

1930

# On The Trail of the Missionaries

J. M. McCaleb

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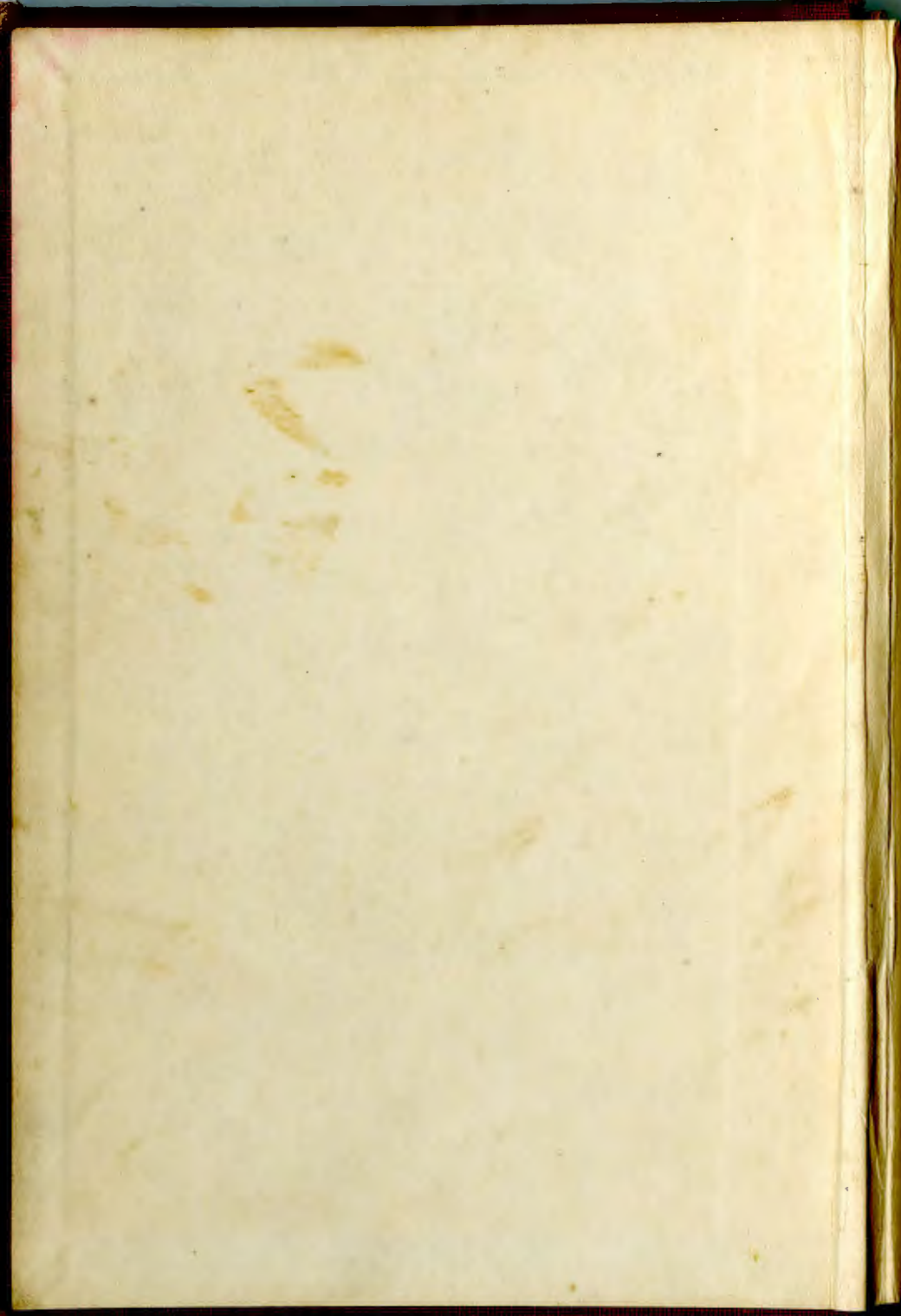
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ON THE TRAIL  
*of the*  
MISSIONARIES

J. M. McCaleb





DEWAYNE  
DAVENPORT



*From the Library of*

**Dr. D. Dewayne Davenport**

*(June 3, 1934—February 18, 1997)*

Missionary to Ghana, West Africa and Tanzania, East Africa

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Study to show thyself  
approved unto God,  
a workman that needeth  
not be ashamed,  
rightly divided  
the word of truth.  
*2 Timothy 2:15 KJV*

## INTRODUCTION

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"On the Trail of the Missionaries" is the title of the latest addition to the missionary literature published on behalf of the church of Christ. This book was written by Brother J. M. McCaleb, the senior living missionary of the churches of Christ. Brother McCaleb was educated at Lexington, Ky., under the teaching of John W. McGarvey, I. B. Grubbs, and Robert Graham. He went to Japan immediately after finishing his studies in the College of the Bible at Lexington. The date of his going to Japan was 1892. He has been on continuous service there up till the present.

Brother McCaleb is a modest, unassuming man. He has been blessed with a strong body, a clear mind, and a deeply religious spirit. He came from sturdy stock, and is a man of strong will and splendid courage. He has done a great work in Japan, and has shown conclusively that foreign mission work in heathen lands can be made a success, if conducted with courage, good sense, and faithful, Christian effort. After thirty-eight years of service in the foreign field, Brother McCaleb is well qualified to speak with authority upon the subject of mission work. Like all men of ability, Brother McCaleb is humble in spirit. In spite of the long years of experience and the rich knowledge of mission work derived in this way, he is still anxious to learn more about how to make mission work more successful in foreign fields. It was a desire for this that led him to make his long tour, the record of which we find in the book, "On the Trail of the Missionaries." On this tour he visited practically all of the mission stations carried on by workers in foreign fields outside

of the Americas. He visited China, India, Africa, Palestine, and Europe, including Italy, France, England, and Scotland. He spent much time in personal inspection of the various mission stations which he visited. Not only did he visit the mission stations conducted by members of the church of Christ, but he also visited a number of stations conducted by Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and the Disciples of Christ. His wish on this tour was to see exactly how mission work is being done, hoping to learn much that would be of service to himself in his own chosen field, and hoping also to give much valuable information to all other missionaries of the church of Christ who have gone, or who will go, to foreign fields.

One cannot follow Brother McCaleb through the experiences of this long and very interesting journey without being impressed by the great needs of the foreign mission fields. While we thank God for what has been done and is now being done, it yet remains true that Christians have hardly touched the hem of the garment, so far as foreign mission work is concerned. The language of Jesus is still sadly true: "The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few." It is heart-rending to read the sad conditions to be found among the heathen and to see how little Christians are doing to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow beings. Jesus, our King, said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." This command of our King makes it incumbent upon every true child of God to do all in his power to help carry the gospel of Christ to every creature in all the world. When we remember that this

command of Jesus was given immediately after he said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," we must feel that great will be the guilt and the punishment of those who fail to obey this all-authoritative requirement. What will become of those Christians who make no effort to carry out our Lord's last great command? This question may well give great concern to every negligent Christian.

It was Brother McCaleb's hope to learn from the experience of the missionaries now on the field how to avoid the mistakes that have hindered the work in the past and how to improve the work in the future. The wisdom of this course commends itself to every thoughtful member of the church of Christ. The story of this journey is told in clear, simple words. Even children can read the book with pleasure, for they, as well as grown people, will have no trouble to comprehend the author's meaning. He has not striven to use flowery language or to discuss deep and obscure questions, but believes that if the gospel is intended for every creature in all the world, it must be simple in its meaning, otherwise many of earth's millions could not understand it. He believes also that the description of the work of preaching this gospel should be told in language equally as simple. Mistakes have been made by virtually all men who have gone to the foreign field, and experience is a dear teacher, and even fools may learn thereby how to avoid the same mistakes in the future. Successful work done in Scriptural ways may furnish useful examples to many others who shall devote themselves to the work of carrying out the great commission in foreign fields. Good intentions, of course, should fill the souls of all who go out as foreign

missionaries; but good intentions need to be backed up by good, hard, common sense as guided by the word of God.

Those who desire to do mission work in foreign fields should, first of all, be possessed of good, strong, healthy bodies. Weak, sickly bodies have no business aspiring to foreign mission work. There have been some foreign mission workers with frail bodies who did great work; but their work was great, not because of, but in spite of, their frail bodies. Foreign missionaries should have good minds, clear in thought and well educated. Foreign missionaries will meet many heathen of bright minds and splendid education; and ignorant missionaries of the cross are handicapped in dealing with heathen stronger mentally and more highly educated than the missionaries are. Some foreign missionaries whose mental powers were not overstrong and whose educational qualifications were not exceptional have done good work on the mission field; but their good work was done, not because of, but in spite of, their poor mental equipment. Above all, those who aspire to be foreign missionaries should have pure hearts, moved by noble impulses and unselfish purposes—hearts in every thought renewed and full of love divine; for the temptations to be met on the foreign field by the foreign missionary are stronger than the temptations found on the home field. Let it be understood, then, that it is the part of wisdom for churches who send out missionaries to make sure that those whom they send are healthy in body, well educated in mind, and deeply spiritual as to their hearts. These qualifications are the ones most desired in foreign missionaries.



Another point well to remember is that those who go to the foreign field should go while they are still young. The great work of a foreign missionary, when he first reaches a foreign field, is to learn the language of the people among whom he works. Persons who have passed thirty years of age find it very difficult to learn any language so that they can use it with ease. No foreign missionary can do the best work without a good working knowledge of the language of the people among whom he labors. It is true that some foreign missionaries have done much good working through interpreters; but their success was attained, not because of, but in spite of, their ignorance of the language of the people among whom they worked. Churches should encourage those who go to foreign mission fields to go while they are young enough to acquire a good knowledge of the language of the people among whom they are to labor.

Another point that experience has demonstrated is that it is better for husbands and wives to go together than it is for unmarried people to go. There may be some who can withstand the hardships of foreign mission work without the help of husband or wife, but experience has shown that success is much more apt to attend young married people than it is to attend those who are unmarried.

Another point that experience has demonstrated is that churches which send out foreign missionaries should provide ample means of support for those whom they send. Where the missionaries are constantly harassed by anxiety for food and clothing, their success will be correspondingly diminished. It is true that there have been brave souls who succeeded

with almost no help from others; but they succeeded in spite of, not because of, the failure of their brethren to furnish adequate support.

The above are some of the good lessons taught by our brother in the excellent book that he has given to the brotherhood.

I am sure that all Christians who read this book will feel more strongly than ever before the earnest desire to help carry the gospel to the remotest bounds of the earth. The language of the book is simple and popular, rather than classic and profound. Preachers, Sunday-school teachers, fathers, mothers, and children, Christians and non-Christians, will enjoy reading this book. There is not a tiresome page in it. The writer of this introduction read the book at two sittings, and was sorry when he came to the end. The book deserves, and I trust it will have, a wide circulation, not only among the members of the church of Christ, but among all others who love our common Lord and who are seeking to follow his gracious teachings. Our entire brotherhood is indebted to the author for the unique character of the piece of work that he has done in giving us this child of his heart, this charming book.

May the blessings of heaven rest upon the author, upon his family, and upon his work, and may the appreciative hearts of a grateful brotherhood come up nobly to the help of his splendid work in the foreign field.

With Christian love,

Your brother,

HALL LAURIE CALHOUN.

Nashville, Tenn., February 7, 1930.



OUTLINE MAP SHOWING ROUTE AND PLACES VISITED

## THE START

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There is a Japanese proverb, which says, "He who would make a journey of a thousand miles must take the first step." The day arrived, January 23, 1929, when I must take the first step on a journey, not of a thousand miles, but many times that distance.

During the few days of preparation I was often asked if I were not very busy. I invariably replied that I was not especially busy, for my entire outfit consisted of only two small grips with room left in each and a handbag for stationery. One sister thought I should carry two pairs of shoes, but in thinking it over I decided that even on a long journey no man could wear two pairs of shoes, and it would be only a needless burden to carry a pair of shoes I could not wear.

The last prayer meeting of the Zoshigaya Church was indeed a happy one. The speeches were full of feeling and encouragement, and also I had the pleasure of hearing the good confession of six young people four girls and two boys, four of whom were from the Sunday school, and of baptizing them into Jesus Christ (Gal. 3: 27). I had seen these children grow up from little tots, and let them play on my lawn and had treated them to berries and had become so attached to them that they seemed almost like my very own. This ingathering was due to the faithful teaching of our Sunday school teachers, humanly speaking, and to God who giveth the increase. Speaking of the Sunday school teachers, it is a real joy to associate with them and see how earnestly they take hold of the Lord's work.

Brother Bixler spent the last night with me and, before going to bed, we and Brother Kurita, whom he led to the Lord, kneeled together and had a precious season of prayer. The next morning the two brethren had gone on to the bus. Only my faithful housekeeper, Sister Omori, and her little girl, Isoko, were present. We kneeled around the dining table and I asked our Father to keep them and my home in my absence and thanked him for her many years of faithful service.

At the station some fifty friends had come to see me off, among them three of our missionaries, Brother Bixler, Miss Cypert and Miss Kennedy. The last mentioned was the last seen as the train pulled out, waving her handkerchief. Orville D. said, "Don't write to us if you don't want to," and I responded, "If I want to I will." In that little group also were Brother Hosogai, an early disciple, baptized by the lamented Brother Snodgrass about thirty-five years ago; Brothers Yokow and Hiratsuka, preachers and teachers in the Kamitomizaka Church, and who were baptized by the writer more than thirty years ago; Brother and Sister Yoshie were also there, both of whom I begat in the gospel; our beloved Brother Aoki, the postmaster and preacher, was also close by the car window as I shook his hand for the last time; Brother Matsui, the first fruits of Brother Morehead and one of our most earnest church workers, was there, and many other of the younger brethren. All of us felt, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

A hundred miles or more southwest from Tokyo I stepped down from the train and was met by Brother Harry Fox and Brother Takaoka. A few miles up the road I passed Okitsu and noted in passing the little



1. A group of missionaries, their children, and some native workers, in front of the Morehead home, Ota, Japan. 2. The church building at Ota, erected in 1929. 3. The church building at the Bixler station, Nagasawa, Japan, built in 1929. 4. The Sunday school at Zcshigaya, Tokyo, Japan, in 1929.

white church, built by Miss Andrews and where a few disciples meet to break bread. Miss Andrews' home, however, is at Shizuoka, a twenty-minutes run from Okitsu. Brother Fox is spending the winter there and carrying on the work. He will return to his home in the north the first of April.

I spent the night with Harry and Pauline in Shizuoka. On our way to the station the next morning we called at the shop of Brother Harasaki, once in the Zoshigaya Gakuin, and while there he believed and was baptized. After leaving us he went to the United States for a few years, then returned to Shizuoka, his home, and joined his brother in business. He has neglected his duty to meet on the first day of the week to break bread. Brother Harry hopes to get him to return to his first love.

Reaching Kobé a little after nine at night and not being permitted to go aboard the boat till next day, I sought a hotel. Contrary to Japanese custom I asked the price beforehand and was told it was two yen. Before I retired the woman in attendance asked for the two yen, something very unusual. During the many years I have spent in Japan I do not remember ever being asked to pay in advance till now. Maybe she thought as I must know beforehand the price she had the same right to ask it in advance.

On taking the boat at Kobé I again met an aged English lady whom I had met two days before on the train from Tokyo to Shizuoka. She was returning to China from England, having been a missionary there for forty years. She happened to sit opposite me on the train, and as we were passing around the foot of Mount Fuji she turned to me and asked if that

was Fuji. In this way we opened a conversation and I learned she was a missionary. Till now I had not suspected it; I had noticed an elderly lady opposite me with high heels and a skirt up to her knees and I asked myself, not daring to say it out loud, why does an old lady like that want to show her legs? I can see why young girls should do it, though I can hardly justify the reason, but for a woman far on the last half of the century mark, and a missionary at that, thus to act is beyond anything I can figure out, either in terms of the flesh or spirit.

There were four of us assigned to one dining table. Among them was a Chilean, very full of talk and equally as full of war, being a war official. I asked him if it were true that in 1909, when Chile and Argentina were at the point of war, they were brought to a reconciliation by a Catholic priest, and then took some of the very cannon they meant to use in war and melted them into a statue of Christ and erected it on the top of the Andes between the two countries, and if it stood there today as "The Christ of the Andes"? He said it was true; but I was a bit disappointed that he did not seem at all enthusiastic over it. Maybe it did not fit in with his policy of war. As Japan has a monopoly on camphor, so Chile has a monopoly on the nitrate of soda trade, used very extensively in fertilizing.

Nagasaki was our last stop in Japan. It forms a semi-circle around the end of the bay. It was here, some 300 years ago, the Dutch opened trade with Japan, her first intercourse with western nations. As the last of the islands out from Nagasaki was passing from view I said, Goodbye, Japan, till we meet again. I have suffered much for you; may God bless the suffering to his glory and the salvation of souls.



## CHINA

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Two young men, a Japanese and a Chinese, and both recently from America, were in the same cabin with me from Japan to China. The Japanese, Mr. Ito, was a Christian, having been baptized by the minister of the Third Christian Church of Indianapolis, Indiana. We observed the Lord's Supper together. I read and commented on a portion of the twelfth chapter of Romans, after which he extended his hand and thanked me. I asked him what he thought of the Christian religion as he saw it in America. His reply was that the American people took it as a matter of course, but did not live up to it, about like it was in Buddhism. Mr. Chang, the Chinese, said many were not what they claimed to be and that he would not like to be a Christian. This made me sad. It may be that he was seeking excuse for his own sins by finding fault of others, but, nevertheless, how important it is that those of us who claim to be followers of the Lord so live that others may get the right impression of who Christ is and what it is to be a Christian. In the beginning the Apostles "preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by the signs that followed." Even today the word needs to be confirmed by the signs that follow, and those signs that we can now give are the signs or proof of a Christian life. The Christian of today may not be able to work miracles, but he can do what is more important, he can so live that others may come to understand, better than through preaching even, what the Bible really means. (Matt. 5: 16.)

## SHANGHAI

In passing over the sea from Japan the first indication that one is approaching China is the change of the water from a deep indigo blue to a yellow color. The yellow sea is caused by the inflow of the yellow river, which is always muddy, and the Yangtze-Kiang, the largest river in China. When a child, studying geography, I used to read of this great river and its strange name that I could not pronounce. But little did I ever dream that I would in years to come ride upon its bosom. On we sail, right up the mouth of this river to the city of Shanghai. Again, in those early days we had a large, long-legged, red chicken called the Shanghai chicken. I knew but little about the city of Shanghai so, as they had long shanks, I imagined the name came from shank-high. China is also the home of the peanut, and they are still raised in great quantities. I can remember the first peanuts ever raised in our part of the country. We thought they didn't know how to grow, as they bloomed on top of the ground and went into it to produce the nuts. Even our crockery is called "Chinaware."

One is at once impressed with the magnitude of everything in China as compared with Japan. The country villages, though, in China dwindle down till the houses are not larger than those in Japan, and also the people of South China are small and very slender. In the north they are larger, being on an average about the size of western people, and they dress in padded garments, so that they resemble a great stuffed bag with the head of a man sticking out at one end and the feet out at the other. The streets of both the cities and villages are narrow and crooked. Some have been

made wide enough to compare favorably with our streets in the West. In the last few years much has been done, both to improve the streets and the buildings.

### PEKING

From Shanghai to Peking is a thousand miles north. Finding that Brother Wright had gone to the latter place to enter school I spent only one night in Shanghai, and took the train the next morning for what was once the capital city of all China. After a three-days ride, with poor accommodations, I stepped down in Peking and, while asking some American friends for the place, felt the hand of someone laid on my shoulder and heard the voice of one whom I recognized at once as being my brother from Indiana. The school affords lodging and board for its students, and I was very comfortably entertained for two nights and a day, and regretted that I could not stay longer. The weather was cold and crisp, a little colder than I was prepared for, so I came away with two of my toes slightly frosted. We went out to see the "Palace of Heaven," which consists of three circular buildings in a row. The north one has in its center a rotunda about sixty feet high, with thirty-six pillars made from the large redwood trees of California. This part of the structure was put up about forty years ago. The foundation consists of four circles, each lying within the other, then all is paved with polished marble. On four sides there are steps leading up. To the south there is the echo temple, much smaller than the first. Then, still further south, is the altar, built in the same fashion as the first mentioned, but without the rotunda in the center. In neither of these three structures is there

an idol of any kind. The emperor came out once a year, fasted a day, bathed and changed his clothes, then offered sacrifice of different kinds of animals, cattle, sheep, deer and pigs. It is a temple dedicated to the supreme being, Shangdi, but the supposed subordinate deities were also worshiped. When sacrifices were offered incense was also burned, for which there were placed in a row seven or eight pots on pedestals. This temple is outside the city.

Peking is a walled city. Trains of camels for pack animals are one of the common sights. The little donkey, such as one sees in Arabia, is in common use. The carts are large and cumbersome, and the wheels turn on wooden axles as big as one's leg, and stick out half a foot beyond the wheel. Hogs are driven in town for market. The sheep are used both for their wool and their meat. Nearly all line their outer garments with sheep skin, the wool turned out. The better-to-do use the skins of wild animals. Many burdens are carried on the back or on a pole between two. In the midst of this primitive civilization is a ludicrous contrast of the modern. Here and there a beautiful, up-to-date building, automobiles, modern dress, and beautifully decorated windows.

#### IN THE COUNTRY

Between Shanghai and Peking (now Peiping) the country is level, reminding one of the great West in the United States. Timber is scarce and the rainfall is not great, but enough to grow crops. The wheat is drilled in rows and the fields are long strips laid out in straight sections. Nanking, on the Yangtze-Kiang, is the great shipping center for peanuts. In Japan

they are called Nanking peas. Wheat, millet and peanuts seem to be the main crops. Oxen, mules, donkeys and camels are the domestic animals for service. Chickens are in abundance. Sheep and hogs are also plentiful. Just now there is a famine in North China, and lawlessness is so prevalent that there is no way to relieve it. The train I rode on was guarded by soldiers.

In this north country fuel is a great item. On a grass plot along the road I saw a man with a hoe scraping the dead grass, not more than an inch long, from the ground to get fuel to cook his rice.

China is one great graveyard. Graves, graves, graves, everywhere. They are even scattered in the fields, with nothing but a little mound to mark the place. In some places a clump of cedar trees marks the location, sometimes of a single grave, at others several. Here and there a circle of earth surrounds the grave. If there is a dispute in the family about the burial ceremony or the place of burial the coffin is left on top of the ground, with a brick box built over it, till the dispute is settled. Children sometimes are not buried at all, but thrown out in some desolate place. There is a superstition about letting one die in the house, so many are taken out and left to die, forsaken and alone. Brother Broaddus was out for a walk and saw something that looked like a child, and while he was looking at it a man, supposed to be the father, came with a bag, picked it up, head downward and, dropping it in the sack, carried it away.

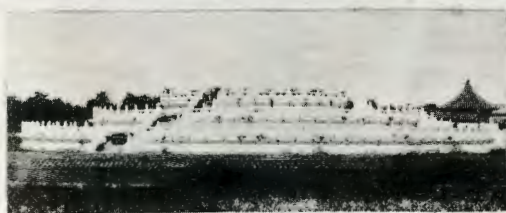
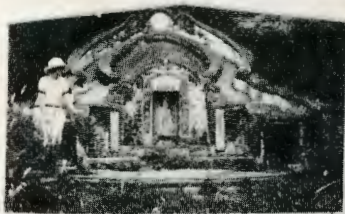
About one-third of the distance from Shanghai to Peking we crossed the great Yanze-Kuyang in a ferry. This is at Nanking, the present capital of China. When

we reached the landing there was a mad rush from the shore and it looked as though we would be torn to pieces. It was not, however, so dangerous as it looked. The coolies were each trying to get somebody's baggage to carry and to get for it a few pennies. This is in the edge of the famine district, and these poor people are facing starvation. They seemed to me to be as inconsiderate of each other and as greedy as a pack of dogs. But I asked myself if I were in their position would I act any better.

From seven o'clock Friday night till noon Sunday I rode in an unheated train in February, on a board seat, with no place to lie down.

The birds of China, so far as I have observed, are few, due to the scarcity of trees. The little house sparrow is everywhere, also the crow. China's crows are smaller than those in Japan, being about the same as those in America. The magpie is seen about the towns. The crows are evidently much put to it for a place to build. In two small trees over a house I saw seven nests. The cooing of the house pigeon under the eaves of the houses, the quack of the duck and the crowing of the rooster reminded me of early days on the old farm. China is said to be one of the greatest egg-producing countries. The chickens and pigs are kept in the house. But old China is passing and a new China is being born.

On the train two young people, a girl and a boy, both dressed our style, never tired of standing at the window and talking. They smiled at each other as they talked. Without knowing a word they said, it was easy to see they were sweethearts. It was the old, old story of love making.



1. A group of missionaries and Chinese believers. 2. Mr. Benson baptizing a convert. 3. The Bensons, the Broadduses, the Oldhams, their children, Miss Mattley, and a Chinese coworker. 4. A Chinese tomb. 5. Like a stuffed bag, with his head out at one end and his feet out at the other. 6. The altar of heaven.

## FROM SHANGHAI TO HONG KONG

From Shanghai to Hong Kong I had as a roommate a young Japanese from Tokyo, who has a jewelry shop in Hong Kong. He was courteous and considerate and a pleasant roommate. Like too many other young men, he was addicted to cigarettes. When I asked him how much he spent a day, he said fifty sen. "How long have you been smoking?" I continued, and he replied, ten years. I then began to figure for him and showed him he had burned up 1,825 yen, not taking into account the extra cost of matches and the time wasted. I then proceeded to show him there was a more serious loss still, in the injury done to his body. I asked him to think about it, and we closed the conversation. Next morning, before I had gotten up, he opened the conversation again, saying that when he was a small boy he went to Sunday school, but as he grew up he learned to smoke and to drink. Then he was ashamed to go to church. He continued by saying he thought the church was too strict. I endeavored to show him that there was nothing required of a Christian except what was for his good. As an example, I told him of my own life, which had been spent alone from my family for many years, but now I was returning to them, and, having lived the life of a Christian, I could meet all the members of my family, including my grandchildren, with a clear conscience. He listened with seriousness, and replied by saying that, though he seemed to be happy outwardly, his heart was not satisfied. When we separated I said to him, "You have been a very pleasant roommate. You gave me the lower berth and you took the upper one. When I could not eat break-



fast you gave me your apple. You have been to me as a son to a father. You have acted like a Christian."

While at breakfast in Hong Kong in came the three brethren, Benson, Oldham and Broaddus. As I had no heavy baggage, we were soon ashore and, a half hour later, I was on the third flat in the home of Brother Broaddus. Sister Broaddus was in the hospital recovering from having her appendix removed. This was February 8th. In two or three days she was allowed to return home. Hong Kong proper is on an island which rises up thirteen hundred feet. On top of this high point, called the "Peak," is the Matilda Hospital, where the poor of the English-speaking people, including missionaries, are treated free of charge. A wealthy Englishman left an estate to establish and maintain the hospital and named it for his wife. Sister Broaddus was treated in this hospital. A few days after my arrival Brother Benson and I, after seeing after some business matters, went up the "Peak" to the hospital. From here there is a beautiful view of the bay and the surrounding country. The British control Hong Kong and also a radius of the mainland for some twenty miles. I was told, however, that ninety-nine per cent of the business in Hong Kong is owned by the Chinese. When there is some disturbance inland, such as happened in 1925, thousands of Chinese flock to Hong Kong for safety. So far as I could judge, it is a mutual benefit for the British to be in control of this bit of Chinese territory.

Hong Kong, being on hills, is a much cleaner city than Shanghai. I spent one week with the brethren in Hong Kong, namely, from February 8 to February 15. I was fortunate in being permitted to witness a Chinese

New Year, which begins February 10. On New Year's eve they have everything, including the streets, swept clean, and during the night, after a great feast, the popping of firecrackers begins. When a child, at Christmas time we used to pop firecrackers, and I was told that they came from China. I can now well believe it, for I have never heard anywhere else the great quantities of firecrackers as I heard during the five days of the New Year's festival. The streets were literally covered in many places with the red paper of which they are made. They have them also in the form of a long rope, which they let down from the upper stories of the buildings and begin by setting fire to the bottom. As the firecrackers pop, the great string is gradually lowered so that, near the pavement, the popping goes on at a tremendous rate. Every little interval there is one with a much louder report than the others, and altogether it reminds one very much of rifle fire. The Chinese are a noisy people. In ordinary affairs they storm at each other at the top of their voices. There is a superstition that the popping of many firecrackers drives away evil spirits. At New Year's time the people also paste red paper over and on either side of the door. This is supposed to bring blessing. It is very suggestive of the blood of the pass-over lamb which was thus put over and on either side of the doors of the Israelites.

A letter written by Brother Wright in Peking, dated February 6, states that on a Friday night there were ten beggars frozen to death. Such a thing in Hong Kong or anywhere in this part of South China could not happen, for it is tropical, producing tropical fruits, and frost is not known.

## BOUND FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Accompanied by the brethren, and after a very delightful week, I left Hong Kong at noon February 15, for Manila. Thus far I had escaped seasickness and had begun to think that I was immune. However, I was not long under this delusion. When well, it is impossible to conceive of being so sick; when sick, one cannot imagine how it would feel to be well again. Sunday morning we entered Manila Bay. The sea became calm and seasickness soon wore off. We passed Cavité Fortifications, taken by Admiral Dewey, May 1, 1898. While walking the deck I became acquainted with a young man named Carter, who proceeded to tell me a little about himself. He was on his way to Australia to meet and to marry his best girl. At first he thought there was nothing to it, but he found he was miserable without her, so he had sent her a cable he was coming. He was born in Chicago, had been in Memphis, Tennessee, and also in Chattanooga. As we separated I quoted to him:

“The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear,  
And something every day they live  
To pity and perhaps forgive.”

He gave me the name of his uncle in Venice, near Los Angeles, California, and requested that I call on him.

## THE PHILIPPINES

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Some of the fruits and vegetables I have noted here are sugar cane, rice, corn, mangoes, papaya, guava, cocoanuts, bananas, eggplant, turnips, cabbage and onions. Some of the birds and animals are the water buffalo, the common cow, goats, horses and a few imported mules from the United States. Hogs, dogs, cats and chickens are abundant. I also saw a turkey hen and her young ones. White and green parrots and other birds with gorgeous colors like a parrot and with a plain but pleasant whistle have been observed. Pigeons and doves are plentiful. The doves are of two varieties, one small and the other about the size of the American dove. The coloring is much deeper, resembling the parrot.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Philippine horse is small, but very tough. The American Army, I was told, has decided to use this native horse in preference to importing horses from the United States. This poor little pony is the hardest worked and the most cruelly treated of any animal in the Philippines. In Japan, China, and Singapore they have little carts drawn by men, who cannot be beaten to make them quicken their speed, but this little horse is constantly under the lash. In Calapan, the capital of the Island of Mindoro, where Brother Cassell is located, the hotel is about one mile from the boat landing. The boy, as usual, began whipping his horse. I told him we were not in such a hurry as that and to let him take it more leisurely. He obeyed, and as we

left him I admonished him to treat his horse more kindly and to take pride in having the nicest horse in town.

In Manila there is an ordinance against cruelty to animals, and it is not uncommon for a driver to be arrested; but yesterday, February 26, I passed a cart and the horse was lying flat on the street, while the driver was beating him to make him get up. We had gone but a little way when the feet of another slipped from under him on the slick asphalt and he made a clean drop and slid several feet. The guests who ride are to blame, as well as the driver, for they insist on going at a breakneck speed.

#### CRUELTY TO MAN

Speaking of cruelty to animals suggests the cruelty of man to man. When I landed in Manila two drunks, one an Englishman, the other an American, pushed themselves forward and one demanded something to eat. I gave him some bananas; then he got into a row with a Filipino, and afterwards I was told they had a fight. He said he wanted to go to jail, then they would have to feed him. The Englishman insisted on opening my baggage for the officer to inspect, then afterwards demanded pay. I gave him something and tried to admonish him, but the more I said the more blasphemous he became. These islands are supposed to be under the control of the American government, and it is but proper to ask why it is that the prohibition law is not enforced. And why should decent people be thus outraged by men who have made themselves brutes?

A large signboard, and on it a young man, and in front of him two young women, each with a package

of cigarettes. He takes one from the girl on the left and with a smile says, "I'd prefer Chesterfield. They satisfy." America has imposed this nefarious stuff on more than four hundred millions of people in China and the Philippines. If England has a dark blot on her history for imposing opium on China, neither is the United States free from guilt in imposing her tobacco on an ignorant and weak people. Airplanes were used, it is said, to scatter them over the towns and villages free, and the slogan was, "A cigarette in the mouth of every man, woman and child in China." And from all appearances this demoniacal task has almost been accomplished. Think of the crime of thus enslaving and stunting the growth and blighting the lives of little, inoffensive children!

#### FROM MANILA TO BATANGAS

At Batangas we passed where a man was plowing with a water buffalo. This animal is similar to the common ox, but is black and scant of hair, while his horns come back over his neck, forming almost a complete circle. He works under the yoke in the common way and is quite strong. They love the water and are often seen submerged, all but the top of the head. He does this not only to get cool, but to escape insects. The Filipino plow is quite primitive, much the same as is common in the East generally, with a single handle, with the crook for the hand turned up. The point and wing are of iron, but the latter sets too square against the dirt and does not have enough twist to turn the sod completely over, nor enough width to open a furrow sufficiently for the next time. At my request the farmer let me plow once across the field. I then

proceeded to show him where the implement could be improved. Later I saw in one of the stores some made out and out of iron and a little better shaped wing. I was told that a few American plows had been introduced, but I saw none in use.

From Manila to Batangas, across the island, is about eighty miles. Along the way are sugar plantations. Carloads of it were being loaded for shipment. Our party consisted of Brothers Cassell and Cordova. I told the latter I would like to try a stalk of the cane and he secured some. I cut it into sections and peeled it before chewing. Its juice was delicious. A woman sitting opposite me also had a stalk and, instead of a knife, used her teeth. She seemed to like it just as well as I did. In this our tastes were natural and identical. When she had finished she drew a cigarette and began to smoke. Here we parted company, for this would have made me deathly sick. She had acquired an abnormal taste for poison which I did not have and for which I was most thankful.

At Batangas we had to wait a whole day for a boat. A man living by the sea told us we could lodge with him. Next morning he would charge us nothing. Filipino houses are built upon posts six or eight feet from the ground. The corner posts are sunk into the ground and extend up to the roof. The rafters are of bamboo or small poles. The walls and roof are made of a coarse swamp grass. The floor is of bamboo splits about an inch wide, nailed to sleepers less than a foot apart. There are cracks a quarter of an inch wide so that dust and small particles go through to the ground. Hogs, goats and horses live below. The night we lodged there the pigs squealed and coughed. Some of



1. Brother Cordova, in the Philippines; took fever and died in 1929. 2. The Manila cart. 3. Planting rice. 4. One of the Philippine churches and the house they built. 5. A water buffalo and slide. 6. The Benson tent in the Philippines.



the better houses have the space below closed in so that nothing can get in. I thought I had been sleeping on a hard bed in Tokyo and that the bed in the Spanish hotel in Manila was hard, but till now I had never tried a real hard bed, for the best the man had was this bamboo floor. Two days later Brother Cassell said he was still sore. Before lying down I went out and had a delightful swim in the sea. This was far more pleasant to the body than those bamboo splits. But these kind-hearted people gave us the best they had and I am glad we tried their manner of living for one night—no more.

#### FROM BATANGAS TO MINDORO

From Batangas to Mindoro the boat passes several small islands, some too small to be inhabited, but containing beautiful palm groves, well kept, and which are quite profitable for cocoanuts. The landing at Calapan is exceptionally beautiful on account of the palm groves along the beach. Through these palms, which grow right down to the water's edge, a well-built road runs to the city. They live and bear for a hundred years, and a failure in crops is not known. It is eight years from planting before they begin to bear. They are used for telegraph poles. They thrive in sandy soil. They adorn the lawns and streets and around the town of Calapan is one continuous grove of palms. To those accustomed to them I suppose they are quite commonplace, but to me they were most novel and beautiful beyond description. Up on the hill back of the town is a magnificent view in all directions. The town is hid, all save the top of the high school building. A green valley lies between, in which was feeding a water buffalo. Around him were feeding what at first ap-

peared to be a flock of goats, but which afterwards proved to be large white cranes. Why they liked the company of the big black ox is best known to themselves.

A Catholic church, built many years ago by the Spanish, now old and dilapidated, stands near the hotel. I was there on a Sunday morning and attended "mass." The vessel for the "holy water" was a large sea shell. The audience was mostly of women and girls, a few children and fewer men. There were about two hundred present. About fifty of the audience went up and stood in a row in front of the altar, while the priest, attended by one holding a candle, gave to each a bit of something which I took to be the "sacrament." No wine was passed. Some points to be commended are:

1. They came together on the first day of the week.
2. Though it was a bare, uncarpeted floor, all of them knelt during prayer.

3. There was no levity or talking, but a reverence which one could but admire.

4. All the women were veiled, which may not be literally required now but, to say the least, it would be safe, and to me it was a most beautiful sight. Why cannot our Christian women set a fashion of their own which would be becoming and modest instead of becoming slaves to the questionable fashions of the world?

The only known Christian in town was absent, but his wife kindly opened their home for us to have a meeting at one o'clock. There were four women, seven high school girls and a young man present, and also several children. Before the Lord's Supper I made a talk, while Brother Cordova interpreted.

## VILLAGE PREACHING

Brother Cassell was indisposed, so Brother Cordova and myself hired a cart and went four miles along the coast to a village where a man and his wife are Christians. He was out fishing and the wife entertained us. A man was asked to climb a palm tree and get us a cocoanut. He was too full of drink and afraid he might fall. As he went away he stood his little boy in his right hand and held him straight up over his head as he walked along. Returning, we came to where there was a crowd gathered at a public drinking house. We gave out tracts and about fifty collected. I made a talk on the meaning of the date, 1929, which is used on their calendars. By this time it was dark and we struck out afoot. Soon we came up with some ox-carts loaded with dried cocoanut. The men let us ride. The water buffalo trudged leisurely along with their heavy load, while the carts clucked their familiar sound. The full moon rose up out of the sea and its soft rays glinted through the graceful palm groves, making a picture weird and most fascinating. A horse cart soon overtook us and, thanking the men, we made a change for faster speed.

There is a species of palm which, instead of cocoanuts, bears berries. The stem of the berry cluster is cut off and the juice caught in a bamboo joint, then fermented. This they call *tuba*. This is what the villagers were drinking. It intoxicates and makes people act silly and sometimes worse. After preaching, one old man, fuller than the rest, wanted to take me over and treat me to *tuba*. Brother Cordova came to my rescue, telling him I didn't drink.

## BACK TO MANILA

By taking a bus at night I arrived in Manila Monday morning about two o'clock. About midnight we rested at a certain town. Just then music was heard up the street and the band came down almost opposite us and began serenading a house, the home of the best girl of one of the party. This is a custom I suppose introduced from Spain. The girl is supposed to open the door and invite them in, but at such a late hour they are not supposed to accept the invitation. My hat blew out in the dark. The driver stopped the bus and two or three men got out to search for it. It was a chance hunt, but happily they found it. I couldn't pay them for this kindness, for it was one of those values not to be reckoned in figures. However, I had some bananas, which I passed around.

Though it was an unseasonable hour, Brother Leslie Wolfe rose and welcomed me. Of him and his work I hope to say something in the proper place.

In Manila I lodged two days in an old-time Spanish hotel, built long ago, but still run in Spanish style. The cooking was good, only there was too much meat served. The waiter places before you a stack of four or five plates, the soup plate being topmost. As each course is served a plate is removed.

The bed is of rattan, such as we see in chair bottoms. A thin mat made of the same material is laid over this, then a sheet, and another to cover with, which completes the bedding outfit. The pillows are hard and high and not made of feathers. One is for the head, and the other, which is twice as long, is for the left knee when one lies on the right side. One is not supposed to lie on the left side. All is with the view of

keeping cool. I am here in the middle of February, and it is like midsummer. Frost is unknown, and the Filipinos never saw snow. The vegetation and fruits are much the same as in the Hawaiian Islands.

While here I am the guest of Brother Cassell and Brother Wolfe. We went out for a walk one morning and passed some American soldiers lying on the grass, trying to get cool. They looked hot and tired. I had only one English tract. I handed it to one of them with the request that he pass it around. On leaving them, I remarked that it was a pretty warm day, and one of them replied by saying: "This is no place for a white man."

We visited an old Catholic church built some three hundred years ago. All around the outside were people with their little wares, lace, peanuts, Testaments, clothing, etc., for sale. All was spread out on the ground. Among them were some beggars. Inside we were shown around by a young man, who very kindly explained to us various objects of interest. In the main auditorium there were perhaps one hundred people sitting, facing the altar, in the attitude of worship. All was done in silence. In an apartment leading out from the main auditorium we passed over stone slabs laid in the floor where people have been buried. Ascending a flight of steps which led up behind the altar, the young man opened some folding doors and showed us the life-size image of a representation of the body of Jesus in the tomb. The face was open to view, but the rest of the image was covered with a white sheet. The head was also wrapped with a cloth. I remarked to him that we did not serve a dead Christ. He replied by saying it was only an illustration.

