Appendix-I

LIFE LESSON OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln, Sixteenth President of the United States of America, was the man who brought liberty to almost four million black Americans, held as slaves in the cotton growing states of the south. The president who freed the slaves was himself born poor dirt poor. The place where he came into the world, on February 12, 1809, was a log cabin beside Nolin Creek, in the state of Kentucky. The lessons of his life offer some valuable ideas on how you too can make the most effective use of your time and talents.

Self Education

Abraham Lincoln had an incredible amount of curiosity and eagerness to learn. His actual schooling, though, was haphazard: a month here and a month there, snatched in backcountry schools between one turn of the farming cycle and the next. With the encouragement of his mother, Abraham worked his way through the Bible, through great novels like Robinson Crusoe, and through solid books of fact like a history of the USA and a life of its first president, George Washington. After reading them all, he would read them all again and again. He even read when he was working, between preparing one furrow and the next. Abraham Lincoln spent most of his childhood helping his father on the land. He went to school only for a year. But, hungry for everything he could find out about the world outside Pigeon Creek, he tirelessly read and re-read his tiny store of books.

He read diligently. If by chance he heard of a book that he had not read he would walk miles to borrow it. Among other volumes borrowed from one Crawford was Weem’s life of Washington. He read it with great earnestness. He took it to bed with him in the loft and read till his ‘nubbin’ of candle burned out. Then he placed the book between the logs of the cabin, that it might be near as soon as it was light enough in the morning to read. On one of these occasions in the night a heavy rain came up and he woke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could, he went
to Crawford and told him of the mishap. As he had no money to pay for the damaged book, he offered to work out the value of it. Crawford fixed the price at three days work, and the future president pulled corn for three days, thus becoming owner of the coveted volume. Lincoln was never ashamed to confess the deficiencies of his early education.

What lesson can be learned about education from Lincoln?

Using Time Wisely

Lincoln went on with the self education that he started back on Little Pigeon Creek. He studied mathematics; he worked hard on English to dissect the bare bones of formal grammar that underlay the language he wrote and spoke. He had now added another ambition to his list: he planned to become a lawyer. He decided to take his self-education a stage further. He borrowed all the law books he could find, and started studying in real earnest. He used to walk thirty-four miles a day to hear Mr. John A. Breckenridge the foremost lawyer of the community. Three years later, in March, 1837, aged twenty eight, he qualified as a fully-fledged lawyer and in April he left New Salem for good, to try his luck in the state capital, Springfield. London rode into Springfield on a borrowed horse, with his belongings in saddle bags and his feet dangling level with the horse's hooves. But he had nowhere to live, and hardly any money either: just seven dollars in the world. It wasn't even enough to buy a bed. The storekeeper he tried to buy a bed from took a liking to this tall, glum-looking customer. He offered lodgings over the store free. Lincoln settled in and his intelligence and speaking skills soon brought him a name for being a first-rate lawyer.

What lessons can be learned about using time from Lincoln?

Lincoln and Slavery

Lincoln was kind, not just with his heart, but with his head. It went without saying that he respected the law, but he did more than that. He respected people: their different outlooks, their different dreams and hopes,
their right to be themselves, not what he or anyone else wanted them to be. He hated wrong and oppression everywhere. Lincoln really became an antislavery man in 1831, during his visit to New Orleans, where he was deeply affected by the horrors of the traffic in human beings. When he saw a slave, a beautiful Mulato girl, sold at auction.

Later, as a president, he was kind-hearted he knew about sorrow, and always pardoned deserters if he could. But it was more than a pardon that he signed on 1st day of January 1863. It was a reprieve for a whole people. It was a signal that for the first time in many generations, they could come fully, legally alive as human beings. "I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated status, and parts of states, are, and henceforward shall be free".

What lesson can be learned from this act of Lincoln?

Lincoln and Honesty

His tact, ability and honesty was far trusted. It was while Lincoln was a salesman that he acquired the sobriquet of ‘Honest Abe’. One evening he found his cash overran a little, and he discovered that in changing a note for his last customer, he had made a mistake, not having given her quite enough. Although the amount was small, a few cents, he took the money immediately, walked to her house, and corrected the error.

At another time, on his arrival at the store in the morning, he found on the scales a weight which he remembered having used just before closing, but which was not the one he had intended to use. He had sold a parcel of tea, and in a hurry he had placed the wrong weight on the scales, so that the purchaser had a few ounces less of tea than had been paid for. He immediately sent the quantity required to make up the deficiency.

A small balance due to the government remained in the hands of Lincoln at the discontinuance of the office. Meanwhile, his struggle with poverty was unabated, and he had often been obliged to borrow money from his friends to purchase the barest necessities. It was at this juncture
that the agent of the United States called for a settlement of his post-office accounts. He went over to his trunk at his boardinghouse and returned with an old blue sock with a quantity of silver and copper coin tied up in it. Untying the sock, he poured the contents on the table and proceeded to count the coins, which consisted of such silver and copper pieces as used for paying postage. On counting it up, there was found the exact amount of the draft to a cent, and in the identical coins which had been received. He never, under any circumstances, used trust funds. These and many similar incidents are told regarding his scrupulous honesty in the most trifling matters.

What lesson can be learnt from his Honesty?

Lincoln and Courage

One day, while showing goods to two or three women in Offutt's store, a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using much profanity and evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln, still cool, told him that if he would wait until the ladies retired, he would hear what he had to say and give him any satisfaction he desired. Lincoln heard his boasts and his abuse for a time, and finding that he was not to be put off without a fight, said, 'Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man'. The upshot of the matter was that the man became his life-long friend and was a better man from that day.

What lesson can be learnt from Lincoln's courage?

