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Heathen Children in the Light of Jesus (A Translation)

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Heathen Children in the Light of Jesus. (a translation)

Heathen Children in the Light of Jesus. (a translation) by Frieda Pfinzner.

A Small Disciple of Jesus

This text was prepared for the Sophie site by Professor Cindy Brewer's Fall 2007 German 201 class at Brigham Young University: Aynsley Bennett, Ellen Berry, Emily Carpenter, Diane Chatfield, Lisa Clark, Amanda Clemmer, Michelle Eging, Heather Evans, Jessie Evans, Aimee Garrett, Deborah Goodwin, Benjamin Holt, Kirsten Kline, Lyndi Mecham, Rochelle Meyers, Jenna Nelson, Stephanie Peatross, Hillary Schmutz, Sara Sonne, Sara Sorensen, Nancy Swenson, Sarah Uhlstein, Amy van der Horst, and Rachel Wise.

A Small Disciple of Jesus

(A Chinese Story from San Francisco)

[Taken from: Heidenkinder in Jesu Licht. Missionsgeschichten mit Bildern von Frieda Pfinzner. Basler Mission Zürich. Frankfurt a. M., Verlag Orient 1912]

As always, there was the glow of the red lanterns against the evening sky in the Chinese Streets of San Francisco, with its market stands and a mixture of life and activity. There were all sorts of vegetables, pails full of bean sprouts, and baskets with rice that line the street inviting the shopper to buy.

Banning his way through these marvels, rushed a small boy, gasping breathlessly and fighting back tears.

From some distance away the boy, Huie was his name, caught a glimpse of his three year old brother, Little-Lin, who was dressed in his blue "shom" (Chinese jacket) standing on a high balcony over the street. With great eagerness, the small boy (Little-Lin) lowered his plastic toy frog down on a long thread, swinging it back and forth.

[95]

Huie hurried quickly past the house "To the Golden Tooth" on which five large golden teeth in front of the balcony indicated the apartment of the Chinese Dentist. He paid no attention to this. Through a narrow door, he lunged into one of the neighboring houses, ran up a tight, narrow stairway, and stepped hastily into a half darkened room.

There sat his Mother, Oney, who covered buttons with ribbon for a business—because buttons of the American style are not allowed in Chinese culture.

"Father, father!" sobbed Huie as he rushed into the room. "Father- he is gone! Someone has taken him out to the great water! He will never come back! And Uncle Ting is coming!"

Huie's young mother let the ribbon drop out of her hand. She sat up half-way and stared blankly at her son. No, she couldn't believe it! Her husband did not come home the night before; she was very shocked and frightened, but she had to continue to sew all of the ribbon buttons. And as a Chinese woman she

could not go out onto the street in order to find him.

Meanwhile Huie continued to sob. The “people catchers” had taken Huie’s Father on board the American fishing boat that had left for Alaska the day before, and mean Uncle Ting said that the Gods only allowed this to happen to father because he was a Christian.

[96] The ship should be gone for at least six months, and Uncle Ting said that father would be thrown into the sea and never return!—Oh no, father would never come back!

Now poor Oney fully understood. With a loud cry, she sank to her knees before her shrine to the Gods. Although her husband was a Christian, she had remained a heathen. She cried loud to the goddess of mercy, jumped to her feet and lit incense candles and threw herself on the ground again and then tried to pull Huie to his knees before the shrine to the Gods.

But the boy tore himself from her. “No, no!” he called, “I can not pray there!”

At his father’s wish, he had gone into the mission school, and since then he no longer prayed to the Gods of his mother and no longer lit incense candles for them.

Little-Lin came in from the balcony with his toy frog, and when he saw his mother screaming and crying and praying to the goddess of the mercy, he also began to whine and lament loudly, without knowing why.

[97] This is how the ferociously scowling Uncle Ting found them. He trampled up the stairs and viewed the whole scene with obvious satisfaction.

“He will never come back,” he said harshly. “They got him.”

Ah Oney didn’t listen to him. She was still on her knees, moaning loudly. Her husband was very dear to her, especially after Christianity made him very gentle and friendly. In spite of her cries of pain, Uncle Ting continued his explanation.

It happened quite often that some Chinese, belonging to the worst Chinese groups in San Francisco, hired on to a fishing boat bound for Alaska. The ship’s captain paid these men one hundred and fifty dollars out of their future pay to buy equipment and some provisions. The advance pay attracted many men to sign on. However, because they had their money, many tried to escape. For that reason, before each Alaska ship left the captain would send out a select group of men from his crew to drive through the Chinese quarter in a wagon to catch the run-away Chinese. This group of men was known as the “people catchers.” For every hired Chinese man that they brought back on the ship they received fifty dollars; unfortunately, they didn’t really care if they caught the right ones. When they could not find hired men, they would just grab any Chinese man who came their way, shove him into the wagon and bring him onto the ship.

[98] And the person caught was done for, if he were not purchased free before the ship’s departure. “That’s what happened to your father,” gloated Uncle Ting as he turned toward Huie, “and it would never have come so far if he weren’t a Jesus man! I have always said that an accident would happen, if he ceased praying to the gods. Now he will probably drown, he is not a sailor! You will soon wear a white cord in your braid, as a sign of mourning! ”

Uncle Ting’s old face was filled with satisfaction as he spoke these words. Huie saw it, and immediately he was struck with a horrible thought. He jumped on the old man, shook him by the arm and screamed with a passionately anxious voice, “Did you get the money, did you promise to go on the ship and then have my father caught to take your place?”

The boys face with pale with horror and distress.

Uncle Ting stared at him with a perplexed look. He had not thought the boy was so quick. He pushed

the boy away and into a corner where he slapped him.

"I'll teach you" he screamed angrily. "I will come for you in the summer and you will work for me. Then I will have my revenge."

"I will never work for you," yelled Huie, "you are a very bad man. My father was good and you took the money and had my father captured. You are bad! Bad!"

[99] Uncle Ting shook him and hit him in the face, but Huie sobbed, "I will never go with you and I will never work for you!"

"We shall see," said Uncle Ting, "You will come when I fetch you!"

How Huie hated him! He ran out on the balcony and threw himself on the ground blow the street lights that shone down on him. How he hated - hated - hated the evil uncle! His poor Father was far far away on the ocean and might never come back. Mother was lamenting and sobbing on her knees in front of her shrine. Little-Lin was also whimpering beside her. Huie's cheeks burned from Uncle Ting's beating. It was all, all of it, Uncle Ting's fault.

"I hate Uncle Ting! I hate him!" yelled Huie. "My father was a Jesus man, and when I am older, I will also be a Jesus man, and then I will go over the ocean and tell all of the people in my Father's homeland, China, about Jesus! And I hate Uncle Ting!"

How often had he spoken with his father about this plan for the future, and how happy they had been in the thought of it! Why did this thought not fill him with the same pleasure now? Was it his hatred against Uncle Ting that cast a shadow over these plans? "I cannot love him, I cannot do it!" sobbed Huie. "He has sent away my father! Never, under no circumstances will Uncle Ting go to heaven!"

[100] But, gradually his anxious emotions became calmer. Inwardly Huie heard a voice in his heart that whispered to him, "Can you ever become a good Jesus man like your father if you hate Uncle Ting?" Had Father already forgiven Uncle Ting while out on the ocean. Huie sat upright. "Whatever Father does, Huie will do too. If Father comes back and says, 'I have forgiven Uncle Ting,' then I want to too," he said to himself. "But, if Father doesn't come back, then I will never, ever forgive him!"

He jumped up and ran back to Mother. She was crying and lamenting in front of the idol shrine. As he watched her, a feeling of manly responsibility crept into his heart- he wanted to provide for his mother.

"I will not go with my Uncle Ting," he firmly decided. "I will stay by my Mother always." But then he envisioned Uncle Ting's horrible face before him and heard his resounding voice, "You will come when I fetch you!" Oh, but he was only twelve years old! Fear crept into his courageous little heart.