The ceiling overhead and the walls of this old building are richly ornamented with paintings, statues, and other decorations, all intended to impress the people with awe. If one goes into a Buddhist temple, he finds that the same purpose is aimed at. This is the stronghold that Rome has on the superstitious and ignorant.

There are about three thousand Japanese in Manila and about ten thousand in all the islands of the Philippines. There is an independent Japanese church of a few members in Manila gathered from different sources. I went into a barber shop run by a Japanese, and when he had finished my hair I gave him a tract in Japanese on "What Is the Bible?" and a copy of our magazine, and, judging from the eagerness with which both he and his wife received them, I take it that there is a field here for work. He is a Buddhist, and there are two Buddhist temples here, he told me.

Brother Wolfe and I called on a business man named Amano and had a very pleasant conversation with him. He is a member of the independent church above mentioned. He has been in the Philippines many years, and he kindly agreed to give me at least twenty-five names of persons to whom I may send our magazine.

#### LESLIE WOLFE AND HIS WORK

Brother Leslie Wolfe has been in Manila more than twenty years. Most of this time has been spent working under the United Christian Missionary Society. But, owing to their unscriptural attitude in regard to baptism, the inspiration of the Scriptures and the nature of our Lord, he has severed connection with that organization and is now working independently, supported by free-will offerings. The main thing that re-

mains in the way of our full co-operation is the use of the instrument in only three of his churches. He would even be willing to discontinue the use of these, but now that they are in use it might cause discontent. But he encourages our coming in and establishing churches without its use, saying that he endorses everything we do.

Our brother has a Bible Seminary and about sixty students. The evening I arrived they had an oratorical contest. There were six speakers on the following subjects: Is there a God? The Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Church of Christ. Looking Upon Jesus. Christian Baptism. The Destruction of Jerusalem. The last night of my stay in Manila, February 28, I attended a tent meeting, the preaching being done by Brother Orlina, a native preacher. During 1928 he had seven hundred and fifty baptisms. The total membership reported for that year, 4,440. Total number of organized churches, 40. Church buildings, 21. He does not pay preachers to locate with these churches, saying, if once begun it must be kept up.

#### THINGS TO EAT

Speaking of things to eat, it is no joke that the Chinese make soup out of a certain kind of bird's nest. This bird builds its nest exclusively from the excretions of its mouth. Sometimes a feather is discovered in the soup, which reveals the material from which it is made. The Chinese people also pickle eggs in salted mud. I bought one of these eggs, but did not have the courage to break it. In the Philippine Islands they incubate duck eggs till the duckling is formed, then cook and eat them. I am told that the people consider them

a great delicacy. The incubating is done by burying the eggs in the warm sand. Near Manila is a village where this is the principal occupation.

When in Canton we were searching for a restaurant and, going into one, as a special inducement, the keeper said he could serve dog that day. We decided that more common food would suit us just as well, so sought something elsewhere. These things may seem strange to some people, but much depends on one's training as to the way he looks at it.



# BACK IN CHINA

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## A CHINESE CHURCH

I was met by Brother Benson. As it was Lord's Day we went to the Chinese Church of Christ for worship. This church is self-supporting and is free from all mission control. Brother Benson worked with them for a year, during which time they suspended the use of the organ, and more than twenty turned to the Lord. They have since then asked him to come and work with them again. They had Sunday school at eleven, and the superintendent is one of the elders of the church. The preacher asked me to speak. He first served at the Lord's Supper. I think thanks should have been given before distributing the wine. While doing so, standing would have been more reverential than sitting. Even at the ordinary meal, standing seems to be more fitting than the almost universal custom of sitting.

Brother Benson felt that his knowledge of Chinese was not quite sufficient to be my interpreter, so the wife of the elder, who has spent several years in America, proceeded to act. I spoke on Romans 12: 1, 2, and endeavored to show that the Christian life meant a complete offering up of all we have and are. At the Sunday school there were about sixty children, and I was pleased to see that a goodly number of them remained to hear the preaching. I did not consider the singing any better, to say the least, than our singing at Zoshigaya, Japan, where the instrument is not used. The Chinese voice does not seem to be adapted to our style of music. The Filipino people sing much better.

Dr. Jew Hawk came to America in youth and was

educated in Drake University. He is now a practicing physician in Hong Kong. He has a large practice and is a very busy man, but goes to the chapel once a week and gives free treatments. He is also the main supporter of the church financially. Sister Jew Hawk is also a zealous Christian and co-operates with her husband. She, too, knows how to entertain Americans.

#### FROM HONG KONG TO CANTON

Monday afternoon we took the train for Canton, about a hundred miles inland from Hong Kong. In one compartment were three Japanese and one Chinese, leaving room for two more. One of them asked me if I were Catholic or Protestant. I told him I was neither, but only just such a Christian as we read about in the New Testament. "O, yes," he said, "I know; you take the Bible alone as your creed." He then proceeded to say that he was a member of the Yotsuya Nakamachi Church in Tokyo, having been baptized ten years ago. I told him that was the place the pioneer missionaries, I being one of them, opened work in Japan, thirty-seven years ago, and that I worked with that church for ten years, but when the resident missionary at that time invited another missionary to co-operate in the work, and he introduced the organ in the worship, I ceased to co-operate. When he asked what was wrong in the use of the organ we endeavored to show him. He listened attentively, as though it was something new to him. Giving him a copy of our magazine, I promised to send it to him monthly.

Foot binding is still practiced in China. When the little girl is about six years old the mother bends the toes back under the foot, then binds it with a strong

bandage, to stay that way for weeks. It hurts and the child cries and begs, but the mother is unmoved. She must do this that her daughter may get married to a high-class man. "Heathen," do you say? But the American women walk on tiptoe and 99 out of 100 have their toes deformed. What ought we to call this?

At a town out from Canton the people were looking out of the window and asking, "What is it?" There were five or six men lying on the ground near the graveyard. We learned they had been arrested for robbery and taken out there and shot. I thought of the sentence in Romans six: "The wages of sin is death." It gave me a feeling of horror.

#### IN AND OUT OF CANTON

The Bensons and Oldhams have taken quarters in a flat. Even the roof is flat. It affords a quiet place of resort, and I was up there writing these notes when I heard the little song, "Jesus loves me, this I know," and wondered what it meant, when presently Sister Oldham came up and said there was a Christian funeral on the opposite side of the street. We walked to the balustrade and, looking over, saw the people coming out of the door with a little coffin, on which were flowers in the form of a cross. Our sister remarked that if it were a heathen child, it would be taken out and buried without ceremony, or maybe just thrown away.

In Canton, only fifteen minutes from where the brethren are located, there is a church that came out from the Baptists, abandoning the name. It has an enrollment of eleven hundred, present membership six hundred, and contributing members, four hundred. They contribute about three thousand dollars a year.

They publish a large quarterly, employ a Bible woman and two evangelists, and are now seeking a place to open a new work. The night I was there, however, was their prayer meeting night, and there were only ten present.

The Chinese are a very excitable people and are easily thrown into confusion. Their doors and windows in the cities are all heavily barred with iron rods, reminding one of a prison.

A girl on the roof hanging out clothes had her hair platted and hanging down her back, with a broad red ribbon around it, which, as I was told, is an indication that she is of marriageable age.

If I was correctly informed, opium is used in almost every Chinese family and is still grown in great abundance.

Sun Yat Sen, who overthrew the old empire in 1911 and established a republic, is the George Washington of China. His picture hangs on the walls of the schools and all students must bow before it.

It is interesting to note the transition of China from the old order to the new. One may be walking along a street that has been widened to twice or three times its original width, with a hard asphalt surface, street cars and automobiles; then he may turn into a side street, narrow and dark, by going down a few steps, which reminds one of going down into a cave. The center of the street is the lowest, for under the flat stones is a drain. Some of these old-time streets are the center of business, and one finds here what he would never have suspected.

Not being able to understand Chinese, I sometimes amused myself with mere sounds caught from their

conversations. The following are some of them: "To Abraham." "They didn't like it." "One Jew." "Theatres." "Solomon." "Either to the elephant or the doctor." "Choke eggs." "Wooden pew." "Hallo Sally." "Was he in the stateroom with his wife?" "He's sort o' short-headed." "You may cut the file." "Top off the mirror."

As to these seeming English sounds, it would be interesting to compare them with what they were really saying.

## FROM HONG KONG TO SINGAPORE

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Across the China Sea in a southwest direction, fourteen hundred and forty miles from Hong Kong, China, brings one to Singapore, Straits Settlements. The voyage was from Saturday, March 9, 11 A.M., to Thursday morning. On the way we had fire drill. Everybody was instructed to put on a life jacket and appear in readiness at the lifeboat assigned, and to remain until inspected by the captain. My cabin mate was still in bed and declined to get up, but requested me on leaving the room to shut the door so that he might not be disturbed. He thus declined to respond to a call for his own safety. How true is this also of many who shut the door against help and refuse the call of salvation.

Our course lay along the coast of Indo-China and so near the shore were we that land was in sight one day. Even small birds came out to sea, and to see, and flew around the ship, and a little later a swallow actually flew along the deck, as if seeking a place for a nest.

As we passed Sunday on board, and as there was no other Christian on board known to me, I remembered the Lord in the observance of the Supper. Some think that there must be at least two, basing their belief on the words of our Lord, that where there are two or three gathered together he will be in the midst. But he also said in regard to prayer that if two would agree concerning anything they should ask he would do it, but this cannot mean that he would not hear the prayer of one. If he hears the prayer of one when alone I take it that he will also accept the observance of the Supper when there is only one present. Where

it is practicable, of course, Christians should assemble to break bread.

An Australian asked me if I were not a *Padré*. Though I knew this was the title applied to Roman Catholic priests, I did not catch on till he came out plainly and asked if I were a preacher. Being the only preacher aboard, I went to the steward and asked if we might have services. He announced it for ten o'clock, and put the notice on the bulletin board. I also went around on deck and announced it to the different groups. When the time came two, a Japanese and an English lady, were present. We sang "Stand Up For Jesus," and stood while singing it, but as the Japanese did not know English very well, we had only a duet. After prayer, I read Romans 12 and made a talk. The lady thanked me and the Japanese said he understood only a little. In talking with the lady, I learned she was a member of the Episcopal High Church, but her husband, being a Catholic, she also meant to become a Catholic. The Japanese gentleman was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and is employed by the largest steel company in Japan, and is going abroad a year and a half for study. He has a wife and three children back in Japan. Since the Sunday meeting we have become quite good friends.

Two days yet to Singapore, I went up to the telegraph office to send a message to Mr. Jackson, a friend of Brother Benson's. The man in charge looked at me and asked, "Are you Mr. McCaleb?" Then he introduced himself as Yoshida. He was an English student of mine when I taught English in the Central Telegraph Office more than twenty years ago. His home

is in the outskirts of Tokyo. I am sending him our magazine.

A girl yet under twenty seemed to be traveling alone. When she walked the deck she walked alone, looked silently off across the sea nor talked to anyone. Who could she be and what her destination? When we reached Singapore she went ashore. A young married couple were seen eagerly coming to meet her. Now she was excited, and immediately both the women were in each other's arms with profuse hugging and kissing. Then I understood. We travel this world in obscurity and maybe suspicion, but "When Christ, our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory."

A ship has a propeller, and sometimes even four, to make it go; a rudder to guide it; a wheel to guide the rudder and a man always at the wheel. I say always at the wheel for he must ever be there with his hands on the helm and his eye on the compass. The machinery that keeps the ship on its course is never still a moment for the reason that there is a constant tugging of the restless sea at the ship either to pull it one way or the other. How very similar is this to the Christian life. The restless sea of this world is constantly pulling at us either from the right or from the left trying to get us away from the true course and we must be constantly on the watch lest we stray and fail to reach the port. And as the compass is the mariner's only safe guide even so is the Compass of God's Word man's only sure guide across time's restless sea.



## SINGAPORE AND THE MALAY PENINSULA

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Singapore is an island at the southern end of the Malay Peninsula. It is just about half way around the world from New York and only a hundred miles from the equator. The China Sea, an arm of the Pacific, narrows down here to a strait, the gateway between Asiatic and European ports. It is called the cross-roads of the world. The city of Singapore, with three hundred and twenty thousand people, is so cosmopolitan that it is said the world passes by in a day. South of Singapore are the islands of Sumatra, Java and Borneo. The Malay Peninsula stretches up northwest eleven hundred and ninety-seven miles to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. A railroad, jointly operated by Britain and Siam, connects the two cities.

I spent three days in Singapore, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Jackson. They spent two years in China, studying the Cantonese dialect of the Chinese language. While there they were friends of our missionaries, and Brother Benson wrote them a letter of my coming. Mr. Jackson was at the boat landing to meet me. They have been very kind to show me the sights of Singapore. The last place we visited was the museum. Here one gets an idea of the animal, serpent, fish and bird life of these tropical regions. I was struck with the size of a wild boar from Borneo, which was some three feet high and about six feet long. He was fat and well formed. Elephants, tigers and big snakes made one realize that he was in a land of big game. The great variety of birds and butterflies, from

plain colors common the world over to the most gorgeous, was interesting. Some of the birds had most fantastic wing and tail feathers, such as is common only in tropical countries, while others were much the same as our birds in the United States. As the home of the Jacksons is surrounded by trees, I was delighted every morning at daybreak with a fine chorus of birds. Some had notes new and unfamiliar, while others sounded like those of my childhood back in Middle Tennessee. This brought back to mind the familiar song:

“Take me home, take me home,  
To the sweet, sunny South, take me home;  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to sleep every night;  
Oh, why was I tempted to roam?”

So far as my experience goes, there is no spot on the earth where there are more beautiful singers of the feathery tribe than in the Southern states of North America.

Though only one hundred miles from the equator, and in a region of perpetual summer, I was delighted to find Singapore pleasant. It is not oppressively hot any time during the day, and at night one can sleep under a light cover with comfort. Neither flies nor mosquitoes are troublesome, scarcely requiring a net, and I have not had a flea bite since leaving Japan. How long I shall be able to boast like this is another matter.

I have seen more forests and large trees in Singapore than any other place since leaving Japan. The frequent showers and warm climate the year round produce a luxuriant growth. The botanical garden presents the striking contrast of well-kept grounds with

beautiful plants and green lawns, and the wild jungle in its primitive state, with long, clinging vines on the tall trees, and an impenetrable undergrowth. Here monkeys of the smaller, gray variety are seen up among the trees or playing on the lawns. They have a shrill little cry like a kitten.

One dollar and eighty-five cents, Singapore money, equals one American dollar. Mr. Jackson has built a church and schoolhouse for 1,600 Singapore dollars. This was given by the Chinese of Singapore. The school has fifty enrolled, and the tuition from the students pays the teachers. This work is in a village of twenty thousand Chinese. All this work is self-supporting.

In the Malay Peninsula the primitive forests are rapidly giving place to plantations of rubber trees. They resemble a pecan tree in leaf and form, but the trunk is smoother and of a light gray. It bears nuts, three in a shell. They are the shape of a buckeye, but about the size of a common acorn. The rubber is made from the sap, obtained by grooving the bark and setting a spile (spout) under which is placed a cup. It is as white as milk. When partly dry it is worked into sheets and hung up to dry, at which time it reminds one of a washing of clothes. It is then baled and sent to the factory. New bark grows over the peeled trunk and no injury seems to be done the tree.

The method of clearing the land is to cut everything down, big, little, old and young, then let it lie long enough to dry, when fire is set to the vast brush heap and everything burned that will burn. Many of the larger logs are left and the young trees are planted among them. It seems a pity to destroy such a vast

amount of valuable timber when it is so much needed in other parts of the world.

I am now, March 18, at the border line of Siam, being nearly six hundred miles from Singapore. Rice and bananas and a few pineapples are grown in this part of the peninsula, but the rubber plantations are more in evidence than anything else. The groves range from the newly-planted to those twenty or thirty feet high. The grounds are well kept and the landscape is most pleasing. Added to this are many neat homes and well-kept stations along the railroad, so that one can almost imagine he is in some of the newly-settled sections of the West in the United States. There are also tin mines in the peninsula that are being worked with profit. The Chinese have a leading part in all these industries. It is said that at least half the population of Bangkok are Chinese.

At one of the stations two elephants were being used for handling logs. One of them took fright at the train and a woman ran. The man on his neck began to pound him with his heels and he again became quiet. A little further on a boy was riding one while he came wading through the water towards the train, his long snout dangling down almost to the ground.

Along this route of nearly twelve hundred miles I passed many towns and villages, but saw no church buildings, save one, and it was Catholic. There is a vast field here for laborers. Also in Java, Sumatra and Borneo there are millions with no missionary from the churches of Christ in America.

# IN SIAM

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## COUNTRY SCENES

A flock of buzzards were out on the plain around a dead animal, regular old-time turkey buzzards, such as are seen in the United States. The whole scene was complete, smell and all. It really made me feel quite at home.

The palmira palm, the largest and tallest of the palm family perhaps, is abundant in Siam. From the juice extracted from it is made a brown sugar resembling maple sugar, and it is equally as good. Also from the same palm is made an intoxicating drink like the *tuba* of the Philippines. There is also another palm, tall and slender, which bears berries in a cluster, called the betel nut. There is a vine bearing a leaf with a gingery taste. A preparation of lime, red in color, is spread on this leaf, and this, with the betel nut enclosed, is crammed into the mouth, then they begin to chew and spit all about, like some unfortunate westerners I have seen who in a similar manner chew the dried leaves of a certain poisonous plant called tobacco. It blackens the lips and teeth and, when they laugh, gives them a most hideous appearance.

When one crosses the border into Siam the rubber plantations cease and the rice fields are much in evidence. I saw crops in all stages, from the planting to the harvesting. They transplant it as they do in Japan, and harvest it in the same primitive way with a sickle. In some cases they simply break off the heads with the hands. Yet Siam exports considerable rice to other countries. When not in cultivation the rice fields are

used for pasture lands, both for common cattle and for the water buffalo. Many herds of cattle are seen feeding on the broad plains, always attended by herdsmen to protect against thieves.

#### WITH THE MISSIONARIES

The Churches of Christ in Britain have six missionaries located in Nakon Pathom, a town thirty miles out from Bangkok. I spent a most delightful week with them, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. They have three schools, a boys' school and a girls' school for Siamese children, and a school for Chinese boys. The latter has fifty on the roll, the girls' school 120, the boys school 130. The church attendance is from thirty to forty. Baptisms since 1900 have been 398. The poor are treated free, but the medical work brings an income. About twenty-one hundred ticals (\$1,050.00) has been used for enlarging the plant. The church gives \$25.00 a month, but is not yet self-supporting.

One day we went out to the villages and had dinner in the home of a Christian who had a pet owl, some doves, two monkeys and twelve children. He and his wife and ten of his children have been baptized, but some of them are not living up to their profession. He was once a robber and a murderer, having killed more people than all the fingers on one hand. The dinner consisted mostly of rice. As I didn't drink tea, he served me with fresh milk, presumably from the water buffalo, as I saw no other cows in his herd. When dinner was ready he asked Brother Clark to give thanks, who, in turn, requested him to do it. To see him, once such a desperate character, now thanking God for the meal, was beautiful and impressive, showing that God

is no respecter of persons, but in every nation whoso feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him. I made a talk to the family and to some neighbors who had gathered in. I did not see any white elephants while in Siam, but saw many white buffalo. This man owned one of them.

The largest pagoda in all Siam is here at Nakon Pathom. It resembles a great funnel turned upside down and the sharp point, sticking high in the air, serves as a guide to airmen. I noticed also many birds were nesting in it. A great and abominable image of Buddha, about seventy feet long, reclines in one of the rooms surrounding it, as well as many, many other such things too numerous to mention, for, even if I should, the only lesson to be gained from it would be to show the folly of man.

#### POISON PUT AGAINST ITSELF

We visited the Pasteur Institute in Bangkok, and saw the snake farm connected with it. They keep three varieties from which to extract the poison. This is injected into a horse and allowed to remain nine months. (Sometimes the horse dies.) The blood is then extracted and used to counteract snake bite in people. Not all are cured, but even some who have become unconscious have been saved. Many rabbits are also kept and the mad-dog's poison injected into them. When almost dead, they are killed and the spinal cord used to make a preparation to counteract the bite of the mad-dog. One poor, innocent fellow was lying stretched out in his cage, looking very sick, and the guide said he would be killed tomorrow. Some object to the vicarious suffering of Jesus; that is, the just suf-

fering for the unjust, but the innocent are suffering and giving their lives daily to save others.

A Chinese Christian who has been connected with the institution from the first showed us around. The cobra, one of the most poisonous snakes of these eastern lands, is like our spreading adder (spreadnatter) in the states, only it is much larger. When it raises its head and spreads its highly-colored hood some think it very beautiful. My taste is different.

#### A TRAGEDY

"Who is this little boy you have with you?" I asked of Mrs. Clark. "O, yes," she said, "the story about him is a real tragedy. He and an older sister are the only survivors of the family. Threats had been made and the family were anxious as to what might happen, and an uncle was staying with them. One evening after dark they heard somebody coming through the jungle. The uncle went out to see and they began to shoot at him. He ran and stumbled and fell. They thought they had killed him. He crawled till he got into the pineapple patch, then he ran with all his might for help. The murderers had attacked the house and had broken in. The mother and three children were sleeping in the back room. The father tried to escape through the roof, and was almost through when they shot at him, caught him by the legs and pulled him back and killed him. Then they tried to push open the door where the family was. The oldest sister was pushing against the door and for a while held it shut. She says she does not know how she did it, but she thinks her mother must have helped her. But finally they broke in, and as they did so she darted under the floor and





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4



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1. In Siam the elephant is used as a beast of burden. 2. Up the trolley in Penang three thousand feet. 3. Taking sap from the rubber tree. 4. The largest pagoda in Siam. 5. Rubber hanging up to dry. 6. A modern cottage in the East.

they did not find her. They killed the baby and shot the mother, and (pointing toward him) that little boy covered himself with the bed clothes. He says he lay very still and said nothing, so they overlooked him, but that he was awfully frightened. As soon as the uncle reached our compound, Percy and I both started. When we got there the mother was still living, but there was a hole shot in her lungs, and when she would breathe the air would come out at the hole. I tried to bind it up, and we brought her to the hospital, but she died very soon. We are taking care of that little boy and his oldest sister, the only survivors of the family."

#### VISITING THE QUEEN

When our sister had finished this tragical story, Brother Clark said, "You might tell Brother McCaleb about your visit to the queen." "Yes, but if I had known there was so much intrigue connected with it I never should have gone. The queen had been degraded because she had not borne the king a son, and he was going to take another wife. She was suffering from female trouble and thought maybe I could help her. A car was sent for me and they drove me around and around over town for hours before they came to the palace. We were held up at the gate by the sentinels, but something was said that I did not understand and the gates were opened. We were in a great dark hall. We were led through this to another entrance and were held up again. Something was said and we were allowed to pass through. From one apartment to another we were guided till finally we came to the room of the queen. The woman said to me, 'Now, you must not do as I do, for you are a western woman and it is

not necessary; but I must crawl when I go before the queen; but, whatever you do, don't you do it.' The queen received me sitting on her throne and asked me to have a chair. She was small and not so good looking. We went to another room and she asked me to examine her, which I did, and gave her a prescription. She told me of her distress, how that she was in constant suffering, and that she was afraid to eat her meals lest she be poisoned."

### WEAVING

In Nakon Pathom we passed a Chinese house in which were five or six looms, operated by both men and women. I was struck by the similarity between these looms and the one my mother used in the long ago. I also noted one decided improvement over mother's loom. Instead of shifting the shuttle back and forth by the hands alternately while the released hand drove up the cloth with the batten, the shuttle was operated back and forth by means of a string attached to a lever overhead, with the right hand only, while the left operated the batten. By such device the speed was about doubled.

Siam has ten million inhabitants ruled over by a king, including twenty thousand lepers. The American churches of Christ have no missionaries in this land. Of too many it may be said:

He was born for the world,  
But he settled down  
And spent all his life  
In his own little town.

## FROM BANGKOK TO RANGOON

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No overland route has yet been opened up between Bangkok, Siam, and Rangoon, Burma, so one is compelled to take the longer way by back-tracking to Penang by rail, then turning northwest by ship. By rail required a night and a day. By early dawn, as we pulled into a certain station, I was aroused by loud cries. In the broad, sheltered space between the building and the track, bedding had been spread down for two families for the night. The father of one of them had just died and the rest of the family were bewailing their loss. A girl about grown, a daughter, maybe, was throwing her arms frantically in the air and screaming at the top of her voice, while another woman, presumably the mother, was holding her and trying to get her quieted down. Others gathered around, some to look on, while some were talking to the family to console and advise them. At any rate, before the train pulled out all had quieted down. I felt quite helpless, but I was sorry for them.

One peculiar custom of the Siamese dress by both sexes is to draw the skirt back between the legs, give it a twist and tuck it under the belt at the waist. It makes one think of bloomers, and the twist suggests a tail. There is a story to the effect that once there was a war and men were lacking, so the women tucked up their skirts thus so they might look like men, and joined the army. It may be that the men in admiration fell in with the custom.

Penang, like Hong Kong and Singapore, is an island city, and must be reached by a ferry. It is situated on

one quite different from the feeling toward the other. Why?

In passing through Rangoon I saw mission schools, church buildings, beautiful residences with spacious grounds, Chinese streets and Burmese markets. At a street corner a man and a boy were operating an iron roller mill to squeeze out the cane juice, which ran into a bucket through a dirty cloth, and was then sold and drunk as lemonade. These Oriental people are very fond of jewelry, however cheap it may be. They wear it both in the upper rim and in the lobe of the ears, the sides and partition of the nose, around the neck, the arms and the ankles. A button stuck on the outside of the nose is a common sight, and as ugly as it is common. I saw one old woman with two big ones, one on either side, while her fingers were fairly loaded with rings. She sat at a little stall on the side of the street where filth was abundant, selling tobacco leaves.

In eastern styles everyone seems to be a law to himself, and whatever one chooses to put on makes no difference. Take this for example: A tall man, dark and slender, with a brimless hat, for he is a Mohammedan, a tassel hanging from the center of the crown, shoes and socks, a bright red skirt instead of trousers, a white shirt split at the sides and rounded at the corners, with cuffs and cuff buttons at the sleeves, a gray coat cut in the common fashion, and the tail of the shirt showing down below the coat, before and behind, about six inches. Surely the East sets its own fashions.

Adoniram Judson was a Baptist missionary in Burma more than a century ago. From a missionary I received the following items concerning the work of

the Baptists in Burma (the word, "Karen," is the tribal name of the people): "There are sixty-one thousand Christian Karens in Burma. Three-fourths of the churches are self-supporting. There are about six hundred Karen churches. Ko Tha Byu, the first Karen convert's centenary anniversary, was celebrated at Tavoy, Lower Burma, in October, 1928. Seven hundred thousand rupees (one rupee is 35 cents) were given for the school building in Basseni. A pipe organ has been installed in this school. This was paid for by the Karens. Dr. Nichols is in charge of the Basseni work. There is a sawmill and a rice mill, run entirely by Christian Karens, the proceeds of which are given over to the support of the Bassein school. Dr. Nichols suggested that if each Karen family in his field would raise a pig the money for the school could be raised. In this way self-support is strengthened in the foreign field. The Karens also have supported their own missionaries (Karen) in far-away fields in the north of Burma, such as the Labus, Was and the borders of China."

The above items are of special interest in helping to solve the question of self-support. Mr. Judson, their first missionary, labored six years before having a convert.

## CALCUTTA, INDIA

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India's principal religions are as follows: Hindu, 216,734,596; Mohammedan, 68,735,233; Christian, 4,754,064; Buddhist, 11,571,268. The Mohammedans hate the Hindus because they worship idols; the Hindus hate the Mohammedans because they kill cattle, the cow being more sacred to the Hindus than man. This mutual hatred is a great hindrance to progress in India.

Along the Hoogli River up to Calcutta are many factories for making burlap from a plant called "jute," a kind of hemp. Brickmaking is another industry. The mud is obtained from the river by drawing it off into artificial lakes and letting the mud settle. The man on board who told me this added that they had been doing this "for millions of years." The refuse from the old brick kilns along the bank is evidence of age; but "millions of years" is a long stretch of time on which to base a positive statement, and I am still wondering how he got his information.

"*Salaam*" is used by the Mohammedans for a salutation, and means "Peace." I learned to use it even before reaching India, while in Siam, and I was pleased to note that it always brought a pleasant expression from others, even though we were strangers. I remembered also that this was the word Jesus taught his disciples to use when entering the homes of others.

As I was walking along one of the streets of Calcutta, a man was sitting flat on the sidewalk, and another with an old lemonade bottle filled with something, his forefinger over the mouth, was dropping it in his eye. In Agra a barber was on the side of a dusty

street, with carts and other street traffic coming and going, shaving a man under his arms and down his legs. On the train, which was stopping for only five minutes, a barber came in and shaved a man in two minutes, and as the train pulled out he pocketed his outfit, received his fee, and disappeared. In Benares a man, open to the street, was having himself oiled.

But back to Calcutta. Two beggars, one blind, met me. The one with eyes evidently had told him who was coming; so, getting in front of me, he cried: "Look at this blind boy!" When it comes to beggars, it is hard to tell which is in the lead, China or India.

On Sunday, April 7, a small group of brethren met to break bread in the Calcutta Y. M. C. A. building. There were eight in all. I met Mr. Smeals before the meeting. It is not their custom to call on anyone to speak, but he gave me to understand that if I wished to say something it would be acceptable. We formed a circle around the Lord's table. I made a talk; so did another brother who teaches for a living and preaches as he has opportunity. Then the leader of the meeting spoke on the gardens mentioned in the Bible, beginning with the Garden of Eden. Mr. Smeals, the speaker, has been in India for many years, but has been in Calcutta only a little more than a year. In a city of a million and a half of people he says almost no missionary work is being done. They speak on the Maidan, where thousands gather in the evening.

I started out to find the American Express Agency. I had not gone far when a well-dressed man overtook me and asked: "Is there anything I can do to help you?" He doubtless had noticed that I was consulting a sheet of paper and looking at the streets as I walked.



"We who live here," he continued, "forget that a stranger does not know the streets. This is a book," he said, showing a package, "which I obtained from the jeweler. I bought some silver on which were some marks I could not make out, and I am taking the book home to search for them. I collect curios. Did you say you were searching for the American Express Office? Go to the corner there, turn to your left till you come to the cross street, and it is just around the corner there to your right. I'm taking a taxi, and if you will get in with me, I'll take you right to the place." Not knowing whether I was being spirited away to be robbed and maybe murdered, with some misgiving I got in, and away we went, I was not sure where. After turning a corner or two we came in front of an office with a sign in bold letters, "American Express." Opening the door, he said: "This is the place. Can you get out by me?" "It is certainly very kind of you," I said. "O, not at all. Good-bye."

My unknown friend, so well bred and polite, went on his way, and I went in, wondering at what had happened. Again I was made to realize that there are values that cannot be computed with figures.

Four of us ate at the same table—a man of forty-five with a tired look; a young man named "Irvine," with nothing to do especially but to eat, smoke, and sleep; a whisky dealer with a habitual smile and pleasing manner; and I. The whisky dealer was not long in letting me know he was not in favor of the prohibition law in America. "Most of my whisky goes to America," he added. I took issue with him and reminded him that it would only be a matter of time till his business would be stopped in America. (This was before

"I'm Alone" was sunk.) By way of a parallel case, I pointed out that fifty years after England and America had passed laws against the slave trade there were more slaves smuggled into the United States than before the laws were passed, and that it took about a hundred years to put a stop to it; "and in time we will stop you," I said.

Next morning I met him again in front of the Y. M. C. A. Patting him on the shoulder, I said: "Say, you ought not to be stopping here." "Why?" he asked, with seeming surprise. "They don't serve drinks here. You ought to stop at the hotel; they have plenty of it there." "O, that's so, isn't it? But I can get it here."

Again at the table the question came up. "I saw the results of your business down in the Philippines." "What?" "When I landed at Manila, there were two drunken men who pushed themselves forward, one an American, the other an Englishman. The American demanded something to eat. I gave him some bananas I happened to have, but he was not satisfied and was soon in a row with a Filipino, who threatened to have him arrested. 'Let them put me in jail; then they'll have to feed me.' The Englishman, unasked, took charge of my baggage, then demanded money. You oughtn't curse your fellow men like that." What he was thinking, I do not know; he only kept up his smiling and remained silent.

The tired-looking man of forty-five listened to the conversation. There was a hungry expression in his face. We afterwards got into a conversation. I told him something of myself and the work in which I had been engaged. He wanted to tell me something, and little by little I gathered up a few fragmentary threads

of his life. He was doing very well in his business; had a wife and three children—two boys in England at school, wife somewhere up country teaching; he was lodging at the Y.; was much out with Calcutta in particular and the world in general, and, after all, not so sure that life was worth while. Why his wife was not with him, whether for economic reasons or something else, he did not say. Instead of his real name, I will call him "Mr. Lonely." We had many talks together. I endeavored to show him that there is only one life worth while, but that it is a glorious life, full of thrilling interest, both for what it affords now and for what it promises in the future. One evening he asked me if I would take a walk with him. We picked our way between the trucks, automobiles, and other busy traffic of the street across to the Maidan, a park in the heart of Calcutta consisting of eleven hundred and thirty acres. We came to a seat and sat down. The sun was setting and a cool breeze swept across the green level, with clumps of trees dotted here and there. We talked till after eight, and were reminded that already we were late for dinner. I went over the plan of salvation with him and urged him to become just a simple Christian. I told him of the meeting of the brethren and requested him to attend. Sunday afternoon we spent another hour together. I must leave Sunday night. I suggested that he read the Gospels, then Acts, to see how the church began and how they became Christians. At the morning meeting Mr. Smeals had asked me to take tea with him at four. While we were talking Mr. Smeals came in, and I introduced him and Mr. Lonely, and spoke of having suggested that the latter attend their meetings. He assured him of being welcome and

added that they were having Bible study on Wednesday nights, and at their next meeting would begin the study of Acts.

I left Calcutta on the eight-o'clock train. On leaving the Y., I saw nothing of Mr. Lonely. In the train I was sitting by the open window with my back turned, when I felt someone put his hand on me. "You were not going away and not tell me good-bye? I was waiting for you and meant to bring you to the station. I have gone to every coach on the other train, due to start at the same time, looking for you." We talked till the train was moving out. "I wish I were going with you," he said. He held on to my hand till the last minute, gave a last look back through the window, and we parted, maybe never to meet again till that great day. If then I shall meet him a satisfied soul, "that will be glory for me."

"O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace  
In winning lost souls unto thee;  
That many may be in that beautiful place,  
Conducted to glory by me."

## DALTONGANJ AND LATEHAR

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### DALTONGANJ

Several hours' ride from Calcutta across India's dreary plains brings one to the junction of Sone East Bank. I had been warned of a long wait and of a dreary place. It was very early in the morning when I arrived. People were still lying about on the platform asleep. I went to a small restaurant and ordered some eggs and toast, obtained some hot water and made a cup of postum. Whether by sea or land, thus far the only hot drinks obtainable are tea and coffee, neither of which is fit for human beings. They are not even fit for animals.

Miss Piggott and Miss Badenoch are two missionaries from Scotland. Miss Piggott was at the train to meet me, and during my five days' stay at Daltonganj they made me feel happily at home. I spoke at six of their meetings. One was for the Christian women of the town, held in the front room of the mission home. The native dress of the Indian women, when clean, is attractive, reminding one of the days of Sarah, Rebekah and Rachel. Once I spoke at the weekly market, where the brethren have a hall; once to some women and children outside a village home, it being too warm inside. Several men listened from across the street. The women and children sat on the ground. The dark skins of the children were an ash-gray with the dust. I spoke to the children of the school—twenty-eight, including the teachers. The teachers invited us to dinner one evening, a real Indian dinner. We sat on matting in the yard and ate with our fingers, a cus-

tom followed all over India. The Jews in the days of Jesus ate in this way.

One evening, with two native preachers, we went to the crossroads, a village center, for an open-air meeting. People came from two or three villages. There was trouble on, and one of the objects of the meeting was that the brethren might help to settle it. The chief of one of the villages had accused a widow with two grown sons of being possessed of demons. They agreed to let the priest decide, and whichever was in the wrong was to pay him twenty-five rupees—nine dollars. The woman was given a certificate of not guilty with the thumb print of the priest on it. The village master had to pay the fee. Some one asked to see the certificate, and she could never get it back again. The priest would not give another without an extra twenty-five rupees. The chief reopened the accusation. The widow came to the missionaries for help.

The villagers sat under the big trees, some on dirty mats and some on the bare ground. An old bedstead had been brought out for the missionaries to sit on. There were a few women at the root of the big tree just back of the speakers. In the midst of the speaking one of the women threw up her arms and cried out that the men up the road were in a fight. Looking in that direction, two men in the middle of the road looked as though they might come to blows. The preaching stopped and the preachers hurried to them. Temporary peace was restored and the preaching went on. Again it broke out right in the crowd, and the preachers and missionary girls had to restore order. I was told that they had more trouble after we left. It was rumored that the root of the matter was that

the widow had a piece of land the village chief wanted, and he was taking this method, hoping to force her to sell and leave the neighborhood.

Miss Anne Piggott and I, with two of her adopted children, took a ride in their Ford one day to the river, a distance of five or six miles. On the way, in the neighborhood of where the incident occurred, she told this story: A man was passing along the road with a horse. As the night drew on he discovered that a tiger was lurking in the jungle, waiting for the darkness before making his attack on the horse. He could leave the animal to its fate and make his escape, but it belonged to his master and he wanted to be faithful to his trust. They had not gone far till some men came down the hill into the road carrying a lantern. They formed a circle around the horse and, as they proceeded, continued to pass the lantern from one to the other. As all wild animals are afraid of a light, this kept the tiger at bay. When they finally reached the village the tiger went away, howling in a great rage at being kept from his prey.

#### LATEHAR

Latehar is only about two hours' run from Daltonganj. On the way I saw a deer jump across the dry bed of a stream. Brother Pryce was at the station to meet me. I had the choice of riding a mile on the ox cart to the mission home or of walking. We walked. Our brother has a school for boys and is trying to develop some lines of industry. One thing he is working at is the production of lac. Lac is made from an insect that grows on the small branches of trees. There are three varieties of trees that produce good insects. They

resemble the oak, but are different. The insects feed on the sap. From lac is made shellac, used much in America. In this part of India the people depend on the sale of it for a living.

Being at Latehar over Sunday, I spoke at the morning service. I liked the way our brother conducted the Lord's Supper. No instrument was used in the worship. It may be all right to use baker's bread and to cut it up into little cubes, but it is not done here. It may be acceptable to the Lord to distribute the wine before giving thanks, but it is not done here. It is better to be on the safe side and use unleavened bread and to give thanks first for the cup.

#### PANDEPURA

On Monday we started early for a five-mile hike to Pandepura, where there is a church. Till now the brethren have been meeting under a brush arbor in front of the preacher's house. When we arrived they were just beginning to lay the foundation for a church building. It is of solid stone. The members, including the preacher, are giving two days a week, and they hope to have it done in two months. At that time the rains "break" and they must get busy with their crops. They are asking for no outside help. As we were approaching the village one of the brethren came down to the road to meet us. After a few words of greeting he pointed across the valley and said, "A panther killed a cow over there last night." I suggested that we go and see it. I still had enough of the boy curiosity to want to see how a panther would kill a cow. Her throat was not cut, as I had supposed, not even a scratch was on it; but the abdomen had been ripped



open and the paunch let out; then the victim was an easy prey. Tigers and panthers abound on the nearby mountains, and the cattle must be penned every night.

We rested a while in the preacher's home and ate lunch, which we had brought with us. A goat that looked sick came in and lay down in the doorway. The house had mud walls and a dirt floor. Three poles across from wall to wall held the clothes of the family. Some yellow corn still in the ear was hanging from a rafter. Outside the door was the old-time hand mill in which the corn is ground, then eaten as a mush. Rice, however, is the main food of the Indians. They also eat flour pancakes. Near the house were some large castor beans. A neighbor was digging a well which was about fifteen feet across.

On the way back Miss Melville stopped at a hut and bought some eggs. The rice fields, for lack of rain, were cracked and hard, but the harvest time was over. At one place a big dirt dam had been built to hold the water when it came, to be let out later on the fields as they needed it.

## FROM LATEHAR TO BENARES

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I was to take the five-o'clock train. We started from the compound about four. Sister Pryce took a snapshot of us. It was a mile—a long one—to the station. We crossed a great river bed of sand with a remnant of a river so small that we stepped across on some large stones that had been placed in order. During the long, dry season many of the rivers of India go entirely dry, others almost dry.

While we walked Brother Pryce told me this story: A man whom he had employed asked for a few days off. He did not want to tell why. His friend standing by spoke up and said: "He beat his ox the other day and killed it; he must now go to Benares and bathe in the river Ganges to wash away his sin." This the man did in due order. Then he returned home and made a feast for the brama (priest) and his friends. This he had to do or lose caste and be cast out.

