



**Fifty Years  
Among The Tibetans**

**The Story of Wilhelm and Marie Heyde**

**By Gerhard Heyde**



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9. HEYDE, Gerhard: Fifty Years Among the Tibetans - The Story of Wilhelm and Maria Heyde, (Winston-Salem (North Carolina), Douglas L. Rights), 1953, 36 p., 7 b/w photographs, map, (230 x 150). Stapled. As new. An extremely rare item. Equivalent to Yakushi H303, but that particular English translation of the French abridged translation of the German original is not mentioned in Yakushi. Probably a very small run, self published by the translator himself.





Mission Station in Kyelang.

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1953

A translation of the French edition by Douglas L. Rights

**WINSTON PRINTING COMPANY**

**WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.**

## FOREWORD

On a visit to Herrnhut in 1927 I met the organist of the Moravian Church and learned that he was a son of the venerable missionaries who spent half a century in service among Tibetans. In the *Missionsbuchhandlung* I bought a copy of the little book written in 1921 by another son, which told of the experiences of his parents in the mission. This book, published first in the German language, was followed by a shorter edition in French. The author, Gerhard Heyde, kindly granted permission for me to publish an English edition translated from the French.

The publication of this translation appears appropriately in this year 1953, the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the mission among Tibetans.

DOUGLAS L. RIGHTS

Winston-Salem, N. C., 1953.





## I. Wilhelm Heyde

It was a summer day in the year 1837. In the Moravian village of Gnadenfrei, Silesia, a twelve-year-old boy was perched on a large farm wagon. His mother, a peasant woman, was tearfully bidding him good-by.

The boy was Wilhelm Heyde. He was leaving home to learn a trade. His parents were poor, and they had a large family to support. Their little home, which they had bought near Gnadenfrei, had been destroyed by fire, and they were in great need. The pastor of the village had found for the boy a position as apprentice with a tinner at Herrnhut. Since opportunity for travel was offered, the boy was entrusted to the care of the driver for the journey of four days.

Wilhelm had two great desires which he was unable to realize: to possess a violin and to obtain an education. His learning was confined to what he could acquire by himself. His apprenticeship, which lasted six years, was very hard. In the house of his patron the lad did not fare well. Sometimes he suffered from lack of food. The parents were ignorant of this for he did not complain. In spite of privation, however, he grew strong in body and spirit, and made the experience that it is good to bear the yoke in youth.

When his apprenticeship terminated, he did not wish to leave Herrnhut, for it had become a second home to him. His master appreciated the zeal and integrity of the young man, and retained him as a workman. So well had he improved himself that he was chosen to assist in the instruction of apprentices.

In these years, also, he found that inner peace of heart and mind, which the world cannot give. On July 13, 1853, he wrote, "In Herrnhut I was brought from death unto life through the mercy of my Redeemer."

He had been in Herrnhut fifteen years when a great change came into his life. The Moravian Mission Board called him to go to Central Asia, with a companion named Pagell, to begin a mission among the Mongols.

This call, quite unexpected, gave him much serious thought. That day the young workman sat gravely pondering beside the "frog pond," the swimming pool where boys of the village disported themselves in the water. The boys were astonished to see their older friend so pensive, who was usually so joyful. A great struggle was taking place in his soul. Should he accept? Should he make this great leap into the unknown? Often at Herrnhut ordinary laymen set out for the mission field. But this new work to be inaugurated in Central Asia, that was another thing!

Heyde accepted the call. He did it with confidence, obedient to the voice within.

At Koenigsfeld in the Black Forest opportunity was found to learn the elements of the Mongolian language. Pastor Zwick, who had spent a long time at Sarepta, Russia, had learned the language

through contact with the Kalmucks. The physician of the place gave Heyde some preliminary instruction in medicine.

On July 13, 1853, the two friends set out in company with Missionary Rebsch, who was returning to India. They embarked at Portsmouth, England, on August 3 and landed at Calcutta on November 23. In spite of several storms and a fire on board the ship, this voyage of four months on the three-master "The Monarch" was successful. The voyage was made without a stop and during the four months the passengers did not see land. Heyde and his companion spent their time in pursuing their studies in the Mongolian language.

Their hearts were stirred by anticipation of the future as they set foot on Asiatic soil; the Moravian text for the day, "All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord" (Numbers 24:21), gave them strength and hope. Their goal was still far distant. They planned to travel first to Western Himalaya and to halt at Kotghur, near Simla, where the home of Missionary Prochnow would offer them a temporary abode. From there they counted on reaching the frontier of Tibet, across the high mountains, in order to enter Mongolia.

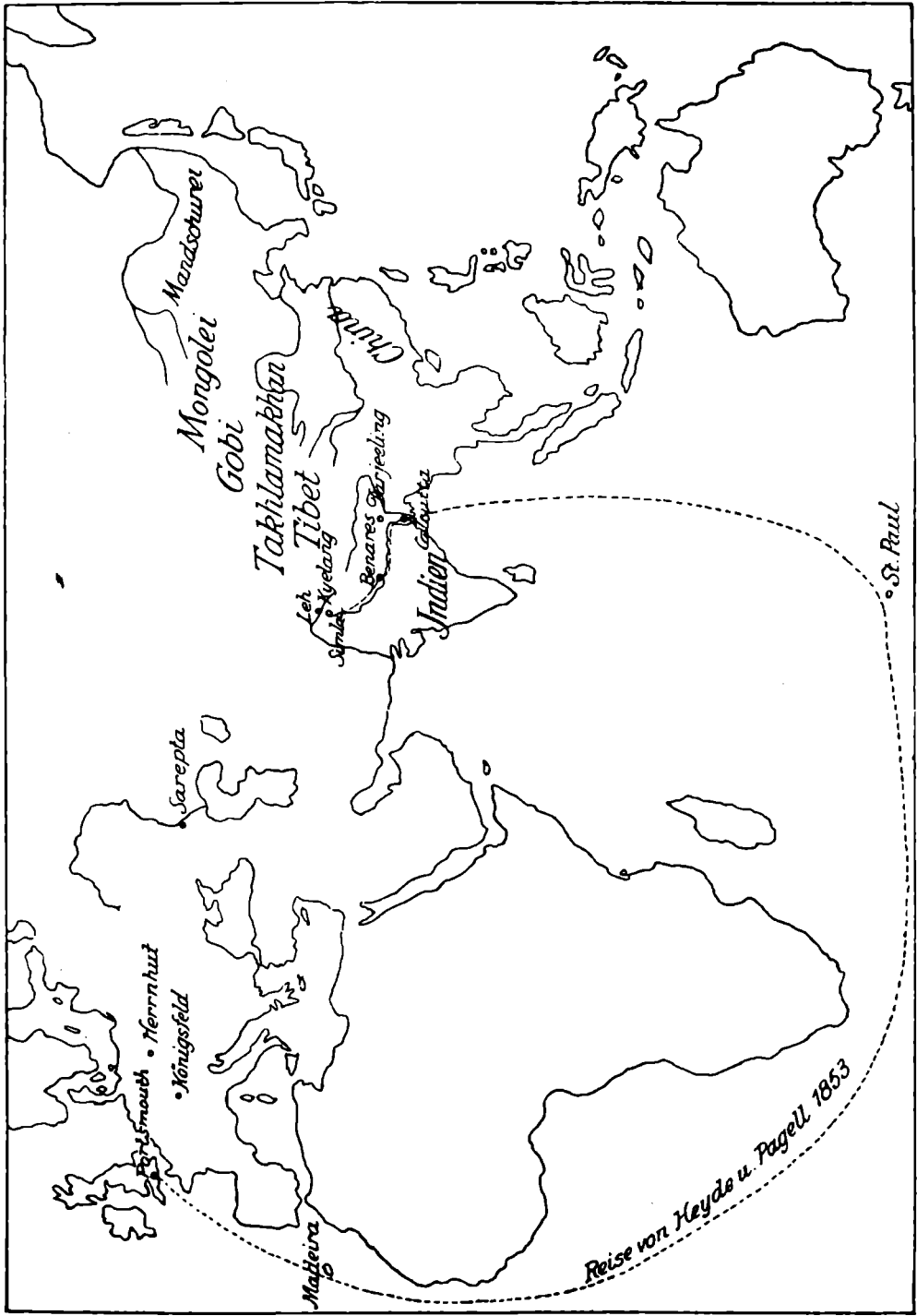
In those days there was not yet a railroad in India. The journey had to be made by water, first on the arm of the Ganges along which the city of Calcutta is situated, and then up the Ganges itself, which could be reached in nine days. The boats were drawn by long ropes pulled from the shore of the river.

Heyde described the long journey in his diary. At sunrise could be seen the river people bathing and worshipping the water of the sacred stream. On the shores were little shrines covered with flowers, decorating the landscape and providing offering to the Ganges. The river itself bore innumerable corpses and presented a terrifying aspect, for the Hindus simply abandoned their dead to the waters. On the banks lay heaps of human bones. At some places the corpses were burned on funeral pyres.

