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In Their Words

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IN THEIR WORDS



*Greek Manuscript of Thucydides
(c. First Century AD)*



In Their Words

Edited by Ray Notgrass, Charlene Notgrass, and John Notgrass

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1-800-211-8793
www.notgrass.com
books@notgrass.com

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INTRODUCTION

Imagine digging—not with a shovel, but with a paintbrush, carefully brushing away layers of sandy dirt collected over thousands of years. In this roped-off area, you have found a tiny handful of artifacts—chips of pottery, a bead, something like a coin. Then your tool is suddenly stopped by a hard surface, a surface that grows larger with every stroke.

You start to suspect it is clay. Then your skilled eye notices that it has been worked by human hands. You catch the barest glimmer of a mark, a simple line. You force yourself to work slowly, carefully. There is writing on this object, which you now see is a tablet. As you continue to brush away the accumulation of time, you find the tablet is filled with writing. A diplomatic message? A business receipt? A love song? You hold in your hands a connection with people who lived centuries before. Two points of world history come together in a dusty square of desert.

From our earliest days, mankind has felt a need to preserve history. Proud kings proclaimed their exploits to leave a glorious legacy. Awed believers recorded the working of God. Rulers carefully preserved their laws to leave their subjects without excuse. Folktales and fables were passed down from generation to generation. Our story—our creativity, our pride, our gratitude—is something we want to keep, remember, and share.

From letters chiseled into monuments, nearly rubbed away by centuries of rain and wind, to the archive of a modern government website, written historical records give us connections to other times, faraway places, and real people. The first-person writings of our ancestors turn stiff portraits and stone statues into real people who did the same things we do. Because of recorded history, we can go to the foot of Mount Sinai, witness a naval battle of ancient Egypt, watch a Persian prince banquet with his grandfather, follow a physician to the bedside of a dying patient, and hear hymns echo from the lofty ceilings of medieval cathedrals.

When God created people, He gave us not only the desire but the ability to record the past, to know it, and to learn from it. When you read the boasts of an ancient emperor, join in a song that has stood the test of time, and listen to your grandmother's stories of her childhood, you are drawing on the treasures of mankind's past. Those who dig up, write down, translate, transcribe, and pass on history have made it possible for each of us to have our own memorable moments of discovery.

The selections of *In Their Words* were carefully chosen to bring a new light to your understanding of history. The authors of these letters, poems, speeches, diaries, hymns, and stories are not telling you about the past. They are telling you about their present. This is your chance to meet them there and to broaden what you know about the world and what God has done in it. Each one of us has a place in His story. Learning about theirs will strengthen you as you discover yours.

From the Code of Hammurabi Babylonian (c. 1750 BC)

1. If any one ensnare another, putting a ban upon him, but he can not prove it, then he that ensnared him shall be put to death.
2. If any one bring an accusation of any crime before the elders, and does not prove what he has charged, he shall, if it be a capital offense charged, be put to death.*
3. If any one bring an accusation against a man, and the accused go to the river and leap into the river, if he sink in the river his accuser shall take possession of his house. But if the river prove that the accused is not guilty, and he escape unhurt, then he who had brought the accusation shall be put to death, while he who leaped into the river shall take possession of the house that had belonged to his accuser.†
4. If a judge try a case, reach a decision, and present his judgment in writing; if later error shall appear in his decision, and it be through his own fault, then he shall pay twelve times the fine set by him in the case, and he shall be publicly removed from the judge's bench, and never again shall he sit there to render judgment.‡
5. If any one steal cattle or sheep, or an ass, or a pig or a goat, if it belong to a god or to the court, the thief shall pay thirtyfold therefore; if they belonged to a freed man of the king he shall pay tenfold; if the thief has nothing with which to pay he shall be put to death.
8. If any one break a hole into a house [to steal], he shall be put to death before that hole and be buried.
9. If any one is committing a robbery and is caught, then he shall be put to death.
10. If fire break out in a house, and someone who comes to put it out cast his eye upon the property of the owner of the house, and take the property of the master of the house, he shall be thrown into that self-same fire.
11. If a man rent his field for tillage for a fixed rental, and receive the rent of his field, but bad weather come and destroy the harvest, the injury falls upon the tiller of the soil.
12. If any one be too lazy to keep his dam in proper condition, and does not so keep it; if then the dam break and all the fields be flooded, then shall he in whose dam the break occurred be sold for money, and the money shall replace the corn which he has caused to be ruined.
100. If any one give another silver, gold, or anything else to keep, he shall show everything to some witness, draw up a contract, and then hand it over for safe keeping.
101. If he turn it over for safe keeping without witness or contract, and if he to whom it was given deny it, then he has no legitimate claim.

* *These provisions would discourage making false accusations.*

† *This put the verdict in the hands of the river, since the people believed that the gods would administer justice fairly in this way.*

‡ *This made judges accountable for their decisions.*

102. If any one leave his house, run away, and then his wife go to another house, if then he return, and wishes to take his wife back: because he fled from his home and ran away, the wife of this runaway shall not return to her husband.
103. If a man's wife, who lives in his house, wishes to leave it, plunges into debt, tries to ruin her house, neglects her husband, and is judicially convicted: if her husband offer her release, she may go on her way, and he gives her nothing as a gift of release. If her husband does not wish to release her, and if he take another wife, she shall remain as servant in her husband's house.
104. If a woman quarrel with her husband, and say: "You are not congenial to me," the reasons for her prejudice must be presented. If she is guiltless, and there is no fault on her part, but he leaves and neglects her, then no guilt attaches to this woman, she shall take her dowry and go back to her father's house.
105. If she is not innocent, but leaves her husband, and ruins her house, neglecting her husband, this woman shall be cast into the water.
106. If a man wish to put his son out of his house, and declare before the judge: "I want to put my son out," then the judge shall examine into his reasons. If the son be guilty of no great fault, for which he can be rightfully put out, the father shall not put him out.
107. If he be guilty of a grave fault, which should rightfully deprive him of the filial relationship, the father shall forgive him the first time; but if he be guilty of a grave fault a second time the father may deprive his son of all filial relation.
108. If a State slave or the slave of a freed man marry the daughter of a free man, and children are born, the master of the slave shall have no right to enslave the children of the free.
111. If a son strike his father, his hands shall be hewn off.
112. If a man put out the eye of another man, his eye shall be put out.*
113. If he break another man's bone, his bone shall be broken.
114. If he put out the eye of a freed man, or break the bone of a freed man, he shall pay one gold mina.
115. If he put out the eye of a man's slave, or break the bone of a man's slave, he shall pay one-half of its value.
116. If a man knock out the teeth of his equal, his teeth shall be knocked out.
117. If any one strike the body of a man higher in rank than he, he shall receive sixty blows with an ox-whip in public.
118. If a free-born man strike the body of another free-born man of equal rank, he shall pay one gold mina.
119. If a freed man strike the body of another freed man, he shall pay ten shekels in money.
120. If the slave of a freed man strike the body of a freed man, his ear shall be cut off.

* *This and the following provisions embody the "eye for an eye" principle that appears in the Law of Moses also. Such laws discourage revenge; someone who has lost an eye is not permitted to destroy his attacker's entire family.*

122. If a physician make a large incision with an operating knife and cure it, or if he open a tumor [over the eye] with an operating knife, and saves the eye, he shall receive ten shekels in money.
123. If the patient be a freed man, he receives five shekels.
124. If he be the slave of some one, his owner shall give the physician two shekels.
125. If a physician make a large incision with the operating knife, and kill him, or open a tumor with the operating knife, and cut out the eye, his hands shall be cut off.
126. If a physician make a large incision in the slave of a freed man, and kill him, he shall replace the slave with another slave.
129. If a builder build a house for some one and complete it, he shall give him a fee of two shekels in money for each sar of surface.*
130. If a builder build a house for some one, and does not construct it properly, and the house which he built fall in and kill its owner, then that builder shall be put to death.
131. If it kill the son of the owner the son of that builder shall be put to death.
132. If it kill a slave of the owner, then he shall pay slave for slave to the owner of the house.
133. If it ruin goods, he shall make compensation for all that has been ruined, and inasmuch as he did not construct properly this house which he built and it fell, he shall re-erect the house from his own means.
134. If a builder build a house for some one, even though he has not yet completed it; if then the walls seem toppling, the builder must make the walls solid from his own means.

* *One sar was the size of a garden plot, or about 400 square feet.*

Dayenu **Jewish (c. 850)**

Dayenu (die-eh-new) is a song that is part of Jewish Passover celebrations. The oldest known copy of the full text is from a 9th-century haggadah, a guide for celebrating Passover. This is a modern English translation. The Hebrew word Dayenu means "it would have been enough" or "it would have satisfied us".

Had He brought us out of Egypt,
and not carried out judgments against them, Dayenu!

Had He carried out judgments against them,
and not against their idols, Dayenu!

Had He destroyed their idols, and not smitten their first-born, Dayenu!

Had He smitten their first-born, and not given us their wealth, Dayenu!

Had He given us their wealth, and not divided the sea for us, Dayenu!

Had He divided the sea, and not permitted us to cross on dry land, Dayenu!

Had He permitted us to cross the sea on dry land, and
not drowned our oppressors in it, Dayenu!

Had He drowned our oppressors in it, and
not sustained us for forty years in the desert, Dayenu!

Had He sustained us for forty years in the desert,
and not fed us with manna, Dayenu!

Had He fed us with manna, and not ordained the Sabbath, Dayenu!

Had He ordained the Sabbath, and not brought us to Mount Sinai, Dayenu!

Had He brought us to Mount Sinai, and not given us the Torah, Dayenu!

Had He given us the Torah, and not led us into the Land of Israel, Dayenu!

Had He led us into the Land of Israel, and not built for us the Temple, Dayenu!

From *Geography* Strabo (c. 17)

Strabo (c. 64 BC - 24 AD) was born in Pontus, a town in what is now Turkey that had recently become part of the Roman Empire. He traveled in the Mediterranean region and in Africa, and he compiled his monumental work about the geography of the world during the life of Christ. In addition to describing the physical geography of places, he included historical observations, such as this one about Moses. This translation by Horace Leonard Jones was published in the early 1900s. The excerpt is from chapter 2 of Book XVI.

Moses, namely, was one of the Egyptian priests, and held a part of Lower Egypt, as it is called, but he went away from there to Judaea, since he was displeased with the state of affairs there, and was accompanied by many people who worshipped the Divine Being. For he says, and taught, that the Egyptians were mistaken in representing the Divine Being by the images of beasts and cattle, as were also the Libyans; and that the Greeks were also wrong in modelling gods in human form; for, according to him, God is this one thing alone that encompasses us all and encompasses land and sea—the thing which we call heaven, or universe, or the nature of all that exists. What man, then, if he has sense, could be bold enough to fabricate an image of God resembling any creature amongst us? Nay, people should leave off all image-carving, and, setting apart a sacred precinct and a worthy sanctuary, should worship God without an image; and people who have good dreams should sleep in the sanctuary, not only themselves on their own behalf, but also others for the rest of the people; and those who live self-restrained and righteous lives should always expect some blessing or gift or sign from God, but no other should expect them.

Now Moses, saying things of this kind, persuaded not a few thoughtful men and led them away to this place where the settlement of Jerusalem now is; and he easily took possession of the place, since it was not a place that would be looked on with envy, nor yet one for which anyone would make a serious fight; for it is rocky, and, although it itself is well supplied with water, its surrounding territory is barren and waterless, and the part of the territory within a radius of sixty stadia is also rocky beneath the surface. At the same time Moses, instead of using arms, put forward as defence his sacrifices and his Divine Being, being resolved to seek a seat of worship for Him and promising to deliver to the people a kind of worship and a kind of ritual which would not oppress those who adopted them either with expenses or with divine obsessions or with other absurd troubles. Now Moses enjoyed fair repute with these people, and organised no ordinary



*Jewish Illustration of the Exodus
(14th Century)*

kind of government, since the peoples all round, one and all, came over to him, because of his dealings with them and of the prospects he held out to them.

His successors for some time abided by the same course, acting righteously and being truly pious towards God; but afterwards, in the first place, superstitious men were appointed to the priesthood, and then tyrannical people; and from superstition arose abstinence from flesh, from which it is their custom to abstain even to-day, and circumcisions and excisions and other observances of the kind. And from the tyrannies arose the bands of robbers; for some revolted and harassed the country, both their own country and that of their neighbours, whereas others, co-operating with the rulers, seized the property of others and subdued much of Syria and Phoenicia. But still they had respect for their acropolis, since they did not loathe it as the seat of tyranny, but honoured and revered it as a holy place.

From *The Dhammapada* Buddhist (c. 450 BC)

The Dhammapada is a collection of Buddha's teachings in poetic form. It is part of a group of Buddhist texts known as the Pali Canon, compiled and transmitted orally for several centuries until being written down in the first century BC in Sri Lanka. This translation by F. Max Muller was published in 1881 as part of the Sacred Books of the East series.

Chapter XV. Happiness

Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us! among men who hate us let us dwell free from hatred!

Let us live happily then, free from ailments among the ailing! among men who are ailing let us dwell free from ailments!

Let us live happily then, free from greed among the greedy! among men who are greedy let us dwell free from greed!

Let us live happily then, though we call nothing our own! We shall be like the bright gods, feeding on happiness!

Victory breeds hatred, for the conquered is unhappy. He who has given up both victory and defeat, he, the contented, is happy.

There is no fire like passion; there is no losing throw like hatred; there is no pain like this body; there is no happiness higher than rest.

Hunger is the worst of diseases, the body the greatest of pains; if one knows this truly, that is Nirvana, the highest happiness.

Health is the greatest of gifts, contentedness the best riches; trust is the best of relationships, Nirvana the highest happiness.

He who has tasted the sweetness of solitude and tranquillity, is free from fear and free from sin, while he tastes the sweetness of drinking in the law.

The sight of the elect is good, to live with them is always happiness; if a man does not see fools, he will be truly happy.

He who walks in the company of fools suffers a long way; company with fools, as with an enemy, is always painful; company with the wise is pleasure, like meeting with kinsfolk.

Therefore, one ought to follow the wise, the intelligent, the learned, the much enduring, the dutiful, the elect; one ought to follow a good and wise man, as the moon follows the path of the stars.

From *The Histories* Polybius (c. 140 BC)

Polybius (c. 200-118 BC) was a Greek who recognized the rise of Roman power during the 2nd century before Christ. He became a confidant of the Roman general Scipio Aemilianus, and was present with him at the defeat of Carthage in 146 BC that ended the Punic Wars. Polybius is recognized for being a detailed historian who interviewed eyewitnesses. His collection of books called The Histories provides details on the Mediterranean world, especially Rome, during the period from 264 to 146 BC. This excerpt from Book VI describes the organization of the Roman army.

At Rome the tribunes, after the ceremony of the oath is finished, command all the legions to return without arms upon a certain day, and then dismiss them. And when they are met together again at the appointed time, those that are youngest, and of the lowest condition, are set apart for the light-armed troops. From the next above these in age are selected the hastati; from those that are in full strength and vigor, the principes; and the oldest of all that are enrolled are the triarii. For every legion is composed of all these different bodies; different in name, in age, and in the manner in which they are armed. This division is so adjusted that the triarii amount to six hundred men; the principes are twelve hundred; the hastati an equal number; and all the rest light-armed. If a legion consist of more than four thousand men, the several bodies are increased in due proportion; except only that the number of the triarii always remains the same.