While we walked on our brother told another story. "A man from this neighborhood," he said, "went to Benares and bathed in the Ganges. Cholera was in Benares. He came home and took it and died. They burned his body and threw the remains in the river that flows into this one. The villagers below used the water, and nine of them took cholera. All but one old man died. It was reported to me. I went at once to the health officer. We went together and made an investigation. I offered to do anything I could. I hastened to Daltonganj and got one hundred and fifty treatments of antitoxin. We inoculated one hundred and fifty of the villagers and there were no more cases."

From April to June is India's hot season. The rains "break" about the middle of June. On April 15, under the full force of an Indian sun, I walked eleven miles, took the train at five and rode all night, and changed cars twice.

Back from Latehar to Daltonganj is forty miles. The two sisters were at the station with a bottle of soup, a jug of water, and a good lunch. "The bottle, the old plate, and the jug you may just throw away," they said. "Maybe you will need the spoon." After the strenuous day of eleven miles' walk, I was tired and thirsty, and the jug of water was appreciated most of all. But above the excellent lunch and refreshing water, the most refreshing thing of all was the thoughtful kindness that prompted it. And "Bill," too, who runs the automobile and is making a commendable record, was there to tell me good-bye. I liked his quiet manner.

It was early when I arrived at Benares, and I waited till daylight. I had been given the name of a missionary who lodged fellow missionaries at cost. I called a boy to carry my grips and went out on the street to get a conveyance. In Benares they use little horse carts, as in Manila, with the difference that the guest sits on the back seat with his back to the driver, an arrangement not to be commended. Those on the street whom I met could not speak English. The friend had written, saying if I would inform him of my arrival he would have someone to meet me. A good-looking cart came rushing up. The boys made signs that it had come for me. Soon he turned in at a gate and stopped in front of a missionary's home. He opened the door, took in my grips, and showed me my room, with a bath

attached. I proceeded to bathe and made myself quite at home. A knock was heard, and I said: "Come in!" A quiet man of medium height entered. "Norton is my name," he said. "Then I must be in the wrong box," I replied, and handed him Mr. Hudson's card. After reading it he said: "I'm not a Wesleyan Methodist, but I'm a Methodist, and unless you have some preference for going to Mr. Hudson's, you are quite welcome to lodge with me."

I spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Norton, along with some other missionaries. He put his best car at our disposal, and when we were ready to leave he would not receive a cent. This was such a surprise to me I hardly knew what to say, and I thought of Mark Twain's embarrassment. Once he called on President Grant. Grant was a man of few words, and Mark Twain did not know how to begin. Finally he said: "Mr. President, I feel embarrassed; don't you?"

Mr. Norton has developed an industrial plant giving employment to eighty young men. He carries on smithing, tailoring (had on a suit the boys had made), carpentry, automobile mending, and is agent for one of the American standard cars. Honesty in business is such a rare thing, and hence so difficult to practice, that the more honest occupations honestly done, the better for those who try to be Christians.

In the home of Mr. Norton I met Mr. Rassmann, another missionary working a few miles out from Benares, but preparing to return to America to arrange to start industrial work. He says he has worked three years and has had no additions. He thinks that many are convinced and would be baptized, but this means they would lose caste and be thrown out of a home and

employment. He hopes to solve the problem by furnishing work.

The Benares district has nine hundred and one people to the square mile. It is thought that if one dies near enough to Benares to have his body burned on the river bank and his ashes thrown into the Ganges, his soul goes direct to heaven without having to be reborn through an almost endless cycle. Benares, on the bank of the Ganges, reminds one of Memphis, Tenn., on the Mississippi. Here the river makes a great bend, the city being on the outer bank. Viewed from the opposite side, it stands out in bold relief, the whole bluff for a mile or two being lined with Hindu temples of many shapes, positions, and sizes, the Mohammedan mosque being the most conspicuous of all. There are three minarets—tall, taller, tallest—towering not only above the mosque itself, but above all other buildings as well. We went up the tallest of these, from which was obtained a splendid view of the city and surrounding country. But I was glad to get down from such a dizzy height, for I could not get rid of the feeling that the whole thing might topple over and splash into the river.

In the sixteenth century the Mohammedans overran portions of India, and at present there are about seventy millions of them. When they conquered Benares, a Hindu temple was destroyed and on its ruins the present mosque erected. The god of the temple jumped into the well near by, and now this well is the "Well of Knowledge."

I stood on a flight of stone steps reaching down to the water and watched the people while bathing. Only a few rods above us was a large sewage pipe from the city with a stream of filth as big as a man's body pour-



1. Shah Jahan, who built the Taj Mahal. 2. The Taj Mahal, said to be the most beautiful building in the world. 3. A water carrier. 4. A street barber. 5. Sacrificing a goat. 6. Yoke of oxen. 7. Mumtaz Mahal, the favorite queen, for whom a memorial was built. 8. The cobra snake in India. 9. An Indian laundry. 10. Off for a picnic. 11. Drawing water from the well.

ing in, making the whole riverside black and dingy. I asked a man if the water on the opposite side of the river would not be better, and he said: "No." "But what about all this filth from the city?" "It doesn't matter," he said.

The whole bank of the river for about a mile is taken up with stone steps and burning *ghats*. We came to one of these ghats (places) and saw three fires going, in which three bodies were being consumed. It is important that a boy marry and have a son as soon as possible, so that when the father dies he may crack his father's skull and let his spirit escape.

While we were looking two men approached us, and one of them said to Mr. Rassmann, who had a camera: "Please, sir, may I ask a favor of you? We want a photograph of this burning. She was a good woman and was with us for twelve years." "If you believed in Christ, you would have hopes of meeting her again," said my friend. The fat man of the two pointed up and said: "Krishna and Christ just the same; all go to the same place."

The bathers, many of them, carry brass vessels, and as they leave the river they fill them with the holy water and, going to the Well of Knowledge, pour it in. They draw this water up and drink it. A crowd may be seen constantly around this well. I asked if I might approach the well, and the priest said I must take off my shoes, as the place was holy. A low shelter covered it, and the stone floor all around was wet and sloppy. The merits of the water did not seem to be imparted to the motley crowd, so I did not remove my shoes or take a drink. Some distance away is the Well of Life, a large square some forty feet across at the top and with stone steps all round leading down to the water.

✓ The lesson to be learned from these two wells is that even India, one of the most benighted people in the world, feels that knowledge and life are blessings to be sought. But the utter folly of the means adopted is equally manifest.

Mr. Rassmann wanted a snapshot of the "Golden Temple." I stood in front. Afterwards we went in and walked around. A group of motley children were following us, begging for "backsheesh." In the forenoon I was in a shop where they sold photographs. After looking at several sets of cards and selecting such as I wanted, the clerk brought out another set. They were too obscene to be shown, so I did not buy. They had been photographed from the carvings of some temple, so I mentioned it to my friend. This put us on the watch while viewing the Golden Temple. There they were, as plain as day, up overhead all round this temple. One of the larger boys of the motley group soon caught on and volunteered to go before and point them all out. "It is a shame even to speak of those things," for they were carvings most ingeniously wrought of nude men and women in every imaginable compromising attitude. These small children were well versed in such matters. One excuse in India for child marriages is that if married before the age of puberty they will not commit sin. As we walked on we saw many phallic symbols about the temple and in the shops. At one place they were made in gold and sold for jewelry. In Japan I have a book written by a Japanese university professor and fully illustrated, on the same subject.

This degraded and degrading form of worship is found in all the ancient nations, the "chosen people"



not excepted. It is the rule that when a nation forgets God it turns to the worship of nature. (See the first chapter of Romans.) And since the genital organs are the seat of life and their exercise a delight, it is an easy step to make them an object of worship.

Sarnath is six miles out from Benares. It is now a city in ruins and the place where Buddha began preaching. Some of it has been excavated and many images and writings put into a museum near by. All the images are more or less mutilated, supposed to have been done by the Mohammedan invaders when they destroyed the city. One thing to be commended in Buddhism is that it attempts to break down caste. One thing to be commended in Mohammedanism is that it is a deadly foe of idolatry. Not a sign of an image, not even a picture, is seen in their mosques.

## AGRA AND DELHI

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### AGRA

The chief attraction of the city of Agra is the Taj Mahal, "probably the best-known monument in the world." Built by the Emperor Shah Jahan in memory of Mumtaz Mahal, his favorite queen. It was twenty-two years in building, and cost, it is said, fifty million dollars. The emperor who built it was afterwards imprisoned by his son, lest he spend everything in the empire. It is said that the man who drew the plans had his eyes put out by this cruel emperor, that he should never attempt to surpass it. Another story is that he was blind when he did it.

On April 18, 1929, I visited this memorial. It is situated on the south bank of the river Jumna. The grounds are well laid out, with green lawns, shrubs and trees, and an artificial lake extends from the entrance to the building, and at a certain angle it is reflected in the water below. On either side of the lake is a row of juniper trees, which add to the general effect. It is a paradise for birds, the gorgeously colored parrot and the common turtle dove being among them. At the gate the keeper attempted to call my attention to the carvings on the door. In other words, he hoped I would begin to do at his bidding, that he might afterwards ask for *backsheesh*. I walked on alone and motioned the man back who attempted to follow. I wanted to be left with my thoughts undisturbed and for a moment even forget the filth and poverty and suffering of the millions in India. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Not a cloud was in the sky nor a breath of air blowing

—one of those still, dreamy mornings when the peace of heaven seems to be brooding over the world. I had supposed, judging from the photographs I had seen, that descriptions I had read were exaggerated. But now, as I stood looking at this marble structure in the glories of a soft morning sun, I found that I wanted simply to stand and gaze and gaze. And even when the time came that I felt I must move on, still I felt like I wanted to look a little more. "Viewing it from a distance, one cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of its outline, the perfection of its balance (which gives an entirely false impression of its size), and the varying shades of light reflected from its marble dome. There is an indescribable air of lightness and purity about this immense structure which has never been achieved in any other building of its size." "On approaching the Taj, one realizes its size and can appreciate the exquisite marble inlay and carved work on the walls. In a building of this magnitude one is unprepared for the delicacy, lightness, and fine detail of the decorative work, which is worthy of a skilled jeweler." But it should be noted that neither within nor without is there the semblance of an image of any animal or human being. The carvings within are only of flowers, and without, carved in Arabic, on either side of the portal and above, are selections from the "Koran." Neither can any sort of carved or painted image be seen in any Mohammedan mosque.

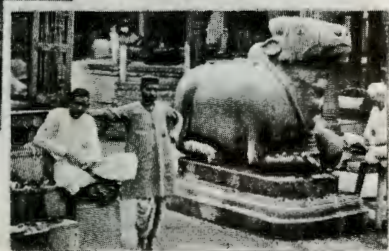
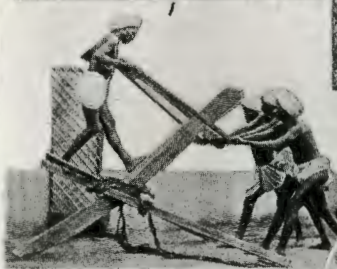
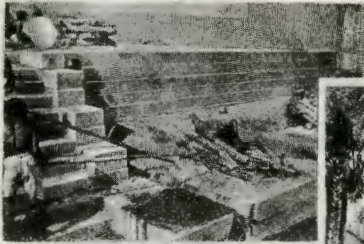
Approaching the building, I passed an old man, half nude, with his black, sunburned body, dipping water from the artificial lake and filling a skin bag with an old tin can. He was watering the garden. I thought: In God's sight, you, humble as you are, are of more value than all of this beauty and splendor about you.

As I stood in the center of this building by the marble tomb of the queen, the ceiling of the dome high overhead, an old man with white beard, standing silently by, turned his face upward and cried, "Allah!" The echo rose from height to height, each becoming fainter in its turn till again all was silence. "Allah" is the Mohammedan word for "God." He called to God to be heard of man that from man he might receive an alms. And I thought: Though the sound of your voice is marvelous, it is also suggestive that the Mohammedan's prayer only reaches to the ceiling. I thought again: Let me beware, lest mine rise no higher.

The real tombs are in the vault below, the ones above being only duplicates. They can be seen by going down a flight of steps. The queen's is exactly in the center, his on one side. If India's degraded, downtrodden, and abused womanhood could gain a central place and she be made queen of the home, blessed would it be for India.

Within sight of the Taj is a notable fort. It is more than a mile around it, and from the Jasmine Tower, where the Emperor Shah Jahan was imprisoned by his son and where he died, he could gaze upon the Taj memorial of his favorite queen. This fort is built of immense red sandstone blocks, a stone which abounds in this part of India. It must have cost an immense amount of labor and a great outlay of money.

Nations go on building and building till they finally build themselves to death. When one sees India filled with these expensive temples, tombs, mosques, and monuments, and around these useless edifices, crumbling into decay, the filth, squalor, and extreme poverty of the people, it is enough to make even the stones weep



1. Burning the bodies of the dead. 2. Where the dead are committed to the "Tower of Silence." 3. An Oriental sawmill. 4. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill." 5. Where Buddha began preaching. 6. The sacred bull at the well of knowledge.

with which they are built. Their villages are the most miserable-looking little mud huts; while millions constantly go hungry, some actually starving to death. On coming in from looking at one of these magnificent structures one day, an Indian with seeming pride asked what I thought of it. I said: "Too much has been spent in such things, while the people live in poverty and lie on the streets like dogs. This is bad." What he thought of it, I do not know. He made no reply.

### DELHI (DELLIE)

From Agra I proceeded to Delhi, the capital of India. The station is large and badly arranged. By inquiry I found the Y, just across the street. The secretary is an Indian, a young man whom I admonished to set his mark high and make his Y the best in all India. There is room for improvement. The first night, all beds being taken, I slept out in the yard on two tables. I had my blanket, and the secretary kindly lent me his own pillow. There were a few mosquitoes, but I was tired enough to sleep in spite of them.

The water tap was outside the house and accessible to the public. A man was washing his hands and taking a drink. I asked him if he would fill my cup. He caught his hands full and poured it in. I threw it out and asked him to hold the cup under. From my position I did not have access to it. He would not touch the cup, but going away he said: "Aya ni aya"—"Cannot serve you." He was a Hindu. On the train, as I was leaving Agra, an English woman, with her little girl and a servant, were in the same compartment. She was a missionary's wife of the Church of England. At one of the stops the servant went to the window

and had the water carrier fill her little brass vessel. The lady remarked that the servant would not drink the water she had brought along, as she was a Hindu. They must not be defiled by touching the things of other folks. I am pretty sure, though, if I had offered the man money instead of a cup, he would not have been afraid of its touch. I noticed this same woman walk across the compartment, turn her back on her mistress, light a cigarette and puff the smoke out of the window, and look up and down the track as though the cigarette was not her object in being at the window.

At one of the stations men were running along giving the passengers "free water," and a fellow passenger standing by remarked that there was a man for the Hindus, one for the Mohammedans, and one for the Christians. Some would squat down and place their hands under the mouth in the form of a spout while the water man poured the water in.

As in Agra, so in Delhi, there is a great fort built by Shah Jahan, the same Mogul emperor who built the Taj Mahal in memory of his favorite queen. These Mogul emperors were Mohammedan invaders, and they reigned in great splendor. Inside this fort is a palace, a hall of audience, and a throne made of marble. But now there is no emperor on it and its white marble corner posts are mottled by the common crowd. The day I was there several young men were up in the throne carrying on in levity and trying, maybe, to feel like a Mogul king. By foolish extravagance these ancient rulers of three centuries ago built themselves down and out. They forgot that "the king himself is

served by the field" and that it takes a people to sustain the throne.

Over the entrance to the fort is a museum containing the trophies of war (all British), and in the broad courtyard many cannon on trucks, captured from Turkey "in Mesopotamia." All such, instead of being displayed in public places, should be turned into implements of the peaceful arts, and so far as possible let the populace forget national hatred—that is, if the nations really want to stop war.

I visited the New Parliament buildings and the "biggest Mohammedan mosque in all India." Across the street is a store of all sorts of curios and beautiful carvings, called "The Ivory Palace." The keeper insisted that I ought to buy something and send home; but I was not so sure that he knew, so I did not buy.

In many sections of the country I had noticed mounds of earth in the fields. In the outskirts of New Delhi I had an opportunity to learn their purpose. A well is dug and the dirt piled to one side, making a roadway slanting from the well. To give it more slant, the dirt is dug out off to a distance corresponding to the depth of the well. A trolley wheel with a groove for a large rope is placed directly over the well's mouth. A leather bag made of an ox hide is attached to a strong ring as big as the mouth of a barrel. This is attached to the rope. When it is full, the oxen go down the inclined road till it reaches the top. A man draws it aside, at the bid of the driver the oxen relax the rope, the big bag of water drops on a stone floor, the water gushes out, runs off into ditches and waters the field. The rope is detached from the yoke, the leather bucket is lowered, and the process repeated. The bag will hold



about a barrel of water. I figured they could draw up a bag a minute.

Two small boys were engaged to take my grips to the station. A coolie wanted to forbid their entering the station that he might get the job. I appealed to an officer, telling him they were boys from the Y. He let them pass. One does not have a great admiration for a man who will attempt to beat a small boy out of a penny. In China I bought some cakes, but decided not to eat them. As the train pulled out, I pitched them out in the midst of a crowd. A child ran for them, but a man reached them first.

Out a little from Delhi a strong wind filled the air with sand and dust, reminding one of Western Texas. India is greatly overrun with goats and cattle, especially the latter. Being a sacred animal to the Hindu, an ox or cow is never killed. But they beat this sacred animal and load it unmercifully. When too old for service, it is turned out to die. During the dry season great herds of them roam over the fields in search of food. They attempt to pick up a living where the ground is dusty and bare. As the ground has no covering, it is easily blown into a cloud of dust.

## MR. A. GREEN

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Mr. Green and I met first on the train from Bangkok to Penang. We met last at Bombay. He wanted to know what board I was under. I told him we tried to follow the New Testament order and, like Paul and Barnabas, as stated in Acts 13 and 14, we were in direct communication with the churches of Christ in America. He became all the more interested and I talked on a good while.

He has been five years in Peking, China, connected with the Rockefeller Foundation for medical research. Believes in evolution, doesn't understand what life is all about, and thinks it would make but little difference if he should drop out of the world. Has a girl back in the States, but is not sure that marriage is worth while. Life is too shallow and young people soon tire of each other.

I attempted to picture to him the ideal home as the happiest place in the world, and he admitted it.

From Penang we were cabin mates and had much opportunity to talk to each other. He wanted to know the difference between Buddhism and the Christian teaching. I pointed out the three fundamental differences: First, in Buddhism there is no God. In the second place, there is no Redeemer. And then, finally, there is no resurrection. And, furthermore, man is a sinner and cannot forgive himself, while Buddhism says he can. A boy, for instance, who steals his father's money cannot forgive himself but, if forgiven at all, must be forgiven by the father.

"There are too many fanatics in religion," he objected.

I showed him there were fanatics outside of religion and that the Bible should not be held responsible for fanatics and that he should judge the Bible by those who really lived up to it.

"What is wrong in sexual desire?" he asked.

There is nothing wrong in sexual desire; it is a gift from God to perpetuate the race; but the wrong is in the improper use made of it. There is nothing wrong in the desire for food, or drink, but it can be abused to one's own ruin. Paul says, "Marriage is honorable in all and the bed undefiled; but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

"How does that last read?"

"Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." It doesn't require religion to prove this to us. It's a matter of daily experience. Look at the alarming amount of venereal diseases.

"You are right, but men are all polygamists."

If you mean in desire, that is true, but it doesn't follow that they must practice it any more than that they should become gluttons because food tastes good. Self-control is imperative in all things.

"But religion is so narrow. Look at Tennessee passing a law prohibiting evolution to be taught in the schools. Why not teach it along with other things and let the young people decide for themselves? How can you answer that? I would just like to have you try to answer that."

I was born and brought up in Tennessee, and I know the temper of the Tennessee people. A large majority of them are believers in the Bible. If you should give your money for a certain purpose you would have a right to demand that it be used for that purpose and not some other. The mind of children is in a forma-

tive state and may be compared to a blank sheet. They believe what they are taught, whether true or false. The people of Tennessee have a perfect right to say what shall be taught in the schools they support. It is their right to decide what is proper for their children. When these young people have grown up they are free to read anything they like.

"I believe in God and a future life."

You would do well to ask yourself where you obtained that idea. It doesn't come from paganism. Paul says, "There are gods many and lords many, but to us there is one God."

"Can you tell me why it is that the western nations have advanced so much more than these eastern nations?"

I think I can give you a partial explanation to say the least. People must get hold of the realities of life to make progress. To get in line with the realities of life one must begin with God. He is the source of all things. The Oriental nations are pagan. For faith in God they substituted superstition regarding false deities. These are all a creation of the human mind, and hence do not rise above the vain and absurd imaginations of a degraded heart. From these there are no results. They become a positive hindrance. There may be something in the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, but I think what I have stated is at least a partial explanation.

"I believe what you have said explains it; but there are difficulties in the Bible. Where did Cain get his wife?"

That difficulty is not in the Bible, for it does not say where he got her. It doesn't say he found her in Nod.

He may have taken her with him. But it makes no difference where he got her any more than where I got my wife.

“I admit that we have nothing to put in the place of the Bible.”

That's just what I was going to suggest. If I were drowning and a rope of ten strands were thrown to me with all the strands cut but one, I would seize the rope and trust the one strand, for that would be my only hope. But do not understand me to say the Bible stands nine chances to one of being false; but even if it did, I would still cling to it, for it is my only hope.

## LAST DAYS IN INDIA

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### “ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?”

“Are you a Christian?” I asked a little black man in the same compartment.

“No, I’m a Hindu,” was the prompt reply. “Different religions,” he continued, “are like the different colors in the prism—yellow, violet, red, etc.; but all combined make light. So with the different religions, they all end in one. Just so a man believes, it doesn’t matter what he believes. If he believes divinity is in a stone and will keep believing it, it will become a real god to him.”

“But faith rests on fact. One cannot believe without something to believe. If one tries to believe something that is not true—a god is in a stone, for instance—it is not faith, but superstition. I believe there is a city called Bombay and that it is situated on an island. I believe it because it is a fact well supported by evidence. Were it not so, I could not believe it. We are now going south; but suppose I should imagine I could reach Bombay by going north and should turn around and go the other way, would I ever reach Bombay? No, indeed; but the further I should go, the further away I should be. Please think about this.”

He didn’t say that he would or that he wouldn’t, but was silent. Hinduism is pantheism, nature worship. They take “the things that are made” for the Creator, the two most sacred things of nature being the cow and the Ganges River.

An Indian girl, in the eyes of a Hindu degraded below the cow, wrote of the Ganges:

"Calm-bosomed Ganges, brought by force  
Of Raja's prayers on earth to flow,  
Forgotten seems that heavenly source  
Left long ago.

"Or has this land become so dear,  
Preferred thou captivity,  
Where our hearts worship charms thine ear,  
Bha-gi-ra-thi?

"Grain-giver, whom no drouth can dry,  
Cleansing our filth, yet flowing pure,  
Takes us, the helpless, when we die,  
And heaven is sure."

"Are you a Christian?" I asked a mother with her little girl.

"No, I am a Parsi," she said.

"Parsi" means "Persian" in plain English, but, like the word "Jew," it has come to stand for religion. The Parsis are Zoroastrians, fire worshipers. There are less than two hundred thousand of them in and around Bombay. They have the name of being clean morally and physically and of being leaders in business. But, strange enough, they do not bury their dead, but have an enclosed place, called the "Tower of Silence," where they expose them to the vultures.

### BOMBAY

Before one reaches Bombay the country becomes quite rugged and the track lies along deep gorges and passes through several tunnels. Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, and Bombay are all island cities.

Bombay, it seemed to me, had more beggars than any place I had yet struck. One runs into whole nests of

them. Passing along the street one morning, a woman sat on the sidewalk, with a little naked baby lying in front of her, asleep. She pointed to her mouth and to the baby and asked for alms. A little further on was another woman and her child, who was playing with an old tin can. No doubt she took me for an easy prey, for she jumped up, grabbed up the baby, and followed me. She kept ding-donging at my side for almost a block. I asked a passerby what could be done for her. "Is she following you?" he asked. "There is no help for her. She is only a beggar and a bad woman." Turning to her, he gave her a rebuke, and she hastened away.

Every city troubled with beggars should have an institution for them, and employment for all able to work; those unable to work should be treated as objects of charity. The able should be made to work, and all found begging on the street should be taken up. Giving to them should be prohibited. If they received nothing on the streets, naturally they would give it up. One thing that would stand in the way of this in India is that begging is a way of holiness. As our boat pulled out from the dock, April 24, a holy man with long, unkempt hair and filthy garb stood on the shore begging for alms, while the passengers from the ship tossed him pennies.

Before going aboard the ship I was going down town to do a little shopping—prunes, lemon juice, and something for my youngest grandbaby—and, to the surprise of each of us, I met for the third time my young friend, Mr. Green, from Colorado. We first met on the train in Siam; were fellow passengers to Rangoon, Burma; separated and met again in Calcutta;



again separated, toured across India, and again we met in Bombay. We went shopping together and stayed with each other till I had to hurry off to the boat. As we walked, he said: "Say, there is something I must tell you. That young man Smoots in the Y. M. C. A. at Calcutta—you remember him? You know he was in the same room with us." "Yes, I remember him." "Well, I have positive proof that he stole my camera and some cash. I lost my key, you know, and borrowed yours, but it wouldn't work. He knew my grip was open. When my camera was missing, of course, I didn't suspect him. Seeing I trusted him so implicitly, he was emboldened to offer to sell me my own camera. I discovered the trick by a small mark I had on it. I'm about to lose confidence in humanity."

"But, remember, there are good people in the world, and not all are like him."

#### MRS. RAMABAI AND HER WORK

Mrs. Ramabai is called "The uncrowned queen of India." I had just time to run out and see her work before the sailing of the ship. I rode all night and reached her place about ten o'clock. A man and a bullock cart were waiting for me. During a famine she brought home three hundred girls, but the city authorities of Poona would not let her keep them in town. She went out some forty miles and secured one hundred acres of land, put up temporary buildings, and began. I was shown one building built of brick which the girls themselves built. She hoped to make the work self-supporting but, as in other Eastern lands, this is a task not easily accomplished.

Not only the immense church building, but the work

as a whole, was left unfinished when she passed away in 1922. At her request the work is being continued by the Christian Missionary Alliance. Twelve women missionaries are now in charge of the plant. One has charge of the farm. I was shown about over the place and observed growing oranges, bananas, corn, and several other products useful to the home. Twelve immense wells have been sunk for irrigating purposes. I thought I had seen big wells in India—the biggest I had ever seen anywhere—but here I saw the biggest I had yet seen in India or anywhere else. Some of them were at least thirty feet across, and all were walled with stone. Even with the cheap labor found in this country, they must have been dug at great cost. Unfortunately the work was begun on such a large scale that others coming after find it difficult to keep it going. The lesson from this is that missionaries should think of those who are to come after and lay their plans accordingly. A work should be laid out on such a financial basis that the natives themselves may be able to carry it on.

There are now about five hundred and fifty people in the institution. There is a hospital for maternity cases, an orphanage, a printing house, and the farm. Mrs. Ramabai translated the entire Bible into the vernacular of that locality, and her girls still carry on the printing of it. I bought twenty-five copies of Luke and distributed them on my return to Bombay. To speak more correctly, I made a donation and received the copies free, for it was the wish of this good woman that the Bible be given away.

There are about fifty weak-minded and otherwise dependent people on the place. This work, it seems to

me, should be turned over to the public institutions and supported by the state. One woman was born without hands. When we entered their department, they were eating, and the no-handed woman was among them. All were sitting on the ground. The woman without hands had learned to use her toes for fingers and, with a spoon, she lifted the food to her mouth. She didn't want me to see her do it, and performed the act when she thought I was not looking.

When in the yard where the little children were, they came flocking around me and clung to my hands, just as if they had always known me. Miss Wells said it was remarkable, as they were usually shy of strangers. They say that when dogs and little children make friends, it is a recommendation. Anyway, it gave me joy to know that they saw one whom they considered their friend at sight. I shall try to live up to what they thought me to be. Feeling thankful for the hospitality shown me during my few hours' stay, I returned to Bombay, ten o'clock at night, preparatory to sailing the next day.

The Y. M. C. A. called a taxi and told me that I would have to pay only a rupee to get to the ship. But I had to pay one rupee for entrance tax and the driver demanded two. I naturally felt provoked that I was having to pay three times what I expected, and I appealed to an officer. He took the side of the taxi man, so there was nothing left for me to do but pay it. The man had carried me out of my way and charged me accordingly and, besides, he told the officer he had to wait for me, when in reality I was standing, luggage and all, waiting for him. My temper was raised to a fever heat and I quarreled with him, and for this I am

ashamed, for a Christian should not strive even when wronged. I was also sorry that I had to leave India with an unpleasant taste in my mouth.

When a ship first starts from the dock, its moving can be counted in inches, it is so slow, and it seems almost like a joke to think of her going thousands of miles, but she does it. There are also slow places in life, so very slow that it seems we are making no progress at all; but if we are in the line of duty and the proper conditions are found within, we need not be discouraged, for it is a time of getting under way, of renewing our power.

#### WATERMELONS

In Siam I saw, for the first and only time, yellow-meated melons. On board the ship we were served one day to white-meated melons somewhere from South Africa. I bought a medium-sized one in India at one of the train stops, with black seed and red meat, and, to one hot and thirsty after a long day's ride, very delicious. I divided it with some fellow passengers, and they seemed to enjoy it. When I think of this melon I have a better taste in my mouth than the day I left Bombay.

## SEYCHELLE ISLANDS

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A little while after setting sail from Bombay, I was lying down, when a cabin mate came in and said, "Hello, you've hooked my berth (bed) have you?"

"No," I replied, "I think not. I took the one assigned me. The berths are numbered A, B and C. Our names are outside the door there. Yours is for A, Mr. Stocks for B, while my name is opposite C." He apologized. The fact was he had attempted to disregard the regulation and take the berth of his choice. "Thrice armed is he," said Shakespeare, "who hath his quarrel just."

Our ship carries 1500 souls, mostly deck passengers—Indians emigrating to Africa. The weather being warm, they live and sleep on deck with only enough room to lie down. They are in plain view of the ease and luxury of the first-class passengers. Yet some people wonder why there is unrest in India.

Seychelles is the name of a group of Islands eighteen hundred and sixty-one miles from Bombay, lying south of the equator two or three hundred miles. We crossed the equator just at noon, April 29. It was my first time to cross into the southern hemisphere. Some say there are ninety-six islands in the group; others, ninety-nine; but those living there told me there are only thirty-six. Only one of these is permanently inhabited, but many are farmed to cocoanut palms. The French once ruled these islands, but they are now under British rule. The population is mostly African with a slight mixture of white blood. In others it is said there is some Abrabian mixture. Some who raise a great outcry against negro equality at the same time

not only equalize themselves with the negroes, but on the very lowest level. So prevalent is this sin of the white man in South Africa that a law has been passed making it a crime for a white man to have intercourse with a black woman. Not so long ago one of the high officials was up before the court for this offense.

Some of the islands form a half circle with an opening to the north. Our boat entered this amphitheater and dropped anchor. We remained here for twenty-four hours. This gave us an opportunity to go ashore. A good road between the mountains and the sea runs along the shore for twenty miles. There is another road leading up over the pass. I climbed this road to the top and could see over on the other side. Before getting on the main road I was pocketed in the grounds of the Government House. An officer came out and showed me the way. I suppose my speech betrayed me; at any rate, he asked me if I was bound for America; and when I told him I was, he said: "Happy man! Take me with you." I thought this a little unusual for a Britisher. Maybe he only meant it as a compliment.

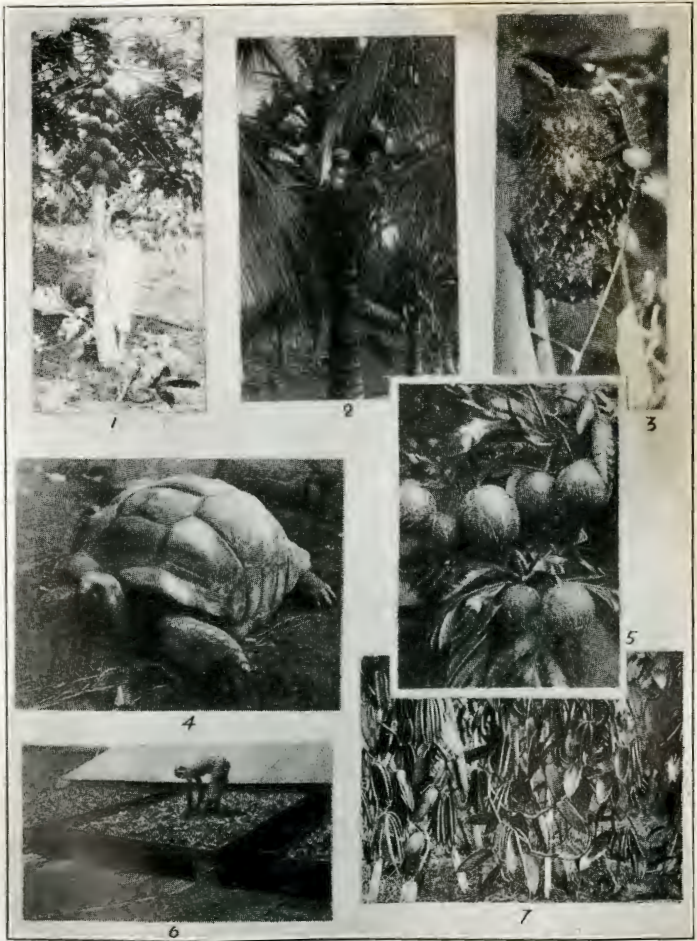
In front of the Government House is an avenue of great trees, forming a canopy high up overhead. Vines with great leaves cling to their trunks. In the tops of the trees strange birds kept up a constant chatter. The sap of these trees is as red as blood.

The officer said I would find a very good road leading up to the gap. A shower came up, and I stopped in at a house and borrowed an umbrella. The woman was willing to lend it to a perfect stranger on the simple promise that he would return it on his way back. From the top I had a good view of the bay and the surrounding islands. There are said to be twenty-seven thou-

sand people on this island. Though it is perpetual summer, they had good, substantial houses, and there were but little signs of poverty. All who spoke of it were pleased with the cleanliness of the people. I found them also courteous and obliging. They wore decent clothing of our style. I was told that the island was free from debt and had money in the bank. Bananas, cocoanuts, and breadfruit grow in abundance all the year round. The sea swarms with fish. Around the ship the water was teeming with them. Life here is as easy as it was in the Garden of Eden. The Roman Catholics and their nearest kin, the Anglican Church, have churches here. I heard of no other religion.

The automobile and jinriksha are means of conveyance. I noticed over one shop, "Ford," in Calcutta, India. I saw a sign, "Sell it and buy a Ford." Not only the Ford car, but American goods are for sale in every place I have visited thus far.

I should also have mentioned the mango fruit and the jack fruit. They grow in abundance here. The former is a large yellow plum, big as a big apple, but not exactly round. The jack fruit grows as big as a common watermelon. The surface is rough, reminding one of a porcupine. It looks odd to see this mammoth fruit hanging to the trunk and larger branches of the tree rather than to the ends of the limbs. On a trunk a foot through they can be seen even down near the ground, and from here on up at almost any place. It seems to be a provision of nature that they confine themselves to the trunk and larger branches for support. Cocoanuts and cinnamon are the main commercial products.



1. The papaya and its fruit. 2. The cocoanut palm and its fruit. 3. The jack fruit. 4. Large turtle. 5. Breadfruit. 6. Drying cocoanut. 7. The vanilla bean.



## A COMPARISON OF VIEWS

"Are you saved?" I asked a Roman Catholic priest, an Indian, also on his way to Africa.

"I am trying to be," he said.

"But one may know he is saved."

"How?"

"Jesus says: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'"

"But faith without works is useless."

"That is quite true; but if one believes and obeys, he has assurance and can know he is saved. Of course, it is possible to lose this salvation. Do you have a Bible?"

"No, this is only a brief," he said. "The Bible must be interpreted by the Pope."

"But, after all, you must exercise your own common sense. You do this in studying your brief; you can understand the Bible just as well."

"No, it cannot be, for the Bible has a spiritual meaning and must be interpreted. The Pope is inspired and makes no mistakes in points of faith."

"Why do you priests not marry? The Bible does not teach that you must lead single lives."

"It is only a matter of discipline and not a matter of faith."

"Do you think the Pope is infallible?"

"Yes; he is the successor of Peter, and Christ gave Peter the keys of the kingdom."

"But he gave to all the twelve the same authority he gave to Peter. Not only so, but Peter was especially selected for the Jews, while Paul was selected for the Gentiles. And since you and I are Gentiles, Paul is our special apostle and not Peter."

"Christ said to Peter: 'Feed my sheep.' This shows Peter has the first place."

"But Paul says the same to the elders of the church at Ephesus, in Acts 20. Anyone who teaches is a feeder of the flock."

"Peter decided the question about circumcision at Jerusalem."

"No, no; let me get my Testament and read it to you. So you see it was James who gave the final speech, and the church followed his suggestions. It was the decision of the whole church with the apostles and elders, and not that of one man."

"What translation is that?"

"Goodspeed's."

#### MEETING TEMPTATION

On board the ship from India to Africa I ate at the table where there were six: a merchant Jew and his wife; a grass widow of Scotch descent; a lady of Irish birth, and a Dutchman from South Africa. All were smokers and heavy drinkers, save the Irish lady and myself.

Often I was offered a cigarette and sometimes asked to drink, but just as often I respectfully declined. The Dutchman was an enthusiast for South Africa. It raised the best of everything and if cut off from the rest of the world could raise everything it needed right at home. Among other excellent things, it produced the best wine in the world. To his great delight he had found some of it on board. He had bought a bottle and had it on ice and was sure that even Mr. Mac would not decline.

"You know the saying, don't you?" I asked.

"What is it?"

"Champagne at night and real pain in the morning."

"But this is light wine; it won't hurt you at all."

"You know my country has gone dry and I am an American."

"But you are not in America now."

"No, but I must be loyal to my country."

"I have no argument against that."

"I couldn't drink from conviction, even if my country favored it. Till I was twenty I drank a little now and then, but I saw the danger of it and became a teetotaler."

Dinner time came and the much-talked-of bottle of wine was ordered right off the ice. The steward had been instructed to put the wine glasses out, one to each plate, mine included. In due time the pulled cork came out with a good pop, giving a sweet sound to every drinker's ear. The steward started around the table. I turned my glass down. He didn't seem to know its significance and was about to turn it up again, but I prevented him. Even my Irish lady friend at my right, who thus far had stood pat, fell in with the rest.

"I assure you this will never make you drunk," insisted my Dutch friend from South Africa.

"I, too, am quite sure of it," I replied.

And it didn't. Neither is that all; light wines, nor heavier drinks, will never make one drunk so long as one's lips are closed against the first drink. But if that first drink is allowed, be it light wine or any other, then one is out of the safety zone and will sooner or later be taken captive by the enemy. My Dutch traveler had already told me he had two little boys. So during my conversation I made it plain to him that

another reason for total abstinence was that I had a boy and I didn't want him to drink. I have written this bit of my experience for the benefit of my young friends and I admonish them, "Beware of the first drink!"

P. S.—The very next morning the Dutchman was unable to get up and lay in bed all day with pains in his stomach. Of course, he would not admit that it was his drinking that did it, but how true was the saying, "Champagne at night and real pain in the morning."

#### THE JACOBITES

I asked a tall young man with a dark complexion if he were a Christian and he said, "Yes, I am a member of the Jacobite Syrian Church." His ancestry came originally from Syria. "St. Thomas," he continued, "came to South India and established seven churches." There are at present about 5,000 families in South India. They have a Patriarch in Jerusalem and just now there is a controversy as to whether the Patriarch has rule over the possessions of the church.

In the Lord's Supper they mix the bread and the wine on the ground that without the blood the body is without life. But over this also there is a controversy as some are observing the Supper in the usual way.

## MOMBASA, EAST AFRICA

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We reached the port of Mombasa early Sunday morning, May 5. It seemed as though we were going into the mouth of a river about half a mile wide; but it was only an inlet of the sea which makes a complete circuit and empties again into the sea not very far away, thus forming an island. The town of Mombasa is on this island. There is a land elevation of about thirty feet. Both shores being covered with green, with the graceful palms towering above, made a beautiful picture. As our boat quietly glided into port a cloud lay to the west on which was painted a rainbow, which lent beauty to the view. The bow of hope suggested that there is still hope for Africa.

The first four years of my life were during slavery days. I had seen those who once lived in Africa. I had listened to the spooky stories of the liberated slaves and read of the hardships they had to endure. I had also read of the far-away country from which they came. Now I am in the very land and among the children of the old darkies of my childhood. It all seems like a dream. Here is the African, not transplanted in a foreign land, but in his own native country. But, after all, how very true to type are they! Their manners and ways of doing things all remind me of their descendants in America. I have noted one difference, however; that is, the native in Africa cannot sing like his kindred across the sea, due to lack of training, no doubt.