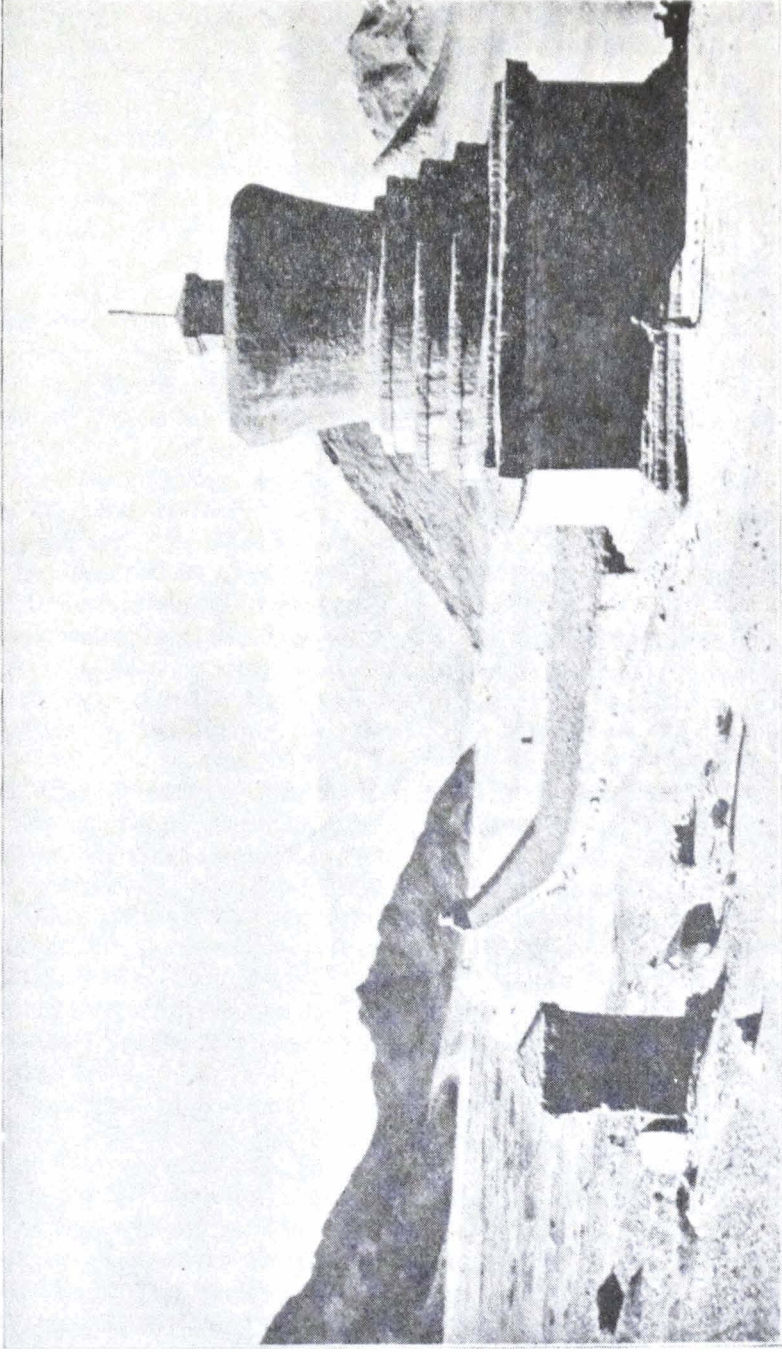
The voyage dragged on. Banks of sand in the river bed caused delay. The travelers were often compelled to disembark, for the religious Hindus would not prepare their food on the boat. But the missionaries were never discouraged. The two humble Brethren from Herrnhut felt themselves borne up by the prayers of the church. They were received with kindness at the mission stations which they found along the way.

The last days of the voyage were painful enough for Heyde, who fell grievously ill. On February 6, upon reaching Benares, he was so weak that he was unable to stand. A carriage conveyed him to the home of the Baptist missionary, Heinig, where the patient was given careful attention. Hope for his recovery was given up, but at the end of two weeks he was again strong enough to continue the journey. Here they parted with their companion Rebsch. The Brethren engaged as an interpreter a baptized native named William John, who was accompanied by his wife and two little daughters. Two carts, each of which was drawn by three oxen, transported them and their baggage.

On February 21 they began their journey across the burning plain.



German Map Showing the Journey of Heyde and Pagell in 1853.



Prayer Wall (Mani) and Prayer Towers (Tschortens) in the Vicinity of Leh.

In three weeks they traveled only 300 kilometers. On the way traffic was dense. Mules, sheep, and goats passed with their drivers, who shouted and gesticulated. One day they met a military convoy composed of 500 camels and sixty elephants. For several days they traveled with a caravan of pilgrims coming from Benares, composed of forty carts drawn by superb white oxen. They started out usually at half past three o'clock in the morning and did not pitch camp until five o'clock in the afternoon. The vehicles in which they traveled were far from comfortable. They could neither sit down nor lie at ease, and were often obliged to walk in the torrid heat. On March 15 they arrived at Meerut and changed wagons, journeying henceforth at night in order to rest during the day.

What joy it was for the weary travelers when on March 20 they could distinguish the high summits of the Himalayas! Seven days later at dawn they arrived at the foot of the high walls of rock and, accompanied by thirty-two porters, began their journey on foot.

On April 1 they arrived at Simla, the Jewel of the Himalayas, summer residence of the Viceroy of India. Simla lies like a garden of paradise amid a scene of beauty and extraordinary grandeur. Heyde wrote in his diary: "Since I left Europe, the splendor of God has been revealed to me more than ever in the beauties of the sea, the snowy summits of the Himalayas, and the forests of rhododendron around Simla."

The sojourn in this enchanting city, however, was of short duration. They traveled on to reach the village of Khotgur, situated in the heart of the mountains, where the missionary Prochnow would receive them for some months. There they were to learn the English language and that of the country, before penetrating into Tibetan territory.

After nine months of travel, on April 14, the Brethren finally reached Khotgur, where they found a cordial welcome and the first letters from home. There was placed at the disposal of the newcomers a little house, long uninhabited, which was infested with rats and many kinds of insects. The house, situated on the edge of a forest of cedars, was covered with roses, jasmine, and other flowers. Each day brought to the missionaries new surprises: wonderful butterflies, parrots, monkeys, etc. Foxes and leopards ventured sometimes near the house. Below extended fields and prairies; the mountains covered with eternal snow completed the picture.

In November, Heyde and Pagell left the house, which was too isolated, to be nearer the mission station. A lama (priest) from Ladakh, clad in a red robe, consented to give them lessons in Tibetan, and during the winter they prepared themselves for the task which awaited them. On March 26 they left Khotgur to penetrate into the mountain country yet unknown to them. They wished to reach the Mongols, to whom they had been sent. Their road led up the Jalori chain (4,000 meters) over the pass of Rotang in the high valley of Lahoul, the very center of Himalaya. They passed thus from the marvels of the tropics to a desert of stone, snow, and ice. Upon descending the pass of Rotang, they again found green grass. Fields and meadows bordered the mountain torrents. Willows, poplars, apricot trees, wild currant bushes, and pines animated the scenery,

while the little Tibetan villages, with their tiny houses heaped one above the other, appeared to be suspended on the slopes of the mountains. One of the villages bore the name of Kyelang.

From Lahoul the road ascended the Bagna northward to cross the principal chain of the Himalayas by passes 5,000 to 6,000 meters in altitude. On the other side the travelers found tribes of nomads with their herds of yaks. This is a strange animal which seems to be related to goat, horse, and ox. The long tail and hair, which hang almost to the ground, furnish material for clothing and tents; the flesh and milk serve for food; from the horns are made drinking-cups. The yak is a valuable auxiliary in the mountains. On the ice and among the rocks its foot has the sureness of that of the chamois, and in the snow its heavy body breaks the trail for the traveler.

To the north the roads were almost impassable, and it was only in the valley of the Indus that they became better. Here were found numerous villages and convents built in the eagles' nests of the cliffs like castles in the Middle Ages. This country, which is called Ladakh, has as capital the little city of Leh, which possesses an important market. An ancient royal castle of imposing appearance overlooks the town.

Leh was the first goal of the missionaries. They had been on the way more than twelve weeks, traveling sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback or on the backs of yaks. To cross the country with greater ease they had adopted the costume of the lamas. The lama of Khotgur, who had taught them Tibetan and had served as guide and interpreter, left them before arriving at the valley of the Indus for he feared that the lamas of Leh would reproach him for having taught the language to Europeans. The Mongols were known only by name in the country the missionaries traversed, which was inhabited by Tibetans, subjects of the former western kingdom of Tibet, conquered by the king of Cashmere between 1836 and 1841. But the goal of Heyde was Mongolia and not Tibet. Therefore he set out again with Pagell, after a sojourn of three weeks at Leh. Before departure they fortified themselves by partaking of the Lord's Supper. For lack of wine they contented themselves with water, but were blessed none the less.

After having crossed in four days the pass of Chang (5,386 meters), they arrived at the salt lake Pangkong, which is deep blue in color. The country was transformed into a desert; not a tree or a bush was on the vast sandy plateau. The frontier was soon reached, but that was also the end of the journey. As the lama had feared, they found themselves in the presence of armed guards who forbade them to pass. No white man could enter Mongolia. Heyde and Pagell were forced to turn back. They tried to cross the frontier at other points, but in vain and had to retrace their steps. In order to explore a larger part of the country, they traveled sometimes apart and sometimes together. On October 16 they arrived at their point of departure, Khotgur, where good Sister Prochnow received them. They were greatly fatigued, but thought of the saying of Zinzendorf: "If the eye is bright and the heart is light, nothing is fairer than the battle-stained knight."

What should they do now? Should they return to Europe because Mongolia was closed? Heyde and his companion did not consider that. They had learned the language of the country and had attached themselves to the inhabitants. They decided that the best thing to do was to establish themselves on the frontier of the forbidden country and to begin there the work of God. Meanwhile they could seek opportunity to penetrate farther. The valley of Lahoul seemed most appropriate for their establishment. They informed the Mission Board at Herrnhut of their project, and on March 3, 1856, they received authorization to found a station in that valley. On April 18 the English government granted its permission with assurance of support, to the great joy of the missionaries. The government further promised to furnish without charge the wood and stones necessary for the construction of the mission house.

The summer months were employed in building. The Brethren had bought a piece of land in the vicinity of Kyelang. Trees were cut by seventy or eighty coolies under direction of Heyde. In September the house was nearly finished, but the missionaries could not spend the winter there. So Heyde and Pagell returned to Khotgur the end of October. Since the pass of Rotong cannot be crossed from November to May, the valley of Lahoul is separated from the rest of the world for half of the year.

In autumn, 1857, the carpenters finished the house by setting up "with loud cries and much confusion" the stairway which led to the upper story. Six large iron stoves had arrived at Kyelang; the windows had been set in place; the pioneers could establish themselves in their new home and meet the rigors of the winter months. A third missionary, Henry Jaeschke, had joined the other two in the month of March. He was a theologian and a distinguished linguist, recently a professor in the school of Niesky. To him was committed the direction of this mission work in Tibet.

The first meeting of the three missionaries was not a commonplace affair. Heyde and Pagell passed their nights under their tent pitched on the snow-covered heights. One fine morning they were awakened by the singing of a hymn which they recognized and which recalled the homeland. It was Jaeschke, who was coming to join them, and, not far distant, was engaged in his morning devotions on the slope of the Himalayas!

The chronicle of the mission station at Kyelang recounts as follows the consecration of the house:

"After having placed the tables and chairs, we held our service of installation at ten o'clock in the morning. The 'word' for the day was 'Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out' (Deut. 28:6). We thanked God for the help He had granted us, and we commended unto His mercy ourselves, our work, and all those who in the days to come would inhabit this house. . . . After having sung a hymn, we ended our festival. Our hearts were filled with joy."

Life in the mission house at Kyelang had begun. From the material point of view, it was of Spartan simplicity and austerity. Each room had its bed, table, chair, and stove; hooks fastened to the wall and



chests replaced wardrobes. A Tibetan woman served as cook; what she did not know how to do, the young men did themselves according to their own recipes, and succeeded in enlarging their number of courses from three to eight or ten. At first the meat balls, ragouts, fried potatoes, and beef steaks did not always turn out well, but Heyde wrote, "We continue to get out of this business as much good as bad, and in time we shall learn something."

