: "Don't you see it? Can't you smell it? Now it is our work to purify this. Here is the decomposition of death. We must make known the vivifying, purifying life in Christ Jesus! We must purify all this with the Gospel!"

As soon as the arrival of a ship from Europe had been announced, the British judge in Calicut, Mr. Nelson, went out to the harbour to learn the latest news from home and to see whether there were any friends aboard. Meeting the new missionaries he at once invited them to stay at his house while they were in Calicut. He took them to his beautiful home on a lofty hill. Pitching tents for their use, he gave them royal entertainment in this land where they had expected to have only hardships. This luxury was wholly unexpected and so gave them a very agreeable surprise.

Judge Nelson was an earnest Christian and had long prayed for a band of missionaries for Calicut. He was, therefore, anxious that the brethren from Basel should stay with him. On learning, however, that they must go to Mangalore, he at once wrote to his friend, Findlay Anderson, Esq., the sub-collector there, asking him to do all he could to help these servants of Christ. Until an answer to this letter could be received, he kept the brethren with him as his guests, telling them much about Canara and the Canarese. He also ordered for their use from Madras the costly Canarese dictionaries and grammars and paid for them out of his own pocket.

After Mr. Anderson's warm letter of welcome had been received, Hebich and his companions sailed in a *pattemar*, a native boat, for Mangalore, arriving there on the 30th of October, after six days of slow Indian sailing. The trip can now be made in six or seven hours by train! The kind-hearted sub-collector received the Germans with open arms. This truly Christian official was to be one of the best friends of the Basel Mission in Mangalore for the next twenty years. His help and advice was simply invaluable to the newcomers.

At that time, the Church Mission was working on the extreme south-west of India. From there to Bombay along the West Coast, a distance of over 500 miles, there was no Protestant mission. In the interior, Belgaum, Bangalore, and Bellary were the nearest mission stations, each one at a distance of from 200 to 300 miles from Mangalore. As the new missionaries had now settled in Canarese territory, they wrote letters to the London missionaries inland and received from them, by return mail warm letters of welcome which greatly cheered them. Also a consignment of tracts and Scripture portions in Canarese were sent them, of which they at once made good use.

They now began the study of the language in earnest. At that time there were 651,000 Hindus, 41,000 Mohammedans and 20,000 Roman Catholics living in their new field of labour. The great bulk of the population spoke Canarese, while some of the Roman Catholics and the merchants, Brahman refugees from Goa and elsewhere, spoke Konkani. It was decided that Lehner was to learn the language of the minority, while Hebich and Greiner were to give their whole time and strength to the study of

Canarese. Among the inhabitants of Mangalore there were eighteen Europeans. As the chaplain of Cannanore only visited them twice a year, they requested the missionaries to conduct divine services every Sunday. Notwithstanding their poor knowledge of English, the missionaries by turns preached in that language on Sundays. The Europeans had no fault to find with the sermons, but were highly pleased to have these men of God among them.

The first reports to the Home Committee were full of courage and cheer. In one of these official letters, sent home from the new field, Mr. Hebich says: "We firmly believe that the Lord our God has sent us here and in His Name we take our stand. This is still untilled soil, a spiritual waste. We are now studying Canarese and Konkani. There is, however, another important race here, the Tulus, who have an unwritten language. They must be supplied with the Gospel of life. The Tulus are the real farmers of the land and have nothing to do with the British. Not one of them can speak English. We are very much interested in these people. The Word of life must be translated into their language and preached to them. You see how great our needs are. When you send out brethren to be our assistants, select only such who have the practised eye on the crucified Christ.

"The salary promised, 125 pounds sterling, we find sufficient for all our needs. We shall probably buy a house. That will be better than building. But all that is not the most essential work. As we influence by God's Holy Spirit many minds, these again exert a reflex influence on us. If our souls are not regularly filled with new life at the fountain of the Eternal Spirit, they will become like the souls of those among whom we live. Please remember

us in your prayers, for only in so far as we walk in the Spirit, can we bring forth fruit for the everlasting Kingdom of our God!"

How hard and trying the first year in the new missionary's life is, none can know except those who have been through the mill. Around them they see the masses steeped in sin. They see them perishing, and there is none to help. How they long to cry out to the people: "Flee from the wrath to come! Oh come to Jesus!" But their tongues are tied. Hebich writhed and groaned under this enforced idleness, as it seemed to him. When an old, experienced missionary from Bangalore wrote the Mangalore brethren not to attempt anything for two years, but the study of the language, Hebich replied: "That will be a great trial to my heart and patience!"

In spite of the great heat of April and May, he made good use of the little Canarese he knew in addressing the people, receiving a little assistance from his *munshi*, or teacher, who knew some English. The latter was a sore trial to him. The man was very proud and all Hebich's attacks on his heart glanced off. "The man is wholly in Satan's hands!" he exclaimed. "Poor fellow, the other day he asserted that it is not so great a sin to murder one hundred children as to kill one cow! What desperate wickedness!"

One statement made by the *munshi*, seen in the light of the present state of the Mission, is almost prophetic: "The Brahmans will never become converts. But the lower castes, whom we do not teach, who have no idols and never think about God, who, when sick, go to some devil's temple and there make known their grief, and vow to give a cocoanut on recovery—they will, when taught,

accept the Gospel. Then there is another difficulty. The Christians (the Romanists) are very dirty and lead a bad life. We Brahmans have everything clean and nice. Are we to join such a dirty, malodorous people?"

Hebich's heart was often heavy, because the spirit of caste pressed upon him. How is it possible that human beings can be so cruel, so exclusive, so haughty, because the accident of birth has placed them in a higher or a lower stratum of society? The evil lives led by some of the Romanists, Christians so called, often caused him deep distress of soul. The young missionary grieved over this, as did the Apostle Paul over the wanton lives of his fellow-countrymen in Rome. Alas, Hebich too, had reason to exclaim: "Thou, therefore, that teachest another teachest thou not thyself? Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest that a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou rob temples? Thou who gloriest in the law, through thy transgression of the law dishonourest thou God? For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles because of you!"

During the comparatively short time that Hebich was to stay in Mangalore he was to experience many heart-aches. He hated the devil and the devil certainly hated Hebich. The Brahmans soon saw that now an opponent had come whom they had reason to fear. He came as a dignified man of God, gentle, meek and mild, but also as one having authority, and the people soon learned to know him as a noble knight of the cross, without fear and without reproach.

The new Mission has at last been established. A new plant has been planted. It will grow and be watered by

the tears and prayers of the missionaries and will be watched over by the angels in heaven. God will graciously give the increase, and a wondering world will yet see this work grow into one of the greatest, most productive and best organised missions in the land.



CHAPTER V

Mission Work and Worry.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord promised to them that love him!—*James 1, 12.*

SOME years ago, when from the lower slopes of the Himalayas I viewed the most majestic snow-capped mountains in the world, I said:

On highest mountains lies the deepest snow,
On highest souls doth lie the deepest woe!

Then as I looked at the fruitful alluvial plains of Bengal, watered by the Ganges and her many tributaries, and saw the leaping, tumbling streams coming from the distant mountains, I added two lines to the distich:

From both to suff'ring mortals here below
Life-giving and thirst-quenching rivers flow.

Life-giving and thirst-quenching rivers were also to flow from Mr. Hebich whose heart was pressed with the deepest woe: the constraining love of Jesus which made him exclaim like Paul of old: "Though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; for woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!" A woe like the apostle's, an all-consuming passion for souls made Mr. Hebich forsake his study. He said that he could not spend his time poring over languages, when men were hastening to hell. He, at least, must warn them to flee from the wrath to come. So he never learned

Canarese grammatically, but only colloquially. He could only preach the plain truth in plain words. In like manner, he never learned the English language well. He had only a very meagre, ungrammatical knowledge of English, and always spoke the language brokenly, but very pathetically. Dr. Gundert, the great scholar, his most intimate friend, many years later counted carefully every word in Mr. Hebich's vocabulary of English and found that it consisted of only 552 words. With such few words he swayed the hearts of thousands and led many to the Saviour. Whenever Dr. Gundert heard the bearded senior missionary use a new word, he rejoiced more over that than over all the riches of Malayalam. He would sometimes come home from church with a beaming face, saying: "To-day the dear old man has used a new word!"

In order to become an efficient missionary Mr. Hebich had, for a long time, been corresponding with the English missionaries in Canarese territory. He longed to see their work and to learn from them how best to reach the perishing masses with the Gospel message of salvation. As he now learned that the venerable missionary, Rev. G. Hands of Bellary, was going home to Europe, he at once made up his mind to go and see this servant of the Master. Mr. Hands had translated the Bible from Tamil and English into Canarese, but had not seen much fruit of his work. At the end of the rainy season, the long journey overland was begun, Mr. Anderson kindly offering to defray the cost.

On the 23rd of October, 1835, Mr. Hebich left Mangalore, going in a palankeen to Cannanore, a large military station, arriving there after 29 hours. Cannanore was later on to become his chief sphere of labour. As

the chaplain of the station happened to be away, he was kindly entertained by his wife, with whom he at once went to the English service in the church, prayers being read by an officer of the army. After the reading of the sermon and the close of the service, Mr. Hebich abruptly asked the officer sitting next to him: "Are you a child of God?"

"Yes, I am a child of God!" the officer replied joyfully.

Immediately the other nine officers crowded around the unique newcomer who said to them: "I am very happy to find that beneath your red coats hearts are to be found that are seeking the Lord Jesus."

All now sat down and three or four hours flew by as though they had been so many minutes, in telling one another what God had done for their souls. Also many questions about Church polity were discussed, called forth by the doctrines of a Plymouth Brother who had unsettled many minds.

From Cannanore, Mr. Hebich hurried onward to Mysore, the native capital of the Maharaja. On the way, however, he stopped in the mountainous country of the Coorgs and conferred with Col. Fraser about establishing a new mission there to the interesting mountaineers. This mission was only begun in 1853 by Dr. Mögling.

Then he pushed forward over the high plateau to Bangalore, one of the largest military cantonments in South India. Some native Christians came to meet Mr. Hebich, who, on seeing them, wept tears of joy and gratitude, for they were the first Canarese Christians he had seen. The missionaries of the London Mission Society gave the foreigner a warm welcome and invited him often to preach in their church. Instead of having only thirty people in

his audience, he now preached to one hundred and fifty souls. He thought that curiosity had probably brought so many to church to hear a German's broken English.

The missionaries also introduced him to the great men of the station, to whom he spoke, in plain words, about the need of a new and a pure life. The Rev. Mr. Campbell remarked to him, on witnessing his fearlessness: "If I were to speak so plainly to the Resident, I am sure he would show me the door!"

On the whole, Mr. Hebich was delighted with what he heard and saw in the London Mission. Especially did the fact that so many Europeans had hearing ears for the Gospel impress him very favourably. Even though there were not large Churches connected with the London and Wesleyan Missions, yet a good beginning had been made and he was sure that God would give a great increase.

But Mr. Hebich could not stay; he must hurry away. Accompanied by a Brahman catechist, Malachi, a weak, but well-meaning convert, the good German came to Bellary on the 20th of November. He now met Father Hands, the founder of Protestant missions among the Canarese. This good man had been preaching for twenty-four years to the Canarese and had won only one family for Christ. On the other hand, he had gathered about one hundred souls into the Tamil Mission Church.

After his arrival in Bellary, Mr. Hebich at once began to preach to the British officers and officials in that large military station. All heard him gladly and rewarded him by showing him much love and kindness. Here, he also visited, in the military prison, a nabob, who, on his coronation day, with his own hands, in a fit of jealous rage, had decapitated his wife. The Mussulman, however,

would hear nothing about the Saviour. Another prisoner, a German, who in desperation had committed murder and had been sentenced to lifelong imprisonment, was found to be a humble Christian, having been won for Christ by the venerable Mr. Hands.

After a stay of three blessed weeks in Bellary, Mr. Hebich went *via* Harihar to Hubli, reaching that large, busy town on the 18th of December. Here his heart was filled with prophetic joy, for he was sure that Hubli would become a place of blessing. In after years, Hubli became a centre of a very successful work. He also preached in Dharwar to the Europeans, and, by the end of January, he once more returned to his beloved Mangalore.

Now a good beginning had been made. The missionaries then decided to come down from their steeple where they had learned the language and live in future among the people. So a house near the bazar was rented. After recovery from a painful inflammation of the feet caused by an arduous foot-tour, Mr. Hebich gave all his time to the preaching of the Gospel in the bazars or streets.

How God blesses even stammering tongues he now learned over and over again. The constant bazar preaching aroused great opposition, but there were some who always heard him gladly. In English work, too, with his poor English he was permitted to bring trophies to his Master's feet. A lieutenant had been suspended from service for drunkenness. In his humiliation Mr. Hebich won him for his Saviour who alone could cast out the demon of strong drink. Winning this man back to honour and position gave Mr. Hebich an open door among the other officers. The first society lady of the West Coast was also led to see her own heart and to humble her proud spirit before

God. But the greatest trophy was the regimental surgeon who had treated and cured Mr. Hebich's sore feet.

As soon as the missionary heard of the serious sickness of the surgeon, he called to see him. But the doctor would not admit him into his house. Again and again he called, but the servants always said: "Master doctor saying, *padre sahib* must not come!"

But all these rebuffs could not wear out Mr. Hebich's patience. At last, he was asked in to see the doctor, who said: "Mr. Hebich, I am too weak to talk with you!"

When the missionary excused himself and was about to go, the patient suddenly asked: "Is there a hell?"

"Certainly, unless God's Word lies!" Then Mr. Hebich was permitted to leave. He again called six times, but every time he was refused admission. The seventh time he was asked into the sickroom when the doctor remarked: "Oh, I am not a very great sinner, hence I hope for salvation!"

"But I," Mr. Hebich replied, "am so great a sinner that without a Saviour I must go to hell!"

At last, the ice of reserve was broken, and the sufferer poured out all his grief into Mr. Hebich's ears, and the humble German could now point him to Jesus on the cross, who has borne all our griefs and sins, and who gives rest to the weary and forgiveness to the sinners. This joyful news brought peace and rest to the doctor, who on the eighth day repentantly and gratefully exclaimed: "What a black sinner I am! Almost it would have been too late!"

Praising God for his longsuffering loving-kindness in also giving him salvation in Christ, the dying man departed this life to be with Jesus.

All these joyful experiences deeply humbled this true servant of God, and in a spirit of gratitude to God for all His goodness he writes: "What joy when we see that our weary way leads us heavenward. In the great mass of work that I have to do, I often see nothing but black night before me, but I advance in the name of the Lord, then a bright flash illumines my darkness, and with it, I receive strength and the victor's courage. Many tell me that I am a fool and an enthusiast, others say that I am a saint, but of what use is the judgment of men to us, if we do not have the seal of God, the witness of His Spirit in us? The Lord is blessing my feeble endeavours and that deeply humbles me!"

On the 9th of May, 1836, the first school was begun in Mangalore with only four pupils. Timmappa, the only Tulu who had shown an interest in Christianity, was appointed the first teacher. Mr. Hebich went from house to house "humbly praying" the parents to send their children to the Mission school. An evil report that the children were to be made Christians by the missionaries forcing them to eat meat, soon scattered almost all the pupils. The schoolhouses were now opened for religious services and soon confidence was restored, so that in June of that year another school could be opened.

On Sunday, May 29th, regular religious services in Canarese were also begun by Mr. Hebich. This was the small beginning of the great work that is now being done in Mangalore. On the first Sunday in June, the little Church, consisting of four Englishmen, three Canarese, two Tamils, one Portuguese, and the three missionaries, celebrated the Lord's Supper. This seemed a large number to the missionaries in those days of small things.

Bazar preaching at that time raised quite a storm of opposition. "We don't want you here!" a prominent Brahman exclaimed when the missionaries were proclaiming the Gospel in the bazar.

"Away with you! away with you!" the angry mob shouted. Stones and cow-dung were flung regularly at the messengers of the cross. At last Mr. Hebich remonstrated with a policeman looking idly on and told him that it was his duty to preserve order. Mr. Anderson, the magistrate, too, after much hesitation, passed an order directing the police to suppress such disturbances, on seeing them. But who could expect the police to see such disturbances?

"Did Government order you to preach?" the angry Brahmans demanded.

"No!" Mr. Hebich replied, "the God of heaven and earth alone has sent us to preach!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed another Brahman in derision, showing four large nails, "see with just such nails they nailed that God to the cross!"

That insulting sally called forth a round of applause. Then Mr. Hebich in holy wrath and with great earnestness spoke: "You Brahmans are the seducers of the people. God's wrath will come upon you and destroy you, unless you repent. I call upon heaven and earth to witness that I am speaking the truth. This truth will also be revealed to you scoffers, but alas! then it will be too late."

On hearing these burning words, calling them to repentance, the leading scoffers went home shamefacedly. In order to reach their hearts, a school was now opened for their children, but did not succeed, because the wealthier ones among them opened five opposition schools.

These exciting scenes in the bazars made the missionaries decide to stay among the people. So the house, in which they were living, was bought from its Parsee owner for 4900 rupees, Mr. Anderson kindly advancing the purchase money, just before going on furlough. During his stay in the homeland he also expected to visit the Christians of Germany, Switzerland, and France, to tell them about the progress of the mission.

Many lines of work were now being prosecuted. Primarily there was bazar preaching. Mr. Hebich would remain out till late at night telling the people about Jesus, the Saviour of men; there was also school-work, and the care of the Poor Fund, to which the Europeans contributed about 80 rupees a month. Beggars had to be clothed and fed, lepers and incurables living near the prison had to be provided for, and to all these poor and diseased people the Gospel had to be preached. Mr. Hebich was everywhere the leader. He writes about his preaching:

“I often do the work with joy, often too, I feel despondent. It is my conviction that the more the people rage, the more we must preach the Gospel to them, in the strength of the Lord. It is always most difficult to make a beginning. We are like soldiers going into battle. At first, our old nature turns on us like a worm, but when the fight has begun we feel better. At one time, when I had to go alone, because Malachi was nowhere to be found, a voice within said to me: ‘Never mind, go some other time!’ But I at last went in my great weakness, fearfully, tremblingly, to the principal place in the bazar, took my stand, removed my straw hat from my head and covered my face with it, sending silently some sighs for help to my crucified Saviour; thereafter I laid my long bamboo

stick, that goes with me wherever I go, and my hat on the ground; then I opened my Canarese New Testament and read Hebrews 9, 27: 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment!' Taking this word for my text I preached unto all about the justice of God and of His holy Gospel. A larger crowd of people had gathered around me than ever before. The Lord was my strength, in this my weakness. When I left, a voice began to hoot, but others silenced him. The next day, however, they continued their hooting and they went with me for some distance, shouting wildly and pelting me with sand and stones."

Now a peculiarity of Mr. Hebich's began to manifest itself. From the days of his youth he had always acted on the spur of the moment, without having long consultations with others. He loved and trusted his fellow-workers, never intentionally concealing anything from them, and he naturally fancied that they, too, loved and trusted him. But his very frankness caused misunderstandings and soon his companions accused him of being autocratic and selfish. He was too proud to show them his whole heart, so full of humility before God and so full of love for his brethren; so the unpleasant relationship between him and the others was being increased and not decreased. All these misunderstandings were to cause him many heart-aches and much worry.

The longed-for, prayed-for, reinforcements to the mission staff reached Bombay on the 8th of November, 1836. The leader of the party was the Rev. Dr. H. Mögling, who with three Basler students arrived in Bombay on that day, and, after a blessed season of Christian communion with some of the best people in that large metropolis of India,

landed on the palm-fringed shore of Mangalore, December 6, 1836. Mr. Hebich received them with open arms and soon Lehner and Greiner, too, came to welcome them to their hearts and home. But a great disappointment was in store for the older missionaries. Mögling was a great scholar, Hebich was not; Mögling was an idealist, Hebich was a practical man of business; Mögling was poetic, Hebich very prosaic; Mögling was a dreamer of dreams, Hebich was a doer of deeds; Mögling was inclined to asceticism, Hebich to a social life.

What the newcomers had seen of the life and work of the missionaries in Bombay had convinced them that the present methods of mission work were all wrong.

The missionary, they said, was living too far above and too far away from the people. The tie that ought to bind him to the people was a very loose one indeed, and of such length that he and the natives were never really united in sympathy. Mögling and his companions had set their minds on a change in life and custom. They would live among the people and be of the people. When Mr. Hebich, on their arrival, asked them to sit down to roast mutton for their reception dinner, they would not eat it, because the natives could not have roast mutton. They would only eat rice and curry, and water was to be their only drink.

The younger and older brethren now met in conference to settle the question of salaries. Although the senior brethren had been promised a salary of £125 a year, they had returned £200 to the Committee as their joint savings of the year, so that reinforcements might be sent. Mr. Hebich, however, wrote that this could not always be done, for he believed that the other brethren ought to marry and then

they would need their full allowance. As far as he himself was concerned, he could easily get on with less, for he was determined never to marry.

The younger brethren, however, opposed all this. They believed what Dr. Groves had taught them, that missionaries could live on very little, if they were willing to lead a simple life. They would take no salary, but only a mere subsistence allowance; they believed it to be wrong for missionaries to marry and that they ought to live just like the natives. Such building of castles in the air did not please the older brethren. The younger brethren, however, under the leadership of Mögling were determined to live, according to the Franciscan ideal, a life of poverty, a life of asceticism, a life of celibacy. History was only repeating itself. So long as Christianity exists, there will be a difference of opinion concerning the best missionary methods. Some will advocate a life of poverty, a life of self-denial, a life of celibacy; while others will be in favour of a life of comfort, of care for health, in a work, a life like that of the average citizen in the homeland.

For a long time there were two opposing factions in the Mangalore Mission: the conservative, of which Mr. Hebich was the leader, and the revolutionary, of which Dr. Mögling was the head. Finally Mr. Hebich left the young men to themselves, and these now had things their own way. The small, but comfortable straw-thatched mission house, called "the palace" by the revolutionary party, was rented to others, the furniture was sold as useless, for the missionaries could sleep on mats with the school-boys; the mission safe was thrown into the well as containing filthy lucre, and a small native house was rented in the bazar where the new missionaries now

dwelt with the school-boys. Dr. Mögling said that forty rupees a month, the salary of a native school-teacher, would be sufficient for all his needs. He would thus come down to the low standard of living of the natives. Then he could demand of them to be content with their lot and not expect the Mission to do everything for them, and the Mission would never become a money mission, but be only a spiritual mission to the people.

“How can a heathen,” he asked, “know, under the present condition of things, that we have only come here for the Gospel’s sake? And, unless we set the example, how can we expect our converts to forsake their earthly, easy mode of life and bring them to a realisation that Christianity is a life of self-denial? Why has India, after more than a century of mission work, not a single self-supporting church? How full we are of the spirit of letting well-enough alone! We imagine that the climate is killing us; we are much concerned about eating and drinking; we only go to the people when it is cool, and now and then go on a tour! But our hearts are lukewarm, the feet are not anxious to run and the hands lie idle in our lap. Can such gentlemen convert a nation? Somewhere and somehow I, at least, am determined to serve the Lord, my God, with a reasonable service!”

No admonitions, no remonstrances of the elder brethren could change the mind of these zealous young men. It was only when Dr. Hæberlin, a former student in Basel, but now a missionary in Bengal, visited them that they would listen to reason. He showed them that their experiment was self-willed and had been made in an unbrotherly spirit, and that this was certainly not the spirit of Christ.

The health of the younger men had suffered under their asceticism and they now saw that they had done wrong. In the presence of Dr. Hæberlin, Dr. Mögling asked Greiner and Lehner to pardon him for having been so uncharitable and unbrotherly. He asked them to remain in Mangalore and to forgive him. Then he hastened on foot to Dharwar to beg also Mr. Hebich's pardon, and to ask him to return to the old station. Mr. Hebich had felt so much hurt by the conduct of these younger men that he had already packed his trunks for his return to Europe. Now all was amicably settled. "The fermentation of the new wine had taken place, without breaking the old bottles, and the wine had now become clearer and milder."

Dr. Mögling, after seeing the error of his ways, wrote the following humble confession to one of his friends: "I feel deeply ashamed of myself, whenever I think of the game we let the devil play with us. And I shudder when I think of the abyss on whose edge we somnambulists have been walking. Oh, if I could only begin all over again! But wailing will not mend matters. That I am an unprofitable servant and a miserable dupe you know as well as I do. Pray for me!"

Dr. Gundert, in reviewing all these troubles, well says: "The attempt to carry on Christian enterprises as cheaply as possible has disturbed and hindered the work. In modern missions this question, for various reasons, is always being debated over and over again. The questions about marriage and homelife, about social intercourse with the Europeans, about the use of the palankeen, etc., have been a sore trial to many missions." Hebich always favoured liberty in the treatment of these questions, for no

universal law can be laid down for all, without injuring the most important interests of the work!

This worry was a great test of Mr. Hebich's faith. It demonstrated that he could not pull in double harness, especially with a man like Mögling. Both men could do their best work in single harness, and God soon gave each of them his special work to do. Both now loved one another, both saw the good qualities in the other, and these misunderstandings, and quarrels too, worked together for the good of these two men and of the Mission, for both of them loved God, and they were the called according to His divine purpose.



CHAPTER VI

Work Begun among Europeans.

I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience bearing witness with me in the Holy Ghost, that I have great sorrow and unceasing pain in my heart; for I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh.—*Romans 9, 1-3.*

NOTHING speaks so well for Hebich's true greatness of soul as the fact, that, even though he and Dr. Mögling differed so much in their mission work, yet he introduced him to his work in Dharwar and North Canara, where the impulsive young man was to open up the work and achieve great success in evangelising the Canarese. Hebich advised that the journey to the highlands be made on horseback, but the young man said: "No, I am determined to imitate my Master. If He could go afoot, so can I!"

On the 12th of January, 1837, they left Mangalore before the dawn of day, Dr. Mögling going afoot and Mr. Hebich also walking with him along the seashore, until the sun was shining hot upon their heads; then he mounted his horse and rode ahead to prepare breakfast for both at the next halting place. On Dr. Mögling's arrival he would find everything ready for him and Mr. Hebich preaching the Gospel to the assembled heathen. But one day Dr. Mögling tried walking barefoot in the wet sands of the seashore and badly cut his feet on the shells. Hebich subsequently surprised him in a corner of

the traveller's bungalow binding up his wounds. The young man only laughed at the mishap and still pushed on afoot, but his feet became so sore that he had to give in, so both thereafter continued their journey to Goa by boat.

When they reached Goa, the capital of the Indian territory of the Portuguese, a hill-tract with fruitful valleys, which, since 1510, has been a Portuguese possession, the missionaries could find no place of entertainment. This interesting country, now having only two hundred and fifty square miles of territory, had been won for the Roman Church by the over-zealous Xavier, and did not welcome Protestant missionaries. Foreseeing this difficulty Mr. Hebich had provided himself with a letter of introduction to the energetic governor of Goa. This gentleman's name was De Mello. He had been an officer in Napoleon's army, and had recently deposed the former governor of the little country and had made himself ruler. For this crime he was afterwards made a prisoner and led away captive to Portugal.

The letter Mr. Hebich presented to him, from some of the officers in Mangalore, opened to them the governor's home and heart, and the missionaries now had an opportunity of preaching the Gospel in this Romanist stronghold. Mr. Hebich preached in French till late at night to the élite of the place, while Dr. Mögling had long discussions in Latin with the priests and others. Their host even took his guests with him to old Goa and helped them to preach the Gospel in a nun's convent, by acting for them as an interpreter. They distributed Portuguese Bibles and New Testaments to many, the worthy hostess gladly receiving a copy, and her action was followed by all the

society people. The missionaries found infidelity everywhere and fought heroically for the faith of the apostles, the martyrs, and the saints. After a few days' stay at the capital the humble Germans were sent in state up the river in the governor's boat, receiving all the honours of the great. At the end of this short trip they ascended the mountains afoot, through the romantic ghat or pass, like the poorest pilgrims.

Rev. Mr. Beynon, of the London Mission of Belgaum, having been informed of the coming of the Germans went two days' journey westward to meet them, at the head of the pass. On the 25th of January, 1837, he introduced them to their new work in Dharwar, where they were hospitably entertained by an officer of the army, Lieutenant Stather. Mr. Hebich knowing that it would be useless to try to work together with his younger brother, soon left him to do as he pleased, and went with Mr. Beynon to Belgaum, where he stayed from the 31st of January to the 10th of March, preaching the Gospel to all.

Dr. Mögling was received with open arms by the people of Dharwar, and at once invited two of the younger brethren to come from Mangalore and help him in the glorious work of opening up Southern Mahratta for Gospel work. His success was great. All doors seemed to open to him as by magic, and he now became the successful Canarese missionary and scholar.

But we must see Mr. Hebich in his work at Belgaum, a large town, beautifully situated in a fruitful country on the western plateau, having a large military cantonment, with a population, at the present day, of nearly 43,000 native and European. Without paying any attention to the usual etiquette of India, of making first calls and

waiting for return calls, Mr. Hebich went from house to house, visiting every European of the station and speaking personally with him about sin, and the Saviour from sin. He visited the General in command of the army as well as the private, and to every one he preached repentance, so that there was probably not a European in the station whom he did not warn to flee from the wrath to come. He also often preached the Gospel in public. His plain utterances of truth and his scathing denunciation of sin aroused great interest in the man and his message. Some were offended at his plain speech. When he called an approaching dance "the devil's feast," even the good-natured chaplain found fault with him and some sharp words passed between them. But, on the whole, the plain-spoken man of God won the love and respect of most of the people. As a fruit of all this agitation a lieutenant, an officer of the engineers, was suddenly awakened, and there were many other hopeful conversions. The truly Christian officers of the cantonment now rallied around this bold preacher of the truth and begged him to become their missionary, devoting his whole time to work among the Europeans of India. But this seemed to be impossible to him and his fellow-missionaries, yet he conceived it to be his duty to continue his work among Europeans, and he was permitted to witness remarkable results from his work.

After finishing his work in Belgaum, he accepted an invitation to go to Kaladgi, another military station in the Bijapur district of the Bombay Presidency.

While in the station he lived with Lieutenant Davidson. This gentleman had been converted two years before, and, in the fervour of his first love, had written letters to his

mother and numerous brothers and sisters, winning them all for Christ. Being the only Christian in the station, he often felt lonesome and gladly welcomed such a warm evangelist as Mr. Hebich to his heart and home. As the General was coming on inspection all the officers had come into the station, and Mr. Hebich visited every one of them, pleading with them to come to Jesus. On Easter Sunday he preached in the open air, but his audience was so satiated with the pleasures of life and so frivolous that he shook the dust from off his feet and left them, although he had at first intended staying in Kaladgi for two weeks. This sudden departure awakened the sleepers, and, as a result of this, nearly one-half of the officers were hopefully converted. After twenty-three years Major Davidson bore testimony to the great work done in those three days by the humble missionary whose whole heart was in his Master's service.

Hurrying back to Dharwar Mr. Hebich now joined Dr. Mögling. Together they went to Hubli, the large native capital, to select a site and establish a permanent mission station there, which was to become a centre for Gospel work in the Southern Mahratta country. While in Hubli, late at night they were surprised by a captain in command of a company of sepoy, who told the missionaries that he had been ordered to Mangalore, where the natives were in rebellion. The brethren now returned to Dharwar, Hebich proceeding slowly to Mangalore, preaching to the heathen in the towns and villages all along the way.

The insurrection proved to have been only a strawfire and all the excitement was already dying down. Almost all the civilians, and the missionaries too, had fled from Mangalore, but they now returned to the city. The rebellion

had been caused by the Coorgs who would not submit to British rule. Little notice had at first been taken of this dissatisfaction, caused by the annexation of the land. This trouble grew into a little rebellion, but not much damage had been wrought by the rebels. When the Mangalore missionaries returned they found everything as they had left it, only their own servants had robbed the mission treasury.

A commission was appointed by Government to enquire into the grievances of the people, and to punish the ring-leaders of the insurrection. A member of this commission was Judge Thomas Strange from Malabar. Mr. Hebich at once called to see the learned judge and tried to win him for his Saviour. This gentleman at first only tolerated the visits of this eccentric missionary, and the brethren warned Mr. Hebich not to repeat them, for the judge was an atheist and he would be sure to confound the unlearned evangelist, and make him the laughing-stock of the station. Mr. Hebich would not listen to the reasoning of his fellow-workers, but continued his visits, until God's word found lodgment in the judge's heart, and this learned man made a full surrender of himself to Jesus. This gentleman a few years afterwards made a present of his valuable bungalow and furniture to the Basel Mission. The house was situated on a lofty hill, a large part of which formed the compound, and the whole beautiful estate lies in Nettur, a suburb of Tellicherry.

The disturbance brought many troops to Mangalore, and Mr. Hebich now had his hands full, fighting the devil. He took a lieutenant into his house who became his spiritual and physical patient. The poor man was a confirmed drunkard and was in danger of being court-

martialled for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. The missionaries also took a doctor, another drunkard, and his wife and child into their house. The doctor had been made a prisoner by the Coorgs. Every Sunday the soldiers and others came for prayer to the mission house. The life in the station was a very riotous one. Two Bombay officers fought a duel. A lieutenant, professing to be repentant, in a wild fit of anger, cut down one of his men, and was in danger of being hung for this rash act. He escaped the full penalty of the law, however, being only sentenced to two-and-a-half years' imprisonment, because the court took into consideration the great provocation he had, when he lost his temper. Another lieutenant also killed his servant, and so there was much crime being committed in the army. The pretender, Kalia Swamy, and others were hung in chains, and the days were days full of death and destruction.

All these occurrences convinced Mr. Hebich more than ever before, that it was his duty to preach the Gospel of peace to these Englishmen who were becoming so demoralised in India. Dr. Mögling wrote to the senior missionary that some had their doubts as to the wisdom of his course. To this he replied:

“Am I only God's servant to the heathen, or am I not, moreover, His servant to all men to whom the Lord may send me? I have never planned doing an exclusive work, for then I would not be the servant of God. I feel in duty bound to preach to the English:—

“1. Because the Lord has entrusted to them this people, whereby the way to them is visibly open to us.

“2. God confers thousands of benefits on us through them, through their Government, etc. We may ignore all

of these, but it is not right to look merely on the dark side of things.

“3. Without their large gifts of money the missionaries never could do what they are doing.

“And shall we not do something for them in appreciation of all this? ‘The husbandman that laboureth must be first partaker of the fruits!’ is to be fulfilled also in their case. God lets no man labour in vain and rewards every one according to his deeds. Oh, a just and a faithful God!

“If missionaries, living where there is no chaplain, preach one sermon a week to the Europeans, they are only doing their duty. The heathen have many opportunities to hear the preaching of the Gospel, if they wish to be saved. Of course, a man must not let the European work keep him from making mission tours. It will make me, a poor sinner, if God permits me to do so, very happy to spend each year one or two months in work among the Europeans in accordance with my conception and knowledge of the Lord’s will!”

Hebich’s wonderful success in winning Europeans for Christ was God’s own vindication of the wisdom of His servant in choosing not to neglect his own kith and kin, because of the many calls for work among the heathen. To both lines of work we may well apply the rule of service laid down by our Master: “These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone!”

It certainly will be interesting to study Mr. Hebich’s method of work among Europeans. Soon he will be only a traditional personage, and the stories of his work, too, will be traditional. I have carefully sifted the many stories current in India about the man and his work, and I believe

that all those that I print in this book are true. I have many of them from those who knew Mr. Hebich personally, and repeat them here, not because I think we ought to copy his methods. I would warn every one not to do so. If we are God's messengers, He will give us a message and help us to deliver it in our own peculiar way. I relate these incidents to the glory of God, and to show that Mr. Hebich was a true messenger of Christ, and that by the grace of God he could always deliver his message effectively to the salvation of souls.

Mr. J. Bösinger of Coonoor, who died in 1906, 85 years of age, and who came to India in 1847, as the first Industrial Brother of the Basel Mission, having spent more than sixty years in India without a furlough, told me much about Mr. Hebich whom he knew intimately for more than a decade, having sometimes accompanied him on his mission tours. In answer to my question concerning the stability of Hebich's converts he replied:

"The majority of them proved themselves true Christians, many of them having also become great soul-winners. Mr. Hebich knew how to sound the deepest depths of men's hearts. He would give them no peace nor rest, until they had made a full surrender to Jesus. His method with men often seemed harsh, but then he would say: 'I must first kill them with the hammer of the law, before I can comfort them with the Gospel!' Let me relate to you an instance of his way of dealing with men:

"One day we were out taking a walk, and we came to an engineer's bungalow.

"'Come!' said Mr. Hebich, 'let us call and see this man.' I reluctantly entered the house of the gentleman, for I was a stranger to him. As soon as Mr. Hebich saw

him, he said: 'I have called to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, for disgracing your God and your country by your sinful life.'

"The gentleman replied: 'That is none of your business!'

"Mr. Hebich then shouted in a loud, almost angry voice, so great was his zeal: 'That is my business! As a minister of Jesus Christ I must denounce all sin and unrighteousness. I have now called to demand of you, in the name of our Righteous Judge, that you repent of your sins!'

"This denunciation made the engineer very angry. 'Leave my house, Mr. Hebich!' he shouted, 'I did not ask you to call, and will not listen to your violent tirades in my own house!'

"'No, never!' the old man replied, 'I will not leave you, until you confess your sins and beg God's pardon, on your knees, for leading such a disgraceful life. You are a bad man, and ought to be ashamed of yourself. Get down on your knees and confess, or you will go to hell, to the devils whom you serve. I will not leave you, until you hear my message!'

"Then the man jumped up in a rage and said sarcastically: 'If you don't leave, then I will!'

"Ordering his boy to have his horse saddled he left us without another word, and soon we saw him riding away at a furious gallop. Then we left the house.

"I felt annoyed at Mr. Hebich's abruptness and remarked to him: 'Now you have spoilt all by your hard words. It is not necessary to break down the door, if you would enter a house! (*mit der Tür ins Haus fallen.*)'

"The old man only smiled and said: 'I have fastened a hook in him that he will not get away from!'

“He was right. Before he called to see such men, he would always spend much time in prayer for them. Only when he had the assurance of victory in prayer, the witness of the Spirit, would he call to see them, but then he came as a victor! Three days after this stormy visit to the engineer’s bungalow, the gentleman wrote Mr. Hebich a chit:

“‘Dear Mr. Hebich, for God’s sake come to see me at once! I have not slept a wink since you were here. I am all undone. I can find no peace nor rest. My conscience condemns me. I am in hell. What must I do to be saved?’

Then Mr. Hebich brought Jesus to the man and the man to Jesus. Soon the engineer saw Jesus on the cross, and could believe that the bleeding Saviour had with His own precious blood also washed his sins away!

“This engineer, in after years, proved by his pure, consistent, humble life that he had truly repented of his sins, and that he had become indeed a true disciple of Jesus.”

In another chapter we shall write about “Hebich’s Own”, a regiment that became his by faithful work for souls. One of the prominent ladies of that regiment was the wife of one of the officers. How Mr. Hebich won her for Jesus, illustrates his short and sharp method of questioning. “Are you sure?” was a favourite question of his, and this question set many a man and woman thinking about their souls’ salvation.

One day Mr. Hebich went to see Captain Dobbie, whom he had met some time before this, and both had become interested in one another, for both were original, unique men. During the conversation, Mr. Hebich suddenly

and abruptly asked: "Mrs. Dobbie, did you give your heart to Jesus?"

"I hope so," she replied.

"I don't want to know what you hope!" Pointing his finger at her, he continued: "I have asked you a very simple question. Now tell me, did you give your heart to Jesus?"

"I think I did," Mrs. Dobbie replied, becoming embarrassed by the strange man's pointed question.

"Hoping and thinking! That is not what I want to know!"

Suddenly changing his manner Mr. Hebich enquired in a casual way: "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Dobbie, have you breakfasted?"

"Oh yes!" was the prompt reply.

Mr. Hebich now spoke very earnestly, almost scoldingly: "You over-confident woman, you! How dare you say 'yes'? You ought to say: 'I hope I have,' or 'I think I have!' If you are so sure of having breakfasted, why can you not be just as sure about having given your heart to Jesus?"

Then followed an explanation of his favourite "Heart-book," which made a deep impression on both husband and wife. Afterwards Mr. Hebich used some very plain expressions, and spoke so bluntly to both about the evil beasts in their hearts that Mrs. Dobbie was greatly offended, and left the room saying that she would no longer listen to a man so lacking in good manners.

After a long time the husband convinced her that she was wronging the honest German missionary, and hazarding her soul's salvation by refusing to hear his message. Now all opposition gave way, she came again to hear Mr. Hebich's message, seating herself as a poor sinner at

Jesus' feet. At once she accepted Jesus as the Lover of her soul, and gave her whole heart and life to Him. From that day on she lived only for the glory of God and sought to win souls for her Master. Mrs. Dobbie became a great soul-winner and one of the noblest Christian women of her day and generation.

Mr. Hebich had no cut and dried method of dealing with souls. He did not, as the homely German adage puts it, make all shoes over one last. At times he was severe, then again he would be very gentle. Several other stories will illustrate this; the first was told me by a former chaplain of Cannanore and the others by an old catechist in Calicut:—

“When Mr. Hebich was on a visit to Madras,” the chaplain said, “he one day went to St. Thomas' Mount to preach the Gospel to the soldiers there. As the old man was walking along the road, a major saw him coming. Calling his servant he told him that if the old *padre* came, he must not let him into the house, but tell him that the major was not at home.

“It seems that Mr. Hebich had also seen the officer, so he at once went to him. The boy stood at the open door and said: ‘Padre Sahib must not come in. Master not at home!’

“‘Yes he is here!’ Mr. Hebich replied.

“‘No, no! He is not at home. Padre Sahib must not come in!’

“Pushing the boy aside Mr. Hebich entered the house. He went to one room, the major was not there. He went to another, and the man was not to be found. He looked into the bedroom and dining room, but nowhere could he see the major. At last, he returned to the first room, where

there was a large sofa having drapery with long fringes hanging down to the floor. Stooping down he espied the officer under the sofa, where he had hidden himself.

“‘Come out, you coward!’ he called. The major came out from under the sofa.

“‘You coward, sit down!’ The major sat down on a chair.

“‘Now hear God’s message, you coward!’ He then preached earnestly to this man on the impossibility of hiding himself from the all-seeing eye of God—‘Where Adam failed, you cannot succeed’, he told him, ‘you must repent of all your sins!’—Soon this officer knelt with him in prayer, crying to God for pardon. He became a bold confessor of Jesus!”

The old catechist’s face was illuminated with joy, when I asked him to tell me some of his personal experiences in his work as Mr. Hebich’s assistant. He related the following anecdotes:

“I remember, once Mr. Hebich took us out preaching. We came to a captain’s house. Standing there Mr. Hebich sang:

‘Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now!’

“On hearing this the captain came out and said: ‘Mr. Hebich, I like that. Are these your sheep?’

“‘Yes, I am the shepherd, these are my sheep!’

“‘Well, I am glad to see you. At mess the officers spoke about you and your sheep several times. Come inside!’