Kindness and Sympathy

Abraham was a sensitive lad, never coming where he was not wanted; He would act as a judge, arbitrator, referee and authority in all disputes, games and matches whether of man-flesh or horse-flesh. He was the peacemaker in all quarrels. He was everybody's friend, the best natured, most sensible, best informed, most modest, unassuming, kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, young fellow in all New Salem or the region about.
What lessons can be learned about being kind and sympathetic from Lincoln?

**Abraham and Spirituality**

The spiritual side of Lincoln's nature was so highly organized that it rendered superfluous much of the experience which to most men is indispensable—the choicest prerogative of genius. It lifted him above the world, above most of the men who surrounded him, and gave him a wisdom in emergencies which is bestowed only on those who love their fellow-man as themselves.

**Lincoln and Hard-Work**

A story which belongs to this period was told by Lincoln himself to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the Executive Mansion at Washington. The President said; "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" 'No', rejoined Mr. Seward. "Well", continued Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they call down south the 'Serubs'. We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labour, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and the bundle, down to the southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make down to the shore in carriages with trunks. When some people came there. Looking at the different boats, they singled out mine and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do' 'Will you take us and our trunks to the steamer?', asked one of them. 'Certainly', said I. I was glad to have the chance of earning something. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work. The world seemed wider and fairer to me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time".

What lessons can be learned about hardwork from Lincoln?
Appendix-I

Questions for Discussion

1. How do these life lessons apply in learning and study in school?

2. What memorable life experiences have enlarged your own views concerning the productive use of time and talent?

3. How do these life lessons prove helpful in your daily life activities?
LIFE LESSON OF MOTHER TERESA

Mother Teresa born on August 26, 1910, the daughter of an Albanian Builder. There was never any doubt where her life would go. At twelve she decided to become a nun. And it was in Calcutta, that she arrived in 1929 to become a teacher. Poverty, Chastity, obedience and charity were four vows of her life. Mother Teresa was the youngest of three children. Her Albanian father died in mysterious circumstances when she was seven; from her mother, who struggled to rear the three children, she imbibed her deep faith, her charitableness, a fierce determination and even a sense of frugality. She received over 50 national and international awards. Armed only with an abundance of faith, she proceeded a small step at a time; today she has established multinational organizations in over 120 countries that serves her special constituency of the homeless, destitute, hungry and dying. In the process, she became one of the world's principal conscience keepers. She reached out to people of all faiths. Mother Teresa came to India because it was a mission country.

What lesson can be learnt from Mother Teresa's life?

Mother Teresa and Simplicity

A European woman wearing a cheap Sari, with neither money nor helper, must have presented a strange sight. It did not deter her from entering a slum, gathering a few children around her, picking up a stick and drawing the letters of the Bengali alphabet on the ground. People recognized it when they saw it. Soon someone donated a chair, another a blackboard; teachers volunteered their services until the school became a reality. From school she went on to build dispensary & from the dispensary to a home for the dying, where the poor could die in peace and some dignity. Within two years, Mother Teresa became a well known name among her chosen people, the poorest of the poor. Slightly built and diminutive, Mother Teresa eschewed public notice, working in the obscurity of the slums. But her humble approach could not hide the greatness of her work. She herself had no personal property or savings. But her real wealth was Himalayan in size—
the millions of destitutes orphaned and abandoned sufferers around the world.

‘As to my calling I belong to the whole world’, she said.

What lesson can be learnt from the simplicity from Mother Teresa?

Brave Teresa

Once in one of the charitable organizations she was running, a woman wailing hysterically climbed on a bed, reached towards a high skylight and began beating on the glass pane with her fists. Any moment the glass might splinter. Mother Teresa went to the cubicle, opened the door and pleaded with the girl to come down. The latter calmed down and submissively allowed Mother, arm around her shoulders, to walk her back to her cell. There is another incident when mother Teresa was attending to lepers: A frightened bull charged into the lawn. It seemed that nothing could prevent the maddened animal from running amok among the terrified lepers. Mother stepped forward directly into the path of the bull and stretched her arms wide. It stopped and turned and walked quietly away.

What lesson can be learnt from Mother’s act?

Mother Teresa and Spirituality

Mother Teresa placed great emphasis on the need for each novice to have a spiritual link with someone sick and suffering and found people in Europe willing to take on that commitment. On one occasion a beggar approached her saying, “I also want to give you something.” He presented her a ten paise coin. "This is all I have got today; please accept it". “The gift of this poor man”, said mother, "caused me more happiness than the large sums others had given . He had given all he had, while the others had given out of their surplus. Do you know the members of your family; of your locality? Do you care for them? Do you try to make them happy? First do that and then think of the poor of India”.

What lesson can be learnt from this message of mother?
Service of Sick and Poor: The Beginning

One day in 1954, Mother Teresa found a woman lying on the pavement in front of a Calcutta hospital. The woman was dying and she seemed unaware of the rats and ants crawling at her shrivelled feet. Mother Teresa picked up the woman and carried her into the hospital where she was told that the woman could not be admitted. But Mother Teresa refused to give up. She went to the municipality and requested them to give her a place. The authorities were surprised at this unusual request coming from a woman who was obviously a foreigner though she wore a cotton Sari. Later, the Health Officer offered her free use of the Dharamshala of the Kali Temple. Within twenty four hours she started to work there. It was given the name Nirmal Hriday. Through this institution she has affirmed the preciousness of each human life.

What lesson can be learnt about the service of sick from Mother Teresa?

Messages of Mother Teresa

Listening groups

Very old people love to have somebody listen to them and talk to them. They need to talk to somebody even if only to tell a story of thirty years ago. To offer this service, listen when nobody else wants to, is a very beautiful thing.