The youngest of these troops are armed with a sword, light javelins, and a buckler. The buckler is both strongly made, and of a size sufficient for security. For it is of a circular form, and has three feet in the diameter. They wear likewise upon their heads some simple sort of covering; such as the skin of a wolf, or something of a similar kind; which serves both for their defense, and to point out also to the commanders those particular soldiers that are distinguished either by their bravery or want of courage in the time of action. The wood of the javelins is of the length of two cubits, and of the thickness of a finger. The iron part is a span in length, and is drawn out to such a slender fineness towards the point, that it never fails to be bent in the very first discharge, so that the enemy cannot throw it back again. Otherwise it would be a common javelin.

The next in age, who are called the hastati, are ordered to furnish themselves with a complete suit of armor. This among the Romans consists in the first place of a shield of a convex surface; the breadth of which is two feet and a half; and the length four feet, or four feet and a palm of those of the largest size. It is composed of two planks, glued together, and covered first with linen, and afterwards with calves' skin. The extreme edges of it, both above and below, are guarded with plates of iron; as well to secure it against the strokes of swords, as that it may be rested also upon the ground without receiving any injury. To the surface is fitted likewise a shell of iron; which serves to turn aside the more violent strokes of stones, or spears, or any other ponderous weapon. After the shield comes the sword, which is carried upon the right thigh, and is called the Spanish sword. It is formed not only to push with at the point; but to make a falling stroke with either

edge, and with singular effect; for the blade is remarkably strong and firm. To these arms are added two piles or javelins; a helmet made of brass; and boots for the legs. The piles are of two sorts; the one large, the other slender.

Of the former those that are round have the breadth of a palm in their diameter; and those that are square the breadth of a palm likewise is a side. The more slender, which are carried with the other, resemble a common javelin of a moderate size. In both sorts, the wooden part is of the same length likewise, and turned outwards at the point, in the form of a double hook, is fastened to the wood with so great care and foresight, being carried upwards to the very middle of it, and transfixes with many close-set rivets, that it is sooner broken in use than loosened; though in the part in which it is joined to the wood, it is not less than a finger and a half in thickness.

Upon the helmet is worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either red or black, of about a cubit in height; which being fixed upon the very top of the head, and added to their other arms, make the troops seem to be of double size, and gives them an appearance which is both beautiful and terrible. Beside these arms, the soldiers in general place also upon their breasts a square plate of brass, of the measure of a span on either side, which is called the guard of the heart. But all those who are rated at more than ten thousand drachmae cover their breasts with a coat of mail. The principes and the triarii are armed in the same manner likewise as the hastati; except only that the triarii carry pikes instead of javelins.

Roman Soldier Re-enactors in Austria



From the Twelve Tables of Law Roman (c. 451 BC)

The Twelve Tables of Law codified legal practices in the Roman Republic. These excerpts, translated by Nina E. Weston, were published in The Library of Original Sources: Volume III (1901).

Table I

1. If anyone summons a man before the magistrate, he must go. If the man summoned does not go, let the one summoning him call the bystanders to witness and then take him by force. If he shirks or runs away, let the summoner lay hands on him. If illness or old age is the hindrance, let the summoner provide a team. He need not provide a covered carriage with a pallet unless he chooses.

2. Let the protector of a landholder be a landholder; for one of the proletariat, let anyone that cares to be protector.

3. When the litigants settle their case by compromise, let the magistrate announce it. If they do not compromise, let them state each his own side of the case, in the comitium [public meeting] of the forum, before noon. Afterwards let them talk it out together, while both are present. After noon, in case either party has failed to appear, let the magistrate pronounce judgment in favor of the one who is present. If both are present the trial may last until sunset but no later.

Table II

2. He whose witness has failed to appear may summon him by loud calls before his house every third day.

Table III

1. One who has confessed a debt, or against whom judgment has been pronounced, shall have thirty days to pay it in. After that forcible seizure of his person is allowed. The creditor shall bring him before the magistrate. Unless he pays the amount of the judgment or some one in the presence of the magistrate interferes in his behalf as protector the creditor so shall take him home and fasten him in stocks or fetters. He shall fasten him with not less than fifteen pounds of weight or, if he choose, with more. If the prisoner choose, he may furnish his own food. If he does not, the creditor must give him a pound of meal daily; if he choose he may give him more.

2. On the third market day let them divide his body among them. If they cut more or less than each one's share it shall be no crime.

3. Against a foreigner the right in property shall be valid forever.

Table IV

1. If a father sell his son three times, the son shall be free from his father.
2. As a man has provided in his will in regard to his money and the care of his property, so let it be binding. If he has no heir and dies intestate, let the nearest agnate* have the inheritance. If there is no agnate, let the members of his gens† have the inheritance.
3. If one is mad but has no guardian, the power over him and his money shall belong to his agnates and the members of his gens.

Table VI

1. When one makes a bond and a conveyance of property, as he has made formal declaration so let it be binding.
3. A beam that is built into a house or a vineyard trellis one may not take from its place.

Table VII

1. Let them keep the road in order. If they have not paved it, a man may drive his team where he likes.

Table VIII

2. If one has maimed a limb and does not compromise with the injured person, let there be retaliation. If one has broken a bone of a freeman with his hand or with a cudgel, let him pay a penalty of three hundred coins. If he has broken the bone of a slave, let him pay one hundred and fifty coins. If one is guilty of insult, the penalty shall be twenty-five coins.
3. If one is slain while committing theft by night, he is rightly slain.
4. If a patron shall have devised any deceit against his client, let him be accursed.
5. If one shall permit himself to be summoned as a witness, or has been a weigher, if he does not give his testimony, let him be noted as dishonest and incapable of acting again as witness.

Table X

1. None is to bury or burn a corpse in the city.
3. The women shall not tear their faces nor wail on account of the funeral.
5. If one obtains a crown himself, or if his chattel does so because of his honor and valor, if it is placed on his head, or the head of his parents, it shall be no crime.

* *Another person descended from the same male ancestor.*

† *Extended family.*

*From **The Training of Children*** **Plutarch (c. 110)**

Plutarch (c. 50-120 AD), born in Greece, was a biographer and essayist. This translation by Simon Ford appeared in The Library of Original Sources: Volume III (1901).

I will add a few words more, and put an end to these advices. The chiefest thing that fathers are to look to is, that they themselves become effectual examples to their children, by doing all those things which belong to them and avoiding all vicious practices, that in their lives, as in a glass, their children may see enough to give them an aversion to all ill words and actions. For those that chide children for such faults as they themselves fall into unconsciously accuse themselves, under their children's names. And if they are altogether vicious in their own lives, they lose the right of reproaching their very servants, and much more do they forfeit it towards their sons.

Yes, what is more than that, they make themselves even counsellors and instructors to them in wickedness. For where old men are impudent, there of necessity must the young men be so too. Wherefore we are to apply our minds to all such practices as may conduce to the good breeding of our children. And here we may take example from Eurydice of Hierapolis, who, although she was an Illyrian, and so thrice a barbarian, yet applied herself to learning when she was well advanced in years, that she might teach her children. Her love towards her children appears evidently in this Epigram of hers, which she dedicated to the Muses:—

Eurydice to the Muses here doth raise
This monument, her honest love to praise;
Who her grown sons that she might scholars breed,
Then well in years, herself first learned to read.

And thus have I finished the precepts which I designed to give concerning this subject. But that they should all be followed by any one reader is rather, I fear, to be wished than hoped. And to follow the greater part of them, though it may not be impossible to human nature, yet will need a concurrence of more than ordinary diligence joined with good fortune.

Grave Stone of a Roman Family



From *The Martyrdom of Ignatius* (authorship and date uncertain)

Ignatius was born fairly soon after the founding of the church. A legend says that he was one of the children Jesus blessed, but this has no historical basis. He became a Christian and learned from the Apostle John. Eusebius reports that he was taken as a prisoner to Rome. Along the way, he was able to speak to churches and write several letters to encourage believers. In Rome he died as a martyr for his faith during the reign of Trajan. This document purports to give a reliable account of the end of Ignatius' life. There is some uncertainty about whether it was written by eyewitnesses who were with him or by others a long time after the events described. It does represent the faith of early Christians who were so devoted to the kingdom of God that they were willing to face the worst that could be done by the empire of Rome. This translation is from an 1885 edition of The Ante-Nicene Fathers, edited by Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson.

Chapter I.—Desire of Ignatius for martyrdom.

When Trajan, not long since, succeeded to the empire of the Romans, Ignatius, the disciple of John the apostle, a man in all respects of an apostolic character, governed the Church of the Antiochians with great care, having with difficulty escaped the former storms of the many persecutions under Domitian, inasmuch as, like a good pilot, by the helm of prayer and fasting, by the earnestness of his teaching, and by his [constant]* spiritual labour, he resisted the flood that rolled against him, fearing [only] lest he should lose any of those who were deficient in courage, or apt to suffer from their simplicity.

Wherefore he rejoiced over the tranquil state of the Church, when the persecution ceased for a little time, but was grieved as to himself, that he had not yet attained to a true love to Christ, nor reached the perfect rank of a disciple. For he inwardly reflected, that the confession which is made by martyrdom, would bring him into a yet more intimate relation to the Lord. Wherefore, continuing a few years longer with the Church, and, like a divine lamp, enlightening every one's understanding by his expositions of the [Holy?] Scriptures, he [at length] attained the object of his desire.

Chapter II.—Ignatius is condemned by Trajan.

For Trajan, in the ninth[†] year of his reign, being lifted up [with pride], after the victory he had gained over the Scythians and Dacians, and many other nations, and thinking that the religious body of the Christians were yet wanting to complete the subjugation of all things to himself, and [thereupon] threatening them with persecution unless they should agree to worship demons, as did all other nations, thus compelled all who were living godly lives either to sacrifice [to idols] or die.

Wherefore the noble soldier of Christ [Ignatius], being in fear for the Church of the Antiochians, was, in accordance with his own desire, brought before Trajan, who was at that time staying at Antioch, but was in haste [to set forth] against Armenia and the Parthians. And when he was set before the emperor Trajan, [that prince] said unto him,

* Words in brackets are unclear or supplied by the translator.

† Possibly nineteenth (either AD 107 or 116).

“Who are you, wicked wretch, who sets yourself to transgress our commands, and persuades others to do the same, so that they should miserably perish?”

Ignatius replied, “No one ought to call Theophorus* wicked; for all evil spirits have departed from the servants of God. But if, because I am an enemy to these [spirits], you call me wicked in respect to them, I quite agree with you; for inasmuch as I have Christ the King of heaven [within me], I destroy all the devices of these [evil spirits].”

Trajan answered, “And who is Theophorus?”

Ignatius replied, “He who has Christ within his breast.”

Trajan said, “Do we not then seem to you to have the gods in our mind, whose assistance we enjoy in fighting against our enemies?”

Ignatius answered, “You are in error when you call the demons of the nations gods. For there is but one God, who made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all that are in them; and one Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, whose kingdom may I enjoy.”

Trajan said, “Do you mean Him who was crucified under Pontius Pilate?”

Ignatius replied, “I mean Him who crucified my sin, with him who was the inventor of it, and who has condemned [and cast down] all the deceit and malice of the devil under the feet of those who carry Him in their heart.”

Trajan said, “Do you then carry within you Him that was crucified?”

Ignatius replied, “Truly so; for it is written, ‘I will dwell in them, and walk in them.’”

Then Trajan pronounced sentence as follows: “We command that Ignatius, who affirms that he carries about within him Him that was crucified, be bound by soldiers, and carried to the great [city] Rome, there to be devoured by the beasts, for the gratification of the people.”

When the holy martyr heard this sentence, he cried out with joy, “I thank you, O Lord, that you have vouchsafed to honour me with a perfect love towards You, and has made me to be bound with iron chains, like Your Apostle Paul.”

Having spoken thus, he then, with delight, clasped the chains about him; and when he had first prayed for the Church, and commended it with tears to the Lord, he was hurried away by the savage cruelty of the soldiers, like a distinguished ram, the leader of a goodly flock, that he might be carried to Rome, there to furnish food to the bloodthirsty beasts.

Chapter III.—Ignatius sails to Smyrna.

Wherefore, with great alacrity and joy, through his desire to suffer, he came down from Antioch to Seleucia, from which place he set sail. And after a great deal of suffering he came to Smyrna, where he disembarked with great joy, and hastened to see the holy Polycarp, [formerly] his fellow-disciple, and [now] bishop of Smyrna. For they had both, in old times, been disciples of St. John the Apostle. Being then brought to him, and having communicated to him some spiritual gifts, and glorying in his bonds, he entreated of him to labour along with him for the fulfilment of his desire; earnestly indeed asking this of the whole Church (for the cities and Churches of Asia had welcomed the holy

* *One who carries God.*

man through their bishops, and presbyters, and deacons, all hastening to meet him, if by any means they might receive from him some spiritual gift, but above all, the holy Polycarp, that, by means of the wild beasts, he soon disappearing from this world, might be manifested before the face of Christ.

Chapter IV.—Ignatius writes to the churches.

And these things he thus spake, and thus testified, extending his love to Christ so far as one who was about to secure heaven through his good confession, and the earnestness of those who joined their prayers to his in regard to his [approaching] conflict; and to give a recompense to the Churches, who came to meet him through their rulers, sending letters of thanksgiving to them, which dropped spiritual grace, along with prayer and exhortation. . . .

Chapter VI.—Ignatius is devoured by the beasts at Rome.

They pushed forth therefore from the place which is called Portus; and (the fame of all relating to the holy martyr being already spread abroad) we met the brethren full of fear and joy; rejoicing indeed because they were thought worthy to meet with Theophorus, but struck with fear because so eminent a man was being led to death. Now he enjoined some to keep silence who, in their fervent zeal, were saying that they would appease the people, so that they should not demand the destruction of this just one. He being immediately aware of this through the Spirit, and having saluted them all, and begged of them to show a true affection towards him, and having dwelt [on this point] at greater length than in his Epistle, and having persuaded them not to envy him hastening to the Lord, he then, after he had, with all the brethren kneeling [beside him], entreated the Son of God in behalf of the Churches, that a stop might be put to the persecution, and that mutual love might continue among the brethren, was led with all haste into the amphitheatre.

Then, being immediately thrown in, according to the command of Caesar given some time ago, the public spectacles being just about to close (for it was then a solemn day, as they deemed it, being that which is called the thirteenth in the Roman tongue, on which the people were wont to assemble in more than ordinary numbers), he was thus cast to the wild beasts close beside the temple, that so by them the desire of the holy martyr Ignatius should be fulfilled, according to that which is written, "The desire of the righteous is acceptable [to God]," to the effect that he might not be troublesome to any of the brethren by the gathering of his remains, even as he had in his Epistle expressed a wish beforehand that so his end might be. . . .

Martyrdom of Ignatius
(Byzantine, c. 1000 AD)



From *The Diary of Murasaki Shikibu* Murasaki Shikibu (c. 1007)

Murasaki Shikibu lived about 978-1014. She became well known across Japan as a novelist and poet. After the death of her husband in 1001, she became a lady-in-waiting for the Empress Shōshi. She kept a journal of her experiences. This English translation, published in Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan (1920), was made by Annie Shepley Omori (1856-c. 1943), an American who married a Japanese man in 1907 and died in Japan during World War II; and Kochi Doi (1886-1979), a Japanese professor of English at Tokyo Imperial University.