“We all went into the house, when the captain asked us to sing again. We all sang, then Mr. Hebich took the ‘Heart-book’ and explained the pictures to the captain. Then the captain said: ‘Boy, give those boys some tea!’ Tea and bread was given us, afterwards we left, but Mr. Hebich only left after two hours. Coming to us he said: ‘Well, *pullagalu* (children), I have had great work with this gentleman. Now he is all right!’” — Another soul won for Jesus!

“Another time he went to another captain’s house. This officer would not let him in, but said: ‘Go away, I have nothing to do with you!’

“‘But, captain,’ he replied, pointing his finger at him, ‘I have something to do with you. I have come to pray with you, if you will not let me in, I will pray for you here!’ As the captain went away and left him standing there, Mr. Hebich knelt down out in the sun on the gravel and earnestly prayed for the captain’s salvation. Then he also left.

“The next day Mr. Hebich came again. He was not admitted, so he again knelt down in front of the house and prayed. Then the captain called a servant and said to him: ‘Boy, hold this umbrella over Padre Sahib’s head, while he is praying!’

“When Mr. Hebich called the third time, his prayers had conquered the captain, who now asked him into the house and heard our father tell him about Jesus on the cross. Soon the captain too prayed and he gave his heart to Jesus!”

Many other incidents might be related here of this wonderful man’s power over men. But as we shall hear much about this in subsequent chapters, we will only state

here that some of Mr. Hebich's friends did not approve of his blunt methods of dealing with sinners. The Rev. H. Schaffter of Tinnevely, who, when he was a boy, knew Mr. Hebich, told me that his father once remonstrated with the old missionary for stopping people on the road and telling them that they would go to hell, if they did not repent. To this he received the characteristic reply: —

“My brother, our God has many tools in his workshop. I am God's file and you are God's varnish brush!”

Certainly God needs the file as well as the varnish brush, the one must remove all the roughness of sin before the other can add the necessary polish of godliness.



CHAPTER VII

One Door shut, Another opened.

Having been forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia—There was a man of Macedonia standing, beseeching him, and saying, come over into Macedonia and help us!

Acts 16, 6. 9.

IN spite of much opposition and many difficulties the Mission in Mangalore had made gratifying progress. The longed-for seminary for the training of catechists had been opened, the students being a motley lot of lads. They were of various ages and nationalities: Eurasians, Tamils, Canarese, and Malayalis. They were of different castes, having different creeds and complexions. Once Mr. Hebich for the sake of uniformity and cleanliness, dressed all alike and had the hair of their heads shaved off. This enraged the parents of the Eurasian and Hindu boys; the Eurasians would not stay in the school, unless they could have the customs and costumes of Europeans, and the Hindus would leave, unless they could keep their sacred topknot of hair on their heads. They were a wild and untamed lot of juvenile sinners and caused much trouble, yet Mr. Hebich said that they filled his heart with joy.

“We make progress slowly,” he writes, “until they are broken in. My cure for their barbarity is the withholding of a meal, if they are too unruly. At the same time I cry unto God for them!”

Now his whole heart was wrapped up in the work of developing this seminary, in order that he might soon have able assistants in the great work of establishing and training churches.

While Mr. Hebich was thus busy in school and church work in Mangalore, he did not forget his brethren in Dharwar. He was very much concerned about them and wrote them many fraternal, yea paternal letters, beseeching them to be very careful and not expose themselves to unnecessary dangers. He advised them not to build small houses, for living in cramped quarters would be injurious to their health, etc. "Brethren, I hear that you do not partake of God's gifts, such as butter, milk, sugar, etc. I don't want to dictate to you, you can do as you please, but do be wise and receive with thanksgiving whatever you can get for food. Our Lord is not so poor that He must let His servants starve. In India a man stands more in need of strengthening food than in Europe. I write this out of pure love, therefore pardon me!"

After the arrival of five new brethren from Basel Mr. Hebich's stay in Mangalore was of short duration. A general conference was now organised, Dr. Mögling being sent as the representative of the northern brethren. This general conference ordered that Hebich and Mögling were to change places and that the senior missionary was to open up the new work in Hubli, while the younger man was to take charge of the seminary. This change met with Mr. Hebich's full approval, but other matters discussed cut him to the core. He did not want the younger brethren, the new-comers, to vote, because they could not do so intelligently, but only take part in the deliberations "with their heart". The young men only

laughed at the old man's proposition. In the conference a strong opposition party to Mr. Hebich arose, his accounts were criticised, many of his actions were questioned, and, on the whole, a most unchristian and uncharitable spirit was shown him. In consequence of this Mr. Hebich asked the conference not to attach him to any station, but to loose him and let him go, wherever God would lead him. The conference agreed to this proposal in part, and this opened the way for a long tour in the country of Mysore, seven months in duration.

One of the best resolutions of this conference was the one extending a call to Dr. H. Gundert of Tinnevely to join the Basel Mission. He was undoubtedly the greatest scholar of his day in India. Both he and Dr. Mögling were graduates of the great University of Tübingen. Both had been infidels, having been under the influence of the greatest opponent Christianity has ever had, David Strauss. Both had imbibed his spirit, and gloried in their emancipation from Christianity, and regarded with love and veneration Strauss as their great liberator. While Dr. Mögling sought to satisfy his soul in the study of literature and art, Dr. Gundert devoted his life to the acquirement of philosophic and linguistic knowledge. Both men had praying parents and both were wonderfully restored to the old faith in answer to prayer. Both gave their lives to foreign missions about the same time: Dr. Mögling joining the Basel Mission, while Dr. Gundert through the influence of that great hero of faith, George Müller of Bristol, joined Dr. A. N. Groves, Mr. Müller's brother-in-law, first of all as tutor for his children and then as a helper in his independent faith mission in Madras and Chittoor. Now Dr. Mögling and Dr. Gundert

were reunited in the Basel Mission in Mangalore. Dr. Gundert had married, in spite of Dr. Mögling's warning, and his noble, capable wife, a French Protestant lady, was the first woman in the mission house at Mangalore.

But we must go with Mr. Hebich to Dharwar. After his arrival there in October, 1838, he at once tried to acquire through the good offices of the Collector, E. B. Mills, Esq., a good site from Government for the new mission station in Hubli. Mr. Mills was one of the noblest Christian civil servants of his day, a man of great faith, very humble and very fraternal. He gave almost his whole princely salary to the cause of missions, saving nothing for himself. He and Mr. Hebich became warm friends and through the influence of this man of God he eventually secured a most suitable piece of land, although another official had at first opposed the opening of a mission there, because he feared that the preaching of the missionaries against idolatry might cause disturbances among the people.

God greatly honoured Mr. Hebich in permitting him to open up a successful work in Hubli, in the centre of a very prosperous agricultural district. Hubli has become a place of blessings indeed. Here a colony of Christians has been established, a part of the populous city being inhabited by them, and it cheers one's heart to see how cleanly and prosperous they have become, how sturdy they are in their faith and practice, how loyal they are to Christ. What we see in Hubli, we long to see and will yet see throughout the length and breadth of India. The credit of laying the foundation of this large and successful mission belongs to Mr. Hebich. Not only in Hubli, but in the surrounding towns and villages, too, this enthusiastic

missionary preached the Gospel to the people, winning many of them for the Saviour.

In the midst of this successful work, owing to the sickness of one of the younger missionaries, Mr. Hebich was invited to join the Malabar mission, but his heart was so sore, because of the critical and fault-finding spirit of his younger brethren, that he refused to go. He wrote that he could not now do any station work, for they had almost called him a thief to his face, and that if he were to settle down in a new station, his domineering spirit would only cause new dissensions, for he was only a poor black sheep that must be separated from the fold and feared. "Remember," he adds: "God has permitted all this in grace to come to pass, for He loves me and bears with me, in infinite compassion and patience, and this is my great joy. What does all this teach me? That He would humble me and that after He has cleansed me, He will yet gird me for some special work. Just as a superior Power drove me into the Mission College, through many bitter trials, so I see this Power, in my new call to the work of an itinerating evangelist. I cannot, therefore, make up my mind to go to Tellicherry. In the fear of God this is my advice: set me free and pray for me! Later on I may visit Tellicherry and would then be willing to serve as a servant, so long as I may be needed there. I commend myself and you to the grace of our great God and Saviour and remain in Him your faithful and humble fellow-worker in the work of the Lord, Samuel Hebich."

The land of Macedonia, to which he was being beckoned, was the large kingdom of the Maharaja of Mysore. Feeling oppressed and burdened it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Hebich did not feel much like witnessing for

Christ, as he had done heretofore. He first visited a married officer in Puttur, but confessed: "I was not as faithful there as I ought to have been, for I only warned them indirectly. May God in mercy forgive me!" Thereafter he climbed the mountains of Coorg, making a short stay in Mercara, visiting Major Bell and Captain Willis, who with their wives were servants of Christ. Here he had a bad fall from his horse, hurting himself badly and suffering much pain. From that moment he had again joy and peace and now was as fearless in witnessing for Jesus as ever before. His principal opponent in Mercara was an engineer, a fatalist, who denied the free will of man, and said, God is the author of all sin. One day, to clinch his argument with this loud talker, Mr. Hebich took hold of the man, much to his surprise and chagrin, and pushed him into a chair, saying: "Man, sit there! Don't get up! You have no free will of your own!"

He now visited all sorts of people and spoke with them about Jesus, having lively experiences in some of the houses of the great. A lady, in the presence of her philosophical husband, said to him, "Mr. Hebich, you preach a terrible doctrine!"

Sneeringly the doctor remarked: "See, I can laugh at everything Mr. Hebich says!"

"Yes, now you laugh," the German replied, "but you will die and thereafter we shall again meet and speak together. Will you laugh then?"

In Mercara it was the missionary's privilege to see quite a number of souls in the regiment hopefully converted, he baptised some and organised a regimental Church, putting it in charge of an assistant surgeon. At the next station, Humsur, he stayed long enough to win the doctor there

and his wife for Christ, then passing through the city of Mysore, where the London and Wesleyan missionaries were established, he went to Yelwal where Dr. Magrath, his warm friend and co-labourer, was stationed. He stayed here a few days, but did not have the same success as in Mercara, for the British resident was firmly entrenched in the icy walls of formalism, and his wife said, in reply to Mr. Hebich's appeal to come to Jesus for salvation: "It is impossible for us to know anything about God's grace. None can be assured of the forgiveness of their sins!"

Thereafter he went to the French Rocks, a military station, some three miles north of Seringapatam, the fortified capital of Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan, England's great enemies at the close of the 18th century. He there met a regiment, with which he had laboured in Mangalore, and he now went from house to house, calling on all to repent. An artillery officer and his wife gave their hearts to Jesus. A Lieutenant, who had come a long way to hear Mr. Hebich, was much moved, after speaking for two hours with the missionary, but could not find courage to confess Christ as his Saviour and his Lord. That evening at mess, while sitting alongside of Mr. Hebich, he suddenly found peace and rest, believing on Jesus, and, before all the officers at the dinner table, he said: "Now I believe on the Lord Jesus. I have forgiveness of all my sins in Him. Alas, how long have I withstood His loving call!"

Another officer and his wife found Jesus precious to their souls, and a lady, with whom he had talked and prayed much, being unable to see him when he made his farewell call, called out to him from her sick room: "Many

thanks, Mr. Hebich, for all your kind words about the Saviour. Now I have experienced everything you preached about, in my own heart. I am so happy in Jesus!"

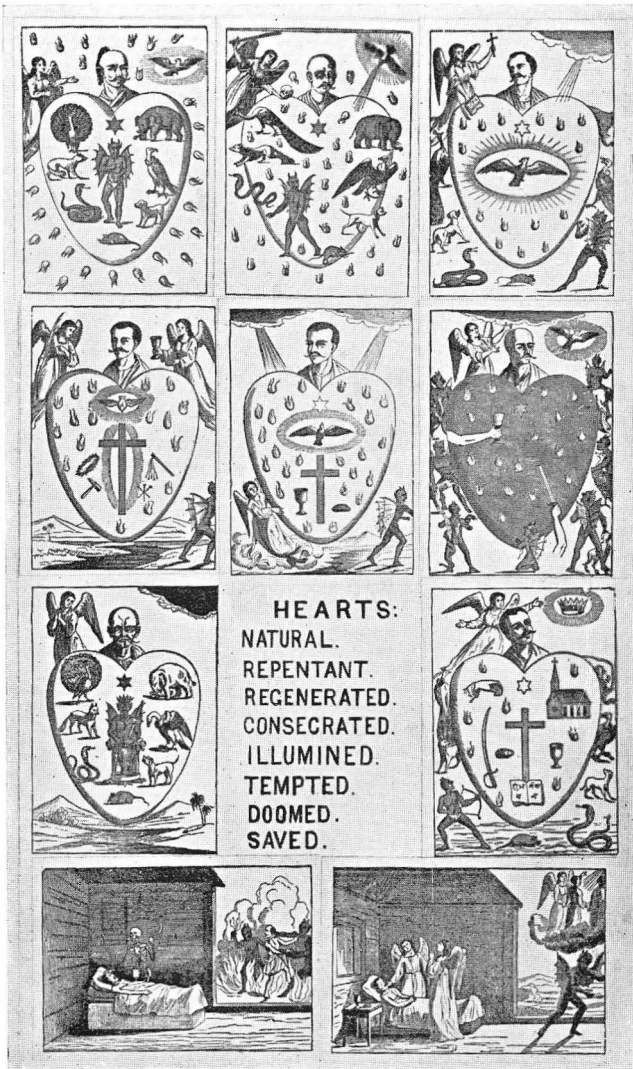
He now pushed on towards Bangalore. He preached to every one he met on his way. Some officers even followed him to learn the way of the Lord more perfectly. At last he came to the large capital, Bangalore, where he spent much time in going to high and low, beseeching them to accept Jesus as their Saviour. God richly blessed him everywhere. About his method of work he writes: "Among all the different questions that I put to the people, this one was the most successful in soul-winning: "Why did God give the ten commandments? Were they given for life or for death?"

"Usually the answer would be: 'They were given for life!'

"'Just so, but why is it that all men must die?'

"This would set them thinking, and, if a soul was chosen of God, in a day or two he would come to the Lord and receive forgiveness of his sins and the joy of eternal life."

After visiting a few other places, especially Chittoor, to see Dr. A. N. Groves, he spent a few weeks, answering his large correspondence, writing his mission accounts and studying God's precious Word. About these days spent in seclusion he reports: "I now again repented of all my sins. The verses: 'For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad,' and 'Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, and some they follow after.'—These verses I studied carefully.



HEBICH'S PACK OF CARDS

He took some cards out of his pocket, on which he had pasted the different illustrations of his favourite Heart-book, and, playing out card No. 1, he said: "Young men, this is trump!"

Oh, a holy God who cannot suffer anything unholy! May He not spare His rod nor His fire on me, and graciously open my eyes, in order that I may always behold Him."

Mr. Hebich now returned to Hubli and Dharwar. He stopped at various places, wherever officers were living, and preached to them all. Probably it was on this tour that he met two young officers whom he won for Christ. An old resident of Bangalore told me the story many years ago, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on others as it did on me.

"Two young officers, in a lonely station, having heard much about Mr. Hebich's eccentricities, wrote and invited him to dinner, expecting great fun. He accepted the invitation, and, much to the surprise of his hosts, he behaved like a perfect gentleman at the dinner table, chatting pleasantly, relating incidents of travel, and being very sociable and agreeable. Again and again the officers telegraphed their thoughts to each other by their looks: "Why, Hebich is a perfect gentleman, he doesn't say or do anything eccentric. We wonder why people talk so much about him!"

When the dinner was over, the young men, lighting their cigars, said to the missionary: "Mr. Hebich, will you have a game of cards?"

"Oh yes, I plays cards!" he replied.

After the table had been cleared, a pack of cards was produced. Then Mr. Hebich stopped them from dealing them out saying: "Shentlemen, I plays cards, yes, but I always brings my own cards. I cannot play mit your cards!"

Thereupon he pulled ten cards out of his pocket, on which he had pasted the illustrations of his favourite

Heart-book. Playing out card No. 1, representing man's natural heart, he said: "Shentlemen, dis is trump! so are your hearts. You infite me to dinner and dink you will haf much fun mit de old man. Now, I show you your hearts. See in it de defil, and not de Lord Jesus, sits on de trone. You haf all de defil's beasts in your hearts, you haf de peacock of pride, de shakal of cheating, de snake of enfy and de rat of gambling, de dog of efil desires, and de gluttony and de intemperance of de dirty fulture. Yes, all lust is in your hearts as big as de elefant! God's Holy Spirit cannot enter your hearts, because of dese efil beasts. Drife out de defil's menagerie!"

In this strain the old man continued preaching to the young men until they knelt with him in prayer, confessing their sins before God. They soon became followers of Jesus, driving the devil's menagerie out of their hearts, enthroning Jesus and making their hearts a habitation for God's Holy Spirit.

When Mr. Hebich came to Nandidrug, a mountain about 5,000 feet high, he was nearly murdered by a fanatical Mussulman, under peculiar circumstances. This man was a prisoner of state in the strong hill fort. He asked Mr. Hebich to come and see him, for the purpose of a religious conversation. During the course of their discussion, the old Christian said to the Mohammedan: "Your Koran is not historically true. It contains lies!"

This remark so enraged the prisoner that he drew a dagger from the folds of his dress, trying to kill the missionary, who only escaped with his life by flight over the slippery granite rocks of the hill.

At another place where he preached to the heathen, he was stoned, but, on the whole, he had a good hearing in

all the villages through which he passed, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God.

In February, 1840, Mr. Hebich, after a stay of some months in Hubli and Dharwar, finally returned to Mangalore with a joyful heart, for peace and harmony now reigned supreme among the brethren and all worked together in a spirit of love and union. An English school was opened in a Brahman's house that Dr. Møgling had rented in the bazar, and after all the work had been put in shipshape, Mr. Hebich left to help Dr. Gundert to straighten out all sorts of kinks in Tellicherry and Cannanore. Before leaving, his heart was cheered by hearing of the baptism of twenty Tulu farmers won for the Master by Mr. Greiner, also by the reading of a petition from the inhabitants of fifty villages, Billawers or toddy-drawers, who, like the Shanars of Tinnevely, seemed almost ready to join the Christian Church *en masse*. God also raised up a new friend to the mission, H. M. Blair, Esq., the new Collector of Mangalore, who purchased the ruins of the kutcherry or courthouse, destroyed by the Coorgs during the insurrection, and presented the whole hill, called Balmatha, to the Mission. Mr. Hebich cleared the jungle on this hill, reroofed the walls of the burnt houses, and now the mission was permanently established on this lofty, valuable hill.

In looking back upon his work in Mangalore, Mr. Hebich writes: "Those were years of great trials to us. How different these are from what we had conceived that they would be when we were still in the homeland! Methinks that if one could know them beforehand, at least, if I had known mine beforehand, and one were to consult with flesh and blood, he would not readily engage in this

work. I shudder to think of the many dangers into which the old devil, in thousands of ways, always tries to entice the Lord's servants and destroy them, body and soul. I am certainly ashamed of myself and marvel that God can still make use of me. But, O! our Lord is a faithful God and His promise: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!' — is yea and is Amen in Him. Hallelujah!"

CHAPTER VIII

The Work of the Lord in Cannanore.

Ye shall be holy, for I the Lord, your God, am holy! — *Leviticus 19, 2.*

But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd. — *Matthew 9, 36.*

OLIVE SCHREINER, the talented writer of "The Story of an African Farm", says: "Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; happiness is a great love and much serving!"

According to this definition Samuel Hebich was a holy man, for he always and everywhere had infinite compassion for others, especially for the erring and the fallen; he was a truly great man, for he never was ambitious, and never sought riches and honour for himself: he was always ready to take the common things of life and walk truly among them. He was also a happy man, for he loved much and was the servant of all men for Christ's sake. Nowhere was the holiness, the greatness, the happiness of this unique man to become more manifest than in his work at Cannanore, during the next nineteen years of his life.

Milton sings of "prevenient grace descending". Before Mr. Hebich came to Cannanore, God's prevenient grace had prepared the place for him. In the beginning of the

decade, 1830—1840, there was a widespread revival of religion in the army throughout India, and this had also spread to Cannanore. The converts of this movement were called "the new lights". At first one could count them on the fingers of his hand, but they were very active in winning others to Christ, and soon, in many a military station, there were scores of true followers of Christ. These met together for the study of God's Word and prayer and also tried to win the sepoy and the house servants to their Lord. A service for the Tamils had been begun in Cannanore and the chaplain and the Christian officers of the regiments preached to them and also opened a school, having even erected for their use a small chapel which was also made use of by the British soldiers. The constant change of leaders, however, prevented any genuine growth in grace. Soon there was wrangling everywhere about the non-essentials of Christianity, while the one thing needful was almost wholly neglected. Churchmen and Dissenters, Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Plymouth Brethren, Socinians, *et hoc genus omne* began to preach their distinctive doctrines, and there were contentions innumerable among the people. Almost every one, like the Corinthians of old, named every ecclesiastical name under the sun but that of Jesus. This was very regrettable, especially in a land like India, where the Hindus and Mohammedans watch Christians very closely and are greatly perplexed by the many denominational names. Owing to their ignorance of the native languages these ardent Christian officers sought out catechists and Bible readers among the natives themselves and soon were surrounded by a lot of hypocrites, parasites, and sycophants, who, calling themselves native preachers,

Bible readers, and catechists, were anything they found it most profitable to be. One day they were Romanists, then Anglicans, again Dissenters or sectarians, anything "master please," so long as they could reap a crop of rupees.

As it was impossible to look after the new work that had opened so remarkably in Cannanore from Tellicherry, Mr. Hebich was invited to come and bring order out of all this religious chaos in the large military station.

At first he only came to pay the station a three months' visit, June 27 to September 13, 1840. He was hospitably entertained by the good chaplain, and at once began his herculean task of clearing the jungle of thorny *isms* that was growing so luxuriantly in this soil and was so full of the wild beasts of religious passion and deceit.

On the very first Monday that he spent in the station, he took charge of the regular missionary meeting. After the meeting Mr. Hebich, not feeling very well, took some medicine and retired for rest, but so urgent were the calls from the little native congregation, that he had to get up and work till late at night, trying to settle their petty quarrels, urging them first of all to get right with God. After this there was so much for him to do that he could not even find time to make the usual calls on the European residents.

One of the men who opposed and hindered the German missionary in his work, was a spiritually-proud captain who kept asking all sorts of foolish questions.

One day he invited Mr. Hebich to call and see him and discuss his doctrines with him. Going hurriedly to his house the busy man said: "Good morning, Captain. I have called just to shake hands with you and to tell you

that discussions do no good and I have no time for them!"

The captain, however, would not let the missionary go, but made him sit down and listen to him, saying: "Mr. Hebich, you and our chaplain, Mr. Lugard, are both hypocrites. You don't believe what you preach and I want to set you right!"

"Well, well, brother, so you think that only you are right and the chaplain and I are wrong, but let me tell you that what you now speak is not spoken in the spirit of Christ, but in the spirit of the devil!"

"You, Mr. Hebich, also speak in the spirit of the devil!"

"Well, Captain, if you are not satisfied with what I say, then let me tell you in all confidence that you are so blinded by your pride that you cannot see yourself as others see you. You are a miserable hypocrite."

The missionary left the captain to chew this cud. After some days, however, the officer repented of his sins, and, in the last meeting of those three months, when many officers and soldiers were present, he confessed his sins before all. God was present in that meeting and revealed His power in the conversion of sinners.

Taking the common things of life, Mr. Hebich now walked truly among them. These common things were the instruction and edification of the poor native congregation, the members of which were Christians in name only. They almost all belonged to the servant class. He assembled them during the noon hour, when their services were not required by their employers, in a building the chaplain had given to him, and taught them the first things of the Gospel. For a fortnight he worked unceasingly among these menials to make plain to them, by all kinds of object lessons, the great truths of the atonement and the imputed

righteousness of Christ given to us sinners by His great atonement. He did this so often with a copper half-anna piece and a silver rupee that even the most illiterate Tamil woman could plainly understand these great doctrines. He would say:

“You see this half-anna? It is copper. It is almost worthless. Well, that is man. That is you, *pullugallu*, my children. Don't you see, your sins have made you only copper? When God created Adam, He made him pure silver, and he was to become pure gold, but, see, sin made him copper and even has rubbed off the image of God. Now sin has made us all almost worthless copper. So our sinful nature was always uppermost.” Then, covering the copper with the silver rupee, he continued:—
“Now look! Do you see the copper? No!—Why not? Because it is covered with silver. So Jesus' righteousness covers all our sins. When we repent and believe, all our sins are covered, and God only sees silver, the silver righteousness of Jesus' atonement. But don't forget that the old copper is still there and you must always watch and pray and cry, like Paul: ‘O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin!’ Beloved, only when Jesus' holy silver nature covers our sinful copper nature, only then can we also say what Paul says in the next chapter, the 8th of Romans: ‘There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death!’”

After a hasty visit to the poor plantation slaves at Anjaracandy, of whom we shall learn more in another chapter, and also a visit to Tellicherry where he preached powerfully to the civil employés of Government, he returned to Cannanore to finish his three months' work there. He baptised five believers in Jesus and gave the holy communion to forty-one persons, admonishing all, especially the women, to learn to read, and he established then and there a school for them. With money given him by friends, he bought new clothes for those who were too poor to buy them, and he now organized a little church in the chapel that had been presented to him. The chapel is on a very eligible site near the barracks. The good chaplain also gave a small schoolhouse. In this way, the Cannanore mission was now fairly well equipped for work.

But while this work had, in three months, become so successful among Europeans and Tamils, the natives of the coast were not influenced by him, except the second Rajah, or king, of Chirakal. This man knew Canarese, being well educated, and he frequently called to see the bearded parson, in order to converse with him in that tongue. Mr. Hebich urged the man to repent, but, when he hoped that he had made an impression on his heart, the poor superstitious man, who believed in spirits and claimed to be able to see them, said to him: "Really, Mr. Hebich, I think Buddha was right when he taught that heaven and earth came into existence without a Creator and that all is *maya*, illusion".

Pulling out his watch Mr. Hebich replied: "This also came into existence of itself and had no maker!" Yet the old missionary believed that this strange man was a seeker after truth.

After this long visit Mr. Hebich returned to Mangalore, but he no longer felt at home there. On the 22nd of December of that year he received his designation to Cannanore from the Committee in Basel, and he then joyfully closed his Canarese career to engage now in the great work of winning the heterogeneous masses of Malabar to Christ. On the 20th of January, 1841, he settled permanently in Cannanore, and he bravely entered the battle with the devil in this his stronghold, after having fought him so valiantly with him in Mangalore. He at first lived with the new chaplain, a very good, but a very narrow-minded man. He was hardly settled, when this clergyman began to make all kinds of demands of him that he could not agree to.

First of all he was asked to give up his convenient chapel and schoolhouse. The chaplain wanted these buildings for himself. Then he was asked not to preach to the English officers and soldiers. He was to be only a lay worker among the natives, instructing them in the way of life, reading the Bible to them, etc., but he must not think of baptising any of them, nor officiate at any other church service. At first Mr. Hebich, for the sake of peace, tried to comply with these demands, but he soon found that he could not conscientiously do so. So there was a division between him and this clergyman of the Church of England.

On the advice of some officers Mr. Hebich paid no attention to the opposition, but went ahead and enlarged the chapel, and acquired some more land which he added to the compound. He built two rooms for himself, adjoining the chapel, and soon was comfortably settled in his own house, having a view of the beautiful sea from his veranda and feeling as happy as a king in the prospect of nature and of the work that was spread out before him. This

beautiful compound is the present Basel Mission church compound, where a new and more commodious church has since been built, on the spot where Mr. Hebich's house and chapel had stood.

The nearest Basel Mission station to Cannanore was Tellicherry, where Dr. H. Gundert and his noble wife were living in the bungalow on the Nettur hill. Dr. Gundert was the first Basel missionary in Malabar. He had begun the work in Cannanore and had persuaded Mr. Hebich to come into Malabar and help him. When these two men met for the first time in Mangalore, the doctor thought that the eccentric bearded parson was an Armenian. After coming to know one another, they loved each other warmly, for they were just suited to help one another in the great work of winning Malabar for Christ. Very often, when the worries of the new work nearly made Mr. Hebich boil over in vexation of spirit, he would get on his horse, ride to Nettur, and, in the sweet quiet of the lofty bungalow presented to the mission by his spiritual son, Judge Strange, regain the mental equilibrium he so much needed for his important station work. Then, too, he sent students, especially girls, down to Tellicherry to be educated in Mrs. Gundert's excellent school. At other times he would review the girls and select from among them wives for his workers. In this way these missionaries worked together in a spirit of sweetest harmony.

While in Cannanore he preached almost without ceasing. His sermons were at first principally addressed to his Tamil congregation, but he worked also among the Europeans, the Portuguese, the Canarese, and the Malayalees. Among the latter, the natives of the coast, he won one noble convert, a respectable youth of the Nair caste, Krishna by

name. This youth after his baptism became his beloved son, Timothy, who served him as interpreter in all his public addresses. A school was opened for the Malayalees and soon one hundred pupils were attending it. Preaching stations were also started among the native regiments.

Every evening Mr. Hebich would preach in front of the house of one of his converts, and this place became his preaching station among the people of the 36th Regiment. Then he went to the house of a Portuguese gentleman and regularly, thrice a week, preached there through an interpreter to these mixed descendants of the earliest European settlers on the West Coast; another preaching station was in the quarters of the artillery, near the stables of the large Mysore bulls that were trained to pull the cannons. Among all these peculiar natives of the country he was permitted to win some for Christ.

Of course, the principal work was done on Sunday in the neat little chapel. There Mr. Hebich, wearing a black gown, stood before a little table covered with a white cloth. The open Bible lay before him. To the left the women sat with their babies on mats, while the men were on the right side sitting on benches. At the back sat the Europeans and Eurasians. To this strange congregation, made up of all sorts and conditions of people, he preached in English, every word being repeated in the vernacular almost as soon as it fell from his lips, by one of his well-drilled interpreters.

Owing to the great pressure of work among these hosts of people of various languages Mr. Hebich did not make the usual social calls and hence did not come into social relationship with the gentry of the station. He was too busy in the common things of life to attend dinner parties

and to engage in all the gaieties of society-life in a military station. There was only one family with whom he was intimate at that time, this was the family of Captain Bell, a good-natured giant, who took a great personal interest in the unique German missionary. But the good captain only lived a short time, dying soon after this friendship had been begun, happy in Jesus, having been led to the Saviour by Mr. Hebich.

Certainly missionary experiences repeat themselves! In the midst of his successful work, Mr. Hebich was found fault with by some critics for being too much in a hurry in baptising converts. They said that his work certainly could not be a genuine work of grace, if he was in such a hurry to baptise! To this he replied: "I think that where a church with its duly ordained minister has been established, it is best to baptise converts immediately, because:—

"First, a distinct decision for Christ is made;

"Secondly, baptism gives grace;

"Thirdly, the Lord's Supper gives grace;

"Fourthly, the communion of saints gives grace, and

"Fifthly, all this helps the hearing of the Word of God.

"Whoever comes for baptism surely comes for some reason or other. If there be only flesh, one soon finds that out, but if there be the Spirit's leading, this ought to be encouraged at once. If we neglect the right moment, the man becomes lukewarm and sits down between two stools; for an unbaptised heathen must, in some way or other, be on good terms with his caste, that is to say, with the devil, else he will be excommunicated and has to endure the same persecutions as a Christian, without having his means of grace. Naturally he will backslide. Of course,

mistakes will be made whichever course we pursue, but there is no doubt in my own mind which course is the most pleasing to the Spirit of God. When I behold the terrible opposition of the heathen to Christianity, I am convinced that those who ask for baptism, even though they be weak, are yet God's elect among the people!"

Dr. Mögling, who now with Dr. Gundert was Mr. Hebich's warm friend, in a comment on this statement says: "The one thing that has been lacking in India is the close union between the hearts of the missionaries and the hearts of the native Christians. If there be this union and communion of souls, then baptise them by the dozens, yea by the hundreds!"

Another question of missionary policy confronting Mr. Hebich in his new work at Cannanore was the perplexing question of giving financial aid to indigent Christians. About this he writes: "I candidly confess that I must give aid to these people, to Tamil vagabonds and others, who have come out of great degradation, are very poor and only half human, or else I can have no hold on them whatever. The Lord gives me in my soul a good witness on this question. I preach forgiveness of sins to the people in the name of Jesus and I cannot, when they reveal to me their sins, debts, and distresses, shut my heart to them. I told Col. Bell all about my difficulties and he gave me Rs. 225 for this purpose. I give to the needy clothes and board at school and make them loans of money when they are hard pressed by their creditors. Of course, such loans are repaid very slowly and with much difficulty. Lately I have ransomed with five rupees a lad who otherwise would have had to leave us. I believe he will become a bright and shining light!"

Mr. Hebich's confidence in his converts was often betrayed and his generosity abused. Practice does not always fit into theory as one cog does into the other; but nevertheless Shakespeare's words are true:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes!
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.

At the close of the year there were 111 adults and 66 children in Mr. Hebich's church, of whom he had baptized thirty-five adults and twenty children that year, most of these having come from heathenism. Now the first of many painful partings was to take place, for the 36th Regiment was ordered to China in November, 1841. So twenty adults and ten children, members of Mr. Hebich's church, left their pastor, never to meet again, until they met before the great white throne. In the year's report the faithful shepherd of these the members of his church writes:

"As the 36th Regiment, Native Infantry, left Cannanore by the end of last year, particular care was taken to ground those members of the congregation, whose departure was at hand, further in the knowledge of the Word, during the short remainder of their stay. Many of them have grown in grace. Two men have returned to their former sins. May they receive grace to repent while it is day! We have received a report of the safe arrival of our party at Vellore. One woman was attacked by cholera near Vellore and called home by the Lord after a sickness of twenty-four hours. 'When on her deathbed she called us together,' they write, 'and desired us to pray with her, and her last

words were: "The Saviour calls. I have now to depart!" She was a young woman, prepared for the Kingdom of heaven by inward affliction. Thanks be given unto the Lord for the grace vouchsafed to her soul! Those dear souls complain in their letters that there is no minister at their new station to take care of them, and we pray that the faithful Chief Shepherd, Jesus Christ, may watch over them and feed them Himself. Amen!"



CHAPTER IX

A New Departure in Missions.

Nay but by strange lips and with another tongue will he speak to this people, to whom he said: This is the rest; give ye rest to him that is weary and this is the refreshing; yet they would not hear. Therefore shall the Word of the Lord be unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little; that they may go and fall backwards, and be broken, and snared, and taken. — *Isaiah 28, 11-13.*

AT the beginning of the year 1842 Mr. Hebich inaugurated a new departure in missions, by visiting and preaching in every street and bazar in Cannanore. An old catechist told me that Mr. Hebich's time-table was as regular as a clock. He described the work done as follows:

“From early morning till late at night we distributed tracts everywhere. Our father would call us at sunrise for prayers, then we would all go together to four or five compounds visiting and preaching to officers and other gentlemen and their servants, then we went to the bazars and preached till 11 o'clock, then we went home for meals. All would eat together, then rest after breakfast for fifteen minutes. Again the bell called us, and again we would go to officers' and gentlemen's houses, preaching everywhere. From 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon till dark we would preach in the bazar, then dinner, and after that an English or Malayalam service, every evening in the week.

Father Hebich always went with us everywhere and never got tired."

On these preaching trips to the bazars Mr. Hebich would stay at one place half an hour, pray, sing and tell the Gospel story, then move on and thus go from place to place, until he had visited every nook and corner of the town. He would enter into no discussions, but courteously invite his opponents to call at his house and talk over all questions with him there. A very wise move, indeed!

By this new method of bazar preaching every inhabitant of Cannanore heard the Gospel, and this work was not in vain. The very first sermon in the street induced a Tiyya to come and see Mr. Hebich. As this man was the first convert won by this work and became one of the missionary's closest and best disciples, we will let Mr. Hebich tell us, in his own words, the story of the man's conversion:—

"Truly the Lord is with His people to the end of the world, according to His promise. Amen! He has given grace to His poor servant to carry on His work heartily and cheerfully, notwithstanding many temptations from without and within, and His grace has dwelt amongst us richly, notwithstanding all our infirmities, wherefore to Him alone be given honour, praise, and worship. Amen!

"From the commencement of the year 1842, we have, thanks be to the grace of God, begun to preach the blessed Gospel daily in the bazar and in the streets, and to invite, in accordance with the command of the Lord, all men to enter into the Kingdom of God. The people have received our message in a satisfactory manner. During the last days, however, enemies have made their appearance.

"By the first of our addresses delivered in the bazar a Tiyya man was moved to call at the mission house, where

the Word of God was fully set before his soul. He resolved at once to reside on the mission premises and to receive catechetical instruction. After a few days, his wife, accompanied by two fine children, came to fetch him home. She was invited in a friendly manner to stay and to become a disciple of Jesus, but she scorned the proposal. Her husband followed her a little way, but returned to the mission house.

“The woman made another unsuccessful attempt, after the lapse of a few days. Then two friends came on the same errand. One of them, a wicked man, was at once sent away, the other followed him. As the stated time for bazar preaching approached and the catechists assembled in my room for singing and prayer, the Tiyya man desired to join us. While we were singing a hymn, that wicked man returned, seized the arm of his former friend and tried to draw him out of the room. I showed him, however, another way and turned him out of the gate.

“When all these attempts had failed, letters were sent to tell him that one of his children was very sick. The man went without my knowledge to see the child. He had intended to return immediately, but did not appear for some days. A catechist who was sent in quest of him, returned with the message that his people would not allow him to leave his house. I resolved, therefore, to fetch him back myself and went at 6 o'clock one Sunday morning. On arriving at his house I found the door open and saw him asleep by the side of his boy. I awakened him and asked if he was inclined to follow me.

“‘Yes!’ was his reply.

“‘Then follow me quickly!’—

“That wicked man was just drawing water from the well, when we left the house. He returned and attempted

to obstruct our passage. He was prohibited from doing so—the man's wife stood and looked on speechless.

“We departed, but the man's feet seemed to be paralyzed, he followed slowly. The woman ran to the neighbours and cried out: ‘Men, come and help us!’

“In a few moments we saw ourselves pressed by a crowd of people, among whom there were some Tiyys with large knives at their sides. They were kept back. But now his wife came and embraced him and would not let him go. What was to be done? I asked him if he wished to follow me. He replied again in the affirmative.

“It was a heart-rending sight reminding us of the word of the Lord: ‘If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also—he cannot be my disciple!’

“Seeing the crowd and the tumult increasing, I thought it best to give way this time and the people carried the prisoner back to his house. He is the barber of the village. On turning he said: ‘I am decided to become a disciple of Jesus, you shall not keep me from my purpose!’

“He has not yet returned, but sends word, from time to time, that he will come.”

This “Tiyya man” did come. A few days after the scene at his house all opposition to his going to Mr. Hebich's house ceased, and he was soon thereafter baptised with twenty other converts, receiving the new name Jude. This Jude became a quiet, earnest Christian and a pillar in the church of Christ. He greatly honoured Christ's doctrine by his godly life, till his death. He could, however, never induce any of his relations to follow his example—neither his wife nor any of his children would follow Jesus.

Nowhere did Mr. Hebich get a better hearing than at Tahy, a village of fishermen, some three miles south of the cantonment. Old and young, men, women, and children, crowded around the bearded parson, whenever he came, and all heard him gladly. He became convinced that he ought to settle a catechist or teacher there, in order that the poor people's fear of the Mohammedan princess, who owned the land, might be overcome. After much trouble he secured a house from a Portuguese, in which it was his intention to settle a Christian family, and also Timothy, his beloved son in the Lord. The closer he came to this promising people, however, the farther they receded from him, for they cared more for strong drink and the pleasures of this life than for the Gospel, and their souls' salvation.

These people are an exception to the people in Malabar generally. Instead of living in separate houses, situated in spacious gardens, they all live huddled together in small, frail huts covered with palm-leaves. These huts are near the seashore, and, in spite of salubrious breezes, the surroundings are very insanitary, for everywhere is the smell of rotten fish, and no one ever thinks of removing this putrefying mass. All work together in common, and also share their earnings in common. There is no individuality among them, and so there can be no individual action. Every man, woman, and child only do what the others are doing. They are like the fish that they catch: they always go in shoals. Some of them, however, were caught in the gospel net.

While this new departure in street-preaching was being pushed with all the enthusiasm and vigour Mr. Hebich possessed, suddenly, wholly unsought-for, the door for preaching to the European soldiers was opened to him.

This, too, may fitly be called a new departure. Heretofore it had been his endeavour to reach the poor sepoys and camp followers, but now he also had much work among the white men of the army. Many sin-sick soldiers, weary of their sad life of sin and sorrow, of the disgrace of drunkenness and debauchery, and longing for a Saviour from sin, now began to attend the services in the Mission Chapel so near to their barracks.

Mr. Hebich had provided a reading room for the soldiers, where they spent their days and evenings when off duty. Gradually they came to hear the peculiar German padre preach, being drawn to him by a spirit of curiosity. They thought "Hibbick", as they called him, very funny and were greatly amused by his foreign accent and ponderous preaching, but soon they followed the preacher into his private study, and there many of them were led to see their sinful hearts, and learned to cry to God for pardon.

A soldier's wife from Scotland was so enthusiastic, after hearing Mr. Hebich preach for the first time, that she said to her husband: "Mon, no meenister in this country has been so faithful to the Word as this man. Outside of Scotland there is none like him!"

Many drunkards and dissolute men were awakened and converted, and the wonderful changes wrought in them by the grace of God, made the preacher the daily topic of talk in the barracks. Many praised the German missionary and many also blamed him and prophesied that ere long the General in command would expel him from the cantonment.

Among the many worries and trials Mr. Hebich had at that time was one concerning the burial of the dead. The Government Christian cemetery was nearly full, and so he received orders not to have any more burials there. After

many petitions, and long, vexatious waiting, he at last received a grant of land for a new Mission cemetery. This land he at once enclosed with a solid wall, so that there might be no further disputes about this God's acre.

Not only did Mr. Hebich now reach the soldiers, separated so far from father and mother, brother and sister, and from all the loving influences that make home *sweet* home, but he also began to influence the proud, aristocratic army officers. As a practical business-man he had to attend to almost all the varied business of the Mission, being the Mission treasurer. In India, as a rule, banks are only to be found in very large cities, sometimes hundreds of miles apart, and the cashing of bills of exchange and even of the Government bank notes, causes much bother and worry, for the natives generally say: "Give us silver or gold. We will not take paper money, for wars make paper valueless; silver and gold we can bury or convert into jewelry!"

The financial business of the Mission often brought the missionary in contact with the army paymasters, who drew their money from the local Government treasuries, and who were glad to buy bills of exchange on London, in order to send remittances home. No matter how important and urgent this exchange business might be, Mr. Hebich never failed to speak to the officers of the army, whom he thus met, a good word for Jesus, his Lord and Master; sometimes humorously, sometimes with great earnestness. These remarks would always be short, pointed and impressive, and, of course, made 'Hibbick' the topic of talk, especially at the mess table, where all the events of army-life were discussed, and every good story would be told over and over again, calling forth roars of laughter. Let us listen to some of this small talk around the mess table:—

“By the way, to-day that old beggar, Hibbick, forced his way into the major’s quarters and he would not go, even when told to do so. Why, he had the impudence to tell the major that he was no Christian, but a Hottentot, and wanted to pray with him. He thinks that one can’t be a Christian, unless he is a Hibbickite! I tell you he is a mad man and ought not to be allowed to live in the cantonment!”

