

HEBICH *of* INDIA.

A PASSIONATE SOUL-WINNER.

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etc.

JOHN RITCHIE. LTD.,
PUBLISHERS OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE,
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



HEBICH OF INDIA.

[Frontispiece.]

Printed in Great Britain.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS AND CONVERSION.

THE names of Carey, Marshman, Ward and others leap to the mind at the mention of the evangelisation of India, but there is one, practically unknown in this country, with whose life and labours for twenty-five years in that vast land we ought to be familiar. For not only did he labour successfully among the natives, but also among the English, especially in the army, and many were brought to Christ who were grateful to God that this man of God crossed their path. Unique in character to the point of eccentricity, and adopting methods in soul-winning which it would be foolish to imitate, as the anecdotes in this book will show, yet he was greatly used of God, and this passionate soul-winner is the subject of our biography.

Samuel Hebich was born on the 20th of April, 1803, in the village of Nelligen, near Ulm, in Würtemberg, Germany. He was the fourth son of Frederick Charles Hebich, who was pastor of the village church. Seven sons were born into this family, and it was the father's boast that each son was a head taller

than himself. Although the pastor was short in stature yet he was not lacking in activity. Since his student days at Erlangen University he retained his fondness for fencing, and the clang of steel was often heard in his study when Napoleon's officers were quartered upon him, and the sword-play continued until the latter confessed themselves beaten. He was an original character, but, alas, his spirituality was not in keeping with his originality. Not only did he carry from the university a love of fencing, but also of the classics, the study of which he apparently placed higher than that of the Word of God. He had a passion for liberty and virtue, but not a passion for souls. He died in his eightieth year, on Christmas Day, 1827, and there was found lying beside him a copy of Horace.

The elder sons, growing up, left home to take up positions in business or as officers in the army, but the parents decided that Samuel, who was of a peaceful and gentle disposition, should become a preacher. Lacking the means to send Samuel to a public school the father undertook the education of his boy. He taught him Latin, French and religion, but the education merely consisted of the boy committing to memory his lessons, and no explanations were given unless specially asked for. Classical quotations were stored in the boy's mind, but there was no systematic development or strengthening of the intellectual

powers. His religious instruction consisted of teaching from the Psalms and Prophets, but Samuel could never remember having read anything in the New Testament with his father. Yet, when the name of the Lord Jesus was mentioned the father reverently lifted his skull cap, and the act made a deep impression on his son. But Samuel was greatly troubled when he heard his father say, in the course of a conversation with one of his elder brothers, that the whole Bible was not to be believed, but for the sake of the common folk it was well to keep to the old teaching. The boy's mind was greatly disturbed, but, later on, he thought he must have misunderstood the drift of his father's remarks. Writing later in life of this period of his youth Hebich said:

"My worthy father was now old and soon fatigued, so that he did not feel inclined to carry my education very far, the result being that my acquirements gathered at Nellingen were of the narrowest. From my youth up I was quiet and mild and rejoiced in the love of all men. My young soul would at times yearn for the heavenly joy of some higher life, not rightly understood, but which led me to see such a beauty in the clear blue sky as mightily stirred me. But of the true soul comfort I knew nothing. I had an inner craving which lost itself in vain longings; especially, oh, how I wished in our isolated household that I might have the company of

a little sister! till at length evil obtained quite the upper hand in me, and the lust of the world spotted my innocence.

"I was thirteen years of age when my brother Max, fourteen years my senior, and who was established in business at Lübeck, as a confectioner, lost his first wife. He invited me to join him, if I and my parents consented to the arrangement, in order, as he said, to have one honest soul about him, for his servants cheated him very much. The invitation was accepted, but it was decided that I should be confirmed before leaving home. I was impatient for the time to come, flattering myself that once away from Nelligen there would be an end to the drudgery of learning. At length on the 4th of May, 1817, I was confirmed along with thirteen others. My preparation for this important transaction was but meagre, nor at that time did any solemn feeling of higher need press upon me. My thoughts were only upon the journey and the happy future before me.

"On the 8th of June I started by coach by way of Geistingen and Stuttgart, and on the 28th I arrived at Lübeck, to me so dear. I was most cordially welcomed by my brother and his second wife, whom he had recently married; both cared for me with the tenderness of parents. Provisionally I entered my brother's business and set myself diligently to learn it, but the hours of evening were left

free to me to be used in making up the deficiencies of my school learning. My brother also arranged for me to have private tuition of which I zealously sought to make the best use, for I began to discover how ignorant I was. This went on for three years till I had gathered the information expected from apprentices. My brother's intention was to make a merchant of me, and my own inclination quite coincided. He succeeded in getting me into the counting-house of experienced merchants, Schmidt & Co., to which firm I was bound for four years at Easter 1820.

"But all this time much was passing in my inner soul, for I sought, yea, sought with tears, but my heart found not what it sought. The constant work at my brother's which did not even spare the Sundays (at least the forenoons thereof) together with my private studies left me no leisure for amusement. But most of all I lacked a friend to whom I could have imparted my deepest feelings; this lack pressed more and more heavily upon me. True, my brother loved me cordially, but the difference of age came between us; my young, sentimental heart could not sympathise with the man ripe in years or with his acquirements: thus it was I sought, and sought in vain, a friend who could quite feel with me. Much combined to drive me deeper and deeper into black melancholy; if ever I chanced upon an unoccupied hour bitter tears

were my meat. Well might I have cried out, though as yet I knew Him not, 'Where is He whom my soul loveth; but the watchman had not seen Him, nor could they direct me to Him.' "

His brother thinking that confinement and over-study caused the dejection brought him more into company. He took him out shooting as a diversion, but when following directions Samuel brought down a bird, he wept bitterly for being instrumental in cutting off a life happier, perhaps, than his own.

"Oh it was a hard time!" he writes. "By sin I had earned eternal death; conscience condemned me nor left me any peace, for the law of God confirmed the condemnation. And now my soul began to fear and tremble, for I saw no hope of ever finding effectual consolation. My heart recognised the holiness and the righteousness of the great God and Creator, and my eyes estranged from Him by sin dared no longer look up towards His holy place. An awful darkness came over me, sun, moon and stars withdrew their shining, and with trembling anxiety I cried out, 'Ye mountains, fall on me! Thou earth open thy mouth and swallow me up!' for the iniquity of my sin was revealed before the holy God; and who shall hide me from His awful presence—from His all-piercing eyes? The time of utter destruction and darkness lasted for about eight days. I do not think I could

have endured it and lived but that my Creator and Saviour held me up with His mighty hand. Satan kept suggesting, 'Kill thyself, and make an end of it all.' Had I listened to him, what would have become of my soul? 'Whither shall I flee from Thy Spirit? Where hide myself from Thy sight?' was the language of my heart. But the Father, whose love is unsearchable, whose tenderness passes all thought, who bears all the sons of Adam on His heart, would not leave me helpless in my sore need, and was not ashamed to make Himself known to me, a great sinner. So He caused the light to shine in my darkness, and exceeding great though that darkness had been He found out a way by which His tender love could reach me, yea, to come with power to my desolate heart, and that without man's instrumentality, and so that I could still endure life.

"Just at the moment when I was in the greatest extremity and there was none to help, it so fell out that on a general popular festival in 1821, I went out with my brother's consent for an evening walk. My heart was still troubled though it had been somewhat relieved by a flood of tears. Leaving the house, I passed, quite preoccupied with my own thoughts, through the crowd, and hardly noticing whither I went I came to a quite open cabbage field. There I once more ventured to lift my sinful glance to the Holy

One and Pure, then falling on my knees, literally in the very dust, I prayed to Him whose Holy Spirit was then overshadowing me. The burden of my sins was taken away, and with the eye of faith I found courage to look upon my Saviour. It was for an earthly friend that I had been searching: lo! I had found that everlasting, heavenly Friend whom I had not sought and who is my God."

The happy day when he entered into life and peace was the 13th of June, 1821. In 1847, twenty-six years later, he commemorated the day, which fell on a Sunday, with his native and European congregation in India.

"From that moment," he continues in his narrative, "I was comforted—the burden was gone. Nevertheless I was inwardly assailed by a whole swarm of doubts and difficulties because my understanding was not firmly established. But God had reserved it to Himself to teach me fully according to the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus, in His own good time. A tender sensibility of conscience was formed and nourished in me by sundry means, especially by the Scriptures, which I had ever looked upon as the infallible Word of God. At one moment I read the holy Law of God as given by Moses, that which spake eternal damnation to my soul. Then, again, God Himself brought His own comfort to my heart and I found the greatest delight in the study of Scripture which I now

took in hand by regularly reading the Old Testament through. The while I was very severe upon myself, seeking to rule my whole conduct by the Bible.

“Thus I continued still in trouble, till, somewhere about February, 1822, I came under the preaching of my dear and fatherly friend, Pastor Geibel. Hitherto I had been very shy of the Reformed Church to which he belonged, but in the preaching which I had heard in the Lutheran Church there was nothing but Law and morality. But from Mr. Geibel I constantly heard something that was new to me, which I had never before known; but it was especially his prayers which absorbed all my attention, for he ever addressed the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I did not as yet spiritually know. This offended me at first, and long I doubted about it, but the remembrance of my father’s lifted cap helped to reassure me, and at length a voice seemed to say within me, ‘That is the same Jesus in whom thy sins are forgiven.’

“Then at length it was first made clear to me that man can be delivered only by the sufferings, the death, the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, who, in order to be a Saviour to us left the glory which he had with the Father before the foundation of the world, and in the fulness of the times took upon Him our flesh and blood, entered entirely into the ranks of mankind, being found in all

things as a man, and who, in utmost self-denial rendered the most entire obedience to His heavenly Father so as to earn for Himself the right to be both Lord and Saviour of all intelligent beings. I learned that the result of His perfect and ever effectual offering of Himself must be that, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, heart and understanding should be brought into most devout and entire submission. For whosoever thus accepts Him in faith, and will let Him work sanctification from all sin, has found life and immortality. To such He gives the power to become sons of God. Thus, by the Word which He has so graciously given to us, and also by the ministry of man, the whole counsel of God touching salvation became clear to me; and by His good Spirit condescending to me I advanced from light to light, from grace to grace. I now also found my way into the company of Christian people, and very often, in the midst of a despised company of believers, I found the edification I needed."

Like many another, Samuel Hebich found that the greatest opposition to his stand for Christ came from those of his own household. His brother objected to him poring over the Bible so much, and his father wrote what he called a "terrible letter," in which he said: "Son, thou hast chosen the downward path." This greatly oppressed him, and the language of his heart was: "You foolish lad! barely

twenty years old, while your father is over seventy, a learned and experienced clergyman, your brother held in universal esteem, can it be that both are mistaken and you only right? Surely not!" He says, "Sorely I grieved; the day was wild and stormy, and I could yet show the spot where, on my way home through the market place, I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'If thou lovest father or mother more than Me, thou art not worthy of Me.' At once I knew what I had to do; all my father's and brother's reproaches fell off me like the rain which was then falling."

In 1823, he paid a visit to his parents. On leaving, his father told him that he had carefully watched him and was glad to testify that he was true to his convictions and walked worthy of his profession. He added, that if he continued thus to walk he could not oppose him. Samuel determined that by the grace of God he would continue to glorify His Name.

Falling in love with a handsome young lady who attended the same church he noticed that his devotions were more fervent when she was present than when she was absent. He took the matter to God and asked for grace to overcome this attachment 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 came to the conclusion that he must remain single so that his whole time

and strength be given to Christ, and abstaining from marriage he fulfilled his vow to his Lord. He consecrated his life and his all to his Lord and Master.

CHAPTER II.

THE MACEDONIAN CALL.

“I NOW became acquainted,” he writes, “with the Lübeck Missionary Association of which I became a member. I enjoyed reading the reports and found them particularly animating. The more deeply I was taught in the wealth of God’s Word, and the more closer I was brought into communion with Him, so much the more holier had my walk to be, and I sought that my whole course of life should be as in the sight of Him who had loved me unto death. I felt also a strong desire to impart to all mankind the blessedness which I myself enjoyed, especially those of my fellowmen were laid upon my heart who, as yet, knew absolutely nothing of God or a Saviour, but who were altogether in error and sin, and destitute of truth as of comfort, walking in the shadow of death in this poor evil world. Seeing that I, coming as a poor sinner, was allowed to taste the salvation that is in Jesus, an indescribable longing sprang

up within me to preach to my poor brethren among the heathen that Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The wish grew into an earnest yearning too strong to find expression in words, it could only find vent in tears.

“When this yearning was at its highest and was forming itself into a fixed resolve, I spoke of it, in 1823, to my dear friend, Pastor Geibel. He laid before me the vast importance of such a step, and counselled me to wait till, in the Lord’s leadings, every other path should be shut before me; meanwhile by remaining true to my high calling, and walking worthy of it, I might still be working in the Lord’s vineyard; adding, ‘Stay but quiet, and if the Lord will have you for His more especial work, then most assuredly, even as He led Moses, so will He lead you as to leave no other path open.’

“I followed the advice of my dear friend, for whom I had the highest esteem, and though for nearly six months it caused me much suffering, yet I resisted the yearning of my heart. Eventually a quiet longing still smouldered within me, but fearing lest I should in such a matter be simply following my own will I attended industriously to the business of my calling, the while crying with tears to the Lord that He would not suffer me to spend my life in vain, but if it might be according to His will, yet to open a way

for me to declare among the poor heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Then after another six months, the yearning returned with all its force, but I did not again venture to speak of it.

“At Easter, 1824, the term of my indenture expired, and I then entered into the employ of Messrs. J. L. Brehn & Sons, of Lübeck, as correspondence clerk, book-keeper and traveller. The offer came from themselves and they settled it with Messrs. Schmidt & Co., who would willingly have kept me in their employ.

“My first commercial journey was undertaken on the 5th of April, 1825. I went by sea to Revel, thence through St. Petersburg to Finland, returning in safety to Lübeck by 25th of August. During this first journey I made the acquaintance of a Christian lady, Madame Lefrèn. In 1826, I again travelled in Sweden, and once more, on the 28th November, 1827, I was at Carlshamn whence traversing the whole of Sweden I went by Tornea to Finland. Somewhere about the Easter of 1828, on arrival in Bjönsborg, I found a number of letters awaiting me, one of which gave me the news of the death of my good father.

“After six months passed in constant travel, I found myself worn out in body and spirit, so I determined to pay Madame Lefrèn a visit so as to get in her house the refresh-

ment of Christian intercourse. I was most hospitably received, and before long she made to me a proposal which on consideration I accepted. As the owner of considerable landed estates she offered me a fine field to work for God. I thought that the Lord's approval was here, and that on these estates He would give me the opportunity of trading with the 'pound' entrusted to me; that thus in answer to my many prayers, He would let me work for the extension of His kingdom, though not exactly among the heathen."

In his business trips the young man had varied experiences, and tokens of the Divine blessing, bringing to him the conviction that if he was true to God then God would be true to him. On one occasion it was his unpleasant duty to go to a Swedish business man and point out a serious error in his previous year's accounts. Having sought guidance and strength in prayer he went and saw the Swede who was in a bad humour, and stated the case to him. The Swede was angry and excused himself by saying, "Oh, it was only an oversight." Hebich seeking to be humble, said, "With the best intentions we are all liable to make mistakes." This further angered the merchant, and Hebich begged to be forgiven this fault as Jesus Christ had forgiven us. The merchant violently protested against "such humbug." Instantly Hebich fell on his knees and prayed, "Lord Jesus Thou seest he

will not believe me! Convince Thou him that I am speaking the truth! Thou knowest me! Thou knowest what we all are. Speak Thou! say whether I am a hypocrite."

The prayer at first silenced the merchant, then he said, "Come, that will do, stand up!" But Hebich prayed on. Then the Swede clapped him on the shoulder and said, "All right, I believe you, all was done in honesty." But Hebich continued pouring out his heart to God until the Swede brokenly pleaded: "I pray you forgive me. I am very sorry that I should thus have pained a Christian brother." Hebich then rose from his knees to have a heart-to-heart talk about the life in Christ.

Again Hebich journeyed to Moscow returning to Lübeck in 1828. This seems to have been the occasion when on the point of embarking for home he was detained by the police of St. Petersburg who suspected an irregularity in his passport. His protests and entreaties were of no avail. The next morning he was released with many apologies, and hurrying to the wharf he was just in time to see the vessel, in which he was to sail, disappearing from view. On arriving at Lübeck by another vessel, he was awestruck when he learned that the ship which he missed had gone down with all hands. Marvellous and mysterious are the ways of God. He used the police of St. Petersburg to preserve the life of His servant who was to glorify His Name

in the work which He had planned for him to do.

"I remained in Lübeck," he further writes, "till October, 1829, and then set sail, in the name of God, for Helsingfors, where I landed safely after a perilous voyage, and travelled on to the Hattanpää estate, near Tamerfors; there I settled down on the 8th of November, desiring after the example of the Apostle to earn my bread by the labour of my hands, and thus to be able to make the Gospel to be without charge to those among whom I had to labour. My duties were to superintend one of the largest estates in Finland, including a paper factory employing some fifty hands.

"By-and-bye, however, it seemed very clear that it was not the right place for me. In order to watch for the divine guidings I remained quiet for a whole year, disciplining myself severely that I might learn to know the voice of the Spirit, the only result being the fuller assurance that God had something very different in store for me. Again then, bursting forth from a thousand perplexities, the resolution rose up mightily within me never to rest till I should be brought into the mission-field among the heathen. Having thus made up my own mind I informed good Madame Lefrèn of my resolve, but I had no intention of leaving Hattanpää till God should have made some path quite clear before me, which did not occur till I had kept up an active

correspondence on the subject for a whole year."

It was his desire to enter the Basle Mission Institute for training, and his first letter was sent to Inspector Blumhardt on 27th December, 1831, but after much correspondence it was not till 28th September of the following year that he received a letter intimating the Committee's decision to receive him as a student. As Madame Lefrèn had kindly offered to pay all the expenses of training, his way was clear, and with a thankful heart he went to Basle, arriving there after a tedious journey.

On Christmas Eve, 1831, Hebich presented himself at the Institute. The students were assembled in the hall when he walked in and inquired for the Inspector. On seeing the distinguished looking stranger in cloak and fur cap Inspector Blumhardt received him courteously, but somewhat ceremoniously, and then heartily kissed him on both cheeks and introduced him to the students as "our new brother Hebich."

"We are just observing our Christmas Eve festivities, dear brother," said the Inspector, "the Lord be with you and bless this day of your arrival in our midst; but I am in the habit of using 'thou' (du) in addressing our students; you must understand it is our manner here, and see, there is a plate for thee also." A few apples and walnuts were on the

plate which were offered to the new student. Then the aged Inspector prayed, especially remembering the new arrival. A hymn was sung after which each student took up his plate of nuts and apples, gave thanks to the Inspector and his wife for their kindness, and withdrew. Hebich stayed in the room feeling embarrassed and not knowing what to do next. "Will you—wilt thou also dear brother take away thy plate? it is our simple custom," said the Inspector. He took up the gift and endeavoured to express his thanks like the others, but it was an awkward attempt, and left to go to his own room.

This then was the Mission House! How his heart sank as he looked around at his narrow quarters. He had been actively engaged in business; he had met with all kinds of people in the world; he had travelled; his experience was wide and varied, and all in the Institute seemed so mean and small. It was not easy for him to humble himself to the level of his fellow-students who had seen so little of the world and who were so undeveloped. They were lads beside him. What with the confined space and limited attendance he felt it was like living in a monastery. The students had to do all the housework, cooking, washing, mending, sweeping and sewing. It was hard for him to accustom himself to all this, and he was perplexed at the way in which he was being led, and wondered why

he should have been brought into this valley of humiliation.

Later on he was able to look back with gratitude to his training in the Institute and to a fellow missionary who had passed from mercantile life to missionary service with no such experience, he said, "Ah! if you had but passed one short year in the Mission House; that is the place to have the corners rubbed off, the place in which to really learn humility!"

The studies also he found irksome. It was difficult for him to accustom himself to the routine of lectures, and the acquiring of grammatical forms was hard drudgery. Besides Swedish he could speak a little French and English, and to have to add to this Hebrew and Greek was a dreadful task. And it was hard for him to believe that all this was really needed for his vocation. A story is told of him that after trying to master Hebrew grammar he went down one day to the Rhine, near Basle, 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."

The Committee seeing his incompetence voted to send him away from the Institute, but Hebich suddenly 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." The resolution was not put into effect and Hebich stayed on. He was not very successful as a student, and his teacher's report read: "Hebich has little aptitude for grammatical studies; probably he would pick up languages more easily colloquially; he shows, however, much maturity of spiritual judgment, and his conduct and demeanour are excellent."

If however, he was not a successful student, he was a successful soul-winner, for there glowed in his heart a passion for souls. On one occasion when soldiers visited the mission house, Hebich volunteered to take them round, and while showing them the museum he took the opportunity of speaking to them individually and collectively about their soul's salvation.

During the vacations he availed himself of every opportunity for preaching the Word of God. On tour through Vevey and over the Simplon he writes from the latter spot: "We spent the night in the monastery, where the monks entertained us very kindly. During supper I had an opportunity of testifying to the life-giving power that is in Jesus by narrating my own conversion." Of the whole tour he writes: "I can testify to the praise of His grace that during this little tour my inner man has been much refreshed by meeting so many beloved disciples. Throughout French Switzerland we seldom left a house without

prayer, and were made to feel how delightful it is to have fellowship in spirit and in truth with precious redeemed souls."

A fellow-student who accompanied him on one of his trips round the Lake of Constance gives us a glimpse of his eagerness to win souls. He writes: "Once we came to a hill on which was a gentleman's house. Hebich said, 'We must go up there.' I tried in vain to prevent him. There were horses and carriages about the entrance, but Hebich told the servants that he wished to see the view, and asked to be taken on to the balcony. Once there, and paying no heed to my nudges, he asked whether we could see the master of the house. This gentleman came out for a moment; Hebich addressed him politely, and we were invited in to take some refreshments. Hebich drew me somewhat against my inclination into the room, sat down and began to speak very unreservedly to the company assembled, soon commanding their attention. Then he said he should like to read something, and taking out his New Testament read a portion; then he said quietly, 'Let us pray,' and knelt down. Several at once went out into the garden, but he prayed heartily with as many as remained. After all this the owner of the place dismissed us with warmest thanks, saying, that he also loved the Lord, and had been longing all the morning that the day might be made useful to his company, and

now he could thank God for having led us to his house."

In August, 1833, the Inspector of the Institute paid a visit to England to confer with friends as to the advisability of establishing a mission in India, and on his return brought the good news that Parliament in renewing the charter of the East India Company had inserted a provision granting the right of entry into India to all Europeans and the privilege of holding property. The growth of public opinion in England in favour of the evangelisation of India had constrained the Government to remove every obstacle in the way of the establishment of missions.

The Inspector and the students rejoiced over the opened door into India for missionary enterprise and in the providence of God the way was opened for Hebich to labour for a quarter of a century for his Lord on the West coast of that vast caste-ridden country.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

PRINCE VICTOR of Schonburg generously offered ten thousand thalers for the purpose of sending three missionaries to India, and the Basle Committee welcomed the offer

as a plain indication from God that they should go forward in the great enterprise of establishing a mission in that needy land. And it was decided to send out Samuel Hebich, John Christopher Lehner, and Christopher Leonhard Greiner to open up this new field. On Sunday, 23rd March, a service was held to set them apart for their work. At this service Hebich preached from the Psalmist's words, "Thou art fairer than the children of men," and his declaration that he desired to know none other name than that of Jesus made a deep impression upon the congregation.

Hebich took leave of his aged mother at Ulm, never to see her on earth again, and on parting she said to him: "You have ever been a dutiful son to both father and mother."

After the appointment of the missionaries, the question arose as to the most suitable place in which to plant the mission station in India, and the three came to England to learn more about the country and consult with their English brethren. On 28th of April, Hebich reached London, his companions staying in Dartmouth in order to have quietness to study English. Hebich attended the well-known May meetings of the religious societies, and the sight stirred him greatly.

After consultation with Dr. Coates, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, Hebich decided on Mangalore as probably the



SAMUEL HEBICH.
1805-1868. Missionary to India.

best place for the first mission station, and on the 12th of July the three brethren embarked at Portsmouth on the "Malabar" for Malabar.

Hebich's companions spent most of their time below, reading and studying, but he was usually on deck distributing tracts and seeking to win the sailors for Christ; but he found them a hardened lot. They paid little heed to him, and after endeavouring in vain to gain their attention, he said to them one day: "Friends, I am the servant of Christ and have a commission to tell all men the way of life in Him—to tell you among other men. I must clear my conscience, lest, in that great day, any of you might be able to say, 'Thy servant neglected us. He sailed in the ship with us, but he held his peace,' so now I will preach the Word to you, for who can tell whether you have another week to live; then, at least, I shall have done my part." Still there was no inclination to listen, and he retired heavy of heart to his cabin. To his joyful surprise, however, one of the men came to his cabin and told him they were all ready to listen. "I went at once," writes Hebich, "in the name of the Lord, and now, having once begun I can go on with them. Sometimes they are attentive and I scatter the seed among them in hope; at other times they prefer to sleep and I have to come away. If nothing comes in the way I give Gospel instruction

regularly for three hours a day. In the first hour it is a man from French Switzerland, who has led a strange life, and who, of his own accord, asked me for Christian instruction as he was ill at ease in his soul. I have the sweet hope that he will attain to a life-giving knowledge of Christ. In the second hour it is a youth of sixteen, a cadet from Scotland; he came to me driven by the pricks of conscience. He tries me a good deal by his thoughtlessness, but has also seasons of conviction. At all events he comes daily to learn. In the third hour it is the mate who redeems this time from sleep. God's spirit is at work in this man's heart, and I have great hope of him unless the reproach of Christ prove too much for him."

The mate accepted Christ, and in later years, when captain of a ship, he used to visit Cannanore, where Mr. Hebich was stationed, and gave him the opportunity of dealing with officers, men and passengers on board his ship, up to the last moment of sailing.

Hebich, who had shaved off his beard on entering the Mission House, allowed it to grow again on board ship. This distinguished him from other Europeans and earned him the nickname, "the man with the beard." A lady gave him a razor as a hint to shave like other men; he accepted the razor, but did not take the hint. Once when reproving some

ladies for their womanly vanities they parried the thrust by calling attention to his well-kept beard. Hebich had his admirers and, unfortunately, some of these and his catechists in India thought they could be Hebichs by copying his peculiarities.