By consulting a map you will find Mombasa on the east coast of Africa, north of the island of Madagascar.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I went ashore. It was two miles to the town. There is a good asphalt road. The taximen, of course, wanted me to ride. I needed the exercise and, besides, I preferred walking, as it gave me a better opportunity to see. Great trees shaded the way. A pleasant breeze was blowing in from the sea, making the walk delightful. Some of the trees were the mango, the magnolia, and the baobab. The latter is remarkable in that it is so short for its size. The first one I saw, I thought it had been severely cut back. But afterwards I found that this was natural. It is also called the "cream-of-tartar tree" from the nature of its fruit.

After a two-mile walk I reached the town fifteen minutes before three. I came in front of a church with a cross on it. The bell rang and I went in. About two hundred people were assembled. There was one white family who came in an automobile. There were three white priests in charge of the service. With these exceptions, all the rest of the audience were black. As each entered, he dipped his finger in water and made the sign of the cross. Before being seated, each one touched one knee to the floor. Some did not touch it. Some wore white Mother Hubbards, but most of them dressed as we do in America. All seemed fairly neat and clean. One of the three priests made a fifteen-minutes' talk from the pulpit, ascended by a flight of stairs off on one side of the hall. Then there was some music by the choir, and then the confirmation ceremony. About fifty went forward and kneeled outside the rail. One priest went in front and anointed the forehead of each with oil in the form of the cross, and with his right hand gave each a slap on the face (not

very hard) to suggest to him that he must be prepared to meet hardships and rebuffs. Another priest followed with cotton and wiped off the oil, and as he did so motioned each to his seat. The first priest repeated something with each anointing in the native tongue. After this there was playing and singing in the gallery. The whole service occupied an hour and ten minutes. There was no talking or levity till all were out in the churchyard.

The window to the right of where I was sitting had imprinted the image of St. Anthony, the Egyptian hermit that spent many years on the edge of the desert, during which time he never took a bath. In the window on the left was the image of St. Peter, and beneath the words: "St. Peter, pray for us." St. Anthony was implored in the same way. Peter's right foot showed unmistakable signs of a shoe too pointed at the toe. The toes were all distorted inward, and on the ball of the big toe was a large bunion. But I am sure this is as correct a representation of the foot of Peter as the place he is reputed to occupy in the Roman Catholic Church.

Mombasa has a Catholic church, an Anglican church, a Mohammedan mosque, and a Hindu temple, but I discovered no church or Christian such as we read about in the New Testament.

After the meeting a carpenter in the audience kindly offered to show me about town. I rested a bit on the beach and watched the waves come rolling in; saw the Governor's residence overlooking the sea, the golf links, and two patches of corn planted without rows and poorly cultivated. Leaving Mombasa at 5:30 A.M. the next day, we reached Zanzibar at 5:30 P.M. Mombasa

and Zanzibar are both British territory. There are two large islands with about thirty miles between them. The two islands formed a Mohammedan state, and there is still a sultan over them, but only with a nominal rule. Cloves and cocoanuts form the chief products. The inhabitants number two hundred thousand. They are the same as the Africans on the mainland.

#### DAR-ES-SALAAM

Our next stop was Dar-es-Salaam, which means "Haven of Peace"; and it has the right name, being the most beautiful harbor on the east coast of Africa. Dar-es-Salaam is also British. The evergreen shore all round and some neat buildings with red roofs, while the graceful palms wave aloft, combine to make a pleasing picture. Having most of the day before the ship would sail, I went ashore and walked straight back through the town till I was quite out in the country. Some men came along driving a herd of cattle. Out among the trees and palm groves it was much more pleasant than in the town, for the white sand in the street and the white buildings were hard on the eyes. Some one has said that he who plants trees loves others besides himself. A row of cypress trees had been planted on either side of the road long enough ago for them now to be sturdy trees, big enough to make a pleasant shade. I followed this way more than a mile. The trees continued, but the road, for lack of use, had quite grown over. A road at right angles had taken its place. A middle-aged African came along and saluted me, and I said, "Salaam"—"Peace." A man came riding a bicycle with a basket of fish about a foot and a half long. Two other people passed, a man and his



wife, maybe, one carrying a basket of black fish on his head and the other carrying a net.

A neat-looking home was a little off the road, and I called at the gate. No one seemed to be at home, so I went around to the backyard, where a black man was washing. We were barbarians each to the other, and all I could learn was that the master had gone to the office. Only men's clothes were hanging on the line, so I concluded that there was no woman about the place. A tower five stories high stood outside the yard with a floor only for the top story, and a ladder leading up through the floor. This may have been a place to sleep away from the mosquitoes, or it may have been a place of safety from robbers, or it may have been something else.

On the way out I passed through the village of the natives, and on a porch of one of the houses a man was teaching about a dozen boys to read. The teacher stood out in the yard. I asked him if they were studying English, and he said, "Arabic." "Koran?" I asked, and he said, "Yes."

At one time on this little trip I forsook the path and walked in the innocent-looking grass beneath the palm trees; but I soon felt something sticking me round the ankles, for the grass had stickers on it that had worked through my socks. Africa is a land of thorns and jiggers. There is scarcely any kind of grass but has some kind of stickers on it; and of the trees, about two out of three have thorns. The jiggers from the grass work into the bare legs of the Africans and make sores.

As I walked on a little further a group of boys were playing in the road, for I was now out of the village.

They eyed the passing stranger, as boys usually do, then one of them seized another, threw him down and ran, trying to show off before the white man. I have seen white boys in America act just as this black boy did in Africa.

Cassava (manioc) is a plant with a hard, woody stalk like the castor bean. It has a bulbous root from which is made starch and tapioca and even bread. Some is grown in Africa, but Java, it is said, grows ninety per cent of the world's supply. A man on board, accompanied by his wife, was touring the world in quest of this plant on behalf of a company in New York.

## ENTERING AFRICA

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### FROM MOMBASA VIA BEIRA TO SINDE

In passing through the Mozambique Channel the sea was the roughest since leaving India, but happily it did not last but a few hours. The port of Mozambique is under Portuguese rule, as is also the next stop, the port of Beira. There is an old Portuguese fort here, built in 1508. Many of the stones of which it is built were brought all the way from Portugal in small ships. It is still in a good state of preservation and is used as a prison.

I had been told that the Portuguese officers were a hard set to get on with and I rather dreaded going ashore at Beira; but I did not find them so. On the other hand, I was never treated more courteously. They did not even open my stuff, and all the officer asked me was if I had any tobacco. I had neglected to have my passport passed on by the Portuguese consul at Bombay and was told that I would not be allowed even to land, but I was allowed to pass through without question.

I stopped a day at the Lisboa Hotel, waiting for a train inland. Here I found some of the best oranges, African grown, since leaving California. They called them the "Washington Navel." They were almost as large as grapefruit and very fine in flavor. Also the hotel had laid in a liberal supply of large pumpkins, which reminded me of boyhood days on the farm back in Tennessee. Beira has a trolley system the like of which I have never seen in any other city. A little track is laid along the streets, about two feet wide.

Each has his own car—a sort of big chair, wide enough for two, on four wheels. Two black boys run behind and push. When not in use it is set aside. The hotel where I stopped had one waiting on the front porch.

While in India I read "Mother India," by Miss Mayo. I asked some of the missionaries if it were true, and they said it was. In the hotel at Beira was a lady who had spent seven years in India, and I asked her if it were true, and she said that her own experience while in India led her to believe that it must be true.

From Beira to Bulawayo is six hundred and seventy-three miles. In the same compartment with me were an engineer from Scotland and two Englishmen, who had been farming in Africa. At the suggestion of the government one had gone in heavily for tobacco and had raised a bumper crop, on which he took the prize, but he could not get a market for it and was much discouraged. The other had made only a partial success and was returning to the Transvaal, where his parents were. He had been away about three years and was going back without letting his parents know, to give them a surprise. It was one cigarette after another with him, and for which he was spending ten dollars a month. He said he could get on very well except when alone, then he had to smoke to keep himself company. I suggested good books or useful conversation. While on the train we discussed the purpose of life, which we all agreed was happiness. This gave rise as to the proper way to be happy. The night before we parted he said he had just two more cigarettes, then he was done. I gave him the right hand of encouragement. Next morning he assured me that he was done with to-



1. The native African dipping snuff. 2 The street car in Beira, East Africa. 3. Mother and her albino child. 4. African chief who received a Bible at the hands of Queen Victoria. 5. Beegum. 6. Native woman with a big gourd on her head. 7. Says he has seen David Livingstone. 8. The father of the albino boy. 9. Pounding corn into meal. 10. African wild boar.

bacco. He who says he cannot quit thereby admits he is a slave.

I stepped down at Bulawayo on May 14, and was met by Brother Douglas Hadfield. His father was in Salisbury on business. A telegram from Brother Merritt said that Brother Sherriff was in Bulawayo for an operation. But the doctor had decided that he could get on without it and he had returned home the day I arrived, and we passed each other in Salisbury. In the afternoon I walked out in the town with Sister Hadfield, and we visited the museum. Among other things, I noticed two zebras in flight. One had been knocked to its knees by a lion which was on its shoulders, its right claws sunk in its forehead, its left in the shoulder, the others back in the flanks, while the cruel teeth had a death grip on the neck. It was so impressive that it disturbed my sleep that night. I was also interested in a painting that had been found in a cave on a stone which had fallen from the wall, face down, on a bed of ashes. It represented a herd of eland fleeing, while the natives were chasing them with spears. It was very skillfully done, showing an art of the Africans which now seems to be lost. Man not only fell in the beginning, but he has been falling ever since. In every land there are evidences to show this. When there is an upward pull, it is due to a power superior to himself.

May 15 was Wednesday night, and I went with Brother Hadfield to the prayer meeting. He asked me to talk. A descendant of Ham and an aged brother named "Daniel" interpreted for me. He had no front teeth, as he belonged to the tribe who knock out the four front teeth at a certain age. They say they do not want to be like a zebra, but would rather be like a cow

that has no front teeth. Only the women, I am told, now practice it. Brother Daniel was a ready interpreter.

It is two hundred and eighty-seven miles north from Bulawayo to Livingstone. Here, in the home of Brother J. W. Classen, I saw some of the home papers for the first time since leaving China in February. I had not heard of the deaths of Brother Larimore and Brother Elam. I felt lonely and sad, for I had hoped to see them again before they went home. We who remain behind should hold to the faith they had and imitate their lives. I can think of nothing I might add to what has already been said about them. Perhaps no other two men have been more generally beloved by the brotherhood. Their lives are an inspiration to all who seek for immortality.

In an overhauled motor car which had once been burned down, Brother Reese drove us from Livingstone to Sinde Mission, twenty miles out in the country. Brother Scott, Sister Scott, and Sister Reese were out to meet us. It was almost night. I got some of the children a bit mixed up at first, but later on got them all properly adjusted. The way out is through tall grass and scrubby trees, none of which are just the same as those in America. Africa is a land of differences nearly all the way round. May is the beginning of autumn and July is midwinter. The sun rises in the east, but tends to the north at noon instead of the south. I am speaking of that part of Africa south of the equator.

# IN AFRICA

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## SINDE AND KABANGA

Brother Scott has a herd of cattle. They remind one of the long-horned cattle of Texas in earlier days. An effort is being made to bring in better breeds, but they do not seem to stand the climate as well as native cattle. The oxen are used on the farm, and some of the cows furnish milk. Sister Reese has charge of the milk and knows how to make yellow butter and buttermilk hard to beat. They say it and quinine do not mix, but I prefer to omit the quinine and take the buttermilk.

I spoke at the Sunday services on May 19. About seventy-five natives were present. Three-fourths of them were Christians. I spoke also on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights. Brother Scott has about forty boys living on the place and under training. He gives them a lesson every evening. They work half the day to pay their way. Brother Reese has an English class and gives song drill. Brother and Sister Scott's daughter, Helen Pearl, also gives lessons. She and Boyd Reese are getting the language rapidly.

The Sinde Mission has a thousand acres leased from the British government. They pay one hundred dollars a year. Much of it is too poor or too rocky to cultivate. White sand abounds in many places, reminding one of Florida. The tillable soil is scattered here and there in spots. Corn, peanuts, tomatoes, papaya, and kaffir corn do fairly well. The cattle feed all the year round on the grass and do not need to be pro-



vided for. There is some frost in midwinter. Snow never falls in this section.

The greatest pest is the white ant. It is not seen above ground. If exposed to the light, it dies. The corn in the field is often cut down about the time it begins to ripen. When it falls, it must be gathered up or the ants will eat the entire stalk and ear. They smear trees up ten feet high and make tunnels to work under and finally eat the tree up. Brother Scott brought out a bag of popcorn he had set away a few days before, completely ruined. Even the sack was almost wholly eaten up. They will tunnel up the walls and eat up a roof, rafters and all, till it tumbles down. After two or three layers of brick above the foundation an ant-guard must be laid down of galvanized iron and allowed to extend out an inch on either side. They can only work in their tunnels, and the way to stop them is to keep their tunnels broken. This requires constant watching. They will build up a shaft ten or fifteen feet high. In time the rains beat this down and they build another on its ruins. After many years it becomes as big as a house and some fifteen feet high—real hills, often covered with trees. The brethren at Kabanga made forty-four thousand brick from one ant hill. They make better brick than the ordinary dirt.

Brother Scott and I went over to the back of the field to mend the pump. Near it is a tank which supplies the two homes with water. While there we heard and saw a flock of guineas. Their chatter was just the same as the ones we used to have on the farm in Tennessee. It made me feel that they were not a strange fowl.

I was told this story: In company with Brother Had-

field a man was preaching to some villagers. He used the words of Jesus: "But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." The son of the chief was interpreting, while his father was listening. The interpreter objected to such teaching, and began to argue the case. The father asked him what it was all about. Then they gave him the passage. He went through the motion of hitting himself on the cheeks and meditatively said: "That is the best teaching I ever heard; if my people would follow that, they would have no more war."

While at Sinda Mission I spoke to the church and school four times. One afternoon we went to a village and spoke to about twenty persons, mostly women, as the men were away. Three girls were pounding kaffir corn, all in the same big mortar. They had long sticks with rounded ends and followed each other in rapid succession.

"Show me the Southern Cross," I asked some friends in Singapore. They showed me some stars, but I saw no cross. On the ship from India to Africa I again asked a passenger to show me the southern cross, and she pointed out four stars different from those I observed in Singapore, but which were without doubt the southern cross. One was almost too dim to be seen, while the four together were more suggestive of a kite than a cross. "Southern Cross" is only a fanciful name.

It is one hundred and thirty-five miles from Sinda to Kabanga, where Brethren Merritt and Brown and their families are located. A carload of us, leaving only Brother Scott behind, drove across the country and reached Kabanga at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. On

the way we flushed a flock of guineas in the road and Brother Reese shot one. A little after dark an animal was seen in the road—lion, panther, wild dog, lynx?—anyhow, our brother fired and it disappeared. The next evening after our arrival we went out hunting. We divided up two and two, one party going north and the other south. The south party saw two antelopes and shot, but missed. Brother Merritt and I, with two guns and a black boy, went north and walked and walked and saw nothing. We passed the spot where Brother Lawyer fell. It was in a great plain covered with grass now ripe and suggesting an oat field. As we were tramping through the grass, which had made our shoes so slick that it was troublesome walking, I thought of us as being like two lions seeking inoffensive animals for the sake of devouring them, and my interest in the hunt went down almost to zero. That cruel lion on the back of the zebra in the museum at Bulawayo came to my mind. I also thought of a hunt I once took in Japan, the last hunt I had ever taken until now. A Japanese neighbor had two guns and asked me to go out with him. A bird was sitting in the top of a tall tree and he asked me to shoot, and I did. Down came the innocent bird and fell at my feet. It lay on its back, and as it drew its dying breath, seemed to look at me with reproach and say, "Why should I receive this at your hands?" Back to Africa. The next day when the brethren went out I asked to be excused, as I had writing to do. I did not tell them why I was not interested in the hunt. I am sure I am not a descendant of Nimrod.

About two o'clock they returned with some excitement. They had killed a koodoo (an antelope) weigh-

ing about four hundred pounds. Brother Brown was sure his shot killed it, and was proud of having brought down his first buck. After a hurried meal they got in the car and went to bring it in. Of course, all wanted to see the big game. It was gray with white stripes across its back. Also a white stripe made a V across its nose. The legs were trim and slender, and the horns stood up in spiral shape about two feet high. Brother Merritt pointed out that it was not yet grown, as it still had its first teeth. The children were also gathered around making such observations as are common to children. Some laid claim to its feet. I, too, was interested with the rest, but all the time there was a something in me saying: "Poor, beautiful animal of the wilds, why should your life be thus given up?" In the restoration of all things, will man cease to be carnivorous, and will the animals cease to prey one upon another?

#### KABANGA MISSION

May 26th, being the day of the resurrection, we met to break bread. Brother Reese presided at the table. After this I spoke, while "Jim" interpreted. At the close two young men came forward, one to confess his wrong of dancing and the other to confess his faith in Christ with a view of becoming a Christian. The chief from one of the villages and a very old woman were present. The brethren have built a good house for school and church purposes. It is not yet finished. The crowd assembled on the outside of the building for a photograph. They put the chief and me in the center of the crowd. The old woman was on one side of me and the chief on the other. He is about six feet high, being the tallest man present that day.

Monday afternoon we went to the village. Many were out in the fields gathering in their corn to keep the baboons from eating it up. While maturing they have to keep watch over their fields day/and night. The day Brother Brown killed the antelope they saw about twenty-five baboons in one drove. But back to the village. The section of a hollow tree with a piece of raw-hide stretched over the end was their drum. The open space in the midst of their huts was their dance hall. The old woman who attended church and another old woman who has never walked straight, but whom Satan has bowed down from a child, live in the same hut. Though an invalid, she keeps her hut and the yard clean. I wanted to see the inside and she welcomed us in. She was sitting on the outside in the sun. All their huts are round. We had to stoop to get in. Two bedsteads were made of round poles. A skin served for a mattress. There was a little fire on the dirt floor in the middle, made by chunks turned end to end. A small gourd about the size of an ink bottle hung on the bed frame. It was her snuff box. They mix charcoal with the powdered tobacco and snuff it up the nose the old-time way.

The wild dogs had raided the village the night before and killed some of their goats. Two little motherless kids were bleating around for their dead mother. Wild dogs, jackals, wildcats are some of the enemies of the African villager. He dreads the lion most of all. A lion can spring on the back of an ox, seize it by the neck, slap it in the face with a stunning slap, jerk its head back, throw it a somersault and break its neck in less time than it takes to tell it. One got into Brother Merritt's herd and killed three before they could

frighten it off. Like a sheep-killing dog, they kill for the sake of killing. A lion has been known to kill as high as eighteen cows in one night.

A sort of circular porch encircles some of the huts; this is for the goats. Sometimes the goats are allowed to sleep inside with the children to keep them warm.

Africa has neither homes nor hotels, so the traveler must carry food and a camping outfit.

Near the Kabanga Mission, in the tall grass, we came to an old stone mortar for pounding grain. Other stones were scattered about. Once there was a village here. The Barotsi tribe made war on them, killing some and making slaves of others. Some of the old men still remember it. Some tribes are displeased with the British Government because they are not allowed to keep this up.

"This is the way leprosy looks at the beginning," said Brother Merritt, as a young man came up to where we were talking. He bared his left arm, and there was a spot about as big as a nickel that resembled a ring-worm. Then he showed me another on his hip. There are two kinds of leprosy in Africa. One kind is very painful and is more fatal, the other much milder. On an average, there is a leper or two in every village.

The same day there was a case of nosebleed by one of the students. This causes alarm, for they sometimes bleed to death.

The koodoo, or large antelope, is such an easy target for the hunter that it is being killed off too fast, so the government allows only two to the man to be killed a

year. Brother Merritt had already killed his two, and one day had a good opportunity to kill another, but, though it was a great temptation, he did not do it. He could have easily concealed it from the authorities. What would you have done?

On the first day of June, Brother Brown, Brother Merritt, and I got in the car and went to one of the villages which I had not yet visited. The women and men assembled in separate groups, and all sat on the ground. The women had their bodies painted a dull red. One of the men was a leper, and another had a broken foot that had never healed. According to the custom in this part of the country, the women had no front teeth, having had them pulled out, which added much to making them look as ugly as possible. I think, however, they can take consolation from the fact that it is not possible for them ever to get any uglier.

I noticed an Avery plow sitting by one of the huts, and also that one of the little fields near the village had been turned for next year's crop. Till recent years they depended entirely on the hoe. They are now beginning to know the use of the plow, and the missionaries have sold a good many. Both English and American farming implements are being used more and more in South Africa. The custom of the natives is to move from place to place about every five years and clear up new ground. A much better way would be to build more permanent dwellings and fertilize their fields.

#### MISSION METHODS

Fifty years ago J. W. McGarvey outlined the very kind of mission work the brethren are doing in Africa.

He recommended that the natives be taught better farming and better housekeeping and that better farming implements be introduced so they could make more with which to improve their condition.

There are two methods of doing missionary work. One is to go from place to place and simply preach the gospel to the people and leave them to make the best of it, but have nothing to do in the betterment of their economic and social conditions. This seems to be the ideal. But, on the other hand, both Jesus and his apostles helped the people; they healed the sick and fed the hungry. Jesus said: "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." If we give attention to this feature of it, then we must face the problem of how to do it. We could form a bread line and put it strictly on the basis of charity, letting those in need of food, clothing, and medical treatment come and receive simply for the asking. Experience, however, has shown that this does not make Christians nor even develop character. On the other hand, it makes paupers, dependents and beggars. Moreover, Paul tells us that if any will not work, neither let him eat. And those who make sacrifices to give to the work in foreign lands have a right to ask if they are called on to give of their hard earnings to feed the lazy and indolent. There seems, then, to be only one way out, and that is to have employment for those who need it and help them to help themselves.

There is a danger here of carrying industry too far, to the neglect of preaching and teaching. But by keeping the one aim of it all constantly in view, this can be



avoided. Everything should be subordinated to the one purpose of saving the souls of men. Unless one reaches salvation, food and clothing and the betterment of his living conditions are only temporary in value, and the missionary has missed the aim for which he was sent out.

Attempts at industrial work in connection with preaching have not been altogether satisfactory. In some cases it has completely failed, while in others it has been only a partial success. One reason for failure is that those who have attempted it have been lacking in practical experience. A medical missionary should have a knowledge of his profession. One who undertakes to teach the natives farming should himself know how to do it. If one takes up educational work, he must be qualified for it. A carpenter who would teach the natives how to build must know what is required. Another cause for failure—and this is the chief one—is lack of a sufficient force to run the plant. On the two industrial plants now opened in Africa there should be not less than four families to the plant. Even five or six would be better. These co-workers should get together and have it mutually understood among them that each will do a certain line of work—one for poultry, one for the farm, one for the blacksmith shop, one for the classroom, one to devote all his time to evangelistic work, and one to see after marketing the products. This would give each time from his industrial duties to be with his family, for self-improvement, and for preaching, Bible classes, etc. In this way each

line of work could be developed till it would pay. But when one man undertakes these various lines of work all by himself with untrained native help, nothing is done well and nothing carried to a finish. The missionary and his wife become overburdened, get nervous, break down, and must go home for a rest.

A community of six families would make twelve grown people and about twenty-five children. This would form a nice little community and enough children for a school. When necessary for one to leave on furlough, the others could carry on his work. They would be a mutual strength to each other. There would be enough for them to have meetings in their own tongue. Such a community of Christians would be to the surrounding heathen the greatest of all sermons.

It is good to lay new foundations, but a shame to do so and not be able to build on them. Our independent missionaries have carried independence to an extreme. We should not become so independent but what we can coordinate our work and cooperate as brethren. "That they all may be one, . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

#### A MYSTERY

"At Zimbabwe, south from Salisbury and east of Bulawayo, are some of the most wonderful ruins in the world. Buried in the heart of Africa, they existed for hundreds of years, unknown to Europeans. Who the builders were, we know not, but they must have been a numerous people, for their buried cities are found

scattered all over Southern Rhodesia. Now these ruined dwellings are to be found only beside old gold workings, and so we are likely right in thinking that the lure of gold brought these men to this land. Their skill as miners, builders, and engineers shows them to have come from a race far above any of the natives of this country. From old Portuguese writers we learn that the Arab traders knew about these ruins, but only that they were very, very old; while the natives found in the country by the earliest Portuguese knew nothing whatever about the wonderful builders.

“Zimbabwe was doubtless the capital and fortress of those who came in search of gold. The ruins cover the ground over an area about two miles long and more than a mile wide and the whole seems to have formed a populous city of some size. But remains of walls are also to be found well outside this area. Three groups of ruins are to be seen within the thick wall, which at some places was over thirty feet in height. The chief building is an oval-shaped temple, within which floor, steps, passages and altars have been uncovered during the last twenty-five years. The temple also contains curious conical towers, which, like every part of the building, are built of conical blocks dressed and squared by the hammer, no mortar being used. Many remains have been found, such as bowls, statuettes, and gold ornaments finely worked. The city walls also enclose a granite kopje on which there seems to have been a fort, to which the dwellers could retire in time of great danger, while the rest of the dead city is spread along the ‘Valley of Ruins.’

“Many people think that the strangers came from Arabia, and that here is the ‘Land of Ophir,’ whence

King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba drew their wealth."

The above is taken from one of the text-books for primary schools in South Africa, which also gives a photograph of some of the ruins. (Consult 1 Kings 10.) This is only another instance among many of the historic accuracy of the Old Testament.

### UNDER THE ACACIA TREE

The arrangement is unique. Before my coming to Kabanga the brethren had thought it all out. They would build me a house all my own. The two mission homes are about two hundred yards apart. A good road connects them. Somewhat midway between the two is a tree near the road. It has fern-like leaves and resembles the locust, but has big flat beans, with the bean row right down the middle. For the want of a better name I will call it the acacia tree. Like many of the African trees, it has low-spreading branches. Beneath this tree is my domicile *pro tem*.

It is about ten by fifteen feet and at the eaves seven, and in the center say eight feet. Three posts at the sides and three in the center, each having a fork at the top and each having the bark peeled off. Three peeled poles, running the entire length, lie in the forks. Smaller rods are set between and then tied along up at the sides at intervals from the ground. This forms a sort of coarse network all round and overhead. Everything is made stationary by bark strings. For walls, floor and roof long grass is tied on to the framework. As it never rains in this part of Africa at this season the roof need not be rain-proof. Streaks of sunshine come in both through the walls and the roof. For a

shutter to the door a framework of small poles, with grass tied on, answers the purpose. Two round windows, one in front and one at the back, supplement the cracks for light. For window curtains I hang up towels. In the daytime these are not especially needed, but at night it gives one a better feeling. Just imagine how it might disturb one's sleep if a wildcat, a panther or a lion out of curiosity should leap up into one of these round windows and show a pair of shining eyes, or lose his balance and come tumbling right in. No doubt, too, it would be a great embarrassment to such a visitor thus to be so suddenly ushered into the presence of an entire stranger. So, as I prefer more privacy, I curtain my windows.

Six miles away to the east is a low range of mountains which, from this distance, look like a blue ridge of hills. Among these mountains and beneath the low-growing trees is good grazing, and this attracts the various herds of wild animals, and at the same time their presence attracts their enemies. Later on, when the grass fails in these parts, they will come down into the plains. Some of them are here already. This morning, June 6, Brother Brown came quietly before sun-up and said there were two deer just back of my domicile. I was still in bed. But I was soon at the back window, curtain drawn aside, looking intently. There they were, in plain view, eating grass and at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for the approach of some foe. Every little while up would go a graceful little head to see if all was well. This continued for about ten minutes, when the girl from the other mission home went down the path for water. Then they



1. Victoria Falls. 2. "Under the acacia tree" with Ardith. 3. John Sherriff. 4. Diamonds when washed as they come from the ground. 5. The Kabanga school and church building and a Sunday meeting. 6. A group at Macheke, church building in the rear. 7. The Kabanga Hospital, used by the Merritts for a home. 8. A group of missionaries, etc. 9. Sherriff home at Macheke. 10. Merritt, the doctor. 11. Victoria Falls.

were off like a flash, bounding over the tall grass, with heads high in the air.

Westward the view is grand. All round is a fringe of trees so even that they look as if they might have been evened off with the gardener's shears. Lying between are the broad, treeless plains, with only a little clump here and there, the tall grass suggesting great grain fields.

This, in brief, is the setting of my lodge under the low-spreading acacia tree. A single bed, with springs and iron frame, is in one end. A strip of carpet reaches from the door to the bedside, laid diagonally across on the grass floor. I found it necessary to put a stick across one corner and put my suitcases up from the floor, for in one night the white ants ate a hole in one of them about three inches long. A mosquito net, with a round crown, hangs over my bed, but at this season of the year it is not needed, as mosquitoes do not trouble after the first of June. The belief is that they carry the germs for African fever.

Quinine is thought to be the only remedy. It was a question with me whether or not I should take the precaution to take quinine as a preventive. But thus far I find corn muffins and buttermilk seemingly effective and more pleasant to take.

I have a pitcher and a glass for drinking water and a larger pitcher and a bowl for bathing. The water for drinking is always thoroughly boiled, but raw water is thought to be safe for the outside of the body. I humor my feet to a gum bottle of hot water at night and use the same next morning for shaving and to cleanse my teeth. I find common salt better for cleansing than pastes or powders.

An American lantern, furnished by one of the brethren, burns low just inside of my door every night. This may be a needless waste of oil, but wildcats, jackals, wild dogs, panthers, lions, or other night travelers might not think to knock; but if a light is there they will not dare come in unobserved. I would not make the impression that I am especially afraid of such things; no, no, not a bit of it, but really under certain conditions I am bravery personified; but when a fellow is only half-awake and turns over and sees his faithful guard on duty he can with more composure drop off to sleep again, instead of trying to stand guard and sleep at the same time.

While sojourning in India I had the privilege of sleeping right out under the stars, while two big dogs kept guard. And during the night when I would open my eyes and look up into the starry heavens it was a delight to think of him who brought out all these. Here I am more shut in and only now and then a star comes peeping through a crack in the grass; but, on the other hand, there is a compensation. Every morning at the day dawn the little birds, sometimes the larger ones, flock to my acacia tree that hovers over my lodge. They twitter and sing and flit from branch to branch, just like they did in childhood days, when I used to stand breathless, lest I frighten them away. Now the friendly straw roof hides me so that I can listen at ease while they carry on their little choruses above, not more than eight or ten feet away.

This morning two doves came in with a swish and tarried quite a while. Then with that familiar whistle of their wings, known to every country boy, away they went somewhere. There is something hard to de-



scribe, but very pleasing, about the farewell of a dove's wings. It suggests something cool, quieting and pure all in one. Compared with the unattractive sound of a crow's flapping, one cannot fail to note the marked difference.

A very few days more when the time comes that I must pack up and again start on the long journey, I shall have a feeling of regret that my stay by the roadside was so very brief, where the little feet were heard of mornings coming to tell me, "Mother says breakfast is ready."

#### KABANGA AND SINDE MISSIONS

While at Kabanga I spent two Lord's days and spoke also nearly every night to about forty students and to some who had come in from the villages. We went also to two villages and spoke there. Six young men were baptized during this time, two by Brother Brown and four by Brother Merritt.

We left Kabanga, June 12, about four o'clock in the morning. Sister Brown went along, taking one of the children. One of the boys was taken along to show the way; but, anyhow, we got lost and came to a mud hole over which the car could not pass. It was still dark, but we went back about a mile and found the right road. We had to go forty-seven miles to meet the train. It was due at nine o'clock. On the way we saw some pheasants and three deer. The petrol, as the English would say, but gasoline, as the American calls it, ran short and we stopped at a farmhouse owned by Mr. Cooper, who drew some from the tank of his own car to supply us. It was now daylight and a little frost was on the ground. They invited us in for a cup of tea. A big lion skin was on the floor. He said he had

killed many of them. The chickens were still in the house. A pet monkey scampered up and down a post to which he was chained and showed fight to the strangers. A pig was in the pen and a big sheep stood in the lot. The corn had been shucked when gathered and was in a roofless crib up on posts to protect it from the white ants.

Brother Scott met me at Senkobo station, which is seven miles from Sinde. While waiting fifty minutes for him I was entertained in the home of the station master. It was a rare thing anyone came for him to talk to, as I suppose, for the neighbors are few and far between. He had been married twice. The first wife had died and the second left him. Was seeking a third woman simply as housekeeper. He put an ad in the paper and received several letters, which he brought out and showed me. One of them smoked and drank and there were objections to the others, so he was not going to accept any of them, but another woman whom he knew better. I could not see why he would object to one because she smoked, as he kept a pipe in his mouth. But, at any rate, I thanked him for his hospitality.

I spent from May 18 to June 20 at Sinde and Kabanga, dividing the time about equally between the two places. At Sinde I also spoke nearly every night and on Sundays to about fifty students, and in some of the villages. During my stay there one was baptized and three more while I was at the other place. On one occasion the missionary was preaching on the conversion of the eunuch as recorded in the eighth of Acts. He brought out the fact that this was one of their own countrymen. While he was preaching a man

about forty came up and stood before him. He went on with his preaching to the close, then asked the man what he wanted. He said, "I want to receive proper baptism."

George Scott baptized forty in one village, including the chief, an old man who claimed to have seen Livingstone. There were only two or three men left. The old drum by which they danced was cast aside and instead of the dance they met for singing, of which they are very fond. A preacher is located with them and they observe the Supper every Sunday. The education of the native people is very meager, and where the brethren are located only Genesis and Mark have been translated into their dialect. Primary schools to teach the people how to read and a fuller supply of the Scriptures are among the immediate needs.

In the Scott home at Sinda there was a noise in the attic of my room. When I returned from Kabanga it had become worse and worse. Some birds were nesting up there they said. One of the boys and Boyd went up, and out came two owls. They lit in the trees near by. Then down came a pair of young ones nearly ready to fly, then another pair still younger, and another pair still younger, and last of all a couple of eggs. Altogether there was quite a family, with more in prospect. Scott and Reese got out with the gun and brought down the two old ones from the trees. I knew that pigeons would have two or three sets of young ones in the nest at the same time, but till now I did not know that owls did it. That night not a sound was heard in the attic.

After one of my talks at Sinda one of the students asked, "If one has been on a three-days' journey, with-

out water, and could not get any, would it be all right to drink beer?" What answer would you give? Another asked, "Will there be schools and churches when Christ comes?"

About eighteen years ago in the Bible School at Odessa I called for the names of those who had a desire to be missionaries. Nearly twenty, as I remember, gave in their names. One was a mere boy, not then a Christian. Brother Reese, now at Sinde, South Africa, is that boy. Sister Reese and Boyd, twelve years old, are also on the field, the former already engaged in the work, and all three, together with the Scott family, studying the language together.

"Well, what do you think of the prospect? Do you think we can develop these people?" asked Brother Reese.

"Yesterday at Kalomo I went into the post office to mail some letters and a native was in charge. He did everything to be done. This is my answer to your question."

Near a big tree on the farm is a place where the natives had been accustomed to assemble and pray to the ancestors for rain. After it passed into the hands of the missionaries they came and asked permission to follow the old custom. The request was granted and they went through with their weird cries, after which Brother Scott preached to them on the worship of the true God. They have not assembled at this place since.

A man had been arrested by the natives for burning houses. They asked the missionaries to haul him to Livingstone for trial. They brought him to Sinde the morning I was leaving. It was plain that the man was not right. He sat just behind me in the car.

Along the road he would break out into singing. He could imitate the barking of a dog to perfection. He had a big gourd and would take threatening attitudes against an imaginary foe. Smash went the big gourd on the side of the car. I was thankful it was not my head and felt relieved when we got rid of him.

### VICTORIA FALLS

Parting is always one of those ordeals I would ever avoid if possible. It suggests that man was not intended to be a wanderer, but to have a home and companionships of a permanent nature. I remember the tears, both at Kabanga and Sinde, and the emotions of my own heart. I need not refer to other partings in Japan, China, the Philippines, in Siam, and India. Also at Livingstone the time came to say good-bye to Brother and Sister Claassen, who seemed never to know when they had done enough.

It was Saturday morning and I had the day in which to see Victoria Falls, only six miles away. A good wheel was at my disposal and at nine I was off to the Falls with a good fat lunch for the noon hour. Part of the way the road is along the Zambezi River above the Falls. I stopped two or three times for the sake of the fine views, and at one place there was a German gazing out on the river. He pointed out two hippopotami—water horses—playing in the water by rising and diving. They come out at night to feed on the grass and are very destructive to fields and gardens. But I am now at the Falls. A great crack, probably caused by an earthquake, and said to be almost a mile long by two or three hundred feet wide, lies right across the river. The river drops down into this gorge about

four hundred feet. At high water many of the gaps are closed, allowing the river to pour over in a more solid sheet but, unfortunately, at such a time there is such a mist coming up that the view is obscured. At the time I saw them the water was comparatively low, but even then in places the mist was an obstruction. Along the brink there were many gaps and the water poured over in channels between which there were bare rocks and shrubbery. One may stand at the end of the chasm and get a partial view, but to see all one must cross the bridge to the opposite side and follow the path, taking views from the brink opposite the Falls, which is about on the same level.

"How do they compare with Niagara?" I was asked several times. If they could all be taken in at one view, as is the case with Niagara, Victoria Falls would make a favorable comparison, but they have to be viewed in several sections and, also, one encounters the ever-present mist. The setting, too, is unfavorable for the best view.

About two-thirds of the way from the west end of the chasm the river escapes by a very narrow gorge; roughly speaking, we may consider this the standard of a large T, the cross-section over which the river falls being the top. Another great crack was formed a little below the first and running parallel to it for about one-third of the distance, where it turns more in line with the cut where the river comes through and into which it flows. The bridge crosses a little below this junction and from which a portion of the falls may be seen as the train passes over, when not obscured by the mist. But because of this the anxious visitor is often disappointed. The gorge where the

bridge crosses is 408 feet to the water, and the bridge is said to be the highest in the world. Those who remember the height of a similar bridge that spans Niagara with a single span will be able to judge the correctness of this statement. In view of the great amount of water which pours over the Falls, the river below seems remarkably small, but the depth, which is really unknown, must be great. When at its fullest it is 52 feet above the low-water mark. It winds its way through the deep gorge many miles below before coming to the surface and spreading out as an ordinary river.

Being much warmer at the bottom, partly by the friction of the water, much steam is formed, which rises a thousand feet in the air, is condensed and comes back in the form of rain. One must wear water-proof clothing or be drenched to the skin.

The second crack, above referred to, is a dry gorge down to where the river comes through. Visitors usually go down this gorge for the sake of the tropical vegetation, the birds, some of which are quite beautiful, the monkeys, and a closer view of the "boiling pot." After reaching the top again from my trip down over a very rough, rocky road, I was sitting on a seat for a rest. I had met several going down, on my way up, and one woman said, "Oh, my legs!" I had only fairly taken my seat at the top when one of the women emerged and, coming to the same seat, said, "Gosh!", a word I have often heard, and more especially by the English, but which I have never used. Whether man or woman, it does not adorn one's speech, nor add to what one wishes to say. I have not tried to trace it to its origin, but somehow I have a feeling that it is a compromise be-

tween pure speech and profanity. "Golly" is a kindred word, and they are substitutes for outright swearing. If I were a young man seeking a wife I would turn away from any young woman using such language, as being ill-bred.

In taking leave of the great Victoria Falls one feels that he would like to linger longer and behold the majestic work of the Creator.

### DIAMONDS, GOLD AND MISSIONS

In company with Brother and Sister Hadfield I went from Bulawayo to Kimberley. This is a town that has grown up from the diamond industry. Brother Titus, once a missionary in China, is located here and works among the "natives." In Africa the negro is called "native" and the half-breed "colored." At Kabanga, where Brother Merritt is, there is one of these "colored" boys in school. He went to Livingstone in search of his father but failed to find him. Maybe he was afraid of "nigger equality," but he should have taken fright before he descended to the border line!

On the outskirts of Kimberley is a "native" church under the management of Brother Titus. It was prayer meeting night and we went. Brother Titus was away on an evangelistic trip. I was asked to make a talk. In Siam I spoke with two interpreters, but here I had three, one for Dutch and one for each of two African dialects. As in America, the negro in Africa is a good singer. I was pleased to note that no instrument was present. There is a richness in the African voice not found among other nationalities.

In this part of Africa there are literally "acres of diamonds." When making the streets the dirt was



sifted in search of them. The dirt thrown out from digging is piled up into hills. One hole in the edge of town is a quarter of a mile across and more than a thousand feet deep. It reminded me of the great crater in the top of Mount Asama in Japan, but in place of fire at the bottom there was water.

We were shown through the mills where the dirt is washed from the gravel. Only one per cent of the digging is sent to the "pulsators" for a final separation. This is in the form of a clean gravel about the size of the finger tips. All larger stones are crushed before the dirt is washed out. By a pulsating motion water is kept in constant motion and flows over inclined pans about two by six feet. These pans are greased. The diamonds stick to the grease while the gravel rolls on down. The way this was discovered was a mere accident. A farmer was putting grease on the spindle of his wagon with a stick. He afterwards attempted to rub the grease off on the ground and noticed a diamond sticking to it, like iron to a magnet.