“No, no, he is not a mad man, or, if so, there is wonderful method in his madness! What Hibbick is after, is our money. Why, he is a regular Jew. I can swear to it that he got £ 600 last month. Some fine day you will find that he has run away with the money of his dupes!”

“That will serve them right. So long as there are fools with money, they and their money will soon be parted. Such men as Hibbick will easily succeed in wheedling it out of them!”

“Ha, ha, ha, did you hear the latest? To-day he stopped Captain Blank and told him a pitiful story of having been robbed. He couldn’t find his note of exchange and he said, to-day is pay-day, let me have your money, and the captain was fool enough to give him his whole month’s pay. He’ll never see a dub of that again!” —

Like the great Reformer of Germany, Dr. Martin Luther, with whom Mr. Hebich had much in common, the more he had to do, the more he felt the need of prayer. He never left his house to undertake anything without asking God to guide and bless him in all the work he was about to do. He was afraid to undertake anything in his own strength. “Every time I do anything in my own wisdom,” he was wont to say, “old Adam’s long donkey-ears are sure to show themselves!”

Mr. Hebich could only move and work and live and have his being in an atmosphere of prayer. Unless he had the witness of God's Holy Spirit in his soul that He would give him the victory, he never went forth to preach.

"One day," a missionary, one of his contemporaries, relates, "the bullock cart was ready, waiting for Mr. Hebich to come out of the house to go to old Cannanore to preach to the Moplahs. He rushed out of the house as though he were in a great hurry, but he did not get into the cart. There he stood as though he had forgotten something. Suddenly he turned on his heels and went into the house.

"He was gone for some time. Then he again came out, but did not enter the cart. He returned to his room, stayed there for some time, came out, entered the cart and told the driver to go on. When they came to the gate, he suddenly called out: 'Stop!' The driver stopped and for the third time he hurried into the house and remained there for quite a long time.

"When he came out of his room for the third time, I enquired: 'What is the matter, brother Hebich? Three times you started to go away and you have always returned to your room. What is wrong?'

"With a happy, smiling face the old man replied: 'Why, brother Diez, you see I am going to old Cannanore to preach to the Moplahs. But how can I go, unless I am sure of victory? I thought God had heard my prayer when I started the first time, but I wasn't sure, so I went back, but I had no assurance even then. Being impatient I did not take time to wait on the Lord, so I had to go three times. Now I am sure of victory, for I have now the witness of the Spirit.'

So he went joyfully to meet those enemies of Christ as a victor into battle!

This was one of Hebich's chief characteristics. Every soul he won for Jesus was, like the children of the Apostle Paul, begotten through the Gospel, because he travailed for them in birth, until Christ was formed in them. He prayed for them in great anguish of soul, until he had the assurance that God had given them unto him, then, like a General sure of victory, he would attack the citadels of their souls. Such faith in God's promises, firm as a rock, often seemed presumptuous to some who had more caution than faith, and who always claimed that seeing is believing and not that believing is seeing. Are any of their descendants alive to-day?

At this time Mr. Hebich became a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks for the sake of the soldiers, and advised everybody to follow his example. He had been asked to preside at an anniversary meeting of the Army Temperance Association, and found that he could not conscientiously preach temperance to others, unless he practised temperance himself. He thus combined fasting with prayer.

In the hot month of May, 1842, the chaplain went away on a month's leave, so Mr. Hebich became his *locum tenens*. He now preached regularly every Sunday evening to the officers and soldiers of the army and to the other Europeans and Eurasians of the station. As the chaplain's health was not restored by this month of rest, he went in September on furlough to Europe, for six months, leaving all his work to the missionary. This did not please the staunch churchmen, some of whom even blamed the missionary for the chaplain's break-down in health.

In his own church the missionary now wholly discarded the use of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, preferring his own heart-prayers to Jesus to the formal prayers of the book. He also now inaugurated a new service in his church. In order to bridge over the chasm between the natives and Europeans he arranged that all were to partake of the Lord's Supper in common. This united celebration greatly cheered his heart and soul. He would have Jesus and Jesus only as the goal of all, and pressed them to forget all social and caste distinctions in the presence of their one Lord. All these services took up so much of his time that he had no leisure to make mere social calls. He would neither receive nor return formal calls, nor accept any invitations to dinner. His whole time was occupied in preaching, thrice a week in English, and very often in Canarese, and he also preached through interpreters to the Tamils and Malayalees.

One of the most onerous tasks he undertook at that time was to straighten out the many matrimonial tangles among the Tamils. Many were living together without being married; these he united together in the bonds of holy matrimony; others, though married, had forsaken their lawful husbands and wives and were living with others, these he forced to live honourably and to forsake their sinful ways. He did even some questionable acts of justice, taking the law into his own hands; for instance, he divorced a woman from her husband, who had been sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary, and married her to the father of her illegitimate children.

So Mr. Hebich's time was fully occupied in preaching the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, Europeans and natives, and the more he had to do the more capacity

for work he seemed to show. Daily the Gospel was preached with peculiar power, and almost daily there were enquirers and converts. Certainly this new method of work among Europeans and natives was a new departure in missions. God's hand was in it all, and all was done to the glory of His Holy Name.



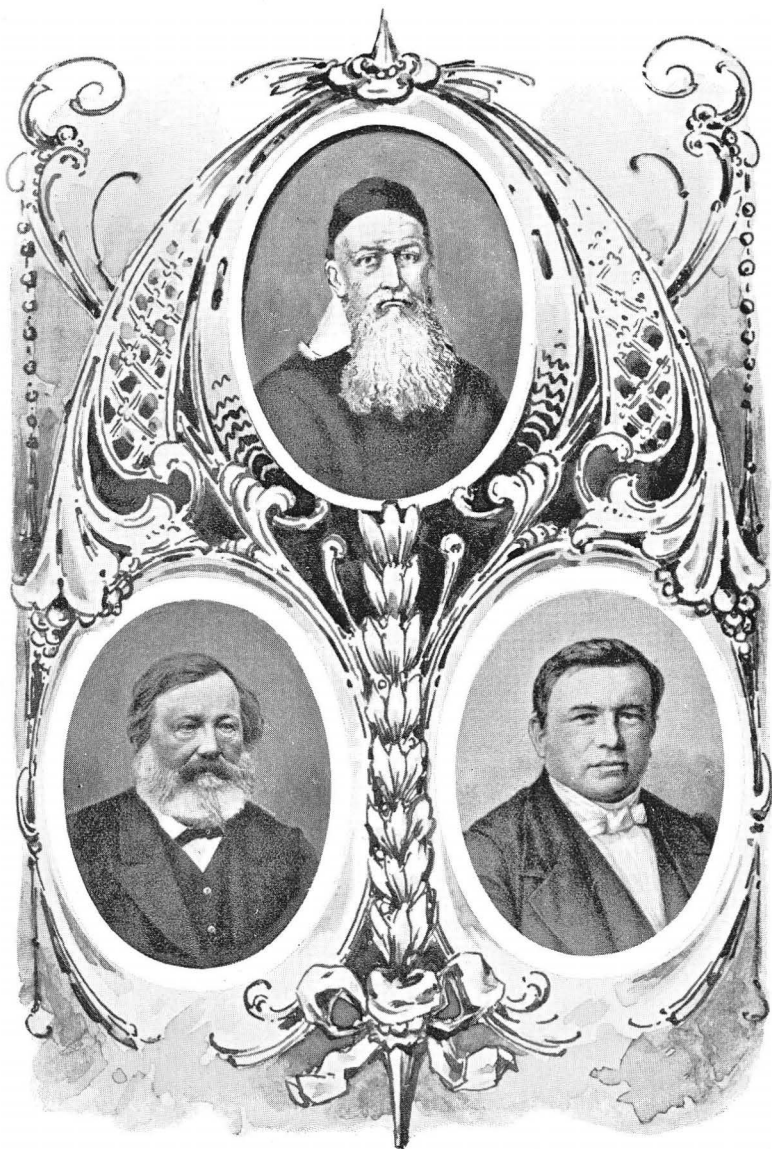
CHAPTER X

Hebich and His Fellow-Missionaries.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious oil upon the head that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard. Like the dew of Hermon that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion. — *Psalm 133.*

WE have already seen in a previous chapter that Mr. Hebich preferred pulling in single harness to working in a team, matrimonially, or even with his fellow-missionaries. He had his faults and was conscious of them, and therefore he preferred to do his work alone, and not give rise to misunderstandings and strifes. He loved his fellow-missionaries and there was nothing that he would not do for them — if they left him in possession of his work and station and did not wish to have a finger in his own particular pie. There was no sacrifice that he was not willing to make for them, if he could thereby serve them. He was always the first to weep with those who wept and the first to rejoice with those who rejoiced. His character was very peculiar. To the native and European members of his church he was as open as a book, but to his fellow-missionaries he often seemed to be an enigma. They could not understand him. He loved, above all, God's work, and nothing so filled his heart with rapture as to hear of the success of his brethren in other stations of the Mission.

In the eventful year, 1842, a new and very important station had been opened in Calicut, the headquarters of



THREE PIONEER MISSIONARIES

S. HEBICH, Master Fisher of Men.

Dr. GUNDERT, the First Malayali Missionary
of the Basel Mission.

Dr. MÖGLING, the Founder of the Basel
Mission in North Canara and Coorg.

Malabar, by the Rev. J. M. Fritz, who had been Dr. Gundert's assistant in Tellicherry, but who now was deputed to carry on this new and important work. For forty years Mr. Fritz was permitted to be a most successful missionary on the West Coast of India. As soon as possible, Mr. Hebich went to the assistance of his young friend, and, by his energetic help a fine site for the new mission station was secured, the Collector of Calicut, H. V. Connelly, Esq., being a warm friend of missions and missionaries. He took a warm personal interest in the peoples committed to his charge, especially in the wild Nayadis, a savage jungle tribe. Mr. Connelly urged Government to civilize these strange people who were more like the wild beasts of the hills than human beings. As he did not succeed in moving the authorities to do anything for them, he undertook the work himself, in co-operation with the German missionaries, paying all expenses out of his own private purse.

The Rev. Christian Irion, a good-natured Suavian, a fellow-countryman of Mr. Hebich's, was sent to Tellicherry to take up the work Mr. Fritz had left. The senior missionary at once went to welcome the new recruit and they became, in after years, warm friends. Mr. Irion humorously tells us about his first meeting with his eccentric friend:

"Mr. Hebich," he writes, "had hardly heard of my arrival in India, when he left his station and rode down to Tellicherry to see me. After the first excitement had passed, he invited me to take a walk with him. He explained trees and plants and many customs, strange and new to me, called my attention to their various peculiarities and spoke very interestingly to me about all the things we saw along the way. At last, seating ourselves on one of

the old cannons of the dilapidated fort on the Nettur hill he said to me: 'Now my young brother, I want you to bear one thing in mind and that is that as yet you know absolutely nothing. You must, if you want to become a successful missionary, become conscious of your own ignorance.'

"Being proud of my record at college, I replied: 'Why, Mr. Hebich, a man does not spend years in study and not learn something. I am not at all ready to admit that I know absolutely nothing and have everything to learn. I am not an ignoramus!'

"To this the dear old man warmly responded: 'Why, man, here everything is new to you. You are only a recruit and have not yet learned your drill. You know nothing about mission work. If you imagine you know anything, you must fail. Begin your work with a confession of your own ignorance!'

"'No, no, Mr. Hebich, that is asking too much of me; I am young, but I am not so ignorant and inexperienced as you think I am!' I said, conscious of my own powers.

"Then the old warrior only shook his head and gave up arguing with me. In later years how glad I would have been, if young missionaries along with their many other gifts, natural and acquired, had brought this gift of ignorance that Mr. Hebich so longed to see in me, with them from the homeland. How easy it would then have been for me to introduce them to their new work!"

In spite of Mr. Hebich's protests and prayers, the Committee in Basel were determined to send him an assistant, for they believed that the burdens he was bearing were too heavy for any one man to bear; for, in case of his

break-down, the work would suffer great loss. When he learned of this decision of the Committee, great fear seized upon him and he wrote an earnest appeal to the Committee not to send any one to his station.

“Alas, brethren!” he pleads, “how happy we were, in 1836, to learn of the coming of new recruits, but how disappointed we were afterwards. Burnt children dread the fire! Continue to pray for me and the work here. With native help I can do all the work here, so long as I am well. Let that suffice! Don’t think of me, but send men to places where the need is great. I wish you would man Vingorla and Mercara.”

He confided all his fears to his erstwhile critic and now warm friend, Dr. Mögling, who advised him to express himself in plainer words in his letters to the Committee, adding a friendly note: “At the same time, I think, you could make good use of a brother who would be willing to begin his career at the foot of the ladder and not expect to begin at the top. But if you want the Committee in Basel to understand you, you must write your prescriptions more legibly, or they will misunderstand you and send you a humble little brother, such as those were with whom you have had so much trouble heretofore!” Mr. Hebich made a mistake in not following this good advice.

In the month of November, 1842, Dr. Mögling came down to Cannanore to persuade Mr. Hebich to return with him to Mangalore, to welcome eight new missionaries, who were expected daily from Europe. These landed on the 28th of that month and received a cordial welcome from all. The children of the school sang vernacular hymns to German tunes, and Mr. Hebich preached in English. In order that the newcomers might also understand him, he

now and then interlarded his address with exhortations in German, moving all, especially the new missionaries, to tears.

In after years, when Mr. Hebich was the President of the Mission, it was often his privilege and pleasure to welcome new missionaries in Cannanore. An old catechist described this to me graphically, so I will give, as far as possible, the old saint's descriptive account of such a welcome in his own words:—

“When our father heard that a ship was in sight bringing new missionaries, he would go to his cook and say: ‘Peter, new missionaries are coming. Peter, to-day you must cook good dinner. New missionaries cannot eat rice and curry, so Peter, we must give them good dinner!’

“‘Yes, master, I cooking good dinner!’ Peter would say. ‘I know food new missionaries like to eat!’

“‘That's right Peter. Make good soup and roast the meat well for new missionaries!’

“Then our father would take his big cane and chatri (umbrella) and go to the customs house, where he would receive the new missionaries, helping them in every possible way. He would give each new brother a kiss and say: ‘Welcome, welcome dear brother, to this glorious army of our God!’

“Then he would bring them to the mission compound, but not take them to his house, but to the chapel. Ringing his bell, he would call all the catechists and compound people to the church and then he would say: ‘This is brother so and so, that is brother so and so. Do you know what they are? They are warriors who have come to fight the devil. You must all pray for them, pray much for them. Now let us pray!’

“Then, kneeling down, our father would pray for every one by name and ask God to make him brave and valiant.

“Arising from his knees and standing before the new missionaries he would say to each one of them: ‘Brother, you are a young recruit. I am an old warrior. Hear me! You must fight in India many devils. Here are devils of all kinds, Hindu, Mohammedan, Brahman, and other devils. You must load your gun well. Brother, what is your gun?’

“‘The Bible!’

“‘Right! keep it loaded and fire into the enemy and you will always win!’

“Then turning to us, our father would say: ‘*Pullagallu*, my children, pray, O, pray much for these new recruits. You know the devils of this land, they do not. Pray God to help them to kill these devils with the gun of the Word!’

“Then all would leave the church, and now our father would take them to his house, and Peter would bring the dinner, and they would eat.”

The next day, after the arrival of the new missionaries at Mangalore, Mr. Hebich officiated at the marriage of his friend Mr. Greiner to his bride, one of the party, and spent the day in social intercourse with the brethren. In the afternoon there was a picnic and all enjoyed themselves very much. When there was danger of this joy becoming too hilarious, the old missionary brought all back to their senses, remarking: “See, what clowns we are!” Now many earnest questions were discussed and the joy of the Lord filled every heart. This break in Mr. Hebich’s work, however, was of short duration for, that night he rode back to Cannanore.

Soon his newly appointed associate, the Rev. J. Huber, whom the Committee sent out to be associated with him in

spite of his entreaties not to do so, followed Mr. Hebich to Cannanore arriving there just when the church had assembled for worship. Coming into the chapel, the young man asked all to remember him in their prayers, for he was conscious of his own ignorance and insufficiency and felt that he could do nothing without divine help and guidance.

Mr. Hebich at once seconded this, and, kneeling down, prayed: "Oh, Lord, prepare Thou our brother for his work, in order that he, in such a mixed-up world as this, may learn to do Thy work in Thy fear. Amen! There is a great work to be done here, but a young brother cannot do it in his own strength. In this devil's land things are so different from what people at home think them to be. So help our brother, Lord Jesus!"

After welcoming brother Huber he told him that it would be best for him to go to a quiet place to study the language and so arranged for him to join two of the new missionaries, F. and Ch. Müller, in Tellicherry, in the study of Malayalam.

When Mr. Huber had a fair knowledge of the language, he once more returned to his designated station, but this did not at all suit Mr. Hebich. It would have been a kindness to this young brother, if he had frankly told him that he had no use for him and that he had better go elsewhere. Instead, Mr. Hebich let the young man stay with him for a month, letting him feel, however, that he was not wanted by ignoring him in everything and treating him more like an unwelcome guest than a fellow-worker. After beating about the bush for about a month and causing him great heartache, he finally said: "Brother Huber, it is impossible for you to stay here. I do not need an assistant!"

"But why can I not do something?" the young man said: "I do not ask to do any great work. Let me teach the children and help in any other small work, so that I may learn of you!"

"No, no, no! I don't need any help," Mr. Hebich replied, without opening his heart to the young man whose life he was embittering by his strange words and action.

In August, 1843, Mr. Huber left Cannanore for another station. He felt sore and sad, and justly so. Of course, some of the other missionaries censured Mr. Hebich for his cruel treatment of his young, inexperienced brother who had nothing whatever to do with this his appointment and designation to Cannanore.

Mr. Hebich humbly replied to these reproofs: "God knows how true it is that I have no use for an assistant, and God also knows that in saying this I do not, in any way, wish to hurt Brother Huber's feelings. The whole thing is a heavy burden both to him and me, and, probably, the burden presses harder on me than it does on him!"

To this strange defence, Dr. Mögling replied: "Something is decidedly wrong in your make-up. You never go out of yourself to put yourself in the place and thought of others, so you cannot think and feel as they do. All your troubles spring from this source. You are too much man and too little woman; you have great gifts as a leader and a commander, but you are never willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men in the ranks!"

That this judgment of the senior missionary's friend was a mistaken one, many subsequent events proved. No one in the Mission was ever more ready to bear his brother's burdens than Mr. Hebich. He would always weep with the weeping and rejoice with the rejoicing. If

any one was in trouble, he was always ready to help and comfort him and bear his load, until relief was in sight.

Once a young missionary had fallen into the Slough of Despond. His gaze was no longer onward and upward to the shining gate, but he only saw and felt all about him the quicksands and the mire of sad doubts and sorrowful unbelief. The young man was so terribly disheartened that he had made up his mind to leave India and cut loose from the faith of his fathers.

Hearing this the old hero of faith hastened to the despondent young man the day after Easter, saying to him enthusiastically, convincingly, and comfortingly as he entered the house: "My dear young brother, why do you look so sad? Why, man, you look as though there had been a death, as though our Lord Jesus had died again. It isn't true. He is risen! I know it to be a fact! Only yesterday I was permitted to proclaim that glorious Gospel. Come cheer up! Jesus is not dead. He lives, He lives, He lives!—He reigns, He reigns, He reigns! Come, live with the Risen Saviour and don't dwell in the gloomy tomb. Jesus lives and reigns and will come again. Hallelujah, Amen!"

The old man continued talking in a strain of such enthusiasm that soon the young man's gloom was dispelled. He again heard the voice of his Living, Reigning Lord say: "Lovest thou me?"—and with the old saint he again gratefully sang a German choral which expresses almost the same sentiment as the glad song, so old and yet so new:

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine!

—I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,

And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,

And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow:

"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis *now*!"

At another time, the Committee at Basel had sent orders, dismissing a young man from the Mission for disobedience of orders and ordering his return home. These orders hurt Mr. Hebich more than any one else. They gave a severe blow to his sympathetic heart. Pleading earnestly and humbly with the Committee before final action was taken, he wrote the following petition, praying for a reconsideration of their action concerning the erring one, also enclosing a letter from the penitent brother:

“After reading the enclosed letter I am overwhelmed with a feeling of my own insufficiency. First of all I want to humble myself down to the very dust, in spirit, before you and pray you, in the name of our Lord Jesus, who was crucified for our sins and whose work you are doing, to forgive and to receive back our dear brother. Oh, if you could only believe me, I deserve far more to be cast aside than he, and this will prove to you how unworthy I am to intercede for him.

“Be assured that he is now doing much more faithful work than ever before. Since the angels in heaven have such great joy over a repenting sinner, how can we do otherwise than to share this joy with them? When there is joy in heaven, there can be no ban, no curse on earth: there is only blessing. If it were not so, dear sirs, your Mission would long ago have ceased to exist.

“I glory in the grace and compassion of my Lord, Amen! And since I have now prayed to you for others, I also crave your pity for me, a poor sinner. But I have been cleansed by grace, I have been sanctified, I have been justified by the Name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God, to whom be glory for ever, Amen!”—That petition was not made in vain!

During the course of years it was found necessary to reorganize the Mission, so as to carry on the work more effectively. At first there had been a general conference of missionaries, and at the annual session all matters pertaining to questions on the field were settled then and there. Owing to misunderstandings in the General Conference the work of the Mission was then put into the hands of a Reference Committee, and every station presented its needs to this Committee. But this did not work successfully in the long run, so the Mission returned to the conference system, having local conferences for local work and a general conference for the final settlement of all work. The *præses* or president of this conference was not elected, but received his appointment direct from the Home Committee in Basel. The secretary associated with him also received his appointment from home. Such an appointment virtually made the president the bishop of the Mission.

On the 4th of June, 1850, a letter came from Basel, appointing Mr. Hebich the first president of the Mission and Dr. Mögling his secretary. He entered upon his high office with a heavy heart. This burden was increased, when he learned of the serious illness of Dr. Mögling, his secretary, who was suffering from heart disease in Mangalore.

In spite of torrential rains, Mr. Hebich went to see his friend and arrived in Mangalore on the evening of the 2nd of July. He saw that Dr. Mögling was a very sick man and could not stay long in India. Dr. Mögling was suffering acutely from overwork. While he did not return home till about two years later, he yet could give Mr. Hebich little assistance, so the burdens of the already overburdened man were being increased.

After doing all he possibly could for his secretary Mr. Hebich returned to his station, now practically doing the work of two men in this new department of the Mission. Mr. Hebich was never a hard taskmaster and always worked himself harder than he did others. In spite of this close organization, making the senior missionary the executive officer of the Mission, none could ever complain of this president that he kept the missionaries in the narrow path of system and law. He himself was not much in favour of stringent rules and regulations, but preferred to have liberty for himself and others, to follow the leadings of God's Holy Spirit. In his official correspondence he warned the Committee in Basel not to depend too much upon a code of laws for success, but to adopt his own Indian motto: "Slow, but sure!"

"I fear," he writes, "that too many rules will let the devil loose and that he will steal away all divine life. Then we shall only have the mere human element left. This stinking part of man may be filled with fine speeches and much science, so-called, but the Lord Jesus will no longer be the beginning and the end of all. For God's sake, shape your course out here towards the life in God!"

"I am willing to forget the old, even though it be better, and to learn obedience, but let me always only serve the Crucified One. I beseech you, do not tie my hands. In this Babel one thing is and always shall be the one thing needful: that He saves sinners! Oh, how precious are men's souls in His sight! How beautiful are the souls He enters! How glorious is my office to be permitted to lead souls to Him!"

Mr. Hebich, like the Apostle Paul, was "often in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from the Gentiles,

in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In labour and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Beside those things that were without, there was that which pressed upon him daily: anxiety for all the churches.

This anxiety for all the churches was principally a financial one. Not only did Mr. Hebich, as president and mission treasurer, have to administer the mission funds, but very often, too, he had to fill the depleted mission treasury. And then what thieves he had to guard against! Not only was there danger from human thieves, but greater danger from rats and insects.

Once while away from his station, for security's sake, he had sent the mission funds to the army paymaster for safekeeping. His heart sank within him, however, when a short time thereafter he received a letter from that officer telling him that in one night those tiny pests of India, the whiteants, had entered the large cash chests of the army and had attacked two bags full of money. In these bags were two bills of exchange belonging to the Mission. Fortunately for Mr. Hebich, the numbers were still decipherable and so all marks of identification had not been destroyed.

Another great worry was caused him by his fellow-missionaries, because they were so negligent in submitting their annual accounts to him as the treasurer of the Mission. As a business man he was accustomed to punctuality and it was a burden to him to get unpunctual and improper accounts from some of his brethren. Sometimes he had even to leave his important station and go to them to assist them in preparing their accounts. In all of his business

letters there would never be an irritable word of censure, but always a word of cheer or encouragement.

Before sending his reports and accounts home he would circulate them among the missionaries for criticism and approval. Even now drafts of some of these are kept in the archives of the Mission at Cannanore, where I saw them. Under one of these beautifully written accounts giving clearly and faultlessly all the receipts and expenses of the Mission, Mr. Hebich wrote: "Dear brethren, I am sure that if we only were to try, we could all of us improve in writing up our accounts. You will, on perusal, see that some of the brethren have correctly written down every item. Let us imitate them and do the same next year. This everlasting adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing of figures cripples me very much. Dear brethren, please bear with your old brother!"

When his actions were criticised, he would never—as the Americans put it—fly off the handle. Instead of making an angry retort he would quietly say: "All your criticisms only make me pray more than ever!"

Mr. Hebich's whole private and public life was a life of self-depreciation and not one of self-exaltation, or one of fault-finding with his brethren. This spirit of humility and service overcame every obstacle, and, in spite of his faults and eccentricities, the longer his fellow-missionaries were associated with him, the more they loved him.

CHAPTER XI

Native Assistants.

Thou therefore, my child, be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and the things which thou hast heard from me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others. Also, suffer hardship with me as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. — *II. Timothy 2, 1-3.*

WHILE Mr. Hebich would not and could not have European missionaries working alongside of him in his own station, he realized more than others, perhaps, the necessity of having duly qualified native assistants. These were his children, his 'Bübele', as he loved to call them. He was always on the lookout for promising lads who might become preachers and teachers, and these he trained for the work in his own peculiar way, in spite of the adverse criticism of his fellow-missionaries. All the arguments of his brethren could not break up his peripatetic theological school, in which he taught his 'Bübele' to become efficient catechists.

How Mr. Hebich won one of these boys for the Master he himself tells us in one of his reports. After describing some of his trials with his converts, he writes: "I myself was grieved to the heart—the work of the Lord is going through death. I have cried unto the Lord and my preaching has become more than ever bold. He has enabled me to throw all my cares upon Him.

“During that time of trouble and sifting, our gracious God and Father in Christ Jesus lifted me up and comforted me greatly through a boy whom I had received into the mission compound. He is the son of one of the household of my congregation, a boy, for his circumstances, well instructed, of about sixteen years of age, but idle and only intent on play. He was just going to join some of those who thought it better to leave the padre again, in order to get liberty for running after their former lusts. He had already made up his mind to run away; but behold, it happened that the Lord was pleased to make me one day preach about the craftiness of the devil. From that moment the boy had grace given him to see his way clearly. He stopped and was held as by the arm of the Lord. However, I remained ignorant of it.

“Some time afterwards his pious mother who thought it also better that her son should take service again, asked the boy: ‘Why do you stop here with the padre? You get to eat only twice a day and so badly. You had better go into service again!’

“But the boy answered her full of the Spirit: Oh, mother, man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!

“The mother was humbled to tears, worshipped in the Spirit, and went silently home. Also of this I was ignorant, yet, by and by, it pleased the Lord to make it known to me. It is my custom, from time to time, to call upon some one in the congregation, during divine service, to offer up prayers. Thus one morning I called upon this boy, as I observed some change in him, and how great was my joy, and how warm my thanksgivings to the Lord who works both to will and to do, when this boy edified us all through the Spirit!

“Such is the way of the Lord, and thus is He pleased in the riches of His mercies to comfort and lift up His servants amidst great trials. Praised be His Holy Name for evermore, Amen! May He continue to bless and keep this boy for His own glory and praise. His name is John Jacobi. He has given himself freely to the Lord for His holy work.”

This boy and his brothers, Joseph and David Jacobi, were some of Mr. Hebich's first assistants. They were the sons of a Tamil servant of an earnest Christian army surgeon. John was sent to England and studied medicine somewhat, while Joseph was preparing for service in the Church of England. He became a deacon at Codacal and survived his two brothers.

John, as we have seen, often cheered the heart of the missionary, when his patience was tired to the uttermost by the pranks of the thirty youths he had in his compound and whom he was trying to train for gospel work. The majority of the boys were very self-willed, deceitful and wayward, and often ran away from school when asked to do things they did not approve of. Joseph graphically describes as follows Mr. Hebich's method of training these wild youths to become soul-winners and gospel workers:

“First of all, our good father Hebich would follow us everywhere and stay with us and win our love and respect, then we would follow him and do whatever he asked us to do. He would say: ‘Bübele, you are to be soldiers of Jesus and so you must learn to endure hardness. A parade soldier is of little use. You must become a battle soldier and learn to fight the devil.’ So our father asked us to work in the garden, plant and water trees and do all kinds of

cooly work. He never gave us fine food. We got enough plain food, but no luxuries.

“But while we worked in the coffee plantations and did cooly work, we also were taken to the bazars and compounds to help in the preaching of the Gospel. Our father would go with us everywhere. He would also take us into the houses and huts of the sick and dying and ask us to pray with them. There he would show us that all is but vanity and that only Jesus and His love is worth living for. By precept and example our father taught us to become zealous, steady, humble workers in the Lord’s vineyard. Work for Jesus thus became our greatest joy, and suffering for His Name’s sake our greatest glory!”

Mr. Hebich always sought to point out to his converts the weakest points in their character. He knew himself thoroughly and so he also knew men thoroughly. The one great flaw in the character of all men is that they think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, and that they are fashioned according to this world and are not transformed by the renewing of their mind. Seeing this fault of faults in his native assistants, it was his endeavour so to train them as to help them to overcome it and lead them to sit humbly at Jesus’ feet.

“All conceit in a Hindu,” he writes, “even though he be the best educated of men, will be sure to make him unfruitful. In an assistant we need nothing so much as a manly character, genuine piety, and zeal for God’s cause. These qualities alone can make a white missionary a successful worker. Did not the Lord, first of all, choose fishermen? Thereafter He also made use of a Paul and an Apollos. In missions to the heathen, it is the poverty of the fishermen, in the strength of the Lord, that is to train

the heralds of the Lord for their work, because the Lord has thus found it to be well to work through His Holy Spirit!"

One of the weaknesses of this mode of reasoning is that Mr. Hebich judged his assistants and gospel workers by himself. He expected others to do what he himself was doing and he forgot that there is a great diversity of gifts among Hindus as well as among Europeans. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are diversities of ministrations, and the same Lord. And there are diversities of workings, but the same God who worketh all things in all. But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal!"—Self-made men are very prone to forget that after all they are God-made men.

Whenever Mr. Hebich would visit neighbouring mission stations he would always keep his eyes open, in order that he might select good, pious girls to become efficient wives for his assistants. He was very particular about these wives, for he knew only too well that they were the making or marring of his gospel workers; hence he did not let them make their own selection, but followed a wise rule of his Mission. When a young man wished to marry, if he or his parents had chosen an eligible girl and Mr. Hebich approved of the choice, he gladly sanctioned the marriage, otherwise he himself made the choice for the young man. We shall see later on that he also adopted this rule in the selection of wives for his European assistants.

After having lived ten years in India Mr. Hebich was still hale and hearty, but owing to a tired feeling, he now only performed the most necessary work and did as little literary work as possible. Preaching never seemed to tire him, but he had many worries that were wearing out his spirit.

One of these worries was caused him by his former assistant Paul, who, without leave, left the slave church at Anjaracandy, came to Cannanore and began there an independent church among the Tamils, many of whom did not wish to submit to Mr. Hebich's strict church rules, and yet they desired to keep up the appearance of Christians. Subsequently Paul entered the service of the Church of England and took his congregation along with him. This was really providential and a blessing, for Mr. Hebich was relieved from all responsibility for these Tamils, who, after all, were only foreigners and birds of passage, and he now could devote his whole time to the Malayalees, the permanent residents of the country.

The secret of Mr. Hebich's success in surrounding himself with a band of enthusiastic workers and an enthusiastic church lay in his great love for the people. He loved them into the kingdom of God and he loved them into heaven. On one occasion, when he reviewed his work for these people, he wrote: "Oh, how I love these black people! Why Solomon's beloved, too, was black and these people are the beloved of our King. Listen to the words of the black one, after she has been drawn to, and has run after the King: 'I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am swarthy, because the sun hath scorched me!'

"These people will also be drawn by our King. Let us not look on their outward appearance which is black indeed, because the sun did scorch them, but let us see how comely they are after they have come to Jesus. Oh, how our King loves these black people!"

In the beginning of 1843, Mr. Hebich at last secured a permanent station for his work among the fishermen in Tahy, the hamlet of fishermen three miles south of Cannanore. Here he now placed his first assistant, his beloved son Timothy. He himself spent every Saturday there, so far as possible, preaching the Gospel in public and private to the fishermen, often till late at night, while they were busy selling, sorting, drying, and curing their fish. He persuaded the people to send their children to school, and had no trouble in winning the love of the little ones. But their parents gave him a poor hearing, for they loved the world and the lusts thereof and were slaves of strong drink and Indian hemp (*Cannabis indica*). This drug they smoked until they became babbling idiots. Yet Mr. Hebich preached faithfully to them, in spite of all rebuffs.

Popular Hinduism was one of the greatest obstacles to this work. Their religion gave the people a very elastic conscience. All sin, according to their philosophy, was only negative, in fact was really, in the last analysis, divine, for Parabrahma, the universal spirit, is all in all, and all things are in him and are his. Sin is also his deed, for we can do nothing of ourselves! Their belief was Adwaitic Pantheism, pure and simple; that is to say, God is all in all and we are not divided from Him, hence all of our deeds are the deeds of God. A very comfortable philosophy indeed for sinners in this world—but if no Government can permit such philosophy to stand before their tribunals of justice, how can God, the Righteous Judge, suffer such a philosophy to stand when all nations shall be gathered before Him on the great judgment day?

These philosophic fishermen, however, soon sent their philosophy to the four winds of heaven, when cholera

came into their hamlet which annually suffered much from this disease, because of the insanitary and cramped condition of the huts in which the people lived, and because of the hot-bed prepared for this disease by the mass of putrefying fish left lying about, until cleared away by crows, dogs and vultures, the only scavengers of the town. Whenever cholera entered the stinking huts of the people, during the hot, moist months of the year, all were sure to be filled with fear and trembling and thus fall an easy prey to this dreadful plague.

In the year 1843 the priestly representative of cholera, after being well bribed, made proclamation that the disease would not enter the village that year; but another priest who also claimed to represent the goddess of cholera, frightened the people greatly with his threats. After being liberally bribed, he also promised them immunity for that year. Cholera, however, came and more people died than ever before. Two of the second imposter's most intimate friends were stricken, and, although he prophesied their recovery, they died. Explaining that this visitation was not one of his goddess's, but of another man's, he left the place. Mr. Hebich and his assistants now worked heroically to save the lives of the poor, panic-stricken people. Many of those who took his medicines recovered and he obtained a good hearing for the Gospel among all, some, especially one whole family, being won for Christ.

While thus preaching regularly in Tahy, the women especially heard Mr. Hebich gladly. This enraged an old fisherman who said to him: "You have no business to preach to our women. I will make a complaint against you to the General!"

To this he replied: "I also preach to men. I preach to everybody, to men and women, to whomsoever I can: I will now preach to you also!"

"No, no, I don't want to hear you, go away!" the fisherman said.

Among the women who heard the Gospel there were two women, one taken and the other left. The woman who was taken and who believed gladly was the mother of the barber of the place. Mr. Hebich had hoped to baptize this fine young man, who, however, did not follow Jesus until the year 1868, when he had grown old. The mother gave her heart to Jesus and was baptized on the 26th of January, 1845. She received the new name Eunice, and well she deserved this name, for she soon won a 'happy victory,' receiving the crown of life, because she gave her life for another woman; alas, for the one who was left.

Mr. Hebich made an assistant of every convert and so he at once put Eunice to work to win the women of Tahy for her Saviour. In the beginning of the year 1846, the fishermen had a great feast, having forgotten their previous sufferings and the God who had so graciously saved them from their sufferings. While they were sitting drunken and hilarious before their idol-house, the bearded parson, like a prophet of old, suddenly stood before them, saying: "I have now, for three years, preached to you Jesus, the resurrection and the life, in public and from house to house. You are still sitting before your idol and not at His feet. God will surely punish you!" The next month there was a worse outbreak of cholera than ever before, and even the padre's medicines seemed to do no good!

One day a fisherman's wife came to the mission house, almost too weak to stand, saying: "Let me die here!"

Faithful Eunice at once took her case in hand, nursed her well, and preached Christ, her Saviour, to the woman. Late at night the dying woman joyfully professed her faith in Jesus and urgently begged for baptism. Mr. Hebich fulfilled her wish, baptized her and gave her the new name Viswasi, Faithful. As he did not think it possible for her to recover, he ordered her grave to be dug, for he expected to bury her body in the morning. But, in the morning, when some Christians came to attend her funeral, she was still, to the surprise of all, alive, singing God's praises.

That day, however, faithful Eunice, who had nursed this woman throughout the night, was stricken. At midnight Mr. Hebich once more came to see the sufferer and asked: "Are you prepared to die?" Triumphantly she replied and this was her last word: "Oh, I am so happy. I go home gladly. I am going to be with Jesus!"

Often during that sad day had the old pastor come to this sinking woman, and, taking her hand, had asked: "'Pulle', child, do you believe on Jesus? Are you trusting your Saviour?"

Invariably in her great suffering she replied, with a beaming face, laying her hand on her heart: "Yes, yes, I do!"

At the dawn of the third day when she was in a state of collapse and could no longer speak, Mr. Hebich once more knelt at her bedside, and, while he was praying, her soul took its flight to the land of pure delight. That evening her mortal remains were deposited in Viswasi's grave. Eunice gave her life for Viswasi and was buried in the grave that had been dug for her!

One would have expected that Viswasi would now have become a Eunice, winning trophies for her Lord and Master

who had so miraculously saved her life, but, after her recovery she left the Christians, greatly abusing them, especially faithful Eunice, saying that they had all bewitched her, thus proving how true, at times, the uncouth doggerel is:

When the devil was ill,
The devil a saint would be;
When the devil got well,
The devil a saint was he!

While Mr. Hebich was so interested in this village of fishermen, three miles south of Cannanore, he was also interested in a village of weavers, five miles north from there. Here he located his most talented catechist, Jacob Ramavarma. The old missionary believed in work and so he gave his assistants plenty of work to do. He wrote the following report of this new out-station, where he worked so hard with his beloved Jacob:

“The out-station Chirakal was preparing from the eighth of February to the twenty-ninth of April, 1844. The ground was given by the Rajah for this purpose, and is situated just behind the weavers’ village on the Mangalore road, about five miles from Cannanore. On the first of May, 1844, we consecrated it, when my beloved Brethren Irion and Chr. Müller of Tellicherry rejoiced me with their visit. My whole native congregation gathered there together, and many heathens too. We three missionaries took the services; and, after this was over, the whole congregation sat down to take their dinner; and we praised the Lord for this day of blessing.

“This circumstance gave rise to much conversation amongst the heathen around us, and many of them continued to visit us, to hear the Word of God. The high-road to Mangalore leads just by, and, indeed, the house

preaches for itself to all those who pass by. May the Lord have mercy upon the people and make His light to shine forth out of this house which has been built in His Holy Name, Amen!

“The villagers themselves are very stiffnecked idolaters, and more so, because the ruling Rajah is said to have his pleasure in making idols. The Rajah seldom dwells there, but a second and third Rajah dwell there continually. Since the twenty-ninth of April, 1844, Jacob, my catechist, has lived there with his family; also Judah, with his wife and little Benjamin; Jacob goes out into the large neighbourhood and invites the people to the kingdom of God and Judah accompanies him.”

Thus the work and Word of God grew in Malabar and new stations were established at different important centres, centres that became spiritual birthplaces to many saved souls. Mr. Hebich wrote about this feature of his work: “Only through such men as my catechists can I spread myself. Through them I can light a fire here and there in the dark night. It will always be my greatest work to keep these fires burning brighter than ever!—The catechists must always be comforted, encouraged and reprov'd. While they do well, when all goes well, they are very easily discouraged, when they meet the smallest obstacles in their way. Then the Lord Jesus at once dies again.—Without the missionary, even the best of them, would forsake Jesus and fly. Yet it is good for the people, if such converted youths are sent amongst them, as soon as possible, to do fruitful work for their Lord and Master!”

CHAPTER XII

Life in the Mission Compound.

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. So then, as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men and especially toward them that are of the household of faith. — *Galatians 6, 9 and 10.*

THE work of every missionary, unless he is engaged in special lines of work, such as medical, educational or industrial, is, as a rule, twofold: first he must do much evangelistic work, going from house to house, in his station, and from village to village, in his field, preaching, preaching, preaching everywhere, the Gospel of the Kingdom of God; then he must gather his converts into churches and care for them, as a mother does for her child, for at best, they are like bruised reeds, easily broken, or like dimly burning flax, easily quenched. Besides, village schools must be examined, quarrels between catechist and Christians, between teacher, parents and children, and sometimes between Christians and heathen, too, must be enquired into and amicably settled.

In this chapter we shall see how Mr. Hebich did all this multitudinous work in his station. We shall see how his people loved and quarrelled in the compound, how they lived and died, how they slept and ate, in fact, how they lived and moved and had their being in their centre of work which was a veritable beehive.

Mr. Hebich was unique in all he said and did, so it is not to be wondered at that life in his compound, too, was very peculiar, for there we find whites and blacks, the educated and uneducated, high caste and low caste, officers and soldiers, civilians and their subordinates, princes and beggars, merchants and coolies, all coming and going, and many of these learning there to know Jesus as their personal Saviour from sin.

In the year 1843, the 25th Regiment replaced the 94th Regiment in Cannanore. In a short time thirty soldiers of this new regiment were converted to a living faith in Jesus, and these not only joined the Mission Church, but, practically also the Mission household, contributing monthly thirty rupees or more to the expenses of the Mission. There was a spirit of delightful union, but, alas! this union was soon to be disturbed by much angry wrangling about the Lord's Supper.