Joy: Joy is prayer; joy is strength, joy is love, joy is a net of love by which we can catch souls.

A drop in the ocean: What we are doing is just a drop in the ocean. Sometime back, two young people came to our house and gave me lots of money. And I said, "Where did you get so much money?" They said: "Two days ago we got married, and before the marriage, we decided not to buy any wedding clothes; we would have no wedding feast. We love each other so much that we wanted to share the joy of loving with the people you serve. Perhaps only a smile, a little visit or simply the fact of building a fire for someone, writing a letter for a blind person, bringing a few coals, finding a
pair of shoes, this is only a little bit, yes, a very little bit, but it will be our love of God in action. The biggest disease today is not leprosy or tuberculosis but rather the feeling of being unwanted, uncared for and deserted by everybody. True holiness consists in doing God’s will with a smile.’

**Angry at wasted resource:** I get angry sometimes when I see waste, when things that we waste are what people need; things that would save them from dying.

**Prayer:** Prayer will give you a clean heart and a clean heart will be able to see God. And if you see God in each other, you will live with one another.

**Love and faith:** Love and faith go together. Bring love into your home, for this is where our love for each other must start. Simple acts of love and care keep the light of God burning. Our work is to encourage people. Every work of love done with a full heart brings people to God. We must deepen our life of love and prayer and sacrifice. Never think that a small action done to your neighbour is not worth much. It depends on how much love we put into the doing.

Faith is lacking because there is so much selfishness and so much gain only for self. But faith, to be true, has to be a giving love.

**Hold your tongue:** You know what you can do, but you do not know how much the other can bear. Unless your work is interwoven with love, it is useless. Keep the joy of loving God, and share that joy with all you meet. Make your home the centre of burning love. You must be the hope of eternal happiness to your wife, husband, child, grandfather, grandmother, to whoever is connected with you.

What lessons can be learnt from above messages of Mother Teresa?

**Mother Teresa and Her Impression**

A 20 year old well-to-do Bengali university student narrates his first encounter with Mother Teresa.
"Having taken French leave from college one day, I was on my way to join some friends at a cinema house in Sealdah, when I found myself being beckoned by a nun in a white Sari. The nun was Mother Teresa herself and I did not know her then. The nun wanted my help to pick up a half-dead man sprawled over a garbage heap. I was simply horrified. The man's body was decomposing and emitting a foul stench—but the nun's face appealed to me as no one's had ever done before. Almost in a trance I found myself helping her. Something made me jump into the ambulance and go with them to their home. There I went down on my knees and helped to wash the dying man's feet. I felt then that this was the first worthwhile act that I had ever done in my whole life”.

There was little girl in America who just had her first holy communion. She told her parents, "I already have a white dress. Please send my communion dress to Mother Teresa so that she can give it to a poor child". The parents of that child wrote to me and said, "It would not have occurred to us. Our little girl has taught us the joy of sharing what we have".

"A little boy in Calcutta was having a birthday. His parents always gave him a lot of presents and a big party. One particular year, he asked them to give all the money they wanted to spend on him to Mother Teresa. So on the morning of the birthday, they brought him down in the car and handed me an envelope with the money in it. Then the father said, "If my child is doing this, I also will give up something". So he gave up drinking. The mother said, "Since my child is doing this, I also will give up something. I'll give up smoking". So it was a gift from the father the mother and the child. It was a beautiful sacrifice".

What lessons can be learnt from above impressions of Mother Teresa?

**Mother Teresa and difficulties**

"In the beginning we weren't accepted at all. We had quite a lot of trouble. At one time some young people were going around threatening to destroy what we had built and our people were getting more and more frightened. One day I said, 'If this is the way you want it, you may kill me, I..."
Appendix-I

will go straight to heaven. But you must stop this nonsense. You cannot go on like this. After this the trouble ended and everything was all right."

Q. How should we face difficulty?

Q. Write down your own experience after going through this life lesson?
LIFE LESSON OF MAHATMA GANDHI

Can you imagine life without freedom, equality and justice? Thankfully, you do not have to, largely because of Mahatma Gandhi, quite possibly one of the world’s greatest humanitarians. The lessons of his life offer some valuable ideas on how you too can make yourself and others happy.

A Great Teacher

A great teacher appears once in a while. Several centuries may pass by without the advent of such a one. He lives his precepts before he preaches them. Such a teacher was Gandhi. Gandhi’s life was rooted in India’s religious tradition, with its emphasis on a passionate search for truth, a profound reverence for life, the ideal of non-attachment and readiness to sacrifice all for the knowledge of God. He lived his whole life in the perpetual quest of truth. Gandhi’s religion was a rational and ethical one. He would not accept any belief which did not appeal to his reason or any injunction which did not commend itself to his conscience.

What lesson can be learnt from Gandhi’s personal philosophy?

Gandhi and Non-Violence

He believed that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence and forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Strength does not come from physical power; it comes from an indomitable will. If we believe in God, not merely with our intellect but with our whole being, we will love all mankind without any distinction of race or class, nation or religion. All men are brothers and no human being should be a stranger to another. The welfare of all should be our aim. This view leads naturally to the adoption of non-violence as the best means for solving all problems, national and international. Gandhi was the first person in human history to extend the principle of non-violence from the individual to the social and political plane. In the struggle for India’s independence, he insisted that we should adopt civilized methods of non-violence and suffering. Non-violence is the only force that can deliver the world from the menace of nuclear weapons.
We use aggression even in words. Harsh judgments, ill-will and anger are all insidious forms of violence. Truth and non-violence are the silent stars keeping holy vigil above a tired and turbulent world. In these days of increasing intolerance and embitterment, the creative flame that kindled the great human society is languishing. He who wrongs no one fears no one. He has nothing to hide and so is fearless.