Weeks went by. Mother sat day and night sewing ribbon onto buttons or lying before the idol shrine weeping and praying- but Father didn't come home.

[101] The missionary woman, whom Huie entrusted with his troubles, came from time to time, but mother did not listen much to her. Didn't Uncle Ting say that all these troubles had come over them because Father was a Jesus man.

Then came a sad afternoon. - Huie was busy feeding rice to Little-Lin with red "kwai-tze" (chop sticks), when the ugly old Uncle Ting came banging up the stairs. "Now I am taking you with me, and you will work for me!" he said in a rough tone of voice.

"No, no!" yelled Huie, and "No!" yelled his mother too. She would be so much lonelier without her oldest.

But it made no difference and Uncle Ting shoved the boy forward, hitting and kicking all the way. And all their protests were in vain. Huie hardly had time to bid his mother and Little-Lin farewell.

[102] He was already out on the street marching with a small bundle in hand in which he had hastily packed the most essential pieces of clothing. But instead of going to his uncle's part of town, they went to the railroad station, where other Chinese were already waiting with their luggage.

Then the train came. What had Uncle Ting planned to do with him? Would Huie ever come back? Would he ever see Mother and Little-Lin again? While he was thinking this, a shock ran through the boy's heart as he was shoved in the railcar, and it went along – for hours. Finally Uncle Ting and the other Chinese stood up and grabbed their baskets – the train stopped – and they climbed out.

Huie looked around amazed. What a strange place! He had never seen such things before. The whole landscape consisted of a giant field with a large, yellowish red patch in the middle. A delicious aroma filled the fresh country air. As Huie came nearer, he discovered that the smell came from peaches drying on top of boards in the sun. He saw men keeping themselves busy, going here and there, and in front of a house, across from him, Huie also saw few women. The whole world appeared to be full of peaches. Actually this was not such a terrible place where Uncle Ting had brought him. If he only knew what to do!

[103] There Huie saw a tall building and out of it came the uniform sound of a machine. Further back stood an entire row of white tents.

A small American jumped out of one of the tents. He was approximately Huie's age. "Hello! Are you coming to work also?" He shouted. Huie did not dare to answer him. The white young boy ate a peach and he also threw one to Huie. But it fell on the ground and Uncle Ting pushed Huie further forwards. Then they came to the building, from which Huie had heard the sound. It was a tall, old, half dilapidated house. Outside lay all kinds of Chinese clothing and things. Inside many Chinese were at work. Finally Huie learned what kind of work he should do for his uncle and viewed his future place of work. Uncle Ting went with him into the house. There in rows stood many banks and tables that filled almost one third of the room. White women and girls were sitting along the benches cutting apples and peaches into little pieces. Here and there a young boy was sitting beside the women. A few girls were mashing plums.

A loud monotonous noise filled the whole room. Huie soon found its source – a massive machine standing in the corner. It was powered by men who turned it in order to squash apples and peaches.

[104] A man was pitting peaches and throwing them into a big boiler, which had holes in it where the peaches would come out.

Huie's escort led him to another part of the spacious room where the fruits were being preserved. Here boys and girls were standing in long rows and filling cans with fruit as fast as they possibly could. Dozens of filled cans were already standing there, stacked on top of each other. A few Chinese men were busy closing the filled cans. The finished cans were then loaded onto a cart that was made out of two long wooden trays with wheels underneath. When the cart was full, a Chinese worker rolled it to a large, rectangular tank full of hot water.

Directly above this tank was a wheel that was wrapped with a wide, iron tire. This wheel lifted one of the wooden trays. The man directed the tray over the top of the tank let the whole heavy tray with all its cans drop into the boiling, fizzling water. Then after five minutes the cans were taken out.

Uncle Ting along with the other Chinese had to seal the cans. Huie had to carry the trays of cut up apples to the girls outside, or if he wasn't needed there, then he had to push the sealed cans over to the big water kettle.

"I'll get all the money that you earn," said uncle Ting, "you'll never get to see a penny of it."

[105]The child didn't answer. "Later I will send your mother back to China and you will never see her again. She shall never become a Jesus-woman. I will always keep you here and you must work for me. You will also never see Little-Lin again."

Huie still gave no answer. It was awful and loud in the working area. The boy's heart was so heavy and it hurt him so much that it was as if it had broken in two. He didn't doubt that Uncle Ting would follow through on all his threats, yes, that he would even send Mother and Little-Lin to China using Huie's well-earned money.

"Oh, if only Father were back!"

Uncle Ting shoved him. "March, get to work!" he shouted at him.

Huie rushed into the entry way where the steam engine stood. On one end of the machine was an opening, out of which little apple pieces, dried and pressed, came out in a great stream. An Indian, who handled the machine, showed the boy how he should catch the little apple pieces in boxes and on boards.

How good it was for the little Chinese boy that he had to run and work diligently, otherwise he would collapse from pure misery and sorrow.

Then he had to drag the cans with the little apple pieces to the girls outside at the troughs. One girl smiled kindly at the small Chinese boy. Oh, how he longed to hide his face in her apron and sob to his heart's content.

[106] Again and again the same thought ran through his poor, tired head. "Will Mother really go to China? She will never hear of Jesus there - never become a Jesus woman. Huie would have to grow up fast so that he could go to his mother and tell her and the other Chinese about the Savior. How father had prayed that mother would become a Christian!"

After several difficult workdays, Sunday arrived and the workhouse was closed. Every now and then, a bell sounded in the small village. On top a hill stood a white church.

Huie heard the ringing, and new hope entered into his poor, passionate heart. "Here there were Christians." Anxiously he looked around for Uncle Ting.

He got ready very quietly and slipped away. However, one of the other Chinese saw him leave.

A number of children already climbed up the hill to the Sunday school. Huie followed them and shyly took a seat in the back corner.

"Look at the little Chinese kid, look at the little Chinese kid," the white children whispered to each other. The leader of the Sunday school came to Huie and smiled at him: "Come, I will escort you to the boy's group," she said. Huie followed her. The teacher of the boys was a woman. She kindly shook Huie's hand and cleared a place for him.

[107] "Will you come every Sunday now?" she asked smiling.

"Every Sunday?" Huie was silent. What would Uncle Ting do with him for even coming just this one time?

The children's religious service started and Huie sat up straight. Warmth and happiness surrounded his heart. The other boys pulled on his braid during the service; and even tied it to the chair. However, the boy who had thrown him a peach earlier said, "You leave him alone or I'll tell the mother." Huie noticed that the "mother" was the leader of the Sunday school. "How wonderful it must be to have a Christian mother," he thought.

Even though she wasn't Christian, the longing for his mother returned to his heart. She was all that he had, and Uncle Ting said that he would never see her again.

After Sunday school, the Pastor came up to Huie and shook his hand. He was a big, friendly-looking man, who lived with his wife and small son in a small tent next to the church. Huie saw the little boy.

"Do you know about Jesus?" asked the Pastor's wife. Huie, the little Chinese boy nodded.

"I - Jesus sheep" he replied. "Really?" questioned the Pastor's wife somewhat startled by his answer.

During the church service, she let him sit next to her and her little boy. At one point, the little boy grabbed Huie's hand.

[108] His hand felt a lot like Little-Lin's small pudgy hands back at home. Huie felt as if something was binding his throat and it was hard for him to swallow.

The Pastor preached and the people sang. Huie didn't understand everything, but he felt really happy. Suddenly, he heard a voice in his heart that whispered, "If you want to be one of Jesus' disciples, then you need to forgive Uncle Ting".

A struggle began in his boyish heart. He didn't even try to understand what the Pastor said anymore. He had enough going on within himself. By and by, he started to pray silently inside: "Jesus, help me to forgive Uncle Ting."

The Pastor's chubby little boy fell asleep and let his head sink onto Huie's arm. Huie continued to pray. Yes, he wanted to forgive Uncle Ting, and if Uncle Ting had such a hard heart—the poor Uncle would certainly never get to heaven, if he didn't repent for being so mean. Huie wanted to go right home and make his Uncle some delicious rice.