On the 12th of October, 1834, the tops of the cocoa-nut palms of the Laccador Islands were seen by the missionaries; next morning the chain of the Western Ghats came in sight, and by evening the anchor was dropped off Calicut, the chief town of the district of Malabar.

Early in the morning of the 14th of October the British judge in Calicut heard that a ship had arrived from England and, thinking that there might be some missionaries aboard, he hurried down to the landing-place. Meeting the three missionaries he at once invited them to his residence, situated on a hill near the town. Pitching tents for their accommodation he gave them excellent entertainment.

Judge Nelson was a man of God who longed for missionaries to come to Malabar, and it was great joy to him to receive three servants of God who had come to devote their lives to the extension of the kingdom of God. He fain would have had them settle in Malabar, but finding that their destination was Mangalore he wrote to a friend of his there, Mr. Findlay Anderson, the sub-collector, in order to secure his help for the missionaries.

In the meantime he procured from Madras the expensive Canarese dictionaries and grammars required for their studies, meeting the cost out of his own pocket.

Mr. Anderson sent a warm letter of welcome, and Hebich and his companions sailed in a native boat for Mangalore, arriving on the 30th October. The journey which then took six days can now be done in almost as many hours. Mr. Anderson received them with open arms. A true Christian, he continued a friend to them and to the Mission for over twenty years, and at this time he was of the greatest assistance.

The coast from Bombay to Cochin was as yet unevangelised, and the nearest stations, Bangalore, Bellary and Belgaum, were one to two hundred miles distant. They corresponded with the brethren of the London Missionary Society at these stations, and rejoiced over the letters of welcome received.

The mixture of races was so great that they found it necessary to master a second language besides Canarese, and it was decided that Lehner should study Konkani, the language of the Roman Catholics and local tradespeople, and the others Canarese.

The population of Canara at that time was estimated at 20,000 Roman Catholics, 651,000 Hindus, and 46,000 Mohammedans. There were eighteen English in the station, who were visited by a chaplain from Can-

nanore twice a year, and they begged the missionaries to conduct services on Sundays. Notwithstanding their poor knowledge of the English language the missionaries consented and took it in turn to preach each Sunday, to the great appreciation of their congregations.

Hebich was soon at home in his new sphere, and gave the following account to the Home Committee: "We can feel quite satisfied that hitherto the Lord has guided our every step, and here in His name we take our stand, but this is an utterly uncultivated soil, a spiritual wilderness. In His name we are studying the Canarese and Konkani tongues, the first, as the principal language of the district, the second, as the next to it in importance. There is another important race here who have a primary claim that the Word of Life should be brought to them, the aboriginal cultivators of the soil, whose language is Tulu, but we need an acquaintance with Canarese first to enable us to learn their hitherto unwritten tongue. These Tulu people have nothing to do with the English, nor is there one of them who understands English. The Word of Life will have to be translated and preached to them. From all this you can see how many hands are needed. In any selection of brethren whom you might be able to send out to us, we can only urge you to look for men whose habit it is to look to the Crucified alone.

"We think we can get on with the one hundred and twenty-five pounds a year which you promise us. We shall certainly have to buy a house which is better than building. But now to turn from these temporal matters which are of the least concern. As by the Holy Spirit of God we work upon many spirits, so do these react upon us, and if our souls be not diligent in drawing from the well-spring of the Eternal Spirit of God we shall soon become very like those whom we have to conquer in the power of the Holy Spirit. Keep us in mind, for only as far as we are kept walking in the Spirit can we be fruitful branches in the eternal kingdom of God."

But the first year was hard and trying, as it is to every missionary, as they endeavoured to master the languages. Around, they saw the masses steeped in sin and yet were unable to speak the Word of Life. An experienced missionary advised: "Do not begin anything for two years," and while Hebich acknowledged the wisdom of the advice, yet he confessed, "My heart and patience are sorely tried."

It was hard work in the heat of April and May, and using the little Canarese he knew he went out to preach to the people, assisted by his "Munshi," or teacher, who knew some English. This man was a sore trial to Mr. Hebich. "So utterly under the

power of Satan," he exclaimed. "If at one moment my Brahman, taken by surprise by the truths of the Gospel, is forced by the voice of conscience to a half-willing assent, he goes home, and the next day, not only is all impression gone, but a greater hardness of unbelief seems to have sprung up within him. Their superstition surpasses all comprehension. For instance, he once argued that to murder one hundred children is not nearly so great a sin as to kill a single cow.

"The day before yesterday my Munshi made a remarkable assertion that we should not succeed in converting Brahmans, but that the lower classes, whom we do not instruct, will gladly accept the Gospel if we turn our attention to them. These hardly ever give a thought to God, unless it be perhaps that in a case of sickness or other calamity they may go to some devil's temple and make their complaint to the wooden image, vowing a cocoa-nut or so in case of recovery.

"There is another difficulty that we have to encounter in this land, and that is the morally evil and physically unclean life of the native Roman Catholics. 'We Brahmans,' said the Munshi, 'have everything clean and nice, and shall I associate with these filthy, evil livers?' "

The evil lives of the Roman Catholics and the caste-system with its cruelty pressed heavily upon Hebich's spirit. But many heart-

aches were to be his as he pressed forward in the work for God in Mangalore.

The mission had now been established, and God was about to do a work which would redound to His glory for all eternity.

CHAPTER IV.

TESTINGS AND TRIALS.

AS the days passed by Mr. Hebich's heart was pressed with the deepest woe as, with eyes of compassion, he looked out upon the multitudes, and an all-consuming passion for souls made him forsake his studies. He could not, he said, spend time poring over languages while men were hastening to hell, and he felt he must go out and warn the people to flee from the wrath to come. He, therefore, never learned Canarese grammatically, but only colloquially, and the same with English, which he spoke brokenly, yet his limited vocabulary answered his purpose. His most intimate friend, Dr. Gundert, many years later, carefully counted the words in Mr. Hebich's vocabulary of English and found it contained only 552 words. Yet with these words such was the power of his preaching that he swayed thousands, and very many

were led to accept the Saviour. Dr. Gundert, a great scholar, rejoiced when Mr. Hebich used a new word, and coming home from church with beaming face he would say, "To-day the dear old man has used a new word in his sermon."

Hebich had for some time been corresponding with the English missionaries in the Canarese territory, and he longed to see their work, in order that his own service might be more efficient in reaching the masses with the Gospel. Learning that the oldest missionary in that sphere of labour, Mr. J. Hands, was leaving on furlough, he decided to pay him a visit in order not to miss seeing him. Mr. Hands had translated the whole Bible from the Tamil and English versions into Canarese, but he had been allowed to see little fruit for his labours among the people.

At the end of the rainy season the journey overland was begun, Mr. Anderson undertaking all expenses of the tour. On the 30th of October, 1835, Mr. Hebich left Mangalore and arrived at Cannanore, the large military station on the west coast, after twenty-nine hours travel. The chaplain of the station was away, but his wife cordially welcomed the missionary. Next day he accompanied her to the English service which was conducted by a godly officer. At the conclusion of the service Mr. Hebich turned to his neighbour and said, "Sir, I like pointed

questions; are you a child of God?" "Yes," joyfully replied the officer. Then other nine officers crowded round the missionary to talk about the Lord, and Hebich expressed his joy at finding hearts beating for the Lord under their uniforms. Three or four hours of happy fellowship passed by like so many minutes as each told what God had done for his soul.

From Cannanore Mr. Hebich hastened to Mysore to discuss with Colonel Fraser the establishment of a mission in the Coorg district. But not until 1853 was the work begun here by Dr. Mögling. Then he pushed on his way to the military station of Bangalore, one of the largest in India. Two Canarese Christians came out from the station to meet him, and tears of joy flowed down his cheeks as he looked upon the first Canarese Christians he had ever met. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society gave him a brotherly welcome and opportunities to preach. "Instead," he writes, "of the usual Sunday congregation of some thirty, at least one hundred and fifty assembled on the 1st of November, drawn partly by curiosity to hear a German preach in broken English. I also got introduced to those in high places to whom I was able to speak from my heart to theirs. Brother Campbell said that were he to venture to speak such plain truths to the resident he feared he would be kicked out of the house."

After a further four days' journey he arrived at Bellary, and met Mr. Hands, the founder of the first Canarese Mission. Although Mr. Hands had laboured faithfully among the Canarese for twenty-four years yet the fruit of his labour was only one converted and baptised Canarese family. On the other hand he had gathered a Tamil congregation of about one hundred souls. Hebich found great opportunities for work among the English who warmly appreciated his efforts. Here he visited in prison a nabob who on his coronation day had cut off his sister's head, but the Mohammedan would not receive the Gospel message. Another prisoner, a German, who was serving a life sentence, was found a humble Christian, having been won to the Lord by Mr. Hands.

After spending three happy weeks of service at Bellary, Mr. Hebich went via Harishai to Hubli, which he judged, in due season, would become "a spot of blessing." His almost prophetic word was fulfilled, for in later years a very successful work was carried on in Hubli. He preached to the English residents of Dharwar, and on the tour embraced every opportunity of preaching to the Canarese, returning to Mangalore by the end of January.

A good beginning had now been made, and the missionaries decided to come down from their house on the hill and live among

the people, and so a house near the bazaar was rented. For a while Mr. Hebich was laid aside by the painful inflammation of his feet, caused by his long journey on foot, but when he recovered he gave his time to preaching the Gospel in the bazaars and streets. He became so busy in this work that language study was thrown aside, and he thought he had sufficient vocabulary already.

God blessed the stammering tongue, but the preaching of the Gospel, as usual, roused great opposition, although there were those who heard him gladly. His work among the English was also blessed and trophies were won for his Lord. A lieutenant who had been suspended for drunkenness was spoken to, and Mr. Hebich was able to reach him in his humiliation and win him for Christ. The lady of highest rank in the station was also led by him to accept Christ as her Saviour. But the greatest trophy was the regimental surgeon who had attended Mr. Hebich when suffering with his feet. The surgeon became seriously ill and the missionary called to see him, but the doctor would not admit him to his house. But he persisted in calling, only to hear the servants say, "Master doctor saying, padre sahib must not come." The rebuffs could not wear out Hebich's patience, and at last he was admitted to the doctor, who said, "Mr. Hebich, I am too weak to talk with you." The missionary excused himself and was about to leave

when the doctor suddenly asked: "Is there, indeed, a hell?" "Certainly, unless God's Word lies!" Mr. Hebich left and called again six times but each time was refused admission. On the seventh occasion he was asked into the sick room and the doctor remarked, "Oh, I am not so great a sinner that I may not hope for pardon!" "But I," Mr. Hebich replied, "am so great a sinner that without a Redeemer I must go to hell." The reserve of the doctor at last broke down and he unburdened himself to God's servant who was now able to point him to Christ, the Bearer of our sins and griefs, and who gives forgiveness to the guilty. The glad tidings brought peace and rest to the doctor who next day repentantly exclaimed, "What a black sinner I am. Almost it would have been too late!" The dying man departed to be with the Lord, praising God for his long-suffering loving-kindness, and for providing a Saviour for him.

These joyful experiences of winning souls for Christ humbled this true servant of God, who in gratitude to God, wrote: "What a joy it is, when we feel all the difficulties of our way to remember that it leads heavenwards. In all the press of work that comes upon us all seems at times only darkness before me, but I press on in the Lord's name, and lo, a ray of light shines through my night, and with that light come strength and courage for the contest. Many consider me a fool or

an enthusiast; others say, nay, but I am a pure man. But what avails the judgment of men unless we have the seal of God, the witness of His Spirit in ourselves. The Lord acknowledges my weak efforts and that humbles me."

The first school in Mangalore was opened on the 9th of May, 1836, with only four pupils. Timmappa, the only Tulu who had shown an interest in Christianity, was appointed the first teacher. The work, however, was frustrated for the time being by a report being spread that the children were to be made Christians and forced to eat meat, and the pupils were withdrawn. The school-houses were now used for Gospel services, and the confidence of the people being restored the school was again opened for children in June of the same year. Mr. Hebich went forward with the work by commencing Gospel services in Canarese, the beginning of a great work now done in Mangalore. On the first Sunday in June four Englishmen, three Canarese, two Tamils, one Portuguese and the three missionaries celebrated the Lord's Supper. A small number in our eyes but large to the missionaries in those days of small things.

The preaching of Mr. Hebich in the Bazaar roused a storm of opposition. "We don't want you here," a prominent Brahman exclaimed. "Away with you! away with you!" shouted the mob as they flung stones

and cow-dung at the missionaries. This treatment became a matter of course until Mr. Hebich remonstrated with a policeman, idly looking on, and told him it was his duty to preserve order. Mr. Anderson also gave a hint to the police to suppress such disturbances, but they were blind to the disorders. From this time, however, an intimacy was formed with the people of Mangalore, and the missionaries were freely visited by men of the highest castes, and they, on the other hand, visited the houses of the poor palm-climbers and fishermen.

In view of an expected addition to their number from home, they were anxious to become owners of their house, which was well situated, and for this purpose their true friend, Mr. Anderson, gave them 4,000 rupees, and they completed the purchase.

The English residents induced Mr. Hebich to take up a new piece of work. They had a poor fund of which he became manager. This involved the weekly distribution of rice to poor people, the care of a number of lepers and cripples, which gave him further opportunities of preaching the Gospel. He divided his time between the school and bazaar-preaching, preaching in bazaar and streets till late at night.

Of his work at this time he says: "I often find much joy in it, but at other times I am deeply bowed down; my theme is one

which I must insist on the more earnestly, however much the people rage. The power of the Lord must bring it before them. It is always hardest to begin; we are like soldiers entering a battle, the old nature resists and writhes like a worm, but once begun things prove not quite so bad as they had seemed. Sometimes when Malachi (a Brahman catechist transferred to him by Mr. Campbell of Bangalore) being otherwise engaged I have to go forth alone, my foolish heart whispers, 'Oh! not now, some other day will do as well,' then, at length, in all my felt weakness, in fear and trembling, I make up my mind in the name of the Lord. I make my way to the thickest of the market-place, take off my straw hat, and cover my face to offer up to my crucified Saviour one more agonised cry for His help, lay down my long bamboo stick by my hat, open my Canarese Testament and read, say, Hebrews 9. 27, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." From that text I declare the truth of God and His holy Gospel. The accident that the following day was the feast of Ganapatti had once collected an unusual number of people, so that I had a larger crowd around me than ever before. In my weakness the Lord was strength to me. As I left, one voice was raised in derision, but the rest at once silenced it, so I was allowed to depart with honour. Sometimes, however, the

shouts and derision prevail and follow me for some distance, as I retreat pelted with sand and stones."

Serious as the matter was, yet circumstances arose at which he could not but smile. He was once warning of an "open" hell, when a smart boy asked him very politely, "Will you not then be kind enough to put the lid on."

A peculiarity in Hebich now became somewhat prominent. He was of the type of character which prefers to work alone. Loving and trusting his fellow-labourers he never intentionally concealed anything. When, however, something had to be done he was often already at work, while they, perhaps, were waiting to be consulted by him about it. True as was his affection he assumed too much of the parental attitude to his fellow-missionaries, which gave rise to the accusation that he was autocratic. It was not his intention to be so, but his manner gave rise to misunderstanding and caused him many a heart-ache. He apparently did not realise that this was a defect in his character which he ought to have dealt with.

On the 8th of November, 1836, the longed-for reinforcements to the Mission staff arrived. Dr. H. Mögling was the leader of the party of four, and he with his companion, Löscher, landed at Bombay, while J. Lauer and H. Frey went on to Mangalore, arriving on

23rd November. After a season of fellowship with the Christians at Bombay, Dr. Mögling and his friend arrived at Mangalore on 6th December.

They were all warmly welcomed by Mr. Hebich. Lehner and Greiner were on a preaching tour but turned homewards as soon as they received news of the new arrivals.

The older missionaries were rather disappointed with the views of the new comers. Dr. Mögling was a great scholar, an idealist, inclined to asceticism, and Hebich a practical man of affairs. The younger missionaries thought that the methods of work in the mission were wrong. Mr. Anthony Norris Groves, a missionary from India, had paid a visit to Basle, in 1835, and had strongly expressed his opinion that if missionaries in India would live more simply they could get on much more economically. The younger members, carrying this to the extreme point, came out with the idea that they should live like natives, and they refused to eat the roast mutton provided for their reception dinner and would have only curry and rice.

The missionaries met to confer on the question of salaries. The senior brethren had received £125 per year, but out of their joint savings had returned £200 to the Committee to enable them to send additional missionaries. The younger men opposed this saying they would live on very little, would take no salary,

but only a subsistence allowance. The elders considered that their management had been the best in every respect, so the younger members thought they should separate and go to Dharwar and work out their own ideas.

CHAPTER V.

SOWING AND REAPING.

IT speaks well for the large-heartedness of Mr. Hebich that although his views were divergent to that of Dr. Mögling, yet it was he who introduced him to his work in Dharwar and North Canara, where the young missionary was to be greatly used in evangelising the Canarese. Hebich advised the journey to be made on horseback, but Dr. Mögling, determined to imitate his Master, declared he would go on foot.

Before dawn, on 12th July, 1837, they left Mangalore, Dr. Mögling going afoot with Hebich walking part of the way along the seashore, until the sun was hot upon their heads, then he mounted his horse and went ahead to prepare breakfast at their first halting-place. Dr. Mögling arrived to find all ready, and Hebich preaching to the assembled natives. One day Dr. Mögling tried walking barefoot on the wet sands and badly cut his feet on

the shells, which necessitated the dressing of his wounds. He persisted in walking, however, until his feet became so sore that they had to continue their journey to Goa by boat.

On reaching Goa, the capital of the territory of the Portuguese, they could not obtain a lodging, and so Mr. Hebich used a letter of introduction which the officers at Mangalore had provided him to De Millo the governor. He at once received them and invited them to stay with him, proving a hospitable host for three days. In this Romanist centre the missionaries preached the Gospel, Mr. Hebich preaching in French and Dr. Mögling conversing with the priests and others in Latin. The Governor even took his guests to a nunnery and helped them to preach the Gospel by acting as interpreter. Their hostess accepted a Portuguese Bible, an example that was followed by others. The missionaries found infidelity everywhere and fervently preached the Gospel. Leaving Goa they went up the river in the Governor's boat, which he kindly provided for their use, and reached the foot of the mountain-pass up which they walked. Mr. Beynon, of the London Missionary Society, having heard of the coming of the Germans, came to the head of the pass to meet them, and with him they reached Dharwar on the 25th of January. Here they were hospitably entertained by a godly officer of the army.

Dr. Mögling, finding doors everywhere opening before him, decided to form a mission station at Dharwar, and urged the brethren who had accompanied him from Europe to join him. It was thought wise for unity of action between the two stations for Löscher to remain at Mangalore, and by the end of February Lyster and Frey joined Dr. Mögling, setting up house in the simplest possible manner.

Mr. Hebich accompanied by Mr. Beynon visited the large military station of Belgaum, where he worked from the 31st of January to the 10th of March. He worked from morning to night, and without paying any attention to the usual etiquette of India, visited high and low, from the General to the private soldier. With his New Testament in his hand he went from house to house, and there was hardly a European in the station before whom he did not set the way of life. His scathing denunciation of sin and his presentation of the Saviour aroused great interest, but he was respected for his plain speaking.

One of the first to receive Christ was a Lieutenant of the Engineers, and many others were born again. The Christian officers of the station were so delighted with the work of the missionary that they offered to provide for him entirely if he would consent to devote himself to work among Europeans. But he and his fellow-workers felt this to be out of

the question. He was permitted to see remarkable results for his labours among Europeans as subsequent chapters will show.

He was induced to go to the neighbouring station of Kaladgi, and was received into the house of Lieutenant Davidson. This young officer had been converted two years before, and by means of letters to his home he had been instrumental in winning his mother and sisters to Christ. Standing alone, the only Christian in the station, he warmly welcomed Mr. Hebich. Kaladgi, however, was a big disappointment. As an inspection by the General was impending, all the officers had come into the station, and Mr. Hebich was able to present the Gospel to each, but they gave little heed. On Easter Sunday he conducted services, but his audiences were so inattentive that he announced he would leave immediately as they had no heart for his message. His sudden departure—although he had intended to stay two weeks—awakened the sleepers, and half the officers accepted Christ as Saviour. Twenty-three years later Hebich's host, then Major Davidson, testified to the work which had been done in the three days by the German missionary.

Returning to Dharwar, Mr. Hebich joined Dr. Mögling and Frey in a visit to Hubli, the largest native city of the district, where they had planned to commence a mission. While in Hubli, they were informed

by a captain in command of a company of Sepoys that he had been ordered to Mangalore where the natives had rebelled. Dr. Mögling and Frey returned to Dharwar, while Hebich went on to Mangalore, preaching to the natives in the towns and villages on the way. By the time he returned, the insurrection, which had been greatly magnified, had been suppressed. The civilians and missionaries had returned, and the mission property was found in order, save that some of the servants had robbed the mission treasury.

A Commission was appointed by the Government to inquire into the cause of the rebellion, and one of the gentlemen composing it was Judge Thomas Strange, of Malabar. Mr. Hebich called on the judge and tried to win him for Christ. At first he seemed only to tolerate Hebich's visits, and the other missionaries sought to restrain Hebich saying that the learned judge would soon confound him, and make him and them the laughing-stock of the station. But Mr. Hebich paid no attention to their remonstrances, and kept calling on the judge until the Word of God found entrance into his heart, and he yielded to receive Christ as Saviour and Lord. The judge became a warm friend, and a few years later presented his bungalow and furniture to the Basle Mission.

At this time Mangalore was full of soldiers, and Hebich was busy among them.

He took a lieutenant into his house who was a drunkard and in danger of losing his commission. Another drunkard, a doctor, was given hospitality together with his wife and child. Every Sunday the soldiers listened to the missionaries who conducted the service. The life in the station, however, was a very riotous one. Two officers fought a duel; a lieutenant in a fit of passion cut down one of his men, and was in danger of being hanged, but was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; another lieutenant killed his servant, and much crime was being committed. Such events the more convinced Mr. Hebich of his duty to preach the Gospel to Englishmen as well as to the natives. Dr. Mögling questioned the wisdom of this, and Mr. Hebich replied: "Am I a servant of God for the heathen only and not rather for all men to whom God shall send me? Had I ever thought of taking up an exclusive position, I should have ceased to be my Master's servant. I feel that the British have claims upon me, first, because our way is opened to the natives by the fact that God has committed this country to them; secondly, because God bestows upon us unnumbered blessings through their rule. We may shut our eyes to this, but it is most unfair to look only at the weak points in their administration. Thirdly, because our Mission could never have obtained to its present state but for their liberality. And shall nothing be

done in return? If, at a station where there is no chaplain, we missionaries give the English a weekly service, it is no more than we ought to do. If the heathen have a mind to be saved there is no lack of opportunity for them to hear the Word. Of course, we must not allow such occasional services to keep us back from preaching tours. For myself, and so far as I can perceive the Master's will, I should not grudge to give up a month or two to work among the English."

His wonderful success in winning the English for Christ was God's vindication of the course he had taken, and his method of work among them extremely interesting. Mr. Hebich was an extraordinary character, having a way all his own, and the stories of conversion related in this book are not given that his methods be imitated. The incidents are related to the glory of God, and to show that this unique personality was a true messenger of Christ, and by the grace of God an effective winner of souls.

Mr. J. Boesinger, of Coonor, who came to India as the first Industrial Brother of the Basle Mission, and spent nearly sixty years in India without a furlough, knew Mr. Hebich intimately, and testified to the abiding fruits of his labours. When questioned as to the stability of those won for Christ by Mr. Hebich, he replied: "The majority of them proved themselves to have been true Christians,

many of them also having become great soul-winners. Mr. Hebich knew how to sound the deepest depths of men's hearts. He would give them no peace or rest until they had made a full surrender of themselves 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 when 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 come to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for disgracing 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 come 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!' replied the old man. 'I will not leave you until you confess your sins and ask 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.'

"The man jumped up in a rage and said, '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.' 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 Hebich a note: '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 Hebich brought Jesus to the man and the man to Jesus. Soon the engineer saw Jesus on the Cross, and could believe that the wounded Saviour had with His 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 indeed become a true disciple of the Lord Jesus.”

A chaplain at Cannanore related the following story:

“When Mr. Hebich was on a visit to Madras, he went one day 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!’ 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 the officer knelt with him in prayer, crying to God for pardon. He became a bold confessor of Christ.”

A catechist tells the story of how Mr. Hebich went to a captain’s house, but the officer would not let him in, and 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 in the sun on the gravel and earnestly prayed for the

captain's salvation. The next day he came again. He was not admitted so again he 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 the missionary called the third time his prayers had conquered the captain, who now asked him into the house and heard about Jesus on the Cross. Soon the captain also prayed and yielded himself to the Lord.

Many did not approve of Mr. Hebich's methods. But when remonstrated with by Mr. Schaffter, of Tinnevely, for stopping people on the road and telling them that they would go to hell if they did not repent, he gave this characteristic reply: "My brother, our God has many tools in his workshop. I am God's file and you are God's varnish brush."

CHAPTER VI.

ITINERANT PREACHING.

IN December, 1836, to Mr. Hebich's great joy he was able to open a seminary for the training of catechists. He writes of them:

"They are still wild beings, some almost like animals and cost a deal of trouble, though

they fill my heart with joyful hope. I interfere with them as little as possible that they may become accustomed to the place and to one another, seeking all the while gradually to improve their manners. My only way of subduing them is the withholding of a meal from them, while I lift my heart to the Lord for them."

Difference of age, of disposition and of parentage caused frequent strife and discord, and he needed great patience. In the interests of cleanliness he had their hair cut short, and this enraged the parents of the Eurasians and Hindus. The former would not allow their boys to stay unless they could conform to the custom of the Europeans and the Hindus unless they could keep their caste top-knot of hair. These are samples of the difficulties that sprung up. Eight different languages prevailed among the boys, but two or three were generally understood. The school teaching was divided between Lösch, Greiner and Timmappa.

In September, previous to the opening of the seminary, Mr. Hebich baptised an old fisherman, to whom he gave the name of Abraham. And to the great joy of Hebich both the Canarese teachers and three palm cultivators asked for baptism, and broke caste, a step which involved them in suffering from their relatives.