Heyde spent the winter of 1858-59 at Simla, learning the printer's trade. He purchased the material necessary for printing portions of the Bible translated into Tibetan, and in the Spring, with the aid of twenty-nine coolies, transported his supplies to Kyelang.

Shortly after his return he received from the Mission Board at Herrnhut a letter that affected him profoundly. We read in his diary under date of May 11, "This afternoon I received the news that I am engaged to be married."

## II. Marie Hartmann

Heyde knew nothing of his future companion before she became his fiancée. Like Isaac, he confided in God, certain that he would not be deceived and that He would choose right. He delighted to say later that God had surpassed even his best expectation.

Marie Hartmann was born April 19, 1837, at Paramaribo, in the colony of Surinam, South America, where her parents were in the service of the Moravian Mission. She had spent her infancy at the mission station of Charlottenburg; there she dwelt, care-free, among the palm trees, playing with the children of the native converts, turning the leaves of her father's books, and accompanying him on his journeys. At the age of seven years she and seven other children were entrusted to a missionary couple returning to Europe, who conducted the children to Kleinwelka, where they were to enter school. Marie's mother sought by means of letters to keep fresh the childhood memories of her daughter: "Do you still know the language of the natives? Do you still remember the 'Auntie' you loved so well and the little black children who came to school? Jansi, to whom you taught the verse, 'Na ju kruis mis si, husa ju so mi,' has received the name of Magdalene at baptism."

Soon after the departure of Marie her father succumbed to the fever, but the image of her mother remained always deeply engraved in memory.

Marie never saw her mother again, who, left alone, could not decide to leave the field of activity to which she was so attached. But from afar Mother Hartmann, a plain and humble woman, but heroic, continued to exert a strong influence on her daughter. At her death, the superintendent of the Surinam mission said:

"I do not think there has ever been such a woman in this mission, and perhaps there will never be again. Where the climate was most dangerous and the work most difficult, there she hastened to offer her aid. She did not think of herself, but of her Master's cause."

One of the recently established congregations of the Bush Country was to be abandoned, for no European missionary had been able to endure the fatal climate. Mother Hartmann decided to return alone into the virgin forest; there she remained five years in the midst of her beloved charges, the Bush Negroes. Her laborious endeavors were not halted by her privations, fever, plague, enmity of the planters, or elephantiasis, a disease of the natives she contracted in caring for the sick. The heroic spirit of the first witnesses who had set out for America, determined to become slaves if necessary to minister to the slaves, lived in her.

During five years she passed but a single day in the city. Effort was made to detain her longer but she was afraid of being spoiled and that she would not have the same joy in returning to solitude. It was no wonder that her strength diminished rapidly. One day, while instructing the children of the little village school of Coffee Camp, she fell seriously ill; for four weeks she lay there in an open hut, lacking every care and comfort. When the news of her illness reached Paramaribo, a boat was sent to fetch her back. The day of her death, December 30, 1853, she asked to be propped up in bed. She had assumed the custom of sleeping on the ground like the natives, without bed and without mosquito netting. "Moro na hei," "Higher," were her last words.

The memory of such a mother was the priceless treasure in the life of the little girl far away.

In 1851 Marie left the boarding school at Kleinwelka. She went first to Niesky to learn to be a seamstress, and later to Gnadensfrei, where she prepared to become a teacher.

The spirit of the mother continued to influence her by means of letters sent from the tropical forest.

These wonderful letters Marie carried later to the Himalayas, where they comforted her in difficult times. In these lines, written by an unskilled hand, there was a divine power; the love of the Saviour, Who made such a great sacrifice for us, is the fundamental thought that returns again and again.

Here are a few fragments:

"Do you still pray, too, my child, as you did here? For you never wished to go to bed without praying for yourself, for us, for all the children, for all the people. . . . My prayer for you is that the Lord will give you an obedient heart, and that you will love Him above all else. (1845.)

"You tell me of the numerous gifts you received at Christmas, and of your happy birthday; that is fine, and I rejoice with you. But, my dear Marie, do you think also of Him Who is the cause of that joy which you, the children, have year after year, and which we older people share with you? It is He Who gives all; that is true, my dear child. And it is He also Who is the cause of our happiness. . . . That is why, dear Marie, when you celebrate next Christmas, you should ask Him to give you a grateful heart. He was nailed to the cross for your soul, too. . . . (1846.)

"You say in your letter that you are happy every time you can write to me. I, too, am happy when I can write you a letter. When

I read your last letter over again, I wept. I have asked the Saviour to take full possession of you, so that we shall find ourselves reunited some day in eternity, if we never see each other again here. . . . (1848.)

"You tell me of your stature, and I see that you are almost as tall as I am. The Saviour has given you height of body, even as to your dear deceased father—do you remember him? It is too bad that you have forgotten, for your infancy interested us in many respects and especially on account of your love for the Saviour. Ask Him to renew and to preserve that love. . . . You tell me that you are a little afraid of having to gain your livelihood by the needle; yes, yes, you will have to pass even more tests, but these trials will lead you toward the Saviour! He doesn't want His children to fear and to be anxious about what they will eat and what they will wear.

"If we love Him with all our heart, and if we are really concerned about our salvation, He will aid us day by day, and He will aid you also. . . . The Saviour asks nothing of you girls except that your hearts be believing, loving, trusting, and He will be in the midst of you and bless you. . . .

"Your last letter pleased me very much for I see that you have made progress in your various studies. But I cannot praise you for that, for it was only your duty. Your school years will soon end and then it will be seen how you have profited. . . . Your mother never ceases to think of you and to urge you to use your remaining time diligently, striving to learn everything that is useful, music included. (1850.)

"You write beautifully how God's Spirit has, through religious instruction, softened your hard heart and prepared you to receive the blessings of confirmation and the holy communion. . . . He has done for you what a gardner does for young trees from which He expects to receive much fruit. Hitherto he has found only leaves and buds. Now, however, he expects to find also blossoms and fruit! But in that, also, must the Gardner of souls give force and consecration, for without the Saviour we can do no good. (1851.)

"You are certainly impatient for news from me. Thank God, I have been in fairly good health but I can hardly write, for my eyes are so weak. I shall rejoice in the time when I shall be delivered from all weakness and sin, and enjoy eternal repose with the Saviour. But so long as He wishes to leave me here, my only care shall be to please Him. Ah! my dear Marie, I am concerned about my salvation, for I am advanced in years and I see in myself many faults. But the road, leading to Him who takes away sin, is open to me; it is a great grace for me. . . . You will be pleased to learn why I am again here at Berg en Dal. As far as comfort is concerned, I was better situated at Bambay, where I did not have to climb stairs. Here I must go up and down a stairway of thirty steps, and my breath fails me. But I desired so much to see my dear friends here again because they are visited so rarely on account of disease and death.

"I intended to celebrate only Pentacost with them, but when I saw all the wickedness among the children of the community, I could not do otherwise than to deal earnestly with them for having broken so quickly their promise to remain faithful to the Lord. Now that I am

here, they are better behaved. May the Lord put in their hearts the fear of sin!

"I wish to tell you also of the joy I have had. The day of Pentecost I received your letter and that of Henry; I cannot express what I felt in my heart except by the prayer: 'Lord, keep my children near Thee!'

"Dear Marie, the vow you have expressed to remain faithful to the Lord and to live unto His honor, has caused me much joy. But if you do not ask Him for strength every day, sin will deceive you. I can speak from my own experience." (1852.)

These letters of the mother show by what spirit the girl was influenced from her tender infancy.

Marie was much loved by her school companions and remained in correspondence with several of them through the long years that followed. She was of a cheerful nature, somewhat inclined to meditation; she liked designing and painting, but had a strong preference for reading.

In 1853 she entered as a teacher the boarding school at Gnadenfrei among young women nearly the same age as herself. Of course, difficulties were not lacking, but Sister Hartmann, as she was now called, had a contented disposition and could easily adapt herself as necessity demanded. In old age she was accustomed to repeat, "I have always had it so good."

In the spring of 1859 a great change came into her life. The Mission Board called her to go to Tibet as fiancée of Wilhelm Heyde. The call came to her like lightning out of a clear sky, and all her acquaintances counseled her not to accept. "How can you think of leaving a good position to go to join an unknown person in a country so distant and also unknown?" For Marie it was an act of faith as great as that which eight years before had induced Wilhelm Heyde to depart. But an inner voice said to her, "This thing proceedeth from the Lord" (Genesis 24:50). The example of her mother encouraged her; already her two brothers had set out for the mission field, one for South Africa, the other for Australia, who later served among the Indians of North America. The lot, which she desired to consult, according to the custom of those days in the Moravian Church, gave an affirmative response. She decided then, as once did Rebecca, to go and join him whom the Lord had chosen.

The call was addressed to her in February, and already in May she left London to undertake the long journey that would lead her to Tibet. She left with two other young Sisters, Emily Rosenhauer and Frederica Maechtle, fiancées of the two other missionaries, companions of Heyde. But Marie Hartmann, young, slender girl with auburn hair and sparkling eyes, was the only one who did not know the one with whom she was going to share the journey of life.

They arrived in Calcutta the last of August. Brother Pagell had come to meet them, and straightway his marriage was solemnized by the pastor of the Scotch Free Church, after which the little caravan set out.

Through Pagell, Sister Hartmann received the first letter from her fiancé. It was the only one she received during her journey, although she had several occasions to write to him. Here is what she

wrote under date of September 24: "Just as I was lamenting in tears to Sister Rosenhauer—or rather, my dear Emmy—my regret at not having received a letter, Brother Pagell entered the room and brought the letter so long expected from Kyelang. I opened mine while tears continued to flow. With what tender love you meet me! Ah! I am not worthy of it; if you knew my heart with its doubts, fears, and resistance, you would be frightened. But you will come to know this heart entirely, to cherish and to console it, with the aid of God. Why, from the beginning, should I not show myself to you just what I am? My daily prayer is to have a heart sincere and humble. . . . It is still strange to me that the Lord has called me, poor creature, to serve Him in such a work. I fear that I shall do more harm than good! But He is faithful. He, Who has given me the strength and courage to obey, will continue to aid me and accomplish His work in me. And what shall I be for you? O, I would like to be something for you, always at your side with a love faithful and devoted, in hours of joy and of sadness. But what am I? The Lord has brought us together, and with His grace we can *dare all*. . . . It is true that in my former position I had certain comforts and material pleasures which I must renounce at present. But you may be assured that I am not spoiled, that I have often denied myself, and that I wish always to learn to do better. The exterior things are secondary, and true happiness does not depend upon them."