It is still the dead of night, the moon is dim and darkness lies under the trees. We hear an officer call, "The outer doors of the Queen's apartment must be opened. The maids-of-honour are not yet come—let the Queen's secretaries come forward!" While this order is being given the three-o'clock bell resounds, startling the air. Immediately the prayers at the five altars begin. The voices of the priests in loud recitation, vying with each other far and near, are solemn indeed. The Abbot of the Kanon-in Temple, accompanied by twenty priests, comes from the eastern side building to pray. Even their footsteps along the gallery which sound to'-do-ro to'-do-ro are sacred. The head priest of the Hoju Temple goes to the mansion near the race-track, the prior of the Henji Temple goes to the library. I follow with my eyes when the holy figures in pure white robes cross the stately Chinese bridge and walk along the broad path. Even Azaliah Saisa bends the body in reverence before the deity Daiitoku. The maids-of-honour arrive at dawn. . . .

Since the twentieth of the Eighth month, the more favoured court nobles and officers have been on night duty, passing the nights in the corridor, or on the mats of the veranda idly amusing themselves. Young men who are unskilled in *koto* or *fué* [harp or flute] amuse themselves with *tonearasoi* and *imayo** and at such a time this is entertaining. Narinobu, the Queen's Grand Chamberlain, Tsunefusa, the Lieutenant-General of the Left Bodyguard and State Councillor, and Narimasa, the Major-General of the Bodyguard and Governor of Mino, passed the night in diversions. The Lord Prime Minister must have been apprehensive, for he has forbidden all public entertainment. Those who have long retired from the court have come in crowds to ask after the Queen's welfare, so we have had no peace.



Murasaki at her desk, Suzuki Harunobu (Japanese, 1767)

* The meaning of *tonearasoi* was unclear to the translators. *Imayo*, or "new style," was a kind of song popular at the time. The verse consists of eight or ten alternating seven- and five-syllable lines.

Twenty-sixth day. We finished the preparation of perfume and distributed it to all. A number of us who had been making it into balls assembled together. On my way from Her Majesty's chamber I peeped into Ben Saisho's room. She was sleeping. She wore garments of *hagi* and *shion** over which she had put a strongly perfumed lustrous robe. Her face was hidden behind the cloth;† her head rested on a writing-case of gold lacquer. Her forehead was beautiful and fascinating. She seemed like a princess in a picture. I took off the cloth which hid her mouth and said, "You are just like the heroine of a romance!" She blushed, half rising; she was beauty itself. She is always beautiful, but on this occasion her charm was wonderfully heightened.

Dear Lady Hyoé brought me some floss silk for chrysanthemums.‡ "The wife of the Prime Minister favours you with this present to drive away age, carefully use it and then throw it away."

May that lady live one thousand years who guards the flowers!
My sleeves are wet with thankful tears
As though I had been working
In a garden of dewy chrysanthemums.
I wanted to send it, but as I heard that she had gone away I kept it.

The evening I went to the Queen's chamber. As the moon was beautiful, skirts overflowed from beneath the *misu*.§ By and by there came Lady Koshosho and Lady Dainagon. Her Majesty took out some of the perfume made the other day and put it into an incense burner to try it. The garden was admirable—"When the ivy leaves become red!" they were saying—but our Lady seemed less tranquil than usual. The priests came for prayers, and I went into the inside room but was called away and finally went to my own chamber. I wanted only to rest a few minutes, but fell asleep. By midnight everybody was in great excitement.

Tenth day of the Long-moon month.

When day began to dawn the decorations of the Queen's chamber were changed and she removed to a white bed. The Prime Minister, his sons, and other noblemen made haste to change the curtains of the screens, the bed cover, and other things.¶ All day long she lay ill at ease. Men cried at the top of their voices to scare away evil spirits. There assembled not only the priests who had been summoned here for these months, but also itinerant monks who were brought from every mountain and temple. Their prayers would reach to the Buddhas of the three worlds. All the soothsayers in the world were

* *Hagi* was a violet-colored dress with blue lining, the violet dye taken from sapan-wood. *Shion* was a pale purple dress with blue lining.

† A face covering used while sleeping.

‡ Floss silk was used to protect chrysanthemum flowers from frost. The flower itself was believed to have the virtue of lengthening life.

§ Ladies were crowded close behind the *misu* looking at the moon.

¶ Hangings, screens, and clothes of attendants were all white at the time of a birth.

summoned. Eight million gods seemed to be listening with ears erect for their Shinto prayers. Messengers ran off to order sutra-reciting at various temples; thus the night was passed. On the east side of the screen [placed around the Queen's bed] there assembled the ladies of the Court.

On the west side there were lying the Queen's substitutes possessed with the evil spirits.* Each was lying surrounded by a pair of folding screens. The joints of the screens were curtained and priests were appointed to cry sutras there. On the south side there sat in many rows abbots and other dignitaries of the priesthood, who prayed and swore till their voices grew hoarse, as if they were bringing down the living form of Fudo.† The space between the north room and the dais [on which was the Queen's bed] was very narrow, yet when I thought of it afterwards I counted more than forty persons who were standing there. They could not move at all, and grew so dizzy that they could remember nothing. The people [i.e., the ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour] now coming from home, could not enter the main apartment at all. There was no place for their flowing robes and long sleeves. Certain older women wept secretly.

Eleventh day. At dawn the north sliding doors were taken away to throw the two rooms together. The Queen was moved towards the veranda. As there was no time to hang *misu*, she was surrounded by *kicho*.‡ The Reverend Gyocho and the other priests performed incantations. The Reverend Ingen recited the prayer written by the Lord Prime Minister on the previous day adding some grave vows of his own. His words were infinitely august and hopeful. The Prime Minister joining in the prayer, we felt more assured of a fortunate delivery. Yet there was still lingering anxiety which made us very sad, and many eyes were filled with tears. We said, "Tears are not suitable to this occasion," but we could not help crying.

They said that Her Majesty suffered more because the rooms were too crowded, so the people were ordered to the south and east rooms. After this there remained in the Royal Apartment only the more important personages. The Prime Minister, Lady Sanuki, and Lady Saisho were within the screen. The honoured priest of Ninna Temple and the court priest of Mii Temple were summoned within. The Prime Minister gave various commands, and his voice overpowered those of the priests. There were also Ladies Dainagon, Koshosho, Miya-no-Naishi, Nakatsukasa-no-Kimi, Tayu-no-Myobu, Daishikibu-no-Omoto, Tono-no-Senji—these last were venerable ladies of experience, but even they were bewildered with good reason. I am yet a novice, and I felt with all my heart that the occasion was serious. Also, in the place a little behind, outside the curtain, there were the nurses of the Princesses Naishi-no-Kami and Nakatsukasa, of the Queen's

* Some of the ladies-in-waiting undertook this duty to protect the Queen from evil spirits. There is a difference of opinion between the translators as to whether this was done with the intention of deceiving the evil spirits into attacking the wrong person (by introducing into her neighbourhood other women surrounded with screens and attendants) or by transmitting the supposed evil spirits out of the Queen into her ladies by a sort of mesmerization.

† Fudo was a terrible-looking Buddhist idol who was thought to have the power to subdue all evil spirits.

‡ The *kicho* was another type of screen used in upper-class homes.

sister Shonagon, and of her younger sister Koshikibu. These nurses forced their way into the narrow passage behind the two screens and there walked back and forth, so that none could pass that way. There were many other persons bustling about, but I could not distinguish them. The Prime Minister's son, Lieutenant-General Saisho, Major-General Masamichi of the Fourth Rank, not to speak of Lieutenant-General Tsunefusa, of the Left Bodyguard, and Miya-no-Tayu, who had not known Her Majesty familiarly, all looked over her screen for some time. They showed eyes swollen up with weeping, forgetting the shame of it. On their heads rice was scattered white as snow.* Their rumpled clothes must have been unseemly, but we could only think of those things afterward. A part of the Queen's head was shaved.† I was greatly astonished and very sorry to see it, but she was delivered peacefully. The after-birth was delayed, and all priests crowded to the south balcony, under the eaves of the magnificent main building, while those on the bridge recited sutras more passionately, often kneeling.

Among the ladies-in-waiting on the east side were seen some of the courtiers. Lady Kochujo's eye met that of the Lieutenant-General. People afterwards laughed over her astonished expression. She is a very fascinating and elegant person, and is always very careful to adorn her face. This morning she had done so, but her eyes were red, and her rouge was spoiled by tears. She was disfigured, and hardly seemed the same person. The imperfectly made-up face of Lady Saisho was a rare sight, but what about my own? It is lucky for me that people cannot notice such things at such a time.

As the after-birth came, it was fearful to hear the jealously swearing voices of the evil spirits. Shinzo-Azari took charge of Lady Ben-no-Kurodo; Soyo took charge of Hyoé-no-Kurodo; a priest Hojuji took charge of Ukon-no-Kurodo; Chiso Azari took charge of Lady Miya-no-Naishi. This last priest was overpowered with the evil spirit, and as he was in a too pitiable state Ninkaku Azari went to help him. It was not because his prayer had little virtue, but the spirit was too strong. Priest Eiko was in charge of Lady Saisho's supplicator of the spirit [i.e., Queen's substitute]. This priest swore all night till his voice became hoarse. Most ladies who were summoned in order that the spirits might enter into them remained safe, and they were much troubled [thinking that it would be to the Queen's advantage were they attacked]. At noon we felt that the sun came out at last. The Queen was at ease!

She is now at peace. Incomparable joy! Moreover, it is a prince, so the joy cannot be oblique. The court ladies who had passed the previous day in anxiety, not knowing what to do, as if they were lost in the mist of the early morning, went one by one to rest in their own rooms, so that before the Queen there remained only some elderly persons proper for such occasions. The Lord Prime Minister and his Lady went away to give offerings to the priest who had read sutras and performed religious austerities during the past months, and to those doctors who were recently summoned. The doctors and soothsayers, who had invented special forms of efficacy, were given pensions.

* *Rice was thought to bring good luck.*

† *This was so that she might be ordained as a priestess and insured a good reception in the next world. It was only done when a sick person or pregnant woman was in great danger.*

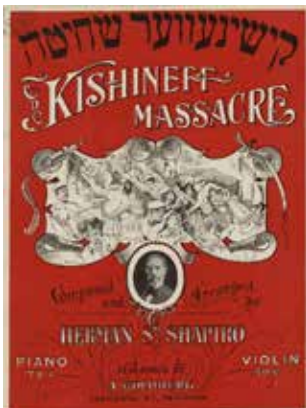
Anti-Semitic Riots Jewish Encyclopedia (1904)

Published by Funk and Wagnalls between 1901 and 1906, the Jewish Encyclopedia was a twelve-volume collection of articles on the history, culture, and religion of the Jewish people. This excerpt is taken from the article on the Russian city of Kishinev (or Kishinef); Jews made up about one-third of the city's population.

A serious anti-Jewish outbreak occurred in Kishinef April 19-20, 1903, during which 47 Jews were killed, and 92 severely, and 500 slightly, injured. Great material losses were inflicted on the Jewish community: 700 houses were destroyed; 600 stores were pillaged; 2,000 families were utterly ruined. The outbreak undoubtedly had been planned beforehand, and was not in any degree spontaneous. For six years previous to the outbreak a certain Pavolachi Krushevan, the Moldavian editor of the only daily paper in the city, the "Bessarabetz," had carried on a campaign against the Jews, publishing various false accusations against them, and not even hesitating to accuse them of ritual murder. Having poisoned the minds of the Christian population, Krushevan availed himself of the opportunity created by the murder of a boy (by his own relatives) in an adjoining village, and the suicide of a Christian girl in the Jewish hospital of Kishinef; he laid both tragedies at the door of the Jews, declaring emphatically that both were murders committed for ritual purposes; he described the incidents of these "ritual murders" with a wealth of sickening detail, and in inflammatory articles appealed to the people for vengeance.

The local government authorities, while aware of the utter falsity of the accusations and of the grave danger of such appeals to passion and ignorance, did nothing. That they were guilty of having contributed to the outbreak is evident, since the "Bessarabetz" was subsidized by the government for the printing of official news, and was thus made an official organ; the vice-governor, Ostrogov, while occupying the position of censor, was himself a collaborator on the paper; moreover, the police were in open sympathy with the rioters, and made no attempt to interfere; and Davidovich, one of the officials appointed to investigate into the causes and course of the outbreak, had himself participated in the formation of an anti-Jewish organization. The rioters were mostly Moldavians, with a small proportion of Great Russians; some of the latter undoubtedly had been sent to Kishinef for the occasion, under the leadership of a few seminarists and students disguised as laborers.

These events called forth expressions of indignation throughout the civilized world, and representations on the subject were made to the Russian government, which refused to take official notice of them. A petition to the czar was prepared in the United States, signed by many thousands of all beliefs, and entrusted to President Roosevelt for transmission



Herman S. Shapiro composed a Yiddish elegy about the massacre in 1904.

to St. Petersburg. The petition, although its text was transmitted to the Russian government in an official despatch, was never sent, for the Russian Foreign Office intimated that it would not be received. During the trials of the numerous persons indicted as participators in the riots the judiciary was openly hostile to the Jews, and most of the rioters received trivial sentences. The unfair attitude of the government officials during these trials created grave apprehensions among the Jews of South Russia; great loss was inflicted upon commerce throughout that region, and hundreds of Jewish families were impelled to emigrate to other countries.

The cry of horror which went up from the whole civilized world in reference to the massacres at Kishinef was followed by a cry for justice and by a demand that the affair be investigated and the guilty ones punished. Public opinion in Europe and America was aroused to such a pitch that the Russian government was obliged to institute legal inquiries.



The petition drive was organized by the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, a Jewish service organization. Since the Russian government refused to accept the petition, it was kept by the National Archives and Records Administration in the U.S.

American artist Emil Flohri published this illustration in the satirical magazine Judge soon after the massacre. President Theodore Roosevelt is calling on Czar Nicholas II to stop Russia's oppression of Jews.



From Three Times and Out As Told by Private Mervin Simmons to Nellie L. McClung (1918)

Mervin Simmons, pictured at right, was a carpenter in British Columbia, Canada, when World War I began. He joined the armed forces and was sent to France. He was captured during a battle in 1915. He spent sixteen months in German prison camps. Twice he escaped and was captured. The third time he managed to get away for good. When he returned to Canada, he told his story to author Nellie McClung. *Three Times and Out* was published in November of 1918, just as the war was ending. This chapter describes life in Giessen, Simmons' first prison camp.



The guard took me to Camp 6, Barrack A, where I found some of the boys I knew. They were in good spirits, and had fared in the matter of food much the same as I had. We agreed exactly in our diagnosis of the soup.

I was shown my mattress and given two blankets; also a metal bowl, knife, and fork.

Outside the hut, on the shady side, I went and sat down with some of the boys who, like myself, were excused from labor.* Dent, of Toronto, was one of the party, and he was engaged in the occupation known as “reading his shirt” — and on account of the number of shirts being limited to one for each man, while the “reading” was going on, he sat in a boxer’s uniform, wrapped only in deep thought.†

Now, it happened that I did not acquire any “cooties” while I was in the army, and of course in the lazaret‡ we were kept clean, so this was my first close acquaintanceship with them. My time of exemption was over, though, for by night I had them a-plenty.

I soon found out that insect powder was no good. I think it just made them sneeze, and annoyed them a little. We washed our solitary shirts regularly, but as we had only cold water, it did not kill the eggs, and when we hung the shirt out in the sun, the eggs came out in full strength, young, hearty, and hungry. It was a new generation we had to deal with, and they had all the objectionable qualities of their ancestors, and a few of their own.

Before long, the Canadian Red Cross parcels began to come, and I got another shirt—a good one, too, only the sleeves were too long. I carefully put in a tuck, for they came well over my hands. But I soon found that these tucks became a regular rendezvous for the “cooties,” and I had to let them out. The Red Cross parcels also contained towels, toothbrushes, socks, and soap, and all these were very useful.