What can be learnt from this spirit of Gandhi?

Gandhi and Morality

He believed that what is possible for one is possible for all. Gandhi used to be very shy to the extent of avoiding all company. His books and his lessons were his sole companions. He was even afraid lest anyone should poke fun at him. There is an incident which occurred at the examination during his first year at the high school and which is worth recording. Mr. Giles, the educational inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set the students five words to write as a spelling exercise. One of the words was ‘kettle’. Gandhi misspelled it. The teacher tried to prompt him with the point of his boot, but he would not be prompted. He was revolted by the fact that he was being egged on to copy from his neighbor’s slate by his own teacher who was there to ensure that nobody cheated. The result was that all the boys, except Gandhi, were found to have spelt every word correctly. Only he had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring this ‘stupidity’ home to him, but without effect. He could never bring himself to resort to any unfair practice. But one thing took deep root in him—the conviction that morality is the basis of all action, and that truth is the substance of all morality. Truth became his sole objective.

What lesson can be learnt from this act of Morality from Gandhi?

Gandhi and Untouchability

He regarded untouchability as the greatest blot on Hinduism. At the age of eighteen, he went to England............ Everything was strange—the people, their ways, and even their dwellings. He always felt tongue tied......He
was at a loss to know how to express himself. However, the one great benefit that he derived from his sojourn there was fortitude. He had to face so many hardships because he was a 'Coloured man'. But he had made it a rule not to go to court in respect of any personal grievance.

What lesson can be learnt from this act of Gandhi?

**Gandhi and Service of poor**

In Gandhi's own words: “Service of the poor has been my heart's desire. I had put in scarcely three or four months' practice, and the Congress also was still in infancy, when a Tamil man in tattered clothes, headgear in hand, two front teeth broken and his mouth bleeding, stood before me trembling and weeping. He had been heavily belaboured by his master. I sent him to a doctor. In those days only white doctors were available. I wanted a certificate from the doctor about the nature of the injury Balasundram had sustained. I secured the certificate. Balasundram's case reached the ears of every indentured labourer, and I came to be regarded as their friend."

In South Africa, he found time to serve in the small hospital. This meant two hours every morning, including the time taken in going to and from the hospital. This work brought him some peace. It brought him in close touch with suffering Indians, most of them indentured Tamil, Telugu or North Indians. The experience stood him in good stead, when during the Boer war, he offered his services for nursing the sick and wounded soldiers.

What lesson can be learnt from this act of Gandhi?

**Gandhi and Truth**

Declaring that truth is like a vast tree, which yields more and more fruit the more one nurtured it, he discarded all wealth, all possession, just to serve the people. A great burden fell off his shoulders, and he felt that he could now walk with ease and work in the service of his fellow men, with great comfort and still greater joy. Truth resides in every human heart and one has to search for it there, and to be guided by truth as one sees it. But no one has a right to coerce others to act according to his own view of truth. The path of
truth is straight and narrow. It is like the edge of a sword. The ideals of truth and love are, as Gandhi used to say, as old as the hills. 'Love begets love and trust begets trust', is the law of nature, which Gandhi demonstrated by his 'experiments' in which there was no room for falsehood or fraud.

What lesson can be learnt from Gandhi about truth?

**International Peace**

Self-love compels regard for others. It is impossible for one to be an internationalist without being a nationalist. Internationalism is possible only when nationalism becomes a fact; i.e. when people belonging to different countries have organized themselves and are able to act as one man.

What can be learnt from this idea of Gandhi?

**Gandhi and Spiritualism**

Gandhi was a master spirit with a difference, a master who was democratic to the very core of his being. His mission was to awaken the masses to the power of the spirit, to convince the world that the spiritual potential of truth and love, of freedom and responsibility, was present in the humblest mortal on earth. The cure for the ills of materialism is not more materialism, but spirituality based on voluntary simplicity and mutual service.

Gandhi did not write or speak like a prophet or a preacher. He wanted no one to act on the authority of his words. He only wanted people to listen to their own inner voice and obey it. He was richly rewarded for this democratic spirit. No man in history commanded such willing obedience from so many for so long.

Q. What lesson can be learnt from above act of Gandhi?

Q. Which experiences according to you can be acquired from this life lesson?
LIFE LESSON OF FATHER DAMIEN

Father Damien was a man who lived and died for the victims of leprosy. No one knows how long the illness has existed. In the Middle ages, the word 'leper' filled everyone with terror. People who had leprosy had the funeral service said over them, just as if they were already dead. They were given a bell or a rattle to warn everyone to keep away and were sent off to live as best they could. Some monasteries built places where they could find shelter, but most lived out a lonely and desperate life. It is especially sad to realize that many of them had not got leprosy at all, but only skin complaints that frightened other people. Despite medical advances over the centuries, the old, old fear was still there. But just over one hundred years ago, one brave and good man was to help change life for everyone with leprosy, not only on Molokai, in Hawaii but all over the world. His name was Damien.

Josef de Veuster-Wouters was born in Tremeloo in Belgium, on January 3rd, 1840. He grew up a cheerful, ordinary boy, known to everyone as Jef. He lived a happy life at home, often helping the local builder, Janneke Roef. He learned carpentry and did all manner of odd jobs for him. His family was solid, respectable and Flemish. Jef's father wanted him to go into business and build a successful career for himself; but he felt restless and miserable.