In the midst of the work Mr. Hebich

did not forget his brethren at Dharwar with whom he constantly corresponded. He advised them not to live in cramped quarters which would be injurious to their health. On one occasion he writes: "I hear that you deny yourselves the Lord's good gifts, such as butter, milk, sugar, etc. Now I don't mean to lord it over you; do as you judge right; let me only say, be wise, enjoy with thankful hearts any refreshment you can fairly attain to; our Master is not so poor as to grudge these things to His servants. In India a more strengthening diet is needed than in Europe. I write thus only out of affection, so forgive me."

Five more brethren now arrived from Basle, and a general conference was organised, Dr. Mögling being sent to represent the brethren at Dharwar. The conference arranged that Dr. Mögling and Mr. Hebich were to exchange places: Dr. Mögling to take charge of the seminary at Mangalore, and the senior missionary to open up the work at Hubli. The conference also extended a call to Dr. Gundert, of Tinnevely, to join the Basle Mission. Dr. Mögling and Dr. Gundert were old friends, both being graduates of the University of Tübingen, where they had imbibed infidelity under one of the greatest opponents of Christianity, David Strauss. Dr. Mögling sought satisfaction in the study of literature and art, and Dr. Gundert in phil-

osophic and linguistic attainments. Both, however, had praying parents, and in answer to their fervent entreaties God brought the two to plant faith in Christ as Saviour. Yielding their lives to God for the foreign field, Dr. Mögling joined the Basle Mission, while Dr. Gundert, through the influence of George Müller of Bristol, joined Mr. Anthony Norris Groves, Mr. Müller's brother-in-law, first as tutor to his children, and then as helper in his mission work at Madras and Chittoor. Now Dr. Mögling and Dr. Gundert were united at Mangalore. Dr. Gundert was married, having a noble, capable French lady as his wife, who was the first woman in the mission house at Mangalore.

Mr. Hebich arrived at Hubli, in October, 1838, and sought the help of the Collector, Mr. E. B. Mills. Mr. Mills was a noble Christian, humble-minded, full of brotherly love and rich in faith. After his personal needs were supplied the remainder of his large salary was devoted to missionary work, and he saved nothing for himself. Thanks to his efforts a splendid site was obtained for the mission house. Mr. Hebich preached in the bazaar, and the people listened more quietly than in Canara.

Finding that Mr. Frey was quite able to superintend the building of the Hubil Mission House, Mr. Hebich devoted his time from 18th January to 25th February, 1839, on a

more extended mission tour. He had some tough encounters with the Brahmans. He visited Kaludghi but missed his beloved Davidson, who was travelling in the Sholapur district. News reached him that Mr. Layer was ill and he hurried back to Dharwar.

Another general conference being called, Hebich, with Layer now recovered, proceeded to Mangalore. Here they had the joy of baptising six men and two women, on Easter Sunday, 31st March, 1839.

At the conference Mr. Hebich suggested that the five brethren who had just joined the mission staff from Europe should not vote as they were inexperienced in the matters under discussion. The young men only laughed at him. They criticised his actions, his accounts were questioned, and a spirit of opposition arose against him. In consequence of this he begged that he might be left unattached to any particular station, but free to work as an itinerant preacher, and the conference agreeing to this, it was arranged that he should spend the next few months in a missionary tour through the territory of Mysore.

A missionary falling ill at Tellicherry it was then thought to attach Mr. Hebich to the Malabar mission, but he refused to go. In view of their attitude to him he felt for the present he could not do station work. "But mark," he writes, "the Lord has allowed all

this of His grace, and because He loves me; and He bears me up with unspeakable tenderness and long-suffering. This is all my salvation. What have I to learn from all this? That He desires to humble me, and after He shall have purged me, He will yet gird and fit me for the special work He has for me to do. Just as I was driven against my will, and by many hard experiences into the Basle Mission House, so now I recognise the same power driving me to my new calling of an itinerant preacher."

Mr. Hebich started his journey into Mysore feeling depressed over the position of affairs which had arisen at the general conference, and not in the mood for preaching. The station he came to was Puttni, where he visited a married officer, but he had to confess: "I was not as faithful to them as I should have been, for I only ventured indirectly to hint to them how great the pardoning grace of the Lord had been towards myself." He then climbed the hills into Coorg, making a short stay at Mercara, where he was greatly refreshed in spirit by the godly fellowship of Major Bell, Captain Willis, and their wives. Here he had a bad fall from his horse from which he suffered much pain. But joy and peace again filled his heart, and he testified boldly in the midst of his suffering. His principal opponent at Mercara was an officer of the engineers who denied the free will of

man, and charged God with being the author of sin. Talking with him one day, Hebich, in order to clinch his argument, pushed him into a chair, saying, "Sit you there! Don't get up! You have no free will of your own."

Visiting the people and preaching Christ, Mr. Hebich had lively encounters. A lady in the presence of her husband, a surgeon and philosopher, said, "You do preach such terrible things." At which her husband remarked, "Well, I am able to laugh at all Mr. Hebich tells us." "Yes," said Hebich, "you laugh now. Wait till you come to your death-bed and tell me where the laugh is."

In this station it was the missionary's joy to baptise a few of those in the regiment who through his ministry accepted Christ, and he was able to organise a little church which he left in the charge of the assistant surgeon. Passing on to Humsur he was able to win the doctor and his wife to the Lord. Then he went through the city of Mysore to Yelwall, where Dr. McGrath, a faithful brother in the Lord, received him. He was not so successful here as at Mercara. "The Resident," he said, "would have none of my message, while his wife maintained that it was impossible to know one's sins forgiven."

A longer time was spent at the French Rocks, a military station some three miles north of Seringapatam. Here he met a regiment, among which he had laboured at

Mangalore, and the colonel of the regiment receiving him joyfully he went from house to house preaching the glad tidings. An artillery officer and his wife were converted. A young lieutenant who had come into the station expressly to see Mr. Hebich, and with whom he had a long interview, could not find courage to confess Christ. That evening, however, at the mess table, while sitting alongside the missionary, all his doubts and fears suddenly vanished, and he exclaimed: "Now I believe in the Lord Jesus and all my sins are forgiven. But how long have I resisted Him!" Soon another officer and his wife confessed Christ. Making a farewell call upon a lady with whom he had had a long interview, he found she was ill, but she called out to him from her sick room, "Thank you, Mr. Hebich; my heart has found out the truth of all you told me."

Proceeding on his journey he came to Chinnapatam, where he found a Christian lieutenant standing alone for God. He stayed with him a week, and refreshed the spirit of the officer. He gathered the non-commissioned officers together to give the Gospel message, and devoted a whole day to an officer who in anxiety of soul had followed him from the French Rocks. Thence he pushed on to Bangalore, beseeching the people to accept Christ. Of his method of work he writes: "Among the many questions I am in the

habit of putting to the people, I have on this journey put this: 'For what purpose do you think the ten commandments were given, for life or for death?' Generally I get the answer, 'for life.' 'How comes it then,' I ask, 'that we are all dead?' If a soul but be willing and prepared of God, they generally come to the Lord in two or three days, accept the forgiveness of sins, and rejoice in everlasting life."

He went to Chittoor to see the missionary, Mr. A. Norris Groves, and then to the quiet hamlet of Tambilhali, where he attended to correspondence and studied the Word of God. He says: "I sought to make here a new and entire surrender of myself in penitence and contrition, applying myself especially to the consideration of 2 Corinthians 5. 10, and 1 Timothy 5. 24. Oh, what a holy God we have to do with! He can suffer nothing that is unholy. May He not spare His rod and His fire as He sees I need them, and of His grace open my eyes ever to see Himself."

It was probably on this tour that the following incident occurred, the story of which is told by an old resident of Bangalore:

"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, behaved himself 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 play 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 play cards, yes, but I always bring my own cards. I cannot play mit your cards.' Thereupon he pulled ten cards out of his pocket, on which he had illustrations of his favourite Heart-book. Playing out 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 vill 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, de rat of gambling, de dog of efil desires and de gluttony and intemperance of de dirty fulture. Yes, all lust is in your hearts as big de elephant. God's Holy Spirit cannot enter your hearts because of dese efil

beasts. Drife out de defil's menagerie.' " So the old man continued to preach until the young men sought cleansing in the blood of Christ, enthroning Him as Saviour and Lord.

Reaching Nandidring Mr. Hebich was nearly murdered by a Mohammedan state prisoner who invited the missionary to visit him. During the interview Mr. Hebich stated that the Koran contained falsehoods, and the angry prisoner first threw his slippers at him and then ran at him with a dagger. Mr. Hebich escaped with his life by a hasty flight over the slippery granite rocks of the hill fort.

Ultimately, Mr. Hebich found himself, on the 15th of November, among his brethren in Hubli and Dharwar. Here he learned what had occurred at Mangalore since he left it. Confusion reigned and threatened to overthrow the whole work. Mögling had exalted notions of what an apostolic labourer should be and refused to live in the manner of the former missionaries. Greiner was glad to escape the turmoil by a visit to the Nilgiri hills. The three younger brethren supported Mögling. The mission house which they called "the palace" was rented to others; the furniture, except a table and a few chairs, was sold as unnecessary because they could sleep on the floor; the mission safe was thrown into the well, and all they had for food was boiled rice. The schools were closed as they were not prospering. A cheap little house in

the bazaar was rented. All this was done with the idea of bringing them into closer contact with the natives.

It was only when visited by the missionary, Dr. Haeberlin, that they were brought to reason. He pointed out not only that the experiment must fail but that it had been an arbitrary act of self-will. The health of the young men had suffered because of their ascetic habits. Dr. Mögling seeing his error wrote on the 27th of November to the two elder brethren, Lehner and Greiner, craving forgiveness for his unloving and over-hasty proceedings, and requesting them to return. Then he hastened to Dharwar to apologise to Mr. Hebich and beg him to return, and all being amicably settled they returned to Mangalore. At this time Mr. Hebich wrote: "The ferment in the new wine of our Mangalore Mission has passed off without bursting the bottles: to our Saviour be the praise! The sediment is settling thick and the wine clearing itself, and will now become milder." He might have been greatly disturbed at the condition of affairs at Mangalore, but joy was in his heart. The mission house had been rented to a major who would not give it up, and they had to put up with the cramped and inconvenient quarters of the out-buildings. Hebich thought that the crazy house in the bazaar though unsuited for the seminary would be suitable for an Anglo-Canarese

school. After repairs the school was opened and prospered, and brought the most promising Brahman youth of the town within the influence of the teaching of the missionaries. Dr. Mögling gave himself to it and the seminary, and Hebich to the European residents.

Whitsunday was a joyful day, for twenty Tulu people instructed by Greiner were baptised, and others were anxious for baptism.

Hebich then left for Tellicherry, being invited by Dr. Gundert, to settle certain complications in connection with the work at Cannanore. Hebich went gladly and spent the summer in North Malabar.

On the 13th of September he returned to Mangalore to find the work progressing happily. A new friend to the mission had been raised up in the person of Mr. Blair, the new collector. During the rebellion the government offices had been burnt, and Mr. Blair purchased the ruins together with the extensive land on which they stood, and presented all to the mission. The property was situated on a hill about a mile from the town. Mr. Hebich with his usual zeal set to work clearing the land and restoring the buildings, and finally the mission was permanently established on this lofty hill.

In surveying the work at Mangalore, Mr. Hebich wrote: "These years have been

important ones for us. How different the actual fight has been from what we had pictured it while we were yet in our native land. I think if we had known it all beforehand, at least as I have experienced it, and had taken counsel of flesh and blood, none of us would have so readily taken to this calling. I shudder as I recollect the thousand-fold ways in which the wicked old enemy has brought us, the servants of the Lord, into sore danger, ever seeking to lead us astray, to injure us in soul and body. Truly, I take shame to myself, and I marvel that it is not all up with me. But oh, our God is a faithful God; yea, and Amen in His Word in Christ Jesus. 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Hallelujah!"

CHAPTER VII.

LABOURS IN CANNANORE.

BEFORE Mr. Hebich came to Cannanore, the scene of his further labours, a revival of religion which took place in the years 1830-1840 throughout the Indian army had made itself felt in Cannanore. The "new lights," as the converts were called, were numerous and active. They united for Bible

readings and prayer and sought to spread the Gospel message among the multitudes. There was a large and increasing number of Tamil Christians, and the believing officers and chaplain built a chapel for services and opened a school for them. The chapel was also made use of by the British soldiers. The constant change of leaders owing to the changing of the regiments prevented any marked spiritual growth. Then there arose wranglings over non-essentials which caused division. Churchmen, Wesleyans, Independants and Socinians disputed about doctrine and worship. Such a condition of affairs was deplorable in a land like India where Christians are closely watched. There were also catechists who to suit their own pockets were one thing one day and something else another day.

When Tellicherry was occupied by the Basle Mission the intention was to plant a mission in Cannanore also, but lack of assistance prevented the work being placed on a permanent footing. And yet at the monthly visits there were frequent applications for baptism. Mr. Hebich was therefore invited to come and endeavour to bring order out of the religious chaos. He stayed from 27th June to 13th September, 1840. He was lovingly received by the chaplain at Cannanore and hospitably entertained. On the first Monday spent on the station he took charge of the missionary meeting. Not feeling well

he took some medicine and retired for rest, but a large part of the native congregation came to him with their troubles, and he had to get up and try and settle their petty squabbles and enjoin them to get right with God.

He arranged a daily meeting in the forenoon for them, when their services were not required by their employers, in a building given to him by the chaplain. For a fortnight he laboured to instruct them in the atonement through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. One of his devices whereby he sought to explain the imputed righteousness of Christ was to hold up a copper and a silver coin of the same size. The copper coin illustrated the worthless nature of the sinner, the silver coin the righteousness of Christ. Placing the silver coin in front of the copper one he showed that the sinner was covered by Christ's righteousness and this was what God saw, the righteousness of His Beloved Son. And he never rested until the most obtuse grasped the truth of God.

After a visit to Anjerakandi and Telli-cherry, Hebich returned to Cannanore to finish his three months' work there. He baptised five believers, and forty-one celebrated the Lord's Supper. Money was provided him to supply clothes to the poor, and the chapel already mentioned given for

the use of the mission. The chaplain added the gift of a school house.

While there Mr. Hebich had been successful among the English and Tamils, yet had not influenced the Malayalas except the second Rajah of Chirakal. This man could speak Canarese, and ever seeking to learn something new had frequently visited the missionary who devoted time and pains to him. But when Mr. Hebich hoped he had made an impression, his hope was dashed to the ground when the Rajah exclaimed, "Buddha certainly hit the truth; heaven and earth came into being of themselves; all is illusion." The missionary showed him his watch, saying, "This also, no doubt, made itself." Yet he believed the man was seeking after truth.

Returning to Mangalore, he felt he could not settle there, as his heart was drawn to the southern district, so lately visited. The directors at Basle also thought that the work he had commenced at Cannanore should be vigorously followed up, so he closed his Canarese career, left Mangalore, and on the 20th of January, 1841, he settled permanently in Cannanore.

The chaplain at first gave him hospitality, but soon began to make demands upon him to which he could not agree. As the chapel which was made over to Hebich was near the barracks the chaplain now demanded it for himself. Then Hebich was asked not to preach

to the English, and other objections made, so to Hebich's deep regret a division arose between them.

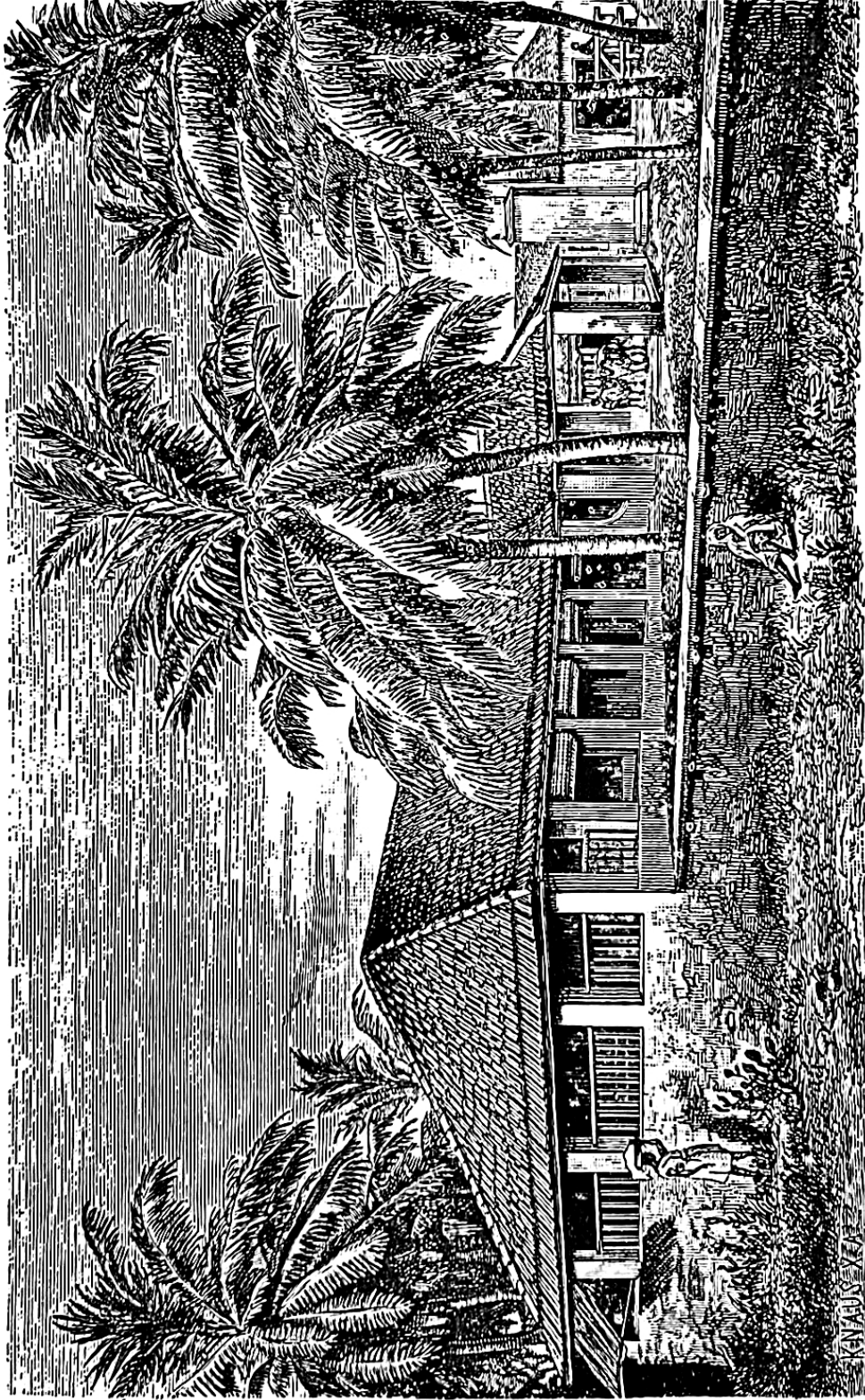
Not being able to find a suitable lodging Hebich determined to build a house near the chapel, and for this some land was acquired which he added to the compound. Opposition arose, but several officers advised Hebich to pay no heed to it but to go forward. Soon the house was finished and he was able to write: "As I sit now writing, I can look out at first upon the verandah, then a little garden, and I catch a peep of the beautiful sea beyond. There are two rooms and two verandah rooms besides at the flanks. May the Lord graciously bless it; His it is, His it shall be."

He devoted his efforts to the building up of the Tamil church, aiming at its growth in power and numbers, and to preaching among Europeans, Canarese and Malayalees. From the latter caste he won a noble convert named Krishna. At his baptism he named this youth Timothy, whom he regarded as a son, and who acted as interpreter for him in his public addresses. A school was opened for the Malayalees, and soon one hundred children attended. Preaching was commenced in the lines of the 36th regiment. Every evening in front of the house of one of his converts, Mr. Hebich preached the Word. The same was done in the quarters of the artillery.

Hebich had been warned that his in-

sufficient acquaintance with native languages would prove a temptation tending to lead him to devote himself to the English. He fought against this strongly, and devoted himself to native work. His hands were full and he had no time for social calls among the English. One family he did become intimate with, that of Captain Bell, a good-natured giant who took great interest in the German. He left and went to Madras, where he died happy in Christ, having been led to receive Him through the instrumentality of Mr. Hebich.

There were some who criticised Mr. Hebich for being in too great a hurry to baptise converts, and his reply we give in his own words: "Some of the brethren are being stumbled at my being too precipitate in admitting to baptism. But I think that where a church already exists with its duly recognised pastor, it is by far the better extreme. For, first it marks at once a distinct position understood among the people; secondly, baptism gives grace; thirdly, the Lord's Supper gives grace; fourthly, the fellowship of saints gives grace; and fifthly, it gives a stronger influence to the preached word. Those who ask for baptism must be influenced by some motive or other. If this be only flesh it is soon seen, but if along with it there be any spiritual desire, however feeble, it should be strengthened while in its freshness. If the time is allowed to slip by the



THE FIRST CHAPEL IN CANNANORE.

man becomes careless again, halts between two opinions. A Christian still unbaptised must of necessity keep on friendly terms with his caste, that is, with the devil, or otherwise will be put out of caste, and have just that to suffer which a Christian is called upon to go through but without the means of grace. As a natural consequence he falls back. It is true that we may make mistakes either way, but I have myself no doubt as to which is most in accordance with the mind of the Spirit of God. When I see the bitter hatred of the heathen to Christianity, how can I think otherwise than that those who ask for baptism, weak though they may be, are the elect of God out of this people."

At the close of the year there were 111 adults and 66 children attending the church of whom he had baptised thirty-five adults most of whom came out of heathenism.

Now began the first of many painful partings. The 36th regiment was ordered to China, in November, 1841. So twenty adults and ten children were taken away from the church never to see Mr. Hebich again. Some kept up a lively correspondence with him as long as they lived. Mr. Hebich did not forget those who had gone and he followed them with his letters and prayers.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENLARGING THE BORDERS.

IN the beginning of the year 1842, Mr. Hebich in order to enlarge his coast adopted a new plan of street preaching. Every morning and occasionally in the afternoon he went out with his assistants to proclaim the Gospel. In the early morning at home, he and his catechists first strengthened themselves for the work by prayer and song. Then they would sally forth and take their stand at a selected spot for half an hour, sing, pray, and Mr. Hebich would preach and then move on to another place. Day by day they went out on their open-air work until in every bazaar and street the Gospel message had been heralded. "The people," he wrote, "have seemed attentive as one could wish, though the enemy has also shown himself." Mr. Hebich was wise enough not to allow himself to be entangled in discussions, but always courteously invited objectors to visit him at the mission house where he would be willing to listen to what they had to say. God blessed the preaching of the Word, and on the very first occasion when Mr. Hebich proclaimed the glad tidings in the street, a Tier visited him at the mission house.

The man was so wrought upon by the Word of God that he decided to remain for further instruction. After a few days his wife with her two children came to fetch him home. She was very contemptuous in her refusal to receive the Lord as her Saviour. Her husband refused to return home, and she came again and again or sent messages to him. One day a message was sent him that his two children were dangerously ill and he returned home. As he stayed away from the Mission House a catechist was sent to visit him and brought back word that he was willing to come but his caste people would not allow him. He was their barber, and they said that they had a right to his services. Mr. Hebich then determined to go and see him. Very early on a Sunday morning he went to the village and found the man sleeping outside his house with his little boys by his side. Hebich awoke him and said, "Have you a mind to follow me?" "Yes," he replied. "Then come along at once," said the missionary. While he was getting ready his uncle came by and tried to detain him by force. Then his wife called some neighbours to her help, and threw her arms around him. Yet when Hebich asked him whether he wanted to come to the mission house he answered very decidedly, "Yes." But the crowd held him and Hebich thought it best not to further anger them, and left amid the taunts of the

people, while they pulled the man back into the house. Meantime the man protested that he was determined to be a disciple of the Lord. Several days after this scene the opposition died down and the man returned to the mission house. Later on he was baptised with fourteen others, receiving the name of Jude. He was a quiet man, who by his consistent life adorned the doctrine of Christ. It is very sad, however, to relate that he succeeded in winning only one relation to Christ. Neither his wife nor his children would follow his faith. Terrible, indeed, is the grip of idolatry and the caste system.

Without seeking it Mr. Hebich found plenty of work to do among the English soldiers. Weary of the service of sin they came in ever-increasing numbers to the chapel near the barracks. Some came to hear him out of curiosity and laughed at his strange pronunciation of English, but many were attracted to him. A Scotch woman thought him the best preacher she had heard since she left Scotland. Men who were formerly drunkards and debauchees were soundly converted and soon Hebich's name was in all mouths.

Mr. Hebich had also frequent intercourse with the officers. As treasurer of the mission he had frequently matters of business about remittances, exchange, etc., with the paymasters, and he never failed to speak a word

for his Master. Sometimes his remarks were humorous, sometimes earnest, but pointed, to drive home the truth. In this way he became the topic of conversation, and greatly exaggerated were the stories told about him over meals at the mess tables. Some thought him a dangerous enthusiast, some, honest and harmless, but mad, others as cunning as a Jew. "We shall see; one fine morning he will make up a good heavy purse and be off home. On my word he made £600 last month; that does not look like honesty." Such was the talk about "Hebbick," "the man with the beard."

But the Word of God did its work through the preaching of the Master's servant, for back of the preaching was a life dependent on prayer. He was always afraid of working in his own strength lest, as he said, "the ass's ears of the old Adam should peep out." His work was steeped in prayer, and he could not go forth unless he had the witness of the Spirit of being led to victory.

"One day," relates a missionary friend of Mr. Hebich's, "the bullock cart was waiting for Mr. Hebich to come out of the house to go to Cannanore to preach to the Moplabs. 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 came out again, 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 we 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 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.' "

This was characteristic of Mr. Hebich. He travailed in prayer for souls. And he laid hold of the promises in a way that more cautious Christians were inclined to deem presumptuous.

Mr. Hebich at this time became a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. He had been asked by the English soldiers to preside

at their anniversary temperance meeting, and he felt he could not conscientiously do so unless he practised temperance himself. He had often to deal with drunkards in the army, and when won for Christ he knew that total abstinence was essential to prevent them from backsliding. He strongly recommended others to adopt his principle and to give what he felt was the only consistent example.