These quarrels were called forth, because Mr. Hebich, according to the rules of the Lutheran Church, prepared the communicants for the holy ordinance. He preached twelve or more sermons on the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, admonishing all, first of all to receive Jesus, the Bread of Life, into their hearts and thus to become worthy to eat His flesh and to drink His blood in the Holy Communion.

The chaplain and others, mistaking the German missionary's position, denounced Luther and the Lutherans and accused Mr. Hebich of all kinds of heresies. This called forth a great excitement, and, in the babel of angry words, it seemed as though the whole Mission Church would be scattered.

At an evening service, in order to make plain his own position, Mr. Hebich read from the Book of Common Prayer

the exhortation that is to be given when the minister giveth warning for the celebration of the Holy Communion:—

“Dearly beloved, on —— day next I purpose, through God’s assistance, to administer to all such as shall be religiously and devoutly disposed, the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, to be by them received in remembrance of His meritorious Cross and Passion, whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins and are made partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven. *Wherefore it is our duty to render most humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God, our heavenly Father, for that He hath given His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, not only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that holy Sacrament, etc.*”

Also a prayer, which the priest, kneeling down at the Lord’s table, shall say in the name of all them that shall receive the communion:—

“We do not presume to come to this Thy Table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in Thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under Thy Table. But Thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy. Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, *so to eat the flesh of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink His blood, that our sinful bodies may be made clean by His body, and our souls washed through His most precious blood, and that we may evermore dwell in Him, and He in us, Amen.*”

After reading these extracts from the prayer book of the Anglican Church Mr. Hebich asked: “Did you ever hear my lips utter any other doctrine than this? Have I ever taught in your hearing, either transubstantiation or consubstantiation? Still I want you to remember that I believe the

holy Supper to be not only a commemoration of the death of our Lord, but, in very truth, a Supper wherein the good Lord gives Himself to us!"

This frank avowal and profession of faith was like pouring oil on the troubled waters and this tempest now was stilled. All went home from church that evening heartily ashamed of themselves for having said and thought hard things about their pastor.

But the devil is a skilful general. If his frontal attack fails, he will try a flank movement. So after he had failed in upsetting the church by this doctrinal quarrel, he tried to scatter it by causing a great scandal in the community that now decried Mr. Hebich and abused him right and left, because a poor demented soldier had committed suicide.

The poor man had often called to see Mr. Hebich and always complained of having many evil and blasphemous thoughts in his heart. Mr. Hebich said to him: "My good man, the devil is the author of these. Do not harbour evil thoughts, but laugh the devil to scorn. Flee to Jesus and show the devil the cross, then he will be sure to leave you!"

It seemed as though the poor man, before his tragic death, could not tear himself away from the missionary. Although the latter had much work and had been out preaching in the heat, he yet gave all his time and thought to this poor man, who stood irresolutely before him, saying: "Mr. Hebich, I can't believe. I am in despair. What shall I do? Where can I go?"

To this the compassionate man replied; "My dear boy, go to Jesus. He and He alone can help you. Why, no sparrow falls from the housetop without your Father's will, and He has counted the very hairs on your head!"

The soldier replied: "Oh, if I could only believe that I am in despair! I am in despair!"

Mr. Hebich urged him to come into his study and they would pray together, until Jesus would again let His light shine in his despondent heart and chase the clouds of despair away.

"No, no, no," the man cried out. "I cannot pray, I have other work to do!"

Three times he shook the pastor's hand. Long he stood as one facing the awful dilemma:

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?

At last he ran away to the barracks. The devil had won. He sat down and wrote several letters, one of them being to his commanding officer, in which he said: "I have been reading too much in the Bible. I am all undone!"

The next morning, while the other soldiers had gone to drill, he took his gun and blew out his brains, scattering them over the ceiling of the room.

At once the news was brought to Mr. Hebich by some of the soldier brethren, and, when the contents of the letter to the commanding officer were made known, hundreds of excited soldiers went about the cantonment shouting: "The padre ought to be hung. He is to blame for the poor man's death. He has no business here. He is only turning the heads of such poor fools. The General ought to expel him from the cantonment!"

But this flank movement of the devil, too, was doomed to failure. He overreached himself. It was easy to prove that if the poor suicide had only listened to Mr. Hebich and had cast his burdens and cares at Jesus' feet, he never would have committed this rash act; in fact, that he had been the dupe of the devil and not the dupe of the padre.

But attack was to follow upon attack. These storms from without could not take the fort, so the devil tried an attack from within. He had traitors in the camp, and these he now used to betray the fort and he tried, if possible, to capture it. The work of the Lord was being greatly prospered. The violent tempests and attacks from without had only drawn all closer together and had made the brethren more watchful. The poor soldiers were contributing liberally to the expenses of the Mission, over Rs. 400 having been given by them in the year 1844, for God's work. The native congregation too was doing well. Suddenly there was another and a greater excitement in the minds and hearts of all than ever before.

During the evening service, on June 5, 1844, Mr. Hebich was preaching with great power and freedom, when suddenly he felt greatly oppressed. A heavy load seemed to be on his heart. Going home, after the service, he found that his desk had been carried away by thieves and subsequently he found it rifled of its contents, in the garden. He had been robbed of 400 rupees! Now many charges and countercharges were made by the people and angry mouths spoke angry words, while fiery eyes flashed forth angry looks. "You are the thief!" "You are a liar!" "You stole the money!" "You are a K. D.!" (known depredator, the name which convicted criminals in India bear), etc.

Mr. Hebich finally silenced all these angry voices by saying: "God knows the thief and in His own good time will make him known. It is wrong to suspect any one until you have something to base your suspicion upon!"

These many quarrels caused the old missionary much anguish of spirit. He saw in all of them attacks of the devil on his work and defied him to do his worst, so long as Jesus was on his side. He said: "At times when everything seems quiet and the work is moving along successfully, suddenly flames flare up in every nook and corner. The devil is playing all kinds of tricks on me, for he knows that God has converted sinners and he wants to keep them from baptism!"

During all these trials of patience Mr. Hebich never, for a moment, lost his temper. He was always cool and collected and quenched the devil's fires, as soon as he saw them, with the cooling streams of patience and peace. But one day, in holy wrath, he beat a number of noisy and proud disputants with the palm of his hand. Some of his converts began to boast of their caste and noble birth and began to call each other names. These caste disputes became very noisy, and, in spite of Mr. Hebich's quiet words telling them that God had made of one blood all nations, and that Christians are all members of one body and so there can be no high and no low caste, the disputants would not hear. At last their father said: "Well, *Wer nicht hören will, der muss fühlen!*—He that will not hear, must feel the rod!" and began punishing them, at the same time saying to all:—"You have insulted my Lord Jesus! You have insulted my Lord Jesus!" This at once quieted the people, and its sequel proved how God makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

After this chastisement there was, as Mr. Hebich describes it, "a beautiful scene on the verandah, but full of action!" All now confessed their sins and the pride of their hearts and promised to be humble followers of Jesus. All bowed before God in the very dust, and, to prove their sincerity, the women took off their gaudy jewelry and gave it to the missionary who put it in a bag for safe-keeping and sealed the same. "All marvelled," Mr. Hebich reports, "and entered the house for prayer. And God's peace was there, Hallelujah! I hope to God that this peace will abide in the hearts of the people, for the devil had divided them greatly. This is a strange life, the life of a missionary! Well, goodnight, dear brethren, so long as our Lord Jesus still lives, take fresh courage, for the victory is ours. Amen!"

The thief who had stolen the money was discovered on the 15th of June. He was a vagabond, who, under the cloak of religion, had imposed upon the good-natured missionary and had enjoyed his hospitality for three months. Through a quarrel with a woman who had assisted him in the theft, the truth became known, but none of the money could be recovered; still Mr. Hebich said: "Praise and thanks be unto God, now there can be no more suspicions!"

On the 8th of January, 1845, while Mr. Hebich was kneeling in his room praying with some new converts, one of his boys, Joseph, in great excitement entered and cried: "Fire!" Without finishing his prayer, the missionary rushed out and saw flames and smoke everywhere. Hurrying back into his room he pulled on his boots, knelt down and cried, unto God: "Lord, have mercy! Be gracious! Give us Thy protecting care and save us!"

Then going outside again, coolly and collectedly, Mr. Hebich gave orders to his excited people what to do, while

the fire burnt more fiercely every moment. The soldier brethren came to the rescue as soon as they heard of the fire, carrying all the furniture out of the house on to the parade ground. Suddenly the wind veered round, a sea breeze began to blow, and all danger was past. Within four hours one hundred and fifty buildings had been burnt, the straw-thatched roofs burning like tinder, but not one of the houses in the compound had been destroyed. Seeing that not one of the tiled houses in the town had been damaged by the fire, Mr. Hebich wished that his houses, too, might have tiled roofs, but he dreaded the expense. Only after having been burnt out twice, in subsequent years, did he put tiles on all his houses and thus make them practically fireproof.

There was a motley lot of people living in these mission houses and they were all fed and cared for by the missionary. There were catechists, married and unmarried, school boys, servants, enquirers, converts and many others living together in this limited space, and in every nook and corner of the place some one was housed. In order to keep down expenses the food for all these people was cooked in one common pot. This was a very peculiar form of Christian communism, and it never could have succeeded, if there had not been two noble, unselfish souls, who, by their untiring zeal in serving all, kept the complicated compound machinery well oiled and running smoothly.

One of these faithful workers was a Mrs. Jæger, the Tamil widow of a half-German soldier. This woman was called *Pataltu-amma*, the mother of the regiment. She was converted in 1842, and, when her regiment left for Bellary she resigned her lucrative post as one of the superintending

cooks of the regiment and stayed in Cannanore, receiving practically no pay, only food, clothing, and lodging in exchange for her valuable services as house-keeper in the compound. Even though advanced in years, Elizabeth Jæger could still do much work and she was simply invaluable as an assistant in the commissariat department of the Mission.

She was as peaceful and unselfish as she was clever. She died on the 12th of July, 1850, and her death was a sad blow to the Mission. This dear, truly noble soul, was a woman of few words. To almost every question she would, as a rule, reply by saying: "A little!" When sick she was asked: "Dear sister, are you suffering pain?"

"A little!"

"Are you still trusting in Jesus?"

"A little!"

"Do you pray?"

"A little!"

"Have you a hope of going to heaven when you die?"

"A little!"

"Are you still sure that you have an inheritance with Jesus?"

"A little!"

She was one of the little ones of Jesus on earth, but she is, we believe, great in heaven, for great was her gratitude, love, and service, while here below.

Even of greater value to the Mission was Mr. Hebich's unique factotum who kept a watch over his master and all his interests. In India, especially, every one owes a debt of gratitude to his servants, for without them and their kind help, life would simply be unbearable. No one recognized this fact more than Mr. Hebich. Babu was not only his

master's faithful servant, but also his humble friend. He belonged to the Tiyya caste, but as he was so ignorant and uncouth, when he came to the missionary, he was wont to say: "My Bapu is more of a 'Tier' (the German for 'animal') than a Tiyer!" Both words being pronounced alike.

He was a thickset, quickwitted, squatty kind of a man, and because of his hairy skin, he was nicknamed: 'the bear!' When he entered the service of the missionary, he was such a drunkard and profligate that Mr. Hebich had to bail him out of prison a number of times. Gradually by love the bear was transformed into a lamb and he became a Christian in 1843, receiving in baptism the new name Peter. He was simply indispensable to the Mission, even though he never could learn to read or write. After his death, in great sorrow Mr. Hebich wrote about him as follows:—

"He served me with indescribable faithfulness. Without being told what to do, he always did his work instinctively. Whenever I was ill, this rough, hairy-skinned man nursed me as tenderly as a mother. Without my knowledge he would always sleep on the floor in the next room to mine. But most of the time, he would be awake. When inflammation of the lungs had already set in, he yet helped in re-thatching the roofs of the houses, calling to the lazy coolies in a hoarse voice to hurry and finish the work before sunset. He departed this life very suddenly, on the 26th of April, 1850, calling out 'Jesus! Jesus!' just before he expired."

It will be interesting to see Mr. Hebich at his daily round of work, while in his station. We cannot understand how it was possible for him to accomplish so much, unless

we study his daily time-table. As a rule he arose from sleep at gunfire, or about 5 A. M., at break of day. As this was a very pleasant time for exercise, he invariably went for a walk, talking with the officers or soldiers whom he chanced to meet about their soul's salvation.

After his return home, he would go over his compound and inspect every part of the same. Then he took his *chota hazri*, or morning cup of coffee with eggs and toast. Thereafter he spent a quiet hour with God, reading his English Bible and praying for all, pleading especially for guidance that day.

When this hour of devotion was past, he called his catechists, prayed with them and heard their reports, or else he would instruct candidates for baptism, go to preach a sermon, or visit one of the schools and catechize the children. If he had urgent business to attend to, his horse would be ready saddled and he would ride to the appointed places and transact whatever mission business there might be, but always make his Lord's business his main business.

He had no regular hour for breakfast, coming home during the hottest part of the day and eating whatever Peter had prepared for him. After breakfast he would take a short rest and after an hour of quiet, he would be ready to preach another sermon.

In the afternoon he would generally be found in the highways and by-ways of the town, telling the people about Jesus and His love and inviting them to repent of their sins, to believe on Jesus and to serve Him wholly. Every week he had three evening services in English for prayer and worship. After the services some officers would invariably go home with him to drink a cup of tea and

with these he talked about the events of the day. After this pleasant chat he closed the day with prayer, all present joining him in these closing exercises of the day.

During every spare moment of the day Mr. Hebich would be busy with his large mail. In addition to the large correspondence on purely mission business, he received a large number of letters from all parts of India, in fact, from all parts of the world. This correspondence was with his many converts, who, in previous years, had been won for Christ in Cannanore. Let us take a peep at these very interesting letters.

A Major from Secunderabad writes: "On our march from Cannanore cholera has wrought terrible havoc in our ranks. Out of 3000 men 800 have died! But our little regimental church has been wonderfully kept by the grace of God. We remember your teaching with much love and gratitude. Christ and Him crucified is the sum and substance of our faith. He is our only hope and joy!"—Another officer writes: "We shall never forget Cannanore. Praise God, the seed sown there will not be lost!"—Still another: "Oh, that we had such a Boanerges here like yourself to arouse the people!"—In other letters he receives urgent invitations from converted officers who have returned home to England, to come and visit them. Also there are many requests for letters to Sunday Schools and churches, reports, etc.

There are also letters containing complaints and criticisms. One writes about the inroads formalism is making in their ranks: "Alas, how busy the devil is in destroying Christ's little flock! Tom is back from home, but he is chock full of high churchism and ideas about apostolic succession. Others will not come to church, because the

clergyman preaches from an elevated pulpit and does not stand on the floor, for he is not above us, every believer is a priest!"—In deep sorrow from another station comes the report: "Poor —— is no longer one with us. He has fallen back into his old habits and no longer believes in Christ!"

Not only are letters received from Europeans, but from Hindus as well. Here is an extract from one out of many received from a sepoy regiment in Bellary. A recent convert writes: "Dear father, we have had a hard march here and many of the children have died of cholera. You have opened my eyes to see the light in God's Holy Word, and, though I am the least of the followers of Jesus, I yet may hope to meet all the redeemed in heaven, never to part again; all of this, not because of my own righteousness, but because of the Holy One, on Whom all my sins have been laid!—Last Sunday, after the sermon, we wanted to stay and partake of the Lord's Supper, but a friend told me that she was feeling sick and asked me to go home with her, so I had to leave the church. When we came out on the street, she fell down and could not rise again. An officer, passing by, sent for a stretcher and had her conveyed to the hospital. That evening she died lisping a prayer: 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, for I trust wholly in Jesus!' The next day another one of our Christians died, having fallen sick while on guard. He, too, died peacefully in Jesus!" These many letters rejoiced and saddened the old pastor's heart.

Then how often his heart bled, when he was called to see the sick and dying. He is hurriedly called to see a lieutenant, but before he can get to the house the young man has become unconscious and is passing through the

valley of the shadow of death. Again he is called to see a captain's dying wife, the daughter of a missionary. After her death he officiates at her funeral; his European and native converts leading the way to the God's acre of the Mission singing hymns, while the General and the officers follow the coffin to the grave. Never did Mr. Hebich preach more powerful sermons than at the graves of his beloved parishioners. His fervent words were not only a comfort to the bereaved, but often aroused sinners from their sleep and brought them to believe in Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life.

Among the unpleasant duties this man of God had to perform was the necessary one of asking the people to contribute towards God's work. On one occasion a Colonel whom he asked for money said to him: "Mr. Hebich, you have no business to carry on a Mission unless you have the money to pay for it!" This aroused the lion in him and he bluntly told the Colonel: "You have no business to fight any battles, unless you can buy your powder and shot with your own money!" This argument so impressed the Colonel, that, from that day on, he annually contributed Rs. 100 to the Mission.

Mr. Hebich also received many noble gifts for his work. Once a Major sent him Rs. 500 as a thank-offering for the blessings he and his whole family had received in the Mission chapel, four members of the family having been converted there. This Major sent many other gifts of love to the missionary. On the whole, however, the poor European soldiers were the most liberal givers. A church of eighty to one hundred members would give yearly between 2000 and 3000 rupees for God's work.

More cheering than these gifts, however, were the earnest prayers that these men would send up to the throne of grace for God's blessing upon their pastor and his work among the people of India. At first both the Europeans and the Natives had a united celebration of the Lord's Supper, but, when the number of communicants increased, in order to save time, Mr. Hebich arranged to have a separate communion service for them. After some months, however, the Europeans requested that they might be permitted to commune with their native brethren, as a united communion service was a great blessing to both.

Among the many crosses this servant of Jesus had to bear, none was so hard as his November cross, when he had to spend the whole month in his study writing up the mission accounts for the whole year. During the whole month of November he would seclude himself, going over all his own and his fellow-missionaries' accounts, only preaching at the Sunday services.

When these days were past and all his accounts were settled, he would come forth joyfully from his study, and at once preach with renewed power, often spending four to six hours daily in the bazars, beseeching all to let God's goodness lead them unto repentance. So the life in the station was always an unceasing round of toil and prayer and love, and this busy life in the Mission compound brought heaven nearer and made Christ dearer to all.



CHAPTER XIII

Work at Heathen Festivals.

Why do the heathen rage (assemble tumultuously) and the peoples imagine a vain thing? — Ask of me and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. — *Psalm 2, 1. 8.*

OF all the many lines of work Mr. Hebich prosecuted during his quarter of a century's stay in India, no work seemed to him more important than that at the heathen festivals where annually many thousands gathered, from near and far, from every part of Malabar, to worship idols, to meet friends and to trade. In his report for the year 1844 Mr. Hebich writes:

“On the fourth and fifth of December, 1844, we, John, Joseph, Benjamin and three boys, Judah, Jacob and myself, went to Taliparambu, twelve or thirteen miles from Chirakal, inland from Mangalore, an old devil's hold, where the Brahmans have their abode. Moplahs chiefly dwell there; a potters' village and a large weavers' village adjoin.

“On the fourth I went preaching through the bazar four times, with a sore throat, always to a congregation of at least one hundred persons. On the fifth I preached in the potters' village. Then in the weavers' village to a large congregation. And then conversed to and fro, through the village, inviting the people into the kingdom of God

and showing them their abominations; and then further on still I preached to a mixed congregation.

“Afterwards we went on to Kitcherry. On our road home, about half way, in a large village there is a school. I preached there three times. Then we went further on to a small village, Aroli, where Pullayars, or slaves, live, in order to bring also to them the glad tidings of an everlasting salvation in Christ Jesus. But as soon as these poor people beheld me from afar, they ran away like game, and hid themselves down in the river, and nothing could prevail on them at this time to return. Poor souls! By this we may understand how fearfully these poor people must be treated.

“Then we passed the river and at Vellyapatnam I preached again to a large Moplah crowd, and here and everywhere the greatest attention was paid to the word preached, and not a single word of reproach was heard from the people. Previous to our going out I requested the congregation, black and white, to pray for us. And I ascribe to their fervent prayers the great attention and earnestness wherewith the people listened to the word. And may the Lord of the harvest be pleased to water the seed sown and send graciously down His morning and evening rain upon the people, Amen!”

Taliparambu is the most sacred place of pilgrimage in North Malabar. Let us take a closer view of this “cruel devil’s nest”, as Mr. Hebich used to call it, for there we can see old Malabar, even at the present day, and can study the conditions that must have prevailed in this mystic land, a thousand or more years ago. Even though the place is partly in ruins and very much neglected, yet it gives a true picture of life in Malabar in ancient times,

for, even in broken mirrors, we get a true reflection of scenes, and Taliparambu is now only a shattered fragment of the glory of former days.

On yonder high hill we see the broken tumble-down fortifications of the old Kola kings. Even in their ruined state they are massive and majestic. Below the fort, on terraced heights stand the ruined walls of old temples, having been only partly restored after they had been destroyed by Tippu Sultan, the powerful, fanatical Mohammedan prince, who, at the close of the 18th century, swept through this fair land with fire and sword, with powder and shot, working terrible havoc, destroying temples, murdering Hindus and converting many by stuffing cow's meat down their throats, so tradition says. He it was who also destroyed the glory of Taliparambu, leaving the temples in ruins. These tumble-down temples and the houses of the Brahmans lie picturesquely along the shores of a large tank, or artificial lake. Beyond these, on lower levels, lie the busy booths of the Moplah merchants, who, while they hate idolatry and idolaters, yet do not hesitate to profit by them, in barter and trade. Alongside of the villages of the potters and the weavers, among beautiful groves of palms, in separate compounds, lie the luxuriant homes of the aristocratic Nairs.

At the time of the annual festival Taliparambu is filled with many thousands of pilgrims coming and going, but, ordinarily, the town is a quiet place, only those who have any business with the courts and officials coming to this half-ruined town, for Taliparambu is also the seat of the local government.

After Mr. Hebich's first visit to this important town, in 1844, he also went to another sylvan shrine farther on,

where an annual festival is held in honour of a forest god. In his journal from the 16th to the 21st of February, 1845, he writes:—

“I heard accidentally that there would be a great concourse of Malayalam and Coorg people, on the occasion of the annual festival in the jungle temple of Payawur, a desert place, about forty miles east of Cannanore, and resolved to visit it with all my assistants.

“Sunday, the 16th of February, after we had taken the Lord’s Supper with the congregation, and prayed for a blessing from on high, we started in the night for the river, embarked in two boats and reached on Monday morning Sri Kandam, the Moplah village. There we left the boats and had a hot march till about noon, when, after having lost our way, we at length saw the tent erected for us.

“The place where it was pitched, was a fine square on a hill, in the midst of a forest occupied by Coorgs and their herds of cattle. After some refreshment we prepared ourselves for our work and in the name of the Lord descended through the thicket to the stalls of the traders and the pilgrims. Two or three roads, more than half a mile in length, were lined with these booths of about five by six feet. They had prepared one for me also of somewhat greater dimensions. It was near a huge banyan tree and looked very inviting compared with the thin cover of a single-fly tent, but we could not cram ourselves into it. Under another tree were two Nairs who gave water to the thirsty. The temporary bazar was full of provisions, clothes and blankets, also of covered places for the jugglers.

“The three streets met in a broad road, having high mud walls on both sides. There I looked out for a conspicuous place, strengthened myself with a look on the

majestic panorama of mountains, and after a short prayer, we sang for the first time in this place the praises of the only true and eternal God. Masses of the curious collected. I prayed and then began to explain why I had come: not in my own name, neither in the name of men, nor in the name of the Government, but in the name of our common Creator whose name is Jehovah, whose character is holy, who is a person, has a throne and wants to bless you. I proclaimed that sinners can have no communion with God, that works of men are no gods, that, therefore, God commands repentance everywhere from such sins,—repeating them according to my old list—and that He offers pardon for sin by faith in Christ who is God manifest in the flesh. Then I spoke of the wonderful love God has shown to all by Him, and of the awful day that is approaching, when, having invited all nations to His kingdom of peace, without money and without price, He will judge all without respect of persons. Therefore I also am come to invite you to this grace that you may escape from God's wrath. I am a sinner like you, of your flesh and blood, but having my sins forgiven by grace and gifted with the Holy Spirit to bear this simple testimony. Wishing them God's blessing I concluded with silent prayer, took my hat and staff and left them highly surprised, but very quiet.

“So I went on. Always the same subject, but that I dwelt sometimes more on God's love, and then more on His wrath, now expatiating on the glory of the city of God, then stating what hell is—just as the Lord gives it to me. But I never permit myself to be interrupted. Let those who have anything to ask come to my abode! For those who ask questions in public are mostly scoffers and wish only to expose the preacher to ridicule.

“On Thursday I tried a new place for preaching, a long, stony ascent between two temples. After our customary singing and praying I commenced, brimful of the love of God in Christ. I do not know what I spoke, but the effect was marvellous. Some cried out, some laughed, some looked at each other in surprise, until I concluded. Then the whole avenue from the valley to the hill became one scene of commotion. The waves rose rather high. I told Jacob to speak, who made allusions to the Shastras, or sacred books of the Hindus. But the tumult overwhelmed his concluding remarks.

“The Brahmans pressed from above, the Nairs from below, all crying: “Away! Away!”—though I begged more than ten times: “One word more!” Their clamour increased so much as to force me to go. I sent my people before me, but tried in vain to stem the torrent.

“Friday forenoon passed with visitors, some very respectable, but one so impudent that I had to turn him out of the tent. In the evening, after thanking the Lord for all His gifts, we took our departure through the bazar, reached our boat in safety and landed near Cannanore the following day.

“Our preaching must have made an impression upon most of the ten or fifteen thousand people there assembled. All my books are gone. The *Mata Vicharana*, the Inquiry into Religion, translated from the Canarese, was one of the most coveted. The disturbers were, I believe, a very small proportion of the hearers, though, of course, the multitude is easily influenced for a moment by such people. I felt greatly honoured by our Lord to have been enabled to sow the blessed seed in such a crowd. May He

graciously send down upon it the early and the latter rain to the praise of His Holy Name, Amen!"

For many years, subsequent to 1844, no matter what other work had to suffer, Mr. Hebich was always to be found at the annual heathen festivals, a missionary from Tellicherry supplying his pulpit meanwhile. The festival at Taliparambu lasted, in the year 1845, from the 6th to the 17th of March. Hardly had he begun preaching when the heathen were "tumultuously assembled" to drive him and his band of preachers away. The Brahman priests cried out: "You Christians are an offence to our gods!" And the Moplabs conspired together to give 'Dadikaran Padre' a good beating, for all men heard him gladly and this interfered with their trade, but one of their number kept them from this rash act, saying: "Beating the bearded Sahib will do no good. He will not get angry and you cannot drive him away. He will take your beating and will be quiet as a lamb. Is he not always preaching: 'Behold, the Lamb of God?'"

Soon the preaching seemed to have won a noble Nair for Jesus. The man came to Mr. Hebich after one of his first sermons, saying: "I have made pilgrimages to many shrines, but found no rest for my soul. Jesus is now my Saviour from sin!"

The missionary warned him that persecutions would await him, if he became a Christian. Full of enthusiasm the man replied: "I care for none of these things. They may hack me to pieces, if they wish. I will never, never leave Jesus!"

Other Nairs, too, were deeply moved and promised to become Christians at a more convenient season. The first man, after associating with the Christians, suddenly be-

came homesick and left. Mr. Hebich sorrowfully reports about him: "He might have let men pull the flesh off his bones with fiery pincers, but he had not a will strong enough to live for Jesus!"

Much has been spoken and written about Mr. Hebich's experiences with the temple elephants, and even a well-known author of Germany pokes fun at the missionary, because he believed a garbled story of these experiences. The natives of Malabar have distorted these stories very much and their imagination has woven the miraculous and mystical around the experiences of the missionary at these festivals. They say that Dadikaran Padre was a Rishi and that elephants could not hurt him, but that they knelt in adoration before him! We will here give a true and unvarnished account of these events, as told by Mr. Hebich himself. He writes:

"At first the driver on a small animal started for us as we were standing on a small mud wall. The creature majestically refused to advance, then he drove it by force nearer to us. I thundered at it, the elephant was frightened, ran against the wall and then passed slowly by me.

"The next day, as an unusual thing, four large elephants made their appearance, one of them being without a driver. This one ran wildly among the rest, so that all fled. Now the animals came towards us, two of them were turned aside, the other two almost touched us, but the Lord gave us grace, even though we trembled, to stand firmly at our post. This made an impression on the people.

"The proprietor of the temple and of the elephants demanded to know whether Government had sent me. In that case, of course, he could do nothing. But Government honoured him and his god which I call a stone god. I

had now been coming for five years and yearly he loses Rs. 200 thereby, on the whole Rs. 1000. He will petition Government to reimburse him to that extent, etc.”

This happened at Payawur. At Taliparambu, too, they tried to drive the missionary and his band of assistants away, by driving an elephant towards them, but they stood their ground. About this Mr. Hebich reports:—

“Here, too, a small elephant came upon us, but he created less of a panic. Afterwards his driver visited me and said that only by magic was it possible for him to handle these animals victoriously. The next morning he found his elephant dead and the people said: “If the god cannot keep his elephant alive at his own festival, then he must be a stone god as the padre asserts!”

There is certainly nothing of a boastful nature in these accounts. That Mr. Hebich should have related these experiences in Germany and have claimed that God protected him at those two festivals, when elephants were sent against him, is not a vain boast. I have read all Mr. Hebich has written, so far as I could, his sermons and his letters, and am surprised that he so seldom mentions in them his experiences in India. In Germany people complained that he never told them anything about his experiences, and his sermons prove him to have been a preacher of righteousness, and not a man neither in his dotage, or in an imaginary anecdotage!

These visits to the heathen festivals scattered the precious seed of God's Word everywhere, for the pilgrims, on their return home north, east, south and west, would spread the good news of salvation everywhere. Even the mockers helped to spread the Gospel, when they at various places, for the purpose of raising a laugh, would caricature

the bearded parson, imitating his voice and gesture and shout out in derision: "My brethren, Jesus Christ is the Son of God, your brother!—You foolish children, why do you worship stone gods!"—

And now, what was the result of all his work? Was it all in vain? No, for a mission out-station was established at Taliparambu which exists even at the present day. Some catechists have lived and worked, and are living and working at this "chief devil's nest", the headquarters of superstition and priestcraft. Besides, the great change that is coming over Malabar in the religious belief of the people who are forsaking their idols and are beginning to worship the true God, can be traced back, in part at least, to the impressions made at these festivals by the preachers, and these have been transmitted from one generation to the other.

Many people in reading the life of great and good men like Mr. Hebich forget that they were men, of like passions, as we are. Mr. Hebich, too, was assailed with doubts and had his seasons of spiritual depression. He himself gives us a glimpse of his soul-struggles in describing his experiences on the 15th day of March, 1851, at the heathen festival. He writes:

"To-day the devil would make me very wise in my own conceit! He said to me: 'You have preached enough! Do stay at home with your people, at least this forenoon, then you may go on with your work.'

"I was awfully anxious to say: Yes! to this proposal, but prayed the Lord to tell me assuredly what He would have me to do.

"'What is the matter with you? You must go!' was the answer. But as this meant going into death, I did not

relish it. After a refreshing sleep I arose at 4 A. M. All was dark in my soul, my people were full of fear. But we got ready, went and preached at the hillside and behold, all was quiet. But shall I go down the hill? Yes!—With a firm step, but with a trembling heart I went forward. An awful shout welcomed us.

“‘Didn’t I tell you not to go?’ the enemy whispered. I ascended the mud wall. Then a strong man, the brother of the Rajah, rushed toward us screaming: ‘Let us drive the padre away!’

“The peon, on hearing this, gave him a blow, the Nair returned the blow. Then they caught hold of each other’s hair and coat collars and pushed and pulled each other about. There was an awful scuffle, the Nairs helping their man and the peons helping the peon.

“I told the peons or policemen who seemed to have lost their heads: ‘Pull your man into the temple, where the magistrates are!’ This they did, just as the ants drag away their booty, and, at last, the nobleman was safely lodged in the temple and charged before the tahsildar with causing a disturbance, and resisting an officer of the law. He was sentenced to imprisonment for a few days.

“After this exciting scene I continued preaching to my heart’s content and none disturbed me further. After my return home I was so filled with the glory of God that I could not keep quiet, but had to shout: ‘Oh, what love! What a shame that I was so full of fear!’—On another day, however, a shower of stones came upon us, while we were preaching.”

Never, after having built a mission house in Taliparambu, did Mr. Hebich doubt that God would give a great increase among the Malayalees there. Even the heathen

said that he had taken a great step forward in his work. A Brahman who came to see the new mission house, said to the catechist living there: "Well, we did all we could to counteract the plans of your padre, but he has carried his point. As you now dwell in the midst of us, we shall be kind to you; only pray do not tell us to become Christians!"

But all opposition to the Mission and the missionary by no means ceased after they had secured a house to live in permanently, instead of staying at the festival only temporarily in a tent. On another 15th of March, the fateful day of annual stoning, in the year 1853, Mr. Hebich writes:

"While preaching a stone was turned aside by Joseph's umbrella, then it cut open a Moplah's lip standing near us. Another stone whistled past me, struck a tree, glanced off and struck a Nair on the brow, so that it bled profusely and became much swollen. A man threw a cocoon shell at Joseph, hitting him on the breast so that he almost fell from the wall. Two of the assailants were caught by the police. I interceded for them with the magistrate and asked him to only give them a slight punishment, instead of sending their case to a higher court. So they were reprimanded and let go, after paying a small fine."

While the heathen thus raged at these tumultuous assemblies, we yet see and assuredly will see, more gloriously in the future, the fulfilment of the promise: "Ask of Me and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession!" Hallelujah, Amen!

CHAPTER XIV

European Assistants.

Be ye imitators of *ye*, even as I
also am of Christ!—*1. Corinthians, 2, 1.*

ONE of the most extraordinary features of Mr. Hebich's work at Cannanore was the selection of some of his soldier converts for gospel work and the sending of them forth, to work in Malabar and elsewhere, as common catechists, paying them only what he gave to the native catechists. The old missionary was led to try this experiment, by a spirit of impatience with his native workers. They were not as zealous and unselfish as he expected them to be, in fact, they had not that deep, all-constraining love of Christ for lost men that impels the true preacher to go out to seek and save fallen men. Mr. Hebich, in one of his reports, writes as follows about his native assistants:

“I must confess that even the best among the catechists do very little work. They lack courage and have no impulse to preach to the heathen, or even to make house to house visits among them, for the latter are still so wild that they would rather devour the catechists than listen to them. This disheartens them.

“However pushing and impudent the Native may be in worldly things, when he is converted, he seems to become a terribly frightened, helpless old sheep. Only the missionary's presence will give him courage. At the idol festival at Payawur I let my boys speak for the first time, but I let them speak only occasionally, for the people were so tumultuous—and yet the boys can speak as well as I can.

“But, what then is their work? They deliver messages to the members of the church, pray with them, conduct services mornings and evenings, converse with visitors, and teach in the schools. They are simply indispensable, for how can a missionary do everything? And they are, moreover, very indispensable to me, for they are my mouth. Hence I value them as a gift from God and pray God to send me more of them. He will also make them better men, Jacob is becoming an exception among them and is getting more freedom in the Spirit.

“But if we exalt them more than they can bear, they soon become more of a burden than a help. I always fear that instead of the one thing needful, pride of dress and conceit in science is creeping into our Mission. It is not my intention to grumble into your ears, but I wish to show you my heart,—no offence is meant, my dear sirs!”

Another reason why Mr. Hebich chose European soldiers as assistants was probably to checkmate Dr. Mögling's move, in taking a Brahman to Europe for training in Basel, and thus virtually transforming an Indian into a European missionary. The old missionary reasoned thus: “If Mögling can turn Hindus into Europeans, why cannot I turn Europeans into Hindus?” He was at least determined to make the experiment, even though his missionary brethren and the Committee in Basel very much doubted the wisdom of this move.

Among Mr. Hebich's soldier converts, in 1846, were two men who seemed to be men full of faith and of the Holy Spirit. They had been won for Christ two years before and were earnest witnesses for the truth among their comrades in the army. They were firm in the faith and showed by their godly life that a soldier of the king

can also be a soldier of Jesus. These two men came to their pastor and asked that they might be appointed to be gospel workers in the Mission, being ready to accept the pay and the status of a native catechist. In order, however, to be able to join the Mission, each soldier had to buy his discharge from the army and this would cost about Rs. 150 each.

As a business man Mr. Hebich drew up an agreement for each soldier to sign, so that there might be no dispute, in future, about the terms under which they were to serve in the Mission. He drew up the following document which both of these men signed:

“Of my own free will, uninfluenced by others, I resolve, by the grace of God, to enter the service of the Evangelical Missionary Society of Basel, and to remain in the service of said Society:—

1. As long as God gives me life, until the end of my days on earth.

2. I will not return to Europe, even though I fall sick, nor ask to be sent elsewhere, but will die, where God has placed me.

3. Not only will I obey Mr. Hebich, but every missionary, who, in the providence of God, may be placed over me.

4. I will never entertain the thought that I ought to be advanced to a higher position than that of a simple catechist.

5. I will marry a native sister.

6. I will be satisfied with the same food and clothing such as Jacob and Timothy now receive.”

The soldiers who entered into this peculiar agreement with the missionary were Joseph Searle, an Englishman, and George O'Brien, an Irishman.

On the 30th of August, 1846, Mr. Hebich bought these two men free from the army, paying Rs. 293 for their release, and three days later he sent them to Jacob in Chirakal, dressed in cotton trousers and coat, cut in native style, with turbans on their heads and sandals on their feet. In Chirakal they were to learn Malayalam and also learn to live according to Indian custom, sitting and sleeping on the floor and eating their rice and curry with their fingers. Both were married to nieces of Timothy, to whom they had previously become engaged.

It is interesting to note how this experiment succeeded. Of the four European soldiers who thus became catechists only one proved to be really a success, staying with the Mission and serving faithfully until his death. Another did excellent service for a number of years and we shall hear more about him in connection with the work in Palghat. Owing to poor health he afterwards sought more healthy, congenial and remunerative employment as a Bible reader among the soldiers. He, too, did faithful service in God's vineyard, but the other two, who were perhaps trusted more than the others, proved total failures.

It will be refreshing to turn from these to the most successful man among the four. As his life is of thrilling interest to all students of missions, we will here give a short sketch of it.

Charles Stocking was a typical Tommy Atkins. He was born in the year 1816 in Norfolk, England. His father was a farm labourer, who, with great difficulty supported his family of four boys and two girls. Charles' education was very poor. He learned to read a little in the Sunday School and also received some instruction from one of his elder brothers. As a lad he was led to

think seriously of his soul's salvation, but soon the evil impulses of his life choked the good seed in his heart.

When the young man was eighteen years of age, he went to some revival meetings conducted by the Wesleyans in his native town, but, alas, he would not receive Jesus as his Saviour from sin, but turned his back on Him and now entered upon a career of drunken debauchery. When his father remonstrated with him on the sinful life he was leading, his heart was filled with hatred and rage. In order to escape all parental restraint, he enlisted in the 94th Regiment, in October, 1839, and was sent to London. For the next eleven years of his life the houses of sinners were his chosen abode. In May, 1840, his regiment was sent to India, and, after arriving in Madras, was again sent by sea to Cannanore. There Charles Stocking met many companions, who, like himself, boasted of their evil lives and spent all their pay in drink and riotous living. Oaths were the language of the barracks and sins of the lowest kind the order of the day. Yet, Charles' conscience would at times be awakened and trouble him very much. In order to hush that still, small voice in his heart he would get drunk and associate with the vilest of men and women.

After staying for two years in Cannanore the regiment was marched to Trichinopoly in South India and from there, in 1845, it was ordered to go to Aden, the hot seaport at the southernmost part of the Red Sea. The soldiers call Aden a miserable hole and some there get to be so despondent that they commit suicide.

Charles' greatest pastime in all the stations, to which his regiment was sent, was to play cards and throw dice. He gambled to drink and drank to gamble. If he could

only win money to spend in liquor and riotous living, he was a happy man.

In Aden the regiment had an outbreak of cholera and many soldiers died of this dreadful plague. All were filled with terror, as comrade after comrade fell a victim to this disease. Instead of turning to God, however, the soldiers went to the canteen and were drunk most of the time.

One night Charles had cramps in his legs and thought he had an attack of cholera. He trembled at the thought of impending death and hell. He, like every great sinner, was a coward and feared to face death, so he drank, drank, drank all day long, until he went drunk to bed every night.

At last he was laid low with a fever. Some of his comrades died of that disease. Stocking now cried unto God and promised that he would turn over a new leaf, if He would only restore him to health and strength. He now regularly read his Bible and the prayers in the prayerbook. The Lord restored him to health, but he soon forgot his vows and became worse than ever.

In 1847 the regiment was again sent to Madras. By this time Charles had fallen so low that he went dead drunk to bed every night, after having spent all his free time in the lowest dives of the city. In 1848 the regiment was once more sent to Cannanore.

Charles Stocking at last began to listen to godly men who urged him to come with them to hear the peculiar German preach in his peculiar way. Being tired of his evil ways, he began to go to chapel, even though his old companions laughed and jeered at him. They could not, however, get him to return to the canteen.

While in this twilight state between darkness and dawn, he once heard Mr. Hebich preach a sermon that went home to his heart, every word of it. He thought the preacher had singled him out and was only preaching at him. He was as one smitten with a light ineffable from heaven. His conscience smote him and hell seemed to yawn before him, but soon thereafter the scales fell from his eyes and he saw Jesus on the cross who had also saved him.

Before he had received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins Mr. Hebich had, two days after his first visit to the chapel, taken the young man into his house and had explained to him his favourite Heart-book. When he saw man's natural heart depicted so vividly he said: "All of those beasts are dwelling in my heart!"

From that day on he always had a vision of his own evil heart and the devil's menagerie in the same. This prepared him to come to Jesus and ask Him to plant His cross in his heart so that Satan might be dethroned, the evil beasts cast out and only Jesus and His Holy Spirit reign in him. We will let him tell the story of his new birth in his own words:

"Mr. Hebich's text was Galatians, 3, 1: 'O foolish Galatians who did bewitch you, before whose eyes Jesus Christ was openly set forth crucified;' and the subject he was speaking about was Jesus Christ Crucified Openly Set Forth. He said that the Apostle Paul had, as it were, painted the crucified Lord before the very eyes of the Galatians and that he, too, would now openly set Him forth.

"Then pointing with his fingers at the palm of his hand, he said: 'Here in this hand was a nail and there, in that hand was a nail, and in each foot there was a nail, and he was hanging thus on the cross!' Then extending

his arms in the shape of a cross and standing thus he suddenly stretched his right hand over the audience, and, pointing his finger at me, he said: 'Thou art the man! Thy sins have nailed Him to the cross!'

"I was like a man hearing his sentence of death. I said to myself: 'Mr. Hebich is speaking to you. Yes, I am the man. My sins have brought Jesus to the cross. Oh, God, have mercy on me, a sinner!' At that moment the Lord opened my eyes so that I saw with joy that

The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now!

And this glory is that He pardons vile sinners like me. I now saw my pardoning Saviour on the cross. Full of joy and gratitude unspeakable I now returned to the barracks, and that night, wherever I looked, there I saw my forgiving Saviour on the cross!"