At the school where he had been sent, the realization came to Jef that what he wanted to be was a priest. When the inevitable disclosure was finally made to his understanding family, they interposed no objection. Jef thus went to Louvain in 1859 and joined the Sacred Heart Order, taking the name of Damien. He started studying Latin in 1860 and was sent to Paris to learn Greek and philosophy in addition to Latin. It was here, when he was twenty one, that the turning point came in his life. A Bishop from Hawaii had addressed the students and expressed his desire to take some of them back with him. Damien was immediately fixed by the zeal to work there and after a series of fortuitous accidents, set sail in November 1983 on the four month voyage to the other side of the world.
He was sailing to a life unlike anything he had ever known. It seemed an immense distance away and the journey took four months. They arrived in March 1864 at Honolulu, on Oahu. Damien at once started to learn his fifth language, Kanaka, so that he could speak to the local people in their own tongue.

What lesson can be learnt from this urge of Damien?

Father Damien and his work

Damien had seen leprosy before, but what he saw now horrified him. The people were dirty and disfigured – in many cases the disease was far advanced and their hands and feet were mere stumps. They looked less like men and women than terrible ghosts. As the breakers roared up the beach behind them, the Bishop spoke to the little crowd, telling them that this was the priest they had asked for and that Father Damien would stay and look after them. Damien felt horror and loneliness sweep over him. He felt that he had neither the skills nor the knowledge needed for such a job. But he decided to tackle things a day at a time. After all he was better than nothing! His first sight of the leper village of Kalawao at the foot of the cliffs stunned him. It was far worse than anything he had imagined. As he looked around him, he realized that any idea of finding an abandoned hut to sleep in must be forgotten. The huts were windowless and dark, filthy and stinking. Damien knew that it would do no good to hustle the inhabitants. He must take things very quietly, letting them see that he really did want to help them. Damien made himself a broom of palm leaves and began to sweep the floor. There were holes in the walls and litter scattered everywhere. Damien cleared away the debris and filled in the holes, quietly busy.

Gradually people came to watch, though no one offered to help. Damien noted that although many people were badly affected by the leprosy, some showed scarcely any marks of it at all. A woman brought him some fruit on a leaf and Damien took it from her. Damien found that one of the hardest things to bear as he explored the village was the appalling smell of the huts, the people and the loathsome graveyard. Luckily, he had with him something
that would solve the problem. At the end of the first day he lay down to sleep under a pandanus tree which was to be his bed until he had managed to build himself a little house. Everywhere was dirt and neglect. The people had lost all pride and any hope of things ever getting better. How could even the best of men and women fight the dirt when every drop of water had to be carried half a mile with crippled hands and feet? How could they look after their injuries when there were no medicines and no bandages? No wonder they were suspicious of Damien. Many had given up any attempt to live a normal life and passed their days and nights in drunkenness and gambling. Some terrorized the weak, stealing the little they had and far worse, others took orphaned children to live as their slaves, abandoning them when they became too sick and weak to work any more. “Here, there is no law”. Damien kept hearing those words as he went around the villages, and they worried him far more than the poverty, sickness and dirt. What could he do?

In the first weeks he smashed the idols which they had used to frighten the ignorant, invaded the huts and rescued the orphaned children, ignoring the protests of their captors. The bullies cowered away from him and little by little, Damien brought order back to Kalawao. He was not only angry with the things which were wrong, but he was also worried about the non-Christian customs of the people who still followed their old traditions. For all that, Damien wanted the settlers to have a far better life than the one they had, and they needed someone like him, who could give them back their self-respect.

What could Damien do? There was so much that needed doing he scarcely knew where to start. He needed everything. This was the start of a life-long career as the Man on Molokai who always wanted something and nagged the world until he got it. There was no judge or policeman, no teacher, no doctor or nurse, no expert on building or farming or anything else on the peninsula. Damien had to be all these on his own. He settled arguments, cleaned and bandaged wounds, repaired the hospital and the church—all in addition to his duties as a priest. He had always worked twice as hard as everyone else. People died everyday. He nursed them, held their...
hands, comforted them, but he could not save their lives. The first funeral had shocked him. The wild pigs had invaded the graveyard, rooting out the bodies and scattering bones everywhere.

Damien resolved that everyone who died should at least have a decent burial. He made proper coffins and dug deep graves and said the funeral prayers. In his first six years on Molokai, he was to make most of the coffins and dig graves for one thousand six hundred people. Damien went out of his way to make the church services as beautiful as he knew how. He made the building bright with fresh flowers. Few came to his church in the beginning; but gradually more and more ventured in, to be together and sing and to hear what Damien had to say them.

It helped them feel less isolated from the world. The newspapers on Oahu and Hawaaii had very quickly got to hear of Damien and published articles about his work. The people who read them felt guilty that they had never thought much about Molokai before and organized collections of food and clothes for Damien and his people. He went to Honolulu once, in July 1873, to collect all the good things people had collected for him and to argue with the government for more help. Horrified, the government said he must never leave the peninsula again. He must not even board the boat that called there, to have a word with friends who were abroad. This was almost too much for Damien to bear. He could not believe it. He, a healthy man, was to be condemned to the life of a “leper”. He had never been so hurt or depressed. Aubert, his old friend, told him that influential people were doing their very best to get the ban lifted…. And after a very short time it was, early in 1874.

Time was passing and Damien had settled in as if he had never lived anywhere else. He had a little one-room hut now, with a thin mattress on the floor and some rather battered furniture. His clothes were growing shabbier with every passing week. Damien still worried about the children, especially the orphans. He begged the Bishop to send nuns to look after them, but nothing happened. God had called him to minister to the leprosy victims of Molokai.
Molokai, even unto death, and he accepted that call courageously and steadfastly despite all the problems he had to contend with. That, of course, didn’t stop him from continually writing, complaining and asking for more for his people. Weeks turned to months and months to years. Damien struggled on with native helpers, willing and kindly, but untrained.