In May, 1842, the chaplain went away for four weeks and Mr. Hebich supplied his pulpit. Each Sunday evening he preached to the officers and soldiers and other Europeans and Eurasians of the station. The chaplain's health not being restored he was obliged in September to take six months' furlough, leaving the work in Mr. Hebich's hands. He threw himself into the work with gladness and energy.

In his own church he arranged that Europeans and natives should together partake of the Lord's Supper, and the fellowship around the Lord's Table where caste was forgotten greatly cheered his heart. Three times a week he preached to the English besides his work among the Canarese, Tamils and Malayalees. Thus the Gospel message was daily being sounded forth in the power of the Spirit and souls were being born again. God's blessing was upon the work and His Name glorified.

CHAPTER IX.

HEBICH AND HIS FELLOW-LABOURERS.

THE work of the mission was now extended to Calicut, in May, 1842, and Mr. Fritz, who was assistant to Dr. Gundert at Tellicherry, was appointed to take charge of the work. For forty years Mr. Fritz worked on the west coast of India and God greatly blessed his labours. Mr. Hebich went to Calicut to assist his fellow-missionary, and with his energetic co-operation a fine site was secured for the mission. Mr. A. V. Conolly, at that time Collector of Malabar, proved a warm friend to the mission. He took a deep interest in the wild Nayaths and urged the government to civilise this people who were more like animals than human beings. Failing to move the authorities he undertook the work himself, and co-operated with the German missionaries, paying the expenses out of his own pocket.

In the Tellicherry Station Mr. Fritz's place was supplied by Mr. Charles Irion. Mr. Irion, a good-natured Suavian, a fellow-countryman of Mr. Hebich's, humorously told the story of his first interview with the old missionary.

"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 the 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 is everything 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!

"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 from the homeland that Mr. Hebich so longed to see in me. How easy it would have been then for me to introduce them to their new work."

There were frequently interchanged visits between Tellicherry and Cannanore. When Mr. Hebich felt the burden of the work heavy upon him he would go over to Tellicherry and have his spirit refreshed by intercourse with his brethren. He also sent over boys and girls that they might have the benefit of the education in the schools under Dr. and Mrs. Gundert.

The Committee at Basle feeling that the burden was too heavy for the old missionary planned to send him an assistant, but the very thought of it affrighted him. In a letter to the Committee he says: "Ah! how we rejoiced at the arrival of our brethren in 1836, and how sadly it all turned out; burnt children dread the fire. Continue to pray for me in this hot work. So long as the Lord gives me health I am very glad to carry it on with the help of the native assistants He raises up for me. I have reason to believe that he will yet raise

up such for me more abundantly. Take comfort in this, and think no more of me in this matter, but think of the places that are calling aloud to you for evangelists. I wish you might occupy Vingorla or Mercara."

He confided his fears to his friend, Dr. Mögling, who wrote to him: "You might find advantage in a brother who should be ready to serve in the very humblest capacity, not as standing on an eminence. But if you want to be understood at Basle you must speak plainly or they will miss your drift, and send you some little fellow, someone such as those you have already had to deal with." Mr. Hebich made a mistake in not taking this good advice and leaving the matter unsettled.

The reason why he so dreaded an assistant was as we have already pointed out the peculiarity of his nature in preferring to work alone. He could not work in double harness, and conscious of his faults and eccentricities he preferred to work by himself rather than cause misunderstanding. Such traits he ought, of course, to have disciplined and overcome.

In November, Dr. Mögling paid him a visit and invited him to Mangalore to welcome eight sisters, the largest party of missionaries that had yet been sent out from Basle. The missionaries landed on the 27th of November, receiving a welcome from all. The children of the school sang vernacular hymns to

German tunes, and Mr. Hebich preached in English, interspersing some German for the benefit of the newcomers. The English and native churches united at the Lord's Supper and many, especially the new arrivals, were moved to tears.

The next day Mr. Hebich officiated at the marriage of his friend Greiner, whose bride had just arrived from Europe. In the evening he rode back to Cannanore.

In spite of his protests and entreaties the Committee at Basle sent him an assistant, Mr. J. Huter, and one evening just as the church was gathering for worship he arrived. He attended the service and commended himself to them for their sympathy and prayers.

Two new missionaries, F. and Ch. Muller, had arrived at Tellicherry, and Mr. Hebich thought it well that Huter should go over and join them in their studies of the language.

After Mr. Huter had acquired a fair knowledge of the language he joined Hebich at Cannanore, which did not at all suit the old missionary. It would have been far better at the commencement if he had frankly opened his mind to Mr. Huter, but instead, he allowed him to stay a month without disclosing his dislike of having an assistant. On doing so, Mr. Huter answered that he had no wish to interfere with his work and that he would find ample scope teaching in the schools and

preaching in the neighbourhood. Then Mr. Hebich positively and plainly said that he never asked for an assistant and had no use for one.

In August, 1843, Mr. Huter left for another station feeling sore and sad, and some of the missionaries censured Mr. Hebich for his treatment of the young brother. To the reproofs, Mr. Hebich humbly replied: "God knows that it is true I have no need of an assistant in my work. He knows that I certainly did not wish to hurt brother Huter. The whole matter is a burden to both of us—perhaps heavier to me than to him." To this defence Dr. Mögling wrote in reply: "You have a failing; you do not know how to come out of yourself, and to put yourself in the place, to enter into the feelings, of other brethren. The cause of all your trouble is that you cannot bring yourself, even for a moment, to think and feel as they do. You have too much of the hardness of the man, not enough of the gentleness of the woman. You have great gifts for being a leader, but whenever you have to stand as an equal among your peers you fail altogether."

While the letter contains a good deal of truth yet the charge was not wholly true. Mr. Hebich had real love for his brethren in his heart and was ever ready to share their burdens. If any of them were passing through the furnace of affliction he was soon at their

side comforting, helping and sympathising until they were brought through.

Once a young missionary fell into such despondency that he was prepared to leave India and throw up the work for God. On hearing this the old hero of faith hastened to him, the day after Easter, with words of sympathy, cheer and assurance. "My dear brother the Lord Jesus is not dead, He is risen again. Why, only yesterday I was able to declare it." And so the old man continued to talk to him in this strain with good, comfortable words until faith revived and joy again entered his soul.

On another occasion when through insubordination the Committee decided to dismiss a young missionary Mr. Hebich was cut to the heart. He obtained a penitent letter from the transgressor and sent it to Basle with the following letter from himself: "I have read the enclosed, and I cannot resist the impression it produces of being the expression of true penitence and contrition. I feel myself constrained to bow myself down to the very dust before you in your Committee meeting, and to beg that our beloved brother may be forgiven and received back to favour. I do this in the name of Jesus, crucified for our sins, and in whose service you are. Ah! could you but believe me, I myself feel much more deserving being dismissed, so you may judge how unworthy I

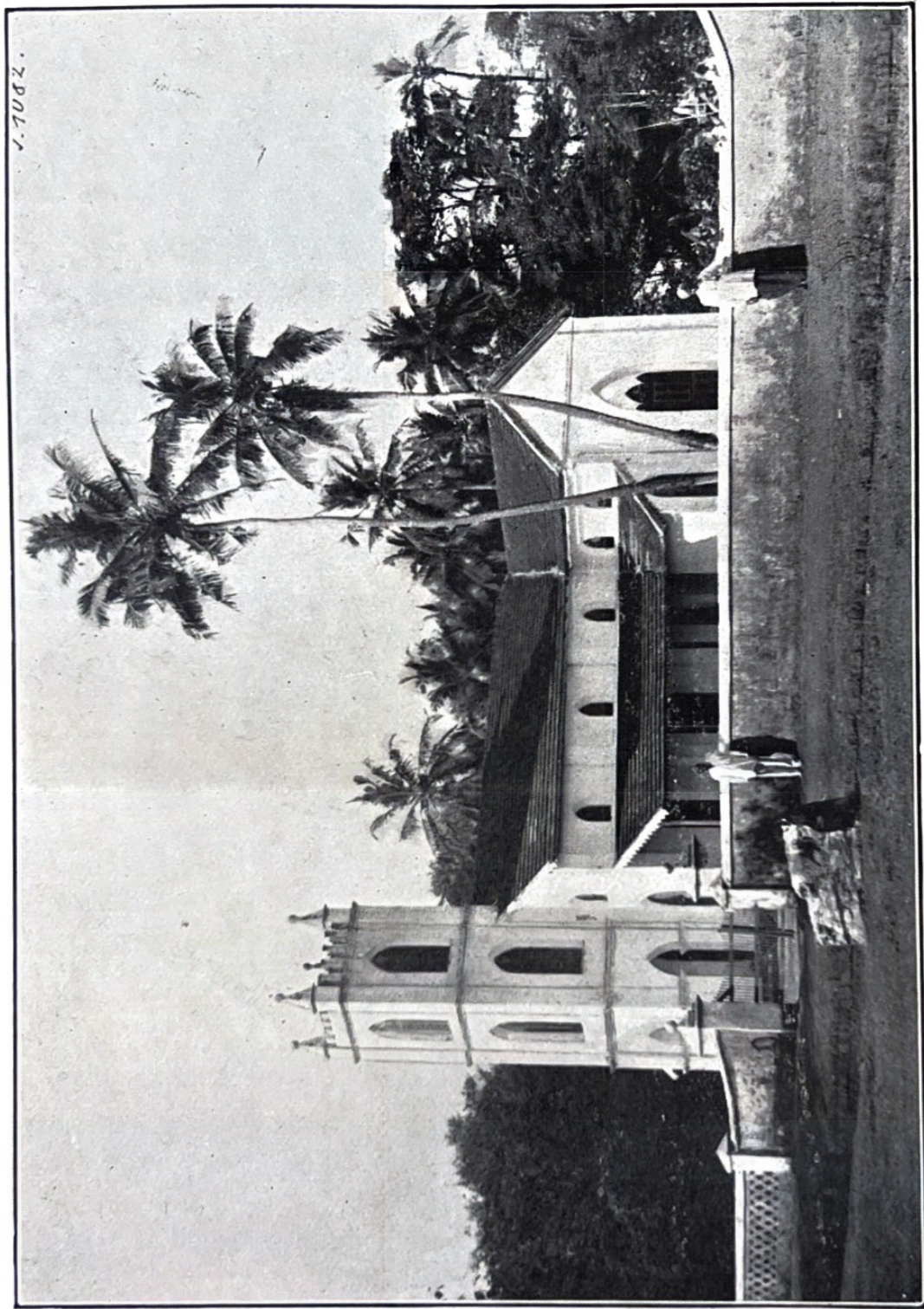
esteem myself to intercede with you for another. You may be sure he will work in future far more faithfully than he did before he thus failed. And since the angels in heaven so greatly rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, can we do better than rejoice with them? When there is joy in heaven, there can be no ban, no curse, but blessing. Were it not so, dear sirs, your mission would long ago have ceased to exist. I do but magnify the grace and the mercy of the Lord. Amen. If I have hitherto been making requests on behalf of others, I now also beg your favour for myself, such a poor sinner as I am, but I am washed, I am sanctified, I am justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. To Him be the glory, for ever. Amen."

His intercession was not in vain. These instances reveal his unfeigned love to his brethren and, despite his peculiar characteristics, their hearts were knit to him.

As time went on difficulties arose in connection with the working of the mission, and it was felt that reorganisation was necessary in order that the work be co-ordinated and carried on more effectively. At first there had been general conferences of the missionaries, but owing to misunderstanding these were abandoned and a reference committee appointed. This system, however, did not work well so a return was made to

the General Conference, the president and secretary of which to be appointed by the Home Committee.

On the 4th of June, 1850, Mr. Hebich was appointed president and Dr. Mögling secretary. The duties of the president were clearly defined, but Hebich entered upon his office with a heavy heart. The burden became heavier when he learned that Dr. Mögling was ill. Although the weather was violent Hebich went to see his friend, and arrived at Mangalore in the evening of 2nd July. He saw that Dr. Mögling would not be able to stay long in India. But although the sick man did not go on furlough until two years later yet he could give little assistance to Hebich. After attending to Dr. Mögling, Mr. Hebich returned to his own station. He, as president, was not found autocratic. None of the missionaries could complain that he bound them by legality. Loving liberty for himself he was not in favour of rules and regulations, but that each servant of the Lord should be led by the Holy Spirit. In a letter to the Home Board he advised them not to expect too much from the General Conference and systematic organisation, but to adopt his own motto for India, "Slow but sure." He writes: "I feel quite sure that the time is not yet come for us to be circumscribed by rules and formulas. What we do need is a revival from above by the operation of the Holy Spirit.



CHURCH IN CANNANORE.

The devil robs us of our divine life and then nothing remains but the offensive natural man, full of fine words and wisdom, but in which Jesus is no longer the beginning and ending. For God's sake help us to obtain more of the divine life. I truly wish to forget all former attainments and to learn obedience, but I pray you, tie not my hands, let it be the Crucified One whom I obey. Here, in this Babylon, He alone is stable, and He becomes daily more and more to me, for He is still the Saviour of sinners. Oh! how precious their souls are to Him. And oh! how beautiful those souls are into which He enters. What a precious office is mine to have to lead souls to Him!"

Like Paul, Hebich had anxiety for all the churches. He bore on his heart the interests and welfare of the general body of missionaries and those gathered to the Lord. Not only as president but as mission treasurer he had his troubles. Once for greater security he had given the mission funds into the hands of the army paymaster. Great was his dismay to receive a note that white ants had eaten through the mission cash chest, and not only were the bags containing the coin eaten, but also two bills of exchange for large sums. Happily, sufficient was left to prove identification.

Another source of trouble was the failure of his fellow-missionaries to submit their

annual accounts to him punctually and in proper order. But although he exhorted and entreated them in his letters there were no irritable words of censure. In one he writes: "If we were all in earnest to help in the matter, the making up of the accounts might be much facilitated. As it is, I have terrible work up and down, backwards and forwards, in my attempts to bring things into shape. Dear friends, will you not have mercy on your aged brother and help him somewhat."

Mr. Hebich's attitude was one of self-depreciation and not self-exaltation. Although his faults and eccentricities were quite abvious to his brethren yet his real love and humility overcame difficulties, and the longer they worked with him the more they loved him.

CHAPTER X.

HELPED BY NATIVE WORKERS.

WE have noted the peculiarity of Mr. Hebich's character which expressed itself in a refusal to have a European brother in Christ to work alongside of him in his station. But while this was so he was eager to have converted natives as qualified assistants. To this end he was always on the lookout for promising lads whom he might train to become

preachers and teachers. He did not find his children, as he loved to call them, as submissive as he wished and many were his trials. He writes of them: "In June and July I was severely tried for some of them went back to the service of the devil. This bowed me very low, but such things must be. I am now comforted and since then have had thirty souls under instruction. I was able to baptise nine of these. But during these sad months the Lord especially sustained me by the ministry of one of my boys who was greatly stirred up. This lad, named John, has given himself up entirely to the Lord's work. May He preserve him to His own glory and to eternal life. Amen."

This boy and his brothers, Joseph and David Jacobi, were among Mr. Hebich's first assistants. They were the sons of a Tamil servant in the employ of a godly medical officer. John had been sent to England to study medicine and Joseph was preparing for service in the Church of England. He became a deacon and survived his two brothers. Joseph wrote an account of Hebich's method of training these youths.

"First of all," he writes, "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, 'Bubele 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 and plant and water trees and do all kinds of coolie 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 coolie work we were taken also to the bazaars 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 to pray with them. There he would show us that all is but vanity, and only Jesus and His love is worth living for. By precept and example our father taught us to be 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."

It was Mr. Hebich's desire that those who had been brought out of heathenism unto Christ should not be made to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think when engaged in the work of the Lord. "With the Hindu," he said, "whatever at all tends to lift up makes even those with the best endowments barren and unfruitful. What we want in our assistants is manly character, the fear of God and zeal for His service. And, indeed, in the European the same qualities

mark the true missionary. Thus it was the Lord at first chose fishermen; afterwards He called Paul, and used an Apollos. In these missions to the heathen, the herald must be fitted for his work in the might of the Lord, starting with the fisherman's poverty of spirit. Thus the Lord will carry out His own work."

Hebich had now been ten years in India, and although in good health yet found that each day left him more exhausted, and he confined himself to what was necessary and did little literary work. Preaching he loved, and it was not that, but the things which assailed that pressed his spirit. One of these trials was caused him by an old catechist named Paul, who without leave or warning left the slave church of Anjarakandi and came to Cannanore, and setting himself up as a missionary of the Church of England drew away the Tamil Christians, who though desirous of being taught yet refused to yield to the strict discipline of Mr. Hebich. This ultimately proved a blessing to the mission, as Mr. Hebich was relieved of responsibility for these Tamils and able to devote his whole time to Malayalees, the residents of the country.

It was not until 1843 that a house was obtained for work among the fishermen in the fishing-village of Tahy, three miles south of Cannanore. Here he settled his beloved son in the faith, Timothy. It was now his

custom to spend every Saturday there, as far as possible, preaching the Gospel publicly and privately till well into the night. He opened a school and had no difficulty in attracting the little ones. But though the adults were friendly enough they gave him a poor hearing, being slaves of strong drink and the smoking of hemp. The latter habit caused mental debility to the verge of idiocy. Their philosophy was, that there was but one great first cause, Parabrahma, and sin committed in the flesh could not reach the spirit and defile it.

The philosophy of these fishermen was thrown to the winds whenever cholera came into the hamlet, which was an annual occurrence, because of the filthy condition of the huts and the mass of putrifying fish left lying about, and cleared away by vultures, dogs and crows. Whenever the cholera entered the filthy village the people were filled with fear and trembling and were easy victims of the dreadful scourge.

In 1843 the village priest proclaimed that cholera would not visit them that year, but another, who declared that he represented the spirit of cholera, frightened the people with great threats. After receiving many gifts from the people he promised to keep them free from the plague for eight months. The disease, however, broke out almost immediately, and two relatives of the impostor were

stricken, and although he prophesied their recovery, they died. Unabashed he said this was not his cholera but a plague sent by someone else. Mr. Hebich and his assistants now worked among the people doing their utmost to save them. Many recovered who took his medicines, and he had splendid opportunities for giving the Gospel message, one family being won for Christ.

While he was thus preaching an old fisherman threatened to complain about him to the General if he persisted in preaching to the women. Hebich answered, "I preach to men and to women, to all who have ears to hear, so now I will preach to you also."

Two among the women accepted Christ. One was the mother of the village barber. Mr. Hebich had hoped to baptise this fine young man who appeared to accept Christ, but it was not till twenty-four years later, in 1868, when he was old, that he yielded. His mother was baptised on the 26th of January, 1845, and received the name of Eunice. At once Mr. Hebich put her to work to win the women of Tahy for her Saviour.

In the beginning of 1846, the fishermen had a great festival. They had forgotten the plague and their terror, and drunken and hilarious they were sitting before their idol temple, when the old missionary like a prophet of old suddenly came into their midst and said, "Now for these years I have been preach-

ing unto you Jesus, the resurrection and the life, both publicly and from house to house, yet here you sit before these dumb idols. Be sure God will visit it upon you." The next month cholera broke out, and Mr. Hebich again worked day and night among the people.

One poor woman abandoned by her relatives came to the mission house requesting to die there. Eunice, ever ready for works of kindness, nursed her well and preached Christ to her, and she professed conversion. Two days later Eunice was stricken with the disease, and at midnight, when Hebich went to see her, she was triumphing in the prospect of "going home." Several times during the day he had asked her, "Do you believe on the Lord Jesus?" With radiant face, she would lay her hand on her heart and say, "Yes, yes." She did not forget her son, and sighed for him who had not the courage to take his stand for the Lord. On the morning of the 10th of February, the dear soul entered into rest. Sad to say, the one whom she had nursed returned to the village before she had fully regained her strength, denying her conversion, and saying that Eunice had bewitched her.

At the close of the year 1843, an intelligent looking Malayalim man came to Hebich. He stated that he had been baptised by the missionary, Ridsdale, at Cochin, in 1835, and gave his name as Constantine, the son of a

former Rajah of Cochin. After his baptism he studied in Madras for three years. Then a Syrian induced to start with him on a journey to Jerusalem, but Constantine got no further than Belgaum, where he served as a catechist. He had, unfortunately, fallen into sin and been dismissed, but was recommended that should he visit the western coast to get in touch with Hebich. He was welcomed, but tested whether he would walk the path of humility. From the first Hebich refused to call him by "the fatally royal name of Constantine," and named him Jacob. He said, "It is unfortunate that so often a great fuss is made about the conversion of people of such high caste, the poor fellows cannot stand it, their heads get turned, and then they have to pass through a time of bitter penitence."

But Hebich soon found that in Jacob Ramavarma he had "the most simple-minded and the best qualified of his assistants." He first employed him to instruct his boys, and then the thought occurred to him that it would be a great advantage to send him to evangelise his own people. In the village of Cherikal he built a house and established Jacob there with his wife, a simple-hearted Tamil maiden. "The people thereabouts," said Hebich, "are still superstitious and we shall have trouble from the evil influence of the Rajah's household. But the Gospel must be preached to all, and the only way effect-

ively to do that is by getting among the people. I, therefore, hope in the Lord that the experiment will be successful. I can ride out there in about twenty minutes, while to reach Tahy takes me about ten. So everything in that way is very convenient. Juda being quiet and gentle is a very suitable associate for Jacob. May the Lord's blessing be upon it all."

The building was dedicated on 10th May, 1844. The missionaries from Tellicherry and most of the congregation from Cannanore attended. Hebich writes of this occasion: "Many of the surrounding heathen came to hear us preach. Then we had a common meal for all the Christians, and enjoyed a day of real blessing. One result was that the heathen around keenly discussed our proceedings, and many were induced to come and visit us."

The seed sown at Cherikal soon produced its fruit. A young Nayer from the south, a clerk in the Collector's office, received the Lord as his Saviour, was baptised in December, 1844, and named Paul. This man became a faithful servant of the Lord, and in the year 1869 his father was converted.

Thus the work in Malabar grew and was prospered, stations being established at important centres, and God was glorified in the salvation of souls. Writing of the work at this time, Hebich says: "By means of my

catechists I am able to spread my influence abroad, and to set a burning light in the midst of thick darkness. All my care is to keep the light bright, to increase its splendour. The catechists need constant encouragement and comforting. However well they may walk when all goes smoothly, they are sure to move but heavily if ever so small a hindrance arises. They are then at once as though the Lord Jesus were dead. The very best of them would soon give in were it not for the missionary. But it is useful to put converted young men at once to work from which we hope to obtain good results."

CHAPTER XI.

SORROW AND REJOICING.

IN the beginning of the year 1843, the 25th regiment took the place of the 94th regiment at Cannanore. Mr. Hebich was soon busy among them, and through the blessing of God thirty soldiers were truly converted. Their faith was practical, and together they contributed thirty rupees a month or more for the work of the mission.

When inroads are made into the kingdom of Satan, he is sure to oppose, and the greater

the number of brands plucked from the burning the greater his assaults. If the attack is not directly from without the Church then it is subtly planned from within. So when all was going on splendidly trouble arose from within. And sad to say the trouble arose about the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Hebich was accused of wrong teaching, and the chaplain of the station mistaking the German missionary's position preached against him. A babel of angry words arose, and it seemed as if the whole work would be broken up and the mission church scattered. One evening Mr. Hebich took into the pulpit the English Prayer Book, and reading out the passages concerning the Lord's Supper, asked when had he taught anything contrary thereto. It was like pouring oil on troubled waters; the tempest was stilled, and the people went home ashamed of all that they had said against the old missionary.

"But the main shock came after this," writes Mr. Hebich. "It came about thus. A poor fellow, who for the last nine months had been attending our assemblies, shot himself. He had occasionally come to see me, and during the past month had complained of blasphemous thoughts springing up in his heart, though he always spoke with some degree of reserve. The last time I saw him was when I had just returned through the burning sun from Cherikal; he then made

the same complaints. I told him to laugh to scorn such an evil spirit and not to listen to it but still to believe in the Lord who had redeemed him. This he could not do but went away murmuring, 'I have only myself to thank for it all.' I accompanied him to the porch with words of comfort and encouragement, saying, 'No sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's will, and the hairs of your head are all numbered; take heart and believe.' I then urged him to come back with me that we might pray together, but he excused himself on the plea of some duty he had to attend to, shook me three times by the hand and went away. Returned to his barracks he arranged a few little matters, wrote some letters, among others one to his commanding officer, in which he said he had too much of the Bible. Next morning while the rest of the regiment was out on drill he blew his brains out in the barrack-room. A couple of the brethren came and told me of all this, and that all the men were loud and violent in accusing me as the cause of this tragedy. But the devil was not able to carry the matter much further; by-and-bye all calmed down and the brethren perceived how the enemy had sought by a masked attack to gain an advantage over them.

"Thus it is where God grants life there is ever the bitterness of opposition. Then there followed a period of comparative dulness

but now life is increasing again. Here and there a soul is brought to the knowledge of the living God in Christ Jesus, and then they rejoice in their new-found treasure. These dear men gave four hundred rupees for the mission cause during 1844."

Day by day the missionary and his catechists were busy, scarcely an hour passing without intercourse with the soldiers. The men showed the greatest interest in the progress of the native church.

Mr. Hebich reported in 1844: "The native church is now somewhat stronger spiritually though far indeed from being what it should be and might have been. It is at first hard to see souls that did run well turning back to their old ways. I have now experienced this among high and low, rich and poor, and as I find in the Word the same, I seek courage and comfort ever and only in the Lord."

In his preaching Mr. Hebich often said that the Lord dearly loved the black people. Was not the beloved in the Song of Solomon black? And he was continually seeking to impress upon all that he had come to preach the Gospel to the natives and not to work among Europeans. With great patience Mr. Hebich bore the trials and the opposition which he had to face. And he was very patient with those who were contentious, and ever seeking their edification.

During the evening service of the 5th June, 1844, the thought occurred to him that the annual festival was being held at Basle, and that no doubt at that moment prayer was being offered up for him. Suddenly the feeling of encouragement departed and deep depression came over him. On going home after the service he found he had been robbed. His desk had been carried into the garden and broken open and four hundred rupees carried off. Trouble arose over this because of the suspicions which were aroused and the charges and counter-charges made. Hebich pointed out that to be unjustly suspected is in itself injustice, and told them to keep silence and not accuse one another.

