

Surinam, or anywhere else—viz., an apocalyptic and ecstatic tendency in religious matters.

King was apparently changed by *dreams* and *visions*. Day or night he might be found lying under a tree in a cataleptic trance, in which the strangest things passed through his mind. They touched on heaven and hell, or, rather, their equivalents in the hazy spiritual atmosphere which appeared to surround him; on his own sins, and those of his environment; on present duties and future rewards.

When he met the Moravian missionary Staehelin in 1893, he told him that the first vision came to him about 1850, when he was about twenty years old.

Let him tell his own peculiar story.

"I was," he says, "sick, nigh unto death.

"My relatives surrounded me, and groaned and yelled by turns. At last a silence as of death ensued, and I lost consciousness. Then I saw a beautiful land, and before me I saw large tables filled with cups of chocolate and other delicacies. With great diffidence I approached, but the guests urged me to come and partake of their repast. Then the scene changed. An Indian came and motioned to me to follow him. He brought me to a dreadful place, and pointed to large tubs filled with oil. 'There are,' he said, 'those who atone by fire for the sins they have committed. They stand up to their knees in burning oil.'

"All around me I saw fire; my whole body seemed to glow and my feet to burn.

"Do you feel the heat?' my guide asked.

"Yes,' I answered, 'and it hurts me.'

"Now, then,' he continued, 'when you shall have returned to the earth, tell your people what you have seen, and say: "If you do not repent, this will be your fate."'

"Where am I?' I asked, and he replied, 'You are in hell.'

"Then he disappeared."

In this remarkable dream King further was shown "the being who had brought all evil in the world," and who was in great torments and pain. In unspeakable agony of soul King began to moan and wail, which his friends considered to be his death struggle. Finally all his suffering found vent in the one great cry, "O Gado, savi mo vi!" ("O God, have mercy on me!")

Hardly had this cry passed his lips but a vision of light appeared—a being with glistening arms and eyes like flames of fire, and a soft voice was heard, "I am the Mediator between God and man. Go to the city and tell the missionaries what you have seen, and they will teach you to read God's book and to write. And now return to the earth; from this moment on thou art My servant." Consciousness then returned, and King slowly recovered from his mortal illness.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the veracity of this strange story. It seems to have been an actual experience in King's life, and it certainly was the beginning of a new existence. Staehelin and the other Moravian