Damien cared little for comfort or dignity for himself— all he wanted was care for his people. His battle with the officials, safe and snug on the bigger islands, was making him tired and bitter. He kept up his barrage of letters to the Hawaiian government, begging them to send timber, nails, tools, anything he could use to put up proper housing. The Hawaiian government behaved as though it was stone deaf. Damien was reaching boiling point. A typhoon hit Molokai in late 1874. All night long it raged; the sea roaring and crashing against the rocks, the palm trees lashing in the fury of the wind. The people huddled together as the rotten thatch of their homes was ripped away by the gale.

The ramshackle huts simply disintegrated. Morning found a wet dejected population, but Damien was delighted. He wrote once more. This time even the officials could not say that it was an unnecessary request. Eventually, a ship anchored there and a load of timber and nails was put ashore. There were, of course, no carpenters or builders; but Damien and the villagers had repaired the Church and fenced the graveyard— what were a few huts? Many of villagers were too sick to help, and some too lazy; but Damien had eight willing helpers. This time, the houses were real houses, well made and decent places to live in. Damien and his crew built three hundred houses in the end and now he, too, had a proper house of his own instead of a hut. It was as bare and poor, but it was dry, clean and a place where people could find him if they needed him.

The water supply on the peninsula had always been a nightmare. There was a source of good water, but it was too far away to be of much use, over half a mile from Kalawao. It needed to be piped to the village; so he wrote to the government officers and asked for pipes. Nothing happened. He
got together the fittest, strongest men he could find and they set out to lay pipes all the way from the distant pool to the settlement. It was hard work, hacking and digging and dragging the pipes to where they were needed, and it took months of work. But one glorious day, the people gathered in the village to see the taps turned on for the first time, and a steady stream of clear, cold, bright water gushed into their bowls. It was another huge step forward. The pipeline was extended to Kalaupapa in 1888. Bishop Maigret and Father Albert Montitor arrived on a pastoral visit and Damien was as pleased as a small boy, showing them the changes he had made—the improvements, the houses, the church. The people of the two villages were delighted beyond belief. Damien positively glowed and his people were as pleased as he was of course. By 1885, Damien was suffering from leprosy himself and couldn’t manage as well as he had in the past, but he never lost his temper with the leprosy victims.

Damien took to building again—this time an orphanage for the boys. He had already built one for the little girls and installed a lady to act as cook, cleaner and mother of them. Now, forty boys were safely housed, though it was years before he could get proper staff to look after them. Damien even built a school, which grew as the years went by.

In 1881 came a great excitement. Princess regent Liliuokalam was coming on a visit! Damien showed her some of the things that had been done and she was so impressed that when she got home she sent many things the settlement needed. Damien was wonderfully happy.

But Damien was a very sick man. However hungry he was, he felt awful the moment he ate anything. His heart was failing; his eyes growing dim; his voice fading to a whisper. His skin was horribly ulcerated and his nose damaged. The doctors were appalled to see the speed of the advance of the disease. His ears were swollen, his eyebrows falling out, his left leg very painful. But still he forced himself to go on working. Although Damien had been very ill, he refused to take to his bed. As leprosy destroyed his body, he seemed to become even more cheerful and outgoing than before—but he
could not fight off much longer. Soon, Damien that difficult kind good man, was dead. But all over the world, people who read of him and what he had done, became far more aware than they had been about the scourge of leprosy.

Q. What precept do you think you can acquire from this lesson to apply in your life?
LIFE LESSON OF PRASCOVIA

Prascovia was the daughter of a captain in the Russian army who for some unknown reason had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the capricious and insane Czar Paul I. The Russian government, being despotic, was naturally inclined to be suspicious, and it had long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. Actual criminals were marched off in chains, and kept working in the mines; but political offenders were permitted to live with their families, have a weekly sum allowed for their support, and when it was insufficient, supplement it by any form of work they preferred, whether hunting or by such farming as the climate would allow. Under the Czars who reigned before the kind-hearted Alexander I, the banishment was far more terrible. It was not only being absent from home and friends, but was a deprivation of all the privileges of civilized life to suffer the utmost poverty and that in a climate of fearful severity, with a winter lasting nine months, and the sun unseen for many weeks of that time.

Her Early Life

Captain Lopouloff was condemned for life. He was placed in the village of Ischim far to the north of Tobolsk, and only obtained an allowance of ten kopeks a day. His wife and their little girl (Prascovia), about three years old, accompanied him, and the former adapted herself patiently to her situation, working hard at the common domestic chores, which she had been used to trust to servants. As little Prascovia grew older, she not only helped her mother, but gained employment in the village, going out to assist in the late and scanty rye harvest, and obtaining a small bundle of the rye as her wages. She was very happy, even in this wild dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment. His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and, as she said herself, it one day
darted into her mind like a flash of lighting, just as she finished saying her prayers, that she might go to Petersburg and obtain his pardon.

**Her Mission**

Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine trees to dream over it, and to pray that grace and strength might be given her for this great work—this exceeding bliss of restoring her father to his home. It seemed so impossible, that it died away upon her lips whenever she tried to ask her father's permission, till at last she set herself a time, at which nothing should prevent her from speaking. The day came; she went out among the whispering pines, and again prayed for strength to make her proposal, and that her father might be led to listen to it favorably. Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: "Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor", and he related all the scheme that had been laid before him with such a throbbing heart, in a tone of amusement. "She ought to be attending to her work instead talking nonsense", said the wife; and when poor Prascovia, more mortified at derision than by anger, began to cry bitterly, her mother held out a cloth to her, saying in a kind, half coaxing tone, "Here, my dear, dust the table for dinner, and then you may set off to Petersburg at your ease".