On the 15th of the month the thief was detected. He was a vagabond who had enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Hebich for three months. Through a quarrel with a woman accomplice the truth became known but the money was all gone. "Thanks be to the Lord," said Hebich. "I am at all events relieved from all uncertainty about it."

Just as Hebich was at prayer, on the 8th of January, 1845, with some inquirers, Joseph burst into the room crying "Fire!" Hebich immediately sprang up, and seeing flames and smoke in the neighbourhood, pulled on his boots and then knelt down in prayer pleading, "Ah, Lord, look on us with Thy grace, and give us a token for good that

it may be well with us." Then calm in the Lord he gave the necessary orders. The fire was burning fiercer than ever. The soldier brethren were soon on the spot, and as the flames were rapidly approaching they lost no time in carrying out the movable property on to the parade ground. Suddenly the wind veered, and the mission premises were safe. Within three or four hours one hundred and fifty straw-thatched houses had been burned down but not one in the mission compound harmed. Mr. Hebich noticed that all the tiled building had escaped comparatively uninjured while the thatched ones had perished. As all his buildings except the chapel were thatched, he longed to have tiled roofs. Not being able to meet such an expense he quietly waited on the Lord to enable him to carry this out, and a few years later his desire was fulfilled.

The mission compound was occupied by Mr. Hebich, his servants, the catechists and other Christian families till not a corner of the premises remained unappropriated. In order to greater economy the food for all was prepared in common. This form of living presented difficulties, but these were overcome by two servants who gave devoted service. One was Mrs. Jaeger, a Tamil widow of a soldier. She had been called the mother of the regiment. Converted in 1842, when her relatives left the station, she begged to

be allowed to settle down in the mission compound, and having enough for her needs she offered to do any service simply for love. Although advanced in years she had a good deal of strength, and by her generous spirit and wisdom made herself invaluable. She was useful in many ways and bestowed motherly care upon the young. She died of dysentery in 1851, and her death was a sad blow to the mission. To almost every question this dear sister answered, "A little."

"Do you suffer much?"

"A little."

"Do you hold fast the faith?"

"A little."

"Can you pray?"

"A little."

"Have you a firm hope of the inheritance above?"

"A little."

She was one of the little ones of earth who performed great service for the Master, to receive His due reward.

The household servant was even of greater value. He was the man of all work. Bapu was his name when he entered Mr. Hebich's service. A short, thick-set, active man whose skin was so hairy that he was nicknamed, "the bear." A great drunkard, whom Hebich had several times to bail out of prison, and often felt inclined to send him away. But the man was always respectful and

submissive, and the great patience of the missionary made him feel ashamed of himself. Ultimately the love of God laid hold on his heart; he earnestly repented and grace transformed the man. Old things passed away, behold all things became new. The "bear" became a lamb. In March, 1843, he was baptised, receiving the name of Peter, and became an indispensable member of the household. He made many attempts to learn to read but always unsuccessfully. Hebich says of him: "No words can tell the faithfulness with which he served me. Without my saying a word he always saw what was to be done. If I were unwell, that man, by nature so rough, would nurse me with the tenderness of a mother; unnoticed by me he would sleep on the floor in the room next to mine, though I think he passed most of the night awake. Once though suffering at the time from inflammation of the lungs he helped in the thatching of the house, sharply urging on the lazy coolies that it might be done before sundown. He was caught away as in a whirlwind on the 26th of April, 1850; so quickly, that he could only just utter the name of Jesus." Thus passed into heaven's light another trophy of the grace of God.

It is interesting to note Mr. Hebich's daily routine in this station. He rose at five in the morning and went for a walk, always glad to meet with someone whom he could

talk to about their soul's salvation. On his return he inspected the whole compound, seeing how it fared with young and old. Then he had coffee, afterwards spending an hour in prayer and meditation on the Word of God. After this he would pray with the catechists and hear their reports, instruct candidates for baptism, preach or visit the schools. He had no fixed time for his simple dinner, but whenever he came in he would eat what Peter set before him. Then after a short rest he would be off again for further evangelistic work. Each week he conducted in the evening three English services, and after a service it was the invariable custom for an officer, or several, to go home and drink a cup of tea with him. After having happy social intercourse, all joined with him as he closed the evening with prayer.

Daily also there was correspondence to be answered. In addition to the correspondence regarding mission affairs there were letters to answer received from all parts of India from those he had had the joy of leading to Christ. A major writes: "Our little church stands fast by grace, lovingly and gratefully remembering all your admonitions. Christ crucified the sum and substance of the whole of the divine counsel is still our hope and joy." Another writes: "Never shall we forget Cannanore. The good seed of the Word which was there sown is not lost." Yet another: "I

can never repay what I owe to the mission. Oh! that we had a Boangeres here, like yourself, to wake the people." A lady from Bellary writes to him: "It is through you that my eyes have been enabled to behold the light of His Word; and though I be among the least of His disciples, yet do I hope to reach heaven with the whole company of the redeemed, where there shall be no more partings. And this hope is not on account of any righteousness of my own, but on account of His righteousness on whom all my sins are laid."

Hebich became known and talked about far and wide, and a Madras newspaper praised "the indefatigable man who by his affability makes substantial progress." On the other hand he had to bear much unfavourable criticism which counteracted any danger of his being puffed up by over-much praise.

He was also kept low before God by his dependence on Him for funds to carry on the work. In this matter he was gladdened by the contributions of those whom he had won for Christ. Once a major sent him four hundred rupees as a thank-offering for four members of his family having been converted in the mission-chapel. This major never seemed able to do enough to show his love and gratitude. Hebich remarked that in proportion to their means it was the less wealthy English who gave most liberally, a testimony

which we think every missionary society would endorse. If the societies depended on the rich Christians they would fare badly indeed. He says: "Their gifts of love are astonishing; a congregation numbering from eighty to one hundred members raises annually from two to three thousand rupees. But the best of it is to find them so diligent in prayer for us and for the natives. In order to encourage this habit in them I keep them informed of all my anxieties . . . I once separated the Europeans from the natives for the Lord's Supper in order to save time, but after a few months they begged that the two congregations might unite in this service which was thereby all the grander. So now they are united again."

A great trial to him was the preparation of the mission accounts to which he had to devote the month of November annually. It was a great relief when this work was over, and when the accounts were despatched he gave a month to redoubled effort in preaching to the heathen. He would spend from four to six hours daily preaching in the streets and bazaars fervently beseeching souls to come to Christ. His life was one round of toil for the Lord whom he loved and delighted to serve.

CHAPTER XII.

PREACHING AT HEATHEN FESTIVALS.

ANOTHER feature of Mr. Hebich's work was his visits to heathen festivals, where annually thousands gathered from every part of Malabar to worship idols. Reporting on this work, in 1844, he writes: "On the fourth and fifth day of December, 1844, we, Joseph, Benjamin and three boys, Judah, Jacob and myself went to Taliparambu, twelve or thirteen miles from Cherikal, inland from Mangalore, an old devil's hold where the Brahmans have their abode. Moplahs chiefly dwell there; a potters' village and a weavers' village adjoin.

"On the fourth day I went preaching through the bazaar 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 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 Pullayers, or slaves, live in order to bring also to them the glad tidings of an everlasting salvation in Christ. 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 Vellyapatam 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."

Encouraged by this visit Mr. Hebich went to a festival in a forest shrine and gives the following account in his journal:

"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 Payawar, about forty miles east of Cannanore, and resolved to visit

it with all our 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 bazaar 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, and that he offers pardon for sin by faith in Christ who is God manifest in the flesh. Then I showed 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 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 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 on the same sub-

ject, but that I dwelt sometimes more on God's love and then more on His wrath, and 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 allusion 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 to speak one more word. Their clamour increased so 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 respectful, 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 bazaar, 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 there assembled. All my books are gone. The 'Mata Kicharana,' the Inquiry into Religion, translated from the Canarese, was one of the most coveted. The disturbers were, I believe, a very small portion 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 the glory of His Holy Name. Amen."

From this time forward until the last year of his missionary labours Hebich visited these two festivals and preached the Gospel. And while he was absent a missionary from Tellicherry took his place at Cannanore.

In 1845, the festival at Taliparambu was held from the 6th to the 17th of March, which gave Hebich a greater opportunity of reaching the upper classes. But just on that account the opposition was fiercer. The Moplahs conspired to give him a good beating but were dissuaded by one saying: "It is of no use, he takes everything so quietly."

A Nair who had come on pilgrimage

was so deeply impressed that to Hebich's great joy he found him associating with the Christians. The missionary warned him that should he decide for Christ it might cost him his life. "Ah," he said, "I care not; they may cut me to pieces, if my soul be but saved." Two other Nairs also appeared interested and promised to come again to hear more about the Way, but they came not, and the one who spoke so boldly about suffering also returned to his friends.

In 1846, the missionary had to turn some troublesome fellows out of his tent, on which they attacked his water-carrier who happened to be approaching, not only knocking the water pot off his head but also stabbing him in the arm.

In 1849, at Payawar, they tried to drive the missionary away with elephants. Hebich describes the occurrence. "First, while we were standing to preach on a low, mud wall, the chief man came down upon us mounted on a small elephant. The animal hesitated, the rider trying to force it nearer to us. I raised my voice and rebuked him loudly, the elephant took fright, ran up against the wall and then moved slowly past me. The next day four very large elephants appeared on the scene of action, one of them was without a rider and appeared so violent that everyone ran away. The animals moved in our direction. Two of them were easily driven off but the

other two still came on and pressed us hard. We trembled, but the Lord gave us grace to stand our ground, and our firmness favourably impressed the people. The proprietor of the temple and of the elephants then asked me if I had been sent by the government, as in that case he would not oppose me. But he said, 'Government respects me and my god, which you call a stone.' My coming regularly for these five years past had, he said, caused him a yearly loss of two hundred rupees; he would lay a complaint before the government, praying that I might be forced to reimburse him the thousand rupees."

At Taliparambu, too, the chief Brahmans loudly complained. They said that Hebich's preaching caused them to lose the reverence they had commanded and also profits at the festival. "Here also," writes Hebich, "a small elephant was sent to disturb us, but it did not cause us much alarm. The elephant driver afterwards visited me. He told me he could only master those animals by incantations. Next morning he found his poor elephant dead, whereupon the people began to say among themselves, 'If the idol cannot preserve his own elephant at his own festival, the Padre must be right after all in calling him but a stone god.'" This incident was long remembered, and when quoted by the Christians deeply impressed the people.

The work, however, was not in vain,

for a mission out-station was established at Taliparambu and precious souls brought to Christ.

CHAPTER XIII.

A QUEER EXPERIMENT AND A WONDERFUL CONVERSION.

MR. HEBICH in his ardent desire to reach out to the lost introduced a new feature into the work which cannot be said to have either been wise or successful. This was the selection of some of the soldiers whom he had won for Christ to work in Malabar as common catechists paying them only what he gave to the native catechists. This experiment he tried because of his dissatisfaction with the native assistants.

"I must confess," he says in one of his reports, "that even the best catechists do very little. They have not as yet sufficient courage or push to go boldly among the heathen, or even to visit them in their houses. The natives have a rough manner, as though they would devour the catechist, and will not listen to him, so he is at once silenced. Yet keen and unscrupulous as the natives are in the things of this world, no sooner are they converted than they stand as frightened, help-

less sheep. It is only the presence of the missionary that gives the native catechist any courage. My people can speak quite as well as I do. For the first time I got them to do so openly at the Payawar festival, but only occasionally, because the people were so boisterous.

"You ask of what use are they to me? Well, they exhort members of the congregation, pray with them, conduct morning and evening devotions, speak with inquirers, and also attend to the schools. In this way we could not do without them, for it would not be possible for the missionary unassisted to do everything. To me they are especially useful as my mouthpiece, rendering into the various languages what I can only preach in one. So I value them as a good gift from the Lord and ask Him graciously to give me yet more of them. Jacob is in some respects an exception to the rest, he does gain some freedom of spirit.

"But if one tries to use them for what they are not yet fitted they become a burden rather than a help. I am always afraid of seeing creeping into our mission more of a seeking after learning and a high standard of education than of a desire for the one great end of our mission work. I do not mean to weary you with my complainings, but just to lay bare my heart to you, that you may understand where the shoe pinches. So, dear

sirs, for Jesus' sake, take nothing amiss."

Dr. Mögling had taken a Brahman to Basle for training, and the thought suddenly occurred to Hebich that if Mögling was about to virtually transform an able native into a European missionary, why should he not seek Europeans to turn them into natives. He determined to try the experiment, although his missionary brethren and the Basle Committee gravely doubted its wisdom.

Of the soldiers in whose conversion Mr. Hebich rejoiced were two who appeared men full of faith. They had been won to the Lord two years before and were witnessing for Him. They came to Hebich and asked that they might serve him in the same position as native assistants. The first necessary step was to buy their discharge from the army which cost about one hundred and fifty rupees. In order that there might be a clear understanding of what they were undertaking, and that no dispute might arise in the future, the following agreement was drawn up which both men signed:

1. Entirely of my own will I resolve by God's grace to enter the service of the Evangelical Missionary Society of Basle, and to remain in it all the days which God may give me to live.

2. Even in the case of sickness I will never return to England, or go elsewhere, but will die where God has placed me.

3. I shall be ready, not only to obey you personally, but also any missionary who may be placed over me.

4. I will never entertain the ambition of raising myself above the position of a simple catechist.

5. I will marry a wife from among the native sisters.

6. I will content myself with the same clothing which Jacob and Timothy now receive.

The soldiers who entered into this extraordinary agreement were Joseph Searle, an Englishman, and George O'Brien, an Irishman.

On the 30th of August, Hebich paid down two hundred and ninety-three rupees for their discharge, and three days afterwards sent them to Chirakal to Jacob clothed in native fashion with sandals on their bare feet and turbans on their heads. They were to learn Malayalam, and also 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 been previously engaged.

Of the four soldiers who became catechists only one proved to be a real success, who served the mission faithfully until his death. Another did good service, but owing to ill health he sought more congenial and

remunerative employment as a Bible reader among the soldiers. The two who perhaps were more trusted than the others proved total failures.

The life story of the soldier who worked so faithfully is of stirring interest. Born in 1816, in Norfolk, the son of a farm labourer, Charles Stocking was a typical soldier. His education was poor, and his instruction in reading was received from one of his elder brothers and in the Sunday school he attended. When a lad he seriously thought of his soul's salvation. At the age of eighteen he attended Gospel meetings in the Wesleyan Church of his native town, but would not receive Christ, and entered upon a career of drunkenness and debauchery. His father remonstrating with him on his wild life he was filled with rage, and in order to escape parental restraint enlisted in the 94th regiment, in October, 1839, and was sent to London. For the next eleven years he indulged in a life of sin. In May, 1840, his regiment was sent to Cannanore, India, via Madras. At Cannanore he fell in with companions who, like himself, boasted of their evil life, and they spent their pay in drink and riotous living. Yet Charles, remembering what he had heard in the Sunday school and at the Gospel meetings, often had a disturbed conscience, and he would get drunk to hush the voice that spoke within.

After two years of service in Cannanore,

the regiment was ordered to Trichinopoly, South India, and then to Aden, in 1845. Aden was described by the soldiers as a miserable hole, and some got so despondent that they committed suicide. Charles' life off duty was one of drinking and gambling. An outbreak of cholera sweeping over the station many of the soldiers died. This filled the soldiers with terror, but they drank the more deeply and were drunk most of the time. Charles took cramp in his legs and thought he had an attack of cholera and trembled at the thought of death and hell. Like every sinner he feared to face death, but he went on drinking and went drunk to bed every night. At last he was stricken with fever and now cried to God that he would live a new life if only He would restore him to health and strength. He now read his Bible and the prayers in the Prayer Book. He was restored to health, but like many another in like case he soon forgot his vows and was worse than ever.

In 1847 the regiment was again sent to Madras, where he spent his spare time in the lowest dens of the city, and went drunk to bed every night. Then in 1848 the regiment was ordered to Cannanore.

Godly men now urged him to come and hear the German missionary preach in his peculiar way. Thoroughly sick of sin and his evil ways Charles began attending the chapel,

and although his companions jeered and laughed at him they could not get him to return to the canteen. Two days after his first visit to the chapel Mr. Hebich took the young man into his house and explained to him his favourite "Heart-book." When he saw man's natural heart so depicted, he said: "All those beasts are dwelling in my heart."

From that day he saw his need of cleansing and this prepared him to receive Christ and enthrone Him as Saviour and Lord. While in this state he heard Mr. Hebich preach a sermon which went right home to his heart. It seemed as if the missionary had singled him out and was preaching to him only. Smitten in conscience hell seemed to yawn before his eyes, but he was also able to see the Christ on the Cross bearing his sin. Let us listen to the story of his new birth as he tells it himself:

"Mr. Hebich's text was Galatians 3. 1: 'O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified among you,' 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 finger to 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 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."

Many temptations beset the redeemed soldier. If a soldier is to live a godly life he must be an out-and-out Christian, for no half measures will do in a barracks. The passion for strong drink greatly tempted him, and in this way the devil tried hard to get hold of him again.

"Once," he says, "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."

Charles Stocking proved himself a true follower of Christ. Mr. Hebich watched his life, and in 1851 invited him to enter the service of the mission. After months of waiting upon God, praying for light, he consented, believing that his call was from the Lord.

He now lived like a native, a life of simplicity, working amongst natives and soldiers. For thirty-eight years he laboured, never going on furlough, and he was seldom sick.

While still working hard winning souls for the Master the end came in 1889. After an early cup of coffee he complained of a pain in his side and fainted away. The regimental surgeon attended him, and assuring him that his heart was all right, said he would recover from the attack. Mr. Stocking smilingly replied: "Doctor, I thank you for your kind visit and

encouraging words, but I know I shall never leave this bed." Then sitting up in bed he sang:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

He then sent for his wife and children, bidding them farewell, and exhorting them to be true followers of the Lord Jesus and faithful in His service.

Soldiers hearing that he was dying visited him, and in a state of great ecstasy he spoke to them of his loving Lord, and begged them to stand true to Him. In the evening of that day he sank lower and lower, and while wife, children and soldiers kneeled around his bed, a missionary led in prayer, and sighing contentedly, he fell asleep in Jesus.

After the impressive, solemn funeral service in the mission house, his earthly tabernacle was borne, by the men he loved so well, to the grave, followed by officers, soldiers and friends. He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, and now before him lay His Lord's reward, the crown of righteousness.

Thus closed Mr. Hebich's experiment of endeavouring to make Indians out of Europeans. The experiment was on the whole a failure, and yet when true to Him and seeking His glory, God in His mercy even makes the foolish acts of His servants redound to His glory, and as we see there was that in this experiment which glorified Him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A REVIVAL.

IN the year 1847, Mr. Hebich was notified by the Committee at Basle that expenditure in the mission must be reduced to the narrowest limits. This was caused by the falling off of receipts at home which threatened to greatly diminish the funds available for India. This was a blow to Hebich and, as treasurer of the mission in India, the burden rested mainly on him. However, he strove to bear up against the difficulties, saying, "In all it is still the Lord who is gracious to bless our work, and to whom we live or die." Amid these troubles his English congregation gave him much joy. He writes: "They are instant in prayer, lifting up holy hands for myself and for the native church. It is very

affecting, but also strengthening, to see the readiness to give up to me all that they have. For some years past now, these dear children have caused me much joy in the Lord." He considered the revival which broke out to have been brought in answer to their prayers.

In August, 1847, Mr. Hebich had gone with his white congregation to Cherikal where a meeting was held. The catechists filled with the Spirit spoke so searchingly that many of the Europeans were in tears. On the 16th of September, which Mr. Hebich was spending in Cherikal, David Jacobi, one of the most unimpressionable of the boys, for whom the missionary had often prayed for in anguish of spirit, came of his own accord to him confessing his sins. When this was mentioned the following day to the united congregations it made a deep impression.

Eight days later on his next visit to Cherikal another boy came running to him crying out bitterly: "Woe is me! Whither can such a sinner as I am flee? I am lost. I have neglected the Lord, despised and mocked his servant. Even in the very house of God I have stolen and lied. Woe is me! I have even denied Jesus, and said that all the padre's teaching is but deceit." Mr. Hebich told him to speak freely and calmly, and he confessed his sins. The Lamb of God was pointed to him as the Sin-Bearer and he laid hold on Him by faith. When these boys confessed

their faith before the Cherikal congregation there was scarcely a dry eye.

The word preached at Cannanore was just as powerful in its effect. 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 trembleth at My Word" (Isa. 66. 2), he pressed upon all no longer to hold down the truth in unrighteousness, and neither natives nor Europeans could refrain from open confession of their sins. The Europeans openly confessed in their prayer meetings, the natives more generally to the missionary himself to whom they came in large numbers.

Hebich was deeply stirred. "On Saturday morning," he says, "as I rode towards Tahy my heart seemed filled with fire. As I drew near to the village I called aloud, 'Repent! repent! repent! the day of the Lord is at hand!' None dared look me in the face, and all were silenced. When I arrived at the catechists' house, I called out on entering, 'Who will repent?' when, lo, there came to me old and young, even to little maidens of five and six years confessing their sins and praying."

Having heard so many confessions of sin, Hebich felt constrained to open his own heart also. On the 6th of October he went to Tellicherry and told the three missionaries there that as the Lord in mercy had poured

out His Holy Spirit on His church he felt constrained to confess his sins. This did not at first appeal to his conservative German brethren. After breakfast they listened to the story of his life, and in deep contrition he told them of his faults and failings and begged them to forgive all the sins he had committed against them and pray for him. The others followed his example, and then they all knelt down in prayer, and several hours passed before they rose from their knees.

In the afternoon Mr. Hebich preached to the native church and emphasised that nothing can be hid from the all-seeing eye of God. He told them of the revival at Cannanore and all were greatly impressed. He was listened to with marked attention, and taking a loving leave of all he returned to his station. That evening after Mr. Hebich's return to Cannanore the revival broke out at Tellicherry and spread to Calicut. The meetings at the various places lasted well into the night.

A spirit of unusual anxiety showed itself among the heathen. A spirit of awe had fallen upon them and all mocking was hushed, but they kept away as much as possible from the revival meetings. Several, however, who attended were converted.

The accounts of the revival which reached other missionaries produced a rather unfavourable impression on them. Hebich wrote in

happy strain to Lehner, who replied: "I tried to rejoice with you, but cannot do so. Doubts arise as to whether all this be indeed the Lord's work. At such times we have to be more guarded than usual, for if the wicked one gains an entrance under the guise of an angel of light, the mischief done to the cause of our adorable Redeemer will be incalculable." This letter pained Mr. Hebich.

Dr. Mögling on returning from a mission tour heard of it all and rejoiced with trembling and wrote: "If you keep sober you will indeed be a highly favoured man of God. But if not, woe to yourself and the souls around you. May the God of our salvation keep you safe, and guard you from every wicked spirit that so the name of Jesus may be magnified, and the souls of His redeemed may be helped by your ministry." These were words of caution worthy of consideration, and the letter cheered Mr. Hebich.

The lapse of years showed that the revival was the work of the Holy Spirit, and the foundation of it was Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

At this time the Committee at Basle desired that Mr. Hebich should have a fellow-labourer in the work at Cannanore, as any unforeseen change in the personnel of the station would put the work to a severe test. They requested the missionaries to gather in conference and make necessary arrangements.

Accordingly on the 29th of November, 1848, a meeting was held in Tellicherry. As they were anxious to meet Mr. Hebich, as far as possible they asked him to disclose his mind. All he would say was that he did not wish a brother missionary overseeing his work. He felt it would only lead to confusion. He was ready to give up charge of the mission accounts and would be glad to be relieved of the responsibility. He suggested that they should allow him to sever himself from the mission as by the help of Anglo-Indian friends he could carry on. He felt it was a poor reward for fourteen years' hard and successful work to have his weak points sought out and exposed.

While the brethren did not approve of all that Mr. Hebich did or said yet they saw no urgent necessity for introducing sudden changes and were prepared to make allowances for what was exceptional in the case of Cannanore as a station. As Mr. Hebich's health had begun to decline, and a doctor had recommended a furlough, it was thought that ere long he might ask for assistance.

The Home Committee had hinted that he might be willing to have Dr. Gundert associated with him, and when the wish of the Committee was intimated to Mr. Hebich he gradually assented to the arrangement. He stipulated, however, that Dr. Gundert should live at Cherikal as the mission premises at

Cannanore were already overcrowded. A little conversation with Dr. Mögling enabled him to see that the matter was of God's ordering, and that God would not bring confusion into His work but refresh His tired worker.

Mr. Hebich now urged Dr. Gundert to come as quickly as possible. He also set himself energetically to make the most of the two months before the rains set in to prepare the house at Cherikal for his reception and that of the girls' school which was to accompany him from Tellicherry. All his old strength seemed to revive. From morning to night, bathed in perspiration under the burning sun, he was hurrying about and urging on the tardy builders.

In this year of 1848 the British regiment in which he had laboured for five years was ordered to Madras, and many of his beloved church members had to leave. This was a great wrench to his heart. But soon the vacant places were filled. "The soldiers of the 25th foot," writes Mr. Hebich, "about fifty in number, besides twenty women and followers, now attend our church on Sundays and on Thursday evenings. Nearly all give proof of being truly converted to God and full of love to the Lord Jesus. They have prayer together every morning and evening, either in the fort or in our place. God has opened the hearts of many of them in prayer.

On Friday evenings we have a prayer meeting for the women at our house. It is truly refreshing to note how they pour out their hearts in prayer, and what a savour of Christ they shed all around them. In spite of the extra labour it involved, I find this new charge most refreshing to my spirit. Amid all the deadness, indifference and sinfulness all around one, they bring back the fervour of the first love. Truly the Lord Jesus works gloriously in these souls, in spite of the power of sin, and the temptations of Satan to hinder it."

Of this same year, 1848, Hebich writes: "The Lord suddenly opened a door for me of usefulness among the drummers and musicians of the 43rd regiment, N.I. They all united themselves to me, and for two months I was able to preach in the streets of their lines going there early each morning. Some of them are truly converted. The work goes on more slowly in the 12th regiment, N.I., commanded by my old friend, Colonel Coffin, but among them also one and another comes out seeking the Lord. Hallelujah!"

CHAPTER XV.

LENGTHENING THE CORDS.