After a few weeks, with the lice increasing every day, we raised such a row about them that the guards took us to the fumigator. This was a building of three rooms, which stood by itself in the compound. In the first room we undressed and hung all our clothes, and our blankets too, on huge hooks which were placed on a sliding framework. This

* Simmons had been wounded in the shoulder during the battle in which he was captured.

† The prisoners were picking lice off of themselves.

‡ The medical clinic where Simmons had first been treated.

framework was then pushed into the oven and the clothes were thoroughly baked. We did not let our boots, belts, or braces go, as the heat would spoil the leather. We then walked out into the next room and had a shower bath, and after that went into the third room at the other side of the oven, and waited until the framework was pushed through to us, when we took our clothes from the hooks and dressed.

This was a sure cure for the “cooties,” and for a few days, at least, we enjoyed perfect freedom from them. Every week after this we had a bath, and it was compulsory, too.

As prison-camps go, Giessen is a good one. The place is well drained; the water is excellent; the sanitary conditions are good, too; the sleeping accommodations are ample, there being no upper berths such as exist in all the other camps I have seen. It is the “Show-Camp,” to which visitors are brought, who then, not having had to eat the food, write newspaper articles telling how well Germany treats her prisoners. If these people could see some of the other camps that I have seen, the articles would have to be modified. . . .

The matter of escaping was in my mind all the time, but I was careful to whom I spoke, for some fellows’ plans had been frustrated by their unwise confidences.

The possession of a compass is an indication that the subject of “escaping” has been thought of, and the question, “Have you a compass?” is the prison-camp way of saying, “What do you think of making a try?”

One day, a fellow called Bromley who came from Toronto, and who was captured at the same time that I was, asked me if I had a compass. He was a fine big fellow, with a strong, attractive face, and I liked him, from the first. He was a fair-minded, reasonable chap, and we soon became friends. We began to lay plans, and when we could get together, talked over the prospects, keeping a sharp lookout for eavesdroppers.

There were difficulties!

The camp was surrounded by a high board fence, and above the boards, barbed wire was tightly drawn, to make it uncomfortable for reaching hands. Inside of this was an ordinary barbed-wire fence through which we were not allowed to go, with a few feet of “No Man’s Land” in between.

There were sentry-boxes ever so often, so high that the sentry could easily look over the camp. Each company was divided from the others by two barbed-wire fences, and besides this there were the sentries who walked up and down, armed, of course.

There were also the guns commanding every bit of the camp, and occasionally, to drive from us all thought of insurrection, the Regular Infantry marched through with fixed bayonets. At these times we were always lined up so we should not miss the gentle little lesson!

One day, a Zeppelin passed over the camp, and we all hurried out to look at it. It was the first one I had seen, and as it rode majestically over us, I couldn’t help but think of the terrible use that had been made of man’s mastery of the air. We wondered if it carried bombs. Many a wish for its destruction was expressed—and unexpressed. Before it got out of sight, it began to show signs of distress, as if the wishes were taking effect, and after considerable wheeling and turning it came back.

Ropes were lowered and the men came down. It was secured to the ground, and floated serenely beside the wood adjoining the camp. . . . The wishes were continued. . . .

During the afternoon, a sudden storm swept across the camp—rain and wind with such violence that we were all driven indoors. . . .

When we came out after a few minutes—probably half an hour—the Zeppelin had disappeared. We found out afterwards that it had broken away from its moorings, and, dashing against the high trees, had been smashed to kindling wood; and this news cheered us wonderfully!

A visitor came to the camp one day, and, accompanied by three or four officers, made the rounds. He spoke to a group of us who were outside of the hut, asking us how many Canadians there were in Giessen. He said he thought there were about nine hundred Canadians in Germany altogether. He had no opportunity for private conversation with us, for the German officers did not leave him for a second; and although he made it clear that he would like to speak to us alone this privilege was not granted. Later we found out it was Ambassador James W. Gerard.

It soon became evident that there were spies in the camp. Of course, we might have known that no German institution could get along without spies. Spies are the bulwark of the German nation; so in the Giessen camp there were German spies of all nationalities, including Canadian.

But we soon saw, too, that the spies were not working overtime on their job; they just brought in a little gossip once in a while—just enough to save their faces and secure a soft snap for themselves.

One of these, a Frenchman named George Clerque, a Sergeant Major in the French Army, was convinced that he could do better work if he had a suit of civilian clothes; and as he had the confidence of the prison authorities, the suit was given him. He wore it around for a few days, wormed a little harmless confidence out of some of his countrymen, and then one day quietly walked out of the front gate—and was gone!

Being in civilian dress, it seemed quite likely that he would reach his destination, and as days went on, and there was no word of him, we began to hope that he had arrived in France.

The following notice was put up regarding his escape:

NOTICE!

Owing to the evasions recently done, we beg to inform the prisoners of war of the following facts. Until present time, all the prisoners who were evaded, have been caught. The French Sergt. Major George Clerque, speaking a good German and being in connection in Germany with some people being able to favorise his evasion, has been retaken. The Company says again, in the personal interests of the prisoners, that any evasion give place to serious punishment (minima) fortnight of rigorous imprisonment after that they go in the "Strafbaracke" for an indeterminate time.

GIESSEN, den 19th July, 1915.

Although the notice said he had been captured we held to the hope that he had not, for we knew the German way of using the truth only when it suits better than anything they can frame themselves. They have no prejudice against the truth. It stands entirely on its own merits. If it suits them, they will use it, but the truth must not expect any favors.

The German guards told us quite often that no one ever got out of Germany alive, and we were anxious to convince them that they were wrong. One day when the mail came in, a friend of George Clerque told us he had written from France, and there was great, but, of necessity, quiet rejoicing.

That night Bromley and I decided that we would volunteer for farm service, if we could get taken to Rossbach, where some of the other boys had been working, for Rossbach was eighteen miles south of Giessen—on the way to Switzerland. We began to save food from our parcels, and figure out distances on the map which I had made.

The day came when we were going to volunteer—Sunday at roll-call. Of course, we did not wish to appear eager, and were careful not to be seen together too much. Suddenly we were called to attention, and a stalwart German soldier marched solemnly into the camp. Behind him came two more, with somebody between them, and another soldier brought up the rear. The soldiers carried their rifles and full equipment, and marched by in front of the huts.

We pressed forward, full of curiosity, and there beheld the tireddest, dustiest, most woe-begone figure of a man, whose clothes were in rags, and whose boots were so full of holes they seemed ready to drop off him. He was handcuffed and walked wearily, with downcast eyes—

It was George Clerque!

Giessen Prison Camp



From Speeches by Winston Churchill (1940-1941)

On the evening of May 10, 1940, when Churchill became prime minister and formed a new government, he told the House of Commons:

To form an Administration of this scale and complexity is a serious undertaking in itself, but it must be remembered that we are in the preliminary stage of one of the greatest battles in history, that we are in action at many other points in Norway and in Holland, that we have to be prepared in the Mediterranean, that the air battle is continuous and that many preparations, such as have been indicated by my honorable Friend below the Gangway, have to be made here at home. In this crisis I hope I may be pardoned if I do not address the House at any length today. I hope that any of my friends and colleagues, or former colleagues, who are affected by the political reconstruction, will make allowance, all allowance, for any lack of ceremony with which it has been necessary to act. I would say to the House, as I said to those who have joined this government: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many long months of struggle and of suffering. You ask, what is our policy? I can say: It is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us; to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy. You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word: It is victory, victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival. Let that be realised; no survival for the British Empire, no survival for all that the British Empire has stood for, no survival for the urge and impulse of the ages, that mankind will move forward towards its goal. But I take up my task with buoyancy and hope. I feel sure that our cause will not be suffered to fail among men. At this time I feel entitled to claim the aid of all, and I say, "Come then, let us go forward together with our united strength."

In June of 1940, Churchill recounted the brave rescue of British forces at Dunkirk and looked ahead to the defense of Britain against the anticipated Nazi attack:

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our Island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone. At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government—every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength. Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous states have fallen or may fall into

the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

The news got worse, but once again Churchill rose to the occasion. Later in June, Churchill announced to Parliament the fall of France to the Germans and again rallied the British people to the cause they had no choice but to take up:

What General Weygand called the Battle of France is over. I expect that the Battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilization. Upon it depends our own British life, and the long continuity of our institutions and our Empire. The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us. Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this Island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. But if we fail, then the whole world, including the United States, including all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour."

In October of 1941, after enduring the assault of the German forces, Britain stood bloodied but unbowed. Prime Minister Churchill visited his old school, Harrow, to reflect on the previous ten months and encourage the students never to give up. An additional verse that praised Churchill's leadership had been written for one of the school songs. The new verse said:

*Not less we praise in darker days
The leader of our nation,
And Churchill's name shall win acclaim
From each new generation.
For you have power in danger's hour
Our freedom to defend, Sir!
Though long the fight we know that right
Will triumph in the end, Sir!*

Churchill visited defensive fortifications in southern England in July, 1940.



Churchill's remarks in his speech to the students and faculty ran thus:

Almost a year has passed since I came down here at your Head Master's kind invitation in order to cheer myself and cheer the hearts of a few of my friends by singing some of our own songs. The ten months that have passed have seen very terrible catastrophic events in the world—ups and downs, misfortunes—but can anyone sitting here this afternoon, this October afternoon, not feel deeply thankful for what has happened in the time that has passed and for the very great improvement in the position of our country and of our home? Why, when I was here last time we were quite alone, desperately alone, and we had been so for five or six months. We were poorly armed. We are not so poorly armed today; but then we were very poorly armed. We had the unmeasured menace of the enemy and their air attack still beating upon us, and you yourselves had had experience of this attack; and I expect you are beginning to feel impatient that there has been this long lull with nothing particular turning up!

But we must learn to be equally good at what is short and sharp and what is long and tough. It is generally said that the British are often better at the last. They do not expect to move from crisis to crisis; they do not always expect that each day will bring up some noble chance of war; but when they very slowly make up their minds that the thing has to be done and the job put through and finished, then, even if it takes months—if it takes years—they do it.

Another lesson I think we may take, just throwing our minds back to our meeting here ten months ago and now, is that appearances are often very deceptive, and as Kipling well says, we must “. . . meet with Triumph and Disaster. And treat those two impostors just the same.”

You cannot tell from appearances how things will go. Sometimes imagination makes things out far worse than they are; yet without imagination not much can be done. Those people who are imaginative see many more dangers than perhaps exist; certainly many more than will happen; but then they must also pray to be given that extra courage to carry this far-reaching imagination. But for everyone, surely, what we have gone through in this period—I am addressing myself to the School—surely from this period of ten months this is the lesson: never give in, never give in, never, never, never, never-in nothing, great or small, large or petty—never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense. Never yield to force; never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of the enemy. We stood all alone a year ago, and to many countries it seemed that our account was closed, we were finished. All this tradition of ours, our songs, our School history, this part of the history of this country, were gone and finished and liquidated.

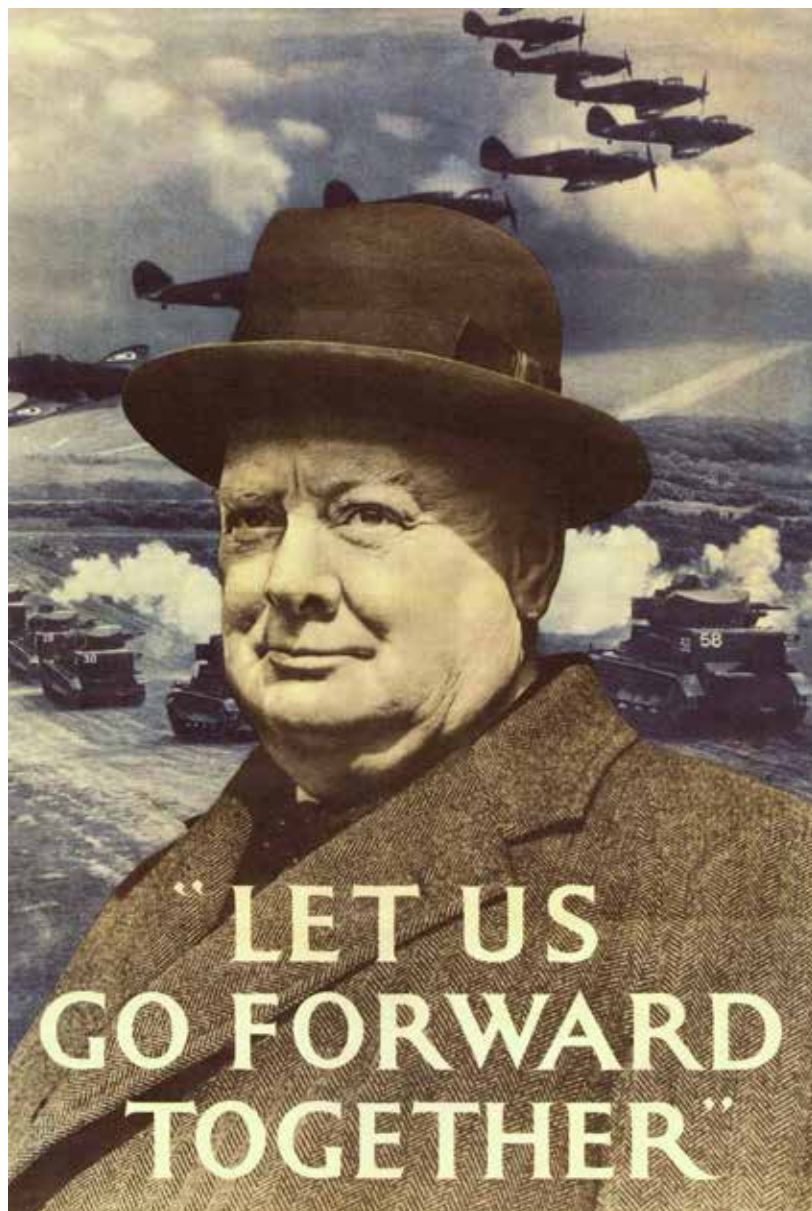
Very different is the mood today. Britain, other nations thought, had drawn a sponge across her slate. But instead our country stood in the gap. There was no flinching and no thought of giving in; and by what seemed almost a miracle to those outside these Islands, though we ourselves never doubted it, we now find ourselves in a position where I say that we can be sure that we have only to persevere to conquer.

You sang here a verse of a School Song: you sang that extra verse written in my honour, which I was very greatly complimented by and which you have repeated today. But there is one word in it I want to alter—I wanted to do so last year, but I did not venture to. It is the line: “Not less we praise in darker days.”

I have obtained the Head Master’s permission to alter darker to sterner. “Not less we praise in sterner days.”

Do not let us speak of darker days: let us speak rather of sterner days. These are not dark days; these are great days—the greatest days our country has ever lived; and we must all thank God that we have been allowed, each of us according to our stations, to play a part in making these days memorable in the history of our race.

1940 British Poster



A Soldier's Regrets on Leaving Home

Anonymous

This Japanese poem, likely from medieval times, expresses the feelings of many soldiers throughout the centuries who have been ordered off to war. It was translated by Basil Hall Chamberlain (1850-1935), a professor of Japanese at Tokyo Imperial University.