[109] The meeting came to an end, and Huie rushed home. His heart was completely full. He was so happy, because he could now forgive.

But Uncle Ting had since awoken. As soon as the boy stepped inside, Uncle Ting grabbed him. "You—you were in the church?" he cried angrily. "You aren't ever allowed to go into the Jesus church again!" He attacked Huie until one of the Chinese tore the child away from him. If the child was abused any further, he wouldn't be able to work tomorrow, and Uncle Ting would lose money.

Sobbing, the mistreated child went into the corner and laid himself on top of a bundle of straw. But, even there he had to think about the Sunday school and all he had heard: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" still rung in his ears. The pastor had told them this was how the Savior had prayed.

The whole next week Huie worked faithfully in the hot factory. The next Sunday came along, and Uncle Ting lay like he usually did in his opium-induced sleep. Again the church bells sounded on top of the small hill.

Huie timidly looked at his sleeping uncle. The welts and spots of the past Sunday still hurt. But, the bell's sounds attracted him to the church, and Huie got ready and went yet again to the small, white church on top of the hill.

[110] The boys in the Sunday School smiled at him. No one knew that he had been beaten for going to Sunday School.

Today was Mission Sunday. Huie did not know what that meant, but the teacher had a whole lot of little tins. She called them "Penny tins" and she gave all of the boys a tin.

"You all earn something over there in the factory," she said. "Don't you all want to put something in the tin to help send missionaries to China?" She explained it again and Huie listened attentively to understand a little bit better.

White people should go over to China to tell the Chinese about Jesus. If only he could get some of his wages to put into the tin! How wonderful would it be if Huie's money could help missionaries get to China, then a missionary could teach his mother, if Uncle Ting sent his mother away to China. Then, of course,

mother would hear about Jesus and did not need to wait until Huie was a man.

Huie pressed his penny tin firmly against himself. If he could only earn some money, it would soon be full. Yet he knew that Uncle Ting would never give him anything—never!

The teacher did not think that Huie had understood her, but she gave him a penny tin like every other boy so that he would not feel bad.

[111] After church, a few of the boys threw their tins around; one boy even stepped on his till it broke in two, but Huie hid his tin in his sleeve.

Huie reached the house filled with fear and his heart sank when he saw that Uncle Ting has already awakened from his nap. But this time, Huie did not get hit. Trembling, the child went into the next room as Uncle Ting's eyes looked at him so treacherous and evil.

The next day, and the day after that, went by and nothing happened. Would he get away with going to the Jesus Church again without getting punished by Uncle Ting? He felt relieved.

One evening, Huie and Uncle Ting were quite alone in the work room. Everyone else had gone home.

Until nine o'clock the maids had stood next to the trough and now the floor needed to be cleaned. Somebody had spilled half a box of blueberries, and Huie had to wash the juice off of the floor. He scrubbed very efficiently until every spot was gone. He was very tired after this hard day.

He stood there and scrutinized the floor. Then two strong arms suddenly seized him and Uncle Ting dragged him to a big deep kettle filled with hot water. Before he knew it, he was strapped to the great wheel over the Kettle,

[112] and before the lad realized what was happening, he was suspended over the boiling hot water.

A terrifying scream rang out from his breast as he saw himself get closer and closer to the surface of the water, as if he were nothing but a layer of cans.

But the wheel stopped in such a way that Huie's face was positioned downward. Steam rose from the water.

"Are you a Christian?" asked Uncle Ting. "Yes" answered Huie. Uncle Ting turned the wheel farther until Huie's braid fell forward and dipped into the water.

The boy struggled to keep himself above the water. His hands touched the water. Oh, how it hurt. The water was terribly hot.

Uncle Ting turned the wheel back a little. "Would you like to pray to the Gods?" he cried.

"No," answered Huie's in a trembling voice.

He swung the wheel down. His tied-up hands above his head went under the water.

No, no—it could not be that Uncle Ting would drown him in the boiling hot water. Huie screamed as loud as he could. Uncle Ting pulled him up a little bit.

Suddenly there was a sound of rushing footsteps, and then a voice called: "Here, here! What is going on here? What has happened?"

[115] It was the supervisor who had come back for some unknown reason and now lunged at Uncle Ting and threw him to the ground. Then Huie lost consciousness.

When he came to, he was lying in the Pastor's tent and the pastor's wife was crying and she was bandaging his wounds. Her little boy was stroking Huie's face and his fat little fingers felt like Little-Lin's.

"You poor, poor child," said the friendly woman to the boy. Huie lay there and struggled against his tears. His whole body was filled with horrible pain.

"You should not be afraid. You will stay here with us. The supervisor fired your uncle", the Pastor's wife

explained.

Suddenly a new fear gripped the boy. Surely Uncle Ting would avenge himself on his mother and Little-Lin. He will do something terrible to them or send them to China. Shaking and sobbing, Huie tried to explain what he was afraid of.

“Where does your mother live?” asked the Pastor and Huie tried to describe the place and the little room in which his mother and Little-Lin lived.

The next morning, the clergyman went away. – When he returned after some time, he brought good news. He had really found Huie’s Mother and Little-Lin. They were now safe in a mission house, and Father would find them there when he came back. Yes, even the pastor firmly believed, that God would care for Father and bring him back home.

[116] As soon as Huie would be healthy again, he could then continue to work and a part of the money he earned could be sent to Mother and Little-Lin in the mission house. And he could live with the Pastor, his wife, and their chubby little boy in the nice tent.

Oh, how wonderful it all was! Breathless, Huie listened to all the wonderful news.

His heart leaped with joy for all the magnificent future prospects. “Mother and Little-Lin in a mission house! Oh, Mother will hear of Christ there! And Little-Lin will learn songs and verses! And when Father comes back, maybe Mother will already be a Jesus-woman! – – –

Just a Prince from Korea

This text was prepared for the Sophie site by Professor Cindy Brewer’s Fall 2007 German 201 class at Brigham Young University: Tessa Bartlett, Alyssa Bluemel, Ashley Deever, Julie Duke, Jennifer Hansen, Joey Hewitt, Jana Hill, Sebastian Hoffman, Rachel Hynes, Lisa JoLynn Jensen, Peter Konneker, Ann Lewis, Leslie Parrott, Alixe Powell, Leilani Ratliff, Clare Smith, Claire Sorensen, Lorien Stice, Brittini Vogeler, Rebekah Wilson, and Timothy Wright.

Just a Prince from Korea

[Taken from: Heidenkinder in Jesu Licht. Missionsgeschichten mit Bildern von Frieda Pfinzner. Basler Mission Zürich. Frankfurt a. M., Verlag Orient 1912]

[13] It was winter, and the snow lay on the streets and glistened in the sunshine. The otherwise so monotonous and boring houses seemed a dazzling white, as if a magic wand had touched them. – The city, of which I speak of, is called Seoul and is the capital of Korea. – The ancients called it “the country of the morning peace”. Seoul is a very strange old city with their curious straw – or brick covered houses, and the people in the streets also run around in very peculiar white robes.

But it is not the city or of its inhabitants in general that I want to tell you about, but about a small very determined boy, who was born as the son of the emperor of Korea in the imperial palace of Seoul and now was only nine years old. But he didn’t know any of that – and also nothing at all of the Redeemer, nor that today of all days was the 24. December and Jesus’ birthday, for he was just a small heathen.

At present he was in a bad mood, because it was also an exceptionally boring day. Everywhere lay snow.

[14] He was not allowed, as he usually could, to walk along the walls which surrounded the palace. Protected by his bodyguards, he had to stay in his rooms – he still could hardly bear it any longer. Three men were always watching out for him! Sometimes there were even more! If he would go out they said that

his green silk skirt would get wet in the snow and it would spoil his silk shoes. Yes, it was very boring to be a prince. There was a time when he was allowed to leave the castle unhindered and cross into the next grouping of houses. In Korea, usually two houses stand together. They are then surrounded by a high stone wall that separates them from the road with its dirt, many beggars, and dogs. Every property has such fencing. Even the very poorest is at least surrounded by a hedge.