We were shown the product of one day, about a handful of diamonds. They were smooth, like worn gravel on the beach, and of a milky color. While showing them the man said they were worth \$75,000.00. But to me they were of no value whatever.

I also went to the factory where they were cut and polished. The larger ones are split by means of little saws as thin as tissue paper. The powder from these saws is finer than face powder. Here I was shown a finished diamond. I suppose the diamond lover would have admired it exceedingly, but a bit of polished glass would have served me just as well. In order to see the value of a diamond one must have a vivid imagination.

Well did Franklin say, "Pride and vanity tax the people with a heavier hand than kings and presidents."

About one day's run by train from Kimberley brings us to Johannesburg, the city of gold. Here is one of the greatest gold fields of the world thus far discovered. The gold is found in "reefs" or layers that crop out on the surface, then continue to dip till they get so deep the mining must cease. Already they have gone down seven thousand feet, or more than a mile. The dump from these mines is almost as big and high as mountains. Where diamonds are found the dirt is dark, like slate, but in the gold region it is a yellowish gray.

We took breakfast in the house of Brother Thompson, then were taken fifteen miles by Brother Wilson in his car, to Boksburg, where was to be a conference of the seven infant churches of South Africa. Several of the states of South Africa have formed themselves into a political union, and in this union are a million and a half of whites and six millions of blacks. For a number of years there has been a little congregation at Cape Town. They have spent their time arguing unprofitable questions and have not grown. Some four or five years ago the Christian Standard brethren sent over some workers and later sent more. Two Baptist ministers were converted and now they have some four or five evangelists in the field, and already seven churches have been established. Last year they had 1,200 baptisms.

More than once the brethren in South Africa have written to America for preachers to come over and help them, but nothing ever came of it. One brother, an editor, wrote back, saying that America needed evangelists to come from Africa. The brethren here

did not want organs and societies but have fallen in with them as preferable to a dead standstill. This will be to the everlasting shame of those who claim to *stand* for the New Testament order.

While in Boksburg I was the guest of the Brown family, who are of Dutch extraction. They speak both Dutch and English. I attended the four-days' convention and by invitation spoke three times, once to the Sunday school, once on unity, and once on the work of the missionaries who are in direct touch with the churches without the mediation of the boards. I was shown every courtesy due to a mere visitor. The home of the Browns was indeed a home of hospitality.

P. S.—Written on the grassy bank of the Ingezi River while the sun is declining in the west and the birds keep up their evening song.

#### DADAYA MISSION

One hundred and twenty miles east of Bulawayo, in a rugged section of the country, are two mission homes. Brother and Sister Bowen, with two little children, and the widowed Sister Mansell and her daughter, Hazel, occupy them. They have also a third building, used for school and church purposes, and some outbuildings.

As in many other places, the problem of this place is the water problem. Brother Bowen is digging a well and has gone down 35 feet. Even down at this depth he finds tree roots. In speaking of this to Brother Hadfield, he said he had been told that even alfalfa would send its roots down to the extreme depth of 70 feet.

These missionaries are sent out by a missionary board in New Zealand. Whether this board represents

all the churches or not in New Zealand I do not know. I was with them over a Lord's Day and spoke both to the children and to the church. I spoke to the children on the superstition in Japan about unlucky directions, giving it a moral application. To the church I spoke on the unity of God's people. They use no instrument in the worship here nor individual cups. The worship of the church seems to be quite according to the New Testament order. In New Zealand, I am told, each church exercises its own judgment whether or not it will use an instrument, but that the churches have not divided over it. But, strangely enough, a division has been caused on the question of whether the wicked are annihilated or eternally punished, a question of no practical bearing on the Christian life, nor is anyone's salvation dependent on believing the one or the other. And, furthermore, like some other impractical questions, it is involved in too much obscurity to be dogmatic about. But the use of an instrument in church worship is a practical question in which not only the entire congregation, but all the congregations, are involved. For in matters of right and wrong, as I believe the Scriptures clearly show this question to be, all the churches should be just as unanimous as on baptism or the Lord's Supper.

I asked Brother Bowen for some figures, and found that since 1927 he has had 547 baptisms. There are 22 churches that meet every Lord's Day. Four other places where brethren meet. The estimated membership is 1,118.

The purpose is to make the school as nearly self-supporting as possible. I went down to where the boys were plowing for corn—called "mealies" here in Af-

rica—with the view of planting about November, when the rains begin. Being south of the equator, the seasons are just the reverse of what they are north of it. I noted with a bit of pride that the plow was an Oliver chilled plow of U. S. make and a No. 40. It was drawn by three yoke of oxen, not well trained, so the plowing was not first-class. Neither did the boys keep the wing cleaned so the dirt would slip, without which no plow will do good work. I had them clean the plow, then plowed a round. I have plowed not only in America, but in Japan, the Philippines and Africa. The field the boys were plowing was red soil. But in Africa, as in other countries where I have been, there are all the varieties of soil.

Seeing a copy of the *Gospel Advocate*, I began to ask questions, and Sister Mansell said that Brother John McGregor, of Sydney, Australia, sent it to her. "Do you know John McGregor?" I asked, and she said she had been in his home. In days gone by Brother McGregor used to send me an occasional offering all the way up to Japan.

On July 8 the Bowens, the Hadfields, the Mansells, and the writer went on a picnic. It was about four miles to the banks of the Ingezi River, an immense stream in the rainy season, but now easily crossed in many places. In it, however, the crocodiles and hippo live. On its grassy banks, with the birds singing all around, I finished the article preceding this. Some native (negro) boys were herding cattle on either side of the river.

In these parts of Africa the cactus, oranges, and the pepper trees remind one of Southern California, and the vast prairies suggest other sections of the West.

On our return to Bulawayo we saw two small deer, a secretary bird, and an ostrich. I had seen the secretary bird in the Kimberley museum and the ostrich in the ostrich farm near Los Angeles, but it was different to see these magnificent birds in their native surroundings. As they are protected by law, they are quite tame and walk carelessly around, almost like a barnyard fowl. The ostrich was a male and stood up well out of the tall grass, his doddling, long neck stretching up some six feet from the ground. At the suggestion of his father, Roland Hadfield, after we had had a good look at the old fellow, got out and gave him a chase that we might see him run, and their speed is not a fiction. In defending their young they will attack even a man. One man, being attacked, dismounted and reared his bicycle on the hind wheel to ward the fowl off.

A pair of partridges stopped right in the road before the car. Roland hurried out his little rifle and shot one of them. It was about the size of an American Bob White, but a light brown with white speckles, like a guinea fowl. The legs and toes were thick and short while the hind toe was about an eighth of an inch up the leg, which I mistook at first to be a spur, but noting that there was no hind toe, I examined more carefully and found this was it, known by the hooked claw downward attached to a joint at the leg. The evolutionist would say it had degenerated for lack of use; this may be or may not be true. I simply state the fact with no attempt at an explanation. Even if true, it furnishes no evidence of the evolutionary *theory*.

The African catbird is an exception to the rule of everything being different in Africa from what it is in

other parts of the world. It is about the same size and color as the American catbird, has a similar cry, and also attempts to mock other birds.

#### BULAWAYO AND MACHEKE

In Bulawayo there is a church for the "natives." Brother John Sherriff did much to build up this church, but it is now superintended by Brother Hadfield. I spoke twice at the prayer meetings while the guest of the Hadfield family. There were only ten or a dozen at these meetings, but I am told the house is full when they meet Sunday afternoon for the Lord's Supper. I noticed an organ sitting to one side, but no notice was taken of it by anyone else either of the nights I was there; but I suppose it is used sometimes in some way or there would be no reason for its presence.

The Hadfield family are full of hospitality and it was by their kindness that I was enabled to see more of Africa than otherwise would have been possible. I spent about two weeks each with the brethren at Sinde, Kabanga, and Huyuyu. Leaving Bulawayo, Thursday, the 11th, I was met at Macheke the next day at noon by Brother Sherriff. We had 56 miles to go, so were soon on the way. When about half way we stopped at a big rock for lunch. The weather had so scooped it out that it projected over its base 24 feet, and reminded one of a music stand. As it furnishes a good shelter, people frequently camp there. Swarms of sand flies came buzzing around us and, as they looked like a poisonous gnat we have in Japan, I was at first alarmed, but learned that they did not bite.

As one passes through the country it is interesting to see the various fantastic shapes into which the great

rocks on the mountains have been worn. Some years ago Brother Sherriff was peeping around a huge boulder to see how it could keep its place on so small a foundation, and there lay a great snake eleven feet long. In those days the pioneer usually carried a six-shooter. He fired twice and broke its back, mashed its head, tied his handkerchief around its neck and dragged it home. He got a native to skin it. The native also cut it open and ate the two kidneys then and there, saying that if a man ate three no lion would ever dare to touch him.

As we were about to cross a river, now only a small stream, the car became a bit unruly in the sand and jumped astride a big rock, leaving one wheel high and dry. With an iron bar and some pushing we pried it off and again were on our way.

When we arrived, about six o'clock, Sister Sherriff and the daughter, Theodora, were out to meet and to greet us. Miss Molly came home a day or two later from a few days' holiday. Besides some temporary houses, Brother Sherriff has put up three brick buildings and has one stone building not yet completed, all in less than two years. The temporary meeting house which they put up some years ago is now about to fall down, so they are making the brick to build a better one. They hope to have it completed by the end of 1929. The brethren are taking it by turns making brick.

The three mission stations above mentioned are far back in the backwoods. Sinda is seven miles from the railroad, Kabanga 47, and Huyuyu 56. Oxen are used at all these places to do the plowing and to draw the sleds and wagons. All three of the stations have



wagons, but not many of the natives can afford them, so they cut down a forked tree and make a sledge out of it. The oxen, however, could carry the same burden on their backs much easier than they can drag it on the ground in this fashion. The ox wagon, the wood pile, the open fire, the oil lamp, the tallow candles, all remind one that Africa is now where America was a century ago. But much more rapid progress is now made possible because of improved implements and methods.

I spent three Lord's Days with the Sherriffs, speaking twice on each Sunday. Also I taught two Bible classes each day during the week, save Saturday, and spoke at night. During this time a boy and a girl and a man about forty years old came forward to make the confession. The custom of the brethren in Africa is to call for people to come forward and make the confession in the usual way, but to defer the baptism for more teaching, unless there is good reason to believe they already understand. On the last Sunday morning before meeting for the Lord's Supper we assembled at a pool in the bed of the river to baptize six young people, two boys and four girls. I was asked to make a talk, and I spoke as follows: "People who do not know what the Christian religion is might wonder what we have assembled around this pool for. It is distinctly a matter of faith. Jesus said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' As we assemble here with you I am reminded of a similar experience in my own life fifty-three years ago on the other side of the world. And as now, so then, there were just six of us young people who were buried with the Lord in baptism, and we also assembled at a river. And

here you, away over here in Africa, are doing just what we did then because you believe and obey the same Lord that we believed and obeyed." Then Brother Jack Mizelis went with them into the water and, hearing their confession, baptized them. But Brother Jack deserves more than a mere mention. He has been a Christian for about twenty years, and in ten years' time at this place has baptized some two hundred people in his own and surrounding villages. He also has been teaching in the village school, for which Brother Sherriff paid him \$10 a month; but now he lives by farming and continues preaching. Two students are doing the teaching at present. So well has Brother Jack done his work that during the two years Brother Sherriff has been here there has not been one to backslide.

Jack wanted to know, if all of us are descended from Noah, why are his people so black? I suggested that the heat of the sun must, at least in some measure, be the cause; then I had him show us the palm of his hand, which was much lighter than the back, being more protected from the sun. I also called his attention to the fact, which is of more importance, that, though the color of different people differs, in nature all are the same. Also, one of the students in the Bible class asked the same question that was asked me at Merritt's place, namely, why there are so many denominations. What answer would you give?

Some of the mountains of Africa remind one of the Rocky Mountains of North America. These mountains are of solid granite. John Sherriff has been a stone mason for thirty years and has laid many a foundation with this stone. I asked him if he had ever found any

fossils in it, and he said he had not. But the only way, so the scientists say, to determine the age of a rock is by the fossil remains in it. If there be none of these, there is no way of telling how old the rock may be. Also, it is admitted that rocks without fossils are older than those containing them. So it follows that this granite on the very tops of the mountains in Africa is older than any rock containing fossils. But the onion-skin theory is that the first rocks were laid deepest in the earth, and the younger ones on them, layer by layer, like the layers of an onion; and, furthermore, that the lowest forms of life are to be found at the bottom and the higher forms of life in the rocks nearer the surface. But how is it that the oldest rocks are to be found on the very top? It looks like the scientists will either have to turn the world top side down, or themselves be upset. The fact is that the lower and the higher forms of fossilized life are found in the same strata, having all existed together in ancient times as they do now.

One afternoon we took a walk, going over the pass back of the house to the valley beyond. Across the valley we saw a pack of baboons scampering away to the woods. They made a circle and came back to our left to get to the big rocks. Once upon these they felt more secure and began to turn and watch us. There may have been a dozen of them. They would jump from branch to branch on the trees, then descend to the big rocks and peep at us. Now and then one of them would bark, and it was so much like the bark of a dog that in a land where there are no monkeys or baboons nothing else would have been suspected. Much as is made of the nearness of the monkey to man, they show

no more sagacity than a common dog. If monkeys ever did make men it certainly took a much longer time to do it than for men to make monkeys of themselves.

When a boy on the farm we made and burned a kiln of brick. I had a curiosity to see how the boys in Africa were doing it. The process was very simple. Two of the boys were in the hole making the mud. Fortunately they had the sand, the dirt, and the water all in the same hole. Instead of two brick to the mold, they had three. If industrious, they can make a thousand a day. As the mud is already so full of sand, no sanding of the molds is necessary to make the brick slip from them. Brick making and burning them to make them hard is as old as the tower of Babel.

#### HUYUYU MISSION

When the Sherriffs left Bulawayo for Huyuyu they took a big gray cat with them named Captain. On the way he escaped from the basket and disappeared. They were traveling through in the car, a distance of 300 miles. Three weeks after they arrived, one morning the cat appeared in a crack overhead. The children cried, "Oh, there's Captain." He jumped down and was quite at home. Some natives in the neighborhood came and claimed him and the Sherriffs told them they might have him if he would stay with them. They took him away, but he was back home in a little while. The supposition is that when he disappeared he went back to Bulawayo, but finding all gone, he returned to where he had left them, then following their track, he got into the neighborhood and could trace them no further, so turned into a native hut, but later found

where they were. He is a big, long-haired African cat, said to have been imported from Persia.

Some years ago some young men, members of some denomination, attended Brother Sherriff's class. They were warned against it, and he was accused of "sheep stealing." The boys said, "We go where we can get the best grass."

Two black men got into a quarrel over a woman and were brought before a white judge. The man at fault frankly acknowledged that he acted very foolishly. "Why did you do it?" asked the judge. "We all act foolish when a woman is involved. I think even the judge himself acts foolish when a woman is involved." The native was acquitted.

About four o'clock one afternoon an eagle swooped down among the chickens in the woods around the house. There was a great flutter and a running for the henhouse. Sister Sherriff ran for the gun, but before she could get a shot the eagle was gone. One of the hens did not come out of hiding until nearly noon the next day. I am an eye-witness to all this.

Some of the questions put to me were as follows:

Is America ruled by King George of England?

Is the President of the United States selected from the royal family?

Why do not some of the black brethren in America come over here and teach us?

Why are there so many denominations, and how will God judge them?

Who is paying your expenses on this trip around the world?

What language was spoken at the time of the confusion of tongues at Babel?

Since we all came from Noah, why are some black and some white?

Dan Crawford was once preaching and one, Malemba by name, exclaimed: "Aye, you white men were a bad lot to go away and kill the Best One like that; we blacks only kill criminals. And then, far from being ashamed of what you have done, you come across the seas to tell us you did it."

At the close of one of our meetings a woman, now a Christian, got up and said she was married to one man but had no children by him; took another man and had no children by him; is now living with her third husband and has two children by him. She loses her temper and quarrels with him, and asked that we pray for her.

At another meeting a woman stood up with a baby in her arms and said her father had died only a few days before and that her mother had a cough and was very weak and it looked like she was going to die. We had prayer for her.

The next day Sister Sherriff, one of the boys, and myself went to their village, about three miles away. We passed another village on the way where they were beating out *rupoko*. This is something on the order of millet, but with much finer seed and of a dark color. Instead of one head there are several, all coming out from the same stem-end. A large circle some 20 feet across was the threshing floor, made hard by smearing the droppings of cattle over the ground. They do the floors of their huts the same way. It's the same practice as in India. When dry there is no unpleasant odor. When we approached two women were enlarging the circle by smearing an outer rim about two feet wide.

One was pouring water on the material to dilute it, while the other with her left hand smeared it on. They stopped to greet us, and she held out her hands with a laughing apology, but by no means embarrassed by the condition of the left one. She still retained her bracelet on her wrist.

The bins for the *rupoko* were funnel-shaped, little end down, and resting on a stone, the rim being supported by posts. This big funnel of poles, all coming to a common center, is lined tight with grass. Several of them surrounded the threshing floor. They beat out the seed with a stick. It makes a good breakfast food, as I can certify from experience.

On to the village of the old sick mother. The cluster of huts was surrounded by a circular brush fence. Some goats were playing around and the general appearance was like that of a horse lot. The old woman was on the outside of the family hut, sitting flat on the ground. Sister Sherriff had brought her some oranges. There were three of us white people, including Sister Saddler, visiting the Sherriffs, so they had found three old chairs somewhere and had them sitting in a row for us. By this time 10 or 15 men, women, and children, including the man who had made the confession on Sunday, had assembled, all sitting around on the ground. A song by some of them was sung in the native tongue, then I made a talk on "Man shall not live by bread alone," while a young brother interpreted. It is not the custom in Africa to serve tea, cakes, or any sort of refreshments to visitors.

I asked to see inside the hut, and we stooped in, for the door was not over four feet high. At first all was dark, but after a little, by the light of the door, the

round room began to show up. There were no bad odors and all was as clean as such a hut could be kept. A line across one side held some blankets they used to wrap up in while sleeping on the dirt floor, around a chunk fire in the center. On a little mud elevation were some earthen crocks and a drum, the drum being used only when some one dies. Ancestor worship is common in Africa. They reason it out this way: Is not the blood of the departed mother left behind in the child, and does not this form a connection between the departed soul of the mother and the soul still in the flesh? They worship the mother rather than the father, because it is often the case that they do not know who their father is, and sometimes even the mother doesn't know.

A negro had wounded a lion and was searching in the tall grass for it. Coming suddenly upon it, the lion rose up and attacked him. He had no weapon with which to defend himself except two strong arms. He managed to get the lion down under him face down while he sat on him to hold him down, with a death grip of his two big hands around his neck. He called and called for help, and finally another man came, but was afraid to come near. Finally he succeeded in getting the friend to come with a stick, with which the animal was pounded to death. In speaking of it afterwards he said it was impossible to tell how he felt. Maybe you can imagine.



# STILL IN AFRICA

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## THINGS AFRICAN

Africans believe the spirit of the lion may enter into man, or that man's spirit may enter a lion. But they do not believe in the immortality of the soul for animals. They hold, however, that the soul of both man and woman is immortal.

I have heard no song of any bird in Africa which is the same as the birds in America. Even the dove, though it seems identical with our own, has quite a different cooing. The note of one little bird especially drew my attention, being of three clear, distinct notes—teet! tat! tot! In northern Rhodesia, a bird, the identity of which I do not know, has a peculiar habit of flapping its wings. It flies high up overhead early in the morning, reminding one of a swallow, though considerably larger, and about every thirty seconds it turns up in perpendicular fashion and flaps its wings together in front of it in rapid succession. It took me several days to discover what the sound meant, for when I would look into the sky nothing could be seen until finally I caught sight of a bird.

It has been said that the African is quite ignorant of numbers and can hardly count above ten; but in the heart of Africa they have words for *hundred*, *thousand*, *million*, *million-times-a-million*, *all*.

*Mpaki* is their word for human sacrifice. This was once practiced and not so long ago, but since foreign rule has come in it is now prohibited. One of the wives of the man was buried alive with her husband. Sometimes a man with the victim. In either case the body

must be without blemish. This was a Japanese custom until Christ became known.

Brother Merritt pointed out a conspicuous mountain many miles across the plain, on which he said the natives worshiped. What may be on top I cannot say, but I climbed several smaller ones around the Sherriff home and was pleased to find no indication of a temple, or an idol. In Japan it is hard to find a hilltop without an idol on it.

Dan Crawford and his men killed a stork on one of the large lakes in Central Africa, near the equator, and on its leg was a band on which was engraved, "Prussia," a province of Germany. Consult your map and measure the distance these birds migrate to escape the winter, then ask yourself, "Whence this bird wisdom?"

The African way of expressing Acts is "Words concerning Deeds." For the Lord's table, "Feast of Memories," or "Table of Tears." For lace they say, "A lot of holes tied together."

The parents sell their girls by a sort of private sale to the highest bidder. This does not always conform to the taste of the girl, so she and her lover unite secretly. Then there is no other way but for them to get married. I was told of one father, if it be lawful to call him such, who locked his girl up with an old man in the same hut, trying to force a union; but she fought him to the last, broke out of the hut, and escaped to the home of a missionary.

"What a heathen practice," I hear you say, and so it is; but the negroes in Africa are not the only ones guilty. I knew a girl once who had two suitors and *her* choice was for the young man poor in this world's goods. But her parents said, "No, look at the broad

acres"; and to the broad acres she went, to live unhappily forever afterwards. Then, in principle, what is the difference between the practice of the black man and the white man?

The boys and girls in Africa engage in the village dance for the pleasure of it; that is, it is a way of getting together, either actually to gratify sensual lust or in the hope of doing it. The huts are usually built in a circle with an open space in the center. Here the dances take place. Some rawhide stretched over the section of a hollow tree makes the drum. The drum is beaten with the ends of the fingers. It serves the purpose of keeping time, the same as the fiddle or other music. The older people also have dances to please the spirits of the dead. Clapping the hands is practiced to keep time.

Coming down to the coast the other day I was in the same compartment with a young Jew, born in France, but seeking his fortune, as the saying is, in South Africa. I offered him some Christian literature to read but he soon laid it down. Our conversation drifted on. "I am very fond of the dance," he said.

"Would you be fond of it if you had to dance without the girls?" I asked.

"No!"

"Then you would better ask yourself why you are fond of the dance," I replied. He tried to defend himself but I kept steadily on.

Some seem to think that sin beautifully clothed is no longer sin. But though it may paint itself most beautifully and put on an evening dress, drink the most fashionable wines, smoke cigarettes of the most popular brand, use refined profanity, and dance in gorgeous

palaces, it is the same heinous sin of the Zulu dancing in the dim moonlight to the beat of the drum.

At the close of one of our Bible classes at the Huyuyu Mission one of the young men said, "Some tell us their missionaries say it is all right to drink and dance, and when we say 'No,' they tell us we are no good."

"Under the name Christian," I said, "some serve Satan."

Niasaland is a province near the coast of East Africa under the control of the British. A native brother, whom they call Frederick, has been laboring for many years in this province. During the great war he was suspected of preaching sedition in opposition to the government. He was given a ten years' sentence in prison and ordered to stop preaching. After seven years he was let out on good behavior. He did not agree to stop preaching, but even during prison life kept on preaching Christ. There are now about five hundred Christians in this field. Sister Banister from England, who was laboring with Frederick, was sent back to England, and so harsh was her treatment that she became very deaf and her hair rapidly turned white. She has lately been allowed to return to Niasaland.

## LAST DAYS IN AFRICA

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Some more questions: Are the Apostles still living? Where does the Pope live? Is the Holy Spirit now given by the laying on of the hands of the bishop? Where is the garden of Eden?

When I entered Africa I weighed 143 pounds. After nearly three months in the land I weighed 148 pounds. This was due to the hospitality of the missionaries and other friends. I also struck Africa at the best season, the winter. But in South-Central Africa the winters are mild and plants and fruits continue on, provided they get water and proper attention. I slept without a net most of the time and light covering was comfortable. Neither was I troubled by fleas or other pests. For eight months in the year there is no rain. From November to February is the rainy season, but even then they have sunshine at intervals.

The farmer plants just before the rains set in so as to get the full benefit of all that fall.

I passed by a field prepared for rice. It was dug out in round holes about six feet across, reminding one of muffin rings. A better way would be to dig long trenches at right angles to the slope of the ground. But corn is grown much more extensively than rice.

One can tell at a glance the African's field from that of the white farmer. The latter always clears the ground of stumps. But the native never. He first plows the ground right in the woods. Then he cuts down the branches of the trees and piles them about the trunks and, when dry, all is burned. This destroys the weeds, kills the trees and fertilizes the ground.

African soil is usually sandy and poor, save the bogs, which without ditching, are either too hard or too soft for cultivation, and so new fields must be cleared up every four or five years. The native African has not yet learned to fertilize, though tons of it in his cattle pens go to waste.

It must be kept in mind that the seasons south of the equator are just the opposite of those north of it.

#### CO-ORDINATING MISSION WORK

A request had come from Cincinnati, Ohio, that the work in Africa be co-ordinated; that is, for those believing in instruments in worship and in missionary societies to take one part of the field and leave other territory to those opposing the above-named practices. Brother Titus and Brother Hadfield, on the one hand, and I on the other, talked it over. Would I be willing to encourage such an arrangement? I told them I could not. "You brethren," I continued, "can do this, because you approve of all we brethren are doing; but, on the other hand, we cannot approve of all you are doing. We must oppose the things we believe to be wrong and teach the things we believe to be right, whether found in your territory or our own."

If all missionaries were preaching the same gospel and were establishing churches such as we read about in the New Testament, parceling out the territory so as not to overlap would be quite in order, and in dealing with those of different views, whoever they may be, Christian courtesy is always in order; but Christian courtesy should never lead us so far as to wink at error.

In India the missionaries of the U. C. M. S. have

turned over seven of their fourteen stations to the sectarians, recommending that their converts in these seven stations fall in line with these sectarians to whom they have been assigned. If it were only a transfer of houses and lands it would be proper enough, but how about the transfer of human souls into the hands of error? It is nothing short of the endorsement of their errors. Without such a transfer of territory already occupied, if I enter into a friendly compact with those of a different order, agreeing that I will leave them undisturbed, even then I sanction their errors to a degree. I am quite unable to harmonize such a course with the command of the Master to go into *all* the world and preach the gospel to *every* creature.

I love the brethren in South Africa and hope that the Lord's grace may be sufficient for them in spite of their errors; but believing as I do, I could not, without sinning against my own conscience, participate in some of their practices.

#### BACK TO BEIRA

I am waiting here four days for the ship, Llandoverly, which is a day behind schedule time. It was due to sail for Suez, Egypt, August 2. I am stopping at the Hotel Lisboa, have a good bed, a clean, quiet room, and as I write I am bathing my naked feet in the sun, which comes in at my east window. The window is all too small, like so many others where I have been. And often, too, over a small window will be hung a pair of curtains, drawn just enough to let in the narrowest little slit of sunshine, not wider than the slit of a cat's eye at noon. Happily there is not the semblance of a curtain at my little window.

Why should people be so dreadfully afraid of the

sun? I have been warned over and over again against it, as though it were man's most deadly enemy. People will shut themselves in and, when going out, take every precaution not to let a single ray of sunlight strike even the tip end of their noses, just as though it were a rank poison. They will darken their houses and live in the shadows so that the eyes are weakened, and then keep on avoiding the sun because it pains the eyes. After a long spell of sickness one must take food cautiously and in very small quantities or death may be the penalty, but food one must take or perish. And so with the sun; every living thing on earth depends on it. But people live in the shade, bleach their skins, and weaken their eyes until they can't bear the sun. Neither can a plant that has grown in the shade.

On this trip I have made it a habit, even in India and Africa, of going some without a hat and of gazing directly at the sun. I took a walk this morning along the beach about nine. There was not a cloud in the sky. I turned my naked face up to the sun, then opened my eyes, first one at a time, then both. Sometimes one will sneeze while doing this, but it can be continued till the tears start without injury. The eye was made for the light, for "the light of the body is the eye."

The native African, till he becomes "civilized," goes without a hat and doesn't need glasses, and his sight is as keen as a hawk's. Their clothing is scant and their food of the plainest kind. The prevailing diet all through Africa is corn-meal mush, eaten with salt, gravy, and some kind of vegetable, when these things can be had. They are fond of meat and will eat almost any kind of animal, wild or tame; but it often happens



that they must go without all but the mush. They usually raise enough corn—called “mealies” over here—to supply them. But notwithstanding their little filthy, smoky huts and their ignorance of the care of the body, the African negroes, taken as a whole, are more symmetrical in form, are more erect, and have better chest development than the white people. It is supposed that the long habit of carrying burdens on their heads has kept them straight. It may also have swayed their backs, for they have a bit more curvature of the spine than we. The African girls, in physical form, according to my taste, surpass the average European or American girls. Their breasts are well up on a level with the arms, round and plump, instead of sagging down almost to the abdomen, caused by a slouchy stoop. Moral: *Straighten up, girls.*

Beira is Portuguese territory by conquest. The two little countries of Abyssinia and Liberia are the only independent countries in this vast continent of over eleven and one-half million square miles. In 1920 the population of all Africa was estimated at 180 million. As the population is increasing, they now probably number 200 million: Negroes, 87,517,000; Hamites, 10,964,000; Semites, 26,044,000; Hottentots and bushmen, 420,000; Malays, 2,516,000; Europeans, 3,145,000; Hindus and other Asiatics, 401,000.

This town is opposite the island of Madagascar. It is built on pure white sand and only a few feet above sea level. A heavy concrete wall is built along the shore to keep out the sea in time of storm. A narrow-gauge railroad, built by the English, stretches like a double thread back across a low and swampy country till it reaches the hills, which soon grow into moun-

tains. This road worms its way for about 1,200 miles up into the heart of Africa without passing through a single tunnel; but it is one of the crookedest roads I have ever passed over. The train is nearly always in a U or making the letter S. Some of the country passed over is the "deep-tangled wildwood," abounding in monkeys, baboons, lions, zebra, and elephants. Here and there in a favored spot a farm is opened up by some European. The negroes are also learning the lesson of using up-to-date plows and enlarging their garden patches into fields. Among the grains, corn is king in Africa. The native way is to dig up a rich spot with a rude hoe, much on the order of the North American Indians in days gone by, and plant without rows. But the natives in Africa are improving. They are making better their conditions and improving in morals. They would do so much more rapidly were it not for the bad example of all too many of their white neighbors. On the whole, though, I am inclined to think the African is better off under European rule than when left to himself. He had struck the bed rock of iniquity, and his condition could not have been made worse.

# FROM BEIRA, EAST AFRICA, TO EGYPT

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## THE NATIVE

I went aboard the Llandoverly on Saturday morning, but she did not sail till Sunday afternoon at 2:30. She took in corn, copper, and oranges, all African products. Practically all the labor is done by the black people. After a hard day's work some men sat down on the barge which they had been unloading into the ship and by a dim light ate supper. It consisted of corn mush and water. The mush was all in one vessel and was stiff enough to squeeze into balls, such as would go into the mouth. They drank from a common vessel, an old five-gallon coal-oil can. They are spoken to by the white men just as so many mules or oxen. This is what the whites of South Africa mean when they say they believe in keeping the "native in his place." It is the old-time slavery, only of a milder form, made milder by government protection.

So far as I could learn, the traders and other business men of Africa are against the work of missionaries among the natives. Not only so, but they are not kindly disposed towards the missionaries themselves.

On the train we passed a mission school. One of the passengers began: "See there, them fellers come in here and git the choice spots of the land. They are only here for what they can git out of it. I let 'em know what I think of 'em. Just the other day I wrote 'em up in the paper."

In contrast with the black laborers eating mush and water, picture the passengers on board the ship, under bright lights at a bountifully spread table, four or five courses, wines to drink, music to please, and waiters to wait on them, and all bedecked in evening dress. Then they wonder why there are strikes and other manifestations of unrest with the laboring classes.

Some of the old slave trails from the interior to the coast still exist. Along these routes men, women and children by the hundred were driven along, chained together. Many died on the way. England and the United States passed a law that the slave trade should be stopped. Just as whiskey is now being done, thousands of slaves were smuggled into our country. Even fifty years after the law was passed more slaves were carried to America than before it was passed, and their treatment was far more cruel. And as now in regard to whiskey, so then, those engaged in the business pronounced against the law as doing more harm than good. But let us be thankful that in time the law prevailed and an end put to buying and selling human beings. This gives us also assurance that the law against the liquor trade will win out.

During those dreadful times for the black man this tragedy occurred. A pirate ship loaded with slaves was being chased by a British vessel. The officers in charge told their victims they were being pursued by the enemy and, giving them arms, urged them to fight for their very lives. Being thus duped they fought their friends and deliverers. This, on a much larger scale, is the art of Satan in making the multitudes believe that he who has come to deliver them is their enemy.

In Japan I usually go third class on the train, but

never till now on the sea. I wrote the company for their cheapest rates suitable for an American and they gave me third-class rates. I wrote back for second-class rates and they replied that all was taken but third-class. I engaged a berth. On the whole, I like it better than first-class. The fare is less than half. Table fare good. Though there are berths for four, only two of us are in the room. Everything is quite sanitary. All the passengers are Europeans. I commend the "Llandoverly" of the Union-Castle Steamship Company.

Returning again to the problem of the native African. He is "patient in tribulation," but his power of endurance has a limit sometimes, as is shown in the following story: A certain English woman in Africa turned farmer, and believing, as I suppose, that no black man would ever dare strike a white woman, she used a whip on the hired men. It so happened one day that the woman was missing. When search was made, her body was found cut to pieces and scattered here and there.

The natives want to know how it is that the white men can come out from town in their cars to the villages and seduce their women and yet go unpunished; and why it is, on the other hand, they are so severely dealt with when they attempt the same thing with white women. These very fellows, too, will join in the loud outcry against "nigger equality." But really all such need to be alarmed, for they are so near the border line.

I asked a man at the station what I should give the boy for bringing my grips from the hotel. "Anything you like," he said. "If it wuz me, I'd put my boot un-

der 'im." On board the ship I bought some oranges for a shilling and gave the native a half crown to get changed. He hesitatingly approached a white man near by, seeking the change, and with a stare the man lifted his foot to kick him. I had to take the money and go downstairs for it. A young English farmer who smoked ten dollars' worth of cigarettes a month, a good wage for a native, thought it might be safe to teach them enough so they could read the Bible, but that they ought not to be taught the trades, lest they go to town and take the white man's job. It did not occur to him, so it would seem, that the teaching of the Bible was subversive of the very attitude he held, and that he himself stood in great need of it.

All this is what is meant by "keeping the native in his place."

I do not advocate the ignoring of race differences. Especially between the blacks and the whites God has made a very decided distinction, and both races should recognize it and be governed accordingly. But there is no more ground for the white people mistreating the black people than for the latter to mistreat the former. What I contend is that every man, or woman, whatever the race or color, is entitled to fair dealing and courteous treatment. Neither is illiteracy any more appropriate for the black man than for the white man. To the extent that education helps the one it also helps the other. The naked truth of it is that it is an attempt to keep the colored man in a state of servitude by the bonds of ignorance.

#### MAN HAS DEGENERATED

On board the ship I am reading a book, "The Children of the Sun," by W. J. Perry, in which he endeavors

to show that the ancient civilization of the whole world came from Babylon and Egypt. He shows that man, at the very dawn of history, going back at least 5,000 years from now, already had a highly developed civilization. That this civilization was held together by a priesthood who were sun worshipers. And further, that the peaceful sun worship gave place to the gods of war, which brought on the dissolution of society. Then each succeeding civilization became inferior to the one which preceded it until man became a savage.

There was one step more, the most important of all, which the author did not seem inclined to take. If he had only pushed his investigation a step further back he would have discovered a priesthood, not of the sun god, but of the Creator of the sun. He would have found such priests as Abraham, Job, Jethro, Aaron, and Melchizedek, priests of the most high God. He could have even gone back to the very dawn of civilization and found a priesthood in the persons of Cain, Abel, and Noah, at a time when men still worshiped the living God and had not degenerated into sun worshipers.

#### DIDN'T BELIEVE IN A PERSONAL GOD

"I do not believe in a personal God," said my cabin mate, a young Irishman and a "school master." "A piece of iron, for instance, is supposed to be solid, but it isn't. It is composed of electrons constantly in motion. All the god there is is like that; it is simply force." All this time he was pumping away with all the "force" he had at a stinking pipe.

"Then you must remember that you yourself are only a part of this force, mere blind force. Supposing that to be true, you are in no way responsible for what you

do. You are not to be rewarded for doing good nor punished for doing evil. Who would think of punishing a piece of iron, only a collection of electrons? But even the native African knows the difference between striking down a man and doing a deed of kindness."

With a smile on one side of his mouth he said, "I've heard that argument before," just as though that was sufficient to overthrow it.

"You yourself," I continued "are evidence of a personal God."

"How is that?"

"You are a person. According to the law of cause and effect, you must have come from a Personality."

"Do you mean to say that we are direct from God?"

"Yes; not that God is a human being; but our personality is proof that we came from a Personality. In every dew drop is an image of the sun. Such an image would be impossible if there were no sun."

#### PORT AMELIA, DAR-ES-SALAAM, ZANZIBAR

We reached Port Amelia in twenty-four hours after leaving Beira. The town is small and built on a point of land dividing the bay and the ocean. The land is barren of grass and the few trees are without leaves. For light the people depend on oil lamps. After a stay of four hours we left at six. The new moon hung flat on its back in the west, just over a grass fire of the forest. It looked red and gloomy. As I looked out over the dark waters, while leaning over the rail, I thought of the missionaries, of friends in Japan, and of home, which made me lonely.

Still sailing up the east coast of Africa towards Egypt. Again in the beautiful port of Dar-es-Salaam.



The Creator must have foreseen the big ships of the present age and prepared ports accordingly. The entrance, however, is narrow and crooked. The ship was so tossed about that it had difficulty in entering the harbor. At one place it was so narrow that it seemed as if one could jump across. Two peacocks in a crate were being put ashore. A hawk was sailing overhead, while some crows were darting at him. The people came out to welcome us, waving their hats and handkerchiefs. The band on board began some music, and I thought, "when we get home how sweet 'twill be."

"And when our journey here's complete,  
If we the passport earn,  
We'll then begin our journey back  
From whence we'll not return.

"The God of love is calling us,  
Some day we'll cease to roam,  
And clasp glad hands beyond this vale  
When we arrive at home."

Zanzibar is an island off some distance from the mainland. On going down the coast three months ago I did not go ashore at this port. We are back again and have most of the day at our disposal. On shore several men wanted to act as guide, but as the town was small I felt I could get on without one. One man in particular seemed very much concerned for my best interests and followed me about two blocks, insisting that I needed him. As we were approaching an officer, he saved me the trouble of asking to be delivered from such annoyance by disappearing around the corner. I am always interested in a museum and, coming to one, I went in. There was a mounted leopard crouching in the grass

but, even yet, he has never changed his spots; some handiwork of the natives, baskets, model boats, spears, bows and arrows, earthen jars, etc. The minerals and vegetable products of the islands—Zanzibar and Pemba—were interesting. Eighty per cent of the cloves of the world, it is said, is produced in these islands. Various oils are extracted from cloves. Cloves grow on trees the size of a common fruit orchard. The blossom is cream white. They grow in clusters, suggesting a cluster of honeysuckles.

Examining the head of a large elephant from the mainland—no elephants being on these islands, I am told—I noted that instead of one tooth to the jaw, as in the case of the Siamese elephants, this one had two to the jaw, one with several roots some six inches in extent, then a separate one about three inches. The elephants' teeth are peculiar in this regard, being run together, as it were, into one solid tooth for the entire jaw, or at most only two, as in the present case.

In Burmah is the crested pigeon, a deep blue, and as large as a common hen. In Zanzibar is a crested guinea fowl. In other respects it is the same as the common run of guineas, but smaller.

The cobra snake, one of the most poisonous, is found in Siam, Burmah, India, and Africa. In India it is said that 25,000 people die annually from the bite of snakes. In the museum at Zanzibar was a photo of a man a-hold of the snake's neck, its mouth wide open, while it was ejecting the poison into a cup held by another. When a preparation is injected into human beings, it is said to counteract the bite. According to the specimen on exhibit, the bats in this island have a

spread of the wings about two feet across and a body as big as a common gray squirrel.

But an hour is long enough to spend in the museum. Let us go on. A beautiful green lies along the shore. Some one, maybe fifty years ago, planted a row of pine trees on either side of what is now a delightful drive. The needles of these pines are a foot long and almost as fine as hair. The sighing of the wind, as it blew in from the sea through these trees, made me feel almost lonely enough to sigh. In the midst of this green playground was a mango tree with a trunk some nine feet around, while the branches with their thick foliage spread out uniformly on all sides. The sun was hot that day and the dense shade of this tree attracted me. I stepped across the spread of its branches and found it to be 36 yards.