When I left to keep guard on the frontier
(For such was the monarch's decree),
My mother, with skirt uplifted,*
Drew near and embraced me;

And my father, the hot tears streaming
His snow-white beard adown,
Besought me to tarry, crying:—
"Alas! when thou art gone,

"When thou leavest our gate in the morning,
No other sons have I,
And mine eyes will long to behold thee
As the weary years roll by;

"So tarry but one day longer,
And let me find some relief
In speaking and hearing thee speak to me!"
So wail'd the old man in his grief.

And on either side came pressing
My wife and my children dear,
Fluttering like birds, and with garments
Besprinkled with many a tear;

And clasped my hands and would stay me,
For 'twas so hard to part;
But mine awe of the sovereign edict
Constrained my loving heart.

I went; yet each time the pathway
O'er a pass through the mountains did wind,
I'd turn me round—ah! so lovingly!—
And ten thousand times gaze behind.

But farther still, and still farther,
Past many a land I did roam,
And my thoughts were all
thoughts of sadness,
All loving, sad thoughts of home;—

Till I came to the shores of Sumi,
Where the sovereign gods I prayed,
With off'rings so humbly offered—
And this the prayer that I made:—

"Being mortal, I know not how many
The days of my life may be;
And how the perilous pathway
That leads o'er the plain of the sea,

"Past unknown islands will bear me:—
But grant that while I am gone
No hurt may touch father or mother,
Or the wife now left alone!"

Yes, such was my prayer to the sea-gods;
And now the unnumbered oars,
And the ship and the seamen to bear me
From breezy Naniha's shores,

Are there at the mouth of the river:—
Oh! tell the dear ones at home,
That I'm off as the day is breaking
To row o'er the ocean foam.

* This probably means that she was holding her skirt while running to say goodbye or wiping her eyes with her skirt.

From “Unity Between Nations” J. H. B. Masterman (1918)

J. H. B. Masterman (1867-1933) was an Anglican clergyman. He was one of a series of speakers at a 1918 meeting at Cambridge University. As World War I drew to a close, other speakers addressed the topics of unity between Christian denominations, unity between classes, and unity in the Empire. Masterman spoke on how people in different nations could pursue unity.

An invitation was recently issued by the Archbishop of Upsala for a conference of representatives of the Christian Churches, to reassert, even in this day of disunion, the essential unity of the Body of Christ. For various reasons, such a conference at the present juncture seems impracticable, but the time may come when, side by side with a Congress of the nations, a gathering of representatives of the Churches may be called together to reinforce, by its witness, the idea of international fellowship.

For a League of Churches might well prepare the way for a League of Nations. Such a League of Churches would naturally find expression in a permanent Advisory Council—a kind of ecclesiastical Hague tribunal. Historical antagonisms seem to preclude the selection of Rome or Constantinople as the place of meeting of this Council. Surely there is no other place so suited for the purpose as Jerusalem. Here the appointed representatives of all the Churches, living in constant intercourse with one another, might draw together the severed parts of the One Body, till the glory and honour of the nations find, even in the earthly Jerusalem, their natural centre and home. Thus, and thus only, can the spiritual foundation for a League of Nations be well and truly laid.

Two things are involved in any such scheme for a League of Churches. No one Church must claim a paramount position or demand submission as the price of fellowship; and all excommunications of one Church by another must be swept away.

Christ did not come to destroy the local loyalties that lift human life out of selfish isolation. These loyalties only become anti-Christian when they become exclusive. The early loyalty of primitive man to his family or clan was deemed to involve a normal condition of antagonism to neighbouring families or clans. Turn a page of history, and tribal loyalty has become civic loyalty. But civic loyalty, as in the cities of Greece or Italy or Flanders, involves intermittent hostility with neighbouring cities. Then civic loyalty passes into national loyalty, and again patriotism expresses itself in distrust and antipathy to other nations. And this will also be so till we see that all these local loyalties rest on the foundation of a deeper loyalty to the Divine ideal of universal fellowship that found its supreme expression in the Incarnation and its justification in the truth that God so loved the world.

To the Christian man national life can never be an end in itself but always a means to an end beyond itself. A nation exists to serve the cause of humanity; by what it gives, not by what it gets, will its worth be estimated at the judgment-bar of God.

“Whoso loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me” must have seemed a hard saying to those to whom it was first spoken; and “whoso loveth city or fatherland

more than me is not worthy of me" may seem a hard saying to us to-day; yet nothing less than this is involved in our pledge of loyalty to Christ. Christian patriotism never found more passionate expression than in St Paul's wish that he might be anathema for the sake of his nation; yet passionately as he loved his own people, he loved with a deeper passion the Catholic* Church within which there was neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. It is because the idea of the Catholic Church has become to the majority of Christian people a matter of intellectual assent rather than of passionate conviction that the Church seems impotent in international affairs.

The last four centuries of European history have had as their special characteristic the development of nations. It may be that after this war we shall pass into a new era. The special feature of the period now closing has been the insecurity of national life. Menaced with constant danger, every nation has tended to develop an exaggerated self-consciousness that was liable to become inflamed and over-sensitive. If adequate security can be provided, by a League of Nations, or in some other way, for the free development of the national life of every nation, the senseless over-emphasis of nationality from which the past has suffered will no longer hinder the growth of a true Internationalism. I believe that the real alternative lies not between Nationality and Internationalism but between an Internationalism founded, like that of the 18th century, on non-Christian culture and materialism, and an Internationalism founded on the consecration of all the local loyalties that bind a man to family, city and nation, lifting him through local spheres of service to the service of the whole human race for whom Christ died. The tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations grows only in the City of God. The Christian forces in the world are impotent to guide the future, because they are entangled in the present. Yet it is in the Holy Catholic Church that the one hope for humanity lies. It may be that that hope will never be realised; that the Holy Catholic Church is destined to remain to the end an unachieved ideal. But it is by unachieved ideals that men and nations live; and what matters most for every Christian man is that he should keep the Catholic mind and heart that reach out through home and city and country to all mankind, and rejoice that every man has an equal place in the impartial love of God.

* *Masterman uses "Catholic" to refer to the universal fellowship of all those who follow Christ.*

Mr. Gorbachev, Tear Down This Wall! Ronald Reagan (1987)

President Ronald Reagan gave this speech while visiting Berlin, Germany, as pictured at right. He was standing near the wall that had separated East and West Berlin for over a quarter of a century.



Chancellor Kohl, Governing Mayor Diepgen, ladies and gentlemen: Twenty-four years ago, President John F. Kennedy visited Berlin, speaking to the people of this city and the world at the City Hall. Well, since then two other presidents have come, each in his turn, to Berlin. And today I, myself, make my second visit to your city.

We come to Berlin, we American presidents, because it's our duty to speak, in this place, of freedom. But I must confess, we're drawn here by other things as well: by the feeling of history in this city, more than 500 years older than our own nation; by the beauty of the Grünewald and the Tiergarten; most of all, by your courage and determination. Perhaps the composer Paul Lincke understood something about American presidents. You see, like so many presidents before me, I come here today because wherever I go, whatever I do: *Ich hab noch einen Koffer in Berlin.* [I still have a suitcase in Berlin.]

Our gathering today is being broadcast throughout Western Europe and North America. I understand that it is being seen and heard as well in the East. To those listening throughout Eastern Europe, a special word: Although I cannot be with you, I address my remarks to you just as surely as to those standing here before me. For I join you, as I join your fellow countrymen in the West, in this firm, this unalterable belief: *Es gibt nur ein Berlin.* [There is only one Berlin.]

Behind me stands a wall that encircles the free sectors of this city, part of a vast system of barriers that divides the entire continent of Europe. From the Baltic, south, those barriers cut across Germany in a gash of barbed wire, concrete, dog runs, and guard towers. Farther south, there may be no visible, no obvious wall. But there remain armed guards and checkpoints all the same—still a restriction on the right to travel, still an instrument to impose upon ordinary men and women the will of a totalitarian state. Yet it is here in Berlin where the wall emerges most clearly; here, cutting across your city, where the news photo and the television screen have imprinted this brutal division of a continent upon the mind of the world. Standing before the Brandenburg Gate, every man is a German, separated from his fellow men. Every man is a Berliner, forced to look upon a scar.

President von Weizsacker has said, "The German question is open as long as the Brandenburg Gate is closed." Today I say: As long as the gate is closed, as long as this scar of a wall is permitted to stand, it is not the German question alone that remains open,

but the question of freedom for all mankind. Yet I do not come here to lament. For I find in Berlin a message of hope, even in the shadow of this wall, a message of triumph.

In this season of spring in 1945, the people of Berlin emerged from their air-raid shelters to find devastation. Thousands of miles away, the people of the United States reached out to help. And in 1947 Secretary of State—as you’ve been told—George Marshall announced the creation of what would become known as the Marshall Plan. Speaking precisely 40 years ago this month, he said: “Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine, but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos.”

In the Reichstag a few moments ago, I saw a display commemorating this 40th anniversary of the Marshall Plan. I was struck by the sign on a burnt-out, gutted structure that was being rebuilt. I understand that Berliners of my own generation can remember seeing signs like it dotted throughout the western sectors of the city. The sign read simply: “The Marshall Plan is helping here to strengthen the free world.” A strong, free world in the West, that dream became real. Japan rose from ruin to become an economic giant. Italy, France, Belgium—virtually every nation in Western Europe saw political and economic rebirth; the European Community was founded.

In West Germany and here in Berlin, there took place an economic miracle, the *Wirtschaftswunder*. Adenauer, Erhard, Reuter, and other leaders understood the practical importance of liberty—that just as truth can flourish only when the journalist is given freedom of speech, so prosperity can come about only when the farmer and businessman enjoy economic freedom. The German leaders reduced tariffs, expanded free trade, lowered taxes. From 1950 to 1960 alone, the standard of living in West Germany and Berlin doubled.

Where four decades ago there was rubble, today in West Berlin there is the greatest industrial output of any city in Germany—busy office blocks, fine homes and apartments, proud avenues, and the spreading lawns of parkland. Where a city’s culture seemed to have been destroyed, today there are two great universities, orchestras and an opera, countless theaters, and museums. Where there was want, today there’s abundance—food, clothing, automobiles—the wonderful goods of the *Ku’damm*. From devastation, from utter ruin, you Berliners have, in freedom, rebuilt a city that once again ranks as one of the greatest on earth. The Soviets may have had other plans. But my friends, there were a few things the Soviets didn’t count on—*Berliner Herz, Berliner Humor, ja, und Berliner Schnauze*. [Berliner heart, Berliner humor, yes, and a Berliner Schnauze.]

In the 1950s, Khrushchev predicted: “We will bury you.” But in the West today, we see a free world that has achieved a level of prosperity and well-being unprecedented in all human history. In the Communist world, we see failure, technological backwardness, declining standards of health, even want of the most basic kind—too little food. Even today, the Soviet Union still cannot feed itself. After these four decades, then, there stands before the entire world one great and inescapable conclusion: Freedom leads to prosperity. Freedom replaces the ancient hatreds among the nations with comity and peace. Freedom is the victor.

And now the Soviets themselves may, in a limited way, be coming to understand the importance of freedom. We hear much from Moscow about a new policy of reform and

openness. Some political prisoners have been released. Certain foreign news broadcasts are no longer being jammed. Some economic enterprises have been permitted to operate with greater freedom from state control.

Are these the beginnings of profound changes in the Soviet state? Or are they token gestures, intended to raise false hopes in the West, or to strengthen the Soviet system without changing it? We welcome change and openness; for we believe that freedom and security go together, that the advance of human liberty can only strengthen the cause of world peace. There is one sign the Soviets can make that would be unmistakable, that would advance dramatically the cause of freedom and peace.

General Secretary Gorbachev, if you seek peace, if you seek prosperity for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, if you seek liberalization: Come here to this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, open this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!

I understand the fear of war and the pain of division that afflict this continent—and I pledge to you my country's efforts to help overcome these burdens. To be sure, we in the West must resist Soviet expansion. So we must maintain defenses of unassailable strength. Yet we seek peace; so we must strive to reduce arms on both sides.

Beginning 10 years ago, the Soviets challenged the Western alliance with a grave new threat, hundreds of new and more deadly SS-20 nuclear missiles, capable of striking every capital in Europe. The Western alliance responded by committing itself to a counter-deployment unless the Soviets agreed to negotiate a better solution; namely, the elimination of such weapons on both sides. For many months, the Soviets refused to bargain in earnestness. As the alliance, in turn, prepared to go forward with its counter-deployment, there were difficult days—days of protests like those during my 1982 visit to this city—and the Soviets later walked away from the table.

But through it all, the alliance held firm. And I invite those who protested then—I invite those who protest today—to mark this fact: Because we remained strong, the Soviets came back to the table. And because we remained strong, today we have within reach the possibility, not merely of limiting the growth of arms, but of eliminating, for the first time, an entire class of nuclear weapons from the face of the earth.

As I speak, NATO ministers are meeting in Iceland to review the progress of our proposals for eliminating these weapons. At the talks in Geneva, we have also proposed deep cuts in strategic offensive weapons. And the Western allies have likewise made far-reaching proposals to reduce the danger of conventional war and to place a total ban on chemical weapons.

While we pursue these arms reductions, I pledge to you that we will maintain the capacity to deter Soviet aggression at any level at which it might occur. And in cooperation with many of our allies, the United States is pursuing the Strategic Defense Initiative—research to base deterrence not on the threat of offensive retaliation, but on defenses that truly defend; on systems, in short, that will not target populations, but shield them. By these means we seek to increase the safety of Europe and all the world. But we must remember a crucial fact: East and West do not mistrust each other because we are armed; we are armed because we mistrust each other. And our differences are not about weapons

but about liberty. When President Kennedy spoke at the City Hall those 24 years ago, freedom was encircled, Berlin was under siege. And today, despite all the pressures upon this city, Berlin stands secure in its liberty. And freedom itself is transforming the globe.

In the Philippines, in South and Central America, democracy has been given a rebirth. Throughout the Pacific, free markets are working miracle after miracle of economic growth. In the industrialized nations, a technological revolution is taking place—a revolution marked by rapid, dramatic advances in computers and telecommunications.

In Europe, only one nation and those it controls refuse to join the community of freedom. Yet in this age of redoubled economic growth, of information and innovation, the Soviet Union faces a choice: It must make fundamental changes, or it will become obsolete.

Today thus represents a moment of hope. We in the West stand ready to cooperate with the East to promote true openness, to break down barriers that separate people, to create a safe, freer world. And surely there is no better place than Berlin, the meeting place of East and West, to make a start. Free people of Berlin: Today, as in the past, the United States stands for the strict observance and full implementation of all parts of the Four Power Agreement of 1971. Let us use this occasion, the 750th anniversary of this city, to usher in a new era, to seek a still fuller, richer life for the Berlin of the future. Together, let us maintain and develop the ties between the Federal Republic and the Western sectors of Berlin, which is permitted by the 1971 agreement.

And I invite Mr. Gorbachev: Let us work to bring the Eastern and Western parts of the city closer together, so that all the inhabitants of all Berlin can enjoy the benefits that come with life in one of the great cities of the world.

To open Berlin still further to all Europe, East and West, let us expand the vital air access to this city, finding ways of making commercial air service to Berlin more convenient, more comfortable, and more economical. We look to the day when West Berlin can become one of the chief aviation hubs in all central Europe.

With our French and British partners, the United States is prepared to help bring international meetings to Berlin. It would be only fitting for Berlin to serve as the site of United Nations meetings, or world conferences on human rights and arms control or other issues that call for international cooperation.

There is no better way to establish hope for the future than to enlighten young minds, and we would be honored to sponsor summer youth exchanges, cultural events, and other programs for young Berliners from the East. Our French and British friends, I'm certain, will do the same. And it's my hope that an authority can be found in East Berlin to sponsor visits from young people of the Western sectors.

