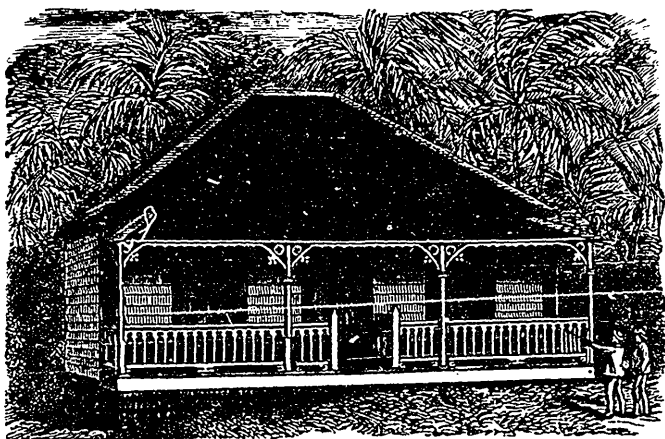


immense head of hair covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly-tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of his skin—a clear but decided black; and in spite of his paucity of attire, he looked every inch a king.”

Years of faithful effort and earnest prayer were at last crowned with success. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address the assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured; widows whose husbands he had slain; people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders. Those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he



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had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaw said:

“I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said ‘I will continue to fight.’ God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation, but now I know that it was the Lord’s doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.”

He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives, and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydia Samanunu. From this time, he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and