Some seats were on the brink of the sea and I sat down. The tide was out and people were wading about for shell-fish, I suppose. One man pinched up some sand and put it in his mouth, then scooped up some water and, with his forefinger, scoured his teeth. There is so much more I want to tell about this quaint old Mohammedan town, with its old-time buildings, narrow streets and the Sultan's palace, that I hate to quit off, but the ship has lunch at 12:30, and I must hasten back.

#### TANGA AND MOMBASA

Tanga is a small place. A large bay opens to the northeast. An even shore covered with green and a few houses with iron roofs painted red, made a pleasing view. Some bags of corn and bales of hemp were put on board. Soon we are out on the open sea again,

bound for Mombasa, the place where I had first set foot on African soil, May 4th.

This is becoming a seaport of no little importance. Ships tie up alongside a long dock. Rails some twelve feet apart have been laid. On these, great cranes for loading and unloading cargo are moved back and forth by electric power. "Crane" is the proper name, for they suggest a big bird with a long neck and bill, but with four legs instead of two. On either side of the long neck are little houses that answer very well for the great bird's wings. By the manipulation of one man, the long neck swings out about thirty feet, the long bill some twenty feet more, drops a big rope for the load to be hooked on. The big bird then raises its long neck, lowers its bill, turns with its burden from the dock, again stretches out its long neck, extends its bill until the burden is directly over the hold of the ship, then, over a wheel in the very end of the bird's beak, lets five tons down to its place.

We left Mombasa the forenoon of August 12. Outside the harbor lay a stranded vessel. It sat unevenly in the water and the mast leaned to one side, while the waves dashed over and around its decaying hull. And so many a voyager on life's sea becomes stranded by the way. It looked so desolate and forsaken someone said it ought to be sunk out of sight. But nobody cared.

We recrossed the equator to the northern hemisphere on the 13th, not far from the noon hour. I like it better on the north side. The sun and moon take their proper course and the stars are in their places. The seasons, too, come as they ought. It is now August and hot, like August ought to be. But before the re-

crossing of the equator I should have mentioned the beautiful emerald coloring of the sea outside Mombasa harbor. The changing colors of those tropical waters surpass all description.

### THE BAND MASTER

The director of the ship's band music is a Jew. I asked him what he considered to be the aim of life. This served to open a conversation between us. Next morning he asked me to lend him a Bible, and especially a New Testament. Said he had not read it. When growing up, it was not allowed. I also gave him a pamphlet, "Why We Believe the Bible." In the evening we met on deck again and he said he was reading Matthew, and marking some places to ask about. Said his crew remarked, "Hallow! Reading the Bible?"

In a later conversation he seemed to be almost alarmed with himself. "I might as well tell you now: you can never convert me," he said. "No, I can't, but God can. I wouldn't want you to be converted to me. But you and I have the same God and we have a duty to him." He wears a heavy suit of hair, a bit curly and a reddish brown, combed straight back. Forehead broad, with a face tapering rapidly to the chin, making almost a triangular face. Complexion fair and ruddy, with dreamy hazel eyes—a typical son of Jacob. I answered his questions about what seemed to him discrepancies. He was not fully convinced on all points.

He returned my Bible, saying it had caused quite a hubbub in his crew and they were all now discussing religion. "Are they all Jews?" I asked. "No, there is only one more Jew besides me."

Miss Mollie Sherriff had made me a present of a

small New Testament, and as I had two besides, I believed she would be pleased to know that her little book to me had been passed on to an inquiring son of Israel.

This is the third young Jew I have met on my journey and they are all in a similar state of mind. They have broken away from the faith of their fathers, care nothing for the synagogue service or the keeping of the Sabbath. They believe in God but pay little regard to the Old Testament. They are adrift toward unbelief.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

She is a short little woman and rather stout. A keen brown eye for one with eight grown children. Her face is full and her complexion as clear as a baby's. Has spent nine months in Africa and is now on her way back to England, where one of her five boys is waiting her return before he gets married. The rule of the bank where he works does not allow its employees to get married under twenty-six. Her cabin is neighbor to ours, but I first met her up on deck. Has a cousin in California, but has never been to America, nor had any desire to go since the great war. "The Americans waited till they saw which way the war would end and then joined in, don't you think so?" she paused to ask.

I was non-committal and replied that I didn't know. (War is always prompted by such holy intentions I never like to question people's motives.)

"And then," she continued, "they even claimed that they won the war. They are great to brag about themselves, aren't they?"

Here I ventured to side with her and told her I really thought they were.

I was taking an early morning walk on the upper

deck and the little short mother, a bit embarrassed, came up and said, "I'm afraid I've said something I should not. They told me you are an American. If I had known it I would never have said what I did."

Tapping her on the shoulder, I said, "Oh, forget about it. It helps us to criticize us; we need it."

"But then," she continued, "you are not a typical American. I was much wrought up during the war. I had four sons in it."

"Did they all come through safe?"

"No, one of them was killed 18,000 feet in the air. But he wasn't mangled and didn't have to suffer; he was killed instantly. They sent me some of his things home that were in his pockets." She then looked off across the deep blue sea and some of its briny waters seemed to rise in her eyes; her lips quivered, and she was silent.

# STILL BOUND FOR EGYPT

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## ONE OF PHARAOH'S PLAGUES

All the way up the east coast of Africa it was cool enough for covering to be comfortable at night. A wind blew constantly from the south. Cape Guardafui stands out like a high, sharp shoulder, a bare rock, maybe a thousand feet high. At this point we turn from a north course almost due west into the Gulf of Aden. So named, I suppose, from the port by that name on its north coast, the south boundary of Arabia. This gulf is some 200 miles wide and about 600 miles long. When in the midst of it I went up on deck at about 6:30 in the morning and saw a grasshopper (locust); directly in flew another, then another and another, until soon they were all over the ship. One flew right in my face, then dropped on my knee. Two more had attacked an apple peeling. They didn't remain in one place long. They wanted to be moving on. Where could they have come from out here a hundred miles from shore? The ship men said they came from the sands of Arabia. In a few hours they were all gone. It doesn't seem credible that the wind would have carried them so far. Those that chanced to fall on the ship must have been a very small portion of the whole swarm, and imagine what a great time the fish must have had! I turned and read Exodus 10: 12 forward, and it seemed more real than ever before. They were about three inches long and red, with their wings shading off into a dappled gray.

The name Aden is said to be the same as Eden, but there doesn't seem anything else like Eden about it.



A bare rock along the shore rising up ruggedly for a few hundred feet, with a row of houses right along the water front and the desert stretching away across Arabia. There are some water tanks here cut out by the Romans, now repaired by the British and used when there is any water. But it is said there is only enough rain to fill them once in seven years. We reached here after dark and left before midnight. Next morning at daybreak we entered the Red Sea of Old Testament fame. It is about 1,200 miles long, and has an average width of 200 miles.

There must have been some reason in ancient times for calling it "red," but its waters are that same dark indigo blue common to all seas. Even the rising and the setting of the sun here are not red, but a pale yellowish gray. Owing to the rapid evaporation that goes on, the sky is usually misty, which helps to break the intensity of the heat. When we first entered upon its waters there was a dead calm and the heat was rather oppressive, but for the most part a good breeze was blowing. Passing from the gulf of Aden into the Red Sea the passage is narrow, so that the shore is easily seen on either side.

#### AMUSING THE CHILDREN

One of the passengers came round asking for contributions to give prizes to the children in a program of sports. I told him I would consider it and tell him later. Next morning we met again and I told him I had examined the program and found some things on it that I objected to. He asked me what, and I said the dance was one. I believe in amusing the children, but, like the movies and the theatre, there is usually some-

thing in such programs that is unwholesome. If they are taught to dance when children they will dance when grown.

"Isn't that just a matter of opinion?"

"No, I think it is a matter of judgment. And then these prizes, are they not the same in principle as the Calcutta sweepstakes?"

"Well, if you look at it that way."

"Of course, I do not expect you to agree with me."

"Why?"

"Because you are getting up the program. At any rate, you will please excuse me."

"Yes, certainly. Thank you."

Calcutta, India, is noted for its gambling on the horse races. Millions of dollars are involved. On the ship from India to Africa it was the constant talk and people were investing heavily. A Dutchman at my table who claimed that he did "nobody any harm" had gone all the way from South Africa to Calcutta to take stock. And under the innocent name of prizes the children are started into gambling at a very early age. So bent on gambling were they that during the trip they put up money almost every day and bet on the number of miles the ship would run.

The next day after the incident mentioned above I was talking with a Greek, an old man who had spent 27 years in South Africa, but now returning to Athens. He was a groceryman in South Africa and said he had made a fortune, but lost it all on the races. Naturally he is now very bitter against them. "Why," he said, "the little children bet on the races in South Africa." I then felt happy to know that I had opposed the program in unsparing terms, and for one I would not be

held responsible for causing "one of these little ones to stumble."

#### MORE ZEAL THAN KNOWLEDGE

There is a Catholic "sister" aboard, a missionary in Africa, now returning to England. Several times we have met on deck, she with her prayer book and string of beads, and I with my Bible. We had formed a speaking acquaintance. It was Saturday evening after dark, but a good moon and electric lights, and we were sitting near the rail trying to get the breeze. Some time passed and not a word was spoken. Then she asked if I were going to attend the card party tonight. (This was a part of the sports program already mentioned.) I told her that I was not, that those things could not be mixed with a Christian life. Thinking I would read some to her, "Is that a Bible in your lap?" I asked. "No," she said, "It's a box of cards." Then I understood why she did not join me in condemning the practice; but she said she only played sometimes when she was lonely.

"What sect do you belong to?" she continued.

"None at all. I am just a common sort of Christian such as we read about in the New Testament."

"Have you ever been baptized?"

"Yes, I was baptized just like Jesus was."

"But," she said, "there is only one church and that is the Catholic church. The church was built on Peter and the Pope cannot be anywhere but at Rome. All who are not members of the Catholic church are heretics. Of course, you may be a learned gentleman, but the Pope must explain the Bible. If you have any doubts about your faith, a priest will explain to you. I know I am right."

"I don't think I have any doubts about my faith; I agree with you that there is only one church, the one we read about in the New Testament," I said, and, greatly admiring her zeal, I changed the conversation and asked if she would attend the services on board the ship tomorrow morning. She said she would not, as she was not allowed to. We met again early Sunday morning and I gave her a leaflet, "Marks of the Church," which she wanted to decline.

## THE RED SEA AND EGYPT

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On August the 17th, at sundown, we passed a group of small islands in the Red Sea on the right, called the "Twelve Apostles." On one was a lighthouse. The islands are barren and desolate looking. The lighthouse keeper must lead a very lonely life. In many an isolated and lonely spot scattered over the world's waterways and along perilous shores are these lighthouse keepers, whose sole business is to keep the lights ever burning across the dark waters, that ships which pass in the night may be guided in safety to their destination. They hold the lives of thousands in their hands. We at least owe them a debt of gratitude.

"We are now passing Mt. Sinai," said Pat, the deck steward. This was near noon, August 20. Later I met the captain, and he said, No, we would not be opposite Sinai till about three o'clock, and even then, if the sky was clear, we would only be able to see its top for a short while; that higher peaks cut off the view. It is about forty miles inland from where the ship passes. All this part of the Arabian peninsula is studded with mountain peaks, some of them higher than Sinai. I had a great longing to visit the place, so much so that when I arrived in Egypt I made inquiry and found that there were parties made up for Sinai, and that it would take about a week to make the trip, but that the expense would be considerable. Just at this time, however, a road is being built for the king of Egypt to go thither this fall, and till he travels it no one else is allowed on it. It was in the Greek convent at the foot of Sinai that Tischendorf, a German scholar, discov-

ered a hand-written copy of the New Testament, dating back to the fourth century. It is written in Greek and in very large letters. So ignorant were the monks of its value that it was thrown aside, liable to be destroyed.

Today I had another talk with the band master, the Jew. He is very proud of himself. Has never done anyone any harm and does not need a Saviour. Was once a "Red," but is not now. In trade, every fellow for himself is the rule. Has peace of heart and would like to live on and on. Has been wonderfully blessed of God, but never prays to him. No need of it. He knows already. Showed me a book he was reading, "From Durban to London." The writer engages in cheap wit and tries to be funny at the expense of things serious. Ridicules what is said in the Bible about Joseph and Mary entering Egypt. He also showed me a Jewish prayer book his parents gave him when he was thirteen years old. In it are thirteen articles of faith; the twelfth reads, "I believe with a perfect faith that the Messiah will come; and although his coming be delayed, I will still patiently await his speedy appearance."

#### BOUND FOR CAIRO

We reached the end of the Red Sea August 21, at two in the morning. By five o'clock we had passed the customs and were ready to go by auto-bus straight across the desert to Cairo. Where the ship anchored could not have been very far from where Israel crossed about 3,500 years ago. The low-lying hills on the Egyptian side are where Israel was shut in between the mountains and the sea. Exodus 14: 1, 2. J. W. McGarvey just fifty years ago spent a day here examin-

ing the lay of the land and convinced himself that this is the place. But the three cars of Thomas Cook are all eager to be on the road to Cairo.

Before getting in I glance at my baggage. There are the two grips, but where is my portmanteau—excuse me, my little black handbag, I mean. Cook's agent sent a man back to the customs office, where I had to sign up in a hurry and, being up too early that morning and also excited at the thought of being at the very place where Israel crossed the Red Sea, I had failed to take up my bag again after signing my name. I told the man I'd increase his tip to two shillings if he would find it, then waited in suspense till he returned. When I saw him coming with it in his hand I was filled with delight and felt a sense of great relief, and in all my trip I never gave a fellow an extra shilling with more grace. Yet that little bag didn't have a monetary value of five dollars.

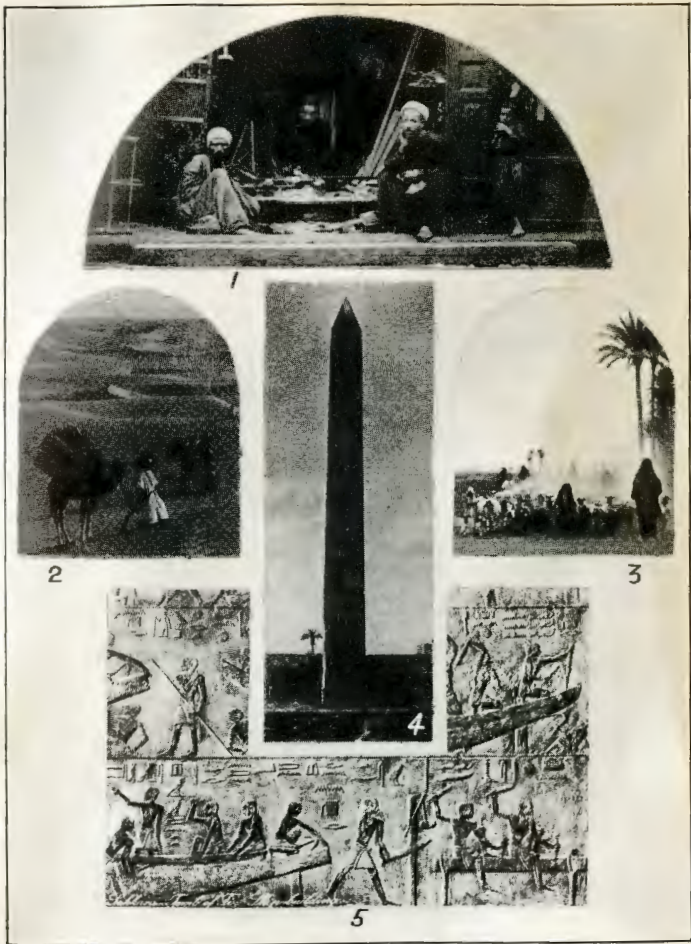
There is a splendid road right across the desert west to Cairo. One may go by train, taking a longer route to the north, but the fare is about as much and the time much greater. We left Suez at five and reached Cairo at 7:30. The ubiquitous dragoman (guide) was on the spot to take us everywhere and show us everything, and do it cheaper and better than anyone else could possibly do it. I found a man who had good recommendations from American tourists and employed him and his car for part of four days. As a guide, interpreter and bargain maker I found him helpful and trustworthy. His name and address are: Abdel Baki Abdel Kerim, Box 2092, Cairo, Egypt.

## HELIOPOLIS

On the way across the desert we passed a man herding camels, which were browsing on scrub bushes. It seemed to me a poor way to get a living, but the owner's prospects did not seem much brighter. About half way we stopped ten minutes at some old ruins where Napoleon once had his headquarters. Back on the hill to the right is an old palace now deserted. Just before reaching Cairo we come to the new city of Heliopolis. It is so new that they call it New Heliopolis, and so yellow that it might well be called the Yellow City. On the outskirts some English soldiers were encamped. It is so close to Cairo that the two cities are rapidly growing into one. The old Heliopolis was in the valley near the Nile. All that now remains of it is a solid stone shaft (obelisk) six feet square at the base and about sixty-eight feet high. This immense stone was brought six hundred miles down the Nile. To set up a stone of such length with such simple means as it is supposed they used, and to prepare a foundation for it so solid that it would not lean an inch in thousands of years, is nothing short of the marvelous. Heliopolis means city-of-the-sun, or literally, sun-city. At that time sun worship was common in Egypt. A mud village now occupies a part of the site of the old city.

Heliopolis is thought to be the same as "On" in Genesis 41: 45. It was here that Moses "was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts 7: 22). In Jeremiah 43: 13, it reads, "He shall also break the pillars of Beth-she-mesh, that is in the land of Egypt; and the house of the gods of Egypt shall he burn with fire." Beth-she-mesh is the "House-of-the-sun." The





1. A shop in Cairo, Egypt. 2. A scene on the desert. 3. An Egyptian shepherd and his sheep. 4. Marble shaft at Heliopolis. 5. Many such carvings and paintings are on the inside of the tombs.

obelisk already referred to was crowned with bronze, and at the hour when the sun reflected its light in the temple the priest prayed. There is a pool of water now surrounding this obelisk. But it must have a very solid foundation not to have moved out of perpendicular for four thousand years while resting on made soil from the overflowing of the Nile. All around this stone shaft of rose granite there are now fields of sugar cane.

### SCENES IN CAIRO

The Citadel is on a hill in Cairo, from which a good view of the city may be had. On its summit is a mosque also, said to be modeled after the Mosque of Omar on the temple site in Jerusalem.

I hired a surrey and went to the top. Inside the mosque there was a bath made of alabaster stone. A man lighted a candle and held it under a two-inch stone to show me the light would shine through. He followed me till I left the building, asking for money. When I got in the surrey another man thought he saw a speck of dust on my shoes, and with a dirty rag gave them a lazy stroke, then with a sickening smile held out his hand for "baksheesh."

As we were coming down the hill there came along two carts, drawn by donkeys and filled with noisy men, women and children, some helping to push the carts. Two women in the center of one of them were dancing. I asked the guide what it was all about, and he said they were rejoicing over the release of a man from prison, and he heard one of them say they had not seen him for ten years.

A man, cup in hand, came through the street lead-

ing a red cow and calling out, "Fresh milk, five cents a cup!"

Although it never rains in Egypt, at half-past seven on the morning of August 21 it was cloudy and actually looked as though we might have a shower. I slept under a net, without cover or clothing.

In the midst of Cairo is a beautiful little park. We went in and sat down a while. There was a banyan tree trying to touch the ground with many of its long, dangling roots that had put out from the branches high up overhead. A little girl was using one of them for a swing.

At Cairo it is common to see the old-time surrey, drawn, usually, by two horses. Also the auto is much in evidence. Donkeys and camels and mules are also in use.

### THE PYRAMIDS

Much excavating is being done around the pyramids. The most interesting of them all, as well as the largest, is Cheops. I started to climb to the top of it, but when up about one-fourth of the way the guide insisted on holding my hand. This made me think of danger. With not a thing to hold to, I was sure if I should lose my balance I would pull the guide tumbling after me, so I decided the undertaking was not worth the risk. Instead of going to the top—450 feet on the outside—I went inside and climbed up to the King's Chamber, right in the center of this great structure, and about one-third of the way up from the bottom. The whole thing was intended simply for a tomb of the king, and he must have spent a large portion of his life getting it ready. In one end of this big stone room is the rock coffin in which was once a wooden coffin containing the

king's mummified body. The chief aim of such a massive tomb was to make secure both the body and the vast amount of treasures buried with it, not in the same coffin, for it would not begin to hold them, but in the big room prepared for that purpose. When the body was laid away, a vast stone which had been suspended over the passage was let down, completely blocking the way, then the outside passage closed so as to coincide with the rest of the wall, concealing the entrance. But in spite of all this precaution, the way in has been broken open and the body and all the treasures taken away.

This great pile of stone was begun from the center and built out and up, the finish being of hard limestone and sloped so as to make a smooth surface that could not be climbed except by laying a ladder against it or in some such way. Some of these casing blocks still remain at the bottom. It is now 450 feet, but before the outside casing was stripped off it was about 480.

The Egyptians' idea of immortality five thousand years ago, for that is thought to be the date of this tomb, was that it was conditioned on the continuance of the body and that the "Ka" or soul was most happy if the same features of the body could be maintained. So anxious were they on this point that, in case the body should in some way be destroyed, they made a stone image as a substitute. It seems that no one had immortality unless he could thus provide for himself. It was believed that the "Ka" enjoyed eating, drinking, jewelry, etc., just as the living do, and for this reason offerings were made before the tomb and treasures buried in it. This gave rise, too, to all kinds of beautiful paintings on the chamber adjoining the tomb.

Cheops, or Khufu, of the 4th Dynasty, reached the climax of human greatness and human folly. Mr. W. J. Perry, in his "Children of the Sun," speaks of him thus: "At this point, the king stood at the summit of human power, a condition of affairs the like of which the world has not since seen. It is a striking commentary on mankind that all this man could do with his power was to concentrate on the building of a tomb that should help him to immortality. The colossal folly of the building of the pyramids is typical of man's desire for his own preservation, and also of the ruthlessness with which he will encompass that desire if only he possess the power."

According to Herodotus the stones were quarried nine miles across the Nile valley. Three months in the year, presumably, when the Nile was in flood, 100,000 men were engaged at this work for 30 years. The stones were floated across the Nile in large boats when it overflowed its banks.

## IN EGYPT

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### A GREAT RIVER IN A GREAT DESERT

With the Arabian desert on the east and the great desert of Sahara on the west, the Nile valley is like a green ribbon, about nine miles wide on an average, stretching up towards the heart of Africa. From Cairo to the sea, something like a hundred miles, the Nile spreads out into several branches, some made by man, some natural, suggesting a fan. As it is three-cornered, with the base along the Mediterranean and coming to a point at Cairo, this part of Egypt is called the "Delta," the name of the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, which is also three-cornered. It was in this portion of Egypt to the east, in the neighborhood of the Red Sea, where Israel was located. Consult your map.

The Sahara Desert is perhaps thirty feet or more above the Nile valley and on it not a sprig of grass, nor any kind of tree, grows. "St. Anthony" came out here and lived the life of a hermit, during which time it is said he never took a bath. When the great discussion arose over the nature of Jesus, Anthony was called from the desert to Alexandria to help settle it. As so often happens, instead of a settlement, there was a split in the church.

Being blown about by the wind, the sands of Sahara are encroaching on the fertile valley of the Nile. Beneath these barren sands is solid rock, a soft limestone. In this rock the far-famed Sphinx was cut by simply cutting away the stone around it. It belongs, not to the Pyramid of Cheops, but to the Chephren, the next

one in size to it. The sand has all been removed from it so that the whole figure is exposed to view. It is simply the body of a lion with the head of a man, intended, maybe, to represent the king, to be buried in the heart of the pyramid, standing a few hundred yards in the background.

### TOMBS OF THE DESERT

All along up the Nile on the border of the desert for many miles are these pyramids—tombs of the kings. Also there are many underground tombs cut out in the rock for man and beast. The tombs of the sacred bulls consist of a long tunnel, reached by going down a flight of steps into a cave artificially made. These tunnels branch out in different directions and on either side rooms are cut out for the rock tombs of the embalmed bulls. The rock coffins (sarcophagi) were brought from six hundred miles up the Nile. They are cut out of a solid piece of granite and are about 15x10x9 feet, with a lid about two and a half feet thick. Some of them were left rough but many are beautifully polished, with the carvings of beasts and birds cut in the surface. There are 26 of these huge coffins, and to think of the stupendous task of cutting them from the quarries, floating them down the Nile and getting them down into their places almost staggers the imagination. But why specialize or be amazed, for Egypt is full of the humanly impossible? And when the end of it all is considered, it is a silent, sad commentary on the consummation of human folly.

If the guide's story be true, the sacred bulls were worshiped from three years old till they were twenty-



1. The prostrate image of Ramases II. 2. Mummy of Rameses II. 3. The oldest pyramid in Egypt. 4. Mohammedan women still cover their faces. 5. The sphinx, with pyramid of Chephren in the background.



six; if they lived beyond this age they were killed and eaten.

#### PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION

At the old site of Memphis, once the capital of upper and lower Egypt, I climbed up the steps and stood on a little wooden bridge over the prostrate marble statue of Rameses II, believed to be the Pharaoh who oppressed Israel. He had two of these made of himself and they once stood, one on either side of the temple in Memphis. But, "O, thou daughter that dwellest in Egypt, furnish thyself to go into captivity; for Memphis shall become a desolation, and shall be burnt up without inhabitant." (Jer. 46: 19.) A few mud huts and a grove of date palms now surround this huge prostrate image with upturned face and one foot broken off, the once cruel and proud Pharaoh who "knew not Joseph."

#### FERTILITY OF THE NILE VALLEY

The green ribbon, about nine miles wide, right up through barren sands and treeless hills on either side, with figs, dates, vineyards, fields of millet, wheat, corn, sugar cane, etc., makes a beautiful picture, and all the more so by contrast. To be taken from such a land as this and led out to the desolate region of Sinai, certainly was a trial and nothing but a vision of the invisible would cheer up the hearts of a people in such a dreary waste. "By faith Moses forsook Egypt not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured as seeing him who is invisible." (Heb. 11: 27.) Being the month of August, the markets were full of figs, dates, grapes, and melons—watermelons and muskmelons. They were being brought in on the backs of camels, donkeys

and by the cart load. Seeing these, I could but think of Israel's complaint in the wilderness. The dates, high up at the tops of the trees, attracted me most of all. They hang in great clusters about two feet long. A man gave us some fresh from the tree and didn't ask anything for them, something very unusual in Egypt.

On the way back to Cairo we passed through several villages along a canal. A boy, holding his clothing up in one hand, swam the canal with the other. Stopping at one of the villages, I bought some figs and grapes. A man with a hubble-de-bubble tobacco pipe came up, and poking it right up to my mouth, insisted that I take a whiff, saying, "It cost you nothing, it cost you nothing"—and it didn't.

#### EGYPT ONCE CHRISTIAN

It is almost forgotten by some and maybe never known by others, that Egypt was once a Christian country. "Very soon after the Christian era, however, the new religion began to make way and at an early period almost the whole country was Christianized." Tradition says that Mark established the church in Alexandria. However this may be, Alexandria was once a great religious center, like Jerusalem and Antioch. It was here that Origen taught in the first Bible school. Here, too, the great Christian library was destroyed by the Mohammedans in the seventh century. Egypt gave up her idols for Christ, her temples fell into decay, and pyramid building was at an end. Even to this day Egypt has never returned to her idols. Not a temple is kept up, nor an individual seen bowing before an image. All are in ruins and the natives pass them by with indifference. (Isa. 19: 1-4; Ezek. 30: 13.)

The gospel in its purity conquered Egypt, but a corrupted gospel set up idolatry in another form. As in other parts of the world, the church in Egypt departed from the New Testament order. Some of the "saints" took up their abode in the rock ante-chambers to the tombs in the desert near Thebes and became hermits—and became about as dead to the service of God and humanity as an Egyptian mummy. It was in Egypt that "St. Jeremias" established the first monastery, an institution that has shut in more error than it has ever shut out.

The Copts, who succeeded the Pharaohs, wrote Egyptian with Greek letters. The Bible has been kept in this ancient tongue even down to the present, and, like Rome, as effectually kept away from the people. This is known as the Coptic language, both in Egypt and Abyssinia. By the force of Mohammedan rule the Egyptians no longer speak their mother tongue, but Arabic. They have a bishop in Alexandria who, it is claimed, is in a regular line of bishops from "St. Mark" right on down. Egypt also furnishes Abyssinia with bishops. When one dies another is sent, but none ever return to Egypt. They practice immersion and administer the ordinance to infants. I was shown a very old church building, by the arch-deacon, built in 1171 A.D. It is built over a cave or grotto cut out in the rock "thirty years before Christ," and used as a "shelter for strangers." When Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, came into Egypt they hid in this same "crypt" to escape Herod. But one is inclined to ask, Why still hide from Herod when protected by the king of Egypt, a land over which Herod had no control? Out from Cairo about six miles I was shown the very

fig tree where the holy family rested when coming into Egypt, and a well nearby which was salty, but which became sweet, for the sake of the holy family, and as proof I was asked to drink some of the water. "How long ago was this?" I asked the guide.

"Twelve hundred years ago," he said.

"You are 800 years too late," I replied. "And do you really believe this tree is two thousand years old?" I continued. With a sheepish grin he owned up. Then I gave him some wholesome advice to quit telling visitors such yarns, for no intelligent person would believe them. But, returning to the old church building, I was shown two baptistries, a small one in which to baptize babies, and a large one, about eight feet square, for adults. When I suggested that only those who could believe were subjects for baptism, he replied, "But we baptize infants." It seems that custom is authority with many. They also baptize three times, once for each name.

In the old quarters of Cairo one follows the narrow, crooked streets as in India and China. In the little shops the people make their various wares in the old-time way, dating back maybe to Abraham, or even longer. They depend largely on the tourist trade and seem quite familiar with foreigners. They are very persistent in wanting you to come in just to look, which "cost you nothing." As I passed one fellow's shop, he saluted me with, "Hello, dear!"

### THE MUSEUM

I spent four hours in the museum. Most of the exhibits are statuary of animals, birds, and men; empty coffins of the dead, trinkets, and ancient vessels. One

entire room is set apart for the old-time gods of Egypt, representing a great variety of men, animals, reptiles, and birds and their combinations. Another room was devoted to the ruins of a very ancient church building, including paintings and statuary, showing that, though the gospel in its purity broke down every idol in Egypt, its adherents themselves fell into idolatry and the gospel lost its power. It is remarkable how much of this great museum pertains to the dead. Many of the coffins are highly decorated and the painting looks as fresh and bright as if it had been done yesterday. A procession of women had five-pointed stars on their heads. They could have gotten the idea of five points either from the star-fish or some of the flowers. At any rate, it is not an invention of America, as some have supposed. The mummies of people have all been removed from public gaze, as the Egyptians have become sensitive about exposing their illustrious dead. I noticed pillows like they use in Japan, a metal or wooden support about six inches high hollowed out so as to fit the head. There are two boats on exhibit, each about 30 feet long by 8 wide, with two oars operated from the stern, like the wiggling of a fish tail. This method is still in use in China, Japan, and also in Africa. These boats were dug up from beside the pyramid of the King Senusert of the 12th dynasty, which antedates the time of Joseph, so they must be at least 3,500 years old. They look to be made of cedar.

The exhibits from the tomb of Tut-Ank-Amen fill two large halls. His body was taken from the inner coffin and left in the tomb where it was found. There is another coffin in which the inner one was placed. Both are the same shape and dimly outline the human

body. Just over the dead man's face is his image in the coffin. On his feet were slippers made of beaten gold, and gold finger cuffs on all his fingers. Beads, trinkets, girdles, chairs and chariots galore. All these are now on exhibition. If the happiness of the Ka—soul of the king—depends on having these things about him in the tomb, I should think he would now be in a state of great unrest, after being so completely robbed of all. On his forehead, as shown on the coffin, is the symbol of the cobra and vulture, signs of his double rule over upper and lower Egypt. In a glass case were several crooked walking sticks. At the end of each crook was the face of a man, showing that the various nations they represented were in the Pharaoh's hand. Painted in the back of the throne chair was the queen, standing near the king and touching him on the shoulder to get his attention. He was sitting in a careless, easy way, and not rigidly upright, as kings usually do, an interesting little glimpse into the social life of royalty in the long, long ago. He must have died young, as his face looks youthful. I would not give him credit for high mentality.

An Egyptian was holding three blacks by the hair, with a drawn sword in the other hand, while they held up their hands in pleading.

In another part of the museum there were mummified animals and birds and two crocodiles, fifteen feet long.

The statuary of those ancient times shows thick lips, a blunt nose, with a narrow, long bridge, suggesting Hamitic descent.

## THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

But let us leave the halls of the ancient dead for the living present. I am always interested in a zoo. Cairo has a fairly good one. We must cross the long bridge over the Nile to reach it. It is now rather full and quite muddy. A whole string of river boats are tied to the bank. It is not now time for excursions up the Nile. Over the hedge there is a strip of private ground along the river and reeds growing in the edge of the water. One cannot help thinking of Moses. But let us hasten on to see the birds and animals. All through Africa I searched for an oak tree but found none. But just ahead of us there is one certain. A label on its trunk says, however, "An English oak." The shoe-bill is a bird like a stork but with a bill as wide as the hand and out of all proportion to the rest of its body. Here, too, I saw a new kind of guinea fowl. It was more slender than the common run of guineas and with deep green plumage around its neck, with narrow white stripes alternating. I did not want to leave Africa without seeing the giraffe, and this was my last chance. These were larger than the pair I saw in Cincinnati some years ago, and the keeper said the female was the larger of the two. I would guess the shoulders to stand up ten feet and the neck to stretch up ten feet more. They have forked hoofs like a cow and a long tongue suitable for reaching after green leaves up in the trees. They must spraddle their fore legs to get their heads to the ground. The giraffe is one animal—maybe the only one—that has never been known to utter a sound. Just opposite their stall was a spitting sheep that would spit back when spit at.

# FROM CAIRO TO JERUSALEM

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## HISTORIC GROUND

Someone let fall the remark that there was trouble in Jerusalem between Jews and Moslems. When I reached the station at Cairo, I noticed a company of British soldiers getting on the train.

From Cairo to the canal the train passes through Zagazig, and here about was the land of Goshen. As in the days of Joseph, this is still the "best of the land." Corn and cotton are much in evidence. Cattle graze on the green banks. Where we cross the canal is now called Cantara. Since the days of Abraham this has been the crossing place from Palestine to Egypt and the reverse. It was here that Abraham and Sarah, Jacob and his large family, and, preceding him, his favorite son, Joseph, as a slave, passed into Egypt. Some twenty centuries later Joseph and Mary and their holy child, Jesus, passed over the same road.

Egyptian territory extends far beyond the canal towards Palestine. The railroad is often in sight of the Mediterranean. The wind blows the white sand, as fine as powder, into fantastic shapes. Sometimes a long, unbroken hill is blown up to a sharp feather edge. The Arabs have planted groves of date palms in the low places. It seems that they are watered by sub-irrigation. Being so near sea level, the water rises from beneath. A grove of these palms in the white sand, where there is not a sprig of grass, loaded with clusters of ripening dates hanging all round beneath the green leaves like a necklace, is indeed a beautiful sight.

Gaza is now a railroad station. Here Samson, when



watched for by the Philistines, shouldered the gate of the city and carried it to the top of the hill. On the south is a long ridge, the only hill in sight.

On the left, a little before Gaza is reached, is a big cemetery. Here lie 10,000 British soldiers, the tremendous toll of life while building the railroad across the desert to Jerusalem.

Ashdod is passed. In the New Testament it is called Azotus, where Philip was found after baptizing the Eunuch. (Acts 8: 40.)

Rehoboth Station is in a prosperous section of okra, castor beans, cactus hedges, olive groves, and orange orchards, surrounding neat towns of modern-built houses. These are Jewish colonies.

Lydda is a railroad junction where one changes for Jerusalem or goes on without change to Jaffa (Joppa), and up the Mediterranean coast to Haifa at the foot of Mt. Carmel. At Lydda "Jesus Christ" through Peter healed Aeneas "and all that dwelt at Lydda, and in Sharon saw him, and they turned to the Lord." (Acts 9: 32-34.) Sharon is a broad and fertile plain.

On the left a long hill and on the left end a small building. Here is the site of the ancient Gezer. (1 Kings 9: 15-17.) Here Professor Macalister has dug down to the rock and discovered "cave houses of 3000 years B.C., then, in successive layers, the Canaanite city, then the Arab cities." Gezer in the hand of the Pharaoh of Egypt was a menace to Israel. When Solomon married his daughter he graciously made her a gift of Gezer, which Solomon immediately proceeded to fortify.

Ekron (now Agir) appears on the right and is "the most northerly of the five cities of the Philistines."

There they were cursed by the presence of the Ark. (1 Sam. 5: 10-12; 7: 12-15.)

From the plain of Sharon the road passes into a gorge and worms its way around sharp turns and between hills of solid rock, terraced in many places to hold what little soil is left; in others nothing is left but the bare rock. Along in the valley are little gardens. Olive trees and grape vines are on the hillsides, where there is enough earth for them to grow. An engine puffs at either end of the train, while the wheels creak around the acute curves. At nine o'clock in the morning we emerge from the gorge and are on the west side of the old city, and in the edge of the new Jerusalem. And the new is as superior to the old as the Gospel is to the Law.

#### THE AMERICAN COLONY

While in Africa I received a letter from Brother George Klingman, a lifelong friend and an old-time schoolmate, saying, "Go to the American Colony; it is about half a mile north of the Damascus gate." I took his advice and found the place all that he said it would be. More than fifty years ago some Americans began here to live as they believed Christians ought to live. They have been self-supporting from the start and now have a plant here, a store down in the city, and a branch in New York. The plant consists of several substantial stone buildings for homes for themselves and guests, a laundry, canning room, botany room in which are specimens of every tree and plant in Palestine, a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, vegetable and flower gardens, cows, a horse, pigs, geese, turkeys, and chickens. In the crib I was shown a pile of big beans in the hull, and asked if I knew what they were. "Honey

locusts," I said, and tasted one to test it. "Yes, that is right," said Mr. Myers. "This is the same thing the prodigal son fed the swine on." He proceeded to explain that it was a very rich feed both for cows and pigs. There is also a variety of spineless cactus in Palestine which the colony grows to furnish green feed for the milch cows. When I asked him about Mr. Burbank's spineless cactus he said they had tried it and found the native plant did better. The Arabs continue to tramp out the grain in the old-time way, and this pile of pulverized straw in another bin is a good "filler" for the cattle.

I went through the plant, taking in the kitchen, pantry, etc., and found everything spotlessly clean. There are 73 members of the family—children, middle-aged, and old people, some married and some unmarried. They have some hired help but most of the work is done by the members of the "Colony." I was here for about two weeks and, so far as I could see, there was not the slightest friction between any. Every morning after breakfast they assemble for song, Bible study, and devotion. On Sundays they have three meetings, the one in the evening being mainly for the children. They sing without the instrument, not feeling the need of it, and the singing is good. They neither administer baptism nor observe the Lord's Supper. Mr. Spafford, the director, is a clever man, both in the sense of being accommodating and brainy. He is authority on things Palestinian and never tires of answering questions. This community to me is a puzzle and almost an impossibility. And yet they are known and read of all men. As to co-operation on Christian principles, they furnish an object lesson worthy of careful study.

While in the American Colony I was shown a flexible stone. It seemed so incredible that I could hardly believe it. It was about half an inch thick, two inches wide and eight inches long. I took it in my hand and held one end. It would flop back and forth, making an arc of about three inches. There was no springiness; it bent with freedom, then stopped suddenly. Look in the encyclopedia or dictionary for *itacolumnite* and you will find a fuller description of it.

#### THE PLACE OF THE CROSS

In writing about Palestine I shall purposely avoid a detailed description of many of the superstitions and practices called "Christian," believing them to be too silly and sinful to be worthy of notice.

There are four places in Jerusalem, each of which lays claim to being the spot where our Lord was crucified. Two of them, one of which is the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," being inside the city wall, are manifestly impossible. The third lies outside the wall and is a recently discovered ash heap. In preparing the foundation for some new buildings, the workmen came to a pile of ashes 40 feet deep and about six hundred feet across. The ashes were analyzed and found to contain both animal and vegetable matter. The instruction for the ashes of the altar of the tabernacle were that they were to be poured out in a clean place without the camp. It is reasonable to think they followed the same rule when the temple was erected and that this great pile of ashes was from the altar of burnt offerings. Some think this also may have been where our Lord was crucified. The fourth place is what is now called the "garden tomb." It is on the north side of the city wall.



Three views of the Garden Tomb. 1. Inside the tomb, where there was room for three. 2. Entrance to the tomb, with garden in the foreground and the hill of Golgotha up the hill to the right. 3. A closer view of the tomb, showing the window a bit to the right of the door, which gives light inside. (John 20: 5-8.)

It is a low hill with two dugouts (rock quarries) on the east side, and when seen from a certain angle seems to suggest a skull. Adjoining this hill is a garden and a low bluff, in which is a tomb cut out in the rock. The space inside suggests that it may have been a rich man's tomb. The hill was in a public place. There are no houses on it even to this day, but it is used as a graveyard. This seems to meet every condition of the crucifixion story. But, after all, what does it matter, for "He is not here"? "He is risen from the dead." Even as it is, half a million people or more have butchered each other over a *supposed* place! then what would they do if they knew?