Again she wrote from Simla on October 13: "Upon our arrival I awaited anxiously a letter from you, but in vain. I console myself with the thought that Emmy shares my distress. Often we take our first and only letters, and read them over again. . . . Our journey across India has been completed. . . . Emmy and I were comfortably installed in the carriage; since Brother Pagell rode with his young wife, we had more opportunity to share our thoughts together. . . . We think of leaving on October 17, and of arriving at Kyelang in three weeks. O, how good it will be to be at home!"

At Khotgur they met Jaeschke. The three young women were the first European women to penetrate this mountainous country. Their passage excited much curiosity, especially among the native women.

On November 8 they crossed the Rotang pass, and on the tenth, Marie Hartmann started an hour earlier than her companions in order to be alone to meet her betrothed.

Two hours' distance from Kyelang there was to be crossed a long and dangerous bridge suspended over a roaring torrent. It was there that they saw each other for the first time. On the narrow, swaying bridge, the bride became dizzy, but the strong hand of Heyde guided her safely across. There was no longer a turning back; henceforth it was forward with God. Together they walked to the mission house. The others arrived at noon.

A week later the marriage took place. Meanwhile the two single Brethren lived in the print shop. Of the wedding day the Kyelang diary records: "On November 18, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was the marriage service. Brother Jaeschke read before an assembly of fifty to sixty people the paragraphs 202 to 206 of the 'Idea Fidei Fratrum' and an extract in Tibetan of the same work. Then he solemnized



Well-to-do Tibetan Merchants.





Willow Bridge in Lahoul.



the marriage of Brother and Sister Heyde; Heyde then performed the ceremony for Brother and Sister Jaeschke."

Tara Tschand, the chief of the village, invited the missionaries to a luncheon. He himself did not partake of the meal, but asked the favor of being allowed to see how the white people ate.

### III. The First Years of the Mission

Every beginning is difficult!—Our task is not to write a history of the Tibetan mission. However, we should pause a moment to consider the difficulties which the three young women missionaries found upon their arrival at Kyelang. They met them in Christian fortitude; and thanks to the affection which united them, they often succeeded in smoothing over the inevitable differences that arose among the three men on the field. These Brethren were thoroughly united in their purpose of serving God and of extending His kingdom, but they were subject to human failings and were not always in agreement. Jaeschke, the genial professor of languages, was to direct the work, but he had arrived four years after his companions. Heyde and Pagell, who had already become experienced, were eminently practical men. Although Jaeschke also sought to prove himself of this practical turn, friction arose, such difficulty as comes between theoretical and practical minds, between theologian and layman, between scholar and artisan. The difficulties began the first day. Heyde and Pagell rode horseback, following the custom of the country, and had bought a mount for Jaeschke. The latter, an original character, of whom it was told that he traversed on foot the 200 leagues that separated Kyelang from Simla, his only baggage a coffee cup which he carried in his pocket, would not hear of traveling horseback. His ideal was to travel by "cobbler's steed." "Is it not written," he said, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace?" (Romans 10:15.)

But it was especially the house at Kyelang which was the object of discord. "It is constructed," said Jaeschke, "as if we would always remain in Lahoul, whereas it should be only a light hut, easily transported, an advance post to the frontier of Mongolia." The Mission Board of Herrnhut decided against him in this case.

On the other hand, Jaeschke had in six months grasped the spirit of the language far better than the others; in spite of their laborious studies, they humbly recognized their inferiority in that domain.

The situation was far from being pleasant, but thanks to the Christian character of the three Brethren, the conflicts never reached the breaking point. Heyde, in particular, never spoke of Jaeschke except in terms of affection and praise. The three young women, on their side, contributed in a large measure to the development of the work, for they said, "The more the heads of our husbands clash, so much the more must our hearts be united, in order to keep the outer peace as well as the inner."

Sister Marie Heyde seemed created expressly to pour oil on the troubled waters; she was a child of peace, loving and affectionate to

everyone and always ready to put herself in the background. Her constant and peaceful nature held in check the ardent temperament of her husband. This happy disposition, acquired in her struggle for faith, aided in surmounting all the difficulties. Here is an example.

The three couples kept house in common; the three Sisters had charge of the kitchen in turn for one week each. Jaeschke, who did everything possible to lighten the mission budget, held very rigidly to this arrangement, a custom of that time in the Moravian mission fields, now happily forgotten. The household was administered with Spartan simplicity, and food, rationed out in that time, had to be well cooked, too. Experienced housekeepers such as Sisters Pagell and Jaeschke could get through without much trouble.

Sister Heyde was the youngest of the three. She was only twenty-two years of age when she arrived at Kyelang. As she had been a teacher, her ability was greatest not so much in the kitchen as in the intellectual field. She was not prepared to undertake the responsibilities of housekeeping under such restraints, and besides, the time between her call and her departure for Asia had hardly sufficed for preparations for the journey. She could not get along so well as her companions, and this inferiority weighed upon her more heavily than the study of Tibetan.

To this must be added the following unfortunate incident. Sister Heyde had a true talent for writing. She had written her impressions of the journey in letters to friends at home, who had them published unknown to her. When these travel accounts reached Kyelang, there was sharp criticism. How could she, the youngest and least experienced of the three, permit the printing of such a report?

This incident provoked sad discontent among the missionaries at Kyelang, and the love, faith, and humility of Sister Heyde were put to a harsh trial. In order not to offend anyone, she made the vow never to permit what she wrote to be printed. Thus she came out of the struggle victorious. This sacrifice procured for her the satisfaction of having always lived in peace with everybody, but we can only deplore that resolution.

In the autumn of 1862, Brother Heyde decided to leave Kyelang to establish elsewhere a new mission. His wife was ill at the time and he had to send for a physician. On October 24, 1862, they left, with their little daughter Elly, aged two years, and with a servant.

After they had crossed the Rotang pass, at Dschaga Sukh, a little Hindu village, a child was prematurely born who did not live.

The empty, dilapidated house of an Englishman afforded them a necessary shelter until six days later the journey was resumed to Dharmsala. The mother was entrusted to the care of a physician of the village, and remained there three months with her little daughter while the father traveled for the mission. It was a sad and lonely Christmas for the young mother, who knew little English and who felt herself a stranger amid these new surroundings. The feeling of loneliness was accentuated in the spring of 1863, when the Heydes settled at Dschaga Sukh. This transfer was made in order to reduce the mission budget, for the house at this place was procured for a small sum of money. In this hut, deprived of every comfort, the

lonely young mother was obliged to spend long days and sometimes weeks while her husband was on mission tours.

Prayer sustained her in sadness and melancholy. She found at this time a powerful comfort in the letters of her mother, written from the solitude of the South American forest, where the valiant mother also had led a life of self-denial in the service of her Master.

The hut inhabited by Sister Heyde and her little daughter was infested with rats and mice that scampered about the place and gnawed to pieces the clothing of the absent father, and one day even built a nest under the pillow of little Elly. The young mother did not know Hindustani, the language spoken in that country; she felt quite alone, and was unable to settle the disputes which frequently arose between her servant and the people of the village. Only after considerable time did she learn that Rahemie, the Hindu woman whom she had taken into her service, led a dissolute life. Six days after the return of her husband, so eagerly awaited, September 11, 1863, Sister Heyde gave birth to her first son.

Brother Heyde had brought back with him a little vagabond, a girl ten years of age, whom he had found on his journey. This little waif, named Gangsom, later received the name of Betty. She became servant for the children and thenceforth part of the family. It was only with great difficulty that in the course of years they were able to break her from the bad habits of lying and stealing, but the love shown her was not lost; little by little she became a true Christian. Still later, at Kyelang, she married and became the mother of a large family.

In April, 1864, the Heydes left their hut at Dschaga Sukh in order to begin a station planned for Munsala, a day's journey to the south. A favorable location was found and the missionaries set up a tent there in which to live until the house could be constructed. However, on May 14, they were recalled to Kyelang to take the place of the Jaeschkes, who were leaving for Simla to devote themselves to the study of the language of the country. Their stay at Simla was only over winter, after which they returned to Kyelang and lived in perfect harmony with the Heydes until their return to Europe in 1868.

The Pagells had left Kyelang in 1862 to found a station at Poo, in the district of Kunawar.

Upon returning to Kyelang the Heydes had the impression that they were coming back to the land of their adoption. How far they were from thinking that Kyelang was going to be the center of their activity for nearly half a century!

#### **IV. The Tibetans**

During the last years of the life of Marie Heyde, a missionary who was about to leave for Tibet asked her what he should do to get along with the people of the country. She replied: "Love, more love, and still more love; that is the only advice I can give you. Everything among them will seem very strange to you. It is only love that can help you to understand them and to make them love you. The rest

will come of itself." This word expresses exactly the experience of the Heydes during the long years of their sojourn in Tibet.

In that country the houses are anything but comfortable. Since wood is scarce, they are built of stone and clay. By a low door you enter the ground floor, which serves as a stable. You advance groping until you come to a crude, uneven stairway which leads to the floor above and enters directly into the principal room. The floor is made of clay mixed with stable refuse. Smoke from the fireplace escapes by an opening in the ceiling. The windows are so low that you must sit down in order to look out. Everything is black from smoke and soot, and when you enter the room your eyes smart. On one of the walls are fastened some planks, upon which are placed household utensils of copper and brass, among which the beautiful teapot of the family has the place of honor. Mats of straw covered with woolen cloth serve both for seats and for beds. One or two very low tables placed before the mats complete the furnishing.

It is the home of the wealthy that is thus described. That of the poor is a frightful hovel, which, the reader can imagine, is as dirty as can be. The inhabitants, even more than their homes, are a strange sight to the European.

The Tibetans have, as all the Mongolians, slit eyes, prominent cheek bones, black and glossy hair, and brown skin. However, there is, especially in west Himalaya, noticeable Hindu blood. The inhabitants of Kyelang, in particular, are not of pure race.

Cleanliness is foreign to the Tibetans. From time to time they wash hands and face, that is all. Only the rich possess shirts. The men wear a long robe tied around the waist with a blue, red, or green scarf, shoes of straw, and a kind of garters or leggings attached with black cords. In winter they wear trousers, a cloak or two, and a hood of fur.

The Tibetan followers of the doctrine of Buddha wear a queue like the Chinese, but they cut this off when they become Christians, without the missionary's instruction, for it is to them a sort of religious emblem.

Since there are no pockets in their clothing, they slip into their girdle their knife, sheath, and wooden box for writing material, while in one corner of the scarf they tie up their money. In the folds of the robe they insert an incalculable number of objects, among other things a cup, an inkstand, even a little three-legged stove, a charcoal burner, which accompanies them on all their journeys. They often burn themselves in thrusting it too hastily into their robe. How many times Missionary Heyde had to treat victims of such imprudence!