THE building at Cherikal had advanced enough for the new occupants to enter on 21st May, 1849. Dr. and Mrs. Gundert, and Miss Mary Kegel, their assistant, arrived with fifty schoolgirls, and the school was commenced under Mrs. Gundert and Miss Kegel. Every Sunday the whole company went over to Cannanore for the services, returning during the afternoon. Hebich as formerly paid his weekly visit to Cherikal every Thursday to watch over the church there.

Although Dr. Gundert had been appointed as Mr. Hebich's co-labourer, the burden for the latter was only a little lightened, for Dr. Gundert contracted an affection of the throat which kept him from speaking above a whisper for three long years. Dr. Gundert gave his whole time to the translation of the Bible, which is the best in Malayalam, to literary work generally, and school work. The plan for the division of the work so as to relieve Mr. Hebich was upset, but he had beside him a safe adviser and a good friend. And Mr. Hebich was glad that his friend should relieve him from desk-

work. The breakdown in the plan did not affect the old missionary much, for he proved sufficient for all emergencies and the increasing demands of the enlarged station.

The Pulayar slaves in Anjaracandy, where there was an out-station, were much upon his heart, and he gave them as much time as possible during the week. He obtained the consent of the planters that on his visits to the plantations the slaves should have time off to hear his message. The catechist at Anjaracandy was a worthy man of the name of Timothy (Timothy No. 2) who at times received help from some of the best men at Cannanore.

The church at Anjaracandy numbered fifty baptised persons. Occasionally they visited Cannanore on a Sunday to partake of the Lord's Supper. For them, the members of a down-trodden slave caste, to join with Tamil, Malayalees and even European Christians was something new and wonderful. When they looked upon the English officers and soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, they became ashamed of their clothes and customs, and were stirred to rise to a new level and to make themselves worthy of the fellowship to which they now belonged. They were roused to a realisation of the life which God demands. Slaves who had shown no interest in the truth, by their example, were stirred to enquiry.

On New Year's Day almost all the slaves obtained two days' leave to visit Cannanore. Twenty-five were baptised and a hundred and seventy-eight partook of the Lord's Supper. It was a time of great rejoicing. Hebich's prayer was "that each disciple might enjoy such close fellowship with Jesus Christ, that everything contrary to Him and to His Cross might be laid aside. And that we all being knit together in His Spirit may be made bold to fight side by side till death, striving together for the honour of the Son of God. And that we may be fitted to carry the Gospel to the thousands of souls for whom He shed His blood."

Joy was followed by sorrow, the mount of transfiguration for the valley of suffering. The slaves had been quartered at the mission house at Tahy, where there were two cases of small-pox among the boys of the boarding school. Mr. Hebich did not like to postpone the new year services and, separating the sick ones, he took every precaution to guard against contact with the sufferers and did not anticipate any danger. But soon after the slaves, with joy in their hearts, returned to the plantations the plague broke out among them and fifty were laid low and unable to work. Timothy, who had some knowledge of medicine, worked heroically, and cared for the sick with the tenderness and faithfulness of a mother, but became a victim of the

disease, and died on the 31st of January. The greater number who were first attacked recovered, but soon the whole hamlet was down with the dread disease.

The loss of labour greatly annoyed the planters who needed all the labourers for the pepper harvest, and it was a big blow to them. When Mr. Hebich went over to the plantations the planters' greeting was: "All this comes of your Cannanore New Year's feast." Hebich made humble acknowledgment and apology and said he had come himself to nurse the sick together with his helpers. They ministered to the sick with such patience and love that the name of Christ was thereby honoured. And that a European should nurse poor sick slaves struck the slaves with astonishment. The sacrifice of Timothy also made its deep impression.

The disease ran its course after more than a hundred had suffered, of whom ten died. It was not until Good Friday that the Christians were able to visit Cannanore and join again around the table of the Lord.

Timothy No. 1 now took up the post of catechist at Anjaracandy. He soon had an opportunity for proving his devotion, for cholera broke out and many victims died. Some were converts but they died so peacefully in the Lord that blessing resulted. Old men and women, dull and hard to move, now repented with tears. Timothy who succeeded

in winning the confidence of the young lads got them to give up their drinking habits. Secret drinking places were broken up and drinking vessels handed over. This caused Hebich great rejoicing.

The old planters did their best to encourage the work among their labourers. A change came over the people. Those who had gone about practically nude now provided themselves with clothing.

The higher castes, however, despised them as much as ever, and these poor slaves were denied the rights of common humanity. They were not allowed to enter their villages nor purchase at the village shops. If they had been converts to Mohammedanism such rights would have been granted them. If one of these native Christians approached a shop of the Tiyars he was driven off with blows. One poor man who did venture was nearly beaten to death. On complaint being made to the native magistrates the offender received such slight punishment that it had no deterrent effect. Even the planters did not venture to interfere, but they encouraged Mr. Hebich in his work. Hebich preached there in English once a month and not without results. One of the proprietors testified on his death-bed that his dependence was on the blood of Jesus only.

The progress of the work at this time gave Hebich great joy. On the 3rd of April,

1850, he writes to the Home Committee: "It is not a year since it pleased you, and the Lord, to send my dear fellow-workers to my station. Upon that followed the acquisition of Anjaracandy, and ever since then my work, my joy and my health have been remarkably increased. I am more courageous in the work and more confident as to its results, and all my work has been with increase of zeal, assurance and joy. The usual preaching at the heathen festivals was very greatly prospered, and in general the utmost freedom was allowed me. We were only once stoned and that was at Taliparambu when dear Timothy and Jacob were in some jeopardy. Still by the great grace of our God everything passed off satisfactorily, and my continued freedom there was not diminished. I have firm hope that the time will come when it shall please the great Master of Assemblies to pour forth His Holy Spirit upon the multitudes. Anjaracandy has very manifestly prospered since it has been brought into close connection with the Cannanore church. Many have forsaken their sins, and been inspired with fresh life. Here at Cannanore the church gives me more cause for joy than anxiety. The white brethren very much help forward the black. Among the soldiers, one and another is from time to time won by the Word of Truth. The act in favour of liberty of conscience has been a benefit to us: as one result we have

now the novelty that those soldiers who elect to connect themselves with us are regularly marched to our chapel under an officer. This was done on the 3rd of February, on which occasion we had a great baptismal service. The soldier brethren from the 94th regiment number about forty. Thus on Sunday morning we have a church full of people, to whom I preach in English, while Jacob interprets in Malayalam. I am bold to say that our church increasingly deserves to be called a missionary church."

On the 6th of October there was the largest baptismal service which had yet taken place. Fifty-three were added to the church, forty-three of whom were women from Anjaracandy. There was also a Tiyyar, the first of the dominant caste to become a Christian. His daughter, Manni, fourteen years of age, was received into the Cherikal Institute for further instruction. One of the ablest civil servants of his day, Sir William Robinson, was present at the baptismal service and had an opportunity of judging Mr. Hebich's work, and a friendship was formed between the two men which was of lasting benefit to the evangelising of Malabar.

This large baptismal service was a bitter pill for the heathen to swallow, and they planned revenge on October 14th, 1850, a government holiday, and the day of the Kali festival. First they tried to entice Manni

away. Failing in this a mob surrounded the Cherikal Mission House demanding that she should be given up, and threatening force. Any Christian who was found was beaten. The police were nowhere to be seen though the riot lasted five hours. A soldier in uniform who happened to visit the place had by his presence a restraining influence on the mob. He carried back to Cannanore news of the uproar, and a Major with some armed men went and dispersed the crowd. Sir William Robinson held a searching inquiry into the riot and inspired the unruly natives with a wholesome fear. Manni who was the innocent cause of the uproar had remained the whole day hidden in the innermost room too frightened to eat. She now begged to be baptised. When she publicly consecrated her life to the Lord a grenadier who was present at the baptismal service made a full surrender to Christ.

The work of grace still progressed. On the 21st of September, 1851, fifty-three of the Anjaracandy converts were baptised besides fifteen others. Writing of this, Mr. Hebich says: "This, after seventeen years of labour in this country, is the greatest baptismal service I have yet had. Sixty-eight souls at once! What grace that there is yet room in heaven and yet time on earth for poor sinners to repent."

Mr. Hebich was filled with joy when at

the New Year's services one hundred and eighty came into Cannanore from the plantations. On the last night of the old year a service was held from 7 o'clock until midnight, and on New Year's Day, from 10 to half-past twelve in the forenoon.

After these baptisms the work in Anjaracandy made little progress, and there was no marked increase of church membership.

Although God had greatly blessed his work Hebich was still yearning to reach out to other regions with the Gospel. Two of the catechists, O'Brien and Paul were sent out and went to Mudutala, the native place of Paul. Here they found willing hearers among the proud Nairs. Paul's parents had long given him up as dead and now they heard the message of redeeming love from his lips. His father who lodged the two evangelists was at first scornful but at length acknowledged himself a sinner and ultimately said, "I also shall yet obtain a share in the salvation of your God." A New Testament and some other books were left in the village. Paul's mother almost made up her mind to accompany her son, but the chains of caste bound her. Alas, that caste should be greater than a mother's love.

Mr. O'Brien and Paul undertook other preaching tours in North Malabar, proving themselves capable evangelists.

And now a door was opened for further

work. Sir William Robinson, who had become Collector at Palghat, wrote to Mr. Hebich, promising a yearly subscription to the mission if Palghat was occupied for evangelistic work. So far Mr. Hebich had clung to Cannanore, resisting the many and pressing invitations to visit his spiritual children in other military stations, but he could not get Palghat out of his mind. Though Palghat was out of the way, still it was within the Province of Malabar, and he came to the decision to plant a mission station there. On the 2nd of September he embarked with Joseph O'Brien, Jacob and Paul and some of the boys, sailing down the coast to Ponani, and thence inland to Mudutala, hoping to deepen the impression already made there by O'Brien and Paul. Paul's mother rejoiced at seeing her son again, but her brother, the owner of the house in which they were living, was angry at the singing of the catechists, saying: "The idol of the village school is here: you may stay here and even sit down, but the place is not suited for singing or praying; the god is much too near." The old missionary preached to the man until he could stand it no longer and ran off. His sister, Paul's mother, made excuses for him, saying that he was afraid of what the neighbours would say. She, on her part, heard the Word of God gladly.

Sunday, the 8th of September, was spent at Vaniyanculam, where were found a major

of the engineers and a couple of other officers. Hebich and his companions joined them at public worship. The major read from the English Prayer Book, but did not seem to have a close acquaintance with its contents, for he had difficulty in finding the places, and his wife had to come to his aid. When the major finished, Mr. Hebich prayed and sang with his boys and preached a sermon. He was asked to join them at dinner, when he took the opportunity of explaining his Heart-book to them; his catechists in the meanwhile occupying themselves with the subordinates in the camp. In the cool of the evening the Gospel was preached in the bazaar. Mr. Hebich spent the remainder of the evening with the officers, urging the claims of Christ upon them till late at night.

On arriving at Palghat, on the 14th of December, Sir William Robinson gave Hebich a warm welcome and gave up to him half of his house. The Collector showed him over the town which had then a population of 25,000, of whom 400 were Roman Catholics having a French priest.

Mr. Hebich launched his campaign preaching the Gospel to the people and distributing tracts. He received an attentive hearing except in the Braham village where disputes arose. When books were distributed in this village a Braham began to tear up the one he had received, but Hebich took it from

him, saying: "Take heed lest my God tear thee in pieces as thou hast torn His Word." After this, opposition died down and they were able to scatter the seed of the Word.

Hebich writes: "My heart was quite won to these poor people. Daniel's introductory words were very touching. He began thus—'I am one of you, ye black people, and I am but a lad, yet also a witness of the great love of God in Christ, which He has made known to me a poor unworthy sinner.' I was exhausted, but, listening to him, a spring of living water burst up afresh in my heart. The people seemed spellbound. A fine man looked earnestly at me, saying, 'By-and-bye, I too, must become a Christian.' He frequently visited us. In the principal bazaar we were surrounded by hundreds of attentive hearers. Some from the roofs of houses listened for hours to our message. I am certainly the first who has ever so abundantly preached the glad tidings in the streets of Palghat. The result was so encouraging that by the second evening my heart was burning with love and compassion for this people. I must now come before you, the Committee, and plead for a competent missionary to be sent here."

Mr. Hebich visited the officers of the regiment stationed at Palghat, and was able to rejoice over winning two of them for Christ. Mr. O'Brien in the meanwhile was

busy sowing the seed among the drummers and musicians of the regiment.

On the return journey a more inland route was followed. Such was Mr. Hebich's power of endurance that the natives wondered how he could keep up with them. Always bright and joyful he seemed not to mind the length of the way or the heat of the sun.

This was now a fresh start in preaching tours which were entered upon with greater regularity and reaching even to Madras. Mr. Hebich proved the truth of the word: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

CHAPTER XVI.

A BURNING AND SHINING LAMP.

IN September, 1850, the 12th Native Infantry Regiment was sent from Cannanore to the French Rocks, in the state of Mysore, and arrived there after a trying wet march. Twenty-eight in the regiment were members of Mr. Hebich's church having been won to Christ. There was neither missionary nor chaplain in that station, so Captain Halliday became the leader of the band of believers.

The 16th regiment came to Cannanore to take the place of the 12th, a regiment which was to receive great blessing through the mission, and especially through one of its youngest officers. This officer, William Gompertz, was to become Mr. Hebich's true son in the Lord, more so than any other Englishman whom Hebich had won for Christ. He did not become a mere copy of his bearded father in the faith, but while absorbing the best that was in Mr. Hebich he retained his own individuality. He was of Jewish descent and, as his name indicates, of German extraction. He was educated in Jersey, and in his character there was a blend of Jew, German, French and English. He was truly cosmopolitan.

His father, who died when Gompertz was quite young, with some other members of the family, embraced Christianity, but others did not come to Christ till later on.

Though a delicate lad a military career was chosen for him, and William's great desire was to be able as soon as possible to help his mother and provide for her comfort in old age. At the age of sixteen he obtained a cadetship and was sent to India, parting from his beloved mother whom he never saw on earth again. Earnest prayer and longing desire followed him to India. A deep impression was made upon him when, on part-

ing, an aged Rabbi commended him to the loving care of the God of Jacob.

Landing at Madras he was sent to join the 16th Native Infantry Regiment in Quilon, an important coast town in the state of Travancore. He now settled down to learn his duties and to study Hindustani. The language did not cost him much trouble because of his regular and studious habits, although any little exposure to the Indian sun caused him severe headaches. The vices and amusements prevalent in the army had no attraction for him, and he was a model officer in sobriety and industry. He could always occupy a leisure hour with solid reading.

Brought up in the Church of England the young officer regularly attended the services conducted by the chaplain, although he derived little enjoyment from them as the chaplain was too stiff and too High Church to suit him. There was no preaching of the glorious Gospel of redeeming love by the chaplain and, of course, he failed to meet the young man's need.

Hearing that the newly-appointed Bishop of Madras, Dr. Dealtry, was an evangelical Christian, Gompertz wrote him a letter making known the aching void in his heart. He received a reply containing fatherly advice which sent him to study his Bible more assiduously and led him to be very zealous in the perform-

ance of his duties both official and private. But there was no presentation of the Lover of souls, the Sin-Bearer, Christ the Lord, and in spite of study and zealous performance his heart grew heavier and not lighter.

In the year 1850 his regiment was ordered to Cannanore, and the prospect of being quartered in the larger station delighted the officers and men. After the quiet of Quilon they looked forward to the balls, races, dinner parties and other amusements in Cannanore. After an uneventful march, officers and men occupied their new quarters on 20th December just in time for the Christmas festivities. The usual social calls were made and returned and the round of amusements enjoyed. Of course the newcomers had to know about Hebich. Loud was the laughter over his eccentricities and the exaggerations and perversions of his methods and work. Only now and then someone would quietly say: "Perhaps when we are all gone and forgotten he will be remembered as the apostle of Cannanore."

William Gompertz did not join in the frivolity, and cared little for the amusements of the cantonment. As usual he attended the Anglican Church, but although the preacher was more eloquent than the one at Quilon, yet the doctrine proclaimed was even more High Church, and the young listener was left hungry.

As was his custom, Mr. Hebich visited the new officers, inviting them "to come to his shop," as he put it. His outward appearance was not prepossessing, but his long, gray, flowing beard reminded young Gompertz of the venerable Rabbi who had blessed him on his departure for India.

After his visit Gompertz with two other officers attended the service in the Mission Church one evening. The old missionary who had a sharp eye for visitors noticed from the pulpit the three sitting together. His sympathies were drawn out to the earnest, gentle-looking youth, and to some officers who went home with him after the service, he said, "He is one of us you may be quite sure of that."

Gompertz had now to go to Madras to take his final examination and was absent for three months. On the journey to and from Madras and while there he pondered over the words spoken by the German missionary. He could not forget the burning words which had fallen upon his ears. The manner in which the Gospel message had been presented did not suit his fastidious taste. The rough and incorrect speech and the uncompromising way in which certain sins were named shocked his susceptibilities. But it was perfectly clear that the old missionary spoke of what he knew and there was truth, life and power in his sermon. Gompertz had never heard in his

life before so clear a distinction made between the Law and the Gospel. He prayed, he searched the Scriptures and was convinced that what he had heard of the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ and of salvation through faith in Him was thoroughly Scriptural and practical.

On returning from Madras Gompertz attended the services at Mr. Hebich's church three times a week. It was the custom for officers and others to go to Hebich's home after the service and have tea with him. Anyone was welcome. Hebich used to say: "You get everything gratis from me, whether tea, or sermon, or sometimes hard knocks; only come in, all is for nothing." The sermon usually furnished a topic for discussion, and questions were asked and answered. Sometimes the arrow shot at a venture wounded some heart, and Hebich gave the needed encouragement and help. There was free interchange of thought, and however varied might be the modes of expression all had the same object at heart. Young Gompertz felt quite at home in Hebich's house, but was a silent listener to the questionings and discussions. His silence perturbed the old missionary, who felt that perhaps underneath was complacency, and he asked him the question: "Do you, so pious and honourable a young man, not think that you are a poor lost sinner needing a Saviour? Surely such

as you need no repentance? Is it so? Can you go to heaven without a Saviour?" William Gompertz only smiled and said nothing in reply. But as he attended the prayer meetings of his brother officers it was noticed that he grew warmer and more sympathetic, although he was very backward in speaking about himself.

Matters came up which he was not prepared to forego, or yield up his own will, and so the struggle went on. He debated with himself how far the separation from the world had to be carried, and one day while attending the races this was exercising his mind. On one occasion when he visited Hebich to have tea the missionary said to him: "I have been looking at you from the pulpit. What is that scar on your cheek? That was not got while on duty; have you been out shooting?" Gompertz coloured up. He had, in fact, been out snipe shooting with a friend and the scar was the result. Hebich asked: "Had you any permission to go?" "I need no permission," answered Gompertz. "No permission! Just listen to this young man, he can do as he chooses!" Then it dawned on Gompertz what Hebich was driving at, that every life ought to be yielded to God to do only what He permits. Never again did William go out shooting after this.

Yielding his life to the Lord he boldly witnessed for Him to all manner of people.

“We know that we have passed out of death into life because we love the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death.” And young Gompertz knew that his faith was true for love welled out to all, black or white, educated or uneducated.

The seasons around the table of the Lord were very precious to him, and his heart rejoiced over the union and communion not only with the German missionaries and the English, but with native Christians, and even with the members of the poor slave caste who had been degraded almost to the level of the brutes, but now were rejoicing in the same Lord in whom he himself rejoiced.

His heart was bound up with the mission, and he stinted himself in order to help it financially. He prayed for the work and that he himself might speak the fitting word to the weary. He grasped the abounding opportunities for usefulness, and when official duties became increasingly absorbing his mind was exercised as to whether he should leave the army and devote himself wholly to the work of the Lord. But he decided to remain in the army.

To no one did the sepoys more readily go for help in any trouble, and he was always ready to lend a brother officer a helping hand.

His mode of working was in contrast to that of his spiritual father, Hebich. The missionary went to work in martial style

laying hold in his fiery attack on those without while the soldier in loving, gentle accents entreated them to enter the fold and be saved. When the old warrior failed to win a soul by storm the wooing note and loving, out-poured heart of the soldier would lead the soul to Christ.

William Gompertz worked among all classes of men, and thoughtless officers, hardened soldiers, cunning natives and stolid Indians were equally welcomed, and none could put him out of patience. In his quiet way without any forcing of the subject he would in a few well-chosen words present the way of salvation, and tell of the joy of being safe in Christ. The light that shone in his eyes so testified to the truth of his words that often enemies and scoffers were compelled to confess he was right. His happy, simple, childlike walk, never lacking in manly firmness, supported the testimony of his lips. In conversation all flowed so freely, simply and affectionately that no one could accuse him of preaching at them. When others talked of horses, dogs, military manœuvres and politics, he saw no reason why he should not talk about his dear Saviour. He seemed to know instinctively those who were groping towards the truth and encouraged them to come to the Lord. An officer, who began his military career at Cannanore, writes: "I can truly say that I never met an officer who maintained

so holy and consistent a walk, none who so adorned in all things the doctrine of God his Saviour as dear Gompertz. Under God, he was the means of bringing me to a saving knowledge of Jesus. I have cause to thank God as long as I live that I ever met with him."

Gompertz' regiment only spent two years in Cannanore, and part of the time he was absent on detached duty, and subsequently had to go on sick leave to Ootacamund. While there he had the pleasure of meeting an aged aunt, a Jewess. He longed to tell her of the Saviour, but knowing the prejudice in which she was entrenched he sought to lead her gently and gain her confidence. He read to her from the Old Testament the promises and prophecies concerning Christ, and prayed that she might be led into the light.

During his stay at Ootacamund he had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Hebich, who on a preaching tour was visiting some of his old Cannanore friends of the 12th regiment who were there at the sanatorium. With Hebich he spent all the time possible in seeking to win souls for Christ. Mr. Hebich was anxious to meet Mr. Gompertz' aunt, and sought him again and again to introduce him to her. "The cunning fellow," said Hebich, "keeps me away from her." Gompertz feared that if he introduced Hebich his brusque

manner might deepen her prejudice and keep her away from Christ.

General Halliday relates that when accompanying Hebich and Gompertz in visitation they had reached on one occasion the very door of the aunt's house. But Gompertz' courage failed him and he besought Mr. Hebich not to enter the house. With an unexpected gentleness Hebich at once gave up the intended visit. God drew the Jewess to Himself, and before her death she rejoiced in Jesus as her Saviour and Lord.

Gompertz returned to Cannanore, but at the end of two years had to leave with his regiment. But wherever he went he was a shining light for Christ.

Brief was his life, for he had not completed thirty years when he passed away into the presence of his Lord and Master whom he had served and adored.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VISIT OF THE INSPECTOR.

THE Basle Mission had now been in India for seventeen years, and the German brethren had seen the work prosper with many evidences of the blessing of God. The Home Committee now felt a desire to become more intimately connected with the work, and

Mr. Josenhans, the Inspector of the mission house at Basle, was sent out to visit the stations. Accompanied by a number of new missionaries he arrived in India in the autumn of 1851, his visit extending until May, 1852. On the 15th of October the party landed at Mangalore. Mr. Hebich was busy with accounts and reports and could not meet the Inspector, but sent the following characteristic letter:

"Welcome, dear Inspector, in the name of Jesus, at last to Indian soil. Welcome to yourself and to all your dear companions. Especially do I greet my beloved Diez. This is the chosen land for our labours where we have the privilege of helping in gathering in the travail of soul of the Crucified One. Hallelujah! Nor labours nor suffering can be too great for His sake for He is worthy of it all. So courage. Let us be faithful unto death. Amen."

The "beloved Diez" had been sent out to assist Hebich. At a General Conference the advisability of someone helping Hebich with the accounts was discussed. When the Home Board mooted the question Hebich protested that he would rather have a preacher than a man of business to assist him. Despite his protest it was decided that Ernest Diez, who had formerly been a merchant, was to go out as his assistant. Hebich and the new recruit did not meet until the 24th of October,

when the young man immediately took to the old missionary. On the evening of that day when they were sitting down to tea at Balmatta, the Inspector called attention to "a strange figure with a long stick, a broad-brimmed white hat and a prodigious shirt collar falling over his shoulders, approaching at a rapid pace." "In a moment he stood before me," writes Mr. Josenhans, "truly a noble figure, great and strong, his head almost bald, but a long gray beard down to his chest. He greeted me earnestly, modestly, yet with a certain child-like simplicity, with a few scripture words. But no sooner did he turn towards the brethren than the fire seemed to kindle within him, and all was life and animation throughout the mission house. 'Mr. Hebich has come,' passed from mouth to mouth, and all hastened up to welcome him. Soon, however, with the air of a commander, he formed the young catechist class into a semi-circle and gave out a hymn to be sung. He then sat down with us to tea and entered into lively conversation."

The next six days Mr. Josenhans spent in consultation with Mr. Hebich and Dr. Mögling and was favourably impressed by both missionaries. Mr. Josenhans gives the following opinion of Mr. Hebich: "Hebich is an earnest, zealous missionary, full of heroic courage, but withal manifesting a truly child-like and noble soul. It is harder for him

than for the most of us to put himself in the place of others or to take up a new idea; but bring him to it in a loving way, and he is ever ready to give up his own notions, as far as possible, and the evidences of a broken spirit are always manifest in him. He is never troubled as to not doing it well enough, nor ever at a loss what to say."