Some of the familiar sounds about Jerusalem are: Bleating of sheep, lowing of cows, braying of donkeys (heard most of anything), mewing of cats, crowing of roosters. As I listened to these domestic animals and birds, I remembered that the same sounds met the ears of Jesus.

An English traveler asked an Arab sheik to drink, and he said, "I'm not a Christian, I cannot take it."

## TOURING PALESTINE

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### THE OLDEST FAMILY FEUD IN HISTORY

The trouble between Ishmael and Isaac broke out anew over the wailing wall. The Jews have been permitted by the Mohammedans for many years to come on the outside of the foundation walls of the temple site and wail over their forlorn condition. They brought in some seats and put up some curtains. The sons of Ishmael objected. The police ordered them taken away. The sons of Isaac were obstinate and declined to obey. The police proceeded to do it himself and was attacked by the Jews. "Behold how much wood is kindled by how small a fire." I reached the Holy City on Sunday morning, and on Friday before, violence had broken out and a number killed on both sides, more Jews than Arabs, and the City of Peace was under martial law. On entering the Jaffa Gate I held up my hands along with the rest and was officially searched twice for weapons. I had a pocket knife in my pocket but no note was taken of it. Once, soon after we had entered the gate and were in front of the American Colony store, there was a commotion a little further on, and some one said a man had been killed and two others wounded. The heavy shutters to the shops were hurriedly closed and we had just time to get inside. After a little the excitement subsided, the storm-cloud passed, the sun shone out, the doors were opened and business went on as usual, but with feelings more or less tense lest something else might happen.

During my entire stay of about two weeks no one was

allowed on the streets after half-past six. Soon the British forces were on the scene. Armored cars ran the streets and armored aircraft flew overhead. The crack of gunfire was frequently heard. One night in the north of the city the repeating rifle was kept busy for some time. In Hebron all Jewish homes were deserted, the windows broken, and furniture broken and overturned and goods looted. A few days later I saw in Tiberias, on the sea of Galilee, four truck loads of Arab prisoners being taken to Haifa for trial. Who was to blame? I think both sides were to blame. But this is not my affair. All I wish to add in dismissing the subject is that till both Ishmael and Isaac come and sit at the feet of him who is "of the Jews" and learn to live by the Golden Rule, there will continue to be trouble.

#### SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

The temple area was first occupied by Solomon's temple. This temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, at which time the two remaining tribes, Judah and Benjamin, were carried into captivity. This was in the year B.C. 586. In the days of Zerubbabel about 42,360 Jews returned from captivity, when they first built the altar only. Later the temple was rebuilt; but when the old men saw it and remembered how inferior it was to Solomon's temple, they wept in the midst of rejoicing. But Haggai the prophet encouraged the people, telling them that "the latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former, saith Jehovah of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith Jehovah of hosts." (Ezra 3: 8-13; Haggai 2: 9.) This temple was afterwards taken down by Herod, who was king over Palestine down to the time



of Christ. When Christ was born it was he who had the infants of Bethlehem slaughtered. When Herod proposed taking down the temple and building a better one, the Jews strongly opposed him, thinking it was only a pretence to destroy it. But when they saw him actually collecting the material for the new temple they ceased to offer objection. Herod's temple, the one in which Jesus taught and which he called the "house of prayer," was in reality a more splendid temple even than Solomon's, and thus the prophecy of Haggai was literally fulfilled. Another remarkable point in regard to his prophecy is, "and in this place will I give peace," for it was from this place the gospel of peace first began to be preached. Herod's temple, commonly called Solomon's, was destroyed in the year 70 A.D. by the Roman general, Titus. Since then the temple has never been rebuilt; but in its place another Roman general, Hadrian, after completely destroying the city, A.D. 133, erected a heathen temple to Venus on the rock Moriah, placing a statue of himself, mounted on horseback, in front of it toward the east. He also changed the name from Jerusalem to Aelia Capitolina. He prevented the Jews from entering the city on pain of death. After Rome became Christian, A.D. 534, Justinian built the Basilica in honor of the Virgin Mary over the place where Solomon's porch stood. When the Mohammedans conquered the country, 637 A.D., they turned the Basilica into a mosque, cutting away the cross. This was known as the Mosque of Omar. Abdel-Melik, successor of Omar, built the Dome of the Rock in 691 A.D., which is seen by the visitor today.

In the center of this building is a natural rock about 20 feet across. The mosque is called the "Dome of the

Rock." This is believed with good reason to be the spot where Abraham offered Isaac. (Gen. 22.) When Solomon built the temple this rock was in the front court, and over it, it is believed the altar stood. There is a grotto (cave) underneath. Palestine is a land of many caves. Some steps lead down into it. One can look up through a hole in the rock, about three feet across, and see the center of the dome of the mosque far up overhead. What this hole was ever made for is a mystery. Some guess it was for the blood of the sacrifices to escape; but recent investigation has shown that there is no outlet in the grotto below. Maybe it was simply to mark the center of the building, as it is directly under the center of the dome. At any rate, some ubiquitous guide or black-robed priest can solemnly stand by it and say, "Now, gentlemens, you zee this hole was made by Adam to mark the exact center of the earth," or some such nonsense.

#### BETHESDA

There was a divided opinion about whether it would be safe to go to the Mount of Olives until matters settled down a little more, and so strong was the feeling against venturing out into the country that we confined ourselves to the city for a few days, being always careful to be in before half-past six.

Recent excavations have shown the pool of Bethesda to be a pair of pools inside the limits of the old city. "They are placed north and south and are 44 metres square, 9½ metres deep, and divided by a wall of rock about 6 metres wide. They are cut in the solid rock, with an additional height of three or four courses of masonry added. Of each of these pools all the corners

have been discovered except the northwestern of each, excavations in these parts not being possible on account of the buildings above them. The last two of the six corners were recently found. There can be no more doubt that these are the 'twin pools' with five porches, situated near the sheeps' gate, where, after the 'troubling of the waters,' invalids were healed. (John 5: 2.) The five porches mentioned are doubtless the four sides and the middle division."

### SILOAM

In 2 Kings 20: 20, we read: "Now the rest of the acts of Hezekiah, and all his might, and how he made the pool, and the conduit, and brought water into the city, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah?" The "pool" was the pool of Siloam to which Jesus sent the man born blind and whose cure gave so much trouble to the Pharisees. (John 9.) The "conduit" has an interesting history. When Sennacherib came up against Jerusalem the only water supply of the city was a spring at the lower end of the Kedron Valley. This was outside the city wall, and Hezekiah "took counsel with his princes and his mighty men to stop the waters of the fountains which were without the city." (2 Chron. 32: 2, 3.) He therefore dug a tunnel through the solid rock, till the water was brought inside the city wall. The tunnel is 1,200 cubits long, reaching from the "Virgin's Fountain," the original spring, to what Jesus called the "pool of Siloam." In 1880 three young men, including Mr. Spafford of the American Colony, crawled through this conduit and the latter discovered on the right wall of the tunnel (they went in at the lower end) an inscrip-

tion written in the oldest Hebrew now known. In "Archaeology and the Bible," by George A. Barton, is the following English translation: "The boring through [is completed] and this is the story of the boring through; while yet [they plied] the drill, each towards his fellow, and while yet there were three cubits to be bored through, there was heard the voice of one calling unto another, for there was a crevice in the rock on the right hand. And on the day of the boring through, the stone-cutters struck, each to meet his fellow, drill upon drill; and the waters flowed from the source to the pool for a thousand and two hundred cubits, and a hundred cubits was the height of the rock above the heads of the stone-cutters."

By actual measurement the tunnel was found to be 1,700 feet long, so this gives us the length of a cubit as being a fraction over one foot and four inches. Near the center, where the two sets of workmen met, there is a jog showing that they did not exactly make the sections coincide. Another proof that the inscription is correct in stating that they worked from both ends is the chisel marks, which all slant one way in one end and the other way in the other. This tunnel for the most part is about four feet high, but at one place it is only nineteen inches. Why it was not cut straight is a mystery, for it is roughly in the shape of the letter S, with several minor crooks.

Another mystery is how the two sets of workmen ever made their ends meet at all. I visited both the Virgin's Fountain and the Pool of Siloam, which it feeds, and saw the villagers using water from both. They must be reached by going down stone steps, for the valley has been filled, by the accumulation of the

centuries, some twenty feet. In the Pool of Siloam a man was taking a bath; in the Virgin's pool another was washing his clothes. Others were carrying water home in jars and five-gallon oil cans.

#### DAMASCUS GATE

The Damascus Gate on the north side of the city is so-called because the way out of this gate is the main road leading to Damascus. It is probable that Paul on his way to Damascus passed out at this gate. But Jerusalem has been destroyed many times since Paul's day and the present city is built on the rubbish of those preceding it. The present Damascus Gate, therefore, seems to stand right over the gate of Paul's time. A bit to the right as one passes out of the city is to be seen, some two feet above ground, the tip-top of the arch of the old gate of two thousand years ago. Also there is an old mill still being used right under the street just inside the Damascus Gate, which is reached by stone steps leading down to it. A very curious place for a mill, which can only be explained by saying the surroundings must have been filled up over it.

#### GETHSEMANE AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Some friends and myself walked around the wall of the city twice, once before breakfast. One may readily judge from this that the old city within the walls, the city of Christ's time, was not very large. Most of Jerusalem, the new Jerusalem, is outside the walls. We also walked across the Kedron Valley and up to Gethsemane. It is only a short walk. There are eight very old olive trees in this garden and it is not impossible for some of them to have been there when the Lord and his disciples paid their last visit to this hallowed

place. There are trees in California more than twice two thousand years old. The garden also contained some flower beds; some morning glories were climbing the cedar trees. From the garden it is not far to the top of the Mount of Olives. "And he led them out until they were over against Bethany" (Luke 24: 50), the ruins of which is just a little down the slope beyond. From the top of Olivet we could see the Dead Sea, the Jordan valley, the Judean hills to the south, and the uplands of Moab beyond the Dead Sea. On these walks I felt that my feet must have been near where were once the feet of the Master, but, what is of more importance, is that we "walk *in* his steps," and to do this we need not go to the Mount of Olives.

#### A ROOT OUT OF DRY GROUND

In the Kedron Valley, a little below the Garden and immediately below Absalom's Tomb, there were many plants (the squill) from two to three feet high that had sprung up out of the dry, hard ground and were in full bloom. It was the 27th of August and the driest of the dry season. A delicate little stem runs up without branches and on this single stem are thickly set the little cream-colored flowers about the size of a plum blossom. Was it this plant that Isaiah had in mind when he said, "For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground"? (Isa. 53: 2.)

#### THE DEAD SEA AND JERICHO

It may seem to some that I have lost the missionary trail, and I admit that it has grown a little dim, but though "faint," I am "yet pursuing." It will become plainer, maybe, later on.

Rough and rocky Palestine and a land of thorns and thistles! Again I could say, Treeless and waterless Palestine, and waterless because it is treeless, "nor any grass groweth therein." (Deut. 29: 23.)

In no country I have been have I seen so few trees, and in no country have I seen so many bare and rocky hills or, rather I should say, hills of bare rock. Nor have I seen such large and vicious looking thistles. There is a thorn tree that infests the fields somewhat as the sassafras does some parts of the United States. It comes up in the grain fields and after harvest is about a foot high and as thick as weeds. In August the fields are green with it, about the only thing that is green, and to see a flock of sheep or goats grazing, one would think they were having fat feeding on grass, or at least on weeds, of which they are very fond. But on closer inspection this solid green cover over the fields is one mass of thorns and not even a goat will touch them; they are searching for dry stubble.

The oak, as "Abraham's oak" at Hebron goes to show, was once a real grown-up tree; but now even the oak, from the continual browsing of the goat and from lack of soil, has given up the struggle for manhood and is contented to be just a shrub among the rocks.

One afternoon a party of four went down to the Dead Sea and to Jericho. We bathed in the Dead Sea, but the water was so heavy that we were half way out of it and it was so strong with minerals it made the face and eyes smart. I am so well satisfied with that short bath that I shall never repeat it. There is more green on the upper ends of its shores than I had supposed. We spent a few minutes on the bank of the Jordan, a sluggish stream here near the Sea, but much

swifter higher up. Willows and other trees line its banks. About two miles back towards Jerusalem across the plain brings us to Jericho. The Jordan valley is exceedingly rich and could by irrigation be made to produce in abundance. Old Jericho is only a mound. Some excavations have been made and some buildings of brick, unburnt, have been found. Fifty years ago, when J. W. McGarvey was here, he said there was only one palm tree to be seen. But the new Jericho, like the one in the time of Joshua, has again become a "city of palm trees." There is a very copious spring that waters maybe three or four square miles. Dates, bananas, and orange groves combine to make a veritable garden of Eden in the midst of the desert. This is all owned by Arabs. Mr. Fisk, of our party, bought a cluster of dates. When ripening, they are an amber color—brownish red. A grove of them is most beautiful, and ripe dates fresh from the tree are very delicious. But we must hasten back to Jerusalem before 6:30, for we are now under martial law.

Is it true that some oil expert took the hint in Gen. 14: 10, and found rich oil fields in the Dead Sea valley? No, there is no oil industry there.

### NAZARETH

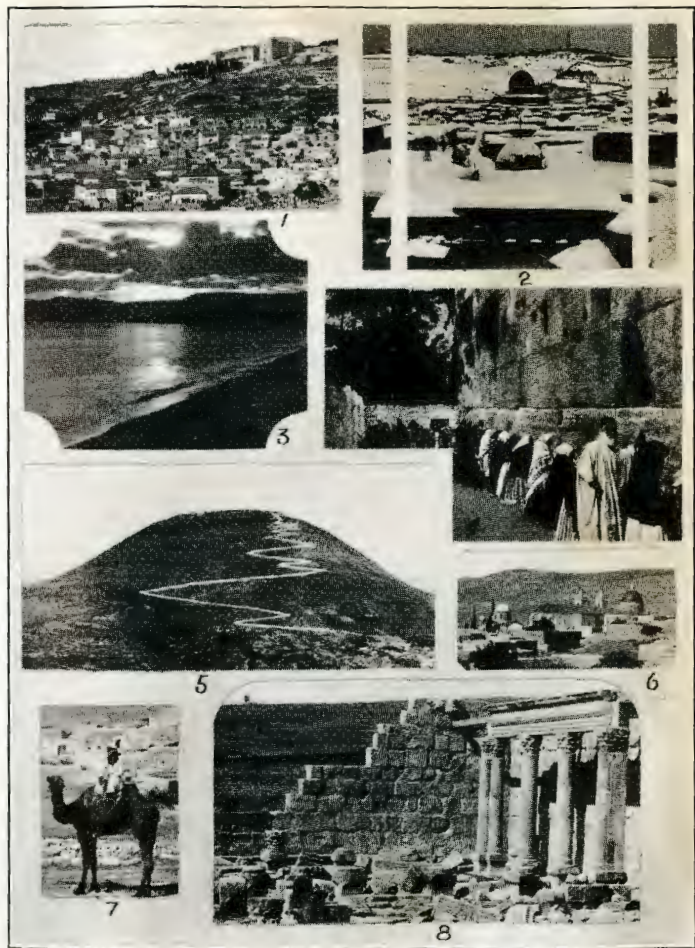
Off to Nazareth. Not far on the way a village is pointed out where it is supposed the parents missed Jesus and went back hunting him. A splendid view on the left toward the Mediterranean. The millet is harvested and sheep and cattle are grazing in the fields. Women are coming and going to the village well with large water jars on their heads. Here we come to Dothan, where Joseph found his brethren. Now we



are at Shechem and turn aside to see Jacob's well. Jacob gave it to the public. Why should a set of religious bigots take it from the people and shut it in with a forbidding wall and put a building over it? Why should the black-robed priest charge you for a drink out of it? He lets three burning candles down so that one can see the walls of the well that should never have been made dark. The water is good. But let us go on in disgust. It doesn't look like Jacob's well any more, even though "the well is deep," just as it was when Jesus sat on its curbing and talked to the woman. (John 4.)

The road crosses the great plain of Esdraelon and then zig-zags up a rocky hill; that is, a hill of rocks to Nazareth. To the right over there as you go up is the bluff down which they tried to throw Jesus for telling them the truth. Nazareth is in an alcove and the hills on the west and north of it form a half circle. Cactus grow in abundance and are full of prickly pears. They are delicious to eat if you can manage to peel them without getting stuck.

"Mary's well" is in the middle of the town, but it is really a spring and on it the town depends. It is certain, I think, that Mary often came to this spring for water, as did also Jesus himself. I saw three little girls carrying water from it and imagined one of them to be Mary when she was a little girl. This is one of the hallowed spots they haven't built a church over, but it's a wonder they haven't. "The Church of the Anunciation," up further in town, shows the exact spot where the Angel Gabriel appeared to Mary. But what I was really interested in was an old baptistry about eight feet square, with stone steps leading down,



1. Nazareth. 2. Jerusalem under snow. 3. The Dead Sea. 4. At the Wailing Wall, where the trouble began. 5. Mount Tabor. 6. "Somewhere in Palestine." 7. A "ship of the desert" and his owner. 8. Ruins of the synagogue at Capernaum.

which the priest said dated from the fifth century. We went out to the brow of the hill where they tried to throw Jesus down, which must be the place, for there is no other about Nazareth. It seemed a little far away, so I turned and read it again and noticed that it says they first cast him forth out of the city, then led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built (Luke 4: 20), which fits the situation perfectly. I inquired if there were any Jews in Nazareth now and was told there is not one. "The measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again."

Out to the brow of this hill was my first donkey ride—and it was my last. These donkeys are too small, except for children.

I should have stated in the proper place that on our way to Nazareth we passed several fig orchards and from one of them some children had lined up by the road, holding up little baskets of figs, pleading with us to buy. We bought a basket of them and found them quite refreshing.

But we are leaving Nazareth in a few minutes for Tiberias, the only town at present on the Lake of Galilee. But that caravan of camels that came in last night was an interesting sight. There were five or six of them, one after the other, with nothing but a slack rope to keep them together. Each had a little bell tinkling at his neck and it made a real chorus. It was late, so the driver marched them right into the stable. I went next morning to see how it was arranged, for the house looked like a dwelling. The people lived above—upstairs—and the camels were housed below. This, I said, not only to myself, but said it out loud, suggests what happened down at Bethlehem that memorable

night. All the upstairs rooms, being filled with guests, they fitted up a stable below, where donkeys and camels were accustomed to stay. Even today the people of Palestine would think this neither strange nor a hardship.

#### LAKE OF GALILEE

From Nazareth to the Lake of Galilee is only a short run of an hour or so over a good auto road. In a little while we come to Cana, where Jesus did his first miracle. A copious spring, on which the town depends, is hard by the road. Several pipes come through the wall and at these women and girls fill their water jars, and across the road the water falls into a trough, around which are a herd of cattle. Here we see the same thing going on that was seen from Abraham's time on down through the centuries. I noticed one of the girls, about grown, was rather "fair to look upon," and I could well imagine her to be such a bride as the one at the Cana marriage. It seems very likely that the six water jars were filled from this very spring.

Now we are on the highlands overlooking the lake. It is a lovely view and no wonder it was here "where Jesus loved so much to be." The entire lake can be seen and the hills are covered with soil and a blanket of brown grass, but green and blossoming when the spring comes round.

Going down the winding road to Tiberias, the only town at present on the shore of Galilee, we engaged a boat for six hours and set off for the old site of Capernaum. For centuries not even the place was known. The Catholics have it in charge. An attendant showed us around. The stone floor and the lower portion of the foundation of the synagogue go back to the days of

Christ. A Roman centurion had a sick servant "dear unto him" and he sought help from Jesus. The elders whom he sent pleaded, "he loveth our nation and himself built us our synagogue." (Luke 7: 1-5.) Experts say the architecture of this old synagogue is undoubtedly Roman. Proof again that Luke was accurate in his narrative and that we may "know the certainty" of what he has written.

As I stood on the floor of that old synagogue, I felt I was again on a spot made hallowed by the feet of Jesus. In this very synagogue he astonished the people with his teaching (Mark 1: 22), and it was here he cast the unclean spirit out of a man, which amazed the people all the more. There came to me also his words, "And thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? Thou shalt go down unto Hades." (Matt. 11: 23.) And the silent solitude of her ruins solemnly proclaim, It is done! Capernaum is one city whose people will be more severely judged than even Sodom.

Leaving Capernaum we coasted back towards Tiberias by way of Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, and before reaching the latter place came to where a beautiful stream enters the lake through a grove of eucalyptus trees, and here we stopped for lunch and a swim in the lake. Unlike the Dead Sea swim, this was a real delight, and the four of us lingered quite a while. A cucumber vine was growing near the stream and a woman came and lifted it up to see how the cucumbers were getting on.

A few horses, herds of cattle, sheep, goats, and camels were feeding along the shore. Some were standing out in the water to keep cool. It was indeed a beautiful, quiet, restful place and one can well understand

why it was that Jesus loved to be there. On the opposite side, the boatman pointed out the "steep place" where the swine ran down into the sea. A wind arose and the sail was hoisted, and we sailed back to Tiberias. Next morning they served us perch from the lake.

Standing on the housetop of the inn in Tiberias early in the morning we saw four truck loads of prisoners pass through the street and heard their shouts and the people shouting back. They were Arabs being taken to Haifa by British soldiers for trial on account of the trouble between them and the Jews.

### MOUNT TABOR

In Judges 4: 12-16, is the story of Barak with his ten thousand men on Mt. Tabor, and that they came down on Sisera and his army and overcame them. We returned to Nazareth and then went up Mount Tabor. There is an auto road running to the top. Here we spent a night. To the northeast was pointed out a village, a Jewish colony, where two nights before a band of Arabs from beyond the Jordan had driven off about 80 head of cattle. I heard afterwards that they had been recovered by the British soldiers. It is the same old story reaching back to the time of the Judges.

Still standing on the top of Mount Tabor, we turn towards the south and in plain view are Endor and Nain. It was in Endor that Saul in disguise consulted the witch (1 Sam. 28) and talked with Samuel. In Nain, Jesus "brought back to life the widow's son." (Luke 7: 11-17.)

The best specimens of the oak I saw in Palestine were on Mount Tabor. I was out for an early walk and thought I was passing some olive trees, for the leaves

were similar, but to my astonishment I saw that they were full of acorns. The Palestine oak is a variety of the live oak.

### HAIFA

Back by Nazareth to Haifa. Passed a Jewish settlement which indicated prosperity. They use modern methods in farming. Haifa is on the Mediterranean at the end of Mount Carmel. From the top of the mountain a splendid view may be had of the well-cultivated plain between the mountain and the sea. On the seaside a new Haifa is being built of modern-styled houses.

One night in Haifa and we are off again for Jerusalem. As we leave the city limits a British officer motions us to stop for a brief inspection of not more than ten seconds. We are encircling the great Esdraelon plain. Now we are on the south side of it.

### HOW IT ALL HAPPENED

A little out of the city our car overtook three camels. In front of them was a boy on a donkey. The camels took fright at the car. The camel driver managed to keep one in check. They were loaded up with empty boxes. The ropes loosened and the boxes rattled and began to fall. The camels set off at the top of their speed and, in passing the donkey, put it also to flight, leaving the boy lying and crying at full length in the middle of the road, while his two boxes also went to the four winds. By this time the camels had turned on a road to the left and were still going at full tilt, almost out of sight. The situation looked serious. Was the boy badly injured? Our driver ran and picked the boy up, who pretended he couldn't stand, but soon found he

could. The donkey was overtaken and brought back. Two other men came along. They gathered up the boxes and swung them across the donkey's back, set the boy on, said something to him, and he found he was still alive. We drove on, leaving the man with one of his three camels and some scattered boxes. I felt that something ought to be done for him, but didn't see anything I could do. They always seemed so slow and indifferent I didn't think it possible to frighten a camel, but I know better now.

We pass the stream flowing down Mount Carmel's side where Elijah met the prophets of Baal. Many Arab tents are pitched on the plain. They are made of black hair and remind one of a lot of great bats with their wings spread. We come to a well where they are drawing water. Just such a well, no doubt, as Jacob's well was when Jesus sat on its curbing. It has a broad curbing around a big well, six feet across, and not more than two feet high. A man was standing on it drawing water. What a pity Jacob's well had not been left as it once was.

#### BACK IN SHECHEM

From Haifa to Jerusalem we again pass through Shechem. There are other springs in Shechem besides Jacob's well. The present town is in the pass between Ebal on the left and Mt. Gerezim on the right. Just before reaching the town is a copious spring watering the valley. Why, then, did Jacob dig a "deep" well? As he was a newcomer and not a native, most likely there was objection to him. This also may explain why the well ceased to be used after Jacob went away. The woman said to Jesus that Jacob "gave us the





1. Shechem. 2. A woman of Nazareth. 3. A typical Arab.  
 4. Cleaning grain. 5. Rachel's Tomb. 6. "Mary's Fountain."  
 7. A view of the Jordan. 8. Hebron. 9. On the Sea of Galilee.  
 10. My first donkey ride. 11. Separating the wheat from the  
 chaff. 12. Another scene on the lake. 13. Cana.

well." But for a long time it was partly filled up. This indicates that the people found it easier to go to the spring than to draw water from this deep well.

There is a recess in Ebal and Gerizim, each facing the other and plenty large for all Israel to assemble in to hear the reading of the blessings and cursings. (Deut. 27, 28.)

Just before coming again to Jacob's well, Joseph's tomb is seen off to the left. Not so long ago some farmers dug into a mound beside the tomb and found a bronze fixture for the front of a chariot for the reins of the driver to pass through, and also a bronze battle-axe. These belonged to kings or those in high places. An expert, not knowing where they were found, did not hesitate to say that they belonged to the 18th dynasty of Egypt. This was the time of Joseph. Inside the tomb may be Joseph's mummy. (Josh. 24: 32.)

In Judges 9: 46-49, is the story of Abimelech setting fire to the town of Shechem and destroying "about a thousand men and women." Excavations have been going on in Old Shechem of late and among other things they found ashes and parched wheat. Mr. Spafford, director of the American Colony in Jerusalem, showed me some specimens of it and gave me two grains of the wheat. This takes us back about 34 centuries. It is also most remarkable evidence of the accuracy of the Scriptures. In passing, also let us note that the people around Shechem today are still raising wheat and find it just as necessary to sustain life as did their remote ancestors in ages past. Many changes, indeed, have taken place since then and many more will take place in years to come, but amid all these changes two things remain unchanged—the nature of

human life and the nature of bread to sustain it. In like manner the nature and needs of the human soul and the nature of the Bread of Life sustain an immutable relation the one to the other. I also drank from Jacob's well and it slaked my thirst as effectually as it did the Samaritans almost 2,000 years ago. But just as it was then, "He that drinketh this water shall thirst again; but he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst but it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

### BETHLEHEM

From Jerusalem to Bethlehem is only an hour's run by car. Hard by the road is Rachel's tomb. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem)." David's well is really a cistern, many of which abound in Palestine. It is called David's well because of the incident recorded in 2 Sam. 23: 13-17. The "well" is still in Bethlehem, but walled in and unused. A missionary is hopeful of securing the lot to build an orphanage on it.

"Does that star still stand over Bethlehem? I have been told that it does," said one. No, there is no special star standing over Bethlehem.

What they called the "Church of the Nativity" is over another one of these old cisterns or caves, and the likelihood that Jesus was born in this place is as far from the mark as that he was buried under where the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre" in Jerusalem stands. If one should listen to the Catholics, one could but believe that Jesus and his family were veritable cave dwellers. But before we leave Bethlehem turn and read the matchless story of Ruth. Bethlehem is on a

high ridge and to the east it slopes off into the valley where were the barley fields of Boaz. It is easy to look down over that valley, still well cultivated, and imagine Ruth behind the reapers picking up the scattered grain they leave behind. Following Boaz's instruction, we see a reaper now and then purposely let fall a considerable bunch of grain. But we hasten on to

### HEBRON

The Arabs are so strict that one is only allowed to look on the outside of the tomb of Abraham. Herod built a fort around and over it, which still stands. Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, were all buried in this cave of Machpelah. As Jacob's body was embalmed in Egypt it is quite possible his mummy is still in that cave. (Gen. 50: 2.)

There is a large pool in Hebron walled in on all sides, with steps leading down to the water. As it is the only pool in Hebron, it is believed this is the pool referred to in the awful tragedy mentioned in 2 Sam. 4: 12. When we were there two men were swimming across it. In another part of the town was a primitive tannery where they tan the skins of goats whole, for holding water. Some were blown up full of air to keep them in form while drying.

The twelve spies came to Hebron and found grapes with clusters so long that two men carried them between them on a pole. (Num. 13: 12-24.) Later on also this portion of the land fell to Caleb, and he offered his daughter, Achsah, to the man who would take Kiriath-zepher. Even to this day the grapes of Hebron are noted for their quality and the length of their clusters. We were there the 10th day of Sep-

tember and the grapes were being gathered. We bought some from a vineyard near Abraham's oak, and among them was a cluster over a foot long. Mr. Lynn of Jerusalem says he has seen them two feet long. There are many vineyards around Hebron. They allow the vines to spread on the ground and at a distance they resemble a melon patch. As there is no rain during the grape season they are not bespattered from the ground.

"And Abram moved his tent and came and dwelt by the oaks of Mamre which are in Hebron." (Genesis 13: 18.) Four thousand years ago, when Abram pitched his tent there, Hebron must have included the country round about. Going out from the town of Hebron about two miles we come to the traditional oak of Abram. It is the only tree left of what was once a grove. That it is a very old tree is evident; the trunk, which is about two and a half feet through, is partly decayed and the largest branch is propped to keep it from breaking of its own weight. An iron fence on a stone foundation has been built around it. There are redwood trees in California more than four thousand years old, but this is rather remote for the age of an oak. Back up the hill a few hundred yards is a Greek church, and still further up is a tower. We secured the key and got the keeper to unlock the tower and climbed up the winding stairs to the top, from which we had a good view of the surrounding country. "Abraham's Oak" stands out like a giant amongst pigmies, for the oaks of the present day are mere shrubs, not being allowed to grow up nor having sufficient soil to produce such oaks as those of Abram's day. As we were repassing the Greek edifice the priest came out

and invited us in, but as we had to be back in Jerusalem before six-thirty we thanked him and hastened on.

On account of the recent riots the Jews had all fled to the hills or to Jerusalem. Their homes looked desolate and deserted, with windows broken, furniture overturned and fences torn down.

There are yet many sheep and goats in Palestine, and the shepherd goes before while they follow on. Sometimes a man follows them from behind as well. (John 10: 3, 4.) They also keep watch over their flocks by night to protect them from wild animals. Several shepherds collect together and watch by turns.

#### BACK IN JERUSALEM

While in Jerusalem I met twice with the brethren to break bread. They met in the home of a Brother Shelley, who lives on the hill of Evil Council, so-called because it is believed that on this hill, in the home of Caiaphas, "the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus." These brethren have lately opened another meeting place in Jerusalem. Their way of making the worship simple and being content to meet in places provided and in a less pretentious way impresses one as being more pleasing to God than the custom of putting so much stress and expense on meeting houses. Not that I am opposed to meeting houses; but they certainly should not be built for show or in rivalry of others. Take, for example, the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," and many others in and around Jerusalem, and they are rather a sort of curiosity shop, a religious museum, a collection of curios, with so much to attract that they are no longer

fit for places of worship. Millions have been thus spent while the people under their very shadow beg for bread.

I reached Jerusalem August 25th and left September the 11th, bound for Naples, the largest city of Italy, and it was necessary to return by way of Alexandria, Egypt.

Will Palestine ever become the "national home" of the Jews? I see but little prospect of it. Much is said of the numbers who are going to Palestine, but very little said of the numbers who are leaving. In the American Express office near the Jaffa Gate I met an American Jew from Dallas, Texas, who was making a strenuous effort to get away as quickly as possible. An educated Arab said to me, "Palestine is the home of all nations," and with him I am inclined to agree, for many of the nations are there already; and the descendants of Ishmael and Esau have long possessed the land and must be taken into account. Nothing short of a war of extermination, such as was waged in the days of Joshua, could make Palestine a "national home" for the Jews. I saw no "signs of the times" pointing in this direction, for ever since they were first scattered to the four winds, the Jews have been trying to get back to Palestine. But, of course, if that is God's plan for Israel, as some believe, he can bring it about, whether we can see any signs of it or not.

## BOUND FOR EUROPE

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The train left Jerusalem about eight o'clock in the morning and we reached the Suez Canal just as the sun was going down. The crossing place has an Arabian name, Kantara, and means the "bridge." From time immemorial this has been the passage from Egypt to Palestine.

On the way to Alexandria it was necessary to change cars at Zagazig. In the waiting room a man sat opposite me, and without any sort of introduction we began talking to each other. From there on to Alexandria we rode across Egypt together. His name was John D. Crose, once a missionary in Japan, but, broken down in health, he had to return to the United States. Afterwards he was sent to Beirut, Syria, where he is now laboring and making "a scriptural plea" for "Christian unity and co-operation." He gave me a tract and in turn I gave him two or three. He knew several people in Tokyo whom I also knew. Said he was having a vigorous fight in the university of Beirut against that form of unbelief known as Modernism.

### POMPEY'S PILLAR

It was 5:30 on the morning of September 12 when I reached Alexandria. As the ship was not due to sail for Naples, Italy, until three in the afternoon, I had most of the day in this famous old city. I went to see the memorial pillar of Pompey. It is 88 feet high, including the foundation, which is about 15 feet. On this stands a round pillar of red granite, crowned with



a capital which, from the ground, looks to be Egyptian style. Though called "Pompey's Pillar," it was not really erected till A.D. 296. This immense solid shaft, some six feet through and 73 feet long, was brought from up the Nile about seven hundred miles. I asked the guide how they ever managed to set it up and he said, "They were big men."

While waiting in front of a hotel with chairs out on the street I noticed a large earthen jar at the corner of the street with a lid on it and an old tin cup on the lid. It was partly buried in the ground. People came and drank from it. It was open to all kinds of people, as well as the dust of the street. An officer in uniform took his turn. The water that was left in the cup was drunk by the next comer. I paid a quarantine tax against the plague in Egypt, but the tax seems to be all there was to it.

#### THE CATACOMBS

In Alexandria, as in Rome, there are underground graveyards. These are commonly called "catacombs." One goes down a winding stair that encircles a large, deep well. The steps slant slightly towards the center, on the same principle that a railroad slants on a curve. I found it helpful in keeping balance. In the soft limestone rock, tunnels run out in several directions, leading to burial chambers. One chamber had six tombs cut in the wall all round. In one passage was a box filled with a collection of horse bones. Around the outside of another section was a trench filled with water. Electricity has been put in so as to light up these underground chambers. The rock ceiling of one chamber had fallen in.

## THE ALEXANDRIAN MUSEUM

We take a bus and go across the city to the museum, in which there is much Greek and Roman statuary. Many of the embalmed dead are also on exhibit. It is a gruesome sight, so we will pass on to something else. Many fragments of Greek and Latin writings on papyrus are on exhibit. Our English word, paper, comes from the word papyrus. This was a plant with a thick, meaty stem from which the pulp for the paper was made. It is still found in some parts of Syria, but has completely disappeared from Egypt. Why? Because of her sins, Isaiah says, "Egypt shall be diminished and dried up; the reeds and flags shall wither away." (Isa. 19: 6.) It is said to have grown from six to ten feet high, but the plant I saw in a neighbor's yard in Jerusalem was only about four feet. The top of the stems were beautifully fronded with a feathery crown. We came to the broken-off foot of an immense statue several times life size, and the guide said, "See, I told you they were big men that put up that pillar." I had no reply. The statue of Marcus Aurelius wears a very happy expression on its face which would be hard to forget. Judging from their statuary, the Greeks and Romans far surpassed all other ancient nations in beauty of form and in noble expression.

## FROM ALEXANDRIA TO NAPLES

Having had three days of strenuous traveling and one night without sleep, I went aboard several hours before time for sailing and went to bed. The American Express in Jerusalem wrote the Sitmar Company in Alexandria for passage on the Ansonia, and the answer came back saying that it could be had. Later they wrote, asking if I was taking the berth; if not, another

wanted it. But from Egypt to Italy I had a large room and four beds all to myself and not half of the seats in the dining hall were filled. From this I concluded that the company was more desirous of passengers than passengers were for rooms.

September 13, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we sailed into the bay of Syracuse, where Paul's ship, "The Twin Brothers," anchored on its way from Melita to Puteoli. We also passed through the strait between Sicily and Italy, the Scylla and Charybdis of mythology, with Mount Etna on the left. A little further on, to the right and on the Italian side, we pass Rhegium, another port where Paul's ship called. The old port Puteoli, Paul's final landing place, is a little further on from Naples.

"Will you just carry this package of cigarettes for me till we get through the customs?" said the American Express man when we landed at Naples, and he handed me a package done up in a newspaper. I immediately handed it back to him, saying, "They are not mine." "All right, let me have them." I could not understand Italian and so didn't know what he was saying to the officer, but there is a language of looks, signs, and expressions of the face, and from these I felt sure he was passing his cigarettes as mine, but my tongue was tied and I was helpless. In securing a ticket from Naples to London I went to Thos. Cook & Son to get it instead of the American Express Company. How is it with you, my brother? Is the church disgraced by the little crooked tricks you are practicing? And then, again, don't you see another feature of the cigarette evil, how that it so blunts the conscience against the sin itself that it leads on to other sins?

# IN ITALY

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## NAPLES

It was the Lord's day and I asked the matron of the house about churches. She said the finest one was a Catholic church and directed me how to get to it. But I told her I was not seeking for some fine building but a place where Christians worshiped. All the churches were still on a vacation, she said, and unless there was a meeting at the seaman's mission she did not know of any. Twenty centuries ago, when Paul was here, he "found brethren," and there may have been some here now, but I failed to find any.

Naples is the largest city in all Italy and claims a population of about one million. The traffic and trams all keep to the right, as in America, but the trains across country keep to the left. The ruined city of Pompeii is only a short run from Naples. One may visit these ruins in the forenoon, go up Vesuvius in the afternoon and return to Naples the same day. In the year 64 A.D., only about 30 years after the crucifixion, the Emperor Nero came to Naples to be one of the players in a theatrical performance. During the play he asked for a short rest, and while resting a violent earthquake caused part of the building to collapse. The play was stopped and everyone fled for safety. In the year before, February 5th, there had been a more severe one in Italy, doing much damage and causing the death of many. According to Seneca, "a flock of six hundred sheep perished and many of the inhabitants were wandering, out of their mind, while others were completely stupefied by fright."

Pompeii was rebuilt and the people went on in their sins. On the 24th of August, 79 A.D., Vesuvius, without warning, violently erupted and buried the city in ashes. The air was so filled with ashes, gas, and smoke that the people could not see their way. Twenty thousand perished. Some tried to protect themselves with garments.

#### POMPEII AND VESUVIUS

The eruption of Vesuvius lasted three days. "When the eruption began a thick column of smoke appeared upon the top of the mountain, spreading into a cloud shaped like a pine tree. A little later the pumice stones and ashes composing the column began to fall upon the unfortunate city, wrapping it in such dense darkness such as could never have been experienced otherwise; so that it seemed all were imprisoned in a place where no light could enter."

Men and beasts were thus buried alive. Their bodies decayed and left a mold of the body in the ashes. A Mr. Fiorelli conceived the idea of pouring liquid plaster of Paris into these cavities which, when hardened, left the image of the victim. A chained dog dies with his head under him and his feet up in the air. A woman lies at full length, face down. Next comes "a man with his right arm extended, and the left by his side, and on his breast the folds of the coat he wore."

About three-fifths of the town has been uncovered and now the roofless houses may be entered. The plaster in many places is in a fair state of preservation, and also the paintings on the walls. Nudity was as common then as now, and the artist and sculptor were as fond of making paintings and statuary of lust as they are at the present time. I noted also two amphi-

theatres—playhouses—one much larger than the other. The larger one would accommodate several thousand people. Temples to Jupiter and other Roman deities were much in evidence. Gardens and bath houses and the various places of pleasure indicate the tendency of those times of two thousand years ago. They were lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God.

I finished the ruins of Pompeii by noon, then sat down with some laborers under some trees near the entrance and ate a lunch which I had brought along. They had a bucket of water also and offered me a drink, which I accepted.

Returning part of the way back to Naples I took a bus for the top of Vesuvius. Up on the mountainside the road became too steep for the bus and we changed to horses. We rode for an hour zig-zag uphill, which was very trying on the legs and equally so, no doubt, to the legs of the horses. The guide didn't seem to think that horses ever got tired, but I insisted that we let them stop every little bit. Finally we came to where the horses could not go and had to proceed the rest of the way on foot. The guide scratched up a stick out of the sand and offered it to me, but I did not think it helpful and let him use it himself.