One final proposal, one close to my heart: Sport represents a source of enjoyment and ennoblement, and you may have noted that the Republic of Korea—South Korea—has offered to permit certain events of the 1988 Olympics to take place in the North. International sports competitions of all kinds could take place in both parts of this city. And what better way to demonstrate to the world the openness of this city than to offer in some future year to hold the Olympic games here in Berlin, East and West? In these

four decades, as I have said, you Berliners have built a great city. You've done so in spite of threats—the Soviet attempts to impose the East-mark, the blockade. Today the city thrives in spite of the challenges implicit in the very presence of this wall. What keeps you here? Certainly there's a great deal to be said for your fortitude, for your defiant courage. But I believe there's something deeper, something that involves Berlin's whole look and feel and way of life—not mere sentiment. No one could live long in Berlin without being completely disabused of illusions. Something instead, that has seen the difficulties of life in Berlin but chose to accept them, that continues to build this good and proud city in contrast to a surrounding totalitarian presence that refuses to release human energies or aspirations. Something that speaks with a powerful voice of affirmation, that says yes to this city, yes to the future, yes to freedom. In a word, I would submit that what keeps you in Berlin is love—love both profound and abiding.

Perhaps this gets to the root of the matter, to the most fundamental distinction of all between East and West. The totalitarian world produces backwardness because it does such violence to the spirit, thwarting the human impulse to create, to enjoy, to worship. The totalitarian world finds even symbols of love and of worship an affront. Years ago, before the East Germans began rebuilding their churches, they erected a secular structure: the television tower at Alexander Platz. Virtually ever since, the authorities have been working to correct what they view as the tower's one major flaw, treating the glass sphere at the top with paints and chemicals of every kind. Yet even today when the sun strikes that sphere—that sphere that towers over all Berlin—the light makes the sign of the cross. There in Berlin, like the city itself, symbols of love, symbols of worship, cannot be suppressed.

As I looked out a moment ago from the Reichstag, that embodiment of German unity, I noticed words crudely spray-painted upon the wall, perhaps by a young Berliner: "This wall will fall. Beliefs become reality." Yes, across Europe, this wall will fall. For it cannot withstand faith; it cannot withstand truth. The wall cannot withstand freedom.

And I would like, before I close, to say one word. I have read, and I have been questioned since I've been here about certain demonstrations against my coming. And I would like to say just one thing, and to those who demonstrate so. I wonder if they have ever asked themselves that if they should have the kind of government they apparently seek, no one would ever be able to do what they're doing again.

Thank you and God bless you all.

A section of the Berlin Wall at the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library in California.



From *A Tour in Mongolia* Beatrix Bulstrode (1920)



Bulstrode and Dobdun

At the end of 1911, the Khalkha people of Mongolia declared their independence from China. For the next few years, Chinese forces clashed with Mongolian troops, who were supported in part by the Russian Empire. During this turbulent time, Beatrix Bulstrode twice visited Mongolia. The following description is from her first visit when she traveled with a Finnish missionary and a Mongol guide named Dobdun. The photographs are taken from her book.

The yurt is an umbrella-like framework of trellis-wood covered with rather thick felt, which when new is perfectly white, and in travelling in cold weather I ask for nothing better than to be housed in one of these. Some 14 to 18 feet in diameter, they are circular in form, having a dome-shaped roof. The door, which is originally painted red, faces always south or southeast. Upon entering the yurt, you are confronted by the little family altar, on which is arranged a Buddha and perhaps several smaller and subsidiary gods, together with sundry little brass cups containing offerings of one sort and another. In front of the altar is a low Chinese table, and round the sides of Dobdun's yurt were some fine old red lacquer chests for clothes and valuables. Most of these had nice old Chinese locks, but on one of them the Finn recognised an European padlock as his own which he lost when travelling a year ago with this same Mongol. He did not call attention to the fact; it would be of little use, for Mongols pick up and pocket things when the opportunity occurs and think nothing at all of it.

Dobdun's yurt was exceptionally well-equipped. The ground was covered with semi-circular mats of very thick white felt with a device appliqué in black as a border. Some handsome skins were also strewn about. The centre of the yurt was occupied by an iron basket of flaming *argol*,* the smoke from which escaped through a circular opening in the roof. Our host, my quondam "boy," being a man of means, had some handsome cushions for his guests to sit upon, and on these we squatted cross-legged. There is a considerable amount of etiquette to be observed in visiting a Mongol family, and the first thing to be remembered is of significant importance. Just as one does not carry an umbrella into a London drawing-room, neither should one take a whip or stick into a Mongol yurt. To do so is tantamount to an act of aggression, and the proper thing is to lay them on the roof outside as one enters. Once inside, the usual palaver, as in China, takes place as to where one shall sit, and it is interesting to reflect how very nearly related after all in some respects our own manners are to those of the Asiatics. It would surely be a very modern young person who would plump himself into the largest armchair before his elders and betters were disposed of.

* *The Mongolian word for dried manure.*

To the left of the fire are the seats of the lowly, and the inevitable invitation to “come up higher” necessitates a certain amount of elasticity on the part of those unaccustomed to sink gracefully to the ground into a cross-legged position. Should cramp ensue from squatting thus, the visitor should remember that to sit with his feet pointing to the back of the tent is a heinous breach of good manners. If stretch they must, it should be towards the door, not the altar. On the other hand, if the foreigner divests himself of his headgear, which among the Mongols is not customary, he must place it higher up than, that is, on the altar side of, himself. If the word of greeting has for the moment been mislaid, as in my own case it invariably was, bows and smiles carry one a long way all the world over. Friendliness, but never to the point of permitting the least familiarity, seemed to me in the East to pave the way as a rule. . . .

The Mongols are very hospitable and insist upon giving the visitor tea and milk. It is at first a trying experience to know that good manners compel you to drink from a filthy bowl the still filthier milk which you see taken from a skin bag, made from the innards of a sheep, hanging up the side of the yurt, and offered to you by hands which from the day they were born appear never to have been washed. Brick tea, of which there are several qualities, and which in some parts of Mongolia still forms the currency, is made at Hankow from the dust and sweepings of the leaf. It is used throughout the country, and forms the staple drink of the Mongols. It is brewed by shavings, cut from the slab, being pounded up and stewed indefinitely in milk, to which salt and a cheesy description of butter are added.

The relation between the tea and the *argol* was somewhat too intimate for my peace of mind, and it went sometimes much against the grain to drink from a bowl wiped out by the fingers of some dirty old woman who the moment before had been employed in feeding the fire with the horse or camel droppings. The collecting of *argol* is a source of constant occupation throughout the spring and summer, when after being spread over the ground in the sun, it is piled in great mounds near the yurts for use during the winter months. It makes a good hot fire and has practically no smell at all when burning. While engaged in endeavouring to drink this saline mixture and at the same time to convey the impression that I liked it, an elderly man in a loose robe of dark red cotton cloth, his head clean-shaved, rode up, dismounted, and came in. He was presented to me as “my brother, the lama”. He was an old friend of the missionary, and they at once entered into an animated conversation.

A Mongol Bride Outside a Yurt



A particularly handsome small boy with large and merry brown eyes made his appearance soon after, and to my surprise, lama priests being vowed to celibacy, was introduced by Dobdun as “the son of my brother, the lama”. The Finn chaffed the priest gently on the subject of the breaking of his vows, whereupon every one laughed, including



The Children of the Lama

the illegitimate son, who, a fine lad of twelve or so, had already been dedicated to the temple and was now a lama student. They retaliated, I heard subsequently, by asking the missionary what on earth he was doing travelling about the country with a woman. This might have embarrassed me had I known the language. It is not the first time that I have experienced the blissfulness of ignorance. The lama in embryo and his little sister were quite willing to be photographed later on, and were posed for me by their seniors at their usual occupation—gathering *argol*.

In spite of Dobdun’s constant association with missionaries at Kalgan, in spite of the fact that he knows by heart quite half of the Bible, that he has had every opportunity and every encouragement to become a Christian, he remains as devout a Buddhist as ever he was; and, although interested in the religion of the Western world, he regards it as similar but vastly inferior to his own faith. And so he continues to enshrine his little brass figure of the prophet, and at sundry times he doubtless makes his prostrations, and fills up the many little metal cups with suitable offerings of corn and wine to his god.

A Living Sacrifice Cornelia Sorabji (1901)

Cornelia Sorabji (1866-1954) was born in India. Her father was an Indian minister and her mother was an Indian who had been reared by a British couple. Her mother started several schools for girls, and Cornelia was taught at home and at mission schools. Miss Sorabji became the first female graduate of Bombay University. She was also the first woman to study law at Oxford and the first Indian to attend any British university.

Miss Sorabji returned to India where she worked as a lawyer and social reformer. She published a series of short stories entitled Love and Life Behind the Purdah (1901). This story is set in the Ganges Valley in 1828.



Cornelia at Oxford, 1889

“No, I cannot, Dwarki!” said little Tani. “I love this present life. I love everything—to watch the gambols of the children and bathe my little Urmi; to sew her small garments, when I am not cooking the dinner or scouring the pans. I love to see the water bubble into the brass vessel as I draw it from the well near the bamboo trees. And it is a joy beyond words when I have dyed my nails the right colour, and donned my brightest garments, and painted the shadows ‘neath my eyes—to the intent that she may glare with envy—Gunga of the unlucky foot, whose heart is burnt as dry as babul firewood. And must all this come to an end? No more gambols or gay jewels or even household duties; no more victories over the less fortunate! No! No! I cannot!”

The sisters stood hand in hand, duplicates past all identification in height and feature and appearance. “Never were twins so alike,” said the villagers. But in character and expression a world of difference lay between them, for the close observer. Dwarki was the wife of a man serving a long sentence in the Andamans for complicity in some daring dacoity. She had barely seen him, indeed, for she was but a child when he was banished, and her life had been one uncomplaining service of her sister, and of Chandri, her sister’s exacting mother-in-law.

Chandri had given her a home when the sentence which carried the son across the “black waters” had also proved to be, for the feeble old mother, the decree peremptory for a transportation which knows no periods. And Dwarki was not allowed to forget the kindness.

Only this morning had Chandri recapitulated the fact, with many annotations, as to the straits to which an extra mouth reduced one’s larder (yet with no acknowledgment of the advantages of a willing and efficient pair of extra hands!), and, having worked herself into her most self-complacent querulousness, she had set off for a day at the village fair.

“I may stay the night,” she had called back, as the grove of mango trees hid her bundle and stick and shining brass lota from view.

“The gods grant it!” had rejoined, under their breath, the two maidens.

And now it was dusk, and the sisters stood hand in hand, with Tani's husband lying a stiff, still mass on the charpai at their feet. He had stumbled in from his work. "Pray to Kali," said he; "the sickness is upon me!"

And, though there was no unfaithfulness as to either prayers or remedies, he had soon writhed himself into an eternal quietude. How his silent presence filled the room! There was no escaping it! And at dawn the neighbors would carry him to the burning ground by the sacred river, and little warm, living, quivering Tani must be bound to the cold dead form in order that the yellow fire might purify them both.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she repeated.

"Heart of me!" said Dwarki, "I would I had your chance. To buy immortality for a husband, is not this the crown of life, the bliss of death! Think what might have been, had the gods taken you first, in the way of other mortals. Or, look indeed at me, without husband or child, and he to whom I am bound toiling in chains, or maybe dead, unblest! Who knoweth?"

"No! No! I cannot do it!" moaned Tani. "It is impossible. Dost remember the day when I caught the bit of live firewood in my two hands? Hi! how it burnt. I feel the pain now. No doubt, this ill luck cometh through the evil eye of that Gunga. For did she not crow, 'You should make better acquaintance with the fire, for the sake of the inevitable final salutation.' How knew she that it would claim me, living! . . . Living! . . . Oh no! Dwarki, show me a way of escape. Never have you failed me before. Save me now, as you love me. The mother-in-law is, happily, away. Let us hide ourselves, you and I, somewhere—in the long grass by the river, maybe, or in the fields of sugar-cane—till we escape to the mountains. Come soon, soon, ere the neighbors know. He will get attention . . . no need to think of that; and I have left him a son, for future priestly offices. Oh, come! Come!"

"Poor child!" said her sister; and, gathering her into her arms, she soothed and loved her. "I would this might be spared you, an you dread it so. See! we need not let the villagers know just yet; rest you awhile, while I go to the temple in the grove and pray guidance of the gods. Perchance a way will be found. Besides, there is the mango bough, which the woods must yield us; we may not omit that first act of widowhood, whatever follows. Then are there certain purchases to be made also."

"Let me come with you," said Tani; "the children sleep soundly." So, putting the quaint old puzzle-padlock on the outer door they sallied forth.

The wayside grocer met their temporal needs—clarified butter ladled from the earthenware pot, into Dwarki's brass lota, with a liberal supply of red *kunkun*. To this she added a ball of black opium. Opium is useful, on occasions.

And now they were once more within the house of mourning.

"Did the holy bull show you a way?" asked Tani eagerly.

"Yes!" was Dwarki's reply, with grave, determined face. "Eat first, my sister; the rest will appear presently. The impending journey absolves us from our fast."

And the ball of black opium lay within the only cake of grain-flour to which Tani's indifferent appetite could be tempted.

"Hi! hi! Death visits me, luckless!"

The melancholy chant rang out on the night air, entering each open door, a personal summons to the house of mourning. One and another stopped her evening avocation, and followed the sound with rapid footsteps, till quite a little crowd had gathered about the home of the twins. Beside the dead sat Dwarki, clasping to her breast that broken bough, sign picturesque of her broken life. The women tried to elicit from her the manner of his death; but she shook her head, too overpowered for more than "Kali was merciless!" (Might not her voice betray her!)

"Ah!" said they, "the cholera! luckless fate!" and the elder women fell to preparing the preliminary rites and anointings—"Let her cry, poor child!"—while those with voices ranged themselves in rows facing each other, to sing the death-wail. Dwarki rocked herself to and fro, joining only in the regularly recurring "Oh! oh! oh! oh!"—chromatic chorus of sorrow.

"Where was Dwarki?" asked one suddenly.

"Gone with the mother to the fair!" was the mendacious answer.

It was the dead man's brother, after all, who bore the pan of incense, swinging it to and fro as he headed the procession, keeping time to the tread of the burden-bearers and the song of the women.

He had come in at daybreak from the neighboring village, with the news that the old mother had been run over by a cart at the fair and could not travel for many days. Little knew he for what sacred office he was only just in time. Behind him came the leading men of the caste-brotherhood, and the litter strewn with bright pink roses over the rough cotton pall. Dwarki walked immediately behind, in a phalanx of singing women, and holding in either hand the fatherless children, round-eyed and frightened.

And, all this time, the real widow lay opium-drugged in the safely remote storeroom of the little establishment!

They have now reached the bank of the sacred stream, and the drum is sounding the suttee proclamation.

The brother produces a pot of clarified butter and a pan of red *kunkun*, and, with the help of the village headman, bathes and anoints the dead body, robing it in fresh white garments. And the priests stand by, forgetful already of the present, praying for a dignified rendering of the immediate outcome!

Meanwhile the altar is in preparation—an arrangement of stakes, covered with things combustible, dry faggots, and leaves which blush red for shame at the uses to which men put them; the silken hemp and the fibre of the cocoanut, with an overpouring of oil and butter.