The Inspector now went on a tour of the mission stations promising to visit Cannanore on New Year's Day of 1852. In the meantime Mr. Hebich was introducing his new recruit, Mr. Diez, to the work. The new missionary had to work hard at English and Malayalam as well as oversee building and sundry domestic arrangements. He felt that Mr. Hebich and himself could work together. Writing of his fellowship with Hebich, he says: "If Hebich fancied he detected aught of unbelief or of questionable habits, he would attack me at once, and sharply too, with the Word of God. With holy earnestness, yet in a loving tone, he would say, 'Take care, you fellow.' Then taking up the English Bible, he would turn up text after text exclaiming, 'There do you see you rogue? Rogue that you are, read that. Oh! you are a regular infidel! That's all humbug, don't you see?' At other times again he would inquire whether I made a habit of prayer and whether I studied the Word. Again he would lovingly inquire whether there was anything particular

I wished to ask him about, or if there was any burden on my mind. All his fatherly ways, his care for my comfort and health drew my heart to him. I felt my position a very happy one. Hebich specially commended me to the prayers of the church for help in my work. Yea, before I ever left Europe I had already had the benefit of the intercessions of the praying company. Occasionally I took offence at something or another, and especially if I had been negligent in prayer my temper would get the better of me. Then he would keep aloof from me for a while; or if during it may be our morning walk together, I would speak out a little warmly to him, he would humble himself in a way that at once put me to shame. Then, the atmosphere once cleared again, he would say, 'Now do not behave to me again like that; be a good lad to me.' "

Mr. Josenhans was unable to fulfil his promise to be at Cannanore on New Year's Day, and it was not until the 10th of January that he arrived at Cherikal, and Mr. Hebich rode over to meet him. Coming at this time he became acquainted with the peculiar condition of life in Malabar. On the 6th there had been an outbreak of the Moplahs near Anjaracandy. Thirteen Moplahs had been stirred by their priests to conduct a holy war and exterminate the infidels. Attacking a Brahman house they murdered the twenty

inmates and set fire to the house. The English troops were sent against the insurgents and quelled the disturbance. Had Mr. Hebich and Mr. Josenhans been then at Anjaracandy their lives would have been in danger. The arrangement to arrive on New Year's Day failed, but the disappointment was God's appointment.

On Sunday, January 11th, Mr. Josenhans attended the service at Cannanore, and we give the Inspector's description of the day:

"Hebich first gathers the catechists together in his own room where they sing and pray. He then goes out to meet the women and girls coming from Cherikal and directs them to their seats. While they are assembling a catechist reads aloud, either in Tamil or Malayalam some chapters of Scripture. Officers and ladies arrive in carriages or riding. A squad of soldiers in red jackets and white trousers is then marched in, and they occupy the higher benches at the back. The natives sit more to the front on benches, the children squatted on mats quite in front, the smallest nearest to the preacher. Hebich now enters and, kneeling at the table, which is covered with a white cloth, utters the opening sentence, 'Our beginning be in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Then the natives sing a verse of a hymn, next the English, and so on until

there has been enough of it. The old man then kneels down again and prays in a most childlike manner for nearly an hour. He mentions at least fifty names of places in his prayer. The special need and present danger of the Anjaracandy Church is mentioned in a peculiarly feeling manner. Then, also, the Inspector is remembered, his wife, his children, friends at home and particular members of the congregation. Then also for the colonel at that time in command, and for his wife, that the Lord would open their eyes and convert them. What he says in English, Jacob who is kneeling by his side interprets. It is the same with the preaching; by the time Hebich has taken breath, his last sentence is rendered into Malayalam. Then a short concluding prayer, another verse is sung, the congregation still on their knees, and that finishes the service.

“This church is certainly one of the phenomena of our mission. There is much spiritual life but the form is just Hebich’s own.”

The Inspector recommended that a better method of teaching the children would be to have a Sunday school, which was at once adopted, and the very next Sunday it was in full working order.

Mr. Josenhans continues: “Hebich’s demeanour towards his flock is affectionate,

and they testify to his love and patience. A happy state of things exists among them, especially in a religious point of view. In preaching he brings all his bodily strength into play. I am surprised how he stands it. One special source of his attractive power is that he is never weary of showing forth the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus it is that living himself in Jesus, he has counsel and comfort for the worst of sinners. It inspires one with new life to hear him speak of the tender mercies of his Saviour. When the brethren gather round him he has little to say about the concerns of every-day life, but there is ever some text of Scripture upon his lips.

“But his housekeeping is peculiar and partakes somewhat of the roughness of barrack life. I have recommended, and all the brethren concur, that his habit of having all the catechists living together in common should cease. No community can get into a truly healthy state with this barrack life. Everything depends upon Hebich's individuality; were he to die it would all go to pieces. It is true that he has the advantage that his men are always at hand, ready for any sudden emergency, but then there is no home or family life, nor do they learn the value of money or of true habits of economy. Hebich is afraid of allowing his catechists to own anything, but in the ordinary course it

must come to that. The station rests on no sure foundation as long as the church consists only of those employed about the mission with the officers and servants, and none occupied in their own business pursuits."

After the Inspector left Cannanore he and Mr. Hebich met again in conference at Calicut. On this occasion Mr. Josenhans told him that he was greatly impressed with the piety, brotherly love and spirit of mutual helpfulness prevailing in the church at Cannanore. He was especially glad at the unity attained between Europeans and natives. The happy result was that the natives learned their common-birthright, and the Europeans to lay aside the spirit of caste exclusiveness.

While the Inspector went to visit the missions in the Nilgiris, Mr. Hebich prepared to visit the heathen festivals. "I go there," said Mr. Hebich, "with my life in my hands, and I can only ascribe to God's loving care that in previous years I have not been slain there. Hitherto the Lord has had mercy on us and on the people, and has ever given us cause to rejoice."

The visitation-tour of Mr. Josenhans was concluded by a conference of the missionaries at Mangalore. As soon as it was over Mr. Hebich hurried away for he had no liking for conferences and was glad to be back to the active work.

Before his embarkation, in May, for home, Mr. Josenhans received a letter from Mr. Hebich, from Palghat, reading as follows: "You know more about our sorrows and our joys. After these eighteen years I do not feel that my course is yet run. So far as it depends upon me, my own salvation still hangs as by a thread. The Lord Jesus who was dead and is alive for evermore is alone the Author and Finisher of our faith. Therefore, dear brother, as you are truly His servant, look up to Him, and hold up to Him your hands. In Him alone is living hope, joy and victory. To look at ourselves, or at our own doings, is but vanity and vexation of spirit. I know of nothing better to write to you about and it is what all the children of God know. Happy are they who practise what they know. As I love you in the truth, so grant me your love."

The Inspector had seen Mr. Hebich and his work and this was his conclusion: "Though Hebich be no scholar he is a practical worker. What others elaborate at their desks he brings forth in his life. A preacher of the cross, he holds his banner joyfully aloft, and presses on through storm and terror into the very headquarters of the foe. There he gains a footing and bravely repels every fresh assault of the adversary. Hebich is above all a Christian, and that is the main thing. From the first moment of meeting him, one feels

that the Lord lives in his soul, that he is one of these humble souls, poor in spirit, to whom the Lord grants 'grace for grace.' This is the secret of the success of his labours, and that the Lord allows him to succeed in so many of his enterprises."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL IN PALGHAT.

PALGHAT was now an out-station of Cannanore, for a permanent mission had been planted there. And on March 21st, Mr. Hebich presented the two catechists, O'Brien and Daniel, before the church to be solemnly set apart for the work at Palghat. Immediately after the service they started to take up their work, and on arrival readily found a suitable residence. Hebich himself followed and paid them a visit on the 19th of April. He immediately plunged into the work, preaching morning and evening in the streets, and as he expressed it, "led his people under fire."

From there he passed on to Coimbatore, where he was welcomed by the missionary of the London Missionary Society. Then on to the Nilgiri hills. "I had to silence many doubts," he says, "before I could make up my

mind to go up the mountains. At length, I thought that after eighteen years of labour in the heat of the plains I might well allow myself the enjoyment of a little cooler air, being thankful, too, that it was not ill-health which brought me there, but only the ordinary course of work." He greatly enjoyed the week spent in that beautiful region. At Ootacamund he met his spiritual sons, Dobbie, Selby and Halliday. Almost the whole day he was visiting from house to house and holding meetings which proved to many seasons of refreshing.

Entering the post office one day he came face to face with a fellow-disciple. This was Mr. Norris Groves, long looked upon as the leader of "Brethren" in India. He was very tired and drawing near to a death, which although one of great suffering was yet also one of great joy in the Lord. Very touching was the meeting of these two outstanding men of God, in many respects different in character and judgment, but one in the Lord, and held by the unseen but eternal bond. And touching, indeed, it was to see the affection that beamed on their faces, as, with eyes suffused, they held one another by both hands for some time, though not many words were spoken. Then they parted, to see each other no more on earth.

Hebich passed into Coonoor, thence to Kotagiri, and then down to the valley. As

he went through the jungle he was chased by a wild elephant and had to run faster perhaps than he had ever ran in his life before in order to escape. He paid a visit to Malapuram, and then rode into Cannanore, arriving just as Mr. Diez had finished his first attempt at preaching extempore in English. They were happy to see him safely returned, and he to see the building improvements made in his absence.

Returning on the 31st of May, wearied from a visit to the out-stations, Mr. Hebich had hardly laid down to sleep when a soldier roused him with the news that the village of Tahy was in flames. Giving an account of the fire, he writes: "The fire seemed to be raging furiously by the time Diez and I had got half-way. I thought that nothing could remain of the village, yet strange to say no one was moving to their assistance. The reason of this was that shortly before, when the Moplah quarter was on fire, a company of soldiers that had gone down to help in extinguishing it had been pelted by the Mohammedans, so it had been determined to send no help in such cases. I found that our catechists' house had remained uninjured, but sixty-five dwellings were destroyed. The woman in whose house the fire had originated came and fell down at my feet weeping in great distress. I tried to soothe her in her sorrow, but could not forbear to say to the

people around, 'For these last ten years we have declared to you the blessed Gospel and ye will have none of it, but continue your drinking and evil ways; I pray you now to repent.' All the poor women were in tears, but a mob of Moplahs followed us about from house to house jeering and turning everything that I said into ridicule, till a Mohammedan official who was present losing patience caught up a piece of wood and violently drove them off calling them 'children of the devil.' This procured a little quiet. There was reason to believe that the place had been purposely fired by some Moplahs. The destruction of their houses caused the more misery to the poor folk as the season was so far advanced that it was impossible to rebuild them before the burst of the monsoon."

There was now some apparent softening among the poor fishing population, but Mr. Hebich thought of giving up this out-station and working in places where the claims seemed more urgent.

Mr. Hebich now paid another visit to Palghat, where the two catechists, O'Brien and Daniel, were working efficiently. A young and energetic Scotsman had succeeded the former Collector there, and he became a warm friend to Mr. Hebich and of the mission. Mr. Hebich was delighted at the esteem in which O'Brien was held by high and low. Mr. O'Brien had gained a great influence over a

native young man whose father, a subordinate magistrate, had been murdered by the Moplahs. The young man had gone so far as to cease idol worship and to pray to the Lord Jesus, but his brother declared that if he became a Christian he would kill him. Hebich visited this wealthy young man and prayed with him. All appeared very promising but his ardour cooled and he did not take his stand for Christ.

Hebich had a happy time preaching in the neighbouring villages and to the English at Coimbatore. Then he returned to Cannanore, but again visited Palghat before the end of the year, when he bought a well-situated house as permanent mission premises.

O'Brien worked the station most efficiently. With great zeal he preached the Gospel travelling from market-town to market-town. Unfortunately he was not careful enough about his health and had to enter the Coimbatore hospital affected with liver trouble. On recovery he and his brother-in-law went to the hill tribes living in the jungle of the Anamalais, the elephant hills, which reach an elevation of eight thousand feet high. The hills are inhabited by a wild race called Kaders, expert mountaineers and clever at climbing the tall trees of their forests. They listened attentively to the Gospel message, and gave this account of themselves: "We never tell lies and we put all adulterers to

death. We do not pray to idols but we worship certain birds and goats. We live on what our forests produce, feeding mainly on bamboo rice. We do not know how to read, but we are quite willing to hear your message and to learn whatever you will teach us." O'Brien was attracted to these people by the simple uprightness of their character, and hoped to repeat his visit, but his brother-in-law nearly died from malaria of the jungle, so he had to give up the idea and keep to preaching in the plains.

In the months of August and September, 1853, Mr. Hebich paid his fifth visit to Palghat and had a particularly happy time preaching the Gospel to large crowds. "On this occasion," he writes, "we visited the weekly markets, which furnish a more valuable opportunity to the preacher of the Gospel than even the heathen festivals, because the people are not excited by their idol worship, and listen quietly. These markets are so arranged that we can daily visit a different one, and they seem a peculiarity of this Palghat district. We visited nine of them preaching at each place from three to five times. There were four of us and we took it in turn to speak in succession. Hundreds listened with marked attention."

CHAPTER XIX.

"HEBICH'S OWN," AND HOW THE
MAJOR GOT CONVERTED.

THE 39th Madras Native Infantry Regiment was nicknamed "Hebich's Own." It received this name because of its loyalty to Mr. Hebich, who had been so used of God that most of the officers in the regiment and their wives were won to Christ by him.

Among those won was a Captain Dobbie, who met Mr. Hebich in 1851. He invited the missionary to visit him, and Hebich gladly responded. Going there one afternoon, after a few introductory words of greeting, he suddenly turned to the Captain's wife with the abrupt question: "Have you given your heart to Jesus?" Mrs. Dobbie replied, "I hope so."

"I do not want to know what you hope," said Mr. Hebich. I have asked you a very simple question: Have you given your heart to Jesus?"

"I think so," said Mrs. Dobbie.

"Hoping and thinking! all this is not what I ask about." Then suddenly he said, "Have you breakfasted?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You self-confident woman, you! You

should not venture to answer, 'Yes,' but 'I hope,' or 'I think,' that I have breakfasted. If we can be certain in so small a matter, how much more necessary to be so in what is of the very utmost importance. If we have given up our hearts to Jesus for Him to keep them for us, because it is impossible for us to keep them for ourselves; and if He by His Spirit dwell and rule in them, it is not possible but that we must know it very well. The Spirit witnesses with our spirit that we are children of God."

Then he explained to them his favourite Heart-book which made a deep impression. Everything that he said was tested by the Word of God. For three months things went well, but Mr. Hebich used some expressions which did not conform to Mrs. Dobbie's ideas of conventionality and good taste, and she determined never to speak to him again. On his next visit she refused to come out of her room, but her husband urged her to yield, and feeling that she was refusing to hear the message of Christ she consented. She listened as a poor sinner to the Gospel message, and giving up all opposition she accepted the Saviour. And to all her friends and acquaintances she made open confession of the Lord.

Captain Sweet was also an officer of the 39th regiment, proud and self-righteous. One night Mr. Hebich had a long talk with him, showing him that his self-righteousness was

only as filthy rags in God's sight, and that no one could enter heaven on his own merits. Leading him to the Cross of the Lord Jesus the missionary showed him his need of a Saviour, and abandoning all self-righteousness he yielded himself to his Saviour and Lord. Having found the Lord as his righteousness he immediately wrote to two other young captains in his regiment who were his closest friends. One of these was an Irishman, Archibald Kerr, and, true to his race, full of Irish wit and humour. Good tempered, an excellent mimic, he was a general favourite. The first sight he had of Mr. Hebich was one day when he was playing cricket on the regimental parade ground, and the figure of the German missionary with his peculiar clothing and strange seat on his horse so tickled him that he threw himself on the grass and roared with laughter. But he had spiritual craving which he could not conceal, yet he impressed upon his servants never to allow Mr. Hebich into his house. To Gompertz he turned and asked him where he could get rid of his weary burden, and that faithful servant pointed him to the Burden-Bearer.

It was at this time that Gompertz left for Aden, and on the day of his departure he urged Kerr to come to decision. The very day after, Captain Kerr received Christ together with a lieutenant and his wife to whom Gompertz had spoken. The other officer to

whom Captain Sweet wrote was Captain Hart, and he, too, entered the fold of the Lord. Both Captains Kerr and Hart together with a Dr. Foulis joined Hebich's church.

Mrs. Dobbie's heart rejoiced in this work of grace, and the conversion of the fat, good-natured regimental surgeon, Dr. White, caused her especial joy. It came about in this way. Mr. Hebich was suffering from eczema and sent his own bullock-cart to fetch the doctor. When the doctor drove up to the front of the house Mr. Hebich went to the porch to meet him, and could not help laughing, for the narrow dimensions of the cart were barely sufficient for the corpulent occupant. "I have got in," he said to Hebich, "but how am I to get out." Mr. Hebich partly pulled and partly lifted him out and brought him into the house. Never would the doctor have entered the mission house if it had not been in a professional capacity. But after he had prescribed for Mr. Hebich's body, the missionary prescribed for his soul. The talk opened the way for Hebich to visit the doctor's house, where he was welcomed by his wife and large family. Shortly after the doctor sent him a note, saying, "I have spent twenty-one years in India and have never given anything to missions. I now send my first gift." As time went on he attended the chapel and ultimately received eternal life in Christ.

In April, 1853, Hebich went on another

tour, and coming to Palghat found that a new regiment, the 3rd Light Infantry, had arrived there from Aden. There was much to be done and little the encouragement. The sepoy's scoffed at the truth and said that if drinking and debauchery led on the road to hell they were glad to form part of the large company on the way there. In the whole regiment Hebich found only one Christian family. An officer who had lost his young wife by cholera had a heart prepared to receive the Gospel. He soon left for England, but before his departure joined the little native church at the Lord's Supper.

Exposure to the heat and glare of the April sun brought on a painful ophthalmia which for a time prevented Mr. Hebich from doing active work. He had planned a lengthened preaching tour but was recommended to go to the Blue Mountains. On his way thither he met an officer in the jungle who hospitably entertained him. It happened that day to be his fifty-first birthday. "Out of gratitude to him," says Hebich, "I preached the Gospel to him very earnestly." After arriving at his destination he went about as usual seeking to win souls for Christ. Many doors were opened to him and many troubled souls comforted by him.

On his return to Cannanore Mr. Hebich had the pain of parting with "His Own"

regiment which had been ordered to the French Rocks. The officer in command, Colonel Budd and twenty-six others were members of the mission church. There were also many in the regimental church who belonged to the Lord, and Hebich commended all to the Lord in prayer. This band of believers was made a blessing wherever the regiment was stationed.

When the Bishop of Madras visited the French Rocks he was surprised but delighted at the spiritual life and activity prevailing among them. He was prejudiced against Mr. Hebich because he had heard that Mr. Hebich called the Church of England "The Devil's Church." Like many another man of God Mr. Hebich had been wholly misrepresented. What Mr. Hebich had condemned was the false security of those who rested their hope of salvation upon their church membership instead of upon the finished work of Christ. Invited to the mess dinner the Bishop found that the officers naturally and spontaneously discussed spiritual things. Even the unconverted officers respectfully yielded to the prevailing tone. At the close of the evening a Bible was laid before the Bishop and he was requested to read and pray. Great was his surprise at the request and to find when he asked whether this was always done that it was a regular practice. With beaming face he exclaimed: "This is indeed something quite

new in any part of India." Here, indeed, was proof of Mr. Hebich's work for God.

In reviewing the year Mr. Hebich writes: "This year, 1853, has been especially fruitful in the conversion of officers and ladies; perhaps it has been the most remarkable in this way of any year of my ministry."

We conclude this chapter with the story of a remarkable conversion, affording further illustration of Mr. Hebich's unique approach to souls. The convert, a major, gives the following account of how Mr. Hebich won him for Christ.

"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

may.' 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 know what a determined sinner you are. Mr. Hebich, sir, is a German who came out to missionise the black heathens, but says he found the white heathens, meaning us Europeans, needed the Gospel more, so he spends his time 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 inpertinence,' 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 and 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, dreamingly 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, may 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 of 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 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 was now my spleen, my declaration to eject this man? Gone, I know not how or where. I felt something like a schoolboy before his headmaster. 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 one 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 vill do, shut de Book. Let us pray.'

"He knelt 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 anyone. 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 a 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 verses.' I read aloud again the verses.

" '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 Fader' all about me. He asked Him to show me 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 to 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 anyone, 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 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 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 God for life eternal through faith in Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XX.

"HEBICH'S TOB."

SPLENDID results had been achieved in 1853 by Mr. Hebich in his work among Europeans, but there was a decline in the work among the natives. The other stations on the West Coast reported increases, but at Cannanore there was a decrease of forty-five.

The problem confronting the missionaries was to establish a self-propagating church. They had to face peculiar difficulties. Owing to the family or clan system in Malabar those who were born again were cut off from everything. To accept Christ meant literally the leaving of home, kindred and every means of making a living. How were the converts to live? These problems forced Mr. Hebich and the Basle Mission to provide means of subsistence, and so to meet the situation industrial mission factories were inaugurated.

The social question was solved by the provision of these industries, the church placed on a permanent basis, and now an efficient merchant, Mr. Pfeiderer undertook the financial arrangements leaving Mr. Hebich free to do evangelistic work.

He went off as usual to the heathen festivals in the month of March. This year he thought that instead of giving away the books it would perhaps be better to ask a small price for them. The crowds did not approve of this step and the cry was that the missionary had turned hawker. However, books were bought, and among others by a certain Brahman who had willingly received the books in former years and who remarked, "I want the books for I know well that my gods are only stone idols."

Going to French Rocks he spent a happy time with his "own" regiment from 16th to 23rd May, 1854. Great was his joy to note the spiritual growth among the believers. In April Captain Sweet who was the leader of the believers was seized with cholera and nigh unto death. The brethren were gathered round his bed that he might take leave of them. When they were kneeling in prayer, the doctor rose from his knees and said, "You will not die, the Lord has heard our supplication." And it was so for the Lord raised him up again and great was the impression made on all around. For many subsequent

years Captain Sweet continued to be the leader of the band of witnesses.

Hebich then spent from the 24th of May till the 11th of June in Bangalore, preaching every evening in the chapel of the London Missionary Society. He says: "I laboured from six in the morning till eleven at night, and everywhere the Lord opened doors for me so that I found it necessary to postpone my departure more than once. Spiritual life had sunk rather low and most of them were glad to be stirred up. Twenty, thirty, as many as thirty-eight persons assembled to take tea together after each evening service; we spent thus from eight o'clock till eleven together, and it was like a second preaching to them." When he left he was urgently pressed to return each year.

Mr. Hebich paid a visit to Dr. Mögling at Coorg and then returned to Cannanore.

The outstanding event of this year was the conversion of an intelligent Tiyya, Mulil Ramotti. Years before Hebich's arrival in Cannanore a copy of the Ten Commandments came into his hands. He was then only a lad, but such an impression was made upon him that he hoped one day to become a Christian. He had a great knowledge of heathen literature, and now in Hebich's mission school he found an opportunity of gaining acquaintance, through Malayalam, with the Holy Scriptures. At the beginning of 1854 Ramotti decided to

become a Christian. Gradually he conveyed his books and valuables to the mission house. But he was kept back by his wife who declared that she would not follow him. On the 8th of April he joined Mr. Diez in prayer and then said that he would finally come at Whitsunday. But each time he resolved his heart failed him. Then he said he would wait for Hebich's return, looking to him to support him in the opposition which he knew he must face. But on the 13th of June he could resist no longer. He kissed his wife bidding her return to her father's house, but he must seek the salvation of his soul. Then he hastened to the mission house not trusting himself to look back. He made his decision for Christ, had his caste knot cut off, and spent nearly the whole night in prayer.

His stand for Christ caused a great commotion among the Tiyyas, who surrounded the mission house. Ramotti spoke to them patiently and gently, refusing to yield to the entreaties of his elder brother, or the clamour of the crowd. One of his nephews and an aunt followed his example. After being instructed by Hebich the three were baptised on the 6th of August.

After returning to Cannanore Mr. Hebich had again to go to the hills as Joseph, the catechist, was taken ill and Mr. Hebich hoped for restoration through the change. David, his younger brother, accompanied them. They

journeyed by way of Calicut and Coimbatore. From this last station Mr. Hebich sent on his native companions while he occupied himself with a family he had met on the journey. He then followed the brothers, overtaking them at Mettupalaiyam, at the foot of the mountains, to find to his great surprise that David was dying. When David saw him, he exclaimed: "Oh, I have been praying that you might come. Now that you are here I can rejoice." While they were busy with the sufferer the groom who had faithfully helped was stricken with cholera. "It happened," writes Mr. Hebich, "that there was a medical officer there, a passing traveller, sleeping in the bungalow. I called him up. He gave the two patients some medicine from his travelling medicine-chest. It took effect upon the groom, who ultimately recovered. But with David, already worn out with the fatigue of the previous journey, it was too late. The doctor recommended my losing no time in sending him back to Coimbatore. 'Will he come round,' I enquired again and again. The only answer I got was, 'You can do him no good. Get out of this place and up into the hills as fast as you can.' But how could I make up my mind to send him back with Joseph alone; Joseph who himself was so ill as to need help and comfort! More than once I asked the dying lad whether he believed in the Lord Jesus. 'Ah, yes,' said he, 'Jesus is

my all in all.' Once or twice he repeated some German lines with rapture, and then whispered, 'The Lord killeth and maketh alive.' Divided between hope and despair at his recovery, I hired a bullock-cart to take him back to Coimbatore. It was eight in the morning ere we started, the sun terribly hot. I was nearly burnt up, but he was almost in a state of collapse, and about half-way, at nearly two in the afternoon, he passed away. It was eight in the evening when we reached the house of the dear Addises. I felt sorely troubled at coming there thus unexpectedly, and with the corpse of one who had just died of cholera, but those dear people received us most lovingly, set themselves at once to comfort Joseph and me, and would not hear of my taking any further trouble—they would undertake all needful arrangements. Nor was it only words; they were even better than their words. Early next morning, after an address and prayer from Mr. Addis, we laid our beloved David in the silent grave. When he was about to enter the Training Institute I remonstrated with him, pointing out to him that perhaps he was not long for this world, would it not be better for him to labour at once for Christ? It is remarkable that just before his death he seemed to be better and stronger than I had ever seen him. He was just twenty-four. Oh, that we had many such for the work! There are not many his

equal. But the Lord knows what is best; He hath done all things well; His will be done, both now and through eternity."

After the funeral Mr. Hebich returned to the hills bestowing loving care on Joseph who recovered his health. There were no lack of openings for the blessed work and Mr. Hebich's ministry caused a revival among the believers. As they gathered round the Lord's Table, Mr. Hebich records that it was a time of refreshing beyond anything he had ever before experienced.

In July and August he was at the French Rocks among his beloved friends of the 39th regiment.

Mr. E. K. Groves, a son of Mr. Anthony Norris Groves, relates that whenever Hebich came to the French Rocks to "his own" regiment he would invariably visit from house to house and that his presence quickened the flow of spiritual life in every heart. Mr. Groves describes a visit of Mr. Hebich to the station and 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 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 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 ever 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 will 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 vood, but of many, and dey must be fitly shoined togeder. Dere are four tings 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 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 fitly shoined togeder, and dis von fall in or 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 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 vood, and den are dey yet more fitly shoined togeder.

" 'Oder 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 that 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 themselves Christians who are not so shoined, but vee are not speaking of dem now.