It had been a celebration for the small prince every time he was allowed to go into the next housing complex, especially when the English soldiers were stationed there and taught him how to play soccer. And then there was a small American boy, the son of the missionary. "He had it good," thought our prince, "he was allowed simply to fall in the snow and dirt. Then he would stand up completely happy again and dust himself off and laugh." But that was all in the past. Since then, these other foreign people had come to Korea. Now the only gate of the palace wall was kept locked, and his walks were limited to the ramparts and the area immediately surrounding the castle.

[17] In a different district there was another castle that the small prince liked exceptionally well. But now it stood empty. Only a pair of guards lived in it and the stone dragons, which guarded the entrance, looked entirely bored.

"If only I were the emperor," thought the prince, "then I would live in the castle over there and always do whatever I felt like doing at the moment!" Not that he wished his father and his brother, the crown prince, would die; oh no! But he was terribly tired of the daily monotony and longed for a change.

With such thoughts, he wandered restlessly from one magnificent apartment to another, each furnished lavishly in oriental style. Then he went out onto the large veranda and looked out.

Beyond the wall on the other side of the street, a brick house stood on top of a hill. It bore the name "Ewa Haktang" (School for Girls). It belonged to a mission society, and each year more than two hundred girls were snatched away from dark hedonism and learned about the Savior and the way to happiness.

In the background, one could see a mighty mountain farther in the distance, Nam San, whose gigantic white peaks gleamed in the sun.

But the small prince didn't pay attention to all that. As always, he looked longingly towards the right side—towards a particular housing complex with a soccer field and a happy missionary son.

[18] One of the officers touched him on the shoulder and commented how cold it was outside. The small prince frowned at him and answered, "Go inside if you are cold." Impatiently and abruptly, he again braided his hair, which had come undone, tied it together with a ribbon. Then, he ran toward the stone wall, wiped the snow off, and looked over at the "Higher School for Young Married Women of Korean Aristocrats," which was run by an American sister missionary.

Thus the small prince stood out on the balcony in the cold for a long time, and behind him stood the very grim-looking "body guard," consisting of three men and three women. If he would have been their son, it probably would have gone badly for him now; but since he was not, rather the prince of Korea, they could do nothing, but complain and grumble, and even that not too loudly, because if "His young majesty" noticed it, then not only could he throw them out of the palace, but make them disappear from the world all together.

But our small prince did not think at all about his body guard now. His thoughts were occupied with something completely different. "Just what was that?" he murmured to himself, "the missionary boy told me once of 'Jea-su Tan-ill-lall,' but just what was that?—It was day around this time of year. For all of these Jesus-people it was a holiday and for the children in the "Jesus churches" it was a particularly special time.—He was nevertheless a prince! Couldn't he once have it so good, too?"

[19] The stone wall, on which he supported himself with his arms, became cold—the loud complaints of the body guard startled him out of his thoughts and drove him to action. „Be quiet, people!“ he shouted in a commanding tone. „Listen, I demand to speak with the Pou-in (woman) over there now. Call the tower guard to me, the one who is always walking around the wall of the school,“ he said turning toward the fattest officer with the loudest voice.

„Yebo, Yebo!“ (Hey! Hey!), he called. The guard looked up, frozen with fear at the sight of the „Imperial company.“ „Nan, Nan!“ (yes, yes) he answered and stood instantly on the imperial wall, and looked doubtfully and nervously at the young prince and his entourage.

„Go guard,“ said the Prince abruptly, „go and fetch your mistress, the foreign woman over there.“ „Yes, yes, I will go now, your Majesty!“

Trembling, he hurried off, and one could hear the clapping of his wooden shoes on the frozen path.

The entourage felt anxious and uneasy. The oldest woman offered the small prince every excuse and bade him come inside to get out of the cold. But he commanded her to be silent, and when she began to make more excuses, he said:

[20] “Do not bore me with your talk; I am not cold with all this wool clothing.”

At that moment the foreign missionary woman came into view. She was slender, delicate, and dressed in simple American clothing with a shawl thrown hastily over her shoulders.

In accordance with the customs of the country, she turned to one of the women among the prince’s entourage – in Korea men and women may talk only to each other if they belong to the same family. – However, this did not please the small prince; and as he heard the missionary speak the language of his country, he turned to her and said: “Please speak with me, I need to ask you something. You speak my language, please speak to me.”

His voice had respect, and the words were polite.

The missionary turned to him and said: “Your majesty, I can speak a little in your language, but I do not know how one should talk to a prince and I do not know the etiquette of the imperial court.”

“Oh, it does not matter,“ answered the small fellow and his dark eyes sparkled with eagerness and curiosity. “Listen, Pou-in, when is the big day of the Jesus-people of “Jea-su Tan ill-lall?” Oh yeah, now it occurs to me what the name means; it’s “Jesus’ birthday.” Quick, quick, tell me when the day is and what you do in your churches.”

[21] The missionary looked somewhat astounded as she answered with a smile, “The Savior’s birthday, little prince, is tomorrow, and on it we do all kinds of things in our churches. Can’t you get permission to attend our Christmas celebration in the church over there by the “Ewa-School”?”

The boy’s face clouded. He shook his head. “I’m only a prince,“ he said. “I’m not like the other boys here; I’m not allowed to go so far out of the palace any more. But tell me, Pou-in, can’t you bring me such a ‘Jesus-birthday’ into your room over there?” And he ran along the wall until he was standing across from her window.

“See,“ he continued, “if you open your windows wide, I can see right into your room. And if you have a ‘Jesus-birthday’ in there tomorrow, then I can watch it from right here. – Please, please, let me see it.”

The missionary appeared shocked and fell silent a moment. However, the boy’s brown eyes gazed at her beseechingly. She answered quickly, “you will catch a cold, if you stand outdoors, and your mother will become cross. I don’t know how I should bring a ‘Jesus-birthday’ to my room. You need a congregation and...” – – “Ach,“ interrupted the Prince. “That won’t be a problem. Here is a congregation.” and he indicated with a majestic wave of the hand the three half frozen officers and three women of his

entourage, who with their unhappy, miserable, crotchety faces, looked nothing like the “Jesus-Community” over there in the church.

[22] The missionary suppressed a smile, as the boy eagerly continued: “Listen, Pou-in! I have not yet in my entire life had a ‘Jesus-birthday’, and if you do not give me one tomorrow, then I will never, never have one! I am only a little Prince, but I must have at least a single ‘Jesus-birthday’, like the other boys.”

The missionary could not resist the request. “Yes, Your Majesty,” she said, “I will try, but I’m afraid there isn’t much that I can do.”

She was about to turn away when a young boy’s voice cried out: “Pou-in, I have heard that for “Jea-su Tan ill –lall” you always have a Christmas tree with strange decorations from America. My servants here will get the tree, and you can bring the decorations for my “Jesus-Birthday.”

“Well, okay,” laughed the missionary, “I will do what I can, but now I have to go home; it’s cold outside and I still have much to do. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

She hurried into the house, and the small prince returned to his chambers.

The newly-established scornfully-grumbling congregation followed him. They huddled together in two groups, shaking their heads sadly and muttering to one another.

[23] “What was he thinking? He, a prince from Korea, was speaking with a Christian! His only religious duty was to pray in the temple like his ancestors! Surely the gods will be offended and some misfortune will come upon the palace! “Eigo! Eigo!” they lamented. “What a foolish lad!” But who would possibly have the courage to put their life on the line and report to the imperial mother?

The next day dawned – a bitter, cold winter day. The door of the imperial palace opened and out stepped the small boy who, from time to time, issued commands to the cold, trembling officers who followed him.

“You go call the bored guard over there! Tell him that he is to fetch the missionary woman. And you stay here,” he turned to another, “and you watch for the foreign lady to come. Then call me quickly!”