Of Dwarki the women have taken charge. She too has bathed for the last time in the sacred water, and wears the white garments of the devotee, with her *obolus* for Charon* (parched rice and cowries) tied securely into one corner. To the barber belongs the right of painting the sides of her feet with red *kunkun*: none who bear that mark may withdraw the gift of themselves from the altar.

* A reference to Greek mythology, meaning an offering for the god who took souls to Hades.

In the midst of her friends she stands, and unclasps one by one her ornaments. "Keep that necklace, Kashi. And you, Kamala, these anklets. Ofttimes have they tinkled accompaniment to our chatter, as we drew our morning bucket of water in glad companionship. This locket to my best friend. It bears my name, and my horoscological charm. The gods grant it bring you luck! To me has none ever come!"

Her marriage bangles she broke—final attestation of widowhood—and a shudder ran through the poor girl's frame. For the first time it occurred to her that she might be tempting the gods to make her a widow in truth. Was she imperilling the life of the convict? Too late to retract now.

"Of what art thou thinking, oh bereaved one?" said the veteran matron in the group. "Put out thine hands!" And round each small wrist was bound the red cord of sacrifice. "Now greet thy children quickly; the priest awaits thee!"

"God bless you both!" said Dwarki. And, in a whisper: "Tell Tani that I loved to die; it was release. I knew no fear. Canst remember that, boy? "

"Yes! yes!" he said, repeating the message. "Love and death, and no fear!"

"Art ready, oh bereaved?" was calling the priest. "The sacred circle is formed."

Drawing her widow's raiment closer about her, Dwarki spread out the overhanging end to receive the measure of rice which was to be distributed to the assembly.

"Three times round the circle, remember," said the priest. And she walked slowly round, putting into each outstretched hand a few grains. "God has bereaved me," it meant; "for you may there be plenty!"

In the bungalow by the water-gate lived the engineer sahib; and seeing the crowd he walked to the water's edge. He arrived in time for the largess. As he put out his hand, "Lady of sorrow!" said he, speaking in her own tongue, "if you wish to escape this ghastly exaction, I and my household are at your service. I have but to call, and from the garden yonder will come men sufficient in number to effect your rescue."

She smiled her gratitude, but shook her head.

"Think on this thing," said he. "Do not your children need you? Tell me your decision at the next round."

But when she did again approach him, the sad little negative was still her only answer.

"There is yet time to reflect," said the Western; "I await the final round."

"The Moving Finger has written that this should be," was all it brought him. And the man turned sadly away: further interference was impossible.

On the altar lay the victim of the gods; round the altar walked the victim of the priests, scattering parched rice and cowries—(cowries are legal tender in the shades!).

"Odd!" she was saying in her mind, "the seven steps of mine own marriage I never took, but the gods are accepting from me the seven steps which belong of right to someone else's funeral. "

They bound her to the burden on the altar—the sweet smell of the incense perfuming the air, and the villagers standing awed and silent. From the muddy depths of the sacred water a crocodile raised an inquisitive head, and the frogs croaked comment satisfactory. As far as eye could see stretched the featureless sand-banks, with here and there a line of

dreary babuls. A pipal tree once tried to grow by the suttee stone, but a blast of lightning had reduced it to what seemed like an epitome of the tragedy which it had so often witnessed.

“Hist!” said an attendant to his fellow. “Hoist up those bambus, one on each shoulder, so—ere the ropes be tightened.”

But he paused—the shiny yellow things in the air; for the crowd had parted to admit a flying figure—Tani, but just awakened from her drug-induced slumbers,—horror, and yet relief, following upon comprehension as she glanced wildly round her.

“My sister!” she shrieked beside the motionless form.

Dwarki had closed her eyes in the quivering shudder of the awful contact; but she opened them once more on God’s sky and on that piteous little face so close to hers. And as the bambus were gently lifted into place, and the ropes bound about her, she smiled a humorous smile.

“Almost was that drug a waste!” she reflected.

For Tani had accepted the sacrifice!

Letter from the King of Siam to the President of the United States King Mongkut (1861)

After the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and Siam, U.S. President James Buchanan sent a letter and a gift of books to King Mongkut of Siam. The king replied with his own letters and gifts. This is one of the letters.

Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, by the blessing of the highest superagency of the whole universe, the King of Siam, the sovereign of all interior tributary countries adjacent and around in every direction . . . and the professor of the Magadhe language and Budhistical literature, &c., &c., &c., to his most respected excellent presidency, the President of the United States of America, who, having been chosen by the citizens of the United States as most distinguished, was made President and Chief Magistrate in the affairs of the nation for an appointed time of office, viz: Buchanan, esquire, who has forwarded an official letter to us from Washington, dated at Washington, May 10, anno Christi 1859, which was Wednesday, 10th night of waxing moon in the lunar month of Visakh, the 6th month recurring from the commencement of the cold season in the year of Goat, 1st decade of the Siamese astronomical era 1221, with a package of books, 192 volumes in number, which came to hand in the year following, or to whomsoever the people have elected anew as chief ruler in place of President Buchanan, &c., &c., &c., sendeth friendly greeting:



Respected and Distinguished Sir: At this time we are very glad in having embraced an excellent opportunity to forward our royal letter, under separate envelope, together with complimentary presents, viz:

A sword, with a photographic likeness of ourselves, accompanying herewith directly to Washington, as being a much better way of forwarding it than the way we had intended, by delivering it to the consul of the United States of America here to be forwarded on, sometimes by a steamer, sometimes by a sailing vessel, from one port to another, till it should reach Washington. This sending where there are many changes from one vessel to another is not a trustworthy way; there is danger of delay, and, indeed, that the articles may be damaged, and never reach their destination.

First Page of King Mongkut's Letter

On this occasion occurred, in February, Christian era 1861, corresponding to the lunar time, being in connexion of the Siamese months of Magh and Phagun, the 3d and 4th month from the commencement of the cold season, in the year of Monkey, second decade, Siamese astronomical era 1222, a ship of war, a sailing vessel of the United States navy, the "John Adams," arrived and anchored outside the bar, off the mouth of the river "Chan Phya." Captain Berrien, with the officers of the ship, came up to pay a friendly visit to the country, and has had an interview with ourselves, hence to him we have intrusted our royal letter in separate envelope, which accompanies this and the presents specified in that letter.

We are assured that Captain Berrien will deliver them in safety to you, who will be President of the United States when our letter would reach Washington.

During the interview in reply from Captain Berrien to our inquiries of various particulars relating to America, he stated that on that continent there are no elephants. Elephants are regarded as the most remarkable of the large quadrupeds by the Americans, so that, if any one has an elephant's tusk of large size, and will deposit it in any public place, people come by thousands crowding to see it, saying, it is a wonderful thing. Also, though formerly there were no camels on the continent, the Americans have sought for and purchased them; some from Arabia, some from Europe, and now camels propagate their race, and are serviceable and of benefit to the country, and are already numerous in America.

Having heard this, it has occurred to us that if, on the continent of America, there should be several pairs of young male and female elephants turned loose in forests where there was abundance of water and grass, in any region under the sun's declination both north and south, called by the English the torrid zone, and all were forbidden to molest them, to attempt to raise them would be well, and if the climate there should prove favorable to elephants, we are of opinion that after a while they will increase until there be large herds, as there are here on the continent of Asia, until the inhabitants of America will be able to catch and tame and use them as beasts of burden, making them of benefit to the country, since elephants, being animals of great size and strength, can bear burdens and travel through uncleared woods and matted jungles where no carriage and cart roads have yet been made.

Examples we have, coming down from ancient times, of this business of transplanting elephants from the main land of Asia to the various islands. Four hundred years ago, when the island of Ceylon was governed by its native princes, an embassy was sent to beg of the King of Henzawatty or Pegu, to purchase young elephants, in several pairs, to turn loose in the jungles of Ceylon, and now, by natural increase, there are many large herds of elephants in that island.

We have heard also a tradition that a long time ago the natives of Achen, in the island of Sumatra, and the natives of Java, came to the Malayan peninsular to obtain young elephants to turn loose in the jungles of Sumatra and Java, and in consequence of this elephants are numerous in both those islands.

On this account we desire to procure and send elephants to be let loose to increase and multiply in the continent of America. But we are as yet uninformed what forests and what regions of that country are suitable for elephants to thrive and prosper. Besides, we have no means, nor are we able, to convey elephants to America, the distance being too great.

The islands of Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java are near to this continent of Asia, and those who thought of this plan in former days could transport their elephants with ease and without difficulty.

In reference to this opinion of ours, if the President of the United States and Congress, who, conjointly with him, rule the country, see fit to approve, let them provide a large vessel loaded with hay and other food suitable for elephants on the voyage, with tanks holding a sufficiency of fresh water, and arranged with stalls so that the elephant can both stand and lie down in the ship, and send it to receive them.

We, on our part, will procure young male and female elephants, and forward them, one or two pairs at a time.

When the elephants are on board the ship, let a steamer take it in tow, that it may reach America as rapidly as possible, before they become wasted and diseased by the voyage.

When they arrive in America, do not let them be taken to a cold climate out of the regions under the sun's declinations or torrid zone, but let them, with all haste, be turned out to run wild in some jungle suitable for them, not confining them any length of time.

If these means can be done, we trust that the elephants will propagate their species hereafter in the continent of America.

It is desirable that the President of the United States and Congress give us their views in reference to this matter at as early a day as possible.

In Siam it is the custom of the season to take elephants from the herds in the jungles in the months of Phagun and Chetre, 4th and 5th, generally corresponding to March and April.

If the President and Congress approve of this matter, and should provide a vessel to come for the elephants, if that vessel should arrive in Siam on any month of any year after March and April as above mentioned, let notice be sent on two or three months previous to those months of that year, in order that the elephants may be caught and tamed. Whereas the elephants that have been long captured and tamed and domesticated here are large and difficult to transport, and there would be danger they might never reach America. At this time we have much pleasure in sending a pair of large elephant's tusks, one of the tusks weighing 52 cents of a picul,* the other weighing 48 cents of a picul, and both tusks from the same animal, as an addition to our former presents, to be deposited with them for public inspection, that thereby the glory and renown of Siam may be promoted.

We hope that the President and Congress, who administer the government of the United States of America, will gladly receive them as a token of friendly regard.

* *The picul is a traditional Asian unit of weight meaning the load that one man can carry on his shoulders, with half of the load hanging from each end of a pole. One picul is roughly 130 pounds.*

Given at our royal audience hall, Ananant Sanagome, in the grand palace of Ratué Kosinds Mahindra Yudia, at Bangkok, Siam, on Thursday, the fifth night of the waxing moon, in the lunar month of Phagun, the 4th month from the commencement of the cold season, in the year of Monkey, 2d decade Siamese astronomical era, 1222, corresponding to the solar date of the 14th February, anno Christi, 1861, which is the 11th year, and this day is the 3564th day of our reign.

This from the worthy and good friend of the President of the United States of America and her government.

[SEAL.]

S. P. P. M. Mongkut,
Major Rex Siamesium.

By the time the King's letters reached the United States, Abraham Lincoln had become President. Lincoln sent the following reply.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, to his Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, King of Siam, &c.

Great and good friend:

I have received your Majesty's two letters of the date of February 14, 1861. I have also received in good condition the royal gifts which accompanied those letters, namely, a sword, of costly materials and exquisite workmanship; a photographic likeness of your Majesty and of your Majesty's beloved daughter; and also two elephant's tusks of length and magnitude, such as indicate that they could have belonged only to an animal which was a native of Siam.

Your Majesty's letters show an understanding that our laws forbid the President from receiving these rich presents as personal treasures. They are therefore accepted in accordance with your Majesty's desire as tokens of your good will and friendship for the American people. Congress being now in session at this capital, I have had great pleasure in making known to them this manifestation of your Majesty's munificence and kind consideration.

President Lincoln mentions receipt of this daguerreotype of King Mongkut holding his daughter Somdetch Chow-Fa-ying.



Under their directions the gifts will be placed among the archives of the government, where they will remain perpetually as tokens of mutual esteem and pacific dispositions more honorable to both nations than any trophies of conquest could be.

I appreciate most highly your Majesty's tender of good offices in forwarding to this government a stock from which a supply of elephants might be raised on our own soil. This government would not hesitate to avail itself of so generous an offer if the object were one which could be made practically useful in the present condition of the United States. Our political jurisdiction, however, does not reach a latitude so low as to favor the multiplication of the elephant, and steam on land, as well as on water, has been our best and most efficient agent of transportation in internal commerce.

I shall have occasion at no distant day to transmit to your Majesty some token of indication of the high sense which this government entertains of your Majesty's friendship.

Meantime, wishing for your Majesty a long and happy life, and for the generous and emulous people of Siam the highest possible prosperity, I commend both to the blessing of Almighty God.

Your good friend,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, February 3, 1862.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

King Mongkut knew nothing about the American Civil War when he sent his letter, so the elephants were not offered as a military weapon. However, in discussing the offer with Secretary Seward, Lincoln evidently remarked that the elephants could be used "to stamp out the rebellion." The translation of King Mongkut's letter and President Lincoln's reply were printed in the records of the United States Senate for 1861-1862.

Rules of Holy Living **Adoniram Judson (1819-1827)**

Adoniram and Ann Judson were pioneering missionaries in Burma. Adoniram developed an alphabet for the Burmese language and translated the Bible into Burmese.

Rules adopted on Sunday, April 4, 1819, the era of commencing public ministrations among the Burmans; revised and re-adopted on Saturday, December 9, 1820, and on Wednesday, April 25, 1821.

1. Be diligent in secret prayer, every morning and evening.
2. Never spend a moment in mere idleness.
3. Restrain natural appetites within the bounds of temperance and purity. "Keep thyself pure."
4. Suppress every emotion of anger and ill will.
5. Undertake nothing from motives of ambition, or love of fame.
6. Never do that which, at the moment, appears to be displeasing to God.
7. Seek opportunities of making some sacrifice for the good of others, especially of believers, provided the sacrifice is not inconsistent with some duty.
8. Endeavor to rejoice in every loss and suffering incurred for Christ's sake and the gospel's, remembering that though, like death, they are not to be wilfully incurred, yet, like death, they are great gain.

Re-adopted the above rules, particularly the 4th, on Sunday, August 31, 1823.

Re-adopted the above rules, particularly the 1st, on Sunday, October 29, 1826, and adopted the following minor rules:

1. Rise with the sun.
2. Read a certain portion of Burman every day, Sundays excepted.
3. Have the Scriptures and some devotional book in constant reading.
4. Read no book in English that has not a devotional tendency.
5. Suppress every unclean thought and look.

Revised and re-adopted all the above rules, particularly the second of the first class, on Sunday, March 11, 1827.

God grant me grace to keep the above rules, and ever live to His glory, for Jesus Christ's sake.

A. JUDSON.

From *Things as They Are* Amy Carmichael (1905)

*As Amy Carmichael published details of her work in India and the spiritual darkness of Hinduism, some people in Britain did not want to believe that things were as bad as she described. In the fourth edition of her book *Things as They Are*, she included confirmatory notes from other missionaries in India validating her observations. The images and captions are taken from her book.*

Chapter XXII

“When any person is known to be considering the new Religion, all his relations and acquaintances rise *en masse*; so that to get a new convert is like pulling out the eye-tooth of a live tiger.”

Adoniram Judson, Burmah.