This poor redeemed soldier had now many temptations to endure. If a soldier wants to lead a godly life, he must be an out and out Christian. No half way tactics will do in the barracks. Charles Stocking was greatly tempted by his strong passion for drink. It was almost impossible to break with the devil in this. How he won the victory we will again let him tell:

"Once, when I was out on guard, I marched with my gun on my shoulder to the canteen. I was just about to step in the door, when a voice in my heart stopped me, saying: 'Fool, if you go into the canteen, you will get twenty days in the guard house!' I then laughed, wheeled round and marched away thinking: 'The devil is trying to catch you again!' When I was back at my post, I praised God for my deliverance. From that day on I had no trouble to overcome the demon of drink!"

The young soldier proved himself a true soldier of the cross. Mr. Hebich kept his eye on him, and, at the close of the year, 1851, he invited him to enter the service of the Mission. After several months of anxious struggle, praying for light on this subject, Charles Stocking became an earnest labourer in the Lord's vineyard, believing that his call to the work was not only from Mr. Hebich, but especially from his Lord.

He now lived almost like the ordinary native of the land, a life of great simplicity. His work was principally in and around Cannanore, among the Natives and also among the soldiers. He laboured humbly and faithfully for his Master for thirty-eight years, being very seldom sick and never going on furlough.

His end came in the year 1889, while he was still hard at work winning souls for his Master. After an early cup of coffee he complained of a pain in his side and fainted away. The regimental surgeon came, and, after examining him said that his heart was all right and that he would soon recover from this attack. It was not serious. Mr. Stocking smilingly replied: "Doctor, I thank you for your kind visit and encouraging words, but I know that I shall never leave this bed!"

Then sitting up in bed he sang the prayer of his life:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high
Hide me! Oh, my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

After this he sent for his poor demented wife and for his children, bidding them a loving farewell and admonishing the children to be true followers of Jesus and to be faithful in His service.

When the soldiers heard of his sudden spell of sickness, they came to see him, and, in his old way, but in a state of great ecstasy he spoke to them of his loving Lord and begged them to be true soldiers of the cross, to stand up, stand up for Jesus! In the evening of that day he sank lower and lower, and, while weeping children and soldier friends were kneeling about his deathbed, a missionary leading in prayer, he sighed contentedly, closed his weary eyes and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

The next day officers and privates and a very large audience of Native and European friends gathered together to take a last, long farewell of the earthly tabernacle of Charles Stocking. After the impressive and solemn funeral service in the Mission Church he was borne to the grave by the men he had loved so well. He came from among the soldiers, his life's work was principally for and among the soldiers, soldiers knelt and prayed around his dying bed, and soldiers bore his body to the grave!—Soldier of Christ, well done, well done!

So closed Mr. Hebich's experiment in trying to make Indians out of Europeans. The experiment was, on the whole, a failure, and yet we see that God blesses even the folly of His servants, when they are true to Him and do their foolish acts to His glory.

“Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!”

CHAPTER XV

A Remarkable Revival.

For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. But if any man buildeth on the foundation gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, stubble;—each man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire: and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is!—
1. Corinthians 3, 11—13.

IN the year 1847 receipts had fallen off at home and the Committee in Basel notified Mr. Hebich that retrenchment must be the order of the day and that they could not promise to send even two-thirds of the sum provided in former years. A night black as death now settled down upon the Mission. What was to be done? Who could help?

If Mr. Hebich had been a selfish man, he might have said: 'Let every man take care of his own station, I will take care of the work in Cannanore. *Sauve qui peut*, save himself who can! Every tub must stand on its own bottom, and I will see to it that my work will stand!' The soldier brethren would care for the work at Cannanore and personally Mr. Hebich would not have suffered. But he was too much of a Christian and a gentleman to harbour such selfish thoughts. He must come to the help of his brethren.

Mr. Hebich set himself the task of weathering the storm that had struck them at night when all sails were

set. Gloriously did God honour the faith of his servants, in His own wise way. When all was dark and dreary, suddenly a great revival began among the people. All had to learn the lesson of lessons: "Seek ye *first* His kingdom and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you!" Instead of giving his time to winning rupees, the missionary had to give his whole time and thought to the winning of souls and he found, at the end of the year, that "all other things had been added unto them!"

The revival was wholly unexpected. It was the work of God's Holy Spirit that like "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit!"

In August 1847, Mr. Hebich had gone with his white congregation to Chirakal to attend a meeting there. The catechists at that meeting were so filled with the Spirit and spoke so searchingly that many of the Europeans were in tears. On the 16th of September, the most obstinate of the boys, David Jacobi, for whose conversion Mr. Hebich had often prayed in great anguish of spirit, came to him, and, of his own accord, made a confession of his sins. When this was reported, on the following day, to the united congregation, all hearts were stirred to their depths.

A week later a school-boy from Chirakal came running to the old pastor, crying: "Woe is me! Woe is me! Oh, day of woe! Oh, day of woe! Woe, woe is me! Alas, I have mocked Jesus! I have said, that He never lived! I have said that the Padres only teach lies! I am all undone! Woe, woe is me!"

Mr. Hebich told him to be quiet, and, taking the boy back to his home in Cannanore, he there, in the study, confessed all his sins. The boy was admonished to look away from self and look only to Jesus, the Lamb of God that beareth the sins of the world, and therefore also his sins. He was told to pray: "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Soon the lad found life for a look at the Crucified One and praised God for His forgiving grace. His younger brother also came and made a similar confession of sins and he, too, found Jesus to be a forgiving Saviour. When Mr. Hebich asked these two boys to make a public confession of their sins and their new-found faith in Jesus, before the church in Chirakal, there was not a dry eye in the whole congregation.

The fire now spread to Cannanore, when Mr. Hebich preached on the text: "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and he that trembleth at my word!"—Isaiah 66, 2. The pastor also had a series of meetings presenting to all the suffering Saviour Who "was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities!" These sermons opened the floodgates and the full tide of God's Holy Spirit came into the meeting. He powerfully appealed to all no longer to suppress the truth with lies, but to be poor sinners and have a contrite spirit before God, and to look to the Crucified One for forgiveness of their sins. Neither whites nor blacks could resist this appeal and soon all were confessing their sins, some crying aloud for mercy.

The Europeans made public confession of their sins in their prayer meeting, while the Natives came in groups to Mr. Hebich as to a priest, confessing to him their many

sins of omission and commission. Every one seemed to feel that now was the accepted time and now was the day of salvation.

Mr. Hebich, during this revival season, was almost beside himself. One day he rode to Tahy, the hamlet of fishermen, his soul all afire. When he entered the village, he called out to all: "Repent! Repent! Repent! The day of the Lord is at hand!" The effect of this message was overpowering. None of the people could look up, and all were silent before God. When he came to the mission house he called out: "Who will repent?" And behold, all the people came crowding to the missionary confessing their sins and praying for forgiveness, both old and young, even little girls, five or six years of age, being among the number of penitents.

After hearing so many people confess their sins Mr. Hebich also considered it to be his duty to confess his own sins to his brethren, so, on the 6th of October, he rode down to Tellicherry and said to the three missionaries there: "Dear brethren, since God, in mercy, has poured out His Holy Spirit upon my church, I, too, must make a confession before you of all my sins." This novel procedure did not at first please his conservative German brethren. After breakfast, however, all met together and listened to Mr. Hebich's life story. In a spirit of deep contrition he told them of his many failings and faults and begged them, for Jesus' sake, to forgive him all the sins he had committed against them and to pray for him. Then all the other missionaries followed his example, and when at last they arose from their knees several hours had passed, while they were lying in deep penitence prostrate before their God.

After the noonday meal Mr. Hebich preached to the native church emphasizing in his sermon the truth that we can hide nothing from the all-seeing eye of God and that all our deeds will be made known, if not now, then on the day of judgment.

Then he told them all about the revival in Cannanore. A spirit of great earnestness and solemnity was on the audience and that evening, after Mr. Hebich's return to Cannanore, a revival began in Tellicherry which from there spread to Calicut and elsewhere. Everywhere the revival meetings continued far into the night.

The heathen, too, were filled with a spirit of great awe. Nowhere was the voice of mockery now heard. But they would not attend any of the revival meetings. A few, however, who attended, were converted, especially in Tahy, of whom twenty were baptized by Mr. Hebich, but they did not all prove to be faithful Christians.

This revival, being something new in the Mission, was viewed with suspicion by the missionaries of his own Society and of other Societies in India. One wrote to him, and this letter pained Mr. Hebich very much, because it came from his friend, Mr. Lehner: "I tried to rejoice with you, but could not, for my heart was filled with doubts as to the genuineness of this revival. When there are such strange manifestations, we must be very cautious that Satan does not come in the garb of an angel of light. Then the damage done to the work of our God will be very great indeed!"

Dr. Mögling, on his return from a mission tour, on being informed of what God had wrought in this revival, wrote: "If you do not become intoxicated with your success, you are a man much blessed of God; but, if you

lose your head over this, then I fear for you and for the souls converted. May the God of all grace keep you and keep away all evil spirits, in order that the name of Jesus may be glorified; and, by your service of love, may He be exalted and may many souls be saved!" This note cheered the old revivalist.

And now, after the lapse of many years, in reviewing all the events of that eventful year, I am sure that we are justified in claiming that the revival was a work of grace, a work of God's Holy Spirit, for the foundation of it was Jesus Christ and Him crucified. A deep conviction of our own sinfulness is only wrought in us by God's Holy Spirit; a conviction that leads us to repentance. If we study God's Holy Word, we find two kinds of confession of sin: the confession of Peter who wept bitterly. His was a confession unto repentance, founded on a deep consciousness of the great wrong he had done his Master in denying Him. This was a confession unto repentance which led to salvation. Then there was the confession of Judas Iscariot: "Then Judas which betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented himself, and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood!" That was a confession leading unto despair and suicide and damnation. The one confession was founded on the love of Christ, the other on the love of filthy lucre, the one man came back to Jesus, the other went to the chief priests and elders; the one repented unto life, the other unto death!

The one great defect in this revival was the emphasis Mr. Hebich laid on a public confession of sins. This is only a means of grace at best, and not grace itself.

Revivalists are so prone to believe that their little organ, their own wee kist of whistles, produces all the harmony, and they forget that only when the Holy Spirit, the breath from heaven, enters in and the Lord Jesus Himself presides at the keyboard can there be divine music.

When Mr. Hebich had once entered a beaten path, it was next to impossible to persuade him to leave it. He now believed that the way to salvation lay in confession of sin and he was determined to have his missionary brethren see this as he did, so he went to Mangalore, to make also there a confession of his own sins and thus set a good example to the others. But he did not have the same success he had had in Tellicherry and elsewhere. The brethren bluntly told him that they did not believe in such popish mummery, and especially Mr. Lehner, Mr. Hebich's old friend, would not and could not see eye to eye with him in this matter and plainly told him: "No man can produce the true spirit of repentance. That is the work of God's Holy Spirit!"

Mr. Hebich humbly replied to these strictures: "Well, brethren, I, at least, have done my duty!"

When, however, the missionaries told Mr. Hebich, that, instead of coming to them and confessing his sins, he ought to make confession to the Committee, he at once sat down and wrote a very humble letter to the leaders of the Mission in Basel, asking them to forgive him all his many faults, secret and otherwise, that he had committed, and also to pardon him the bad temper he had often shown in his correspondence with them.

Much fault was also found with Mr. Hebich in his views about the devil and his power. He was in sympathy with Dr. Martin Luther's views of a personal devil, a very

real being who comes almost in human form to attack and lead men astray, especially those who fight him. Mr. Hebich believed that the devil had his kingdom here below and that all vermin, like lice and bugs and scorpions, were creatures of the devil, especially birds like the impudent, gluttonous, carrion-eating crow that is regarded with such mystic veneration by the Hindus who feed it at death feasts and regard its actions with expectant fear! The crows Mr. Hebich regarded as special messengers of the evil one.

Dr. Mögling pointed out to Mr. Hebich that his views about evil and the prince of evil were not the doctrines of the Bible, but Manicheism pure and simple which, like Parseeism, holds that there are two eternal principles from which all things proceed, and two everlasting kingdoms, bordering on each other: the kingdom of light under the dominion of God and the kingdom of darkness over which Satan rules supreme. Dr. Mögling plainly wrote to him:

“It sometimes seems to me that you speak out of all proportion about devils, evil spirits, etc.; as we really know very little from the Bible and from experience about the personality of such mystical beings. If we do not keep the golden mean in our speech, doctrine, and thought, I fear the penalty we have to pay is that we neglect to lay emphasis on the most important truths which most of all need to be presented in our sermons. If the devil is the main subject of our addresses, we certainly do not attain to the standard set before us by our Lord and the Apostles. You seem to depend more on momentary inspirations which now and then may give you clear and distinct views of the truth, but at other times are sure to lead you

astray. A religious teacher must think in the sweat of his brow, or else he will surely cause his pupils much trouble!"

After some delay the Committee of the Missionary Society in Basel also communicated their official view of all these matters to the missionaries in India. They wished the brethren to meet with Mr. Hebich in conference, and to appoint some one to be associated with him in his work, for, in case of a breakdown of his health, the work in Cannanore would suffer great loss and there ought to be some one near, who could step in and fill his place, if necessary. This was a polite way of saying that Mr. Hebich was not a safe man doctrinally and ought to be watched, at least, so he interpreted the letter of the Committee. When the missionaries, on the 29th of November, 1848, met in conference, he attended, but kept a morose silence. When the brethren very considerably asked him to express his views, he frankly and bluntly told them: "I plainly tell you that I do not need a brother in my station to spy into my work! Of all my work that I will gladly relinquish is the treasury work of the Mission which is to me a great burden. I will not give up my school. If you recommend my dismissal, so much the better. By the help of God and of my Anglo-Indian friends I shall be able to get on. After my fourteen years of unbroken and blessed work, I regard this faultfinding as wholly uncalled for. In fact, I think it will be better for me to sever my connection with you and continue to serve my Lord in the way He leads me!"

While the missionary brethren did not approve of all Mr. Hebich said and did, yet, in consideration of his peculiarities and the peculiar work that he was doing in

Cannanore, they were not prepared to recommend any radical changes. As Mr. Hebich's health was now in a precarious state, and as a doctor had already recommended his taking a furlough home, they thought it best to leave him alone, till he himself would, of his own accord, ask for help.

It was the desire of the Committee in Basel that Dr. Gundert should leave Tellicherry and be associated with Mr. Hebich. This was a wise choice, and when this wish of the Committee was communicated to Mr. Hebich, he gradually consented to the arrangement.

The revival that brought such great blessings not only to Cannanore, but also to Tellicherry, had closely knit together the hearts of Mr. Hebich and of Dr. Gundert. They both valued one another highly. Mr. Hebich was not only deeply and favourably impressed with Dr. Gundert's great learning, but also with his tranquillity of mind, good common-sense and unselfishness. He saw in him the true Christian gentleman. On the other hand, Dr. Gundert, who always accused himself of being cowardly and lukewarm, admired in Mr. Hebich his great boldness and consecrated uniqueness.

After a talk with Dr. Gundert Mr. Hebich himself was convinced that they were to work together, but as the quarters in Cannanore were so cramped, Dr. Gundert must reside in Chirakal. The senior missionary never halted long between two opinions. As soon as he knew what he wanted, he would not rest until his purpose was accomplished. So now he at once urged Dr. Gundert to come, and he himself worked early and late to build a house for his co-worker. In doing this work his usual good health and good nature were restored to him.

How wonderful are God's ways! After Dr. Gundert came, God saw fit to rob him of his voice, so that for three long years he was hardly able to speak above a whisper, and the natives began to call him *Maunamkaren Padre*, the silent parson. During these years of suffering he could not preach in public. If he had been able to preach, perhaps there might have been friction between him and Mr. Hebich, for the latter was pre-eminently the preacher and might not have been pleased, if another preacher had been so near him. Now he had a safe adviser and a good friend assisting him. Dr. Gundert had to give his whole time to the translation of the Bible, which is the best in Malayalam, to literary work generally and to school work. God never makes a mistake in placing his servants where He would have them!

In closing this chapter we may add that in the year 1848 Mr. Hebich's dearest regimental Church left Cannanore for Madras. The regiment had been stationed for five years on the West Coast and it was a great pain to the old pastor's heart to have to part with these his beloved children in the Lord. But soon the vacant places in his church and heart were filled by the soldiers of the 25th Regiment. About seventy soldiers, their wives and friends attended regularly Mr. Hebich's church every Sunday and Wednesday, having also prayers regularly every morning and evening in the barracks, or with the missionary. An atmosphere of prayer seemed to pervade the whole regiment. Every Friday evening the women of the regiment met for worship and it was refreshing to hear them pour out their heart's deepest longings before the throne of grace. This new work greatly cheered Mr. Hebich's heart and it grew apace, in spite of all opposition.

The soldier brethren of the regiment that had gone to Madras, wrote many cordial letters to their old pastor and also sent money to him, to help him to carry on his work. One of them, a Scotchman, James Duncan, even bought his own freedom from service and came to Cannanore to join his friends Searle and O'Brien, in the work of the Mission. He did not stay very long, however. Soon he was tired of this religious work, left, and again joined the army.

So day had now once more dawned after a night of black darkness caused by many misunderstandings. Another door was also opened to the missionary for work among the drummers and musicians of the 43rd Native Infantry Regiment. For two months he preached to them daily out on the street. Some of the men were converted, and even though the work did not prove a great success, yet the good man's soul was filled with joy and peace in the Lord. He closes a report of that year's work with these words: "The work in the 12th Native Infantry Regiment, of which my good friend Colonel Coffin is the commanding officer, also moves slowly along. Well, things turn up one by one. Hallelujah!"

CHAPTER XVI

Work Old and New.

So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome; for I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.—*Romans 1, 15 and 16.*

I AM ready to preach!”—“I am not ashamed of the Gospel!” These were the keynotes of Mr. Hebich’s life. He gloried in a Crucified Saviour from sin, and his whole ambition was to glorify Him. In consciousness of his own unworthiness, he always called himself: “Hebich, a poor sinner!” The only title this devoted servant of God ever cared for or applied to himself, was the one that he often used in his sermons and addresses: “Samuel Hebich, a witness of Jesus Christ!”

Even though Dr. Gundert and his energetic wife and a single lady missionary had now come to Chirakal and had established a girls’ school there, the senior missionary’s burdens had not been lightened thereby. He now preached more than ever, for he now had to preach for two men, as his silent colleague’s peculiar throat trouble did not permit him to speak above a whisper, and so the work in Chirakal and in other suburbs of Cannanore needed more than ever the voice of the old pastor of the home church.

Mr. Hebich now gave most of his care to the little church of Pulayer slaves in Anjaracandy. It was impossible for him to leave his church work on Sunday, so he

regularly went to the plantation during the week, the planters kindly giving the slaves leave to hear their pastor's words whenever he came.

Having so many irons in the fire Mr. Hebich could not give them the pastoral care they so much needed, so he sent one of his best assistants, Timothy No. 2, there to shepherd them. On communion Sundays the whole church of fifty members would come with their pastor into Cannanore. Coming in contact with so many intelligent, well-dressed Tamil and Malayalee Christians was a new experience to these poor degraded, despised Christians. When they saw so many officers and their wives and other prominent Europeans and the Privates in their smart uniforms attending the mission church, they became ashamed of their own customs and costumes and felt the need of making themselves worthy of the society to which they now belonged, for they realized that God "raiseth up the poor out of the dust and lifteth up the needy from the dunghill that He may set him with princes, even with the princes of His people." Hence they forsook their evil ways of drunkenness and debauchery, began to wear clean clothes and to learn eagerly how to read and write. Many of their number who, till now, had shown no interest in Christianity, now began to enquire into this new religion and asked to be received into the new fold. So the slave church grew in grace. Soon there were thirty converts under instruction who confessed their sins of stealing, witchcraft and impurity, and who asked for baptism.

The day of rejoicing for all these people was New Year's day. Then they were permitted to go and spend the holidays in the city. During the night, between the old year 1849 and the new year 1850, twenty-five happy

believers in Jesus were baptized and one hundred and seventy-eight communicants celebrated the Lord's Supper. The old pastor's heart was filled with joy unspeakable and great gratitude and he prayed fervently that night that all, white and black, the slaves and the free, might be kept throughout the New Year in the love of Jesus and be instrumental in winning many souls for Him.

Very soon, however, they were to descend from this mount of transfiguration into a valley of suffering, and their faith was to be sorely tried. All the slave guests had been quartered in the mission house at Tahy, where there were two cases of smallpox among the boys in the boarding school. The sick had been separated from all, and Mr. Hebich did not anticipate any danger for his slave brethren. But on their return to the plantation the dreadful pestilence began to spread among them, and soon fifty of their number were laid low and unable to work. Noble Timothy, himself a physician, cared for all the sick and heroically sacrificed his life in the service of his patients. He died on the 31st of January, 1850, while almost all the sick became well; others, however, fell ill and soon the whole hamlet was down with the dread disease.

The planters were very much annoyed at this enforced idleness of almost all their people during the busy pepper-harvest. On Mr. Hebich's coming to visit the sick, they said to him: "You are to blame for all this!"

The missionary humbly replied: "Yes, I am to blame and none feels the blow more than I do, but I have not only come to confess my fault, which I hope you will pardon, but I have also come to help the sick and have brought nurses, Mr. O'Brien, Jude and his good wife Hagar, along with me to care for the sufferers!"

That a European should give his time and strength to the poor plague-stricken coolies seemed a miracle to all. The poor people never forgot Mr. O'Brien's loving service to them, nor did they ever forget their loving pastor who lost his life in their service. This was an object lesson in Christian love that made an indelible impression on their benighted minds. By Good Friday the disease had run its course, one hundred of the people having been laid low by it, of whom ten died. Timothy, No. 1, now came to Anjaracandy as the village pastor, and soon he had his hands full of work, for cholera now broke out and many more died, among whom were some of the converts who peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. This aroused all and soon there was a gospel temperance revival, the children especially doing much to stop the terrible drunkenness of their elders.

This temperance movement greatly pleased the aged planters, who did all they could to encourage it. The old order of things was passing away and everything was becoming new. A great change had come over all. The children joyfully went to school, and, at their work in the fields, the slaves were singing the praises of God. Many, who before this had been almost nude, especially the women, now began to clothe themselves decently, and everywhere there was a decided improvement in the life and morals of the people.

But all this did not meet with the approval of the higher castes and of the Mohammedans. If these poor people had accepted the faith of Islam, they would have been free to come and go on all the roads and streets of the land, but Christian baptism did not confer on them this prerogative! If Christians dared to approach the

hamlets of the low-caste Tiyars, they were beaten unmercifully, and even the Mohammedans drove them away, when they came near their booths to make purchases. A Mohammedan nearly killed a Christian for this offence. On complaint being made to the Native magistrate the persecutor received but very small punishment and this did not stop the persecutions. Even the planters did not dare to interfere with the customs of the country, but only advised Mr. Hebich to continue his work of reformation and let time change the customs of the land.

Among the many converts won for Jesus in Anjaracandy that year were also some poor Eurasians of the estate. One of these died, joyfully saying to all: "I am trusting for salvation in the blood of the Lamb!" Mr. Hebich was highly elated at all these triumphs of the Gospel. On the 3rd of April, 1850, he reports as follows:

"My work, my joy and my health have prospered, since I began this work. I have less fear in and for the work, for it is surer, more permanent, and more blessed than ever before. The preaching at the heathen festival was also a success. Only once were we stoned, when dear Timothy and Joseph were nearly killed. By the grace of God all is now well. I, at whom they threw the stones, escaped unhurt. God's precious Word is a leaven among the people, and I have the sure hope that soon the time is coming when it shall please the Head of His Church also to pour out His Holy Spirit upon the thousands living all around us. Since the union of the Anjaracandy church with the Cannanore church, all have received a visible blessing. The white members edify the blacks. Soldiers, too, are being won, one by one, by the truth. Because of the new regulations granting freedom of worship to the

soldiers something new has happened. Those who belong to us are now marched to the parade service every Sunday morning, in command of an officer. This began on the 4th of February, when we had a large baptism of converts. There are forty soldier brethren in the 94th Regiment, so our church is full of people every Sunday, and to all of them I preach in English. Jacob has charge of the Malayalam service. I can affirm that our church is becoming, more and more, a mission church!"

Sunday, the 6th of October, was a red letter day in the Mission, for on that day Mr. Hebich had the largest baptism he had thus far had in his life in India. Fifty-three followed Jesus in this act of obedience, among whom were forty-three from Anjaracandy. There was also a Tiyar with his daughter, Manni, fourteen years of age, among this number. This great day was to become a memorable day to the Mission in another way. Sir Wm. Robinson, one of the ablest civil servants of his day and generation, happened to attend Mr. Hebich's church that day. He saw the baptism and believed in Mr. Hebich's work and then and there a warm friendship was formed between these two men, a friendship that was to be of lasting benefit to the great work of evangelizing the peoples of Malabar.

The heathen were very angry when they heard of Mr. Hebich's great success, and conspired to be revenged, on a Government holiday when the courts were closed. So on the day of the Kali festival, October 14, 1850, they assembled together tumultuously and tried, at least, to entice away the Tiyar's daughter. Failing in this they came, a howling mob, during the missionary's absence, to the mission house demanding the release of the girl, beating

the Christians and threatening to tear down the house. Of course, the police were nowhere to be found. Only when a soldier in uniform, by chance, came to the mission house, the people quieted down somewhat. The soldier informed a Major of the siege at the mission house, and this officer with a troop, after the mob had raved for five hours in the premises, at last dispersed them and liberated the captives.

Sir Wm. Robinson thoroughly investigated this case and reprimanded the Native officials severely for their neglect of duty. The poor girl, after having been starved for thirty-six hours, now earnestly begged for baptism, to save her from further annoyance. This wish was granted. When she thus publicly consecrated her life to Jesus, a stately Grenadier who was present at the baptismal service, then and there made a full surrender of himself to Christ.

After all these sore persecutions and cases of Hindu and Mohammedan intolerance, it is refreshing to see beyond the desert once more fruitful fields, ripe for the harvest. On the 21st of September, there was a larger ingathering of souls than ever before. Mr. Hebich had again the privilege of baptizing fifty-three new converts from Anjaracandy, besides fifteen others, and with a heart, full of wonder, love and praise, he writes:

“After seventeen years of hard work in this land I have had my largest baptism. Just think sixty-eight precious souls baptized at one time! How great is the grace of God! There is yet room in the heavens and there is yet a season granted to poor sinners for repentance!”

Singing, praying and salaaming the church of Anjaracandy numbering one hundred and eighty believers, came on New Year's Day, 1851, to Cannanore and they celebrated a united communion on the last night of the old year,

between 7½ o'clock and midnight and again met for worship on the 1st of January from 10 to 12½ o'clock in the morning. Such large gatherings of people were a great inspiration to Mr. Hebich. With beaming countenance he would come before his people and his burning words full of love, counsel, reproof and warning would be heeded by all. On the other hand, small congregations could not discourage him. He was just as dead in earnest in his preaching when he had an audience of two as when two hundred were present. This last great baptism, however, seemed to mark a halt in the work in Anjaracandy, for, after this, there were only single additions, the people no longer coming by scores.

But the old missionary's heart was not satisfied. "More, O my God, more!" was the cry of his soul. Now a new work was to be opened, in a wonderful way, by the two catechists, O'Brien and Paul, who went on a mission tour to South Malabar, to Mudutala, the native place of Paul. Both had a cordial welcome from the proud Nairs. For the first time the blessed Gospel of the pardon of all our sins by the atonement of Jesus Christ was now preached in this place by one of the young men of their own community. All had supposed that he had died on his wanderings. At first, the father was angry with his son for having disgraced his caste by becoming a Christian, but ere long he confessed: "I, too, will have to partake of the salvation of your God!"

An old teacher, eighty-five years of age and a leper, was so overcome by the message that Jesus Christ, the Holy Son of God, without sin, came into this world and died for us poor sinners, that he bewailed his ignorance and cried out: "Oh, if I could only pray to him! If I only

knew how to pray!" He quickly learned the Lord's prayer and repeated it over and over again with streaming eyes.

Mr. O'Brien and Paul had to leave the town, after some days, but left behind a New Testament, saying to the people: "Pray, ponder well the truths in this true Veda of our God!"

The young man's mother was almost persuaded to forsake all and follow her son and become a Christian, but alas! she could not make up her mind to break caste. 'Tis strange, but true, in India caste is often stronger than a mother's love!

While the catechists could go about from village to village, Mr. Hebich had been, as he quaintly puts it, chafing like a chained dog under restraint. He could not leave his annual reports and accounts. He longed to go beyond the narrow circle wherein his work had been carried on for so many years. Suddenly the opportunity for new work came to him. Sir Wm. Robinson had become the Collector of Palghat and now promised a yearly subscription to the Mission, if a station were established there. This was a call from God and Mr. Hebich at once made up his mind to heed it.

Up to this time the old pastor had tenaciously clung to his Cannanore work, having refused every invitation to go even on a visit to his many spiritual children in other military stations. Now, "to Palghat we must go!" was his watchword. Palghat being in Malabar he would not be leaving the State in which he had laboured so long. The town lies in a beautiful pass, in the so-called Palghat valley, a fruitful country between majestic mountains, and a lovely large mountain stream brings great fruitfulness to this beautiful place. The Madras Railway now passes through this break in the mountains to the Malabar coast.

The large town, having about 40,000 inhabitants, was now the citadel the old warrior wished to storm.

The small army deputed for this great work consisted of Mr. Hebich, Mr. O'Brien, Jacob, Joseph, Paul and a number of schoolboys *plus* Immanuel. All went their way singing and praying down the coast and then inland to Mudutala, to deepen the impression made by the former visit of Mr. O'Brien and Paul. The mother of the lad, on again seeing her son, was almost beside herself with joy. But her brother, the owner of the house in which they were living, was very angry at the singing of the catechists, and said to Mr. Hebich: "Is not the god of our school here? Stay and sit down, if you wish, but don't sing and pray, for our god is too near and he will not like that!"

The old warrior at once began to attack this man in his stronghold of superstition, until the latter could no longer stand it and ran away. His sister excused him, saying: "He is afraid of what the neighbours will say and this makes him angry!"—She, the mother of Paul, heard Mr. Hebich gladly, drinking in every word he said.

Sunday, the 8th of December, the company spent in Vaniyanculam, where a married engineer and two officers were living. Mr. Hebich went to them, and, at the family worship, the engineer asked him to join in the reading of prayers. The good Major knew books on engineering better than the prayer book, so his wife had to come to his assistance and help him to find the prayers for the day.

After reading the service in the Book of Common Prayer Mr. Hebich asked them all to join him in an *extempore* prayer and he then brought his and their heart's deepest needs and longings before the throne of grace. Thereafter he preached a heart-searching sermon to them.

After the morning service the old missionary was asked to stay to breakfast and this gave him an opportunity of showing his highly esteemed Heart-book to all, while he sent his catechists to the subordinates of these officers. In the evening there was preaching by all in the bazar. Till late at night Mr. Hebich stayed with the officers, urging them to choose the good part, for one thing is needful.

On the 14th of December they finally reached Palghat and Sir William received them with open arms, giving them half of his bungalow to live in. The Collector himself showed them the large town and introduced them to their work. They found a French priest living in Palghat and about four hundred Roman Catholics.

At once Mr. Hebich began his gospel campaign, preaching in every bazar and street the glad tidings of salvation and distributing tracts to the people. Almost all listened respectfully to them and heard the preachers gladly, but when they came to the Brahman quarters of the city, there soon was much wrangling and quarrelling. A priest, to whom one of the catechists had given a tract, in disdain began to tear it in pieces. Mr. Hebich, seeing that, snatched the tract from his hand and said to him in holy wrath: "Beware, lest my God tear you in pieces, as you have torn His Word!"

After this all quieted down and now the seed could be sown in peace. These experiences of God's omnipotent, all-conquering help so overpowered His old servant that he reports with joy unspeakable:

"The people took my whole heart captive. When I heard Daniel's first sermon, so simple and so true, my eyes were filled with tears. He began by saying: I am one of

your own blood, you people, but am only a boy and yet a witness of the grace of God in Christ Jesus shown to me, a poor sinner!—Before this I felt all worn out, but now living waters began to well up in my heart, so that the people became like bewitched. A handsome man looked at me with a hungry look on his face and came to me afterwards saying: 'Sir, I too must become a Christian!' He came often to see us.

"In the bazars many stood around us while we were preaching, while many climbed up on the flat roofs of the houses and sat there for hours, listening to our message. I was probably the first missionary who preached the Gospel wholesale in the streets of Palghat. The crowds became so great that on the second evening of our stay there my heart just burned with compassion and love for the people, so that I must be their advocate and plead for a missionary for Palghat!"—Sir Wm. Robinson became so enthusiastic, when he heard of the first great success of the work that he at once tried to buy a house for the new mission.

As there was a garrison with many troops in the station, Mr. O'Brien was busy among the drummers and musicians of the regiment, while Mr. Hebich, as a matter of course, visited all the officers there; he won two of them for Jesus.

The return trip to Cannanore was made by an inland route *via* Angadipuram, the scene of a recent Moplah outrage and a desperate conflict between the troops and these fanatics, on the 4th of September, 1849. Sixty-four Moplahs had consecrated their lives to a holy war. They would exterminate the infidels and destroy their temples!

A Lieutenant with a detachment of sepoy had been sent to suppress this rebellion and to capture or kill the

rebels. These turned upon him and his troops in the fury of fanaticism, and, after the officer and four of his men had been cut down, the sepoy's fled for their lives. Thereafter two companies of British soldiers were sent against them. These, on meeting the Moplahs, shot them all down or bayoneted them to death. One of the soldiers was severely wounded. He had been converted in Mr. Hebich's meetings and died soon after of his wounds, happy in Jesus. The Rajah, or native king, erected a beautiful monument in this place in memory of the fallen Englishmen.

Mr. Hebich now went to the scene of this carnage, everywhere preaching Christ and Him crucified. On these long foot-marches the Natives marvelled at his elasticity of body and mind. Their leader never lagged behind and neither the hot sun overhead, nor the weary way underfoot could tire him out. Truly in his case the Lord's promise was gloriously fulfilled: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint!"

This was now the first of many preaching tours that Mr. Hebich began and he always went farther and farther away from Cannanore, going even as far as Madras. Wherever he went he sowed in tears and reaped in joy, though he often went on his way weeping, bearing forth precious seed, he always returned with joy, bringing his sheaves, with him. Hallelujah, Amen!

CHAPTER XVII

A Worthy Son.

To Timothy, my beloved child:
Grace, mercy, peace from God the
Father and Christ Jesus, our Lord.
Having been reminded of the unfeigned
faith that is in thee which dwelt first
in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother
Eunice, and I am persuaded, in thee
also. For the which cause I put thee
in remembrance that thou stir up the
gift of God, which is in thee through
the laying on of my hands.—*II. Timothy*
1, 2. 5. 6.

MR. HEBICH had many beloved children in the Lord, but none was so full of grace, mercy and peace from God as William Gompertz. The old father did not bring up his spiritual children in idleness, but at once set them to work as the regiments came to and went from Cannanore, and impressed upon them their duty to lift up the Crucified Christ, wherever, in the providence of God, they might be stationed. None was more zealous in this work for the army than Gompertz, his beloved son in the Lord. It would be interesting to describe the life of many of the officers who were won for Jesus by this humble German missionary, but we must be satisfied here with a sketch of the life of this one unique son of a unique father.

In the year 1850, the 12th Native Infantry Regiment was sent from Cannanore to the French Rocks in the State

of Mysore, reaching that place after a trying, wet march. As there was no resident missionary or chaplain in that station, Captain Halliday became the religious leader of the small regimental church of twenty-eight members who had been won for Christ by Mr. Hebich during their three years' stay in Cannanore.

The 16th Native Infantry Regiment came to Cannanore to take the place vacated by the 12th Regiment. There were great blessings in store for this new regiment, especially for one of its youngest officers. He was to become Mr. Hebich's true son in the Lord; not a mere copy of his bearded father, but a son who inherited all that was best in him and yet a son who developed and retained through life his own individuality.

William Gompertz was of Jewish descent, and, as his name indicates, of German extraction. He was educated in Jersey, the chief island of the Channel archipelago, where he imbibed much of the spirit of the settlers from Normandy, so that he had German, French, English and Jewish proclivities, being, in fact, cosmopolitan by birth and education, as though he had been chosen of God to wander the earth, meet men of many tongues and religions, in order to win many of them for the truth as it is in Jesus.

Mr. Gompertz's father and some of his brothers had embraced Christianity. When William was still a young boy his father died. He was destined for military service and he gladly entered upon this career, for thereby he soon hoped to become a help to his mother.

As a cadet of only sixteen years of age young Gompertz was sent to India, leaving his dear mother behind, never again to hear a word of love from her loving lips, nor again to feel the touch of her gentle hand on his weary

brow. One of the deepest and most vivid impressions he carried away with him from the dear homeland was the one made on his heart and mind by the prayer and blessing of a venerable bearded rabbi who commended him to the protection and care of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of his forefathers and his God too.

After a long, but uneventful sea voyage he finally landed in Madras, and, after reporting for duty, was ordered to join the 16th Native Infantry Regiment in Quilon, an important coast town in the Native State of Travancore. Here he was introduced to his work as an officer of the army. He now also had to study Hindustani, the language spoken by army officers in all parts of India, in their commands and intercourse with the polyglot sepoys.

Being very regular and very punctual in all his ways, the young officer soon mastered the language and the other lessons he had to learn, even though he suffered much from violent sun headaches. He did not care much for the vices of the army, such as racing, drinking and gambling, but was quiet, sober, studious and industrious, in fact, a model army officer.

Religiously he was a faithful member of the Church of England, having received a strict training in that church. In India he was a very regular attendant at all the church services and so he thought that he was doing his whole duty to God and man, and both might be satisfied with him. And yet he was not satisfied with himself, nor with the chaplain of his regiment who was very high church.

Hearing that the new Bishop of Madras, Dr. Dealtry, was an earnest, evangelical Christian, young Gompertz wrote him a letter, laying bare before him his timid,

throbbing heart. By return mail he received a letter full of paternal advice and cheer telling the young man that the forms and ceremonies of the church were but the shell of the nut and that he must seek the kernel, if he would find nourishment. This letter greatly comforted the unhappy youth and he was now resolved to be more faithful in the performance of his daily duties, among which he considered prayer and the study of God's Holy Word as of great importance. But yet his heart grew heavier all the time and he did not know where to go to get rid of his heavy burden.

In the year, 1855, his regiment was sent to Cannanore. The officers and men were delighted with this change, for now they expected to have good times in the large station where there would surely be many balls, races, dinner parties and other amusements.

After an uneventful march along the glorious coast, the regiment arrived in Cannanore, on the 20th of December, just in time for all the gaieties of the Christmas season. The officers soon made themselves at home in the one-storied, straw-thatched bungalows, each in its own compound; while the sepoy were quartered in the lines, or barracks erected for Native troops. The customary social calls were soon made and returned and all now went merry as a marriage bell. There were regimental parties, dances and games of all sorts, while the regimental bands played lively music, thus adding sensual pleasure to all the dinners and games.

At the mess 'that old graybeard Hebich' soon became the topic of talk and the newcomers were told all about his eccentricities and the laugh at the old man's expense was loud and long. Only once in a while some one would

quietly say: "Well, perhaps after we all are dead and buried and have been forgotten, he will still be remembered as the Apostle of Cannanore!"

William Gompertz did not join in all this frivolous talk and cared little for all the gaieties of the cantonment. As a good churchman he was always very punctual and regular in attending all the services of the church; but these did not edify him, for the chaplain, although more eloquent than the Quilon chaplain, was also a very high churchman. Apostolic succession, baptismal regeneration and transubstantiation were the principal doctrines preached, but all of these did not answer the question: "How can I get right with God?" The display of crucifixes and of burning candles and vestments, as well as an intoned service by the surpliced choir was very æsthetic, but æstheticism never yet fed a soul, hungry for the Bread of Life.

According to his custom Mr. Hebich soon called upon the new officers to invite them also to 'patronize his shop', as he put it. Young Gompertz was very much impressed with the grotesque appearance of the peculiar German missionary. His long, gray, flowing beard at once brought before the mental eye of the young man the venerable rabbi who had blessed him on his departure for India.

After this visit young Gompertz with two other officers began to attend the services in the Mission church. The old pastor always kept a sharp look-out for newcomers, and, on seeing these three new visitors, he at once went to them after the service. They would not, however, go to his room to drink a cup of tea, but went home. To some of the officers who came into the missionary's room he remarked: "I tell you that young man belongs to us!"

Young Gompertz now had to take three months' leave, to go to Madras for his final examination in Hindustani. On the long journey to and from this chief city of the presidency and the seat of Government he earnestly pondered all that he had heard from the humble German. He could not forget his burning words of love and reproof, but his proud heart kept saying: "That is no place for you. The old man uses very uncouth language and his grammar too is bad. You are too cultured to mix with the riffraff of the cantonment. It may do for others, but you are too æsthetic for such crude words and surroundings!"

To which the still, small voice of conscience did urge reply: "William, you are a sinner and you know it. You must humble yourself. Jesus Christ 'is the stone which was set at naught of you, the builders, which was made the head of the corner. And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.' You need Jesus, you need Jesus; you need Jesus! And Christ and Him crucified Mr. Hebich preaches!"

On his return to his regiment the young officer became a regular attendant at Mr. Hebich's church and gradually he also joined his free club of tea drinkers. These gatherings after the evening services were very informal. Everybody was free to come and go. Mr. Hebich always cordially invited all, saying: "Come one, come all! You can get anything you want in my shop free, gratis and for nothing. I give sermons and tea and sometimes blows—all for nothing."

In these unique after-meetings, as a rule, first of all the evening's sermon would furnish the topic of talk.

Questions would be asked and answered and the old Socrates put many a pointed question to his disciples for them to ponder; questions that aroused them and caused them restless nights, until they found peace in Jesus. There was a lovely intercourse among all, so frank and free. These gatherings also deeply impressed the young man. Whenever he was present, he always was a silent listener, his face wreathed in an inscrutable smile.

Once the old pastor asked young Gompertz pointedly: "William, are you, too, a poor sinner? Do you need pardoning grace? I suppose such a pious, noble youth as you are, can go to heaven without a Saviour!—But can he?"

No answer was given to this. William only smiled and remained firmly entrenched in his tower of silence. Gradually he became more communicative. Now and then he would ask a question or make a remark.

At one of these meetings the question of horse races was discussed and there was quite a lively debate. The *pros* and *cons* of racing made the meeting very lively. Suddenly Mr. Hebich said to William the Silent:—"You, too, have been to the races. I did not expect that of you. But you see, your heart is just as bad as the heart of the worst among the officers. You, too, have the filthy beasts in your heart. You don't show your devil's menagerie as others do. That is the only difference between you and them!"—William only smiled.

At another meeting of the tea drinkers Mr. Hebich said to him: "I have been looking at you in church. What scar is that on your cheek? You didn't get that in the service of your Queen!"