Both the officers obeyed while the little Prince waited in the outer hall with three sleepy looking ladies and a disdainfully scowling man in entourage.

A loud tapping on the door startled the missionary woman out of her daydreams. “Who’s there?” she asked. A cross voice answered, “Pou-in, the Prince, and the officers are outside by the wall. And he said he wants his ‘Jesus Birthday’ now.

[24] The missionary stood up. During her long stay in the Orient, she had learned patience. She dressed quickly and went out.

At the wall, she found the Prince and his “congregation.” In the twilight, she could recognize, only faintly, the beaming face of the expectant little boy and the grumpy frozen faces of the Officers. When the boy saw her, he quickly said in one breath, “Here we are, Pou-in, and also there are two ‘namoo’ (Trees). Please Pou-in, give me my ‘Jesus Birthday’ now.

“I am so sorry, little Prince,” came the answer, “but you must still wait a little longer. I was up till midnight yesterday, because I had so many preparations to do for my school girls’ ‘Jesus Birthday.’ I must now go to “Japtown” where there are many shops, and get some especially beautiful fruit for the Christmas tree. When the sun is just over our heads, you must come again, and it will be noon and much warmer than now.

Still smiling, she ordered the guard to carry both four foot pine trees, which the bodyguards had

reluctantly thrown over the wall, into the house. With a "Thank you Pou-in," the boy left hesitantly, but the expectant, eager expression was still on his face.

[27] Breakfast and morning prayers were over, all manner of chores were finished, and the schoolgirls had all received their gifts. The missionary gave the door guard the task of calling a "jiu-rikh-i-sha," an odd, two-wheeled vehicle that is pulled by a man instead of a horse. She got in, and the human horse brought her quickly to "Jap town," the Japanese quarter of the city where strange wares were offered up for sale. She searched for gold and silver ornaments for the Christmas tree, for candles and candleholders, oranges, and apples. When she returned to the house, the "fruit" for the Christmas tree were tied onto tiny green threads and fastened to the boughs. Both of the large Christmas trees were then planted in two large flower pots filled with hard snow and placed on a table directly in front of the window next to the wall—and everything was ready.

Just as the sun shone directly over the castle and peeked through the window onto the two Christmas trees, the door of the castle was flung open and the boy rushed onto the wall. The officers and ladies followed with the usual grouchy sullen faces.

Following his secret assignment, the gate keeper had waited for the Prince and now ran quickly into the house to call the missionary. She threw a coat around her shoulders, wrapped a scarf around her head and pulled on a pair of warm gloves. Then she opened the window and greeted the Prince and the remaining "Christian congregation."

[28] The boy was a lovely sight with his carefully woven braid and wearing a skirt of bright green silk and pink silk shoes.

"Pou-in," he said to the missionary, "Pou-in, tell me now, what will you do first on your Jesus Birthday?"

"Oh, little prince," was the answer, "we 'chan-une-how,' 'ki-tau-how' and 'chun-dan-how,' that is: we sing, pray and preach."

"I know how to pray," said the prince, "but I don't know all that other stuff. You'll have to do that for me."

The missionary struggled not to smile, but she remained serious and answered: "I want to do it – as best I can. But first we must decorate the trees."

Soon she was eagerly at work; she stuck the candles in the light holders and hung all the Christmas ornaments and all the apples and oranges on the branches. And all the while she explained to the little prince about Jesus, the Prince of Peace, about his birth, and how he loved everyone in the world so much – including the little prince from Korea.

"Pou-in," the boy interrupted her here, "that last thing isn't true; if your Jesus loved me, then he would have already given me a "Jesus Birthday" long ago. Maybe he loves all the little children in the church, but he doesn't love me – I'm only a prince, and he has never come to the castle before.

[29] „Most certainly, little Prince," replied the missionary, "Jesus loves you. He wanted to come to you for so long; but now today he comes to you through me, in order to say that He loves you. It is completely true!"

The boy did not answer right away. He thought about whether he had ever heard anyone say that the Gods in the Temple loved him? No, he had never heard that.

The bodyguards froze in the background, and one of them scraped impatiently with his foot. The little Prince turned and ordered his entourage to go into the house if they were cold or if they did not like his "Jesus birthday". But they made sure not to obey this order. They knew that their heads were in danger if

they left this small boy alone, even for a moment.

And now the missionary had finished her work. She turned to say: "Little Prince, the trees are now decorated, and now you must go inside the house and get warm; I still have a lot to do today. Come back in the evening, if it is okay. And then I will light the candles, and you will receive the rest of your "Jesus-birthday"."

The little boy clapped his hands blissfully and then after and gazing longingly at his two Christmas trees, he disappeared into the castle.

[30] The missionary closed the window and prayed to God for His blessing on behalf of this first Christmas celebration for the prince of Korea.

As evening approached, the missionary waited in the room with the Christmas trees. Soon she heard a hasty step out on the wall, and a child's voice called, "Pou-in, Pou-in (woman, woman)!" She quickly opened the window and nodded to the boy. Then she lit the candles on the Christmas tree, and their fine light fell brightly on the gold and silver ornaments and on the fruits on the tree and reflected onto her lovely face.

The boy rejoiced loudly and joyfully clapped his hands, while the rest of the "congregation" only muttered sullenly to themselves. "Chown-ah! Chown-ah! E-poo-o!" called the boy. That means roughly, "How wonderful! How grand!" And then turned to the missionary: "And now, Pou-in (woman), give me the rest from the "Birthday"."

"Okay," said the missionary, "we are going to begin now. The girls of my school are in the next room and are going to help me sing a 'Jesus' birthday Song.'" (The custom of the land wouldn't allow the girls and boys to be in the same room together.) Then with her sweet voice she began to sing, "Silent night, holy night," and the voices in the background joined her.

As the last voices faded away, the boy clapped his hands again and said, "Pou-in, it was really a beautiful sound. Please, sing more. "

[31] Smiling, the missionary began "O how joyfully, o how blessedly," and then, "Ye children come," and after that there was a pause.

"Oh, what a glorious sound this is!" exclaimed the boy. "I like that a lot. And now the rest: the prayer and the preaching. Quickly, quickly, keep going!" The missionary was silent for a moment, somewhat shocked - prayer, preaching - how could she do this? She looked through the window at the "Holiday congregation" - only one alert, hopeful face beamed at her, all the others wrinkled their foreheads and looked grim.

"Oh, little prince," she said hesitantly, as her faith began to falter, "You already had the sermon. I told you already about the Savior, while I decorated the tree."

"Then I have already had that part of mine "Jesus' Birthday?" asked the boy. - The lady missionary nodded her head affirmatively. "But I have not had the "prayer"," the boy continued. "Please Pou-in, give me that part from "Jesus' Birthday" too!"

"I will gladly pray," replied the missionary, "but know, little prince, praying is another way of speaking with Jesus. And he is not pleased about it, when we do not show respect. We always bow our head when we pray."

Said - Done. The boy turned quickly to his bodyguard: "You people, listen to me," he called, "quickly bow your heads!" Then he turned around again and put the gloved hands over his face - and he stayed in this position.

[32] Then the missionary bent her knees and prayed from the depths of her heart, simply and childlike. – The prayer was ended, she lifted her head up. Worry and fright were painted on the faces of the officers. What had they done! – They prayed to the Christian God! “Ei-go, ei-go, what is going to happen to them now?”

“Please, Missionary,” the boy now pled, “make a little more of that beautiful sound!” And, to the delight of the small prince, all the beloved Christmas songs sounded through the still winter night. He clapped his hands again and cried out with delight.

When the last verse of the final song faded away, the missionary said with a smile: “We have sung all the ‘Jesus’ Birthday Songs’ from our book.” To her surprise, the boy answered: “That does not seem possible, Pou-in, you have certainly not sung everything yet.”

“On the contrary, small prince,” she responded.

The boy’s face was confused: “Pou-in,” he said, “the first time you sang six verses that sounded the same, but the last time you only did four. What happened to the two other verses?” – The first song had six verses, but the second only had four.