Women and girls wear robe and scarf as the men. Their trousers, however, are of a quite different cut, being of almost unbelievable length, and when put on appear consequently in thick folds. As an outer garment they wear a sort of cloak of light or heavy material to suit the season, and without which they never show themselves in public. That which plays the most important part in their costumes is the "berak," a strange headdress in form of a cobra's head, ornamented with gold, silver, and turquoise, which hangs down the back. The "berak" is the luxury of the Tibetan women. To embellish it they

shrink from no sacrifice, even their honor. Of their hair they form heavy plaits braided with wool and copiously anointed with oil or butter. These braids descend very low and end in a sort of puff that sweeps the ground. The arrangement of these braids is such a time-robbing process that it occurs at most only once a month.

The Tibetan is frugal. His chief food consists of roasted barley meal, from which he makes a thick dough prepared with beer or tea. He eats also rice, dried apricots, of which he likes the seed kernels also, dried mutton, and various dishes made from flour.

In character good-natured and inoffensive, the Tibetans are also hospitable and kind. Even in the smallest villages people are found who know how to read and write. The lamas instruct the boys during the winter. Among the girls, only those who are to enter the convent receive instruction, which is given in a small way by the nuns. But this must be said of the public safety in those great valleys, that it is greater than in the western world. Years sometimes pass without a murder or a bold robbery taking place.

It is in the religion and immorality of the Tibetans that Christian charity meets the greatest obstacles. Chastity before marriage hardly exists and adultery is the order of the day. The wife belongs to the brothers of her husband as well as to the husband himself. They countenance this to avoid parcelling out of the land and over-population.

Indeed, sometimes peculiar situations arise. A man has four sons. The eldest, arriving at majority at the age of eighteen years, marries. But the wife is also the wife of the second and third brothers, while the fourth is sent to the monastery. If a child is born of this marriage, it is not known which of the three is the father. For this reason the eldest assumes the title "great father." Divorces are frequent. The husband who does not care for his wife sends her away without formal process, and the wife abandons her husband when he ceases to please her. When there are only girls in the household, the eldest chooses a husband and becomes mistress of all the property of her father. The sisters have no right to anything and must leave the house. If the eldest is divorced, she chooses another mate.

As to the religion, it is a sort of deformation of Buddhism, which closes the hearts to the influence of the Gospel. That bizarre religion, lamanism, which consists especially of forms deprived of life, has become through the centuries as rigid as the rocks of the Himalayas. There is nothing in that religion to correspond with our idea of God. The missionaries have introduced the word "Kontschok," "Jewel," to designate God, a word generally pronounced combined with the number three, "sum." "Kontschok-sum" is the "triratna," the Hindu trinity or the triple jewel, to know Buddha, his doctrine, and the community of the faithful, which the Buddhist professes to honor.

1. The first duty of the Buddhist is to worship Buddha, the great Hindu saint who founded the doctrine, who has shown his disciples the way of salvation, and who, in dying, disappeared into the "nothing," which they call "nirvana." The ideal of the Buddhist is to arrive as did the great prophet at this state of "nirvana." The picture or image of Buddha, with legs crossed and with fixed countenance is

sacred; it is found in the form of painting, statue, or amulet in all temples, cloisters, and even in private homes, and the believers acknowledge their veneration by kneeling in order to touch the ground with their foreheads. To be delivered from distress of body or soul, they bring an offering of rice, barley, or oil.

In addition, the Tibetan venerates a multitude of beneficent gods and spirits, but the evil spirits and demons, which fill him with constant fear, play a far greater role in his life.

2. The second religious duty of Buddhism is to conform to the doctrine of Buddha. That doctrine, called "tschos," is contained in hundreds of volumes, of which the loose leaves are fastened between wooden covers. These books often have a repulsive appearance, blackened by the dirty and greasy fingers of those who have handled them.

The sacred books of Buddha contain excellent precepts, but these are lost in the wilderness of dark sayings completely incomprehensible to the layman. But it matters little how obscure they may be, for the mechanical reading of the writings constitutes a merit, and to read the doctrine of Buddha is to conform thereto. The book as such is holy and full of divine power, and the layman often holds it above his head to receive its blessings. It is the duty of the lamas to do the reading. They are called to a home several times a year to read the long prayers enclosed in the "tschos," which are thought to preserve house, gardens, and fields from all dangers, from sickness, and from evil influence. This rapid, mechanical reading continues several days, for it is not the quality but the quantity that counts. When the reading has not produced upon a sick man the desired effect, some weighty saying of the book is written on a slip of paper, which is fastened as a charm on the patient's hood, or in some instances, the paper is rolled into a ball and swallowed as a pill. The lama is paid handsomely for his trouble.

3. The third duty of those who serve the "Kontschok" consists in venerating the community of the perfect, that is to say, the priests and lamas. The chief of this hierarchic community, which is quite extensive, is the "Dalai-lama" of Lhassa. No people possesses a clergy so powerful or so numerous as that of the Tibetans; of every twelve people, one is a lama.

The lamas form among themselves the community of the perfect; they live in the convents, and the people believe in them as representatives of Buddha who have power to save them. In spite of their frailty and vices—drunkenness and immorality in particular are the order of the day in the cloisters—the lamas are venerated as saints, for they are engaged in caring for the salvation of the masses and in "making religion" for them. The layman believes he cannot imitate Buddha by his own strength and enter of himself into "nirvana," and the lamas encourage this belief in saying, "We are here to save you."

When a Tibetan meets a lama, he bows very low before him and slips a coin into his hand; the lama touches the layman's head and gives him the benediction desired, sometimes even absolution.

But the Tibetans can perform certain meritorious deeds. They have prayer mills, which they themselves can set in motion, they can conjure demons, make the tour of the prayer walls of the temples, and

make pilgrimages to the reputed holy places. The prayer mill consists of a cylindrical box which turns on a pivot and which contains, by hundreds or thousands, the Buddhistic formula: *Om mani padme hum*, inscribed on a long roll of paper. The machine turns like a child's rattle or clacker, and upon each turn the prayers it contains are supposed to be pronounced by the owner. Prayer walls or "manis" are as much as 700 yards long, 1½ yards high, and 6 to 8 yards wide. Prayer formulas are engraved upon the stones that compose the "manis." The devout servant of "Kontschok" walks around, keeping the wall upon his right, and if he throws on more stones, he accomplishes a work counted as meritorious by the divinity. Prayer flags pray for the believer every time the wind causes them to wave.

The feeling of dependency so strongly developed among the Tibetans with respect to the lamas rests upon the Buddhistic doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Love of life passes for a sin as much as does transgression of religious or moral laws. To be healed, the soul must pass after death into other bodies of animals or human beings, and in each new existence it reaps the fruits of what it has sown in the preceding existence. The power rendering good or ill, which determines the nature of each existence, is the "Karma." When a hunter has killed a mountain sheep, or yak, or goat, for example, and has thus violated the first of the ten commandments of Buddha, which forbids killing of any living thing, his soul passes after death into one of these animals. When the soul, after having lived thus in several bodies, is sufficiently purified and has lost the love of being, it is ready to enter into the blissful "nirvana," as a light burned out that loses itself in nothing.

The result of this doctrine is that the Tibetan can hardly have the sense of guilt or responsibility, since "Karma" alone decides the value of the life past and present. The lamas are the interpreters of the decisions of "Karma" and apply the laws of metempsychosis to each particular case. They tell the faithful into what body has entered the soul of the dead, and into what theirs will enter some day. Being themselves slaves of superstition, they terrorize their companions by their dances in honor of the dead and of demons. At the same time they are out and out "fakers," for on the one hand they teach submission to the letter of the law of Buddha, and on the other hand they profit from the advantages of transgression of the same law. For example, in order not to risk killing a living creature, even by chance, they always carry staves fitted with loose metal rings, which make a clacking sound and frighten animals from the road. However, the lamas eat one piece of roast mutton after another; but since they have not killed the sheep themselves, they do not run the risk of being converted some day into sheep, although they have eaten the flesh.

In such manner the soul of the people is possessed with a fear of death and with a devotion to superficial forms, and an indifference bordering on stupidity characterizes the spiritual life.

Missionaries need much love and perseverance not to be discouraged in their work among such languid spirits. They cannot find in them that love that believes all, endures all, and never fails; it must be given from above.



## V. Missionary Labors

We do not wish to relate in detail or chronologically the work accomplished by the Heydes during the forty years they passed at Kyelang. That would hardly be possible, and would tire the reader. When anyone asked Sister Heyde what they had done so long a time in the Himalayas, she invariably replied, "O, nothing extraordinary, always the same thing."

We cite several lines from the pen of Missionary Schnabel, the last of numerous fellow-workers with the Heydes at Kyelang:

"October 4, 1895, we arrived at Kyelang. From the first days, intimate relations, I may say ideal, existed between the venerable couple and ourselves, the newcomers. Only once was there discord between Papa Heyde and myself—once when I did not hitch my horse securely before the mission house, and it ate the superb white and yellow roses of the garden hedge, which were the glory of the aged Heyde, a great botanist and lover of flowers. Both he and his wife were models for us. How much we learned from those two pioneers! And from what a treasure of experiences and adventures we could profit!

"It was wonderful to observe the youth and spiritual vigor that this aged missionary couple had preserved, isolated from the world for so many laborious years. From November to May the passes are blocked with snow, and no one can enter the valley or leave it. Long winter evenings were employed in reading a large number of interesting and instructive books, reviews, and papers received during the summer, which Sister Heyde had carefully laid aside. For forty years they had not visited their native land, and only twice had they been to Simla for short vacations. Within the house you would have searched in vain for beautiful furniture or some luxury, but everything there was immaculately clean. Their clothing was of the material of the country, black, gray, or brown. And what simplicity, what affability in their relations with western travelers passing by! Never did they impose on others the wealth of their experience and knowledge, but when their advice was asked, and they found a true interest in the cause of missions, they rendered freely from their rich store.

"Everyone felt drawn toward them, the indifferent as well as those interested in their work. Among these were not only friends of missions, but also government officials, military officers, and scholars who visited them. The young and inexperienced loved to be in their company, for they knew how to be young with the young. I still remember the enthusiasm with which the old man of seventy years approved my proposition for arranging a course in gymnastics for the young people of the village; fixed bar, parallel bars, spring board, and staves could not be ready soon enough for him, and often he assisted in the exercises on the recreation ground, encouraging the children with all sorts of prizes.

"Numerous travelers have told me how greatly they profited by their visit in the mission house at Kyelang, and often in those days the Moravian missions received donations with the mention, 'For

Heyde's work.' Throughout the country and beyond they were known and their work appreciated. This astonishing influence was the first thing to be noted in coming north of India and in the Himalaya Mountains. When conversation turned to the Heydes, it was soon heard, 'They are wonderful people.' I have known more than one case where officers or high government officials interrupted their hunt to have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Heydes. An Englishman said one day, in speaking of the veteran of the Tibetan mission, 'He was a giant and wielded a giant's influence.' Another said, 'Well, he looks just like Santa Claus, and he is the jolliest old man I have ever seen.' Who did not know the 'Father Sahib' of Kyelang, with his snowy white beard, his sunny disposition, his forward look, and his noble bearing?"