The young man blushing replied: "Oh, that's nothing. I went snipe-shooting with a friend and this is the result!"

“Did you have a pass?”

“I don’t need a pass to go snipe-shooting!”

“So, so, so. No pass! Just look at this independent young man! He can do as he pleases and needs no pass from any one!—So, so, so!”

This opened the young man’s eyes and he saw the meaning of the old saint’s words. He could not forget that emphatic: “So, so, so!” He now realized, for the first time in his life, that a Christian soldier needs a pass from his Commanding Officer for every word and deed of his life. William never again after this went out shooting.

“We *know* that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not, abideth in death!” This was the touchstone of the young man’s new-found faith. He knew that he now had the right kind of faith, because he loved the brethren, whether white or black, whether cultured or uncultured, whether educated or uneducated. His whole life now became a living testimony to the love of Jesus that constrained him to become all things to all men. All were his brethren beloved, the missionaries, the officers, the soldiers, the sepoys, the catechists, the Native Christians, even the poor benighted Pulayer slaves; all were his beloved brethren whom he delighted to serve. He now was very liberal and gave his money, time and strength to the bearing of the burdens of others.

There were times when he asked himself the question: “Ought I not to resign my commission and join the ranks of Gospel workers?” But his Commanding Officer would not give him a pass, so he stayed in the camp, a bright and shining light!

None could ever accuse him of being a psalm singing, praying officer who neglected his duties to his Queen, and who knew more about the Bible than about his Army Regulations. William Gompertz was every inch a soldier and ready to fill any position in the army. He was interpreter, adjutant and quarter-master all at the same time, and took, in addition to all this, many of the duties of other officers upon himself. In spite of his feeble constitution, he had a wonderful capacity for work, because he used economically every minute of the day. While he was thus one of the best officers in his regiment, he was also a very efficient missionary, during his short life of less than thirty years.

In methods of Christian work William Gompertz and Samuel Hebach seemed to have exchanged roles, for the latter was the fiery soldier, attacking souls with all the artillery of the army of God, while the former was the patient, loving, serving missionary, filling souls with the sunshine of his own life and refreshing them with the gentle dew of kindness as it falls from heaven. When the old warrior had failed in winning a soul by storm, the gentle soldier would win it for Jesus by the power of his great, loving heart.

William Gompertz worked among all sorts and conditions of men, among the frivolous officers and men, among the vacillating Europeans and Eurasians of the town, among Tamils and Malayalees, among sepoys and camp-followers, winning them all to Jesus. No matter who it was with whom he came in contact, he would soon, in his quiet, gentlemanly way lead them on to tell him their soul's greatest need and point them to the God who supplies our every need in glory through Christ Jesus, our Lord.

At times, when a sceptic or an avowed atheist would be sneering at Christians and Christianity, in his sweet yet brave way he would show him the weakness of his argument and reveal to him the sweetness, the comfort, the strength that faith in Jesus gives a man, until the unbeliever, overcome by his life and love, would cordially shake hands with him, saying: "Gompertz, you are the happiest of mortals. Would to God I had such a faith as yours!"

No one ever thought, for a moment, that this quiet, unobtrusive young man had any soul-struggles. No one knew of the lonely midnight hours that he spent, praying and weeping, in great anguish of soul, before his God. Only to his most intimate friends would he at times reveal his heart's deepest longings and sorest trials, saying: "My inconsistent walk causes me great heaviness of heart. Others may not see it, but I see it every moment of my life! I am only a poor sinner, needing God's grace for every breath I draw."

This talented young officer was not a loud talker who despised God's divinely ordained ministers and thought that he could preach and teach better than they can, and that there is no longer any need for clergymen. No, William Gompertz was not a religious anarchist, but respected God's ministers and never did anything to discredit the clergy of the Established Church. Only, in after years, when he was stationed where there was no chaplain, did he take upon himself the work of a religious leader, but this he did very reluctantly and only from a sense of duty. His work, he said, was only to help others, by reading to them God's Holy Word and praying with them. "If other officers talk so enthusiastically about dogs and horses, about manœuvres and politics, why

should not I freely speak a word for my dear Saviour?" he would ask.

An officer who began his army career in Cannanore and who learned to love Wm. Gompertz and valued him as a friend and brother, once wrote as follows about him: "I can truly say that I never met an officer who was so consistent in all his ways; none who so adorned in all things the doctrines of Christ, his Saviour, as dear Gompertz. He was instrumental, in the providence of God, in bringing me to a saving knowledge of the name of Jesus, and I have cause to thank God as long as I live for having brought us two together!"

Gompertz's regiment was only permitted to stay for two years in Cannanore, and part of that time he was away on detachment duty and also on sick leave to Ootacamund, and yet his life and work in Cannanore told more for truth and righteousness than that of any other officer in the station.

While regaining health and strength in Ootacamund the son had the great joy of meeting his father, Mr. Hebich, up there. He also met there an aged aunt, a very cultured lady, who was still a Jewess. He longed to tell her about Jesus, the Messiah, but he feared that her prejudices were too great for him to overcome and that she would not listen to him, so he quietly read to her the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament and preached to her by his consistent Christian walk; at the same time praying for her that God, in mercy, would remove from her eyes the veil of Moses, so that she might see Jesus, the beloved of her soul, the chiefest among ten thousand.

Every spare moment he could get the son would go with his spiritual father visiting officers and others and

leading them to the Saviour. Mr. Hebich was very anxious to see Wm. Gompertz's aunt and tried again and again to have him introduce him to her, but "the cunning rogue would always keep me away from her!" he used to say. Young Gompertz feared that if he were to introduce this uncouth, brusque preacher to her, the breach between her and Christ would only be widened, especially if the old warrior were to attack her beloved entrenchments of Judaism.

General Halliday relates that once he and Gompertz had been with Mr. Hebich visiting people, when the latter had succeeded in coming to the very door of the house, in which the aunt was living. Then Gompertz's courage failed him and he earnestly besought Mr. Hebich not to enter the house, but to leave his aunt to the guidance and moulding influence of God's Holy Spirit. Humbly and gently Mr. Hebich left saying: "I agree with you, my son, and do not insist on visiting your aunt, but will pray for her instead."

The father's and son's united prayer of faith was gloriously answered. Before her death the aunt professed her childlike faith in Jesus, saying joyfully to all: "Jesus is my Saviour from sin. He is the Messiah of Israel!"

Together father and son returned to the plains and to their work in Cannanore. In Gompertz Mr. Hebich had found the assistant he needed, but this co-operation in the work for souls was soon to cease. The 16th Native Infantry Regiment was ordered to go elsewhere and the young officer had to go too. But wherever he was stationed Gompertz was always a bright and shining light for Jesus.

CHAPTER XVIII

When Greek meets Greek.

Philemon, our beloved and fellow-worker.—*Philemon, 1.*

WHEN Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war! We interpret this proverb in the light of our present-day athletic sports. But I fear our interpretation is an erroneous one. We apply the same to opposing factions well matched, but originally this was applied to allies and not to opponents. When Greek joins Greek, so it was said, when Spartan stands shoulder to shoulder with the Athenian, then comes the tug of war, or victory to their united standards, for union is strength and union makes the united hosts invincible.

Whether this is a correct interpretation of the proverb or not we cannot discuss here, but in this chapter we wish to describe the meeting and union of two Greek warriors both monarchs of the realm of Christ, both spiritual giants and both valiant soldiers of the cross. When they met and joined forces, Greek joined Greek and this union meant greater victories for the Basel Mission in India. These two men were Samuel Hebich, the unique, successful winner of souls, and Joseph Josenhans, the Inspector or Secretary of the Basel Mission.

For seventeen years missions had now been carried on by the German brethren on the West Coast and in Canara. They had seen the work prosper and had had many evidences of God's blessing on their work. They had won the confidence of Christians everywhere by their

consecrated zeal and yet there was much lacking. There had been, as we have seen, much unpleasantness in the Mission, because the Mission lacked order and organization and this defect gave rise to many misunderstandings. Mr. Josenhans, the third energetic Inspector of the Society, now came to India to see the work for himself and to reorganize the whole on a sounder basis.

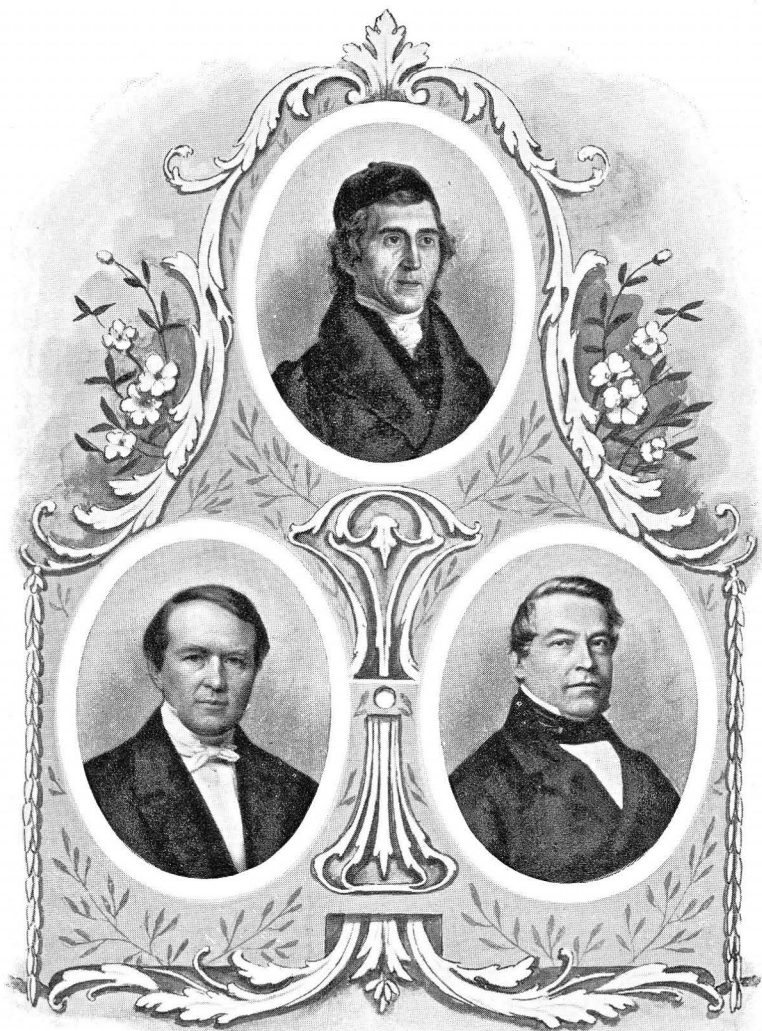
During the seventeen years of the history of the Malabar and Canara Missions there had been three Inspectors in Basel, of whom the learned historian of the Mission, Pastor Eppler, gives the following description:

“If we look at the Basel Mission under Blumhardt, it is as though we were entering a plain meeting hall. The Inspector is sitting at a harmonium, playing with pathos and expression the missionary anthem, the hymn of the pious in the land.

“In the second period Hoffmann presides at the organ. He has pulled out all the stops and lets the missionary anthem roll like a majestic choral through the vaults of the large church. The church is filled with a wondering crowd of people.

“Now comes the third Inspector, a master conductor ready to direct a whole large orchestra. His eye is fixed on all, his ear painfully detects every discord and at times he strikes the desk so violently with his baton that all tremble and look at one another with fear. Yet all are working together to produce a great composition, a powerful symphony, and we all feel that a superb finale is coming.”

The Inspector with a company of missionaries arrived in Mangalore on the 15th of October, 1851. In this party was a converted merchant who had come out to be Mr. Hebich's assistant. All received a very warm welcome from the missionaries, but the senior missionary, the president of the Mission, had not yet arrived. He was busy with accounts and reports, but soon he came, greeting the Inspector cordially with these words: “At last your foot has trod on India's sod, dear Mr. Inspector. In the name of Jesus I welcome you all, especially my dear Diez. This is our chosen land, in which we are privileged to



BLUMHARDT, HOFFMANN, AND JOSENHANS

The First Three Inspectors of the Basel Mission.

help the Crucified One to gather in His own who have been bought with His own precious blood. No work, no worry is too great a sacrifice for Him! He is worthy. So we are happy, faithful unto death, Amen!"

The Inspector describes graphically this his first meeting with Mr. Hebich. He says: "This truly remarkable man came quickly towards me having a long cane in his hand and a large white hat on his head. He also wore a large white collar over his coat. Suddenly he stood before me, a very venerable man, large and strong, his head almost bald, but with a long gray beard falling down upon his breast. With cordial earnestness, but in a suppressed voice, in a childlike manner he greeted me with some words from the Bible. He had hardly, however, finished his address to me, when he turned to his brethren and then the flames in his heart began to burst forth. All in the house were now roused to action. "Mr. Hebich has come! Mr. Hebich has come!" one said to the other and all gathered around him to give him a fraternal greeting. Then, at his word of command, the catechists formed in line. He started a hymn that he wanted them to sing. Thereafter he sat down and took a cup of tea and we had a pleasant chat with him."

The next six days the Inspector spent in consultation with Mr. Hebich and Dr. Mögling. All the new mission rules and regulations were now carefully discussed with these two experienced men and such alterations were made as the judgment of the three approved of. As a result of this visitation a new order of things was established in the Mission.

These deliberations required much prayerful time and thought. Thereafter the Inspector visited the different

stations, suffering hardships and heartaches with the missionaries, so that he might understand them and the difficulties of their work and not put burdens on them that he himself would not be willing to bear. He had promised to visit Cannanore on New Year's Day, 1852, but could not come till ten days after that date.

During the meantime Mr. Hebich was drilling his new recruit, Mr. Diez, who had to learn English and Malayalam, and who had to be introduced to all the multitudinous work of the station. Mr. Diez, in after years, often told others about the senior missionary's method of training him.

"Whenever Mr. Hebich detected in me," he said, "a spirit of unbelief or of self-conceit, he would always attack me, and justly so, with God's Holy Word. Full of holy wrath, but very kindly he would say: 'You rogue, beware, I'll kill you!' Running and bringing his English Bible he would turn to one passage after another and say: 'One again sees the rogue in you. You are a rogue! Read this, read that! Oh, you are a Hottentot, a regular infidel!—That's all humbug, don't you see? You are a rogue!'

"At other times he would ask me: 'My boy, are you leading a life of prayer and are you reading God's Holy Word?' Again he would come to me as a loving father and enquire: 'Is there anything you wish to ask me? Is there any burden on your heart?'

"Such loving, paternal concern for the welfare of my body and soul knit my heart and soul to him and made living together with him very easy. Besides, he always urged the church to pray for me, in fact, they had done so, before I came to India.

“Sometimes when I forgot to watch and pray and criticized the Christians and the work, in a carping spirit, the sparks would fly. Whenever I offended him, he would keep to himself, but, if thereafter, when we were out taking a walk, I made a scalding-hot confession of my sins to him, he would almost kill me with kindness, saying, after all had been amicably settled: ‘Don’t do that again. Now be a good boy. Bear with me, my dear boy!’”

So these two men lived together in a spirit of fraternal union, and the recruit learned many valuable lessons from the old master-warrior.

At last Mr. Josenhans reached Cannanore. He was at once to become acquainted with the peculiar condition of life in Malabar. Probably, if he had come sooner, both he and Mr. Hebich would have been killed by the Moplahs, for they had planned going to Anjaracandy, soon after New Year’s Day, and that place was now in a state of siege. Thirteen fanatical Moplahs, consecrated to death for their faith by their priest, had proclaimed a *jihad* or a holy war against the infidels. They had attacked the house of a rich Brahman, torturing and cruelly killing twenty of the inmates, looting and burning the property. If Mr. Hebich and the Inspector had gone when they planned doing so, and had fallen into the hands of these fanatics, they certainly would have been murdered, so they learned that their disappointments were after all His appointments. The Government had subsequently suppressed this uprising with a strong hand. All the rebels were either killed or captured.

In Anjaracandy there was great apprehension of danger, for there was a rumour afloat that the next attack, after the destruction of the Brahman’s house, was to be made

on the house of the planters. The planters gave spears to the Native Christians and bade them guard the house and the premises, especially at night.

On the 14th of January both men now proposed going out to the plantation, but the officers of the cantonment advised them not to do so, for there was still great danger. The following evening, while all had met in the Mission church for prayers, suddenly there was a bugle call and the alarm drums were beaten, calling all the officers and soldiers from church. Mr. Hebich accompanied them to find out the cause of this alarm. He was informed that the call was for the regiment to march immediately down to Tellicherry to guard the Moplah prisoners, for there was a report current that large numbers of their co-religionists were coming to free them from jail.

The next morning at four o'clock the old missionary and the Inspector mounted horses and rode out to the plantation, where they spent the day in preaching to the Christians and heathens, taking their meals with the planters in the bungalow. The Inspector was favourably impressed with the great work done among the poor Pulayer slaves and regretted that a similar work could not be done among the Tiyyas there. After again being most hospitably entertained by the planters the two visitors crossed a stream in a boat and returned to Cannanore.

But let us retrace our steps and hear what the Inspector has to say about Mr. Hebich's work in Cannanore. He attended the Mission church on the 11th of January and gives the following graphic description of what he saw and heard there:

"Mr. Hebich and the catechists first of all met in his room for singing and prayer. Then he hurried away to

receive the women and children from the school in Chirakal and to show them their places in the church, while a catechist read to them a chapter from the Bible in Tamil and Malayalam.

“Officers and their wives and ladies were now coming on horseback or in carriages, while a company of soldiers, wearing their smart uniforms consisting of red coats and white trousers came marching to church with their guns on their shoulders in command of an officer. These sat on the elevated pews at the rear of the church. The Natives sit on benches in the foreground, the children in front of them on mats, and the very smallest among them just in front of the preacher.

“Mr. Hebich now entered wearing a gown. He stood behind a table covered with a white cloth, which table also served as an altar. He knelt and after an invocation first the Natives sang a Malayalam hymn and then the Europeans an English hymn. Again the old pastor knelt and prayed a long prayer in a very simple and childlike manner, a prayer at least an hour in duration. He mentioned about fifty persons and places. With singular pathos he presented the needs of the Anjaracandy church before the throne of grace and pleaded for their safety and protection. Of course, he also prayed for the Inspector, for his absent wife and children and for the friends in the dear homeland. Then he mentioned individual members of the church by name. He also prayed for the Colonel and his wife and asked God to open their eyes and convert them.

“What Mr. Hebich said in English was at once repeated in Malayalam by Jacob who knelt at his side. In like manner he repeated the sermon. When the preacher

stopped to take breath, Jacob translated his words into Malayalam. If the interpreter halts in rendering a particularly involved period in the preacher's sermon, he receives a poke in the ribs, so that, at times there are tears in his eyes. After a short prayer and the doxology, sung by all kneeling, the audience is dismissed.

"This church is a unique phenomenon in our Mission. Strength and life are everywhere apparent, but the whole is after all only a photograph of Hebich. Some features are beautiful, but others are, to say the least, curious. What is it we see lying on the table alongside of the Tamil, Malayalam and English Bibles? A small cane and a long stick? Yes, for if any of the children become noisy during the long prayer, the pastor stops and gives them a graduated blow with the cane and then continues his prayer. I told him that this was contrary to all church order and that he must give up the use of those canes. So these peculiar pieces of church furniture [were now abolished. Thereafter I advised him to have a school for the children every Sunday afternoon as we have at home. This institution was opened the very next Sunday.

"Mr. Hebich's relationship to his church members is a very lovely one. They praise his love for them and his patience with them. Especially in religious affairs there is the best order possible. He preaches with the whole force of his being in play and I am surprised that he can stand it. What undoubtedly draws the hearts of all to him is the fact that he continually depicts before them the passion and death of Jesus Christ, and thus he offers salvation and comfort to the vilest of sinners. When one hears him speak of the compassionate love of his Saviour, one's soul is filled with a new life. Even when he meets

his brethren socially or otherwise, he does not speak with them about the events of the day, but he comes and goes with a word of the Bible on his lips.

“His housekeeping is like that of the barracks. I therefore expressed the wish that this communistic housekeeping of the catechists should cease. This was not only my advice, but also that of other brethren and friends. Such barrack life can not possibly develop into a real church life, for everything there centres about Mr. Hebich, and, if he should die, all would be sure to go to pieces. While a man in the barracks may, at a moment’s notice, be ready to go out and preach, yet he is not free in his home life with his wife, and does not learn to value and earn money.

“Mr. Hebich is afraid to have his catechists own any property, but they must, in the course of time, become landholders, if there is to be any permanent work in the Mission. As long as the most of the members of the church are employees of the Mission, or servants, officers and soldiers and there are no resident church members, so long the continuance of the work is not assured.”

After Mr. Josenhans, the Inspector, had left Cannanore, Mr. Hebich spent a few more days with him in Calicut in conference. Here the visitor told him how very much he had been moved by what he had heard and seen of his work, especially by the sincere piety and active work for souls of the members of this church in Cannanore. The Inspector added the following words of appreciation: “I regard it as an especial favour from God that you have established such a remarkable union between Europeans and Natives in your church; a union that lets you keep your own identity as a missionary and does not necessitate your leading the life of an amphibian, by forcing you to

have two church forms. This union also teaches the Natives to be self-reliant, while thereby the Europeans are induced to give up their caste spirit. I am also glad to see that you have organized choirs, among the different classes of people, who do not only sing, but also pray. And I am especially glad to see, that, in every campaign against sin you are not only the oldest, but also the most vigorous man of all. But I also have something to criticize in your work. Your order of service must be made to conform to the order of service used in other stations. Of course this must be introduced gradually, but the change must be made!"

While the Inspector went his way to visit the missions in the Nilgiris and there to end his long and fruitful visitation, Mr. Hebich again got ready to go to the heathen festivals. He says about them: "To go there is nothing else than going into death. That I am not killed I only owe to God's gracious protection. Then, before I leave my station, there are always many quarrels among my own people, so that it is almost impossible for me to take them with me into the field to fight the enemy, for, if we are not all found in Jesus, our Lord, how can we attack the devil? And yet the Lord had mercy on us and gave us great liberty and joy!" Mr. Hebich was more distressed by these dissensions among his own people that made it difficult for him to visit the heathen festivals, than by all the riots, persecutions and throwing of stones of the heathen and the Mohammedans.

On the sixth of May, 1852, Mr. Josenhans again sailed for Europe. Before he left the shores of India he received one more characteristic letter from Mr. Hebich. In a humble, childlike manner he expressed his gratitude to the Inspector for all his love and kindness, shown to the

missionaries, and especially "to me, poor sinner," on his long tour of inspection. He adds: "You have come nearer to our joys and sorrows. In my eighteen years of work I have learned that my running will not win the race and that my salvation hangs on a mere thread. He, the Lord Jesus, who was dead and now lives for ever, He and He only is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Therefore, dear brother, let us turn our hearts and faces towards Him. Only in Him have we a living hope, also joy and victory. When we look at ourselves and at our own affairs, we only see disappointments and heartaches. Amen! I know nothing better to say. All of God's children know this. Blessed are they who do so! Keep on loving Him who loves you with a true love!"

And now as Greek has met and joined Greek, what is it that the Inspector sees in this fellow-soldier and compatriot? Mr. Josenhans gives the following as his opinion of Mr. Hebich and his work: "Hebich is no scholar, but a practical man who at once puts into practice what others have to elaborate in their studies. He is a herald of the cross waving his standard triumphantly on high, and he bears it through storm and stress into the very heart of the enemy's forces. There he takes his stand, driving with ever-renewed vigour his opponents before him who again and again rush upon him. Hebich is—and that is the main thing after all—a Christian who lets a man feel, as soon as he comes in contact with him, and at all times, that the Lord is living in his life and that he belongs to those humble and contrite spirits, on whom the Lord confers grace upon grace. Hence his work is so blest and the Lord gives him great success."

CHAPTER XIX

Lengthening the Cords.

Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt spread abroad on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall possess the nations, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.

Isaiah 54, 2-3.

WHEN it was my privilege to pay Palghat a visit in the month of November, 1904, I had the pleasure of meeting there a lady, Mrs. Dupen, one of the oldest and most active residents of that interesting town. This lady told me much about Mr. Hebich whom she had known intimately for many years. "Mr. Hebich," she said, "was like an elder brother to me. Whenever he came to our house, he would walk right in and say to my mother: 'Mamma, I am hungry, give me to eat!'"

"May I ask you to tell me something about the beginning of the mission station in Palghat?" I asked.

"Certainly, for I remember that well. My parents were the first to help Mr. Hebich in establishing the work here. The real beginning was made when Sir William Robinson was the Collector of the Laccadives. He helped to save a ship there and received a salvage fee of Rs. 40,000. Of this sum he gave Rs. 10,000 to Mr. Hebich to help him to establish a mission here!"

This generous gift enabled the pushing evangelist to lengthen the mission cords and to strengthen the stakes in Palghat.

On the 21st of October, 1852, Mr. O'Brien and Daniel with their families were sent to this outpost. Now Palghat was indeed an out-station of Cannanore, for a permanent mission was established there. After sending these catechists as his forerunners the old pastor himself followed them, on the 19th of April, and, after his arrival, he preached every morning and evening in the streets of that busy town.

It did not take Mr. Hebich long to get acquainted with the people. Instead of waiting for them to come to him he went to them and soon knew all about their virtues and vices. He found a number of nominal Christians. These he gathered together and said to them: "You must forsake your evil ways. You drink and quarrel and are a disgrace to your God. You must be either true or false, either warm or cold. God has no use for lukewarm, wishy-washy Christians. Awake! Put away the evil from your lives. If you will be out and out Christians, I will be your pastor!"

These words were not spoken in vain. Some drummers of the 20th Native Infantry Regiment came to the missionary, on the 22nd of March, saying: "We confess our sins and repent of them. Please pray for us: We will give up drink and all other sins. Help us to be true Christians!"

Some Eurasians, also, to whom Mr. Hebich preached repentance and the new birth, came to him and asked to be received into his church. From the Natives who thus joined him the missionary removed all heathenish marks; cutting off the hairlock from the men's heads and taking away the superabundance of gaudy jewelry from the

women's noses and ears. The most earnest and faithful of these converts met with their pastor around the communion table and these formed the nucleus of the church in Palghat.

After organizing and establishing this new work the old missionary at last accepted the many urgent invitations to visit the Hills. He did not go to the Nilgiris as a patient, however, but as winner of souls.

After a short stay with some London missionaries at Coimbatore, Mr. Hebich went through the glorious bamboo jungle, up the hills till the luxuriant tropical zone was left behind and he came into the temperate zone, where tea, coffee and roses grow. Here he saw again the plants and flowers of the dear homeland.

His first visit was to Kaity, where the Basel missionaries working among the Badagas and other hill tribes, were living in the bungalow presented to the German Mission by Mr. Casamajor, a wealthy, retired judge of the East India Company.

After spending a day in Kaity, in delightful fraternal fellowship with his fellow-missionary, Mr. Metz, visiting especially the Badagas and preaching to them, often making use of this brother as an interpreter, Mr. Hebich climbed the romantic road to the foot of a glorious precipice of Dodabetta, then crossed a saddle of lower hills and at last he saw Ootacamund, the beautiful sanatorium and seat of Government, spread out before him. He was a lover of nature, because he adored the God of nature. After gazing in wonder and in praise at the superb scene spread out before him he descended into the glorious Ooty valley and went to the house of his friend Colonel Coffin, who received him as an honoured guest.

Probably it was at this time that Mr. Hebich went to see a Colonel who told his boy to tell the travel-stained padre to go away.

Asking his friend, the Colonel at whose house he was staying, for his dogcart, Mr. Hebich hurriedly dressed himself in clean clothes and again went to see the Colonel who had previously refused to receive him.

The gentleman seeing his friend's dogcart naturally fancied that his friend had come to see him. To his dismay he met Mr. Hebich face to face. As he could not turn him away again, he asked him to come into the house.

Hardly had they taken their seats when Mr. Hebich unlimbered his battery and said:

"Well, Colonel, now, when I come to you as a rich man you receive me, but when I come as a poor man you turn me away. So you will not receive the poor, despised Jesus, but only the rich Jesus. You will go to hell with your pride! Only the poor in spirit can see God. Come, let us pray, and ask Jesus to forgive you."

It is reported that the Colonel repented of his pride and became a humble follower of the lowly Jesus.

Among other friends whom he met up there were his spiritual sons, Dobbie, Selby and Halliday. With them he called on all the European inhabitants of the place, inviting them to come to Jesus. As he could find no other place for his meetings, he conducted them in an old auction room. He invited even the children whom he met on the street to come and hear him preach. A lady who was then a small girl told me: "You know Mr. Hebich loved every child. When he came to Ootacamund he met us and said: 'Now, children, are you coming to hear me preach? You must come, put on clean dress, brush it, wash your face and look

very nice!' But when I came to church and saw him preach I crept under the bench. After the service, when I was asked why I had hidden myself, I replied: 'I was afraid of the bearded man who was so angry and fought so much!'" Mr. Hebich's loud voice and violent preaching might frighten children in church, but they never were afraid of him, when they met him in their homes or on the street.

"I praise God!" Mr. Hebich said, "that I have not come to the Hills as a sick man, but only as a tramp!"

He only spent a few days in Ootacamund and then went to Coonoor, ten miles south, where he called on old General Kennett, a retired officer of the East India Company. At once he began showing the Heart-book to the old gentleman who was very much interested in what he heard and saw. But when Mr. Hebich pressed all these truths home and told the General that in his heart, too, the devil's menagerie had found a home, he arose and tried to leave the room, saying: "Now Mr. Hebich, I really must go, you are altogether too personal!"

The old missionary, however, persuaded him to stay and soon, both he and the General, were down on their knees praying God for salvation. When he took his leave, General Kennett, greatly moved, thanked the humble German for his visit.

After a short stay in Kotagiri, where he was privileged to spend the last night of his hill trip before a fire, he closed his week's visit. Time was too precious and too short to be spent in rest, even though after eighteen years of strenuous service in the plains the old servant of God had certainly earned a rest on these salubrious heights.

The next morning, bright and early, Mr. Hebich descended into the valley below, to go once more to his

beloved work. While passing through the jungle he was chased by a wild elephant and ran, as he had never before run in his life, to escape being caught and trampled to death. After a short visit to Malapuram, where there was a garrison of troops, and also to Calicut, on the evening of the 8th of May he reached his beloved church in Cannanore just when Mr. Diez was preaching his first sermon in English. How happy all were to greet their father and friend! Mr. Hebich was very glad to see them all and the many improvements that had been made during his absence. Mr. Diez had raised the walls of the mission house two feet, thereby making the dwelling loftier and healthier and had everything ready for the senior missionary so that he might rest after all his toil. But how could Mr. Hebich ever rest?

He had hardly fallen asleep, on the first night after his return home from this short tour, when a soldier knocked at his door, telling him that the whole village of Tahy was in flames. At once he left for this hamlet of fishermen, ready to help in every way. He was very much surprised, however, that others did not come to the rescue. On enquiry he learned that a short time before this there had been a fire in a Moplah village. When the soldiers came, they were repelled with a shower of stones, hence the General had ordered that, in case of future fires, none of the soldiers were to help.

The burning of the huts in Tahy, so closely clustered together, was a brilliant sight, making the night as bright as day. Soon the fire had destroyed the thatched roofs and black night once more wrapt all in her gloomy folds. The mission house was one of the few houses that escaped and here the poor people now sought and found refuge.

Sixty-five houses had been destroyed and a mass of weeping, wailing men, women and children now surrounded the missionary, beating their breasts and tearing their hair in their grief. Mr. Hebich tried to comfort them as best he could, but he also admonished them to come to Jesus, saying: "For more than ten years we have been preaching to you, but you will not believe. You still drink and do evil. Repent, repent, repent, lest a greater punishment come upon you!"

The old friend in this their time of need went from one group of sufferers to the other followed by a rabble of Moplahs who laughed and jeered at every remark he made. At last an old Mohammedan seized a burnt stick, and, knocking the scoffers over the head, shouted: "You children of the devil, be quiet!" This awed and silenced them.

It was said that a Moplah had set fire to the village. This disaster was a great hardship to the people, because it was the beginning of the rainy season and therefore impossible for them to rebuild and re-roof their huts before the rains set in. But even this great affliction did not convert them, and Mr. Hebich now seriously thought of giving up this out-station.

As everything was making satisfactory progress in Cannanore, the old missionary once more took his staff and started for Palghat, for he longed to see this flank of his work as strong as the centre. A young, energetic Scotchman had succeeded the former Collector, and this new civil servant also became the missionary's warm friend, helping him in every way he possibly could. Mr. O'Brien, the frank, genial, witty and sometimes hot-blooded Irishman, during the short time of his stay in Palghat, had won the esteem of high and low. He had

gained especially a great influence over a son of a chief man of a town close by, who, a short time before this, had been murdered by the Moplahs. This youth was drawn to Christ and learned to love Mr. O'Brien as a friend, so that at one time he plucked up courage and secretly gave him a kiss. But as the lad's elder brother threatened to kill him, if he were to become a Christian, he never made an open profession of his faith in Jesus.

After a tour in the surrounding villages and a second visit to the Addises in Coimbatore, where he preached to the English residents, Mr. Hebich once more returned to Cannanore. At the close of the year 1852, after finishing his accounts, we again find him in Palghat. Then he bought a bungalow and began the erection of school houses and a church building, and thus laid a foundation for a permanent work in this interesting station.

Mr. O'Brien was now beginning to break down. Owing to overwork and exposure to the sun his liver was seriously affected and he had to be sent to the hospital in Coimbatore for treatment. He had hardly recovered his usual health, however, when he went with his brother-in-law to the interesting hill tribes, living in the jungle of the Anamalais, the elephant hills, some of which are 8000 feet high. These simple mountaineers heard the preachers gladly, saying: "We do not lie. We kill every adulterer. We do not worship idols, but only bow down to certain sacred chickens and sheep. We live on the produce of the jungle, eating principally bamboo corn. We cannot read, but will gladly hear all you have to tell us."

Gladly would the evangelists have stayed to teach these interesting, open and simple mountaineers, but Paul, the native catechist, nearly died of the malaria of the

jungle, so Mr. O'Brien sorrowfully had to forsake this promising work and return to the plains.

In the months of August and September, 1853, Mr. Hebich made his fifth visit to Palghat. He now began a new work, preaching in the weekly markets held in different towns around Palghat. About these he reports as follows: "We have, on this tour followed the weekly markets, in the different towns, an institution that offers a glorious opportunity for the preaching of the Gospel to large crowds, surpassing those gathered at the heathen festivals; for at the markets, the people are not excited with fanaticism. These markets are only to be found in the Palghat district, being on different days of the week so that we can preach to-day here, to-morrow there. This time we visited nine different centres and preached at each place three to five times, all four of us taking turns. Many hundreds heard the Gospel very attentively."

The report closes with these words: "In conclusion Brother Hebich desires to send his special love to his dear friends, brethren and children in the Lord, whom, though dispersed in all directions, he strives to hold in faithful remembrance. We live in times which no doubt try our faith. So, instead of growing slack, let us be urged forward in the ways of our Immanuel by that word of Peter: 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?'—'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!' He will not fail, neither become faint, nor weary. Therefore, beloved, let us be steadfast and look up to Him who has begun a good work in us. He will also perform it to the praise of the Father. Hallelujah, Amen!"

CHAPTER XX

Hebich's Own.

Wherefore, my brethren, beloved
and longed for, my joy and crown, so
stand fast in the Lord, my beloved!—
Philippians 4, 1.

MR. HEBICH always and everywhere exalted the crucified Saviour. He was the theme of all his sermons. In a spirit of deep gratitude and humility he would say with Zinzendorf: "I have travelled through many ages; yea, have even traversed eternities, but nothing has so enthralled my heart as the awful tragedy of calvary. Hallelujah, Amen!" In thus exalting the suffering Saviour Mr. Hebich was honoured as usually only royalty is honoured, by having a whole regiment named after him; for near and far, the 39th Madras Native Infantry Regiment was called: "Hebich's Own!"

But why was this regiment called Hebich's Own? It received this name because of its loyalty to its old pastor. Most of the officers of the regiment and their wives were won for Jesus by the humble missionary and all these became his joy and crown. Among them were Captain and Mrs. Dobbie. As we have already seen, they became the warmest friends and admirers of the simple-minded, single-hearted German. Of course, they did all they could to overcome the prejudices of others and to prove how untrue and ridiculous much of the bazar talk was that was rehearsed at the officers' mess.

Captain Sweet also belonged to the 39th Regiment. He had been very proud and self-righteous. He was the

pride of his regiment, a model officer and gentleman. One night, in December, 1852, Mr. Hebich had a long talk with him, proving to him that pride and self-righteousness can never make a man right with God; that self-righteousness is sin in the sight of God and that the Captain, as well as the poorest and most ignorant of his men, must have the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, if he would stand before God. Step by step he led him to the cross of Jesus and at last both prayed that Jesus' blood and righteousness might be the officers' beauty and his glorious dress, so that, midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, he, with joy might lift up his pardoned head. Then they arose from their knees and soon the Captain had faith to sing and say:

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 While, through Thy blood, absolved I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame!
 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruined nature sinks in years:
 No age can change its glorious hue—
 The robe of Christ is ever new!

Another officer in this regiment was a witty Irishman, always bubbling over with fun, Captain Archibald Kerr. He was the life of his regiment, being a perfect mimic and also able, with a few rapid cuts with a knife to carve the head of any man, true to life, on a cane or a stick of wood. Everybody loved genial Kerr, so bright and so cheerful, yet the poor man had a heavy cross to bear as his good wife was somewhat mentally deranged.

One day when Captain Kerr was out on the parade ground playing cricket, he espied Mr. Hebich riding along

the road. The grotesque clothing of this unique man and his peculiar seat on his horse, so unmilitary and strange, so amused the Captain that he dropped his bat, threw himself down on the turf, kicked his heels in the air and roared with laughter. Even though the sight of this strange missionary had so amused him, because of his disposition to risibility, yet he gave strict orders to his servants never to admit the padre to his house. While he thus escaped Mr. Hebich, he was still very unhappy, and he asked Wm. Gompertz to tell him where to go to get rid of his burden. He at last came to Jesus as he was, weary and worn and sad, and of course, He found in Him a resting place, for Jesus made him glad. Captain Kerr was a veritable John Bunyan in allegorical speech.

Just to illustrate how these converts of the German missionary won others for the Master, I will copy here a part of a letter written to me on the 23rd of January, 1905, by Colonel K. F. Stevenson, a well-known resident of Ootacamund and an earnest Christian gentleman. He writes: "I was converted through the instrumentality of of Captain Kerr, 39th Regiment Native Infantry, in October, 1859, and Hebich was the means of his conversion. Captain Kerr died of cholera in September or October '62, I think it was, or '61. I am not sure which, I think the latter. You know the 39th N. I. was called 'Hebich's Own'. Almost all the senior officers were converted through him. I once heard an unconverted officer at Madras who was dining at my mess, the 44th N. I., on a public night say (when the officers of my regiment were joking about Hebich and Hebichites):—'Well you may say what you like, but when I was at Bangalore, I always went to Hebich's chapel. He was the only man I ever

knew who practised what he preached.'— It was a wonderful testimony from an unconverted officer."

Time and space forbid that I write here about all the officers and men of Hebich's Own regiment who consecrated their lives to the service of Jesus. There was silent, thoughtful Captain Hart, as different from Captain Kerr as he could be, a man who seldom laughed, and yet he was Kerr's warmest friend. There were also other officers, who later on, became bold witnesses for Jesus, men who were never afraid to confess Him before others; but we must hurry on.

On the morning of the new year, 1853, Mr. Hebich took his usual walk, when he met the General who tried to pass him by without saying a word to him. Mr. Hebich, however, cheerily called out: "Good morning, General, I wish you a happy New Year. With all my heart I wish you new life, new faith, new strength—everything new!"

The General remained standing and said quietly: "Yes, yes, may we merit all these blessings this year!"

This set the old saint thinking. Every step on his way home he kept muttering: "Merit these blessings? Merit our blessings? Merit these blessings! I don't want to merit my blessings. I want them as a free gift of grace from God!" The year 1853 was a year full of free gifts of grace from God, it was a year in which many gentlemen and ladies, the élite of the land, were won for Jesus.

This year was also to be a year of partings. William Gompertz's regiment was ordered to Aden, so the son had to part from his father. Before sailing he once more had a heart to heart talk with Captain Kerr and a young Lieutenant and his wife and persuaded all three to take a firm stand for Jesus in this new year. The day after the

ship had sailed with the troops for Aden, Captain Kerr finally made up his mind to join Mr. Hebich's church. Before doing so, however, he called to see Captain Dobbie, to satisfy himself that the old pastor's view of the Lord's supper was orthodox and that he did not preach transubstantiation. When he was satisfied by this conversation that Mr. Hebich's teaching was orthodox, he joyfully threw in his lot with the Hebichites. The beloved physician, Dr. Foulis, also joined Mr. Hebich's church, so that now the crown and glory of the church in Cannanore was no longer the soldier brethren, nor the Natives, but the officers, the cultured and noble of the land.

Mrs. R. S. Dobbie's heart was filled with joy unspeakable, as we see from her letters, at all these marvels of grace in her husband's regiment. She was especially delighted with the conversion of the corpulent, good-natured surgeon of the regiment, Dr. White. It is interesting to learn how Mr. Hebich won him for Christ.

That year the old missionary was suffering from an attack of eczema and at last sent his peculiar, narrow bullock coach to the doctor, asking him to call and prescribe for him. The doctor came, drove up to the front of the house and then, much to the amusement of Mr. Hebich, said: "See here, parson, I got into this 'little ease' coach of yours, but how in the world am I to get out?"

Mr. Hebich partly pulled and partly lifted the heavy doctor out of the coach and brought him into his house. After telling him all about his skin disease and getting his prescription and advice, the old doctor of the soul said: "Doctor, I also see that you are a **very sick man** and that your disease is more than skin-deep!"

“How is that? How is that?” the doctor enquired.

Then Mr. Hebich preached to him about the fearfully fatal disease of sin and told him about the Great Physician ever near, the sympathizing Jesus. The doctor only laughed at these remarks and gave a non-committal answer. Soon after this Mr. Hebich returned the doctor's professional call and won his wife and many children for Jesus. On the first of July the doctor sent some money to Mr. Hebich with a small note, stating: “I have spent twenty-one years in India and never gave a penny for missions. Please receive this my first gift for God's work.” During that month he joined Mr. Hebich's church and showed by his consecrated life that a quiet work of grace had cured him of his heart's disease, caused by sin.

A new regiment had come to Palghat, the 3rd Native Infantry, and on his visits to that station Mr. Hebich now found much work to do, for especially the sepoys were great scoffers. They said that if they could only drink and indulge in all kinds of sins, they would be willing to go to hell, for hell was sure be full of jolly good fellows. In the whole regiment Mr. Hebich only found one godly man, an officer who had been led to seek God by the sudden death from cholera of his beloved wife. This young man soon left for England taking the communion, however, with the Native church, before his departure.