Explanations here would have been pointless. And so the missionary and her pupils sang the last two verses of the last song one more time. And the little prince nodded his head contentedly.

[33] Now he had had “everything.”

In the meantime, the candles on the tree had burned down. The missionary snuffed them out and asked, “Now, little prince, did your “Jesus Birthday” please you? Now you’ve totally and completely had it.”

“Oh, and did it ever please me! It was too wonderful! I wish that a prince from Korea would get a “Jesus Birthday” every year. But tell me, Pou-in, was that really all? Isn’t there still something missing?”

The missionary answered somewhat puzzled: “I don’t know what you mean. I think that’s all.”

There was a pause, and then the boy said, “Pou-in, the missionary boy told me that every child in your church gets a present for Christmas; I didn’t get a single one. Can’t a prince also get a gift?” –

Yes, he was a prince, but his whole boyish nature now came into view. He wanted to have a present.

The missionary replied all aghast: “Oh, little prince, I would so gladly give you a present, like the little boys and girls in the church. But I don’t have anything that’s good enough for a small prince. You probably think nothing of oranges and sweets.”

“What!” the small prince interrupted hastily, “Give me a lot of them, a whole lot!”

“I would,” came the answer, “but I don’t have any more.”

[34] The boy looked at her disappointed. “I haven’t ever had any golden fruit like the kind that hang on the tree.”

The missionary turned around quickly, detached all the gold and silver ornaments from the branches of the tree, and gave them to the young ruler. All together, they were worth 50 cents.

Carefully and with a serious expression on his face, he gave the waiting officer one piece after another. “Don’t let any of them fall,” he said threateningly, “or you’ll pay for it with your head. – They’re my ‘Jesus Birthday presents’.” But he paused for a moment. Then he turned again to the missionary. “Pou-in,” he said, “Can’t you give me one of those ‘beautiful sound’ books that you have?”

Happily, the missionary gave him a songbook in the Korean language. The boy was so excited: he could not thank the missionary enough. He held the songbook tightly in both hands, cast a last look back at his Christmas trees, which were now bare, and then he said goodbye to the missionary politely and disappeared into the castle, followed by his bodyguards, who timidly and carefully held the Christmas ornaments in their hands.

The missionary closed the window and went into her own room to go to bed. She was awakened by dreadful noise coming from the castle. Hastily she threw her coat around her shoulders and went out. She stood on an old box and looked over the wall into one of the castle's dazzlingly illuminated chambers out of which the noise came.

[35] The inexplicable noise reminded her instinctively of the screaming of a disobedient boy, who was being punished by his mother. She began to feel guilty, her conscience pained with worry. But one look in the imperial chamber, to her relief, was proof that her fear was unnecessary.

There stood three men – the tallest of them held the precious song book tightly with both hands, and three ladies, who stood behind, also tried to peer into the book. In front of this group stood an eager and excited-looking little boy with his hand raised – as if he were leading the music. And then she heard a clear, excited boy's voice: "I always tell you that the 'pretty noise' is in that book there, you have to get it out of there. Didn't I hear how the lady missionary got it out? You are making a very 'ugly noise.' Now try it again and make the 'pretty noise' or you will see what will happen to you.

[36] And again six desperate and grim-looking faces bent over the book.

The missionary returned to her room – With the recently-heard "Silent Night, Holy Night" still ringing in her ears – sang by six different voices in six different keys – And yet the song rang like a lovely melody to her. And with the prayer on her lips: "Savior, I thank you that I have the chance to be a missionary in Korea," she fell asleep.

An African Princess

This text was prepared for the Sophie site by Professor Cindy Brewer's Winter 2007 German 201 class at Brigham Young University: Denise Avena, Jonathan Brimhall, Craig Cheek, Sarah Denzer, Shannon Francis, Kenneth Dunn, Kelly Garner, Efrain Gutierrez, Kristen Hopper, Cara Jones, Megan Lawrence, Daniela Michálková, Jennifer Mortensen, Julie Olson, Brianna Parker, Jared White, Ann Lewis and Ruth Ann Smith

Heathen Children in the Light of Jesus

Mission Stories with Illustrations

by Frieda Pfinzner.

Basel Mission Zurich
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1912

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Please Read!

I'm supposed to write a prologue, but I believe that if I say this upfront, the reader will say: "Oh, I don't have to read this."

Still I would like to speak about that which is very close to my heart, and therefore I would also like it to be heard. When you play and want to make yourself noticeable, you shout, each person as loud as they can. And even if I cannot shout, I would speak as loud as I can:

There is nothing more precious, interesting, and beautiful than what happens in the mission field, where the Lord Jesus really is the center and his Spirit finds a place to have an influence.

As I read this book, it resonated inside of me: "And you, and you? Shouldn't you be a little bit ashamed—no, very—because of these courageous children, who believe, trust, and long to recognize the Lord Jesus, our king, and then serve him?"

I hope that every reader will feel the same way, but at the same time I wish success for this book, so that it will cause the hearts of those who read it to burn ardently for those foreign lands and souls of children that still don't know of Jesus.

May we all feel it in such a way that we also carry the responsibility to follow the command of Jesus, "Go out into all the world." Because only when we do that, can we legitimately pray, "Come, Lord Jesus!"

Berlin, October 1912

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[37]

An African Princess

It's really almost a sin to take a child into all this dark paganism," Aunt Johanna said to her brother, a missionary from Africa. "I believe that a child can do more for children than any adult can," came the reply. "What is more, all my blacks, whether old or young, are children." - "For nine years I have missed my small daughter terribly," the mother now said. "I can't stand it any longer."

When Gretel (for so the young girl of this story was named) was a small, delicate three-year old, the doctor said she couldn't bear the climate in Africa. So the parents took their child to "Aunt Johanna" in Bremen. Now Gretel was a big 11-year-old girl, so father and mother returned from Africa in order to get their child.

"I can't live without Gretel any longer," the mother said. "Me neither," said Aunt Johanna. If you take Gretel to Africa, then I will come as well."

[38]

And so Gretel traveled with her Father, Mother and Aunt Johanna to Africa.

At first she missed her school friends terribly in the strange land. Indeed, she watched from a distance all the Negro children at the mission station; but it was completely unacceptable to her, when one of them came near her, or wanted to touch her. She didn't want to play with them, either.

"The poor child looks at the Negro children like she looked at the monkeys behind their fence at the Zoo, long ago. It was absolutely gruesome of you, to rob the poor little thing of all proper acquaintances," said Aunt Johanna reproachfully to her brother.

"She'll have friends soon enough," was the answer, "as soon as she figures out that all these little black creatures have souls—that these souls are just as priceless to the Savior as her own soul is. I'd really like my daughter to become a blessing to others."

Gretel did not properly understand what her father meant by that.

But one day something completely new happened in Gretel's life—and that was a true African princess. She was called "Fränzchen"; but that was not her proper name. She was a real princess, and her father, who died of the sleeping sickness, owned more livestock than all the other chieftains around.

[39] Fränzchen was no "Fairy Tale Princess" dressed in velvet and silk, with flashy diamonds and precious gems. When Gretel saw her for the first time, she wore no more than cotton shirt without sleeves, and about her neck, a necklace made of hippopotamus teeth.

When her father, the old chief Mtesa died, the "Princess" decided to live with the mission people and ran away from home to the mission house. There, she hid under the bed on which Gretel was resting while her parents had gone out. But Uledi, Fränzchen's brother, followed his sister. He stood in front of the bed with a long bamboo stick and by knocking and pushing, his ambush succeeded in bringing her forth into daylight like a ball from under the bed. Suddenly, a pair of long brown arms and a head popped up from under the dark bed, and in the next moment the African princess stood on her feet.

Just then, Gretel's father came home and Fränzchen told him that it would be her wish to live with him and be his daughter.

