

By treating the people kindly and wisely he completely won their hearts, and when they found that he knew so much they made him king or governor of Sarawak in Borneo.

This Englishman's name was James Brooke, and he was afterwards called Sir James Brooke, but the people in Borneo called him Rajah, and as Rajah Brooke he was always known. The word Rajah means king or prince.

When this Englishman found himself placed in this high position, he began to think that he ought to do something for the souls of the people who so willingly placed themselves under his care. So he went to England to try to get teachers or missionaries for them. This was a long time ago. It was in 1847. The Rajah Brooke saw that the best way to make his people good and happy was to teach them to be Christians. Two clergymen, Rev. Frank McDougall and Rev. W. Wright, with their wives, set sail for Borneo, and soon commenced missionary work there. They have now churches, mission houses, and schools, and some day it is hoped they will all become Christians.

The Rajah Brooke had some trouble and was obliged to return to England to answer some charges that had been made against him. But all men agreed that he had done a great work among the people of Borneo and was a good man. He died in England in 1868, but his name will never be forgotten in Borneo.

MY ADVENTURES.

BY A PIECE OF SILVER.

NOW, I am not going to give you the history of my whole life—it began too long ago—or even of my roving with the gallant captain, or the years spent at Malta. I must pass over all that and begin my story when we lived at Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, in the Mission House, with its cool rooms and wide verandahs. Lovely flowers used to peep in at the windows, and the air was heavy with their sweet scent. As I said before, I am an old traveller and accustomed to strange places, but this was the strangest I had ever visited. The weather was very trying: it rained every evening, and damp is bad for the color of all old family plate. My master was the first English missionary who had ever come there, and he and my mistress brought me and my companions because we were useful and made the place look like home. There were a good number of us—forks, spoons, teapot, and salvers, and we all wore the same crest of a lion dancing on his hind legs, with a crown on, and we were very proud of it.

It was a very bright, merry life we lived in those days, and the house was always full of people. There were crowds of Dyaks who used to come and sit in the verandahs and talk

to the bishop. They are the people of the country, and live in houses built on poles over the water; then the stately Malays, the ruling race, who had chosen Sir James Brooke to be their rajah or king, and who love to hunt and fight; lastly, Chinese, who were visitors like ourselves, who had come to work in the gold and silver mines up country, and trade in Kuching.

From time to time one of Her Majesty's English gun-boats would come up the river, and the mission house would be full of the officers, and we all shone on the dinner table. The only things which spoilt those hospitalities were the nasty little lizards which would run about on the ceiling and drop their tails into the soup. Usually, however, we were very quiet. At six every morning the church bell would ring for service, and again in the evening. The bishop was in and out all day, teaching and doctoring, and Mrs. McDougall divided her time between her own two baby girls and the little school children.

We had some dear little Chinese children who wore long smooth pig-tails, beside the Dyak and other children. We thought the Chinese were very harmless, but one day a strange and terrible noise was heard. It was very hot weather, but the sound was not thunder; it was firing guns. Into the house ran people from the native town, their arms full of goods, and dreadful news on their lips. The Chinese at the mines were very angry with the rajah, and they had come down in a great mob to kill all the English and any one who helped them. The town was taken by surprise, the rajah's house was burnt; he escaped, but many people were killed. The Malays ran away and hid their wives and children in the jungle before they would come back to fight.

The Chinese rebels sent a message to the bishop, however, that they would not hurt him if he would come and doctor their wounded, as there was no other doctor in the whole of Sarawak. Mrs. McDougall gathered her children and household round her, and prayed and read psalms to comfort them. The bishop came back, saying he heard one of the English ladies was lying wounded in a ditch and the Chinese would not let him have her; the eldest Chinese schoolboy must run and sit by her and take care of her, while he, the bishop, went to the head Chinaman, or Kungsi, to beg for her. Soon they carried her in. By this time the bishop had found some men to row his big boat, and my mistress and the children got safely away in the dark, but were only able to take a little food with them, and, as soon as she could be moved, poor Mrs. Crookshank in another boat with her nurse, and the rest of the mission party followed.

The bishop, at Kuching alone, sent word to

t
C
h
h
k
h
d
o
c
in
u
at
sh
ac
w
bu
th
un
sw
sig

ga
us
pa
Th
of
tha
giv
pai
to l
sho
All
shir
I w
Ho
the
mis
darl
me,
cart