On the whole the missionary found the officers of that regiment to be, as he termed them, “awful fellows”. Just to show the spirit of those wild young men, one instance will suffice. Thirteen young officers went shooting in the jungle and all sickened with jungle fever. Twelve died and the thirteenth man got well. When Mr. Hebich admonished this young officer to give his life to God and

to be a living sacrifice of praise to Him for his merciful delivery from death, the young man flippantly replied: "I don't believe that God had anything to do with my recovery. I just chanced to get well. It was the fate of my comrades to die. When my time comes, I too must die. That ends it. Why should I praise God for my recovery?"

During the very hot season of the year Mr. Hebich had a bad attack of ophthalmia, and, as the doctor told him to go to the Hills, because he was unfit to stay in the plains, he now, for the first time in his life, started for the Ootacamund sanatorium as a semi-invalid.

On his fifty-first birthday he met an officer in the jungle who entertained him very hospitably. The man had not been to church for years and had forgotten God and all the sweet influences of a godly life. "Being grateful for all the gentleman's kindness to me, I preached Jesus vigorously to him," Mr. Hebich reports.

After reaching his destination, he again was very busy winning souls for Jesus, while he was waiting for his eyes to get well. Among many others whom he visited, he now again called to see General Kennett in Coonoor. After prayer with the General he left him, saying: "He is coming into the light!"

One of Mr. Hebich's converts was a lady, the wife of an officer of the 94th Regiment. She described, before her departure for heaven, her experiences in Cannanore thus: "Tuesday after Easter, 1851, was the greatest day in my life. On that day the Lord graciously revealed all His love to me, in the Mission Chapel at Cannanore. He was near to Mary and she knew it not, thinking that He was the gardener, and how near He has been to me, too,

and I knew it not! Oh, now I thank Thee, dear Lord, that Thou hast saved my soul from hell. I was unable to do anything, because I feared to lose this blessed assurance, so I went to see my dear pastor, by whose ministrations I had been so richly blessed. He showed me how I must live among a perverse people. He prayed fervently for me, and so, during the rest of the week, I learned to fear more and more my evil heart!" On her deathbed her last thought was of Cannanore, asking that the church there might pray for her. Then she quietly breathed her last and departed this life to be with Jesus.

Another joyful trophy of the year was the Adjutant of a regiment stationed at Palghat. After a long struggle and much prayer he came into the light, exclaiming full of joy and peace: "It is almost too good to believe that God can and does pardon such a sinner as I am! But I know it is true! I know it is true!—It is strange, however, that I cannot talk with my chum about all this. We have been together for thirteen years and have all things in common, yet we cannot talk together on spiritual subjects!"

Mr. Hebich introduced the question of religion into one of his conversations, and, then and there, the young convert made a confession of his faith before his friend. The old missionary stayed with them till late at night. At last the Adjutant's friend also promised to follow Jesus.

On his return to Cannanore the old servant of God was greatly pained to learn that His Own Regiment had orders to leave and march to the French Rocks. Colonel Budd, the officer in command, and twenty-six others were members of the conglomerate church in Cannanore. There were also many adherents of the church in the regiment. All these now took their departure. For the next ten

years there was a regimental church in the 39th N. I. regiment and their influence for good was felt on sea and land, wherever the regiment happened to be.

The Bishop of Madras on his official tour once visited Hebich's Own regiment. He was much prejudiced against the German missionary, because it had been reported to him that Mr. Hebich had called the Church of England "The Devil's Church!" Mr. Hebich had never used such an expression. He had denounced the evil spirit of security of those who hope for salvation because they belong to a church, and had called this evil spirit "The Church Devil!" So the good Bishop's prejudice was based on a misunderstanding.

While in the French Rocks, the Bishop came to a regimental dinner. The conversation was principally on religious topics, even the unconverted officers asking respectfully questions about spiritual things. At the close of the dinner the Bible was handed to the Bishop and he was requested to close the day with prayer. With much surprise he asked: "Is this your general custom, or do you only make this request, because a dignitary of the church happens to be present?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply, "this is our daily custom. We never think of leaving the dinner table without reading God's Holy Word and having a word of prayer."

This filled the good Bishop with joy and removed the false impression he had had of Mr. Hebich and his work. He remarked: "This is indeed something new in a presidency of India!"

Mr. Hebich always kept in close touch with his converts, receiving regular contributions and reports from them. He organized regimental churches and gave them some rules

according to which they were to order their church life. In the archives of the Basel Mission at Cannanore I found a draft of these peculiar church rules and regulations which are worth preserving in this book. They are as follows:

“A meeting of the brethren and sisters of the 39th Regiment N. I., connected with the Rev. Mr. Hebich’s congregation of Cannanore, was held in Captain H.’s house, on Lord’s day, the 4th of November, 1853, to establish some rules for conducting their prayer meeting at the French Rocks, and to come to an understanding as to how they shall act in certain supposed cases of difficulty.”

After a list of members present and absent, the records continue to state: “The Rev. Mr. Hebich having asked a blessing on the consultation, made the following propositions which were agreed to:—

1. That the prayer meetings shall be conducted, as much as possible, in the same manner as the soldier brethren’s meetings at Cannanore, beginning: “In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.” Then a hymn followed by a prayer and reading a chapter of the Bible. Then again singing, prayer by two of the brethren; singing, prayer, and so on till the dismissal is pronounced by the conductor of the meeting.

2. That, lest the meetings should be too long or wearisome and to prevent repetition, it is desirable that the brethren usually should not pray more than five or six minutes each at a time, and that each brother more especially pray for such particular objects as the conductor of the meeting may request.

3. That singing with humility and joy to the praise of God and not to glorify ourselves should be practised

somewhat at stated times, in order to promote a quiet confidence, and harmony of sounds.

4. That all the brethren and sisters shall attend the service conducted by the Colonel on Lord's day morning.

5. That on the first Monday of every month there shall be a meeting to ask the Lord's blessing on all missionaries' labours, etc., as at Cannanore, when the collection for the Mission at Cannanore will be made known, together with the monthly receipts for chapel expenses and charitable purposes.

6. That the chapel or meeting house shall be open every evening for prayers (as stated in paragraph 1), and on Lord's day, Tuesday and Friday evenings, a sermon shall be read, in addition to the other means of grace.

7. That, as at Cannanore, the brethren shall meet at prayer at 2 p. m. on Thursday and the sisters on Mondays.

8. That if any clergyman of doubtful reputation in matters of doctrine should come to preach and perform the service appointed by the Commanding Officer, the brethren and sisters shall attend to hear and prove him, lest, by rejecting him on hearsay they should give offence.

9. That the Lord's Supper, being so great a means of grace, it should be received from any minister of the Gospel but a Puseyite or a man addicted to Romish practices.

10. That Natives wishing to join the church should be encouraged in seeking knowledge, as much as possible; but great care must be taken, lest they become puffed up, and, by no means, should they be admitted as regular members, except Mr. Hebich has examined them, or authorized their admission during the visits which, by

God's grace, he purposes making to the French Rocks, as means and opportunities offer.

11. That if any unforeseen difficulties should arise, the minority, after prayer for guidance and divine consultation held regarding them, should yield to the opinion of the majority, pending a reference to our pastor, Mr. Hebich, who much desires free and frequent communications from the brethren and sisters, and also requires every month a letter from the leader, with a full account of the church, to which he will, *D. V.*, regularly reply."

Then comes, in Mr. Hebich's own handwriting, the following benediction: "The grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the love of God, the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all and all the household of our God. Hallelujah, Amen! Yea, now and for evermore, Amen.

Ever very affectionately yours in Him, Samuel Hebich."



CHAPTER XXI

Fire.

Surely, the wrath of man shall praise thee! — *Psalm 76, 10.*

THE year 1853, as we have seen, was one of the most fruitful in the winning of the souls of gentlemen and ladies; but, there was a decrease in the work among the Natives. While all the other stations on the West Coast reported an increase in membership that year, Cannanore reported a decrease of forty-five. This fact made the Committee in Basel devise plans for the more successful prosecution of the work among the Natives in this station.

The great question confronting the Committee was how to establish a permanent, self-propagating church in Cannanore, for Mr. Hebich's remarkable church was after all only an unstable body, made up of the flotsam and jetsam of a military station. The regiments came and went and many souls were won for Jesus, but, with the regiments, most of the church members also came and went, and were scattered here, there and everywhere. Unless something could be done to win resident members, the church might become extinct almost at any time.

But what was to be done? Owing to the peculiar family, or clan system in Malabar, the converts are cut off from everything. Conversion to them meant literally not only the forsaking of father and mother, brother and sister, but also the loss of houses and lands and every means of making a living. How were the feeble converts

to live? By alms? Missions are not beneficiary institutions established for the support of converts in idleness!

The converts must work for a living. But how are they to work, if there is nothing for them to do? These perplexing questions forced Mr. Hebich and the Basel Mission to face the industrial situation and to inaugurate the greatest industrial mission factories in the world.

These industries solved the social question of the Mission and put Mr. Hebich's church on a permanent basis, and an energetic and efficient merchant, Mr. Pfeleiderer, now took the finances of the Mission on his shoulders, so Mr. Hebich was free to give his whole time and strength to evangelistic work. In the month of March he, with his band of preachers, went as usual to the heathen festivals. Instead of giving books and tracts away, however, as in former years, he now began selling them. The people laughed at this new move of the missionary and shouted: "The padre has turned shop-keeper!"

A Brahman who bought several books, however, said: "Well, I want these little books, because I know that our idols are only stone!"

That year the missionary party had a good hearing by the people and none of them dreamt of any danger to their work. Suddenly they were informed that, during their absence, a fire had destroyed much property in the mission compound in Cannanore. As Mr. Diez and Dr. Gundert were in the station at the time, I will here give Mr. Diez's account of the disaster:—

"Gundert was a man of prayer. Oh, how childlike were his prayers! While Hebich, with all the catechists, was attending the idol-feast in Taliparambu and Gundert happened to be with me in Cannanore, the fire was started.

On the 9th of March, 1854, a drunken soldier had set fire to his wife's dress, and almost immediately the palmleaf roof of their house was in flames. The sparks were flying far in every direction, igniting other roofs. Four out-houses of the mission house, as well as the weaving establishment were destroyed by fire. If a large straw stack, the fodder for the oxen for the next rainy season, had caught fire, Hebich's house as well as the church would also have been destroyed. But just at the most critical moment the wind veered around and all danger was past. Standing at the straw stack Gundert had been silently praying!"

Dr. Gundert, however, only writes that in a *marvellous way* a plantain tree kept the fire away, even though its leaves had been scorched by the fire, where they came in touch with the straw! The good doctor had not only been praying, however, but had also worked, until he nearly fainted away. In Cannanore eighteen roofs were destroyed by that fire in twenty minutes.

Mr. Diez now had to work very hard to rebuild all these houses. He replaced the burnt looms in the weaving establishment with European hand-loom, opened a bakery and a shop for the sale of general merchandise, and put tile roofs on some of the burnt houses. He worked hard to repair all the damages of the fire, but worried because he could find no time for the study of Malayalam. Some extracts from the report for the year, written by Mr. Hebich, will be of interest. He writes:

"The past year has been a very trying one; yet the Lord always vouchsafes strength as the day is. A great fire which consumed many of the native houses in the neighbourhood, on the 9th of March, 1854, also reached our compound and destroyed the school and other buildings.

The greater part of the mission premises were saved by a favourable change of the wind at the very moment of need.

“Some progress has been made towards the solution of the difficult problem of providing useful and remunerative labour for the enquirers and also for those Native Christians who are dependent on the Mission for their subsistence; and several workshops have been erected, on a plan similar to that pursued in Mangalore. Some who would not work, have been told that neither should they eat, and in this manner a weeding of the Native congregation has been effected.

“The Lord saw fit to visit us with cholera. Two members of the Mission also were attacked, Brother Diez and Mrs. Gundert, but the Lord blessed the means for their restoration; while at the French Rocks, Chirakal, and Cannanore several church members were suddenly called away. A young woman, the wife of a catechist, died in peace, wishing in her last hours that the hymn: “All is well,” should be sung. Also Philippina, the wife of Silas, was glad to go to her heavenly home. A poor orphan girl, who had never shown what passed in her heart, surprised us by the fervour of her devotion and the calmness with which she exhorted and bade farewell to her surviving sister. Others had neither time nor strength left to give evidence of their faith.”

During this year one of the ablest and most intellectual men of the Tiyyas took his stand with the Christians. As his life shows us how great are the obstacles to be overcome by converts who thus have to forsake all to follow Jesus, we will here copy the report of this remarkable conversion as written by Mr. Hebich:

“Ramotti, an intelligent Tiyya, had obtained a copy of the ten commandments seventeen years ago, before a missionary was stationed at Cannanore. Then, already, he had some passing thoughts of becoming a Christian. Even as a boy he was greatly interested in the first man of his caste who had become a Christian. This was an officer of a local corps that had been raised during the war with the Cotiote Rajah.

“This officer had gained a great reputation by his bravery, so that he was looked upon as an ornament of his caste. After he had been pensioned, he had gained the friendship of a pious draftsman in the Engineers’ establishment and had, through this man, been persuaded of the truth of the Christian religion. He did not break his caste, but kept himself pure from all idolatrous practices and used frequently to retire to a private room for worship. The old man died and was buried with military honours. His wife survived him, remaining a heathen, but his younger brother was baptized and died a short time after him. All this happened more than twenty years ago.

“When missionaries came to the northern part of the Malayalam country, Ramotti visited the mission schools and became thoroughly acquainted with all missionary publications. On account of his great ability he soon found employment as a munshi. While thus employed he continued to visit the missionaries. He vainly tried to reconcile the contradictory statements of the heathen Shastras by means of a pantheistic philosophy, for he could never quite shake off a sense of sin. He enquired, searched, doubted. The meaning of the heathenish sacrifice occupied him for a long time. By meditating on these things he was led to believe in the sinfulness of man, the

necessity of a future judgment and in the existence of an atonement. Yet a long progress of growth in grace was needed, before he felt enabled to take upon himself the shame of the followers of the Cross, to forsake his wife and two children and to lay hold on Jesus as his only treasure. The day on which he made up his mind to do this was the 13th of June, 1854.

“His conversion produced a great sensation among the people of his caste. Great numbers of them came to converse, to remonstrate, to argue, to hear the Word. He was followed, in his renunciation of idolatry, by a nephew, Cunyambu, and by an elderly female relation of his, who had long been instructed by him and his nephew, before they had taken the decisive step themselves.

“The commotion among the Tiyyas was renewed when Ramotti, Abraham, was baptized. And, to a still greater extent, when, in November last, he began regularly to preach in the bazars. To qualify him more fully for the office of a catechist, he is regularly instructed in the Word of God and makes very satisfactory progress.”

Solid work was now being done in Cannanore and the Natives, the permanent residents, were being won for Christ. Letters from the different regimental churches greatly cheered the heart of the old pastor. Wm. Gompertz reported from Aden progress all along the line. Many souls were being saved, among these being some Natives and Eurasians. From the French Rocks Hebich's Own sent cheering reports.

Palghat also had great success to report. Among other converts of the year there had been a hardened member of the army who had been wonderfully saved. This brand plucked from the fire died some weeks after his

conversion, shouting joyfully before he closed his eyes in death: "All's well! All's well!"

But triumphs are always accompanied with trials. The death of the old planter, Mr. Brown at Anjaracandy, put a great burden on the missionary's shoulder. He was confronted more and more with the question: "What shall I do with these submerged masses?" It was a difficult question to answer. It became more evident every day that the poor slaves must leave the plantation, if they would lead Christian lives. But what could be done for them? At that time a piece of Government land was offered for sale and Mr. Hebich bought this to establish a colony of these Christians there. The plot lies about three miles distant from Cannanore. Without examining the title, or even the quality of the land, it was acquired by purchase. Poor Mr. Diez now had to shoulder the burden of planting this waste land and preparing it for the new settlers.

Another great worry, the greatest worry of his life, was caused Mr. Hebich by a mistake he made in receiving a Tiyya girl, a minor, into his church, during the next year. In his annual report he described the excitement caused by this unwise act as follows:

"The heathen festivals at Payawur and Taliparambu were visited by Brother Hebich as usual. At the latter place the hatred, not of the crowds assembled on the occasion, but of some influential residents, created a disturbance, on the 17th of March, 1855, which might have been attended by serious consequences, but for the good hand of our God upon us.

"A body of Tiyyas assaulted the travellers' bungalow, beat severely both the missionary and his catechists and

servants; some of whom were left lying on the ground, whilst the others fled for safety to the Tahsildar's Cutcherry (the court-house). Then the mob destroyed or carried off whatever little property they could lay their hands on."

Mr. Hebich in this report does not state the reason for this assault. It was caused by his receiving the Tiyya girl above mentioned, a girl twelve years of age, into his house, because she desired to become a Christian. Instead of advising her to wait and pray until she could gain her mother's consent, or until she would be of age, he sent for the magistrate and had her make her declaration before him. This excited the relatives of the girl and the tiger in their hearts was let loose. When, after the magisterial enquiry, it was found that the girl would not return to her mother, the people became more enraged than ever.

As soon as the magistrate was gone, a large mob of angry Tiyyas surrounded the travellers' bungalow, in which Mr. Hebich and the girl, given into his charge by the magistrate, were staying. After severely beating "the missionary", Mr. Hebich, and nearly frightening the girl to death, both, during a lull in the storm, ran for their lives to the court-house for refuge. The angry men, after breaking the furniture in the bungalow and stealing all they could lay their hands on, came to the court-house and besieged it all night.

The next day the magistrates gave the girl over to the Mission and she was sent to the school in Chirakal. The excitement began to subside and the missionary and his band continued preaching, till the end of the festival. But the disastrous sequel to all this was to cause the Mission a loss of over Rs. 3000. Mr. Hebich continues his report as follows:

“On the 29th of March, 1855, during the absence of the missionaries, fire was set to a hay-stack in the mission compound, and soon communicated to the dwellings of the catechists and to the out-houses. The mission house was saved by the ready and energetic work of European officers and privates. Still the loss incurred was considerable and the more disheartening, after we had, by the fire of the preceding year, been taught, to our cost, how much valuable time and strength is spent by the missionary in repairing damages like these. It was therefore determined without delay to rebuild as much as was really required, in a substantial manner, and to tile all the buildings to ensure their safety. Brother Diez has devoted much of his time to this work.”

“Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee!” Mr. Hebich, too, could say, in reviewing in after life the wonderful ways of God. Even the mistakes of men praise Him, and, although the missionary had erred, in being too hasty to believe the girl’s story, and in receiving her into the Christian fold, yet the Lord again restored to him the confidence of the people. The girl’s mother was persuaded to visit her daughter in Chirakal. The girl became a noble Christian woman. Later on, she married a catechist and, twelve years after this event, she returned to Taliparambu with her husband to win souls there for her Saviour and her King. But that painful experience cut Mr. Hebich to the core of his sympathetic nature. He would never speak about this, if he could help himself, but, if the topic of conversation was turned to this, he would bemoan his hasty act and say: “If I could only retrace the steps of that year, how differently I would act!”

CHAPTER XXII

On Tour.

Go not into any way of the Gentiles and enter not into any city of the Samaritans: But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach, saying: The kingdom of heaven is at hand. — *Matthew 10, 5—7.*

THERE being three such able men in the Mission as Dr. Gundert, Messrs. Diez and Pfeleiderer who were assisting Mr. Hebich—Dr. Gundert doing much of the school and literary work, Mr. Diez looking after the routine work of the station and Mr. Pfeleiderer assuming the management of the business of the Mission—Mr. Hebich, at last, was somewhat free to do the work that he was so eminently fitted for, namely the work of an itinerating evangelist; or to go on tour, as it is briefly styled in India. It is a pity that he could not have been set aside for this work from the beginning, so that he might have spent the twenty-five years of his stay in India, in going everywhere in this vast land, to arouse the Christians and to assist the missionaries by his enthusiastic hope and all-conquering faith and love.

In April, 1854, the old missionary started on a three months' tour. First he went to Calicut by sea. The small *pattamar*, or native ship, encountered a sudden squall and was almost swamped and all aboard nearly lost their lives. After landing at Calicut, the first visit was made to Malapuram, where the hands of the few faithful soldiers of Christ were strengthened. Then Mr. Hebich pushed

on to Palghat to assist Mr. O'Brien. His heart was torn with grief at not finding his young friend, Mr. Sandeman, the Civil Servant, among the living, the young man having died of jungle fever. Four Hindus in Palghat had given their hearts to Jesus and the old pastor had now the privilege of baptizing them. After a short stay in this large town, encouraging all with his gospel zeal, he went to Ootacamund, where the beauty and the chivalry of India were spending the hot season.

There Mr. Hebich preached daily in an old auction room to large crowds of people, going from house to house, inviting all to come to the meeting, and entreating high and low to be reconciled to Jesus. He describes his fifty-first birthday up there as follows:—

“At 6 o'clock in the morning I visited a Captain who was pleased to receive such an early caller. This convinced me that this was to be indeed a blessed day in my life. I at once explained to him my Heart-book, his good wife also being present. My talk with them showed me that they knew little about the Law and the Gospel, so I preached the Law to them point-blank. I incidentally asked them: ‘Do you give anything to God’s work?’

“‘Very little!’

“‘Ah, that is a mistake! You can never get a full blessing from God unless you do. Listen to what God says: Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.’—Malachi 3, 10.

“‘Oh, I’ll give you some money at once!’

“‘But I did not come for money, I came to win your soul!’

“‘Never mind! Wife, write him a cheque. What is your name?’

“So I received a cheque for thirty rupees, and, after an early breakfast with these good people and a word of prayer, I took my departure.

“My heart was full of joy at all the glory and goodness of our God. The next gentleman I called to see was an officer of the Dragoons. I said: ‘Good morning!’ and we sat down to have a talk. The good man only laughed at my words and at last said: ‘Mr. Hebich, you never can make me believe that I am a liar!’

“I replied: ‘My dear man, then you must be a better man than King David, for he says: “All men are liars!” So the king was a liar, and I am a liar, and you too are a liar. My dear friend, our words and deeds are not true before God, no matter how they may seem before men. God judges not by appearance. Can you stand before the only true God who knows your heart better than you do?’ This sobered him and he shook my hand warmly when I left.

“The next house I went to was a Colonel’s whom I had met before, but he does not like me. When I called to see him before, he said to me: ‘I do not approve of your creed!’

“I said to him: ‘Man, hear me, I come to you with a heart full of love!’ But he would not. He could not, however, turn me away this time, so he said: ‘Mr. Hebich will you come in?’

“‘Certainly, sir!

“Opening a door the Colonel said, chuckling to himself: ‘Here are two ladies!’ Then he went away.

“One of the two ladies, who was painting, laid aside her palette and asked with much interest: ‘What is there in your creed that the Colonel does not approve of?’

"I suppose he refers to a conversation I had with him two years ago, when I asked him point-blank: 'Are you saved?' This made him very angry and he ran away.

"'Oh, is that all?'

"We now talked together, but the ladies laughed very much and I could not get them to listen seriously, so I left, but they asked me to come again.

"On this my birthday I had now come again and found the Colonel, with four other officers, seated around a card table.

"'May I come in?'

"'Certainly, do come!' A lady called from another room.

"Then the lady came and said to the card players: 'Really you are a fine set of men!'

"Thereupon the cards were laid aside, and the Colonel again disappeared.

"Both the ladies now sat down, but all laughed very much. At last I said: 'I think we have had enough of this. May I now tell my message?'

"This made the officers fidgety, so I sat down near the ladies and showed them my Heart-book. At last one of the officers came over to us, and, on seeing the picture of Satan, said: 'Really, I always thought the devil a handsome fellow and not at all as he is pictured here!'

"One of the ladies replied: 'My husband and I have had a vision of the devil and I assure you we trembled at the sight!'

"This remark sobered the young men and I hoped that I might now make an impression on their hard hearts. Then one of the ladies began to polish a diamond ring and the Colonel who had again entered the room said: 'See, Mr. Hebich, how vain she is!'

“‘But she will not always be so,’ I replied, ‘the day is coming when she will give that ring for missions!’”

“The lady sighed and said: ‘A great change will have to come over me, before that day comes!’”

“Some of the company now said: ‘All that Mr. Hebich says is true!’”

“At last, the Colonel, in a bitter spirit, closed the talk saying: ‘Well, good-bye, Mr. Hebich, you have sent us all to hell, except your own worthy self!’”

“I left that house with a heavy heart, praying for the one soul there that seemed to be longing for better things.— So I went from house to house, some heard me gladly, some prayed with me, some laughed at me, but I was happy in the Lord. This was indeed a happy birthday.”

In the year 1854, there was a bad outbreak of cholera in Ootacamund and Mr. Hebich admonished all the people to be prepared to meet their God. Among the many men won that year for Jesus was one of the most scholarly and influential gentlemen up there. This poor man had been trying for years to pull himself out of the mire of sin by his own bootstraps. Failing in this, he said despondently: “All I do is in vain. There is no God, for if there were, why does He not help me?” The poor man was trying to come to God by the way of his own righteousness and not through Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Mr. Hebich succeeded in introducing this talented man to Jesus as his Saviour, and he at once became one of the missionary’s warmest friends and supporters. He once remarked to a chaplain:—“I hope you will profit by Hebich’s example. It seems to me that you make your entrenchments far too deep. As a rule it is better to stir up people, and let them open their eyes wide!”

After this successful work in Ootacamund Mr. Hebich went to the French Rocks and spent a week there. His soul was gladdened by the great progress in spiritual things that he saw among his Own on every hand. One remarkable answer to a prayer of faith greatly cheered him.

His faithful adjutant in the service, Captain Sweet, fell dangerously ill from cholera. The weeping, praying band of brethren gathered around their leader's bed, expecting him every moment to breathe his last. Suddenly the regimental surgeon arose from his knees and said joyfully to the sick man: "You are not going to die. God has heard our prayers!" From that moment he began to mend and soon became well. For many subsequent years Captain Sweet continued to be the spiritual leader of the regimental church.

When this season of refreshing with his brethren beloved of the 39th N. I. Regiment was past, Mr. Hebich went to Bangalore where he visited all sorts and conditions of men and preached Christ and Him Crucified to all. He probed their deepest needs and led them to the Saviour who alone can satisfy the deepest longings of every heart, and still the anguish of every soul.

But Bangalore was also to become a place of discord to him, for his theology had to undergo a hot fire of criticism. Some missionaries, especially, questioned him very closely, asking: "Why are you so dogmatic? Why do you preach so much about and against the devil? Why do you say that Satan is even in heaven? Why do you ascribe a human form to God? Why? Why? Why?" These 'why'-questions innumerable were hurled promiscuously at the old preacher's head, until he hardly knew how to escape them. These discussions made him very

uncomfortable for he had an innate dislike of discussions and disputes. He wanted everybody to leave the devil and join himself to God and he said that he had no time to discuss the questions concerning God and the devil, in the existence of which beings all men believed intuitively.

Just as Mr. Hebich believed that the Heart-book gave a true representation of the devil and the evil spirits that he rules over, so he loved to make real to all the personality of God. By analogy he claimed that God must have a form like the human form, for did not God make man in His image and after His likeness? He loved to speak about God's mouth, and nose, about His flaming, all-seeing eyes and His almighty hands, about His feet and loving breast, but especially about His bowels of mercy. The missionaries told him that it was not right to give such a literal interpretation of the figurative speech of the Bible.

To this Mr. Hebich replied: "That talk about 'figurative speech' that you make is only empty and airy philosophy. A man who says that a spirit is formless makes God only a meaningless abstraction!"

Of course, there were times when the old missionary's rhetoric was more powerful than his logic, and that made some say: "You are preaching Mormon and Swedenborgian theology!"

Such remarks annoyed him exceedingly, but in replying to them he would only say: "Has the devil not always dressed lies in the garb of truth?"

Notwithstanding these questions and cross-questions all the people of Bangalore loved the old saint and urged him to come often to that large city and stay long. He wrote the following report of his doings in that large military station: "I work daily from six o'clock in the

morning till eleven at night. The Lord has opened so many doors for me that I feel justified in prolonging my stay here. Many were almost spiritually dead and almost all were glad to be revived. After the evening service twenty to thirty and finally thirty-eight of my hearers would stay with me from eight to eleven p.m. to drink tea. To them I would then preach a special sermon."

After his return to Cannanore *via* Coorg, where he visited Dr. Mögling, only a few months passed by when the old pastor had again to go to the Hills. One of his catechists fell sick and Mr. Hebich hastened with him to the sanatorium, hoping that this change would restore him to health and strength. A younger brother, David, accompanied him on this trip. But, alas, how uncertain is human life! Joseph, the sick man, got well and David, a young well-trained catechist, in the first month of his work, died.

"On the 7th of May," Mr. Hebich writes, "I set out for my journey. David accompanied me to Palghat, where he did good service. And then we proceeded to the foot of the Hills. On the road he was taken ill with cholera. With difficulty he dragged himself to the bungalow at Mettupalaiyam. In vain were the exertions of the youth who accompanied him. He soon was laid prostrate with the same disease.

"When I came up with them David was already far gone. He said: 'I have prayed that you might come. Now I am happy, because I see you!'

"I obtained medicines from a kind gentleman whom I found in the bungalow. He did his best, but God soon showed us that we had to part with the dear youth. To my question: 'Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus?' he replied: 'Oh, yes, the Lord Jesus is my all!'

“Once he said in English with some emphasis: ‘The Lord killeth and maketh alive!’ This word, addressed to his brother Joseph, raised new hopes within me. But then he began to wander. We heard from him only fragments of German hymns that he had learned by heart.

“Under a burning sun we returned, as directed, in a cart to Coimbatore. On the road his sufferings were terminated by a peaceful death, on the 31st of May. Our friend, Mr. Addis of Coimbatore, acted indeed a brother’s part in receiving us most lovingly in our distress. His congregation followed the dear remains to the grave. May the Lord bless them richly for their warm love!

“David was the first fruit of the revival that took place at Cannanore in September, 1847. He had already served the Lord as catechist, when the desire of growing in knowledge induced him to enter the Mangalore Catechist Institution, in 1852. He left it a few weeks before his death with a goodly store of solid learning, an instrument so fitted for the Master’s use on earth that we, short-sighted mortals, could but reluctantly give him up to His inscrutable will.

“When the sad news reached Cannanore, it went to his mother’s heart like a death-knell. She had already given away many a dear child and kissed the chastening rod. But David’s departure looked like a summons to follow immediately, and, within a few months, she joined him in the upper home.”

After the funeral Mr. Hebich again wended his sad and weary way to the Hills, taking Joseph along with him, on whom he now bestowed all his love and care. Joseph was greatly benefited by the change. During this visit, unplanned by him, Mr. Hebich was again permitted to win

many souls for Jesus: in Wellington among the soldiers, and in Ootacamund among the aristocracy of the land.

Being so near to the French Rocks the venerable missionary could not pass his own regiment by, so he called to see his children again, and from there he went to Bangalore, where he received a much warmer welcome than he had received the last time. Even the missionaries who had questioned him so closely, now invited him to preach in their churches. This he gladly did, preaching frequently in the churches of the London and Wesleyan Missions. There was hardly a day that he did not conduct three services, urging all to repent and to fly from Satan to the crucified Saviour. At the same time he continued his visits from house to house, winning many for Jesus, not only by his public preaching, but especially by his personal work.

Mission business now called Mr. Hebich to Mangalore, where he again met his old friend, J. Anderson, Esq., of the civil service. This gentleman introduced him to the bright boys of the English school. For two hours and a half the old father addressed these rising sons of India, praying them to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, then they might also strive for Government positions and earthly honours. With a heart filled with humble gratitude to God, for all He had done, he at last returned to Cannanore, after an absence of several months.

Among the converts of this tour were a gentleman and his wife whose hearts were simply bubbling over with joy, when they told Mr. Hebich: "We have found Jesus! Oh, what a Friend He is to us!"

"But do you ever pray together?" the old missionary asked.

“Oh yes, we do! I read the prayers and my wife kneels at my side.”

“No, no! That is not what I mean. Man, do you pray from your heart before your wife? Woman, do you tell God your heart’s deepest longings, in the presence of your husband?”

“No, we have never done that!”

“But, you must! Begin now!”

The next day, when Mr. Hebich again called to see them they met him with beaming faces, saying: “Oh, Mr. Hebich, we have prayed together, as you told us to. We are so happy, for Jesus has gloriously fulfilled His promise: ‘Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on the earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them!’”

These many experiences of saving grace made the old man young again and he desired to go everywhere to spread the fire of God’s love, but, for the present, he had to stay in Cannanore. A new regiment that he had met in Wellington came to the coast, and as there were many unconverted men in the regiment, he had all the work he could possibly do at home. This was the 74th Regiment, Highlanders. The soldiers being Scotchmen preferred the simple chapel service to the more elaborate church service, so the mission church was now full at every service. A Captain of this regiment was soon converted and this officer became Mr. Hebich’s faithful ally in winning the officers and men of his regiment for Christ.

In the midst of this great success suddenly a destructive bolt fell from the Moplah sky, killing Mr. Hebich’s warm

and influential friend, Mr. Connelly, the Collector of Calicut, who had just been appointed a member of Council by the Government of Madras. The gentleman was sitting after the day's heat and toil, on the verandah of his beautiful house, reading to his wife from Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, when suddenly five escaped Moplah convicts fell upon him, knocked over the table, on which the lamp stood, and stabbed the Collector to death. Leaving him lying in his blood they escaped. Bleeding from twenty-seven wounds the noble Christian gentleman only sighed: "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" and then died!

The cowardly assassins were at once hunted down by troops and shot in their tracks. They tried to make this dastardly act the beginning of a holy war of extermination and revenge, but utterly failed in rallying their fellow-religionists around their standard. After the sacrifice of the life of this noble official the laws for the suppression of these Moplah rebellions were at last put into execution. These consisted in the wholesale punishment of all the Moplahs in the town or district, where the rebellion takes place. Heretofore only the assassins were shot down, but now heavy fines were inflicted on all the relatives and friends of the rebels. Many rich men were bound over to keep the peace, and these lost heavily, if they did not prevent such outbreaks of fanaticism. The execution of these laws so intimidated the Moplahs that even during the disturbed year of the Mutiny, in 1857, when seditious agents from North India tried to incite them to rebel, the Moplahs in Malabar remained quiet. But at what a price had this peace been bought!

As soon as Mr. Hebich learned of the sad murder of his brother and friend, he sat down and wrote a letter full

of sympathy to the terribly stricken widow, comforting her with the Word of God. Then he hurried down to Calicut to express to her in person his heart-felt condolence. Soon after this the poor, sorrowing woman left India for England.

Mr. Hebich had now spent twenty-one years of unbroken toil in India. In reviewing these many long years of soul-saving he writes: "On the 13th of October, 1855, at 6 o'clock in the morning, twenty-one years of service were accomplished in this land. When a British soldier has served that length of time, he receives a well-earned pension. I do not ask for a pension, but I long to please Him and win more souls for Him who has travailed so hard for them. Eternal thanks be to Him for His grace, in permitting me to serve Him so long, with unbroken health and strength. To serve a worldly king so long makes one proud, but to serve the heavenly, the good, the holy King humbles one and makes one feel ashamed of himself, as it is written: 'Even so ye also, when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say: we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do!' But why all this? Because He is the Author of all things good in His servants. The evil in the servant he himself is the author of and how great is this evil in so many years."

Mr. Hebich now longed more than ever to give his whole time and strength to the work of an itinerating evangelist among the Natives and Europeans, but it was not until the year 1859 that he was wholly set free for this work. When the desire of his heart was at last fulfilled, then it was too late!

CHAPTER XXIII

Storm and Stress.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.— *Isaiah 43, 2-3.*

THE prayer of Mr. Hebich, as president of the Basel Mission and of all the missionaries, at the close of the year 1856, was the 80th psalm, for in that year they were fed with the bread of tears, and were given tears to drink in large measure. The sad fall of two missionaries, the great fire at Udipi, the discord among the Christians in that field, the ridicule of the heathen, and the great damage—all this did to the vine of God that He had planted in the land, filled all with shame and sorrow. At the General Conference of that year in Mangalore there was more weeping over sin than preaching. In the fall of the brethren all felt self-condemned and that they too had fallen. In the report for that year we read the following account of that sad defeat and disaster:—

“If in former reports we could joyfully acknowledge the Lord’s blessing on us, in granting a marked increase to our congregations, or in extending our field of labour, or in sending fresh labourers into the harvest, we have this time to give another account of His dealings with us,

to humble ourselves under His chastening hand, and to speak in sorrow of stations deserted and weakened, of an irreparable loss by death, sadder losses by sin, and of a great diminution in the increase of our congregations.

“In December the mission house at Udipi, our new station in the northern Tulu country, was set on fire, a few months after it had been completed. Whilst our sympathy was fresh for the much-trying fellow-labourer, who just succeeded in escaping from the flames with his only son, the gravest charges were brought against him by some members of the Tulu congregation. To our perfect dismay they were proved true.

“It is for this cause that we take to ourselves burning shame. May the Lord have mercy on us and pour out His Spirit of grace upon us after these vials of wrath! He has laid us low, may He raise us again!”

Mr. Hebich who, as president of the Mission, now had to use the rod of discipline, prayed much before he acted. This was the most painful task of his life. He did his duty in the spirit of Nehemiah, who, when he learned that “the remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down and the gates thereof are burned with fire,” sat down and wept and mourned and fasted and prayed: “I beseech Thee, O Lord God of hosts, the great and terrible God, hear the prayer of Thy servant. We have sinned against Thee, both I and my father’s house have sinned. We have dealt very corruptly against Thee, and have not kept Thy commandments!”

The old warrior now had to repair the walls of Jerusalem. He entered the breach and right valiantly did he build and fight, in order to set all things right. He stayed some

months in Mangalore and worked early and late in winning the sadly neglected church there back to the Lord and to ways of righteousness. From Mangalore as a centre, he also went to Udipi and elsewhere, and prayed and taught and admonished and pleaded, until he had once more brought order out of chaos.

Some drunkards had to be excluded from the church, as well as some lewd fellows of the baser sort; but the honest, though erring Christians, Mr. Hebich soon set right and thus the vine of the Lord in Mangalore and in the province was pruned and purified and at once began to bear fruit. Many of the church members came to the old missionary, weeping and confessing their sins. Especially the women were so convicted of their sins that they laid aside their flashy jewelry, bringing it to the old missionary to be sold for God's work. In the fire and flood of this great affliction and reproach God was with His servant, and, in the end, all was well.

Joys and sorrows are daily to be seen in the kaleidoscope of life. Joys and sorrows Mr. Hebich now had many in Mangalore. It was both a joy and a sorrow for him to meet once more his old friend, J. Anderson, Esq., the Collector; a joy, because from the beginning of the Mission in 1834 till the year 1856, Mr. Anderson had been a loyal friend of the missionary and the Mission; a sorrow, too, this meeting was, for in accordance with the rules of the service, this faithful servant of the Government and of God had now to retire and take his pension.

On the other hand, he now had the great joy of once more meeting his beloved son in the Lord, William Gompertz. The 16th Native Infantry Regiment had been sent from Aden to Mangalore, where they were to spend several

years. Both father and son now once more worked together in unison in the winning of souls for Christ.

It was the wish of the General Conference that Mr. Hebich should stay in Mangalore, at least two months, but this he was not willing to do, for he was determined not to miss the heathen festivals. He writes: "I cannot possibly agree to your proposal, for it is absolutely necessary that I visit the festivals this year, since my enemies have spread the rumour that I would be afraid to come, because I received a beating last year, also that Government had forbidden my going. Hence I must go to the festivals, even though I lose my life!"

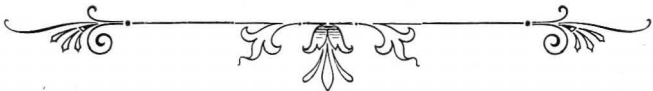
Before he went to these great annual gatherings he returned to Cannanore, where he now learned to his dismay that the Committee had ordered Dr. Gundert to Mangalore. But as the need for a wise leader was so great in this oldest station, Mr. Hebich reluctantly gave up his friend and wished him God's blessing in this his great and important work. After this new arrangement and a good time at the festivals, where the old wounds were healed, Mr. Hebich arranged to go on tour again.

After a visit to his own regiment in French Rocks, he again went to Ootacamund, where his friends, the army officers and others, had built a church for his special use. This building he now dedicated to the service of God. It was called Zion Chapel and is a lasting monument to the memory of this great missionary. Some years ago the building was sold, and with the proceeds of the sale a new and more commodious church was built. It is to be regretted that the good, old name, Zion Chapel, has been changed into: "The New Union Evangelistic Hall".



OLD ZION CHAPEL, OOTACAMUND

Now being used for a School of the Church Mission.



In this year it was the old father's great joy and privilege to ordain to the work of the pastorate his spiritual son, Jacob Ramavarma. The ordination day was a day of joy and victory. Never had there been such a sight, nor such a concourse of people in the church at Cannanore. The day before the ordination Mr. Hebich called to see the Colonel of the 74th Highlanders.

"I know what you want," the Colonel said, "you want all my soldiers to come to your chapel!"

"No, no, I have called to invite you to come!"

"Me? Invite me? Are you going to have a grand spread? Are you going to give us champagne or only good German beer to drink?"

"I give nothing for your stomach, but everything for your ear and heart. Come, and you will not be sorry that you have done so!"

The Colonel made no promises, yet he came, as well as other very high officers, and last, but not least, even the Rajah from Chirakal came to honour his royal relative, Jacob Ramavarma, on this his day of consecration.

Mr. Hebich's heart was full to overflowing. He preached the ordination sermon. Among other things he said: "My dear hearers and friends, twenty-two years have passed since I first put my foot on this coast, to win souls for my Master. And what hath He wrought in these years?"

"In Mangalore a Brahman convert is preaching the Gospel, another converted Brahman is being prepared for the ministry in Basel, and here to-day a brother is to be ordained, who for thirteen years has done faithful work as a catechist. This all goes to prove that our work has been permanently established here, because these

Native brethren are entering upon the work of the gospel ministry.

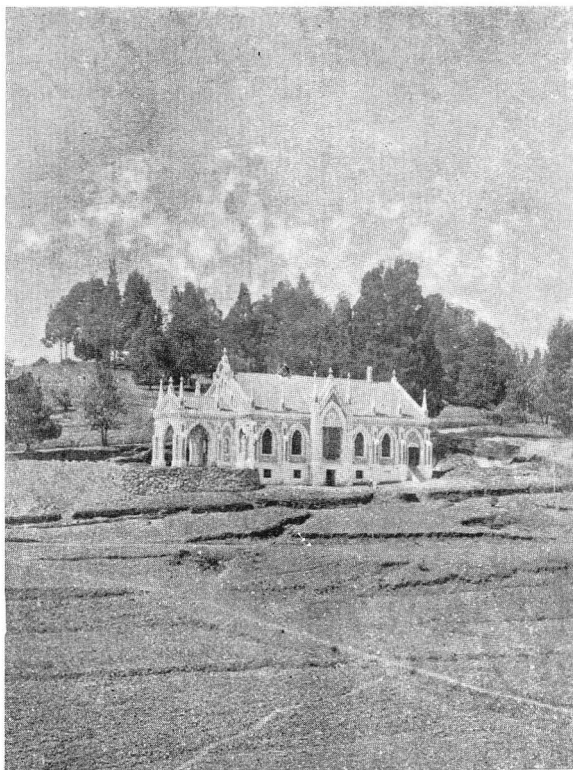
“You all will have to confess that Jesus is Lord of all to the glory of the Father, whether you like to do so or not. Hear, all of you—you, too, who so obstinately refuse to do so—you will yet have to kneel before Him and say: ‘Lord, Lord!’