"What do you think?" The missionary asked his small daughter, "You have always wished for a sister." "But never a pitch black one," was the unwilling answer. Gretel did not know at that time that the value of a person is not based on their color.

The father looked on the sad and disappointed child and then said, "We, however, want to keep her here."

[40] He spoke about that at length with Fränzchen's brother and finally he agreed as well.

And so Fränzchen joined the mission people. She was certainly not yet called "Fränzchen" in those days. Her brother called her "Ananga" and she called herself "Kama-lu-li." However, as early as her second day there, she announced, "Now I am a Christian and so I should also have a Christian name. I would like to be called, 'Philipp,' after my new father." After the people told her that 'Phillip' was only a name for men and

boys, she returned, "Well, then I am now a boy. My new father should also have a son."

She didn't really understand that that would never do, but then she said "Then I want to be called 'Gretel,' like my new sister." ---"That won't work either," insisted the missionary, "for if both of my little girls are named 'Gretel,' and I call one of them, then most certainly the wrong one will always come. She also didn't want to be named 'Johanna,' after Aunt Johanna." In short, it took a long, until a fitting name was found for the princess.

One day, Gretel received some exquisite chocolate from an uncle in Bremen. It tasted so good to the little African princess that she asked that she should be called "Chocolate," but that was also considered unacceptable.

Then one day, she saw a picture on the wall of Aunt Johanna's room. It was a picture of a lady, whose lovely and friendly countenance instinctively reminded her of a deep, peaceful lake upon which the moon shone.

[41] She asked the missionary who the lady was. And he explained to her, that the lady in the picture was called "Fränzchen" (little Franziska) by her friends, and that she was very good, and that old and young, rich and poor loved her.

Then the little princess stood up and said, "I want to become a 'Fränzchen' too. I also want to be good and well behaved so that my face will also be as lovable and beautiful as the face of Fränzchen in the picture."

Gretel had to laugh out loud at the thought that this comical little black creature would want to look like "Aunt Fränzchen." But the father explained that the African princess would be called "Fränzchen" from now on, so long as she was dear and well-behaved and listened to father and mother.

And Fränzchen was really as good and well behaved as only a Negro child can be. She helped the missionary to understand the blacks and she managed them much better than he himself did. He explained to her, why one shouldn't do or think or say evil or ugly things; and Fränzchen then explained it to the blacks. They always understood the child.

When there were quarrels and contention among the Negroes, then the missionary would first ask Fränzchen for her advice. She then would lay her finger on her nose and think a little while and then say, "Dear new father, send the both of them that are arguing in the mountains and let them herd the cattle," or something similar depending on what had happened.

[42] The missionary always did what Fränzchen said, which always proved to be the right thing to do. At length, Aunt Johanna and Gretel became very jealous of Fränzchen.

"Phillip," Aunt Johanna said to her brother one day, "it really is a disgrace when a grown man allows a heathen child to lead him about by the nose!" "The blacks here are all children!" came the answer. "Why should I be ashamed because Fränzchen understands them better than I do? Does it not say in the Bible, 'And a little child shall lead them?'" <<Isaiah 11:6>>

"Yes, Father, but if you allow yourself to be led by a child," Gretel said, "then I, your only child, should be the one to do it. Aunt Johanna and I are so sad and ashamed."

The next time the missionary really didn't listen to Fränzchen. Then something horrible happened. The cause of it all was a Hampelmann. <<Hampelmann, or a jumping jack, is a wooden toy with hinged arms and legs that move about when its string is pulled, making it do jumping jacks.>> The missionary made it for his daughter, having fashioned and painted it himself. Gretel and Fränzchen were delighted to have such a plaything. They ran into the village to show off their new toy, and all the black men and women shrieked and cried at the sight of it waving its arms and legs. They thought it was alive and ran away from

it. After one or two days the two children were finally tired of their joke.

They had almost completely forgotten the Hampelmann as Father and Mother began to realize that something wasn't quite right among the blacks, and that something bad was underway.

[43] They sat together in groups, whispered, looked around, and looked over their shoulders. They pointed and waved their hands like they always did when they were up to something. The missionary could not get anything out of them, but Fränzchen knew quickly what it was. They were terribly angry and alarmed by the Hampelmann.

"They say this is a new God, the one that you have seated in place of the great heavenly God," explained Fränzchen to her father. "And ever since the new God is there, their cattle have died, and all kinds of evil spirits have entered into their stomachs and stab them with sharp spears."

"Just tell them they ate their cantaloupes once again before they were ripe and they got stomachaches," the missionary answered, "and the cattle died because they didn't keep the well clean. Tell them that the Hampelman is just a wooden toy that I made for my daughters."

"I already told them a couple of times," Fränzchen answered. "But they say that if that's true, you should bring the wooden toy and burn it in front of their eyes." "Good," the Father said. "Then bring it out in the village and burn it."

"If you allow that, Father Phillip," said Fränzchen while looking quite intelligent, "then they will still think it is a god and that you only burned it because you are afraid of them."

[44] Take your knife, go to them and make a new Hampelmann out of a piece of wood right before them. Then they will believe that it is nothing more than a piece of wood."

"Have I ever lied to them about anything? Why should they not believe my words," answered the missionary. "That seems very foolish to me." But he took his knife out of the bag and intended to go out.

Aunt Johanna, who had heard all of this, interjected and said, "Philipp this is so ridiculous! You do everything that the child says, as if she were as clever as Solomon. If Fränzchen says you should eat hay, than you would surely do that as well."

"But I believe she is right," mumbled Father Philipp to himself, but he put his knife back in his bag. "Papa maber, papa manwora," said Fränzchen, which means "Dear, good, best, Father"---"make the toy in front of their unbelieving eyes!"

But he didn't do what she said; and what then followed proved that Fränzchen had been right.--- In the night, the blacks held a council and came to the decision to steal Gretel, carry her to the swamp, hide her in a hippopotamus' pit and keep her hidden there until the missionary destroyed the new god in front of their eyes.

A hippopotamus' pit is a large deep hole that the natives dig in the ground and use to capture hippopotami.

[45] They cover it with long, thin bamboo, and lay leaves and vines and grass on the top so that it looks just like the rest of the ground. When a large hippopotamus crosses the thin ceiling covering the deep hole, it breaks through and sinks in with a loud crack. If a hippopotamus is unable to climb out of the hole, then surely Gretel had even less of a chance.

Of course, they didn't want to hurt the child. Everything would have been okay, had they not allowed two Negroes from a different tribe to take the child. The two outsiders had only been in town for a few weeks, and it was probably their idea that the Hampelmann was a god. At first they didn't want any part of the whole plan. However, it was explained to them that they had not yet learned anything from Bwana

Phillip (as the missionary was called). And if it turned out that the whole business with the Hampelmann was a mistake, Bwana Phillip would not be so mad at them, as he would be if people from his own tribe had done it. He would think that they had simply not known any better.

The two Negroes were not allowed to tell the people of the village where they had taken the child. This way, if Bwana Phillip asked where she was, the villagers could look him directly in the eyes and say truthfully that they didn't know. However, the two outsiders had to promise that Gretel would be well cared for, and that she would be brought back after 14 days.

[46] That evening, Gretel went to bed as usual and soon fell asleep. When she woke up, she was being carried on a straw mat and after a while, she was lowered down into a pit.

The child slept and dreamt, on and on, during that first long night and during the following days. She felt neither hunger nor thirst. She dreamt she was drinking clear, fresh water and was eating cakes and chocolate. And then it seemed to her like she just almost five years old, and she would sit on a nice little stool in her Kindergarten in Bremen. And again, it seemed to her, as if she flew down from somewhere into a pit, and then as if she were at home with her Father and Mother in the mission house.

The bad thing was, Gretel had had nothing to drink or eat while in the pit. The foreign Negroes, who had carried her there, were supposed to bring her something to eat every day. But right after they lowered the child into the pit, they had a terrible realization about what they had done, and they ran away over the border. They put some bread and water at the opening of the cave. But, it was out of reach for Gretel. Those poor people had no idea that the child in the pit was facing painful starvation.