" 'In de Acts of de Apostles vee read often of being filled with the Holy Ghost, and ven gathered togeder for prayer, vonce de whole house did shake vid His power. Shust so now. He fills vid peace and shoy de soul dat loves de Lord Jesus, and likewise de company gadered in His Name. Some-

times!—not always! Sometimes!—not always! —vy not always? Vee shall see. Vat is de shmall shtick or shtone between the peeces of vood dat make de tob? It is de lettle quarrel, de hard vord, de dirty bit of money dat keep broder from being fitly shoined to broder. Vat is de 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 vife and de Captain's vife vill bow but not shpeak or greet each oder as formerly, because a vispering has come between dem. Vat is de peece of vood 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 heavenly peace to run out. So you vill pray dat de Spirit shall be poured out, and ven He comes, He cannot remain in 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 stay 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.' "

On returning to Cannanore, Mr. Hebich found plenty of work among the men of the 74th Highlanders. Most of them were unconverted, but, being Scotsmen, they preferred the simple form of service in the mission church to that of the English Church. A captain of this regiment was converted and became a valuable ally to Mr. Hebich.

While thus busy in the work the sad news came of the death of his beloved Christian friend, Mr. Conolly, the Collector at Calicut. While sitting reading to his wife, Moplah fanatics burst in upon him and almost cut him to pieces. With life ebbing from twenty-seven wounds he just exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me," and passed away.

An endeavour was made to stir the co-religionists to a holy war but it failed. Exceptional laws were enforced for this troublesome province which so intimidated the Moplahs that even during the Mutiny of 1857 they could not be incited to rebellion.

Mr. Hebich immediately wrote to the widow of his friend expressing his grief and then hurried to Calicut to express in person his sympathy.

Twenty-one years had now been spent by Mr. Hebich in unbroken toil in India. In one of his letters home at this time he says: "At six o'clock in the morning of the 13th

October, I had completed twenty-one years in this country. After such a length of service a British soldier has served his full time and is entitled to a pension. I certainly do not wish for that, but my wish is still to serve Him wherever I may be, and yet to win for Him souls for which He has laboured so much. Praised be His name that He has allowed me to remain so long at my post with unbroken health. To serve an earthly master for so many years might make one feel proud. But to serve Him, the heavenly, good and holy One, oh, it makes me feel humbled indeed, according to that word of His, 'When ye have done all, say we are unprofitable servants.' But why unprofitable? Because while all that is good in the servant is of His inworking, that which is evil comes naturally enough from myself; and in these many years upon which I look back, how much that is evil has been."

It was now Mr. Hebich's desire to give himself wholly to the work of an itinerant evangelist among the natives and Europeans, but the leisure for this did not arrive until 1859, when his strength was well-nigh exhausted.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INDIAN BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

HEAVERY trials crowded upon the mission at the beginning of the year 1856. The new mission house at Udapi was burned down, and while sympathy was being poured out for the fellow-labourer there, grave charges were made against him which Mr. Hebich found to be true. The General Conference of the missionaries held in January was one of deep humiliation over the evils which had crept in among them giving the enemy occasion to exult. There was more weeping and prayer at the Conference than regular proceedings.

As two missionaries had to be dismissed and a third was ill, Mr. Hebich had to take charge of the work at Mangalore. Many had been too easily received into the church, and their conduct had brought dishonour on the work. Mr. Hebich was greatly grieved and faithfully but lovingly dealt with them.

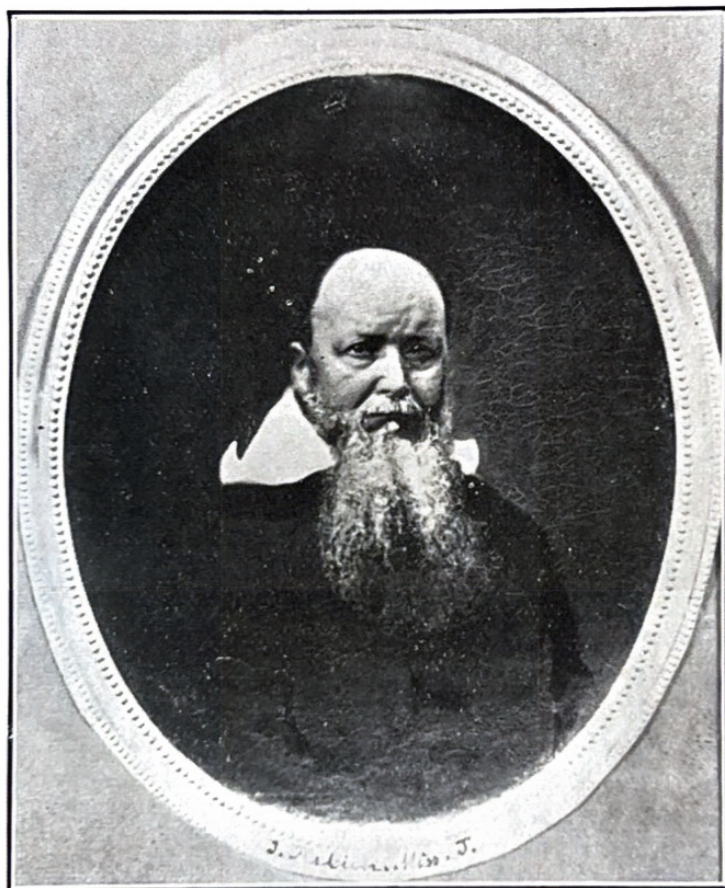
During this visit Mr. Hebich saw his friend, Mr. F. Anderson, for the last time, as he was about to retire from his post under the government. From the founding of the Mangalore Mission Mr. Anderson had proved a true friend and helper through days of sorrow and of success. It was the missionary's

joy to meet him again, but his sorrow to bid him farewell.

On the other hand he had the joy to meet once again his son in the Lord, William Gompertz. The 16th N.I. regiment had been sent from Aden to Mangalore where it was to spend several years. It was a delight for Hebich and Gompertz to labour together again, and at no time during his short life did Gompertz shine so brightly for the Lord as in Mangalore.

The General Conference desired Mr. Hebich to remain in Mangalore for two months, but he could not accede to this as he wished to be at the annual heathen festivals. He said: "It is impossible for me to agree to this as it seems to me to be most important that I should visit the heathen festivals, more especially as the adversary has spread the report that I was so ill-used last year that I shall never dare to appear at them again. Moreover, it is said that the government has forbidden me to go. I feel, therefore, that were it to cost me my life, I must not fail to be there."

On return to Cannanore before going to the festivals Mr. Hebich found that the Committee had requested Dr. Gundert to go to Mangalore. Mr. Hebich keenly felt the loss of his co-labourer, but as the mission there needed a wise leader, the old missionary urged him to go at once.



S. HEBICH.

After visiting "his own" regiment at the French Rocks, Mr. Hebich went on to Ootacamund. On previous occasions it had been found difficult to obtain a suitable place for his preaching, and the friends there built a chapel which would be always available and which at the same time could be used by one or other of the various evangelical missionaries. The chapel was not ready for Hebich's meeting at this time, but he had the privilege of opening it before the year ended. It was called Zion Chapel.

Mr. Diez had taken Mr. Hebich's place at Cannanore and, almost overwhelmed with the burden of the work, longed for Hebich's return. But help was at hand, for the Home Committee had sanctioned that Mr. Hebich's spiritual son, Jacob Ramavarma, should be received as a missionary of the Society. Mr. Hebich set apart the 3rd of September, 1856, for his dedication to the work, and the mission chapel was crowded. The day before the service Mr. Hebich had called upon the Colonel of the 79th Highlanders. "I know what you want," said the Colonel. "You want my men to be sent to your chapel." "No," said Mr. Hebich, "they will come fast enough without any arrangement, but I want to invite you." "Invite me! what to? Do you give champagne or only good beer? What am I to have?" "At my place you only get matter for the ears. However, I

invite you, and if you will come you will not regret it."

The Colonel would not promise anything, but he came with the other officers and also the Rajah of Cherikal.

Mr. Hebich in his sermon reviewing the twenty-two years of evangelical mission work and the results of the work said: "In Mangalore a Brahman convert is preaching the Gospel, another converted Hindu is preparing for the ministry in Basle, and now we are gathered for the purpose of receiving a brother who has already done good service as a catechist during thirteen years. All this is promise that converted natives entering into the ministry of the Gospel will help to carry on that work to which the European missionaries have devoted their lives. And finally, whether you like it or not, all gain-sayers will have to acknowledge that "Jesus is Lord over all, to the glory of the Father."

"Hear it, all of you, and thou also who resistest so stiff-neckedly! You must bow the knee before Him, calling, 'Lord, Lord!' As yet the world is all indifference concerning that great salvation which Jesus has procured with His bloody passion. Yet we can already see many little signs that it must presently be otherwise. All these heathen races around us date their letters A.D. 1856. But what means this 'Anno Domini' but the period which has passed since our Lord came to this

earth to bring salvation? Should not each one pause and ask himself, Have I accepted that salvation which was sent from heaven? Am I redeemed? And next, What have I done for Jesus? What for the hallowing of His Name; for the bringing of His kingdom? How much do I pray, write, endure for the holy cause of His kingdom? And when we faithfully put to ourselves such questions, they cannot but result in contrition. If I have to speak of myself I shall be surely ashamed; how much do I yet find in me of the world, how much that is evil. How much of evil surmising there is yet in the hearts of the most devoted Christians. How terrible it should seem to each of us to hear of the curse coming upon all who do not love Him. Yet is He pleased to send forth such poor imperfect creatures as His servants to invite others in. Be ye reconciled to God! Thus even I dare to invite you all in; to say once more to each one, 'Come and make experience of what His love can accomplish.' And ye, who call yourselves Christians, remember your baptism. Each one in his baptism has made the solemn vow to deny the world and the devil. Now at length fulfil what ye have undertaken. Oh! think how little ye have yet done for Him; yea, how much you have hindered, and how much occasion you have given to the adversary; and from this hour begin with a holy walk, with true repentance,

with earnest prayer, with joy and with all your might to gather for the Lord where you have hitherto scattered, and to live for eternity. Prepare to render an account of your stewardship; and oh! think what a reproach it will be to us white people that a black man like this one should have got in advance of us."

The address made a solemn impression upon all present. Although the service lasted three hours, during which Jacob gave a sketch of his life, the Colonel desired to hear other speakers. A captain was so impressed that he sent his first gift to the mission that same afternoon, and soon afterwards he and his wife were won to the Lord by Mr. Hebich.

And now trouble arose in connection with the Christians at Anjaracandy. The owner of the estate returned after nineteen years' absence to find great changes in the state of the people. Formerly his word was law, but now he found many who had been brought to Christ whose intelligence was enlarged and conscience sharpened under the influence of the catechist who brought the Word of God to bear upon these freed men. The owner made ever-increasing demands upon them, including Sunday labour, dismissed the catechist, Timothy, and requested Mr. Hebich to discontinue his visits. The congregation following Timothy, the mission was obliged temporarily to receive them at

Chowa with the intention of settling them as independent farmers on any suitable land that could be obtained.

There were 177 in this party of refugees and their support had to be assumed by the mission. A great part of the work of caring for these and in building huts for them fell upon Mr. Diez while Hebich went on tour.

When he was busy in Palghat he was recalled to Cannanore as Mr. Diez had fallen sick and was not expected to live. A Major Young had received Mr. Diez into his house and faithfully nursed him. Major Young gathering other brethren together united in prayer for the restoration of Mr. Diez and God graciously answered.

When Mr. Hebich returned he found Mr. Diez on the way to recovery. The day after his return Mr. Hebich called on Dr. Crocker who had attended the sick missionary. After a conversation of four hours Dr. Crocker was won for the Lord. He at once separated from the world and became a shining witness for Christ.

Mr. Diez in his enfeebled state of health could not bear the burden of the work at Cannanore, so it was arranged for him to go to Chombala, and for the missionary there, Mr. Christian Müller, to take his place.

In May, 1857, the terrible Mutiny broke upon India. The Mohammedans and Brahmans sought to throw off the yoke of Britain. The

wave of discontent swept from the North to Southern India and parts of the Madras Presidency. In Cannanore quietness reigned. But many were the disquieting rumours from elsewhere. It was expected that the rebels would sweep over the land, and August the 28th, 1857, was to be the day of wrath and revenge. But it passed quietly, and reinforcements from England quelled the rebellion.

The only victim on the hills was the aged General Kennett, at Coonoor. A Moham-medan servant was robbing him during the night, and the General awakening opposed him, when the servant stabbed him twice. The old man said as he was dying that he was as one called at the eleventh hour and that he heartily forgave his murderer. Some years before, Mr. Hebich sought to win him to Christ and failed, but now at last his witness had borne fruit in the General's acceptance of Christ.

Many changes were wrought in Cannanore through the Mutiny. The 74th Highlanders were sent to Dharwar. Few of the men of the 66th Foot who relieved them came to the services. Many friends in the higher circles returned to Europe, and Mr. Hebich felt very lonely.

A friend who had held high posts in India, in writing to him of the impressions left upon him by the Mutiny, said: "These late

occurrences have proved to me that the Gospel alone can bring real blessing to this land. India can receive but lasting benefits from the labours of the missionary body. May the Lord long preserve you to work for India."

CHAPTER XXII.

LAST DAYS IN INDIA.

IN April, 1857, Hebich visited all the stations in the Tulu speaking districts. The spiritual condition at Udapi pleased him most, and he rejoiced in finding "some of the right kind of people." An old evangelist tells the following anecdote of Mr. Hebich's last visit to Udapi.

"When he visited Udapi I was present when Mr. Hebich was instructing the children. He turned to me and said: 'Siwartappa, when do we want the grace of God?' I answered, 'At all times, till we die'; but perceiving at once that this answer did not satisfy him, I tried to improve it by saying, 'To all eternity'; but neither did this do, so I held my peace, rather puzzled. Upon this he turned to my son, saying, 'Christaniya, when do we want the grace of God?' He answered, 'Now!' and this was the right answer. Hebich repeated

deliberately, two or three times, 'Yes, we want the grace of God now.'

"I felt abashed before Hebich and all the company, including my boy. Afterwards at home my son told me how nervous he had felt, but that answer suddenly suggested itself to him, and he uttered it, he scarcely knew how. But that word, 'Now we want the grace of God,' has remained impressed upon my heart, even to my old age."

Hebich went to Cannanore to be present at the New Year season of 1858, and then on to Mangalore. He had the pleasure of welcoming there a party of newly-arrived missionaries, and of baptising fourteen converts. After he visited the Tulus at Mulki he returned to Mangalore. On the journey to Cannanore by boat he was overtaken by a severe storm. The boatmen wanted to throw overboard the cargo of rice, but he assured them that there was no necessity for this as his God to whom he prayed would bring them safely through. They weathered Mount Dilly with difficulty, and at that point the boatmen were about to make an offering of cocoanuts, as was their custom, but Hebich forbade them. They angrily expostulated, and one of them asked: "Is your God the only God?" "Yes, indeed," said Hebich, "there is none other God but my God; all the host of your divinities are but lies." Scarcely had he uttered the words when there was a

terrific flash of lightning, accompanied by a great peal of thunder, which struck them with terror. To keep the boat afloat they spent the night baling out the water. Next morning, when all was calm, Mr. Hebich preached to them the Gospel and found them attentive hearers. All landed in safety.

In the year 1858 Hebich visited the heathen festivals in Payawar and Taliparambu for the last time. After the visit he wrote: "This is the fifteenth time that we have stood among this people, in order to oppose with the Word of Truth the might of the prince of darkness. We have earnestly striven to exalt the Saviour to them. Oh, that they might come unto Him while it is called to-day."

His young fellow-labourer, Strobel, who had accompanied him to the festivals was appointed to the station at Palghat. On the 10th of May Mr. Hebich, having seen all arranged satisfactorily, left Strobel at Palghat. "Lately," he says, "I have been so occupied with Cannanore and Mangalore that I have unavoidably rather neglected Palghat. The older I grow, the more I seem to myself specially privileged. The Home Committee, which I so much respect, favours me on every hand, and my brother missionaries seem to take special delight in sparing me. I cannot be thankful enough. May God be merciful to me! Thus my Palghat work is finished;

much precious seed has been sown there which will spring up and bear fruit."

The end of his work at Cannanore was also now at hand. Captain Gompertz had sent to him a company of soldiers whom he had gathered round him, who were faithful to Christ, that they might receive his pastoral care. In spite of growing weakness he roused himself to the work at Cannanore, but when the hot season drew near he found it necessary to go to the Blue Mountains.

Very pathetic was the parting from the church. The scene was like that of Paul taking leave of the church at Ephesus. The weeping flock crowded round him with the feeling that they would never see his face again, although with breaking voice he expressed the hope that the Lord would allow him to return to them. He writes in his journal: "On the 23rd of March I started with my beloved Joseph on the journey toward the hills. A quarter of a century ago, namely, on the 23rd of March, 1834, I left Basle on my way to India. Hallelujah! Passing through Calicut I arrived on the hills on the 1st of April."

While there he engaged in work for his beloved Lord and Master. A friend writes of him: "He goes out in the morning to visit some Europeans or East Indians in their homes, and will sometimes spend as much as four hours with a single family, often not

leaving till decision for Christ has been come to. Each evening he preaches in Zion Chapel, which has lately been built principally for his use. On Sundays he preaches also in the morning, and his congregations grow in numbers from day to day. Enfeebled as he is in body, his spirit seems as fresh and youthful as ever. We rejoice, and many with us, at his service so abundant in spiritual blessing. Both the Bishop of Madras and the chaplain of the station wish him God speed."

Writing to a friend, Mr. Hebich said: "When I first came up here, my liver and biliousness gave me a good deal of trouble, and I got very thin. I am better now, but expect to remain here a couple of months longer. But while he was rejoicing in his work his doctor was daily becoming anxious about him and, in August, spoke decisively, stating that the state of his liver was such that he must return to Europe immediately as further delay might be fatal. This came as a great blow to him, but he decided to follow the advice given, and immediate preparations were made for his sailing from Madras without paying a farewell visit to his church or friends in Malabar.

Writing to Mr. Müller at Cannanore, he said: "The responsibility of the mission station is now on you. May the Lord of His grace give you the strength you will need to His own praise and glory." He also sent a ~~message~~ message to the church, in which he said that

the Lord Jesus had seen fit to send him to Europe, but he hoped only for a short time and then to return. He continues: "You will bear in mind all my labour among you. And you especially, beloved ones at Chowa, know well how much your temporal welfare has caused me. But now my health has failed. Oh, see to it that ye live to the Lord and rejoice the hearts of his servants. The Lord will never forsake you; hope in Him, and do ye never forsake Him. Be sure that I bear you all upon my heart. Think ye what sore travail ye have caused to the Lord Jesus. Oh, continue entirely his purchased ones, for He has redeemed you with His own blood. Pray for me. The Lord bless you with His everlasting blessings and cause you to be a blessing." He also wrote specially to the catechists a very affectionate letter.

His friend Gompertz wrote him the following: "I am glad that you are going for it seems the best thing for you. Thank God that you have been so long sustained to labour in this dark land. May He bring you back with renewed strength to the scene of your joys and your sorrows. I hope that you will be a great blessing on your voyage home, when you will be thrown among people of such various 'castes', as are generally found on board those steamers to Suez. I enclose a cheque for thirty rupees, that is all I can afford just now, but what the Lord regards is not the amount of the gift but the willing

heart. If He gives me the opportunity more shall follow. The Lord bless you abundantly. This is the continual prayer of one who owes you eternal gratitude."

This was the last letter that this choice soul was to write to Hebich, for on the 3rd February, 1860, he passed away to be with the Lord.

On the 28th September, Mr. Hebich embarked from Madras. He writes to a friend: "The ship that is to convey me from this country has just come in—the country in which I have so many whom I dearly love. But the Lord, who, by the word of His truth, has called them out of death, will preserve them unto everlasting life. I had hoped to see your beloved face once more, but it was not to be. Hearty thanks for the latest of your gifts of love, which I have good use for, as my native spiritual children still look to me. And now, my dear fellow, run so as to obtain the crown which the Lord Jesus gives you freely. Comfort your heart in Him, and withal pray for me also."

The news that Mr. Hebich had left India came as a tremendous shock, and the sense of loss was beyond all expression. Many sorrowed deeply that they would never see his face again or listen to his burning words of love. And deep, indeed, was the impression made upon hearts both native and European.

An Indian paper writes: "We have more anecdotes than we can find room for, of the

astonishment, the confusion, caused by his bold and direct personal questionings, often addressed to those whom he casually met for the first time. Often has the surprise thus first awakened grown into the most ardent and the warmest love. How many have had to acknowledge that they owe the first beginnings of their life of faith to the uncompromising, yet friendly dealings of this servant of God."

On hearing of Hebich's departure, an aged chaplain was heard to exclaim: "I do believe that this German has done more for the eternal good of the English in India than any dozen of the best of us chaplains."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT HOME WITH THE LORD.

ON the 28th of October, 1859, Mr. Hebich landed at Marseilles. He was in fair health but very liable to take cold so he did not venture to go north. He sought to interest German residents at Marseilles in missionary work. In Cannes and Nice there were friends from India who invited him over, and soon he was at work again preaching the Gospel. Christmas he spent with German friends at Lyons, and on the 27th of December he once more entered the mission house in Basle.

He first was invited to give addresses at the mission house and then followed invitations to the pulpits of the churches in the town. Great interest was aroused by his addresses. When, on the 24th of January, 1860, he preached on the calls to repentance of John the Baptist, there was much excitement and angry voices shouted, "Down with him! Put him out!" So great was the tumult that Mr. Hebich closed the service with a short prayer.

The press began to talk about this fearless preacher of the Cross. It was moved at a meeting of the Town Council that steps should be taken to guard against such an abuse of the pulpit. Many had been offended at the preaching and thought that it was altogether out of order. One said: "This Hebich had to learn the Indian language before he could preach to the natives of India, now let him learn German and conform to our manners ere he stands up to teach us." The burgomaster said that he could not regret that the preacher had departed from the old conventionalities. Many who remained unmoved by the prevailing mode of preaching might be reached by the new. The motion was rejected by forty-four votes to forty-two, and Hebich was allowed to finish his course of addresses.

Many calls to preach now reached him, and he travelled up and down Switzerland heralding the good news. An experienced Christian worker writes of him: "He has a

special gift in setting forth lovingly, yet with indomitable earnestness, God's righteous judgment against sin on the one hand, and the freedom of His kingdom of grace on the other. The purity of his motives and entire self-abnegation prepared the way for the deep impressions he made. With unselfish love he would devote whole hours to dealing with individual souls, who could not but be touched by his friendly manner, and by the unmistakable humility which was proof against rebuffs however rude.

"How loving truly he was! How condescending with children! He would take the little ones on his knees and coax them so that, despite the beard which somewhat frightened them, they always took to him. If any one was rude to him, he did not show resentment, but just remained silent. If it appeared that he had spoken too harshly he would even beg for forgiveness, and make up by redoubled kindness."

In May, 1862, Mr. Hebich came to London in response to an invitation to speak to the large numbers of Germans present for the International Exhibition. But the Germans were living so scattered that it was difficult to gather large audiences and so the result was disappointing. He caught a severe cold in Exeter Hall and was glad to return to the quiet of Dizenbach to recover from it.

When in Zurich he told the following amusing story: "Some years ago 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 and 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 his public insult. The other officers prevented bloodshed. When all had quietened 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 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 or resent any insult."

The young officer went home to think over this homely object lesson and the result was that he sought an interview with Mr. Hebich and was led to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

In September the doctor of the mission said that a return to India was no more to be thought of, and Mr. Hebich's own feelings confirmed the opinion. But it was hard to resist the entreaties of his spiritual children in Cannanore who wrote to him: "Oh, how we long that you could come back among us, were it possible, in all your old vigour; but even if it be no longer to undertake much work, yet to be carried into the midst of our assembly and, like the servant of God of old, to say to us, 'Little children, love one another; little children, keep yourselves from idols'; then to close your days in our midst."

As he was obliged to stay at home the mission gave him a pension, and Mr. Hebich was free to go where led to preach the Gospel.

He conducted a series of missionary meetings at Berne, and visited the Rhone provinces and Switzerland preaching the Truth. Then in 1864 he settled down in

Stuttgart feeling that he was nearing his end. Towards the end of 1866 he visited fifty-one churches in the Grand Duchy of Baden where he stirred up fresh interest in missionary work.

On the 16th of April, 1868, he wrote his last letter to Basle. In it he says: "Grace and peace! I have the happiness to send you a further remittance amounting to three hundred and sixty-eight florins, according to the enclosed statement, for the work of the mission. I hope ere long to come myself and bring a further sum. It is all contributed for native itinerant preachers. Perhaps it will be enough for a fifth such itinerant, and if so I should prefer his being appointed for the Palghat district. I worked hard there for my people for seven years, and there are still signs of life there. May the Lord bless and sanctify His own work; and may He accept these gifts of love in His grace. Amen. You must know that I have been preaching a great deal, and again I can report that many souls have been won to Him by the word of His grace; to Him be praise and thanksgiving. As to my health, to the praise of His grace I may say that I am tolerably well; that I am growing old, however, makes itself felt. My addresses try me more now than used to be the case. Please God, I intend to go to Carlsruhe on the 7th of May to complete my work there, and thence on the 17th to go to Basle to spend, as usual, about a fortnight there. But all this is as it may please

the Lord, and as it may seem best to you."

But the Lord ordered otherwise. On the 6th of May Mr. Hebich was attacked with severe pain in the liver, and he knew that his work on earth was at an end. While suffering severe pain he rejoiced in God his Saviour. At night his mind wandered and he fancied himself still preaching to the heathen. To the last he had many thoughts about India and Malabar which he loved so well.

At midnight, on the 20th, the pain ceased and he was quiet and conscious. Without a struggle, and smiling, he passed away to be with the Lord, on May 21st, 1868, Ascension Day.

On the 24th a vast multitude followed his coffin to the grave at Kornthal, near Stuttgart, and, after a short prayer, in accordance with his expressed wish, his remains were laid to rest.

So ended the life on earth of this passionate winner of souls. A noble example for every Christian to emulate. God grant that each one of us who has received the Lord as Saviour may have the same compassion and ardent fervour in seeking for the lost.

When the news of Mr. Hebich's death reached India, a newspaper in devoting an article to his memory closed with these words: "We doubt whether modern times have produced his equal in apostolic characteristics."