“As yet the world cares little about the unspeakably great salvation that Christ has purchased for men with His own precious blood. Many things go to prove that everything is changing. All the pagan races write: A. D. 1856. And *Anno Domini* means the years since our Lord came into this world to bring salvation to it. Let us face this fact and ask: ‘Have I received this salvation from heaven? Am I redeemed?’ And thereafter ask: ‘What have I done for the hallowing of His holy name and the coming of His kingdom? How much do I pray, do I suffer for His holy reign?’

“We cannot ask these two questions without deep humiliation. If I am to speak of myself, I have reason to be ashamed of myself. How much of the world is still in me; yea how many evil, horrible thoughts are there still in the hearts of the best Christians! How the curse, resting on all who do not love Him, ought to alarm us!

“Still God, in mercy, sends forth his sinful servants to beseech their brethren: ‘Come and be ye reconciled to Him!’ Hence I too have boldness to invite you all, every one of you, once more: Come, O come and see and prove what God’s love can do for you!

“Every one is baptized with the vow to renounce the world and the devil. Why do you not keep that vow? And, while you are caring, working and suffering for



THE NEW UNION EVANGELISTIC HALL, OOTACAMUND

This New Edifice takes the place of the Old Zion Chapel, and is a perennial Source of Blessings to the Residents of and Visitors to this foremost Hill Station of South India.

yourselves, O, do stop and think, how little you are doing for His kingdom. How much you have scattered and how great is the offence you have given. Begin now to gather for the Lord, by a holy walk, by continuous repentance, by fervent prayer and by cheerful giving for God's work, and live only for eternity. Be prepared to render an account of your stewardship! Remember what a damnation it will be to us Europeans, if a Native, like Jacob, should enter heaven before us. Amen!"

The address made a profound impression on the Brigadier-General, on the Colonel, and on all the Europeans and Natives present. The solemn ordination service lasted three hours, but in spite of its length, the Colonel still desired to hear other speakers. A Captain, present for the first time, was so impressed with what he heard and saw that he sent that evening his first gift for missions, and soon both he and his wife were joyful believers in Jesus, having been won for the Master by Mr. Hebich.

And now new worries arose. There was a serious misunderstanding between the poor Pulayer Christians and their master, who, after an absence of nineteen years in Europe, now undertook the personal management of his estate in Anjaracandy. The report for the year 1856 says: "In December our connection with a neighbouring plantation, where, in the course of eighteen years, a considerable congregation of labourers had been gathered into the fold of Christ, came suddenly to a close. The owner dismissed the catechist and desired Brother Hebich to discontinue his visits. Catechist Timothy had thus to quit the field, in which for seven years he had done faithful service. The greater part of his congregation, having come to the resolution of following him, we were obliged, temporarily,

to receive them at Chova. It is our intention to settle them as independent farmers on any suitable ground that can be obtained for them."

There were 177 souls in this large party of refugees and their support had now to be assumed by the Mission, and of course a big part of the work of caring for these and building huts for them had to be done by Mr. Diez, while Mr. Hebich again went on tour.

When he was in Palghat, busy at work, he was recalled to Cannanore, for Mr. Diez had fallen sick and was not expected to live. Major Young had taken him into his house and had tenderly nursed him. The good Major thought the sick missionary ought to be prepared to meet death, but, in the midst of all his sufferings, his mind was full of mundane affairs. Major Young, Brigadier-General Thompson, and other brethren, as well as the Natives, all united in prayer and God graciously answered it, restoring Mr. Diez to them.

On Mr. Hebich's return to Cannanore he found that Mr. Diez was on his way to recovery. The day after his return the old pastor won Dr. Crocker, who had been kindly looking after the sick missionary, for Jesus. He talked and prayed with the good doctor for four hours, and at last he accepted Christ. He became one of Mr. Hebich's best friends and a very humble, earnest disciple of the Master.

It was now seen, however, that Mr. Diez, in his enfeebled state of health, could not continue to do the heavy work of the station, so it was arranged that he should go to quiet Chombala and look after the well-organized work there, while Mr. Müller, the missionary of that place, should take up the work in Cannanore. This change was soon effected and proved very beneficial to all.

But the heavy expense of all these many changes caused a great deficit in the year's account. The Committee in Basel, not understanding the why and wherefore of this, refused to pay the large debt and this so tried the old missionary's faith that, in despair, he said: "I am a bankrupt! I am a bankrupt!" God, however, did not forsake His servant. In His own way and in His own time He sent him relief and all was amicably settled. Mr. Hebich now gave up all his treasury work, writing to the Committee: "What a relief it is to me that all has been settled! Oh, how happy we shall be, when, at last, we can lay down all our burdens, and, as poor pardoned sinners, enter the eternal kingdom of peace and rest!"

Like an all-destroying flood the year 1857 broke upon India. It was the year of the terrible Mutiny, when Mohammedans and Brahmans sought to shake off the British yoke. Horrible tales of murder and bloodshed were repeated, with pale lips, in all the military stations of India.

A wave of discontent, started by the mutineers in the North of India, also swept over the Madras Presidency. In Cannanore all was quiet, but in Palghat there were many disturbing rumours. It was said that all the Europeans in Ootacamund had been murdered; again, gossip reported that all the Europeans in the plains had been butchered. The simple Natives were filled with greater fear than the Europeans. Still, an excruciating uncertainty had taken possession of all.

It was expected every moment that the Mohammedans would sweep, like a devastating flood, through the land, leaving death and destruction in their wake. The 28th of August, 1857, was to be the day of wrath and revenge, the day of terror and rapine. But this day passed by

quietly in the Presidency and soon confidence in the Government was restored.


The only victim, who fell on the Hills, was good old General Kennett; but he was not a victim of the Mutiny, but of the cupidity of his Mohammedan servant. The old General lived alone in a roomy house in Coonoor near the church. He had, one night, retired to bed as usual and soon fell asleep. He was awakened by hearing his servant entering his room and robbing him. He arose and opposed the robber. In the scuffle the General was twice stabbed. When, after some days, he breathed his last, he said: "I die, as one called by God, in the eleventh hour. I forgive my murderer from the bottom of my heart!"—It will be remembered that Mr. Hebich, in previous years, had won this venerable General for Jesus.

The Mutiny wrought many changes in Cannanore. The faithful Highlanders, the 74th Regiment, were sent to Dharwar. Madras regiments were sent to North India, many old friends left India for England and soon Mr. Hebich felt as though he had been forsaken of all. A new generation seemed, in a moment, to have arisen around him, and he found it hard to accommodate himself to these new conditions of things.

But who can tell how much his many years of faithful, loving work for souls had done to keep the Madras sepoys faithful to their flag? One of the highest and most influential officials in India, in a farewell letter to Mr. Hebich on his departure for the homeland, candidly wrote him, after reviewing all the horrors of the Mutiny: "The late occurrences have convinced me that only the Gospel can bring permanent peace to this land. Only through the

work of missions can lasting benefits be conferred on India. May God long spare you to your Mission!"

Mr. Hebich was firm as a rock amidst all these trials. He went everywhere preaching Jesus. He did not neglect the heathen festivals, but preached there that year for the fifteenth time. He concludes his report for that year of storm and stress with the following words: "How awful is the power of the prince of darkness, with which he keeps the Natives of this country in bondage! Who can break it? One only! Jesus is His Holy name. How does He break it? By the Word of His Truth. Hallelujah! Let every one who reads this pray for these people that our gracious Lord may thus hasten to deliver them. Amen!"



CHAPTER XXIV

Last Work in India.

I glorified Thee on the earth having accomplished the work which Thou hast given me to do.—*John 17, 4.*

HAPPY is the man who can look back upon his life's work and say: Father, I have tried to glorify Thee. The mistakes of my life have been many, yet I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do!

Mr. Hebich, at the close of his quarter of a century's work could truly say this of himself and of his work, even though he did not then know that he had reached the end of his career in India.

He began his work among the Canarese and he always had a warm spot in his heart for these gentle, amiable, industrious people, so different from the excitable Malayees and the turbulent Moplahs. In the year 1857 he spent considerable time in preaching to the Tulus, north of Mangalore. This Dravidian tribe speaks a language cognate to the Canarese. They had never really embraced Hinduism, but retained the ancestral worship of demons. About 500,000 Tulus live near Udipi and the surrounding country.

When the old missionary now saw what God's grace had done for the converts from this simple race, his heart was filled with grateful joy. An old evangelist in describing Mr. Hebich's last visit to them told the following anecdote about the old missionary's method of catechizing:

“Once I was present when Mr. Hebich was questioning the children at their service. Suddenly he put a question to me. ‘Suvartappa, when do we need God’s grace?’

“‘Always, until we die!’

“Seeing that this was not the desired answer, I corrected myself and said: ‘Throughout eternity!’

“But this answer, too, was not satisfactory, so my son was asked: ‘Christanuja, when do we need God’s grace?’

“‘Now!’

“This was the answer Mr. Hebich had expected and thrice he repeated the words: ‘*Now* we need the grace of God! *Now* we need the grace of God! *Now* we need the grace of God!’

“I felt very much embarrassed and ashamed of myself that I had not given that answer. But all through my life Mr. Hebich’s impressive words kept ringing in my heart and ears: ‘*Now* we need the grace of God!’”

The old missionary’s burning words of repentance called forth a revival of religion in the churches at Mangalore and Udipi and very many again came to Jesus for pardon and grace. Others, however, caused Mr. Hebich no end of trouble. Some arrogant catechists had to be dismissed and these led many of the Tulu Christians astray. How the old warrior broke this spirit of rebellion among some of the people, he himself relates:

“After my arrival in Mangalore I at once sent Joseph and Sebastian to the seceders to try and win them back. Some days thereafter I myself went to Mulki and asked the Christians to come and meet me, but a long time passed by before they would come. I gave my hand to all of them, except to the leaders of the rebellion who thrice offered to shake hands with me. They brought

such a host of devils along with them that it was almost impossible for me to stay, because of the vapours from hell. Then I said: 'Let us pray!' This they permitted me to do, but all remained sitting, while I alone knelt.

"After this the battle was begun. I told them how their stubbornness was breaking my heart and asked them to speak, one by one. But they had made up their minds to speak all at the same time, so I told them that they had evidently made a compact with the devil, that they had run after two boobies and had forsaken their pastor. This meeting lasted seven long hours.

"Then they sent for the other ringleader who, according to their first report, had gone on a three days' journey, but who now made his appearance. When he entered the room, I called out to him with tears: 'You are leading all these people astray! Don't you know that you will have to render an account of all your deeds to the Lord?'

"Then turning to the people, I said: 'Who will return to the church?'

"'We are in the church!'

"'No, you are with the devil! Whosoever remains in this state will go to hell! Who will return to the church?'

"Almost all of them, after a while said: 'I! I! I!'

"But then the ringleaders began to raise objections: 'We have written to the Committee in Basel and will do nothing till we hear from them!' So they remained victors.

"Afterwards they promised me a unanimous reply; but I said: 'I don't want a unanimous reply! The cause of your ruin is that you all stick together. Whosoever will, let him break with the others and come. Whoever will come to Jesus must come alone!'

“Thereafter they again spent a day and a night in debate. Some confessed: ‘We have gone astray!’ Others said: ‘The padres are trying to ensnare us!’

“At last they all decided to await the decision of the Committee in Basel and this gave the leaders another three months’ grace. I had failed, but realized that we could not receive them back in a body, but only as individuals. Each one must come back as a poor sinner. Unless every one repented individually, we never could break this spirit of rebellion.”

As some new missionaries were arriving in Mangalore and there were some converts awaiting baptism, at the beginning of the year 1858, Mr. Hebich went to that oldest station, where he had the pleasure of welcoming the new recruits to the Mission and of receiving fourteen happy believers into the Christian church. After this pleasant break he returned to the attack on the hard hearts of the Tulus in Mulki. He now found that during his absence God’s Holy Spirit had effected a great change in the people. Their stubborn will was broken and some were so overpowered with a consciousness of their sin that they did not consider themselves worthy to even enter the house of God, but sat before the church doors during service as penitents. Others followed their good example, confessing that they had been in great spiritual danger.

A sudden death had aroused them all and they now came to Mr. Hebich crying: “We cannot face death. We are not prepared to meet our God. We have sinned. Please pray for our forgiveness and you, too, must forgive us!”

When the answer from the Committee in Basel was at last received, in the month of March, the hearts of all

were broken in penitence and grief over their blind obstinacy. All came and with tears begged to be received back into the church of Christ.

One more incident of the year 1858 may be mentioned here. On the first of May, while in a native vessel, Mr. Hebich was caught in a severe storm. The boatmen begged him to permit them to lighten the boat by throwing a cargo of rice overboard. He would not permit them to do so, but told them that his God, to whom he was continually praying, would surely save them all. With great difficulty they finally came as far as a promontory, on this return journey from Mulki, where the sailors usually sacrificed to their idols, by breaking some cocoanuts. This he forbade them to do. The sailors were very angry at this order and asked: "Is your God the only God?" Mr. Hebich replied: "There is but one God, all your gods are a huge lie!"

He had hardly uttered these words, when there was a terrific flash of lightning and great thunder. All were filled with awe. The boat was kept afloat by baling out the water all that night. In the morning, when the storm had spent its fury, Mr. Hebich preached earnestly to them and they listened reverently to his impressive words. At last they all were safely landed.

And now we have come to the last year of the veteran's service in India. In the year 1859 he went, for the last time, to the heathen festivals in Payawur and Taliparambu. About this visit he writes: "This is now the fifteenth time we have stood there among the people, to break down the stronghold of the prince of darkness by the Word of truth. We urgently pressed our message home. Oh that they might come, so long as it is called to-day!"

After his return to Cannanore he once more went to Palghat. He was pleased to see that at last a missionary had been sent there and this had become a station and was no more an out-station. About his last visit to this place where he had seen so many manifestations of God's saving power, he remarks: "It is true that having had so much to do in Mangalore and Cannanore I have lately been neglecting Palghat. The older I grow the more I seem to be a marked man. The honoured Committee gives me slaps right and left and my brethren, too, seem to enjoy finding fault with me. Probably that is better for me than praise would be. May the Lord have mercy on me! My Palghat work is now finished, after I have been permitted to sow there much precious seed which is sure to grow and bear much fruit."

The work at Cannanore, too, was now nearing its close. Lieutenant Gompertz had just recommended a number of soldiers who had recently come to this station, to the especial care of the old pastor, for they were faithful soldiers of Christ; but Mr. Hebich's health at last was failing, so, for the first time, he felt the need of going to the Hills as an invalid.

The parting scene from his beloved church was very pathetic. All except the old pastor seemed to realize that this was to be a final parting. There were now 242 communicants in the Cannanore church, 40 suspended members and 139 children. When they met to hear the last words of their old pastor and friend, the scene was almost like that in the Acts of the Apostles, when Paul bid the church and the elders of the church at Ephesus farewell: "And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore and fell on Paul's

neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the word he had spoken that they should behold his face no more!" Mr. Hebich's heart was full of courage and joy, however. On the 23rd of March he went to the Nilgiris *via* Calicut and Malapuram, preaching, in spite of his illness, all along the way. He writes: "Twenty-five years ago, on the 24th of March, 1834, I left Basel for India. Hallelujah!"

So far as his strength permitted him to do so, he continued to do his work preaching in Zion Chapel almost daily, and inviting all the residents in Ootacamund to repent and come to Jesus, visiting them from house to house. About his sickness he wrote humorously to a friend: "When I came up here my liver and gall-bladder caused me much distress. I was often seasick and growing very thin. Now I am much better and expect to spend two more months up here."

But his faithful physician knew the critical state of his health far better than he did and frankly told him in the month of August: "Mr. Hebich, your liver is so bad that I must insist on your going home at once. In this country you may have an apoplectic stroke almost any day and that will end it all. Take my advice and leave, while there is still a prospect of recovery."

This statement was like a death-knell to the old saint. After a short time spent in prayer he decided to take the doctor's advice, and so made immediate preparations for sailing from Madras, without paying his church and friends in Malabar a farewell visit. He wrote to the Rev. Ch. Müller who was to take full charge of the work at Cannanore: "The responsibility for the station now rests on your shoulders. May the Lord graciously give you the needed strength for the work, to His glory and great praise!"

Before leaving the Hills he wrote the following farewell letter to his congregation at Cannanore: "Dear souls, beloved in the Lord Jesus, grace and peace be with you! The Lord Jesus has thought it good for me to go to Europe, but, I hope, only for a short time, after which I hope to return with renewed strength and health. I therefore address these words of love to you all. You remember my labours among you. And you, beloved at Chova, especially know how much trouble the care for your bodily subsistence has given me. But now my health is broken. Oh, take care that all of you live to the Lord and that you become a source of joy to the servants of the Lord and to the catechists who are labouring among you. The Lord will never forsake you. Trust in Him and never forsake Him! I wish I could call you all by name, all of you that live in Cannanore, Chova, Chirakal and Taliparambu. Rest assured that I am bearing you all on my heart. Oh, live to the glory of the Lord henceforth, remembering how much you have wearied the Lord Jesus with your sins in times past. Be, therefore, wholly His, for He has bought you with His own blood. Amen! Pray for me! The Lord bless you with his everlasting blessing and make you a blessing to others. Amen! Amen! In Jesus ever yours, Samuel Hebich."

To the catechists he added a special word of cheer: "May the dear Lord Jesus keep you all unto everlasting life! Take diligent care of the welfare of the whole church, the blood-bought property of the Lord. Do all that you have to do for the Lord's sake. Be instant in preaching and witnessing before the heathen of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ and consider well that you have been heathen also. Oh, what would you now be without the blessed Gospel? Whatever you do, do it in the Lord!"

On the morning of the 13th of September, 1859, Mr. Hebich left Ootacamund and went *via* Bangalore to Madras, taking a hasty farewell from all his spiritual children along the way. On the 28th of September he embarked on a Suez steamer for the loved homeland, writing the following last word to one of his friends: "The ship has just come that is to take me away from this land, in which I have so many dear souls. But the Lord who has called them through the Word of truth will keep them to eternal life. I had hoped to see your dear face once more, but it was not to be. Many thanks for your last gift of love, of which I can make good use, for my black children are still looking to me for help. And now, my dear man, run for the crown of life which the Lord Jesus gives you freely. Quiet your heart only in Him. Also pray for me!"

The news that Mr. Hebich had left India spread like wild fire. It seemed as though there had been a death in the land. Many sorrowed deeply to think that never again were they to hear his burning words of love. The Press of the land everywhere spoke of him and his work with the greatest of praise.

But his beloved son William Gompertz rejoiced to hear of his father's departure to the homeland, for he knew how his strength was spent. On the 19th of September, 1859, he wrote him: "I am happy to hear that you are going home, for this will certainly be a great benefit to you. The Lord be praised that He has so long kept you in His work in this dark land. May He return you, with new health and strength, to this scene of your joys and sufferings. I expect that even on your home journey you will be a great blessing to others, seeing that you will meet all sorts of people on the Suez steamer. I enclose

a cheque for rupees thirty which, I am sorry to say, is all that I can spare at present. It is not the size of the gift, but the cheerful heart that the Lord values. If He permits, more will follow. May the Lord bless you abundantly! This is the prayer of your ever grateful, William Gompertz."

The son, however, was to die before the father. All through the year 1859 William Gompertz continued winning Natives and Europeans for Jesus, among others the Colonel of his regiment whom he led to the Saviour on his death-bed. On the 3rd of January, 1860, the young man was laid low with fever, and on the 3rd of February he was released from all his sufferings and died a very happy death.

And now, as we look back upon the many years of unselfish, heroic labour of this servant of Christ, what is the result of it all? Has the life made a lasting impression on a rock, or has it only been a ripple on the sea of time that has been lost as the years have widened its distance from the starting point? Let us read the testimony of some of the contemporaries and successors of this remarkable man:—

An aged chaplain in reviewing Mr. Hebich's work was once heard to say: "Really, I believe that this German alone has done more for the eternal good of the British in India than any dozen of the best of us chaplains!" This was the testimony borne to the work of this remarkable man by a member of the Church of England.

In a book: "Reminiscences of Life in Mysore," written by Major-General R. S. Dobbs, is the following testimony to Mr. Hebich's work:—

"One of the most remarkable men I ever knew was the Rev. Samuel Hebich of the Basel Mission. I met Mr. Hebich in a public bungalow soon after his arrival in

India, and, from the first, was much interested in him. He twice visited Toomkoor, but I was, to my regret, absent on the first occasion in 1839. He, however, in his usual faithful, though somewhat eccentric way, urged my assistant, Lieutenant Russell, to give his heart to the Lord Jesus. I heard afterwards that the young man was deeply impressed by the words spoken, but I cannot speak of results as he died of cholera before I returned to the Division.

“On the second visit Mr. Hebich spent some days with us, labouring among all classes. I had heard that he could not brook opposition. But we found that when spoken to in a loving spirit he was most gentle and considerate. The following incident will illustrate this:

“Mrs. Dobbs, at the time not being very strong, requested him not to give a long sermon on Sunday evening. Being engrossed with his subject he forgot the request, when my wife, after he had preached for three quarters of an hour, got up and touched him on the shoulder. He smiled and concluded immediately.

“Mr. Hebich, owing in a great measure to his imperfect knowledge of English, used hard terms when he disapproved, and this gave offence. Our excellent Bishop Dealtry, having heard of some severe censures on the Episcopal church, received him discourteously when he called. Shortly after, duty called the Bishop to the French Rocks, when he was filled with astonishment and delight, in witnessing the spiritual state of the regiment, the fruit of Mr. Hebich’s labours; and said afterwards: ‘Mr. Hebich is not the sort of man I had supposed and I will avail myself of the first opportunity to make his acquaintance!’

“One of Hebich’s peculiarities was to use the word “liar” and “lie,” when speaking of erroneous teaching.

Friends endeavoured to impress upon him that these terms were peculiarly offensive to Englishmen. He, however, to the last continued to call everything by what he considered the right name. On two occasions he endangered his life, when speaking to Mohammedans, by calling their prophet a liar.

“Notwithstanding his plain and pointed language, he was generally well received, allowance being made for his strong language on the score of his being a foreigner.”

But the deepest impression of the life and work of this unique man we find in Malabar. Any one travelling up and down the land and speaking with the Moplahs and Malayalees will find that Mr. Hebich is still a living influence in the lives of all. Ask them, as you meet them on the streets: “Do you know Mr. Hebich?” The answer, as a rule, will be: “We do not. We never heard of that gentleman.” But ask them: “Do you know ‘Dadikaran Padre,’” the bearded parson, as he was called by all, and you will see their faces brighten and hear them say: “Of course, we know him. He has prayed and preached in our town, or in our house. Our elders have told us much about him!”

The German pronunciation of the name Hebich is not familiar to Malayalam ears, but his name is not wholly unknown, for even to the present day, in parts of Malabar, especially in Cannanore, the Natives always speak of the Christian religion as “*Hebbick Vedam*,” Hebich’s religion!

Missionaries now on the field tell us that they are continually meeting with instances proving that Mr. Hebich is almost worshipped as a superior being by some of the simple-minded peasants. My friend, the Rev. Wm. Bader, formerly at Nettur, told me about one of his experiences.

On a mission tour he went to see an old cooly who had received a four anna bit as a present from Mr. Hebich. This small silver coin he encased in velvet and bowed before it every day.

“Don’t you know that your worship of that coin would pain Dadikaran Padre very much, if he were here?” my friend asked the man.

“Oh, no, for he has given me his blessing with the four annas. Why, when I received it, I was worth nothing, but now by Dadikaran Padre’s blessing I am worth 3000 Rupees!” the humble peasant replied.

“Please let me see the coin!” the missionary made request.

“I am sorry that I cannot do so, for I have sent the casket with the money to my son in another town, so that he, too, may receive Dadikaran Padre’s blessing!” the old man replied.

Folklore, too, has begun to spin the miraculous and mysterious about this strange man. I heard of one town where the thatched roofs of the houses have been frequently burned. Folklore there reports that this is a punishment on the people, for once the Moplahs in that town threatened to set fire to Mr. Hebich’s beard and ever since that day God punishes those people with frequent fires!

All these instances go to prove that Mr. Hebich lives indelibly in the hearts and lives of both Europeans and Natives. His life in India will continue to be a blessing to Europeans and Natives alike, because he was a humble follower of his Master and a faithful witness of Jesus Christ.



CHAPTER XXV

Eight More Years at Home.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's!—*Romans 14, 8.*

ON the 28th of October, 1859, Mr. Hebich landed in Marseilles, in the south of France. The long sea voyage had greatly benefited him and he felt nearly as well as ever. Fearing the cold of Germany he stayed in this glorious country, where so many invalids from India and other lands regain health and strength. In Cannes and Nice, on the evergreen shores of the Mediterranean, under an everblue, sunny sky, Mr. Hebich met old friends from India and soon was as busy as ever, preaching the Gospel to all. He there recovered his former elasticity and now, with new zeal, won souls for Christ. Then he went North, following the course of the river Rhone and spent Christmas with German friends in Lyons. On the 27th of December he finally reached the Mission House in Basel.

In the meantime he had learned particulars about his own kith and kin, receiving the news of the death of his two brothers, some years previously, and he also heard that his dear mother had died on the 9th of January, 1858, eighty-six years of age, but hale and hearty almost to the last day of her life.

Mr. Hebich did not wait to catch up with the spirit of the new age, but at once began his work for souls in his old way, visiting all from house to house and speaking

with them individually and collectively about their souls' salvation. He delivered a course of lectures in the Mission College, and also preached a series of sermons in the churches of Basel and in surrounding towns and villages. These sermons aroused a great interest in the man and his message. When, on the 24th of January, 1860, he preached on John the Baptist's call to repentance in the Leonhard church of Basel, there was at first an angry muttering to be heard and at last voices shouted: "Down with him! Put him out!" It was impossible to finish the sermon, so the preacher closed the service with a short prayer.

Now the Press began to write about Mr. Hebich, and soon he was more talked about than any other man in the city. Sermons so arousing, searching and damning cut the people to the heart and soon there was a division in the city. The question of allowing him to preach was brought before the municipal council. It was argued that such a man ought never to be permitted to preach, for instead of quieting the people he only excited them. It was said: "Hebich had to learn the language of India in order to preach to the Indians, so let him first learn German, before he again preaches to the Germans!" The resolution to prohibit Mr. Hebich's preaching was lost by a majority of two, forty-four voting against the resolution and forty-two in favour of it. The Mayor of the city sided with the majority, saying: "It certainly is no misfortune to the people, if some one preaches in a different than the conventional style. Those who remain cold under the old may be warmed into life under the new style!" So Mr. Hebich was permitted to continue his preaching in the churches of Basel.

He had now become a public character. Many despised him, others regarded him as a curious freak of nature, but a large number looked upon him as a preacher of righteousness, a prophet who had come to prophesy in the name of God, and some of these nearly idolized him.

In one of the Carnival processions there was a man wearing a mask representing Mr. Hebich as a school teacher, teaching a boy the interrogative form of the verb "heben", to heave. On a blackboard was written in large letters:

Heb ich?	Heave I?
Hebst du?	Heavest thou?
Hebt er?	Heaveth he?

But what was intended as ridicule set many thinking. 'Heben' in German as well as 'to heave' in English means: "To cause to move upward or onward by a lifting effort!" and men began to ask: "Am I, art thou, is he causing men to move upward and onward? Are we putting forth an effort to lift men Godward?"

Mr. Hebich had now many calls to preach, so he travelled up and down in Switzerland, preaching in the principal cities as a revivalist to ever-increasing congregations. His method of work was twofold, in fact the same as that which he had found so successful in India. First of all he would visit as many people as he possibly could and preach to them as individuals, praying earnestly with them until they too would pray and make a full surrender of themselves to Jesus. Then, in the churches, he would preach expository sermons. These were plain, blunt, pointed pulpit talks, founded on some passage of God's Word. His illustrations were almost all biblical. Very seldom would he allude to his work in India, or to his experiences of

travel. In preaching on Paul's epistles, for instance, all his illustrations would be taken from the Acts of the Apostles. There was a magnetic power in these addresses that drew men and women to the cross. In reading the printed discourses one wonders how such plain, disjointed, unvarnished statements of truth could have moved the masses as they did. One misses in the reading the man and his prayerful earnestness manifested during the delivery of the sermons.

Children were always Mr. Hebich's best friends. Wherever he went, the little ones would gather around him, sit on his knees, stroke his gray beard and love him with all their hearts. In dress the old revivalist was as strange and grotesque as in India. He had, it seems, designed his own particular style and cut of clothes, and to this fashion he clung very tenaciously.

His friends excused all these eccentricities on the score of Hebich's long life in India. "The dear man," they would say, "has preached so long to Englishmen and has become so English in India that he does not know how to speak German properly, nor does he understand German customs any more. But his heart is all right and he means well!"

In the month of May, 1862, Mr. Hebich was invited to go to London to preach there, especially to the large numbers of Germans who had come to the city to attend the great International Exhibition of that year. He found, however, that the Germans were living so scattered that it was next to impossible to gather large audiences, so the mission was partly a failure.

When Mr. Hebich had spent three years in Europe, he longed for his Indian home, and urgently requested to be sent back to his loved life's work at Cannanore. The

Christians in Cannanore, too, wrote him in a spirit of heart-felt love and longing: "Dear father, do come back to us; if possible with your old-time zeal and vigour. Even if you cannot do as much work as in former years, if you do come as an invalid, come as John of old. Let us carry you into our church and then you can bless us even as he did, saying: 'Little children, love one another! Beware of idols!' Dear father, come and stay as long as God gives you life, and then die among us!"

After trying for several years to recover sufficient health in order to be able to follow the longing of his heart, he wrote the church at Cannanore that he could not come, as his liver did not mend and the mission doctor absolutely forbade his return. While he was thus prevented from speaking to his loved "black brethren" in body, he ministered to them in spirit.

In a letter, dated Stuttgart, the 14th of August, 1866, Mr. Hebich writes to his church in Cannanore as follows:

"My dearly beloved Children in the Lord Jesus, Grace, mercy and peace be with you. Amen!

"Far, far away from you and still alive, I have grace to send to each of you a small token of loving remembrance, as far as I am able to do. It is of love and deep humiliation to God, our Redeemer, who has granted me to live and labour *for you and with you, in and for His Holy Jesus' Name, in whom there alone is Life Eternal, Hallelujah! Amen.*

"I have but one wish, *viz.*, that you and I, with your dear wives and children and all our beloved brothers and sisters in the Lord, *that we all may be faithful* unto the end, and that His Holy Jesus' Name may be wonderfully *in us, and through us all*, to the praise of the Father, Hallelujah! Amen.

“Let us remember: That the time is short, and the days of grace running by away! and that the souls are precious before Him.

“The Lord has been and is good to me, poor sinner, and He is the Lord my *Righteousness*, and I will praise Him for ever and ever! and *you all* will praise Him with me for ever and ever. Hallelujah! Amen.

“My love in Christ Jesu *to you all* and *to all*, who love the Lord Jesus, and I am *yours*

in Him,

with much love and esteem,

Samuel Hebich.”

Being obliged to stay at home Mr. Hebich now was pensioned by the Mission and so gave his whole time to the preaching of the Gospel. Some friends bought him a house on the heights overlooking Stuttgart and there he spent the last few years of his life on earth in the service of Jesus, having no worldly cares to trouble him.

As he now had his own house and had settled down in Germany, some of his friends persuaded him to get married. They said to him: “It is not good for a man to be alone as you are. You are not strong and ought to have some one near you, night and day, who will care for you and look lovingly after your welfare. We know a woman, a very energetic warm-hearted Christian woman, who will make you a good wife.”

After much persuasion Mr. Hebich at last went to the house of this lady and without any preliminaries he bluntly asked her: “Will you marry me?”

“No, never!” she replied.

“Well, that settles it. Let us drop the matter!”

He was much pleased that this was the end of all his matrimonial prospects and that he could now end his life in single bliss.

About his life in Europe, Mr. Müller who succeeded Mr. Hebich in Cannanore, gives the following description:

“For three years he had no fixed dwelling-place amongst his own people. He was travelling from town to town, from village to village, all over Switzerland and a great part of South Germany, preaching the Gospel to thousands and thousands, and being made the means of conversion to hundreds of souls.

“A few Christian friends procured for him a comfortable, but small, house at Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, of which he made a happy home. The little abode is situated on a beautiful hill, in the immediate vicinity of Stuttgart, commanding a full view of the whole town, with all its suburbs, parks and palaces. The old Indian was often heard to say: ‘I am more beautifully lodged than the king himself!’

“To show his heart-felt gratitude to those Christian friends, he wrote their names above his bedstead. But dear as his home was to him, he only spent the winter months in it, the summer months being regularly set apart for preaching excursions; neither would he rest in winter.

“On certain evenings of the week he preached in the hall of the Evangelical Society of Stuttgart, and went from house to house, speaking a word in season and out of season. His ministry was exceedingly blessed. Many souls, especially young men and women, turned to the Lord.

“On the 5th of May, 1868, he had brought his preaching to a close at Stuttgart. He had sent letters to his friends at Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden,

and at Basel, informing them of his intention to be amongst them presently, 'if', he added, 'it be the will of the Lord and we live!'"

But it was not the will of God and Mr. Hebich was not to live long enough to see his many friends in Basel again. On the 6th of May, 1868, he had to give up all work. His liver pained him very much and was much swollen and the disease which ended his life assumed a dangerous character.

In spite of severe pains and much suffering, even on his dying bed, Mr. Hebich continued to win souls for Jesus. He could not go to them, so he invited them to come to him and there at his deathbed he persuaded them to give themselves to the loving Saviour who had died for them. Mr. Müller described the closing days of the old missionary's life as follows:

"On Saturday evening, when his friends were washing his feet, he smiled and said: 'These are dear feet. They have carried peace far and wide. They have made many long walks for the Lord.' Then he asked his children (his converts) what arrangements they had made for the night, and, on their saying that they would remain with him, he replied: 'That is right. I always like to have some people about me. But, I am afraid, it is asking too much of you. You must try and get some rest for yourselves and also care for me, I am no more able to look after myself!'

"The next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, he said to his attendants: 'What a mercy that the Lord has appointed you to take care of me. To-day is Sunday. This is the day of rest. I am afraid that there will be visitors, but I cannot see any of them. I really cannot

receive any of them. I only want rest, rest, the best of gifts! We must have rest to-day—only rest!

“But he was not to enjoy the so much longed-for rest any more in this life. He spent the day in great restlessness, and, on the following day, his sufferings and weakness increased. He then conversed with Jesus, as though He were lying close to his heart. ‘No sufferings in the soul, they are all vanquished, but the sufferings of the body, ah, my Friend, my Friend! Oh, Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus! I have preached Thee and Thy Gospel!—Then turning to his children in the Lord standing in awe around his bed, he added: ‘Yes, I have preached the pure Gospel to you, you may rest on that. It remains firm in life and death!’

“Then, after sending a message to some friends, he continued to converse with Jesus, saying: ‘Ah, my Lord and my God, all my bones have been counted by Thee. Thou art my life and everlasting portion! I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters! Thou hast revealed Thyself unto me, Thou merciful Lord. And I have preached that in Thee is life everlasting, and as many as have believed have been sealed by the Holy Ghost. Thereby I know that I have not been preaching the word of man, but Thy Word and this has given me strength—I am so happy! I am so happy! I have all I need. There are no particular sufferings. There might be cramps and convulsions. Oh, merciful Lord, how happy am I!’

“But pains did come and there was great suffering. On Monday, towards noon, when his sufferings were almost unbearable, he made himself strong in the spirit, asked for his Bible, and with apostolical authority he dictated a letter which he signed with his own hand:

'Samuel Hebich, a Witness of Jesus Christ!' All the time there was a seriousness, almost a majesty, manifest in his whole person.

"When Dr. Gundert, who had come to see him, had taken his final leave of him, he said: 'That is a dear man, a hardworking man! He is very diligent with his pen. Compared with him I am but a lazy fellow!'


"At sunset he wished once more to be taken to the window. 'Show me my paradise once more,' he said. 'Ah, how beautiful, how glorious! There is not a second Stuttgart in the whole world!'

"So he spent the whole day of Tuesday, alternately praying and praising God. On Wednesday his sufferings were intense. Over and over again he was heard to exclaim: 'Oh, good God, whither shall I go? Ah, this poor, weary body can find no rest, no relief anywhere. Do not forsake me, O Thou Friend of my soul. Come! O, come soon!' Then in a pitiful voice he cried out: 'It is almost too much! I can endure it no longer. O, most merciful, most loving Lord!

"At midnight the pains ceased and he was calm and quiet. He knew every one and was conscious to the last moment. For three hours he lay quietly, scarcely ever opening his eyes. Then he opened them once more, and, with a bright and glorious look he exclaimed: 'Ah remember Malabar!' After that stretching out his arms, he said: 'Come! Come!'—His eyes closed again. His breathing grew fainter and fainter. At last it stopped, and, without the least struggle, the faithful witness of Jesus Christ entered into the joy of his Lord. It was just three o'clock in the morning, Ascension day, the 21st of May, 1868, when this eminent servant of the Lord left his

spiritual children who were weeping, praying and singing around his dying couch.”

On the 24th of May Mr. Hebich's weary body was laid to rest in the peaceful God's Acre in Kornthal, near Stuttgart. Some thousands of people followed his coffin to the grave. There was only silent mourning. Many wept. At the grave there was no address. With a short prayer the coffin was lowered into the grave, in accordance with Mr. Hebich's express wish. So ended the life of this unique winner of souls and witness of Jesus Christ.— May his mantle fall on you and me, dear reader!



APPENDIX

A Letter from General J. G. Halliday.

BLACKHEATH, LONDON, 5th February, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have your letter of the 17th ultimo from Bapatla, and the 16 pages of proofs of your contemplated life of Samuel Hebach. It all brings back to me many associations of bygone times. I am an old man now with somewhat failing memory, and I fear there is not much that I can do to help you.

I first saw Hebach in the spring of 1847. There is a little group of men whom I feel thankful to have known closely: Anthony Norris Groves, S. Hebach, George Müller, Robert Chapman, D. Mögling and Dr. Gundert.

You speak of S. Hebach as the founder of the Basel Mission. This he was in one sense. He was sent out by it and landed in Calicut, one of three, to open the work on the West Coast of India.

To say that Hebach was not perfect is but to acknowledge that he was human. He had never had much systematic education and, in some ways, he was narrow-minded. His peculiarity of costume perhaps originated in something nearly akin to affectation, but it became very natural.

He was never a really good linguist. His preaching was very peculiar, generally walking about the hall or chapel, often paying little regard to the text he had given out. And, indeed, some of his very best addresses never arrived at a text at all. When the gun fired from the fort warning him that, for the sake of the soldiers, he must



J. G. Halliday.

GENERAL J. G. HALLIDAY

"I first saw Hebich in 1847. His power in dealing with souls was, I think, just this: that he was very direct and plain-spoken and relied largely on the inherent power of the Word of God. Of course to Hebich we were all *pullagalu*" (children).

stop, he would look very blank, never, perhaps, having reached what he meant to give us, but having provided something better, or at least, God had provided it, and then we officers, etc., would adjourn to his room, where we would spend an hour or so.

Whatever his peculiarities, we all loved him and profited by him. When I first saw him, he used to smoke very constantly. His giving it up was characteristic of the man. Walking on the *maidan* (parade ground) near the mission house, he saw a number of the poor, degraded cook boys of the European Regiment smoking. 'How can I warn them against it, if I do it myself?' And from that moment he gave it up, making, what he called, 'a clean cut.'

It cannot be but that the Home Committee valued him, but he must have caused them some little trouble, for he was by no means easy to rule. There was a desire that an assistant should be associated with him, but he resisted it vigorously, and alas! there were not many of his colleagues whom he could for long get on with.

He resisted any such insinuation as that a missionary has only a message to the Natives, and, I think, he was really more used among Europeans than among Natives. A goodly number of European soldiers used regularly to be marched to the mission chapel, where all, Europeans and Natives, formed one large congregation, but the service and preaching was almost entirely in English, *interpreted* for the Natives.

His power in dealing with souls was, I think, just this: that he was very direct and plain-spoken and relied largely on the inherent power of the Word of God. Over and over again the same passage, often the third of Romans,

with little or no comment; and then, presently the Word proved itself *powerful*.

In 1834, utterly worn out with work, Dr. Duff was carried on board ship, almost in a dying state, and, during the homeward voyage, was nursed back to life by the care of that very lovable man, A. N. Groves. In 1840, when Dr. Duff was returning from Europe, the ship touched at Mangalore. Dr. Duff was invited on shore and the German missionaries invited to meet him. Of the evening thus spent Dr. Mögling gave me the following account: "Dr. Duff had much to relate. He had seen the Pasha of Egypt and spoken with him at Bulaf. Hebich had several times tried to put in some words without quite succeeding. When he asked Dr. Duff, how Mohammed Ali looked, the answer was: 'If a great beard could make a man venerable, he would be most venerable!' This was said with a sharp look at Hebich, otherwise all went off most amicably. Much was said about education, when Hebich *thundered* a little. Dr. Duff said: 'Teaching is preaching to the coming generation, and it is a work to be pursued with great advantage!' To this nothing could be objected.

"So about midnight the party separated. On the way home Hebich seemed not quite satisfied with the tone the conversation had taken. He thought something more ought to have been said about the preaching of the Gospel to the poor and illiterate. At that time Hebich's beard had not yet reached the magnificent proportions which so characterize his traditional portrait.

Young Gompertz ever manifested most tender and truly filial attachment to dear Hebich. Of course, to Hebich we were all *pullegallu* (children), but Gompertz more especially deserved to be called his son. In May of 1852

dear Hebich was my guest for a short time, and Gompertz, who was also then on the Hills, could never separate himself from us.

During that visit, going with Hebich to the Ootacamund Post Office, we found there Mr. A. N. Groves, and the meeting of these two men has been to me a cherished memory ever since. Not words—but they took one another's hands (it was an unexpected meeting), gazed into one another's eyes, and then the very un-English but most Christian kiss! Perhaps Hebich never thoroughly understood Groves,—but the love!—that was Spirit-wrought.

I must confess that there were points in the dear man's ways and teachings that I never could quite agree with, and the flight of years has not brought me in this nearer to him. He was intensely *clerical* as to his own rights and privileges—but let all that pass. His great peculiarities became to him second nature. Unfortunately some persons found it easier to imitate some of these weaknesses than to walk in his strength of grace and simplicity of faith.

I must not allow my pen to run on, for I have other things to attend to and I do not wish to miss this mail. Perhaps all that an old man's memory has led me to write may be of very little help to you. May your work on this new biography be of spiritual help to many.

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

(Sd.) JOHN G. HALLIDAY.

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