The Negroes have a belief that white people only die if shot with a gun. So they thought that if whites wanted to die, they would just shoot themselves. These poor, foreign Negroes had never lived near a Mission House and were still full of ignorance.

[47] When the missionary later found both criminals and told them that Gretel could have starved to death, they said: „Oh, not at all, Bwana Philipp,“ for they were very sure that there was no gun in the pit.” * <<*Blacks believed that whites could not die unless being shot by a gun. Since there was no gun in the pit where Gretel was, they assumed she could not have died.>>

When Gretel dreamed again that she was flying around the pit, she opened her eyes just a little and saw a large, black pie at the top of the cave's edge. She recognized it immediately. It must have been the exact one she had once made out of the mud to make Francis mad. She stuck into it two buttons from her shoes for eyes and a red piece of flannel as the mouth. And when her work was done, she dragged Fränzchen there, took a deep bow in front of her and said: “your honorable Princess Ananga, behold the portrait of your gorgeous visage, which I, your humble servant, just made for you.” – And then Fränzchen started dancing around the pie.

As Gretel looked more carefully, she noticed that the pie up there looked much more like the Negro child than the one she had once made. And then suddenly the pie fell over the cave's edge directly into the pit and started laughing and crying – that was when Gretel finally woke up completely for the very first time. She now noticed where she was and how badly she missed her father and her mother, because the pie was actually Fränzchen herself. The Negro child seemed to be so beautiful. She was as beautiful as a flower, or a star or a lake when hit by moonshine, or anything just as beautiful.

[48] But Gretel could not tell her that.

For a very long time, she was completely still and couldn't say anything at all. Then, when Fränzchen gave her meat-broth to drink, which had been prepared from the dried meat, Gretel's first words were, “More!

More!" – And now, I bet you want to know how Fränzchen found the pit?

While the missionary questioned the natives, to find out where his child had probably been hidden, Fränzchen's brother Uledi came. He had just returned from a hunting expedition and told the father that he had met the strangers alone without the child. Then, the missionary knew that the hiding place could not be too far away. The natives scoured the area in all directions; but they probably would have found the child too late, if it weren't for someone else who had come first.

When Fränzchen discovered that Gretel had been stolen out of her bed, she took off without a word. She followed the trail of the foreign Negroes until she lost it in a swampy thicket. Then she asked Father in Heaven if He would lead her; and she just kept going until she found the hiding place.

Afterwards, she said she went almost the entire time with her eyes closed. When she had reached her destination, she was terribly scratched and torn all over from the thorns and vines, through which she had to clear a path for herself.

[49] If the Negroes had hidden Fränzchen instead of Gretel in the pit, the African Princess could have quickly gotten out and gone back home, perhaps faster than her abductors. The Negro child was very inventive and could climb as well as the apes in the jungle. She would have simply pulled the tough long vines into the pit. She would have held on tightly to one of them and climbed up one side of the pit and she would have done it with more grace than a lady ascending a staircase.

The two children stayed two days and two nights in the pit resting themselves. They played "Robinson Crusoe" and "Friday" so that the time didn't seem so long to them.

Fränzchen fed her small comrade from time to time, just a little at a time, and when she wasn't doing that, she was working on her little ladder of vines, on which Gretel would be able to climb to the top of the pit. She named it the "living ladder," because the vines were still rooted in the earth.

And then they left very early one morning. They did not know the way, but they knew that it would be dangerous to go deeper into the bush where the vines and bushes became thicker and where there were so many insects. They kept up a strenuous march. It seemed to Gretel as if they traversed millions of miles, Fränzchen always up front to clear the way. At times they even had to crawl on their hands and feet.

[50] They actually intended to walk the whole night through, but around evening Gretel stumbled over a root and fell headfirst into the bush. In an instant Fränzchen sat beside her, in order to comfort her and rest for a bit, just for a minute – but they stayed there the whole night.

Many eyes peered curiously out of the bush at the two children, all kinds of lights seemed to be swirling around them, and on the moist ground insects and worms and beetles crawled. The tired eyes of the children fell shut – Gretel listened, as Fränzchen talked in her sleep. She wanted to wake her up, but she noticed that she was also speaking loudly. Finally the night passed, and on the next morning they resumed their journey – very tired and sleepy, even Fränzchen. They stumbled into one of those terrible thorn bushes, which people in Africa called "wait a while." And they really had to wait a while, before they could continue walking.

And then they had another terrible adventure. There is in Africa a fly, which has the shape and size of a bee. The Africans called it "war fly," because if anyone trapped it and pinched it anywhere just a little, then it fought like a soldier at war. And if the one who caught it allowed it to fly again, then it flew directly to his cattle, even if it was a thousand miles away, and stung them in revenge, so that the cattle died.

[51] Naturally this is all unlikely, but the superstitious Negroes have imagined it so themselves. "I want to catch a warrior fly and make it mad, just a little bit," Fränzchen thought after they had successfully

come out of the Bush. "And if we let it fly, we can follow its course. Father Philipp would rather lose his old cow than to lose his two daughters."

Immediately, she swatted her hand at a fly buzzing around. She rolled it up in the corner of her cotton shirt so that her finger would not be stung. She pressed slightly on the fly, let it go into the air, and gave it a slap.

But the fly had stung Fränzchen in the hand through the cotton shirt—Gretel had seen the whole thing. Fränzchen cried out because of the pain and flailed around in the Bush. Gretel sat there and thought of how terrible it would be to lose Fränzchen just when she had started to love her black sister so dearly.

"Oh, Fränzchen," she cried, "you'll die now! And then I'll be by myself with your dead body and I will be so afraid of you!"

"My dead body won't hurt you," Fränzchen said, wrinkling her nose the same way Aunt Johanna sometimes does. "If I must die," she continued after a while, "let me hold Father Philipp's hand; for then I know I will go to his heaven."

[52] And there I will be reunited with the real Fränzchen, whose name I bear, and I will wait for you. When you see me again, Gretel, I will look completely different because I won't have a black outside any more, and you will see only white on me.

And so they started off again, but Gretel kept crying because she was worried every second she would be left completely alone in the bush—alone with Fränzchen's black, cold corpse. The day grew oppressively hot, and Fränzchen still lived.

. Two Negroes from father's mission station approached with a litter. Their names were Kalulu and Schumari and they had wandered about aimlessly until they found the children.

Oh, how wonderful it was to be able to stretch completely out on the litter where no thorns stuck them, and no insects crawled over them. Hand in hand the two children fell asleep, and when they woke again, they were at home and everyone stood around them and hovered over them and kissed them and cried. Yes, and even Auntie Johanna, who always said that it is improper and "common" to show your feelings, cried, and she was even the loudest of all. She kissed both children right in front of the eyes of the fat German postman, and what was the strangest of all—she kissed Fränzchen first.

The doctor said, if Gretel had remained just a little bit longer without nourishment in the pit, then she would have gotten malaria and would have died.

[53] The missionary had, in the meantime, found the foreign Negroes and went with them directly to the mission station, but they would have arrived too late at Gretel's hiding place. Fränzchen, the despised, little, black princess, had saved the life of her new sister.

And Gretel had learned that the worth of a person does not lie in his skin color, and from now on she was very fond of the Negro child and all her black brothers and sisters at the mission station.

But one more thing you must hear: As the natives saw how the two children in the litter were being carried around, they cried bitterly. And as they noticed how scratched and torn both looked, they stood in a ring around the litter and went backwards on their heels, threw their heads back and howled and wailed with a terrible noise. There is almost nothing more monotonous and soothing as when Negroes cry! It sounds just like when a big Newfoundlander howls because he feels lonely. They were truly sad from their hearts and didn't just cry because they were afraid of the punishment. They even begged the missionary that he would hit them, and since he didn't do that, they hit themselves with thorny twigs. ---Uledi, who had thought the whole thing up, hit his head on a tree the whole time, bored his broad nose in the sand and howled the loudest of all.