Still, day after day, Prascovia returned to the charge, entreating that her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and severely forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. During this time, her mother had a long and serious illness, and Prascovia's care, as both nurse and housewife, gave her father and mother such confidence in her, that they no longer regarded her as a child; and when she again ventured to bring her plan before them, they did not laugh at her, but besought her not to leave them in their declining years to expose herself to danger on so wild a project. She answered by tears, but she could not lay it aside.

What lesson can be learnt from the dedication of Prascovia?
Her Problems

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would have been immediately sent back to Ischim, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded, that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to Tobolsk would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow-exiles who drew up a request in due form for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner; she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was enclosed for her. Her father, however, seized it, and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey. Prascoria still persevered and her disappointment finally persuaded her mother to promise not to prevent her from going, provided her father consented; and at last he yielded. “What shall we do with this child?” He said; “We shall have to let her go”. Still he said, “Do you think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Poor even beggarly, without clothes or introductions, how could you approach him and who will deign to present you?” However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties; she had boundless confidence in the power to whom she had committed herself, and her own earnest will made obstacles seem as nothing. That her undertaking should not be disobedient was all she desired. And at length the consent was won, and 8th of September fixed for her day of departure.

Do you think such kind of confidence should be developed among children?

Her Tough Journey

When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian Custom, a short solemn silence, for private prayer for the traveller. Then, Prascovia, kneeling down, received her parents’ blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way—a girl of nineteen, with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign. Her parents and the two other poor
fellow exiles did their utmost for her by escorting her as far as they were allowed to go from Ischim, and they did not leave her till she had joined a party of girls on their way to one of the villages she had to pass. Once they had a fright from some half-tipsy lads; but they shook them off and reached the village, where Prascovia was known and hospitably lodged for the night. She was much tired in the morning, and when she first set forth on her way, the sense of terror at her loneliness was almost too much for her, till she thought of the angel who succored Hagar, and took courage; but she had mistaken the road, and by and by found herself at the last village she had passed the night before. Indeed, she often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at.

In the lesser hamlets, she was usually kindly received in the first cottage where she asked for shelter; but in larger places, at the houses of the rich, she was often treated as a suspicious looking vagabond. For instance, when not far from a place called Kamouicheff, she was caught in a furious storm at the end of a long day's march. She hurried on in the hope of reaching the nearest houses; but a tree was blown down just before her, and she thought it safer to hasten into a thicket, the close bushes of which sheltered her a little against the wind. Darkness came on before the storm abated enough for her to venture out, and there she stayed, without daring to move, though the rain at length made its way through the branches, and soaked her to the skin. At dawn, she dragged herself to the road, and was there offered a place in a cart driven by a peasant, who set her down in the middle of the village at about eight o'clock in the morning. She fell down while getting out, and her clothes were not only wet through with the night's drenching, but covered with mire. She was spent with cold and hunger, and felt herself such a deplorable object, that the neatness of the houses filled her with alarm. She, however, ventured to approach an open window, where she saw a woman shelling peas, and begged to be allowed to rest and dry herself; but the woman surveyed her scornfully, and ordered her off; and she met with no better welcome at any other house. "At least," thought the poor wanderer, "they cannot hunt me from the church"; but she found the door locked, and
when she sat down on its stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her, and called her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this terrible trial. At last, however, a kinder woman came through the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. Prascovia told what a terrible night she had spent in the wood, and the starast or village magistrate, examined her passport, and found that it answered for her character. The good woman offered to take her home. Prascovia had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen; indeed, she never entirely recovered the effects of that dreadful night of exposure.

Once she had a terrible fright. She had been refused an entrance at all the houses in a village street, when an old man, who had been very short and sharp in his rejection, came and called her back. She did not like his looks, but there was no help for it, and she turned back with him. His wife looked even more repulsive than himself, and no sooner had they entered the miserable one-roomed cottage, then she shut the door and fastened it with strong bolts, so that the only light in the place came from oak slips which were set on fire and stuck into a hole in the wall. By their flicker Prascovia thought she saw the old people staring at her most unpleasantly, and presently they asked her where she came from.

At last they gave her a few potatoes to eat, and told her to lie down on the great brick stove, the wide ledges of which are the favourite sleeping places of the poorer Russians. As soon as they thought her asleep, they began whispering. And next the horrified girl saw the old woman climbing up the stove. She again declared that she had no money, and entreated for her life; but the woman made no answer, only pulled the bag of from her neck, and felt her clothes all over, even taking off her boots, and opening her hands, while the man held the light. But at last, finding nothing in the bag but the passport, they left her alone, and lay down themselves. She lay trembling for a good while, but at last she knew by their breathing that they were both asleep, and she too, fell into a slumber from which she did not waken till the old woman roused her at broad daylight. There was a plentiful breakfast of
peasant fare prepared for her, and both spoke to her much more kindly, 
asking her questions, in reply to which she told them part of her story. They 
seemed interested and assured her that they had only searched her because 
they thought she might be a vagrant, but that she would find that they were far 
from being robbers themselves. Prascovia was heartily glad to leave their 
house; but when she ventured to look into her little store, she found that her 
eighty kopecks had become 120. She always fully believed that these people 
had the worst intentions, and thanked God for having changed their hearts.