These testimonies are proof that the spirit of the Heydes had not been dulled by the long sojourn in the solitudes of the Himalayas, rather to the contrary. And it is all the more remarkable that the results of their labors, judged by the number of baptized converts, should be relatively small.

Like all missionaries, Brother and Sister Heyde worked as evangelists and pastors, physicians and educators, philanthropists and colonists, in the midst of the people to whom they had been sent. During the first twenty years, Heyde traveled much, visiting towns, villages, places of pilgrimage, and camps of nomads, to preach the Gospel. More advanced in years, he loved to make each year his evangelistic tours. In 1882, at the age of 58 years, he remained ten months on the road, when he prepared for the founding of the station at Leh. These journeys among the high mountains were not without serious dangers, from which more than once he miraculously escaped. One day an avalanche descended near him in the valley. Another time he and his companions were lost in a snow storm at an altitude of 18,000 feet. Once as he was crossing a river, the current carried away the horse from under him and he was swept down stream, but he succeeded in grasping a root just as he was about to lose consciousness. Another time his horse was frightened when Heyde started to mount, and the steed dashed over a precipice.

The thought that dominated all his preaching was reconciliation by the blood of Christ, which he always opposed to Buddhistic perfection. Heyde considered this truth as the foundation of his life, the inexhaustible source of his simple and childlike faith.

On his journeys he always distributed portions of the Bible and tracts. He never set out without being well provided, but that evidently demanded great work of translation and printing. Jaeschke was the great philological pioneer of the Tibetan language, but Heyde had also studied the language with zeal and perseverance, and he plunged ever anew into the study of the ancient sacred books of the Tibetans, as in the "Kangyer," their principal literary work, which comprises 108 volumes. The lamas who passed by and saw him engrossed in that reading could believe that the white Sahib wished to be converted to their religion, but they soon learned otherwise. Indefatigable, seeking ever to penetrate into the spirit of the language, Heyde forged his arms to make the Gospel triumph.

He was the first who insisted upon the necessity of translating the Gospel, not only into the language of the learned and of the lamas, but also into that of the common people. With great energy he sought to become master of the dialect of the Lahoul, the "Bunan," and he made use of it for the sake of the Gospel. Thus he succeeded in translating into that language the most important parts of the Bible. He was assisted in this work by some young Tibetans, children of Christian parents or those who were themselves Christians, whom he wished to make evangelists or missionary helpers. Some men like Zadpa, whom Heyde had completely transformed, or like Jamsga, Puntsog, Tschompel, and Dewasung, rendered invaluable service, especially in translating the Bible into the popular tongue. In addition, Heyde translated English and German hymns, school books, treatises on geography, astronomy, mathematics, etc.

But these books had to be printed. Heyde had purchased a printing press at Simla, and had learned to operate it. He, and his wife in particular, had become veritable artists in the reproduction of Tibetan characters. Jaeschke had already discovered Sister Heyde's art in Tibetan handwriting, and thanks to their skillful and painstaking labor, thousands of pages prepared by them were multiplied by the printing press of Kyelang.

Kyelang lies in the center of the province of Lahoul, on the road followed by the traders from Leh to the plains of North India. It must be passed, also, in making the pilgrimage to Repag (Triloknath), and from the snowy passes numerous travelers cross the valleys, stopping often at the mission house. These were always new opportunities for Heyde to proclaim the Gospel and to distribute portions of the Bible. In regard to this, Schnabel wrote:

"It is always a particular joy for us to observe on these occasions the ardor and enthusiasm which these two old people put into this distinctively missionary work. Often they show the house and the garden to their visitors. They conduct them to the print shop and to the library, where the guests never fail to ask for a 'tschos,' a religious book. Then they inspect the apartments of the missionaries, admiring this or that object. Finally they reach the chapel. But what was to be seen there? A table, a pulpit covered with green cloth, some lamps and empty benches? That was not all. In the corner there was still an object unknown and worthy of attention. It was the harmonium on which Sister Heyde played the beautiful chorales and other melodies. The effect of these mysterious sounds was sometimes surprising. One day a visitor came who had never seen the 'music box,' as the Tibetans called it. At the first sounds, he threw himself to the ground to see if there was someone inside.

"Meanwhile Papa Heyde had disappeared, but soon returned with a series of pretty Bible pictures, which he began to show and explain to his Tibetan guests. He began with the parable of the two houses (Matthew 7:24). The spectators never failed at first to remark about the fine coat of the man, his large beard or his beautiful house, but they were soon silent to listen to the missionary. Sometimes one or another understood and exclaimed, 'Ah, that concerns me.' It was the lesson of Christ, the foundation and cornerstone, and he only is safe

who builds upon that Rock. Everything else, meritorious works and the 'religion made by the lamas,' are only vain works, built upon the sand, which go down in the time of storm and stress. Heyde showed other pictures, also, for instance, that of the Good Shepherd. Did not one or another hear the voice of the Shepherd Who calls? And did not God hear the prayer of her who prayed silently in her heart while her husband spoke of the one thing needful? Certainly He would hear when His hour was come."

Thus the two missionaries worked together, never losing the opportunity to scatter the good seed of the Word of Life.

Personal interviews were a means which Heyde used most willingly. He went to find the old lama concealed in his hermitage like a fox in his den, he began conversation with the traveler who met him along the way, he spoke regularly to each of the members of the little congregation as a father to his children, and placed himself at the disposition of all those who came to ask his advice. Often Christians, and pagans as well, came to him to confide their plans.

A single example will illustrate the relations of Heyde with his Tibetans. One day a man came to the Father Sahib to ask for a loan of 80 rupees (about \$25).

"Why do you want this money?"

"Because I will need it soon."

"Very well! But I do not know you. Would you loan a like sum to a man you have seen for the first time?"

"No, and yet—"

"You would not do it; neither will I, since I do not know you," replied the Sahib.

Embarrassed, not knowing what to say, the Tibetan plunged his hand into the folds of his clothing and drew forth a little package, saying,

"Give me the money and take this in exchange."

"But what can I do with the package, what does it contain?"

"Sapphires."

"How? Sapphires? They are probably not genuine; and I prefer to keep my money," replied Father Heyde.

"But I have procured these stones as genuine; they were found here in the mountains," said the Tibetan. "I beg you, keep these sapphires and give me the money."

Brother Heyde at last yielded and gave him the 80 rupees.

He could have done what he pleased with the precious stones, though he suspected that they might be genuine and that the Tibetan would return. Weeks and months passed without reappearance. But one day the Tibetan presented himself in the room of the missionary and asked him,

"Do you still have my little package?"

"Do you have the money?" was the reply.

"Yes, I have it."

Thereupon the Sahib went to look for the package and returned it to the Tibetan. The latter was very happy that the missionary had not sold the sapphires, for they were genuine. Soon afterwards he

went to Delhi, where he sold them, and returned with a handsome sum of money.

It would be false to conclude from this narrative that Missionary Heyde was too good natured and easily persuaded. On the contrary, he had a strong will, in youth easily aroused to anger, and he acknowledged that in the early years of his activity he was often harsh and severe, and supposed he had given to his colleagues a bad example. If, in the course of time, his character had become much moderated, he knew, nevertheless, how to remain firm and unshaken when it was necessary.

One day a young man from the valley of Mandschat burned his arm seriously. He came immediately to the Sahib of Kyelang to ask for medicine and treatment. As the latter had several times treated such cases, he knew immediately what to do. He bandaged the arm of the young man and told him to return three days later. But the patient did not appear. Brother Heyde became suspicious. After ten days the young man appeared and asked for medicine.

"Why did you not come sooner?"

"I had to look after urgent business."

"Well, show me your arm."

The Sahib aided him in taking off the bandage and baring the arm, which was frightfully swollen and in a dangerous condition.

"That's a nice state of affairs, my friend. How did it happen? I did not prepare this poultice or lay on this birch bark. Now just confess that the lama doctors have tried to cure your arm and practice their hocuspocus; and that since these gentlemen have no further advice, you come back to us. Now go and stay with your lamas! I can have nothing more to do with it."

So the young man was sent away, and it was justice, for in all the country they knew that the Sahib of Kyelang admitted no alternative. Either he prescribed treatment, or the lamas. The patient then begged and made all sorts of promises. But it was useless, he had to go. He came back, not only once, but six times. Finally Brother Heyde yielded. He dressed the arm of the young man, who was soon cured.

Heyde had perhaps showed himself harsh in his manner, but his conduct was fully justified, as results demonstrated. The majority of the inhabitants of the country sought no longer advice and aid from the lamas, but from the missionary.

Father Sahib was known far and wide as a universal man, knowing how to do everything. Thus they came to him from all parts with the most diverse questions. If a list were prepared of all that he made and of all that passed through his hands, there would be found the widest variety of things, such as a sun dial sculptured in stone, a globe of zinc, children's playthings, boxes for preserves, sprinkling cans, all sorts of tinware and furniture, candles, sausages, bindings for books, wall maps, measuring instruments, meteorological and astronomical tables, etc.

It was thought possible to find almost everything at the mission house: books, primers, utensils, seed potatoes, mutton, stockings, hats, gloves, medicine for man and beast, and last but not least, advice

for all cases, possible and impossible. For instance, one man had too many children, another too few, or none at all. A third had been abandoned by his wife, a fourth lived in strife with his children, a fifth wished to send a remittance to the government, a sixth was looking for work, a seventh wanted a tooth pulled. These were also opportunities for talking to souls, and Heyde knew how to profit by them, and when he was absent, his wife replaced him. One day when he was on a journey, a woman came with her little son who had been frightfully wounded in the abdomen by a yak. Sister Heyde saw that something must be done without delay, lifted her soul to God in fervent prayer, took needle and thread and began to sew up the wound, after having put an apricot into the mouth of the child for lack of anesthetic. The wound healed, and some time later, when Sister Heyde visited this woman's village, the child came running toward her, and lifted his little robe to show the scar well healed.

There is another striking example that gives us occasion for reflection. At the time when the cattle disease raged in the country, Dana, a poor Christian woman, came to beg Sister Heyde to pray for her only cow, which was on the mission farm. The missionaries had decided not to ask God to preserve the cattle of the mission, because they wished to share the lot of the people around them. But they prayed for the cow of poor Dana. All the cows of the mission perished and only Dana's was spared, and continued to furnish milk for the mother and her children.

