

and even strong missionary zeal; and now, as is well known, there are evangelical churches all over Turkey, and there is at Aintab a Sabbath school which has or had sixteen hundred scholars. The work has been done among communities where morals are widely separated from religion,—communities whose patriarchs are so publicly reputed unjust and corrupt, that Goodell in 1854 chronicles that the Sultan had them before him, among the other officers religious and civil, and admonished them not to oppress their people or receive bribes. We have sometimes wondered whether a little closer acquaintance with the ignorant superstitious clergy from whom they are so anxious to receive ecclesiastical recognition, would cure certain people at home of their foreign inclinations, and dispose them to look less unkindly on some of their nearer neighbours.

From what has been said, it will not have been difficult to gather some idea of the personal character of Goodell. From his age, his singularly happy temper and warm heart, his quiet sagacity, he was a guiding, fatherly spirit to the entire mission. On one occasion, late in his life, he rejoices in the "fine assortment of missionary babies" which had come together to a general council or union of missionaries, there being no fewer than sixteen under three years of age. He holds a prayer-meeting with the sixteen and their mothers, and preaches to some twenty-seven older ones. He describes the ragged Turkish boys, who carry forth the offal of Aintab on donkeys, riding back in a string at full gallop, and singing "I want to be an angel" at the top of voices never touched by bronchitis. In fact he delights in children and child-life, and he never touches it but with the hand of a lover of it and an artist. Perhaps there is nothing more affecting in his "Life" than his account of the death of his first-born son at the age of nine

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years and half. Then he has to part with his daughters, who are sent to America to complete their education; and after nearly breaking his heart over this, he receives a mysterious packet at a time when he had reason to suspect a plot against his life. He opens its many wrappers in awful seclusion at dead of night, with much prayer to God, and finds in the heart of the infernal machine daguerreotypes of his girls, whereupon in his joy he wakes the whole house to see the pictures.

Goodell never forgets he is a missionary. Indeed from first to last his Master's work is the one thought he has in him. He speaks little of his spiritual experience. He simply lives a life of strenuous, healthy labour directed to one end. And but one thing seems (1841) to excite him. When he saw the dawn of day in the Turkish Empire, he wrote to a brother missionary:

"Light is kindling up here and there. Truth is prevailing. Priests and people, in some cases, sit up all night to talk about the glorious gospel. I am sometimes quite feverish with excitement. I want to jump; I want to fly; I want a thousand tongues to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. We are unable to do the tenthousandth part we want to do. We do little more than stand and see the salvation of God."

In his most humorous letters, in descriptions, in business correspondence, pious wishes and prayers come forth with the naturalness of happy gestures from a child. There is in his piety nothing strained. His whole soul is permeated by Bible thoughts and feelings as much as his mind is saturated with Bible language. His humour flows into Bible words; and somehow it it does not shock or surprise, because the man is always at the same level, his entire living is in the same atmosphere. One cannot help conceiving a liking for him: he is so innocent, so good, so funny.