Winter began to come on, and an eight day’s snowstorm forced her to 
stop till it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants 
declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even 
to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes it impossible 
to find the way and they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges, 
which were taking provisions to Ekatherinenburg for the Christmas feasts. 
The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her 
garments were not adapted for winter travelling, and though they covered her 
with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they arrived 
at a solitary posting-station, the intense cold had so affected her, that she was 
oblige to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frostbitten. The good 
carriers rubbed it with snow and took every possible care of her; but they said 
it was impossible to take her further without a sheepskin pelisse, since 
otherwise her death from the increasing cold was certain. She cried bitterly at 
the thought of missing this excellent escort, while on the other hand, the 
people there would not keep her. The carriers then agreed to contribute to buy 
er a sheepskin, but none could be had; no one at the station would spare 
theirs, as they were in a lonely place, and could not easily get another. Let us 
lend her our pelisses by turns, said one of the carriers. To this, all agreed; 
Prascovia was well wrapped up in one of the sheepskin pelisses, whose 
owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sung at 
the top of his lungs. Every once in a while there was a shifting of sheepskins, 
and there was much merriment over the changes, while all the way
Appendix-I

Prascovia’s silent prayers arose, that these kind men’s health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

At the inn at which they put up at Ekatherinenberg, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice on how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, however, she went to church. Her worn travelling dress, as well as her fervent devotion, attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed to where she could find Madame Milin whose benevolence was everywhere talked of. This good lady who was Madam Milin, kept her as a guest all the rest of the winter, and strove to remedy the effects of the severe cold she had caught on the night of the tempest.

At the same time, she taught Prascovia many of the common matters of education becoming her station. Prascovia had so entirely forgotten all she had known before her father’s banishment, that she had to learn to read and write all over again. She could never speak of Madame Milin’s kindness without tears, but the comfort and ease in which she now lived, made her all the more distressed at the thought of her parents toiling alone among the privations of their snowy wilderness. Madame Milin however, would not allow her to leave Ekatherinenburg till the spring, and then put her under the care of a man who was going to Nishni Novgorod, with a cargo of iron and salt. Unfortunately, this person fell sick, and was obliged to be left behind at a little village on the banks of the Khama, and Prascovia was again left unprotected. The bargemen set her ashore at the foot of a bridge at the usual landing-place. She saw a church on a rising ground before her, and according to her usual custom, she went up to pray there before going to seek a lodging. The building was empty, but behind a grating she heard the voices of women at their evening devotions. It was a nunnery, and, these female tones refreshed and encouraged her. One of the nuns who had remained there told her it was time to close the doors, and Prascovia ventured to tell her of her reluctance to enter an inn alone, and to beg for a night’s shelter in the convent. The nun,
pleased with her manner, took her to the abbess. Her artless story, supported by her passport, and by Madame Milin's letter, filled the good sisterhood with delight; the abbess made her sleep in her own room, and finding how severely she was suffering from the effects of her night of exposure of the storm, insisted on her remaining a few days to rest. Before when those few days were over, Prascovia was seized with so dangerous an illness that the physicians themselves despaired of her life; but even at the worst she never gave up. "I do not believe my hour is come", she said. "I hope God will allow me to finish my work"; and she did recover and at last she set off again for Moscow in a sledge, with a letter from the abbess to a lady, who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant, with a letter to the Princess de T-and thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble. She tried to find one of the ladies to whom she had been recommended, but the house was on the other side of the Neva, and as it was now February, the ice was in so unsafe a state that no one was allowed to pass. The poor girl stood on the steps of the senate house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes moved aside, sometimes offered a small coin as a beggar, but never attended to. Holy week came on, and Prascovia's devotions and supplications were addressed entirely to her God. She had been advised to present a request to M.V., one of the secretaries of the Empress Mary, widow of the last, and mother of the present Czar. She went to his house. He had heard of her, but fancying hers a common case of poverty, had put out fifty roubles to be given to her. He was not at home when she called; but his wife saw her, was delighted with her, drew from her the whole history of her perseverance in her father's cause, and kept her to see M.V. He, too, was warmly interested, and going at once to the Empress-mother, who was one of the most gentle and charitable women in the world, he brought back her orders that she should be presented to the Empress that very evening. Poor child, she turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears at this sudden brightening of hope. Instead of thanking M.V. her first exclamation was, "My God, not in vain have I put my
trust in Thee". Then kissing M. V.'s hands, she cried, "You, you alone can make my thanks acceptable to the good man who is saving my father!"

How one should face difficult times?

**Her Simplicity**

She never bothered herself as to her dress, or any other matter of court etiquette: her simple heart was wrapped up in its one strong purpose. M. V. merely arranged the dress she had on, and sent her off with the secretary. When she really saw the place before her, she said, "Oh, if my father could see me, how glad he would be. My God, finish Thy work!" The Empress Mary received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story; then praised her self devotion and filial love, and promised to speak in her behalf to the Emperor — giving her 300 roubles for her present needs. Two days after, the Empress mother herself took her to a private audience with the emperor and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. Prascovia was most graciously received, and she came away with a gift of 5,000 roubles, and the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised. She never thought of herself, nor of the effect she produced, but went on in her simplicity, grateful for all the kindness she got. She did not forget the two fellow exiles who had been so kind to her she mentioned them to every one. When, after some delay, she received notice that a ukase had been issued for her father's pardon, she was further told that his Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself. She replied that he would overwhelm her with his favour if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to those two poor fellow exiles; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness, readily pardoned them for their offence, which had been of a political nature, and many years old.

Prascovia had always intended to dedicate herself as a nun, believing that this would be her fullest thanks giving for her father's pardon, and her heart was drawn towards the convent at Nishni, where she had been so tenderly nursed during her illness. The rest of Prascovia's life was one long decline. Her health had been fatally shattered by the sufferings that she had
undergone; and though she lived some years, and saw her parents again, she was gently fading away all the time. Prascovia’s illness ended suddenly on the 9th of December, 1809. She had been to church and was lying on her bed, but in the morning she was in her last long sleep, her hands forming the sign of the cross.

What lesson can be learnt from the life of Prascovia?