Heyde attached great importance to the management of his farm, as much from the moral point of view as from the material. "The Tibetan," he said, "has the inclination to consider Christianity as a sort of Buddhism, as a religion consisting only of doctrines and pious forms and having nothing to do with the practical life. That is why he must be shown a Christianity lived, and that not only by the personal irreproachable life, but also by a strenuous and useful activity."

By his model farm, Heyde gained the esteem not only of Tibetans, but also of the government. The Christians of the station were the first to derive benefits. By their conversion they had lost their rights of caste and their material possessions, but the missionary procured work and nourishment for them on the farm. In putting heathens to work on the farm, it placed them naturally in contact with the mission. At the same time it combatted indolence, ignorance, and superstition, which the lamas sought to spread. They often rendered impossible any sensible attempt at agriculture. According to their books they determined the seed time and the harvest. Cultivation of the field was forbidden until the college of lamas made announcement. When the seed began to sprout, all the inhabitants of the village had to march in procession through the fields under the conduct of the monks, carrying with them the 108 volumes of their holy word, the "Kangyur," in order to conjure the influence of evil spirits and to assure a good harvest.

But there were great difficulties to surmount. The steep land which the government had placed at the disposition of the mission had to be terraced, and an aqueduct constructed, nine miles long,

with protection from avalanches and mud torrents, in order to irrigate the soil. The lamas at first mocked the work undertaken by Heyde to utilize the water of the glaciers, but soon they were silent, astonished to see the fields of the mission covered with harvests and crops far more abundant than their fields, in spite of their incantations and processions. A great number of their adherents ceased finally to listen to them, and conformed their labors to the directions of the missionaries.

One of the aims that Heyde followed was the foundation of a little Christian colony at the foot of the mountain above Kyelang. There lay Tingtse, one of the five farms, in a locality of impressive beauty. Before the house rose several ancient trees, some distance away was a water mill, in the background to the right could be seen the mysterious convent of Schaschur, and all around were the gigantic mountains. There Brother Heyde liked to go and rest, and there he would have loved to finish his days, or, as he said, "Die in the harness."

In November, at the harvest festival on the farm of Tingtse, could be seen the country people arriving, bringing the products of the fields: oats, hay, barley, melons, pumpkins, apricots, potatoes, etc. All these grew and flourished at an altitude of more than 9,000 feet. Cheese-making and raising potatoes had been introduced by Heyde. He had procured from Europe, sent in a tin box hermetically sealed, eight potatoes, which were the beginning of abundant crops. This prosperity was a proof of the divine blessing that rested upon all the work, and everyone was glad to give something to the mission.

For her part, Sister Heyde had founded a school of knitting. This was another way of entering into contact with the people, for the wool industry was entirely under the direction of the mission. In summer the shepherds led their flocks, often numbering several hundred sheep, down from the highlands to the plain. They often utilized their sheep as beasts of burden, thus transporting salt and borax, which they exchanged for wheat and other provisions. At Dozam, near Kyelang, there was a large market place, where the sheep were sheared and the wool weighed and sold. Mother Heyde journeyed there and bought what she needed, for the wool of the sheep of the mission was not always sufficient. This was the case, for example, the year when a leopard broke into the stable and slaughtered 40 or 50 sheep.

The women were charged with cleaning, combing, and spinning the wool that was brought to Kyelang, thus preparing for the knitting.

Before the arrival of the missionaries, the art of knitting was still unknown in the country, and during the first years only one or two men responded to the invitation of Sister Heyde. The Tibetan women had an aversion for all labor except spinning. They preferred to wear their ragged garments rather than to use a needle.

But Sister Heyde did not lose patience, and finally she was able to assemble eighty or ninety women, who knitted as many as 120 pairs of stockings a week. This product was sold in India, and soon the inhabitants of the station learned a greater resource. Many women began to knit on their own account and to sell stockings to the travelers who passed. Often enough, women and girls were met



going from one village to another, knitting on the way, although heavily laden. These splendid results were due to the patient and persevering efforts of Sister Heyde.

But the essential thing in her work was her missionary labor. "I still see Mama Heyde," wrote Schnabel, "in the large room of the mission house, in the midst of women, girls, and children, answering their questions and giving them advice, always kind and motherly. On the wall hung a large colored picture representing the parable of the ten virgins, and Sister Heyde explains the sad 'too late.' Then they learn a verse from the Bible or a stanza of a hymn. When, sixteen years later, we returned to Kyelang, we could see that her labor had not been in vain. The knitters still remembered well the verses and the hymns learned by heart and many a word Sister Heyde had addressed to them. Even the heathen girls said, 'Yes, Jesus is the great help in all distress; it is to Him that we direct our prayers.'"

## VI. The Family

It seems, at first glance, that with such strenuous missionary activity, the Heydes would not be able to devote much time to their family. However, this was not the case.

As has been mentioned before, on June 19, 1864, they returned to Kyelang with two children, a son and a daughter. In the course of the ten years that followed, there were born five more children, three girls, of whom one died soon after birth, and two boys. The author of these lines cherished his memory of childhood as of a far away paradise. O, how happy we were in our Tibetan country and in our paternal home! When it concerned the welfare of their children, our parents spared no pains.

Our good father, for example, when mother was ill, cared for her and for the children too, in capacity of nurse and sometimes physician, and he acquitted himself always with ability and devotion. A faithful Tibetan servant assisted our mother in the house work, and we know with what fidelity good old Anna watched us and carried us in her arms. But it was to mother that the largest share of the work fell, and during fifteen years she did not once leave the narrow valley of Kyelang. She had them in her care at night. She made their clothes, as well as those of father, and it was not until 1870 that someone conceived the splendid idea of sending her a sewing machine. She made our bread, prepared our meals, and taught us our lessons. And she still found time to write her diary regularly and very carefully.

But aside from their cares and troubles, our parents had also their joys. Our childish prattle often caused their faces to light up with joy. We spoke sometimes Tibetan, sometimes our mother tongue, but at "school" only our language of the homeland was tolerated.

What joy there was for us when our mother conducted us to the place where the pretty blue iris covered the ground, or when the Tibetans carried us in their baskets to Tingtsel! How happy we were when mother told us stories—and she could tell them! But certainly no happier hours were there than those when she told us Bible stories.

She recited these narratives to us in such a realistic fashion that we not only learned them, but also associated them with all our occupations. Have we not pulled the weeds from the garden beds with the same ardor with which the children of Israel extirpated the Canaanites and Philistines from the Promised Land?

The sacrifices and renouncements of the missionary vocation were no less painful for our parents. Yet my father was accustomed to say that the life of the missionary was not a sacrifice, and that he owed the mission much more than he was able to repay. Only one sacrifice did the parents find painful: the separation from their children. It was at Kleinwelka, where mother passed her infancy, that the children were sent to be educated. Elly, the eldest, left in 1868, with the Jaeschkes. Little Paul was entrusted to the care of another family in 1871. Brother Heyde would have liked to accompany his son to Europe and at the same time enjoy a year's vacation. But he was asked to stay, as the mission treasury was not in position to bear the costly expense of the journey, and so he decided not to return as long as he was able to work. Another sacrifice was even harder than the departure of these two children. The cemetery at Kyelang shelters an exceptionally large number of children's graves. The rarefied air at the altitude of 10,000 feet and the climate of the mountains have cost the life of more than one European child. Three children of the Heydes died at tender age: Agnes in 1870, aged three years; in 1878, Lydia, at the age of seven years, and Hermann aged nine years, just when the mother was working busily on their clothing, for they were soon to depart together for Europe.

According to the parents, Lydia was the favorite and Hermann the most gifted of their children. Typhoid fever carried them away. Under date of October 8, 1878, we read the following in the journal of Sister Heyde:

"Watched all night at the bedside of our dear Lydia. She was quiet, though at times her breathing was difficult. In the morning we had hope anew, but we stayed all day near her. She was quiet. She could hardly speak, but she could understand what we said. We talked much of her departure. When she saw us weeping she lisped softly, 'Papa, Mama!' It was so touching. From time to time she pointed to her throat and said, 'It hurts!' In the afternoon at five o'clock there was a change and her agony began. In tears we commended the soul of the child to God. Some minutes later she opened her clear eyes with an expression of astonishment—and left us. Ah, dear child, if we could only know what you saw in that moment."

And under date of December 1, we read the following:

"We have behind us sad and tearful days. Tuesday, Herman took the fever. His sore throat increased in spite of pills, compresses, and medicine. At night he was restless and delirious. During the day he was more quiet, especially when we read to him Bible stories. Friday morning we saw that the end was near. His temperature was very high and he was delirious. His thirst was unquenchable. From time to time he regained his senses and recognized us. His last words were, 'Papa,—Mama!', and his eyes closed just as the sun was setting."

Gerhard, next to the eldest, was near death also. Contrary to every



Inscription on the Stone: School in Kyelang, 1902. In front of the stone is Rudolf Schnabel.





Knitting and Mending School in Leh.

expectation, he recovered, and was for two more years the joy and consolation of his parents. But the day came when he also must leave the paternal home. He was entrusted to the care of the wife of an official who was returning to Europe. The parents accompanied him as far as Simla, but in leaving that place his horse was frightened by a caravan of muleteers, and he fell, breaking his arm.

He was obliged to carry his arm in a sling throughout the journey. The grief at separation rendered him well nigh speechless, and he did not recover his spirits until he saw his elder sister upon arrival in Munich.

The hearts of the parents bled at the separation with their last child; they could only commit him to the care of the Saviour, as they had done the other children.

## **VII. Not Counted, but Weighed**

### **1. Fruits of the Labor**

Afflictions become a blessing for the Christian, drawing him nearer to the Fountain of Life. Missionary Heyde and his wife made that experience. The great sacrifice they were compelled to make in parting with their children rendered them always more desirous of serving the Master to Whom they had consecrated their lives, and of accomplishing the task He had confided to them. At the time of the departure of his last child, in 1880, Brother Heyde had labored twenty-seven years in the service of the mission. And now followed a period of strenuous and blessed activity almost as long.

There remains for us only to say something of this long ministry. There seemed to be little results, in view of so many years of devotion. Some Tibetans were grouped around the missionaries at Kyelang and had become truly a part of their family. The congregation was composed of no more than fifty men and women.

Ten years had elapsed since the first Tibetan, a lama by the name of Puntsog, conquered by the Spirit of the Gospel, asked for baptism. That was in 1870. It seemed at first that a number of natives would be converted. They listened willingly to the preaching of the Gospel and did not conceal it. But on March 2, Puntsog fell from a roof in a mysterious fashion and was killed. The missionaries were convinced that his colleagues, fearing to lose their influence, had caused his death. Thenceforth the natives became more reserved; they withdrew when anyone wished to speak with them about religion. They returned often to the mission house to ask aid or counsel, but had not the courage to take the great step. How many of them spoke, sometimes to Brother Heyde, sometimes to his wife, "At heart we are Christians, we pray to Jesus and believe in Him, but we can not show it!"