Every missionary who has despaired of hitting upon an illustration vivid enough to show you what the work is really like among Mohammedans and Caste Hindus will appreciate this simile. After our return from Dohnavur we found that the long-closed villages of this eastern countryside had opened again, and the people were willing to allow us to teach the girls and women. For two months this lasted, and then three boys, belonging to three different Castes, became known as inquirers. Instantly the news spread through all the villages. It was in vain we told them we (women-workers) had never once even seen the boys, had in no way influenced them; the people held to it that, personally responsible or not, the book we taught to the girls was the same those boys had read (an undeniable fact); that its poison entered through the eyes, ascended to the brain, descended to the heart, and then drew the reader out of his Caste and his religion; and that therefore we could not be tolerated in the streets or in the houses any more, and so we were turned out.

In one village where many of the relations of one of these three lads live, the tiger growled considerably. One furious old dame called us “Child-snatchers and Powder-mongers,” and white snakes of the cobra species, and a particular genus of lizard, which when stamped upon merely wriggles, and cannot be persuaded to die (this applied to our persistence in evil), and a great many other things. The women stood out in the street in defiant groups and would not let us near enough to explain. The men sat on the verandah fronts and smiled, blandly superior to the childish nonsense the women talked, but they did not interfere.

Villages like this—and Old India is made up of such villages—are far removed from the influence of the few enlightened centres which exist. Madras is only a name to them, distant four hundred miles or so, a place where Caste notions are very lax and people are mixed up and jumbled together in a most unbecoming way.

Education, or "Learning," as they call it, they consider an excellent thing for boys who want to come to the front and earn money and grow rich. But for girls, what possible use is it? Can they pass examinations and get into Government employ? If you answered this question you would only disgust them. Then there is a latent feeling common enough in these old Caste families, that it is rather *infra dig.** for their women to know too much. It may be all very well for those who have no pretensions to greatness, they may need a ladder by which to climb up the social scale, but we who are already at the top, what do we want with it? "Have not our daughters got their Caste?" This feeling is passing away in the towns, but the villages hold out longer.

In that particular village we had some dear little girls who were getting very keen, and it was so hard to move out, and leave the field to the devil as undisputed victor thereon, and I sent one of our workers to try again. She is a plucky little soul, but even she had to beat a retreat. They will have none of us.

We went on that day to a village where they had listened splendidly only a week before. They had no time, it was the busy season. Then to a town, farther on, but it was quite impracticable. So we went to our friend the dear old Evangelist there, the blind old man. He and his wife are lights in that dark town. It is so refreshing to spend half an hour with two genuine good old Christians after a tug of war with the heathen; they have no idea they are helping you, but they are, and you return home ever so much the happier for the sight of them.

As we came home we were almost mobbed. In the old days mobs there were of common occurrence. It is a rough market town, and the people, after the first converts came, used to hoot us through the streets, and throw handfuls of sand at us, and shower ashes on our hair. In theory I like this very much, but in practice not at all. The yellings of the crowd, men chiefly, are not polite; the yelpings of the dogs, set on by sympathetic spectators; the sickening blaze of the sun and the reflected glare from the houses; the blinding dust in your eyes, and the queer feel of ashes down your neck; above all, the sense that this sort of thing does no manner of good—for it is not persecution (nothing so heroic), and it will not end in martyrdom (no such honours come our way)—all this



"It took me such a long time to learn to draw nicely," said Victory when she saw this photo; "I used to go to the Brahman street every morning and practise it there." A design is drawn with a piece of chalk on the ground in front of every house each morning during part of December and January, in memory of a goddess who used to amuse herself by drawing these patterns and planting flowers in them. All sorts of geometrical designs are drawn by the women and children, and the regular morning drawing is part of the day's work.

* *Latin infra dignitatem: referring to something as below one's social position*

row, and all these feelings, one on the top of the other, combine to make mobbing less interesting than might be expected. You hold on, and look up for patience and good nature and such like common graces, and you pray that you may not be down with fever to-morrow—for fever has a way of stopping work—and you get out of it all, as quickly as you can, without showing undue hurry. And then, though little they know it, you go and get a fresh baptism of love for them all.

But how delighted one would be to go through such unromantic trifles every hour of every day, if only at the end one could get into the hearts and the homes of the people. As it is, just now, our grief is that we cannot. We know of several who want us, and we are shut out from them.

One is a young wife, who saw us one day by the waterside, and asked us to come and teach her. For doing this she was publicly beaten that evening in the open street, by a man, before men; so, for fear of what they would do to her, we dare not go near the house. Another is a widow who has spent all her fortune in building a rest-house for the Brahmans, and who has not found Rest. She listened once, too earnestly; she has not been allowed to listen again. Oh, how that tiger bites!

Next door to her is a child we have prayed for for three years. She was a loving, clinging child when I knew her then, little Gold, with the earnest eyes. That last day I saw her, she put her hands into mine, caring nothing for defilement; “Are we not one Caste?” she said. I did not know it was the last time I should see her; that the next time when I spoke to her I should only see her shadow in the dark; and one wishes now one had known—how much one would have said! But the house was open then, and all the houses were. Then the first girl convert, after bravely witnessing at home, took her stand as a Christian. Her Caste people burned down the little Mission school—a boys’ school—and chalked up their sentiments on the charred walls. They burned down the Bible-woman’s house and a school sixteen miles away; and the countryside closed, every town and village in it, as if the whole were a single door, with the devil on the other side of it. . . .



These letters are written, as you know, with a definite purpose. We try to show you what goes on behind the door, the very door of the photograph, type of all the doors, that seeing behind you may understand how fiercely the tiger bites.

This is the tangible brass-bossed door outside of which we so often stand on the stone step and knock, and hear voices from within call, “Everyone is out.” The hand-marks are the hand-prints of the Power that keeps the door shut. Once a year, every door and the lintel of every window, and sometimes the walls, are marked like this. That evening, just before dark, the god comes round, they say, and looks for his mark on the door, and, seeing it, blesses all in the house. If there is no mark he leaves a curse. This is the devil’s South Indian parody on the Passover.

Recollections of Eric Liddell Norman Cliff (1999)

The transcript of this speech was provided by the Eric Liddell Centre (www.ericliddell.org), a Scottish charity based in Edinburgh that is “dedicated to inspiring, empowering, and supporting people of all ages, cultures and abilities, as an expression of compassionate Christian values.”

In September 1943 I was a boy of eighteen among several hundred prisoners in Chefoo now called Yentai. We were crowded into a small launch in Chefoo harbour and were told that we were going to Weih sien now called Weifang. As we got into the ship we realised that it was going to be a pretty congested journey.

The Japanese had warned us they would not provide us with any food for the journey and we had arranged for a former missionary employee to bring us some bread. The boat began to move out of the harbour and I could imagine our school principal thinking about all the school children without any food. Suddenly the ship halted again. A boat caught up on us and brought the bread from our former employee. It was part of a series of miracles that happened to us right through to the end of the war when the American parachutists came to rescue us.

Soon we were out of the harbour and on our way to Chinchow. It was not an easy journey and most of the travellers were small children and we were put in the hold of the ship. The portholes were covered up with rough pieces of cloth because we were afraid of American submarines. And as we travelled along we could hear the ladies singing next door the hymn “Jesus Saviour pilot me, over life’s tempestuous sea”.

We had rats running over us and we were sleeping down there in the hold of the ship with our luggage around us. There were no luxuries of any kind—no blankets—no nothing. When we got to Chinchow we had to carry our luggage from the harbour to the station. We got on the train at Chinchow and we were crowded in with our luggage into a few compartments. That afternoon we arrived in Weih sien and got into lorries and buses and we joggled along for several miles until we got to Weih sien Camp.

Weih sien Camp suddenly sprung into view—juniper trees, long lines of dormitories, an Edwardian style church, electrified wires around the camp and occasional towers where the guards were on duty. As we drove into the entrance of it there were remains from American Presbyterian days now called “The Courtyard of the Happy Way”. The lorries and buses went up a hill and to the right, beside a playing field, and there the commandant read to us the camp regulations.

We looked around us and there were hundreds of people looking at us and we were looking at them. We thought that they were very strange looking people and they probably thought that we were very strange looking people too. They were badly tanned from working in the sun. They were barefoot and wearing Khaki shorts and they spoke with strange accents, because they were a mixture of Greek, Scandinavian, British and American. That was our introduction to Weih sien Camp.

Within a few days of arriving, someone who “adopted” me on arriving at Weih sien Camp, said to me “Do you see that man over there?” he pointed to the man. “That is Eric Liddell the man who would not run on a Sunday.” And of-course we were brought up to observe the Sabbath. Soon we got to know him quite well. He was everywhere, he was ubiquitous. One moment he was speaking to us schoolboys in his cheerful way, then he was gone and he’d be seen talking with some businessmen half a mile away. Wherever he went he brought confidence and happiness.

One of the first jobs that I was given to do was to join Eric Liddell as a Sunday school teacher. There were a lot of children in the camp and I joined the Sunday school staff. I remember sitting round Eric Liddell’s bed. When I say “bed” it was some pieces of wood and a mattress on top. We had some notes that someone had brought to the camp about the life of Joseph—that was our subject. Somehow it all seemed to fit in so well—Joseph was in prison and God was with him. We were in prison and God was with us.

The Camp Labour Committee had to deal out jobs to everyone in the camp and we had to fill out a form stating what qualifications we had and whether we were healthy. Eric Liddell was given two half jobs; one job was to run sports for the young people and the other half of his assignment was to teach science. There were two or three schools in the camp including a Catholic school.

And he went from one group to another teaching science. They had everything against them—no desks, sitting on the edge of beds, they were using the same paper over and over again—they had no instruments and no textbooks. Yet when I look back on these years I think of people who have become well-known scientists, doctors, and psychologists since those days. And how good God was to us that in spite of all these handicaps we were able to carry on so much business as usual. I was not one of those students because I had matriculated six months before. Eric Liddell taught my sisters.

Another thing that happened in Weih sien Camp was the formation of the Weih sien Christian Fellowship. There were dozens of missionaries from many denominations. And sad to say, there were tensions between them. While we were struggling to keep ourselves alive we were arguing about how many days it took God to create the world and that kind of thing.

Eric Liddell moved into these groups with the greatest of ease. The groups accepted him and they acclaimed him as one of them. That was the genius of Eric Liddell.

Life in Weih sien was a fight for survival. We had bread porridge for breakfast, bread soup for lunch, and bread pudding for supper. It was bread in a hundred and one varieties. Eric Liddell had the same struggles as the rest of us. And we would see him queuing up for a small ration of food for a family who were sick. Climate was extreme—extreme heat and extreme cold so when winter came it was 40 degrees below freezing and we had to make coal bricks. We were given coal dust and learned how to mix the dust with coal. Soon we learned how to apportion it—if it was to bank up the fire it was a certain ratio of dust and coal, if it was to cook food it was a different ratio—soon we learned how to do it. Eric Liddell was doing it for various families. There were all kinds of things to carry around the camp. Eric Liddell was seen carrying things for other people.

Eric Liddell's Christianity came to the fore in all those difficult days at Weihsien Camp. So when it was announced that Eric Liddell was going to do a series of talks on something the attendance at Weihsien Christian Fellowship increased for here was a man who was the embodiment of what the Christian faith was all about. He preached on St Paul's letter, 1 Corinthians 13 and Matthew 5-7—the Sermon on the Mount. I can remember him saying at the end of the series on the Sermon on the Mount something like this—"Read the Sermon on the Mount over and over again, ponder its meaning and apply it to your daily life, do not try to explain it away, do not dilute its meaning but face up to its challenge." Then he would say, "Let's add it on to the end of the Apostles Creed and when you finish saying the Apostles Creed say I believe in the Sermon on the Mount." And I intend, with God helping me, to apply it to my life. That was what Eric Liddell taught us to do.

As the months in Weihsien Camp went by, life became increasingly difficult. Inadequate nutrition month after month, kept within the confines of electrified wires; all these things began to take a toll on our lives. There were mental breakdowns; cases where workers collapsed at work, typhoid, malaria, and dysentery were prevalent among the prisoners. And with the war dragging on like this we wondered when it would end and if it does end who is going to win.

Morale began to go downhill and sports activities began to fizzle out and this general deterioration in health and morale also came to Eric Liddell. He was as human as the rest of us. He started getting severe headaches, he found glare and noise tiresome and he began to feel the separation from his family.

He tried to continue to be of service to fellow internees. Though the will was there the energy was not. He began to confide in fellow missionaries of the London Missionary Society of his own struggles and fears, his loneliness, and his family. In January 1945 he was taken to the camp hospital.

Now there was one institution at Weihsien Camp which was a great blessing to us all—I am sure you would agree. It was The Salvation Army Band. I was privileged to join it and played the trombone every Sunday and we would play at various points in this large camp, some of the great hymns of the Christian church. "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear" "And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Saviour's blood" "What a friend we have in Jesus, carry everything to God in prayer".

The singing and playing of these hymns gave us a tremendous boost. They reminded us that God had not forgotten us. Then one Sunday in mid February 1945 we were playing at one of our usual spots just outside the camp hospital and while we were playing, a nurse sent out a note through the window, "Eric Liddell has asked if you would play Finlandia." Of course our leader led us and we played for him. "Be still my soul the Lord is on thy side; bear patiently the cross of grief and pain; . . . be still my soul . . . thy best, thy heavenly Friend through thorny ways, leads to a joyful end."

A few days after that Eric Liddell sat up in bed and wrote on a piece of paper to his wife, Florence, in Canada ". . . was carrying too much responsibility . . . had slight nervous breakdown . . . much better after a month in hospital. Special love to you and the

children, Eric". Within an hour he had gone. After writing this over optimistic note he said to his friend and colleague, Annie Buchan, "It's full surrender," and he went into a coma from which he did not recover.

The funeral, a few days later, was crowded and the church could not hold all the people and many were standing outside. All kinds of people came who did not normally come to our Sunday services. There was, for example, a prostitute for whom Eric had done some chores without asking anything in return. Many internees were crowded inside and outside the church. And I was part of that cortège of those who carried the coffin down the road to a small cemetery in Japanese quarters.

It was a difficult task because coffins were rather badly made and they were made of poor material so we had to carry it very carefully down a road that was called Rocky Road.

Stephen and I were part of the Guard of Honour at the graveside in the Japanese officers quarters.

I had the fortune and the privilege of following Eric Liddell's footsteps in several ways. I moved into the bachelor dormitory where he had been up to his death. There were 10 bachelors in that room—five missionaries and five businessmen. And having moved into that position they obviously turned to me to do Eric's job as Roll Call Warden. So Eric's friends in that room became my friends and Eric's job as Roll Call Warden became my job. Blocks 23 and 24. I had to line them up every day. I had two things to do walking in Eric Liddell's footsteps: I had to go down to the guardroom and they would give me a signal and I would ring the bell and everyone in the camp had to stop their work and go to their respective groups—there were five groups in the camp for roll call; then I had to meet the Japanese Guard coming to our section—blocks 23 and 24. It was a privilege to do this because I could see that Eric Liddell had won the confidence of the Guard, he did not ask difficult questions and he would take the Guard along the rows of internees and he counted them all and so on. Then I went back to the guardroom and they would give me the signal and I rang the bell for everyone to go back to their work.

That was half a century ago. As I prepared this talk I asked myself, "After fifty one years what would Eric Liddell say to you and to me today?" He would say many things. I have chosen just two things.

One; he would say at this time of broken homes, breakdown, immorality, crime, violence, neglect of the Lords Day, neglect of the Lords house, to come back to the Sermon on the Mount and to its teaching on purity, love and reconciliation. I think that was one thing he would say.

Secondly; Eric Liddell would say, "When you speak of me, give the glory to my master, Jesus Christ." He would not want us to think solely of him. He would want us to see the Christ whom he served.

Eric Liddel Memorial at the Site of the Weihsien Internment Camp in China



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