They were afraid of the wrath and vengeance of the lamas.

These were great disappointments and new cares for the valiant pioneers, for their church had sent them to the heart of Asia with such great hopes and enthusiasm! And they were able to show only

such small results! But these disappointments were for them only new reasons to confide in God, and to hope and work with greater perseverance. "When the divine hour will come for Tibet," they said, "others will reap what we have sown." —They thought often, also, of the words they had heard from the lips of a minister, "In the Kingdom of God, results are not counted, but weighed." —And they applied those words to their work among the Tibetans. This missionary work passed beyond the frontier of the country, sometimes by the personal influence of Brother Heyde, sometimes by the numerous publications which he printed, and which he scattered throughout the whole country. Papa Heyde said one day, "I am sure I shall meet in heaven numbers of Tibetans not baptized, but to whom I have been able to show the Way of Life." Saturday afternoons, Sister Heyde went regularly to the neighboring villages, leaning on her cane, to visit the sick and the aged.

The cares they devoted upon their little congregation of Christians may be accounted the most beautiful and most important thing in their activity. The church was small, it must be admitted, but composed of Christians tried and true, so that Kyelang became a veritable bright star in the dark night of paganism. Every morning the Heydes gathered their little flock for a service, and often the heads of families such as Dana, Droppa, Jorpuntsog, or Tsang Rintschen presided. In winter, when the people could not work in the fields, life at the station assumed again the character of a family. They worked in the house, in the garden, in the print shop, and in the women's workshop. Thrice a week they had an evening meeting when they studied the Bible or the history of missions, or practiced singing.

The Spirit of God was in the work, and all awaited earnestly the manifestations of Christian life. One day, after a sermon on the inner adornment of women (I Peter 3:4), all the women except one removed their "berak," necklaces, and all other jewels, and renounced them definitely. Such an act on their part had great significance.

Brother Heyde was very earnest about the religious instruction which he gave to candidates for the church. But if he was very prudent in admission to baptism, all the more did he apply his principle of committing to the baptized precise tasks, and he often said, "We must show the Tibetan converts that we have need of them."

About 1870, Brother Heyde was named inspector of nine government schools, which he had in part founded in the province of Lahoul. The lamas worked so actively against every Christian influence in these schools that the number rapidly diminished, and it was not until near the end of his activity that they were renewed. The task of instructing the children and young Christian girls of the station fell to Sister Heyde. She put all her heart and all her talent for teaching into it. Besides the lessons, she sought to compensate the Christians for the sacrifices they had been compelled to make. Pleasant excursions on foot, by horseback or muleback, parties for the children, lovefeasts, remembrance of which is still vivid, replaced the pagan festivals and dances. When the congregation gathered on special occasions or for the Lord's Supper, it was seen that missionaries and Tibetans formed but a single family and served the same Master.

The men came in their white robes and the women in dark colored costumes covered with a white shawl. And when they knelt, according to the custom of the country, and touched the ground with their foreheads to humble themselves before God, it was more than a simple form. Invisible, the Good Shepherd was in the midst of his flock, and they lacked nothing.

Often also the pagans took part in the services, particularly at Christmas, when the congregation sang hymns, and on Saint Sylvester's evening the little hall could hardly hold the large congregation.

## 2. Departure from Kyelang

When the hour for departure sounded for the Heydes, the Tibetans from the entire valley came to take leave of them.

It had cost Brother Heyde much to decide to transfer the direction of the mission to other hands and to leave Kyelang. He still felt robust, and his companion also, but he knew that with his seventy-four years he should give way to youthful energy.

He had a heavy heart that day when for the last time he strode along the pathway that led to his beloved farm at Tingtse. Behind him followed a lama, who did not have the reputation of being a friend of the mission. He murmured continually unintelligible words, so that Brother Heyde turned upon him and asked what he wanted. Then, trembling all over and with a voice vibrant with emotion, the lama said, "Why do you want to go away? You are our friends, we love you, you ought to stay." —Ah! How Papa Heyde would have loved to stay! Some years before, when certain problems concerning the mission in Tibet were being discussed, he had said to one of his colleagues, "And if I, too, should perish with Kyelang, on account of all these difficulties, I would not recoil!" And now he was retiring, obedient to a superior order.

The parting was heartbreaking. Sister Schnabel writes on the subject:

"Packed closely together the people filled the rooms, the hallway, and the veranda. Everyone wished to have another handshake with the dear friends departing and to hear a word of adieu. The horses were ready and waiting a long time; parting must come. Brother and Sister Heyde, who had been for more than a generation father and mother for all the inhabitants of the valley, mounted their steeds, passed through the weeping crowd and departed without being able to utter a word. We remained behind like abandoned orphans."

Two hours' distance from the village, not far from where, forty years before, they had seen each other for the first time, they saw, on the other side of the river, a flock of sheep tended by some girls who had recently come to the knitting school. Sister Heyde beckoned to them and cried out as loudly as she was able, to send her last good-bye across the foaming water. But the distance was too great; the girls did not recognize her. The words of Sister Heyde were lost in the noise of the torrent and the bleating of the sheep, and she threw herself weeping into the arms of her husband. But they must go forward with God, as forty years before, and not look back!

## VIII. Eventide

### 1. At Darjeeling

After leaving Kyelang, the missionaries went to Darjeeling, the beautiful city with numerous villas, north of Calcutta, at the foot of the southern slope of the Himalayas. Brother Heyde had been commissioned by his mission and by a Swedish mission that worked among the Tibetans of the Southeast Himalayas, to revise the Tibetan New Testament, and by the government of India to do the same for the English-Tibetan dictionary. The British Bible Society was willing to defray the expenses for the work, as well as for printing.

This new task demanded considerable effort, but the venerable servant of the mission was happy to be able to accomplish it, aided by his faithful companion. They spent four happy years in their pretty villa at Ghum, a little village situated near Darjeeling. From their veranda they had a magnificent view extending over deep valleys and abrupt declivities covered with luxuriant vegetation. Sometimes, also, they could behold only a sea of wind-driven clouds. Far in the distance rose the high summits, proud and majestic, of the Kintchindjinga, covered with dazzling glaciers. Best of all, however, they had opportunity for conversing with English and Scandinavian friends.

It was in this pleasant retreat that they had the great sorrow of learning of the death of their dear daughter, mother of six children. The end of their sojourn was saddened, and their desire to see their native land again became more intense. But they considered it their duty to finish the work begun. "Even if my daughter died before we saw her again, I could not do otherwise," wrote Brother Heyde. "I cannot leave before finishing my task, for I received it from the hand of the Master." With eyes bathed in tears, they read the letter informing them of the suffering and death of their daughter, but they had peace with God.

### 2. Home Again

In the spring of 1903, their task was ended, and they were able at last to return. How much more comfortable was this journey than that of fifty years before! But the sea voyage, the change in climate, and the arrival in Europe proved a severe strain on this venerable missionary almost eighty years of age, and on his companion who was nearly seventy.

At Genoa, where they landed, the agent, who should have met them, was not at his post, and the old couple, weary and without aid, remained seated on their trunks until some kind people came to their assistance. At Lucerne, Sister Heyde had to rest awhile in the waiting room, her clothing covered with blood, for a traveler's suit case had fallen on her head. At Basel, finally, they were able to take some repose at the home of relatives of one of their former colleagues.

On May 10 they saw again the two sons who remained to them. It was a memorable day for all. One had not seen his parents for thirty-five years, the other for twenty-five. The sons waited in the



station at Halle, but did not know the exact hour of their arrival. From four o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night, they met all trains coming from the south, to see if they could find among the travelers their dear parents. They finally arrived at eleven o'clock on the express.

The crowd of passengers had almost dispersed when two people left the last coach. When we perceived them, an inner voice said, "They are our parents." Our father, with his snow white beard, his brown coat, and his black hat with wide brim, passed before us, marching straight ahead with an almost military stride. Our mother, bowed with age, followed. She recognized her sons. Hesitating a moment, she stretched out her arms and said, "Ah, there you are." Ever afterwards, when the writer of these lines thought of that meeting, there came to mind the words of the Scriptures, "Whom not having seen, ye love." What happiness it was for us to lift the heavy trunk for our parents, and to bring them the first glass of water to quench their thirst.

It sometimes happens that the children of missionaries, long separated from their parents, become strangers to them. It was not so with us. From the first moment we were one, heart and soul. In spite of their isolation and of their advanced age, our parents remained full of life and vigor. The prayers and precious letters of our mother maintained between us a close communion. These letters never made reproaches, even though they might have been deserved. They were never tiresome or superficial, and never contained pious or commonplace exhortations, but they were filled with words, greatly instructive and kind, overflowing with love.

Wilhelm Heyde lived four more years at Herrnhut, and it was a time of joy for him. Indeed, friends and acquaintances of fifty years before were there no longer, and often homesickness seized him when he thought of the mountains of his dear Tibet, but his simple and childlike faith in his Saviour helped him to pass these troublesome moments. He could enjoy in peace the presence of his children and grandchildren, and the life of the community of Herrnhut. But his work, which he never lacked, helped him better than anything else to overcome the sadness of certain hours. Aided by his wife, he spent the last years of his life supervising the Tibetan edition of the Pentateuch. How many times have we seen him bending over the proofs, a reading glass in his hand and two pairs of spectacles upon his nose! Three months before his death he finished the work, full of gratefulness and joy at having been able to render this service to the mission, and he was able to prepare for the great departure. "Now," he said, "I can die happy, and put into practice what I have so often preached to others."

He declined rapidly. During the last days, he did not cease to be occupied with his Tibetans, exhorting them in their language. His last words were a recommendation addressed to Ga Puntsog:

"You must not always tell people that they should become better. The lamas do that also. It is to Jesus, Jesus the crucified that they must come. The cross is to be the chief preaching."

His tired eyes closed on August 27, 1907. He was aged eighty-two years and six months.

And his companion? She lived ten years longer at Gnadau, near Madgeburg. Above her bed was a little picture with the motto, "At evening time it shall be light." Her friends of Tibet had given it to her before her departure. And those words were realized in the evening of her life, for, until the close, she bore testimony of her love to the members of the family and to the sick whom she visited.

The war was a great trial for her. The thought of the alliance of her country with Turkey and of the hostilities against England was especially painful. Fifteen days before her death, she said, "Livingstone died on his knees; can I not kneel, or at least, be lifted up?" Then her eyes were closed in death.

Her age was eighty years less thirteen days.



Missionaries Wilhelm and Marie Heyde with Tibetan Christians in Kyelang, 1896.