Vesuvius erupted in June of this year (1929) and overflowed down to some houses at its base. The inhabitants had time to get all their belongings out and even to take the windows and doors down. This fresh lava still leaves a black streak down the mountainside. There is a crater about one mile across that is still hot in places, with cracks, down in which the red-hot lava can be seen. Inside the bigger crater is a smaller one, which still emits a great volume of smoke and, by look-

ing over the brink, the fire can be seen. The walk across from the outer rim to this inner cone is over very rugged, sharp lava recently cooled from the June eruption, and one must carefully pick his way. It is dreadful on shoes.

When buying a ticket for this trip I asked carefully if it included all expenses, and was assured and reassured that it did, but when we reached the outer rim of the great crater the guide stopped and said if I descended and approached the smaller one I would have to pay 75 cents more. I confess that I was thoroughly indignant. I paid it in meekness and disgust, but two other young Americans defied the fraud and declined to pay. All around in the valley encircling the mountain could be seen several towns, and the white houses in a setting of green fields and vineyards made a very pleasing view. Even the ruins of Pompeii could be seen. Nearby is a new town of the same name.

Descending, we take the train again for Naples, through fruit orchards and vineyards. They do not begin grape gathering until September 19, in celebration of some saint, and, as it was only a day or two before the time, we saw the vineyards at their best. In this part of Italy they hang the vines from stake to stake or tree to tree, which are 10 and 20 feet apart. The ripe purple grapes hanging in long, graceful clusters, remind one of the drapery in a show window, only far more beautiful. Thus far I have seen nothing on this trip which made a more fascinating picture.

#### BOUND FOR ROME

On leaving Naples the train, as usual, pulled out the wrong way. It is so easy in a strange land to get

turned completely around—then comes a heroic effort of the mind to get readjusted to the situation. Soon we are out in the country and are speeding along between the little farms and country homes. Beautiful flowers are also abundant in Italy. The Palestine oak also grows here; or it may be just as proper to call it the Italian oak, but at any rate it is the same as that of Palestine and has a much better chance to grow up and be a manly tree. Also I noticed what I judged to be olive groves. Coming out of the desert of Africa, Egypt, and Palestine, I was impressed very much by the beautiful verdure of Italy. Farming is neatly done, but the farmer uses oxen for the most part. In one section I saw many straw huts, but as there was only one place in Italy where I saw them, I decided there must be some special reason for it. Maybe this section was not suitable to live in and the farmers only camped there during the crop season. The country houses are inartistic and look like big plain boxes, with the roofs hardly big enough to cover the walls.

From Naples to Rome one passes through three very long tunnels. I reached Rome about five in the afternoon, September 17. The run is only about five hours. The inn recommended to me was full, as many pilgrims had come to visit the Pope on his fiftieth anniversary as priest. The matron, however, directed me to another house, which proved to be a very good one. A widow and her daughter, who were Hollanders, kept it.

#### THE TIBER

Next morning before breakfast I took a walk in search of the Tiber. I asked a woman on the way for *Tebere Fiume* and she pointed on ahead of me. It is



not a large stream and has a fame far beyond its size. In the city it is walled on either side and reminds one of a canal. A beautiful drive is on either side and, on one side, it is well set in sycamore trees, pleasing to behold. Little lawns and seats invite those who have the time, to sit and enjoy the cool, fresh air of the morning. Above the housetops, in the distance, one sees, high, exalted, the statue of a woman holding the reins of four horses dashing along, while she stands in the chariot behind.

### ROME

The morning after my arrival in Rome I started out to see what I could see. Like other old cities, Rome is not laid out in order, but its streets lie in all directions. My first objective was the great cathedral called "St. Peter's." It may have been a sin even to go and see it. If one should lie flat on the ground, face down, and let his arms bend over his head until they come within a foot of each other, his body would represent the building and his arms the colonnades that encircle the vast space in front. The columns are about five feet in diameter and four rows deep. A roof connects them, on top of which are many statues of "saints." Two fountains send up streams some forty feet, which fall in spray. The morning sun was at such an angle that in the spray of one fountain was a beautiful rainbow. Throngs of people, mostly headed towards the entrance, were in this great court. But, unless your conscience smites you, let us enter. For those who have a taste for them there are beautiful paintings overhead. All sorts of statuary are on every hand. Bible scenes are depicted. I noticed many booths (confessionals), but only saw one old man mak-

ing confession to the priest inside. This would indicate that comparatively few felt that they were sinners.

In one part of the building I heard singing and turned to see. A company of pilgrims, maybe two hundred in number, had assembled and were singing responsively, to the tune of "Oh, Happy Day, When Jesus Washed My Sins Away." There was no instrument going, the singing was good, and in that great building, with its high ceiling, the effect was very pleasing.

This great cathedral was begun in 1506, and the main building alone cost \$50,000,000. Part of the money was obtained by putting a premium on sin; that is, by the sale of "indulgences." Also, it is said that many of the pagan temples were destroyed to get material for "St. Peter's."

One part of the building was being repaired and a man was grinding down the marble floor with a machine.

I did not go there for worship and, judging from appearances, but few others did. We went to see. This may have been wrong. I am beginning to feel like maybe it was. If such an edifice has a right to exist at all, it should be a house of prayer, but, instead, it is more of a curiosity shop, a sort of religious museum for the curious to come and gaze upon, to wonder at, and to be told much that is worse than fable. How can the world have respect for Christ when he is thus misrepresented?

The oldest part of Rome is the Palatine Hill. The ancient emperors lived on this hill. Some of the ruins have been excavated. From this hill one descends into a small valley. It was fitted up and became the Forum. Fountains and statuary adorned it. A great temple

stood at one end. Constantine had his court of justice facing it. At the other end of the valley, passing the arch of Titus, is the Flavian Amphitheatre, more commonly known as the Coliseum.

The arch of Titus was erected as a memorial of his victory over the Jews when he captured Jerusalem in the year 70 A.D. On the one side he is represented as returning in triumph, and on the other the captive Jews bearing the golden candlestick. The Coliseum was an immense building in the form of an ellipse, being 620 feet one way and 525 the other, and 157 feet high, a great circular wall with seats inside. The arena was on the ground floor, while the seats for the spectators rose, one behind the other, on all sides. It would accommodate 80,000 people. It is said that Titus had 12,000 captive Jews engaged in building it. When finished, he "dedicated" it with great splendor. But his cup of iniquity was full at the early age of 39. "Looking wistfully at the heavens, he exclaimed that he did not deserve to die."

Beneath the arena are still to be seen the dens for the lions which were let out to devour those whom Rome wished to destroy, or to engage in combat. Here also men engaged in deadly conflict. Even women without modesty took part in the same. So great became the rage that a regulation was passed that not more than sixty couples should enter the arena at one time. It was big enough to hold five thousand animals in its circuit.

Ignatius, a disciple of the Apostle John and companion of Polycarp, was the first Christian to suffer in this place. He was brought from Antioch and, when led into the arena, he knelt down and exclaimed, "Rom-

ans who are present, know that I have not been brought into this place for any crime, but in order by this means I may merit the fruition of the glory of God, for love of whom I have been made prisoner. I am as the grain of the field, and must be ground by the teeth of lions that I may become bread fit for his table." The lions were then let loose and they devoured him, all but some of the larger bones, which Christians came and gathered during the night. Soon after a hundred and fifteen Christians were shot down here with arrows. Under Hadrian, A.D. 118, Placidus and his wife, Theophista, and two sons were exposed to the lions, which refused to touch them. They were then put into a brazen bull and roasted to death.

Picture, if you can, what this place of horror must have been in those days of inexpressible cruelty. The roaring of wild beasts and the cries of anguish and pain, and the shouts that went up from a sea of heartless spectators on all sides, bent only on demoniacal pleasure. But as I climbed up on some of the old steps, crumbling into dust, and noted that grass and small trees are now growing out of the blood of the sufferers, I felt the awful silence that reigns there, which is more solemn and more eloquent than any written history.

Constantine also built an arch quite similar to that of Titus, and not so far away. It faces, however, at right angles and toward the Appian Way. From here I started on a walk along this old historic road. It is walled in, for the most part, on either side. When Paul entered Rome as a prisoner he must have walked along this same road. I went through the catacombs of "St. Sabastian," which are on this road. As usual,

the priest told a lot of tales too silly to repeat. The ceilings of some of the underground burial chambers are still fresh looking. Such things have a great influence on the credulous and superstitious and lead them all the further away from Christ.

Modern Rome still labors under the delusion that greatness consists of great buildings, so there is now in process of erection a great memorial to Victor Emanuel II. On the foundation of his statue is inscribed, "Vittorio Emanuele II Padre Della Patria." The building is reached by many steps and consists of a long half-circular colonnade, on the top of which is the chariot of four horses and the woman driver, previously mentioned.

The Methodists from America have two churches in Rome, one for those who know English, and one in Italian. Also the Presbyterians, Baptists and some others are working here. But I was unable to find any answering to those whom Paul addressed in his letter to the Romans. But the conditions today for the gospel in, not only Rome, but all Italy, are better by far than when Paul was here.

Why should there not be many missionaries in Italy of the New Testament order?

The parks, the avenues of sycamore, oak and maple were delightful.

South of Rome I saw two oxen to the plow, one behind the other; north of the city they put them side by side under the yoke. In some places tractors are used. Grain and hay seem to be the main crops.

I left Rome for London, September 19, passed through Genoa, from whence Columbus sailed in 1492 in search of a new route to India and unexpectedly dis-

covered a new world. I passed the frontier between Italy and France in the night and reached Paris the next day. The French are neater in their farming than the Italians and show more taste in house building. The whole country looks like a park. Like so many white ribbons, fringed on either side by evenly-set trees, the roads in France stretch across the country as straight as an arrow.

# IN ENGLAND

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## LONDON

Crossing the British Channel from Bologne to Dover, I reached Victoria Station about midnight. I had been on the sea so often that I had not counted on being sick, but before we got across I found I was mistaken, not yet being proof against the Channel; neither was a certain young lady, for she made for the rail of the stairway, and as she did so lost all the contents of her stomach in a streak across the floor. So soon as she could compose herself a little she turned and apologized, "O, I am so sorry." I tried to console her by saying we all knew what it meant. If she had said, "O, I am so sick," it might have been more in point.

In the middle of the night, with two heavy grips, I started in search of a hotel. A man in red uniform was standing talking to a young woman. I asked him to direct me, but she seemed to know more about the locality than he, and said I would find several places just along there. I had been two days and two nights on the train and had been upset by crossing the Channel, and my strength failed. My left hand refused to grip any longer and let the heavier bag drop to the ground. I tried again and reached the only house in which there was still a light. A short woman answered the bell and stood holding the door half open. I asked for a room and breakfast. She told me the price and, taking the lighter grip, led the way. I followed her to the fourth floor. She asked when I wanted breakfast and, without a kindly word, went out. Having

had but one real meal for two days, I felt completely overcome and fell across the bed.

Next morning the girl brought the breakfast on time, but I was still in bed. I told her I did not drink tea, and she replied, snappishly, "That's all I have." When I requested some hot water she blurted out again, "Why didn't you say that at first?" I apologized and she brought the hot water. I determined to see what effect kindness would have on her. Breakfast over, I asked if she had a telephone directory. We looked for R. Wilson Black, but did not find him. But in looking we were getting both our heads and hearts closer together, and that was worth something. Failing to find Mr. Black, I asked her if she knew where the American Consulate was. "No, I don't know," she said. I looked at her kindly and, with a smile, said, "You ought to know." "I know I ought," she replied, "but I am working here in the house and do not know about such things." Her manner was quite changed now and a little later, when I requested her to call me a taxi, she replied with alacrity, "Yes, I can do that," and off she went at once. She insisted on carrying both of my grips to the taxi and, as she went by the woman wiping the steps, with a playful toss of the head, she said, "Good-bye," just as though she were going along with me. And who knows but that somewhere away down in a secret place of her lonely heart she really felt she would like to go away and be with some one who would at least sometimes speak a kindly word with a smile.

A touch of true courtesy in all our affairs  
Would give us less wrinkles and fewer gray hairs.



September 22 was the Lord's day and I went to the church meeting at Twynholm House. There was a social meeting in the afternoon also and I was honored with a seat next to Brother Wilson Black. He wanted to know if I would be considered an "anti" in America. Said he had been told that the "anti's" did not believe in organized effort. I explained that they did not believe in organized effort outside the churches, but that every church should be so organized as to be a missionary society in itself. "You are dead against the organ, I suppose," he continued. And I replied that I was against its use in the worship. Again he said, "Perhaps we at Twynholm would be more with the anti's than with the others." I told him I saw nothing in their worship to object to except the use of the instrument. At night they had a street meeting and I was asked to speak.

The London zoo is one of the best I have ever seen. Brother Elwes, of the Twynholm Church, spent a day at his own charges to show me around. The chimpanzee monkey has hands approaching the form of the human hand more nearly than any other animal, but it walks on all fours, and instead of spreading the hand, crumples it and walks on the knuckles. As to mentality, it does not seem to surpass the dog or the horse. There is another species of monkey here that keeps up a constant yelping or calling resembling children in the woods calling to one another. The mountain goats lay far up on an artificial hill, looking quite independent and unconcerned. A man was in the bird house taking moving pictures, and the bright-plumaged birds were much disturbed, as though they objected to being shown off on the screen.

It was Wednesday night and I wanted to go to the Hope Chapel prayer meeting. Miss Elizabeth Sara, boarding with the Hobbs family, kindly consented to accompany me. She had taught in that part of the city and knew the way. Being a Catholic, it was not her custom to go to other meetings, but for the sake of the stranger she broke her custom. I was pleased to note that she seemed to enjoy the meeting. The next day she also put her time at my disposal to show me something more of London.

Westminster is the name of a locality. In this locality is a building called the Abbey. Westminster Abbey, like so many of its kind, is more for the curiosity seeker than for the worshiper. It seems to be about full of statuary of noted people. I noticed those of Gladstone and Longfellow. The body of David Livingstone is also buried beneath the stone floor. But the building and the place were a disappointment. It is old and dingy and the atmosphere is full of dust and smoke, while the surroundings are noisy. I spoke of this to a friend and he said that was what he liked about it; so the old Romans were right in saying, *De gustabus non est disputandum*—no disputing about taste.

The British Museum was more interesting. In looking at some of the broken columns from the temple of Diana I could almost hear the mad cry of the mob, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." As has happened to this great abomination at Ephesus, let us look forward to the glorious day when the onward march of truth will break down every idol and cast out every foe. Some of the ancient manuscripts on exhibit showed a neatness truly marvelous, approaching that of printing. We have lost the art of writing.

While in London I had a birthday. Mrs. Hobbs, the queen of the home where I was lodging, came to my room with refreshments and wished me many happy returns. At the breakfast table Miss Joyce, the eldest daughter, pinned a rose from their garden on my coat, and all the family joined in congratulations. This family, the parents and two girls and a boy, Joyce, Olive and Charles, is one of the happiest it has ever been my pleasure to be in. Their manner all round was as courteous and respectful as if all were guests; that is, they treated each other as politely as they treated me. When the time came to leave I wanted to linger longer. The children all kissed me good-bye, Miss Sara wished me safety, Mrs. Hobbs patted me on the shoulder, and Mr. Hobbs saw me off at the station.

At that time Miss Sara was making a change in schools and was waiting. When I told her good-bye I held on to her hand and repeated the words, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he will direct thy paths." They touched her soul and the tears rose up in her eyes.

#### BIRMINGHAM

In Birmingham I was the guest of Brother J. J. Bryden, an aged disciple of eighty-two summers. He and Sister Bryden are a happy pair and know how to make others happy. In his garden was a weeping ash, the first I had ever seen. By the walk also was an apple tree full of luscious fruit. This year was the first time it had ever borne. "Do you see that scar down its trunk?" he said. "Some one told me it was hide bound and I split it down like that, and you see

the result." Then I remembered that in my boyhood days back on the old farm the cows from lack of food and from the cold would become hide bound, and when the warm spring days came on and the grass came again their backs would have to be pinched up to loosen the hide so they could fatten. In spiritual matters also there is danger of the same impediment to growth and fruitfulness.

The brethren held a conference while I was in Birmingham to confer about the evils of evolution, which some of them believe to be creeping into the churches through the Overdale College, the only Bible college they have. One morning I called at the college to see Brothers Jenkins and Brown, both of whom I had met in India. While home on a visit they are studying for a year, hoping to be the better prepared for their work when they return to India. I met Brother Jenkins, however, in Siam and not India. There are several churches in Birmingham. I met with the one on Charles Henry Street, the oldest of the two. There are two hundred churches in Great Britain and 16,000 members.

#### STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The town of Stratford is on a small stream called Avon, which is connected up to Stratford-on-Avon. This is the birthplace of Shakespeare. It is not far from Birmingham. With frequent repairs the house is said to be the same, and the room in which Shakespeare was born is of the same material, having never been repaired. I was interested in looking at the letters written and signed by himself. But the old fireplace, with its pot-rack hanging down the big throat of the old chimney, and on which was hanging the family pot,

and the dog-irons with the wood laid on, were all of unusual interest. The jambs were some eight feet apart and seats made in them so grandmother and the children could sit snugly up in the corner on cold mornings while mother prepared breakfast.

Avon is only a small, sluggish stream and, like the Tiber, has a fame far beyond its size. The greatest genius of his age, or maybe of any other, wrote on a very plain desk, which suggests that real talent does not depend on elegant office equipment. Shakespeare died at the early age of fifty-two.

On the way from Birmingham to Edinburgh I saw a man plowing, and around him a great flock of sea gulls. Later I was told that they were in search of worms. It is a recent thing for these birds to forsake the water for the land, but they are becoming so numerous that they are forced to it. Someone suggested that in time they would lose the web in their feet and become like a chicken; but the duck and the goose have been on land for ages and have not lost the web in their feet. Some say they are becoming a pest and are spreading disease.

At dusk, October the 4th, the Jews began a two days' holiday in memory of Creation, which, according to their chronology, was 5,690 years ago.

# IN SCOTLAND

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## EDINBURGH

The land of Robert Burns, of Sir Walter Scott, of his kinsman, Walter Scott, and co-laborer with Alexander Campbell, and of David Livingstone.

The night I reached Edinburgh was the last of three great meetings by the Presbyterians in celebration of the union of the two factions, long separated on account of political differences. Two young men whom I had met in Palestine met me at the station and conducted me to the great tabernacle. President Coffin, of New York, was one of the speakers; the archbishop of Canterbury was another. The second son of the king, the Duke of York, and his consort were present. A megaphone made it possible for the vast throng to hear the speakers distinctly. It is a happy thing to see people getting together, but unless their union is a nearer approach to the truth it only strengthens people in error.

I went through the house in which John Knox lived and died and which is said to be the oldest house in Edinburgh. Here I saw a copy of the first English Bible printed in Scotland. Also some old instruments of torture, thumb screws, ear pinchers, etc. On the wall, in bold letters, was one of the characteristic sentences he uttered before the queen: "I am in the place where I am demanded by my conscience to speak the truth and, therefore, the truth I speak impugn it whoso list." I was also shown an old-time grease lamp with a coiled wick, with one end turned up where it was lighted. Sometimes they lighted both ends of the

wick, which gave rise to the saying of burning the candle at both ends. An iron knocker on the door struck the head of a "nail" with a dead thud; from this is the saying, "As dead as a doornail."

Edinburgh surrounds a castle, which in ancient time was the beginning of the city. This castle is one of the chief attractions of the sightseer. Here Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to James the VI of Scotland, and at the same time James I of England, being ruler of both countries. John Knox demanded that the child be baptized in the Protestant faith, but the queen, being a Catholic, did not consent. She let the child down from her window, by means of a basket attached to a rope, a hundred and sixty feet, and it was carried to the priest for baptism.

In the crown room is shown a golden crown be-decked with jewels rare, and of great price. But what is now the most attractive place on Castle Hill is the memorial hall lately erected in memory of Scotland's sons who fell in the great war. It stands on the very pinnacle of the rock and the natural rock crops out in the floor, on which is a shrine. On the walls all round are scenes standing out in relief of the various war activities and conflicts. People may view the crown room or anythnig else on the castle heights, but when they enter this hall they are expected to remove their hats. My young friend asked what I thought of it, expecting, as I suppose, that I would give my approbation, but I told him I thought it a needless expenditure, and the money had much better been spent on the living. I went on to say that so long as such places were built and held in sacred honor, war must necessarily continue. He was of a different mind, thinking that

thus to display the horrors of war would deter people from rushing into it. Then I dropped the subject, but thought of the old arena at Rome where people, from looking on, became frantic to rush in themselves and take part in the very horrors they beheld.

In St. Giles Cathedral there is a throne for royalty. There was an attempt made in the long ago to force the reading of the English Prayer Book on the church of Scotland. The first time it was tried Jenny Geddes threw a stool at the minister, saying, "Will you say the mass in my lug (ears)?"

"Be sure to see the floral clock when you get to Edinburgh," said some one. A bed of flowers in the midst of which is a mammoth clock, the hands and dial are all of flowers and, sure enough, the hands go round and round, and do it on time. The works are beneath the flower bed, which is not quite level but on an incline.

There is a good bus line to the Highlands of Scotland and the trip can be made in a day to the Trossacks and Loch Katrine. On either hand are grain fields of wheat and oats, mostly the latter. Though it was October, the harvest was barely over, and the grain was neatly stacked near the house. The harvesting is done by machinery and the stubble fields remind one of a smooth-clipped head. The fields are small and the fencing is of wire, boards, hedges and stone. The walls are laid in cement and the hedges are more neatly kept than in England. Some one suggested that the reason for this was that in England wages were so high the farmer couldn't afford to pay the price. The salvation of the soil in the British Isles is the grass. It keeps green all winter and is literally as thick as "the hair on a dog's back." The soils of both India



and Palestine have lost heavily for want of a carpet of green. We passed the castle where Scott wrote "Lady of the Lake." Our objective was Loch Katrine (Lake Katharine), but on the way we passed two or three others. The Lochs of Scotland have a fame for beauty far surpassing their merits. The rocks in the mountains around are black and this seems to have given a dark color to the water. The water may be clear enough, but the setting is dark.

I spent one Lord's day in Edinburgh and met with the saints. The elder asked me to speak ten minutes before the sermon by Brother Osborn. In my ten-minutes' talk I told something of the way we were working in Japan, and when the meeting was over I was introduced to a sister, the secretary of their mission committee. She said, "Yes, and in a way you do not approve," "I approve of the *work* you are doing," I said. She afterwards invited me to tea and had many questions to ask. She was formerly a Baptist.

Many, I am persuaded, are working through committees and boards because they have not thought of the church as being sufficient for missionary activities. To such the church is only a place to meet, or rather a meeting of the church to worship on the first day of the week. Any idea about the church, the local body, that does not meet the need of carrying the gospel to others is a wrong conception. Whatever church is not meeting the need should get together and become sufficiently organized as a church to meet that need. This, and this only, is loyalty to our Head.

#### GLASGOW

It is only an hour's run from Edinburgh to Glasgow. I hunted up the office of Brother Scouler, whom I had

met at the conference in Birmingham, but found him out. The next day I called again and found him in. On Wednesday night he had me to dinner and we went to prayer meeting together. There were not more than a dozen present, but the spirit of the meeting was a delight. They gave me most of the time. They have a keen interest in the work in other lands, and when they learned that I had visited some of their missionaries in Siam and India they were all the more interested.

Brother Scouler had me to lunch with him again on Thursday and then took me to the art gallery. It contains a superior collection of paintings, both ancient and modern, oil paintings and water colors, and also there is exhibited the art of several nationalities. One of the larger paintings especially attracted my attention. A great throng of all classes of society were surrounding a stand on which was a young woman in gay attire, with a long tube, blowing soap bubbles, while the disorderly crowd were trying to catch them. Down at the bottom was inscribed, "Vanity Fair."

A half an hour's run on the interurban north of Glasgow brings us to the village of Blantyre. It is here that David Livingstone was born, March 19, 1813. It was a tenement house, each tenant living in a single room. In one of these rooms, with a family of seven, Livingstone was born and grew up to manhood. He died on his knees in the heart of Africa. Susi, a native boy, with the assistance of another, took out his intestines and buried them under a tree, which is still pointed out, dried his body in the sun, rolled it up in the bark of a tree, swung it on a pole, and the two carried it to the east coast of Africa, from where it was

shipped to England. The distance they carried the body through hostile tribes was twelve hundred miles.

The brethren of Glasgow were giving a farewell meeting to Brother Jack Christie, soon to start for Daltonganj, India. It was on Saturday night, but they said I could take the night boat and get to Belfast Sunday morning in time to meet my engagement with the Belfast church. The five speakers on the program were listened to by a well-filled house. As there was already plenty of enthusiasm aroused, I decided on the commonplace subject of Good Health. I took the letters of the word, SAFE, for the outline of my speech, which stand for Sleep, Air, Food, Exercise. As a result of my talk, when the time came to give presents to our young brother, an aged disciple came forward and handed him a book on Health and Happiness. How did I know it was the result of my talk? He said so.

Brother and Sister Scouler saw me safe on the boat and, as it was already late, I went directly to bed, but as to getting any sleep, I might as well have saved myself the trouble. There was something, somewhere, but search as I might, I could not tell, yet it seemed to be right in the room, like a loose chain or something, that kept up a rattling, grating noise, as though it was trying to get hooked on to something but always slipped off. In addition to all this, I had been threatened with the flu, and had not slept much for two nights. What still added to my misery was the noise on the street the night before in Glasgow that seemed to keep going the night through. And now to be provoked by some harrowing noise on the ship was enough to make one feel pretty well worn into a frazzle.

Tradition says that my ancestry were of Scotch-Irish

stock. I searched diligently for my name, both in Scotland and Ireland, but, though there were many Mac's and McC's, I did not find McCaleb, nor Mac-Caleb among them. It may be that my ancestry were too obscure for their name to get to the cities, or so energetic that they all left the country. But more important than finding my name in Scotland or Ireland is the question, "Is my name written there, on the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, is my name written there?"

## FROM IRELAND TO CANADA

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Brother Melville, of Belfast, Ireland, who has a daughter, Miss Bessie, in India, and his son, William, met me at the boat and conducted me to their home. After a late breakfast we went to the meeting. Though quite unfit for the task, I complied with their request and tried to speak. This is the only church of Christ in all Ireland. They have a lively Sunday school, well conducted, which meets in two sections and at different hours. I was asked to speak to the second section of larger children. Brother Entwhistle spoke at night and I went to bed and made up for lost sleep.

Our brother has retired from business, but not from the Lord's business. He is as active in teaching the children as the grown people. Not only so, but wherever I went in England, Scotland and Ireland, I found men, well advanced in age, still enthusiastic in the Lord's service. Brother Bryden, of Birmingham, is the most active member of the congregation, even though he is now 82. This has been an inspiration to me.

The blackberries in England and Ireland begin to ripen in the latter part of August and continue till about November. One day we went blackberry hunting. They grow in and along the hedges and on the mountainsides. The forests have long since disappeared from the hills of Ireland and a thick sod of grass has taken their place. Herds of cattle and sheep graze on the mountainsides, and from where we stood a fine view was had of Belfast and the bay lying beyond.

On our way to the Giant Causeway we passed some

of the peat bogs, a peculiar formation of turf. When one speaks of "turf" it conveys the idea of a mere surface growth, but some of these turf beds are six feet deep in places and it is blocked out with a spade and, when ricked up along the road, suggests a pile of black brick. When dry, it is used for fuel. When the peat is removed, the soil can be drained and cultivated.

Lying on the extreme northwest coast of Ireland is one of the wonders of the world, known as the Giant's Causeway. Talmage wrote thus of it: "One of the strangest places on earth. The rocks are cut as if by mathematical calculation. A man is a fool who can look at these rocks and not realize that the world had a design and a Designer. Before you die you must see the Giant's Causeway. You go to look at a celebrated lake, but you have seen other lakes. You go to look at a high mountain, but you have seen other mountains. You go to see a great city, but you have seen other cities. But there is nothing in the world like the Giant's Causeway."

The columns of the black basalt rock are about thirty feet high. In some places there is a conglomerate, then another thirty feet of columns. The guide tells us there is only one of three sides and three of nine sides. They are mostly pentagonal and hexagonal, the former being most numerous. It is most interesting to note how a five-sided column can be made to fit in with its neighbors, which have the same number of sides and yet have no crevices; or the sixes and fives be mixed and yet no cracks between. Many have been broken off by the action of the sea, and it is strange to see that they always break either concave or convex. These columns are from one to two feet

through. I noticed in one place they had been bent, indicating that at one time they must have been so intensely hot as to be soft, like red-hot iron. Why the stone separated into five and six-sided columns is one of the many mysteries in nature which can only be explained by recognizing the Creator's hand.

Good-bye to the British Isles and her generous-hearted people. The big boat of twenty thousand tons was waiting several miles out in the bay. A smaller one transferred the passengers from the shore. Brother Melville wanted to see me safe aboard. The last I saw of him was his large form, with a full beard and wearing a cap, standing on the deck of the little boat far below us as they returned to shore. Our esteemed brother is one of the best-read men whom I had the pleasure of meeting in all Europe. The church in Belfast is also fortunate in having such a man with them as Brother Entwhistle, their evangelist. He knows the Bible and knows how to make it plain to the common people.

My friend at table was Scotch and showed it. Rather sturdy, with square shoulders on which he carried a well-proportioned head, which had lost most of the hair save a remnant around the edge turning into an iron gray. He also supported a stubby mustache, which was not long enough to conceal a mouth that showed determination. We had been assigned the same table from the time we left Ireland. And as we were the only ones at this table, we became rather intimate friends. The last evening we were on the ship there was a special dinner given in celebration of our safe voyage, and all the first-class passengers came out dressed for the dance, which was to follow immediately



1 Giant's Causeway near the sea. 2. Unbroken columns standing in the hill. 3. Showing the way these columns break in two.



after dinner. My Scottish friend is a Presbyterian minister located in one of the Canadian towns out west. We walked about over the ship that evening to see what we could see. From the department of the steerage passengers we returned to the balcony above the first-class dining saloon. The guests were seated at table, the gentlemen in evening dress and the ladies in bathing suits, or something very similar, with only straps across the shoulders, while the rest of the upper part of the body was bare.

Near the end of the voyage my friend remarked that it would be very different for him when he left the ship, that instead of such sumptuous fare, he would have to live out of tin cans and do his own cooking. That he had lost his wife and was living alone. I took this to mean that a suggestion about marriage would not be displeasing to him, so I began by saying I thought he ought to seek a good woman to come and share the home with him. He remarked that such a woman was hard to find. Then he went on to say that he had been over to the old country in search of such a one, had found a suitable girl, and had even gone so far as to "pop the question," but did not get a response. The mother thought he was too old and the daughter had not dreamed of such a thing, but had only looked on him as a father. But, I put in, if she did not flatly refuse, you should not lose hope. He said he was keeping up a correspondence. How he has come out I do not know but, at any rate, I hope that he has a brighter prospect than a lonely life living out of tin cans.

It took nine days from Belfast to Montreal. The first four days were rough, with head winds. Then we encountered fog in the neighborhood of icebergs. It

was in these waters of the North Atlantic, April 14, 1912, that the Titanic went down. The boast was made that she was unsinkable, and though they knew they were in the iceberg region, they sped heedlessly on, hoping to make a record—and they did. She crashed headlong into a floating mountain of ice and sank with some fifteen hundred passengers in two miles of water. It was the biggest ship afloat at that time, being of 46,328 tons and 852.5 feet long. There were, including the crew, 2,229 people aboard. Of the crew, 685, and of the passengers, 832, were drowned, a total of 1,517.

We entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence at Belle Isle. The St. Lawrence River has a hard struggle to be a river at all. It comes nearer being a succession of lakes, strung together. Many homes and farms are seen on her shores and it is interesting to note that instead of chimneys the houses have only the little flues of a stove sticking up above them, an evidence that the open fire in these cold regions is not sufficient for comfort.

In close quarters a big ship cannot make the sharp turns, but must be assisted by a smaller boat, usually called a "tug boat." One was used to get us up alongside the dock at Montreal, as also at several other ports along the route. At one of the African ports the tug put its nose against the big ship and pushed it around.

At Montreal I found a telegram from Miss Clara Kennedy, saying come to Portland, Maine. This changed my program and delayed my advance towards Kentucky for a week. I took the first train the next morning, crossed from Canada into the state of Maine. An inspector came through and was careful to ask if I had bought anything in Canada. Did I have any bag-

gage in the Pullman with me? I told him I had nothing but my clothes and the things I had in my pockets. He fumbled through them and then even turned up the mattress and searched under it. At first I wondered at this and supposed that in some way I looked like a suspicious character. But on reflection I understood that he was looking for bottles. Then I felt thankful that Uncle Sam was so alert to enforce the law. Later I was told that more of the stuff was smuggled into the United States on this line than at any other point.

The Canadians are a fine people, but that they do not respect the law of our country against liquor is not to their credit. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Premier of England, when visiting the United States, I am told, declined to drink on American soil out of respect to our temperance law. This was splendid. Would that our northern neighbor would follow his most commendable example.

## MY OWN NATIVE LAND

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"I've roamed over mountains, I've crossed over floods,  
I've traveled the wave-rolling sand;  
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,  
Yet it was not my own native land."

The ringing of the engine bell, the nickel in the slot, and the automatic step of the street car which lifted with the shutting of the door, being peculiar to America, all reminded me that I was now again in my own native land. Also, on the train the porter asked a pugilist, "How many fights have you had since I seen you last?" "Oh, I don't know, about twelve," he replied. Then I knew without doubt I was back in the United States.

The brethren in Portland, Maine, had arranged for two meetings, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Miss Kennedy and I sang a Japanese song. Thursday night we were taken out to Unity, Maine, where there was another good audience waiting for us. For a long time I had heard of Sister Hattie Knight and had read from her pen, and when I met her I was surprised to find her looking so girlish and young. For many years she was confined to her bed, but osteopathy had so greatly improved her spinal trouble that she was able to come out to the meeting. I spent the night with Brother and Sister Wing, two aged disciples, but their spirits are still young. On Friday morning before we left, Brother Wing made some cider, which was much enjoyed. But what I enjoyed most of all was his Bible reading and the comments following.

On the way to Unity we stopped at Augusta and,

in the capitol building, looked at the museum. Among the other things of interest was the reduced head of a Javaros Indian of Ecuador. When the person dies, an opening is made in the back of the head and the skull removed; then it is sewed up and then by means of hot stones the head is reduced little by little, still retaining the form, until it is not larger than a child's fist. Thus cured, it can be kept, like an Egyptian mummy. Upstairs was the flag room. Many of the flags of war-time days were here on exhibit, and a notice was given, "Visitors will maintain a respectful silence and gentlemen are requested to remove their hats." In Japan we call this idolatry, and admonish the native Christians not to do it. I respect the American flag and, if need be, would die rather than disrespect it, but why ask the people to worship it?

Portland is the home of Miss Clara Kennedy's people, and where she grew up. I was pleased to find that the brethren there who have known her from childhood speak well of her and, in addition to their regular fellowship, are giving her a letter of commendation to take back to Japan. Every missionary should have such a letter. It is doing things in order, and gives the missionary the proper backing. It also brings the churches out before the public as God's missionary societies.

The state of Maine and the other New England states as well, including also Nova Scotia, are badly in need of able evangelists who know the truth and know how to tell it. There are many disciples like sheep without a shepherd scattered throughout these regions. Also some of the churches, for lack of leadership, have ceased to meet. To the brethren who make

the plea that we have plenty of heathen at home I commend these fields.

The call to come on to Boston was urgent, and as I could not reach Detroit in time to break bread, I heeded the call to Boston. The brethren here are few in number, but rich in faith and good works. They meet in one of the halls of Harvard University. Cambridge is a town that has grown into Boston. Lexington, still further out, has grown into Cambridge. It was here the first battle of the Revolution in 1775 was fought. As the British were approaching, Captain Parker said to his men, "Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war let it begin here." A little park now marks the spot. Where the church stood there is a stone pulpit with an open Bible engraved on it. An old cannon and a statue of Parker on a rough stone foundation are also in the little park. Let us both work and pray for that golden age when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Isa. 2: 4.)

A young brother named McClung is here from Dallas, Texas, taking a medical course in Harvard, and to his credit, he is meeting with the church and taking an active part in the service.

Monday morning I started for Detroit, Michigan, by way of Albany, N. Y., and on reaching that city united the girdle of the earth, having been here on my second trip back home, twenty years ago. The churches in Detroit on short notice by Brother Claud Witty had a full house to greet me. It was a delight to meet so many old friends, as well as to make the acquaintance of new ones. The meeting was full of enthusiasm and was quite inspirational. Brother Witty showed me one of

the most curious of all the curiosities I had met with on my entire trip. It was a dollar bill, 1917 series, on which was printed, in the lower right-hand corner, a serpent, unobserved unless sought for, hissing at George Washington; in the upper left-hand corner the face of the Virgin; in some of the E's was the cross, and in the center of the bill the rosary cunningly obscured. The engraver at Washington, being a Catholic, so I was told, had secretly done this, and for which he was punished and the bills called in.

Do you think it would be a good thing, asked Brother Witty, to select a colored brother and send him to Africa?

This would be a good thing, if the right man can be found. I talked later with Brother Short about it and he thought it would be a good thing. He added, however, that a native from America could not go bare-headed and barefooted, like they do in Africa. This would not be necessary. When the man is found the colored churches in America should be asked to support him. This would be a mutual benefit.

After the meeting in Detroit I took the train the same night for Indianapolis, Indiana, and was met early next morning by my son, Harding. We spent the day with the Vincents, who were missionaries with us in Japan for five years. In the afternoon I boarded the train for Louisville, Kentucky, where most of my family are living, and was met at the station by my son-in-law and his two little girls.

"We turn our backs upon our homes  
To take a journey far,  
The call of duty leads us on  
To where rank strangers are.

"We gather round us other friends,  
Wherever we may go,  
And friendship's cord through passing years  
Somehow doth stronger grow.

"We mingle with the multitudes  
That live in distant parts,  
But yet the sweetness of our homes  
Keeps tugging at our hearts.

"The kindness shown to us by friends,  
Wherever we may roam,  
Grows richer in a welcome sweet  
When we arrive at home."

Including the parents, three children, three grandchildren, and two sons-in-law, not only during my last absence of nine years, but covering a period of nearly forty years, not one of the family has yet been taken; and for his keeping I bow in gratitude.

Here let us rest upon the trail  
Until again the seas we sail.



## THE GIST OF THE JOURNEY

---

“Well, how much did it cost you?”

The entire trip from Tokyo, Japan, to Louisville, Ky., covering a distance of 34,114 miles, and occupying the time from January 23 to November 6, cost me \$1,510.00. This was made possible by strict economy and the hospitality of friends along the way.

“Did the churches pay your way or did you bear your own expenses?” asked another friend.

I bore my own expenses; and now I know the next question you want to ask, and that is, “Where did you get the money?”

Neither is this any secret. For many years I had owned a cottage home far up in the mountains of Japan; this I sold and from the proceeds made the trip. If this is all, we'll now proceed.

In making even a long journey it is not necessary for one to burden himself with a great amount of baggage. Traveling now is not what it was a century ago. European and American goods and traveling supplies can be had the world around. If one chances to need something he may step across the street or go down town and get it, just as though he were back in his home town.

Neither is it so lonely traveling as some imagine. One will find some of his own countrymen in every land. And he will find many more of his own race and language. In Kimberley, South Africa, I went into the bank and the clerk was a young Englishman who had a brother in Kobé, Japan. In Bangkok, Siam, I spent a night with some friends who were from one

of the Southern states. In Shanghai, China, I became acquainted with a friend who has a brother in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and a mother near the city over eighty years old whom he requested me to go and see. In Jerusalem I met a Mrs. Warner from the Moody Church in Chicago. I journeyed in Palestine with a Mr. Fisk from Los Angeles, Calif. In Edinburgh, Scotland, I was entertained in the home of a young man, Mark Kerr, whom I met in the Holy Land. As I was leaving the ship at Montreal, Canada, I shook hands and chatted a bit with John Struthers, a Scotchman who has lived for many years in Tokyo, Japan. A young man, Mr. A. Green, and I traveled several days together both by land and sea; he was from Colorado.

Thus to get out into the bigger world and mix with the people at large of every clime and country broadens one's ideas of the great human family, and helps the better to understand and to sympathize with the needs and conditions of his fellow men. Another thing of no little importance is that it helps one to get rid of some of his pride and egotism, and not to think more highly of himself and his country than he ought to think. He comes to see that there are those of other lands with equal rights and privileges along with himself.

When I left Japan there was some anxiety lest I should not be able, physically, to make the long journey. They thought it was an undertaking for a younger man. But the chances are that I stood it better than some would have done who consider themselves much younger than I. In Palestine the two young men with whom I journeyed wondered that I went all the gaits along with themselves. In going up Mt. Vesuvius the

guide seemed astonished that I did not accept his stick to climb with. After one of our meetings in Nashville, Tennessee, a sister came up and said, "You live in a land where they never grow old." This I hope to do some day, but it isn't the land where I have lived, for Japan is no better country in which to live than our own, some think it not even so good; rather than the land it is the manner of life which keeps one youthful and fit. How to keep well is of importance to all, but it is especially true in regard to the missionary. Even if the doctors could keep him well, in spite of his own indifference and neglect, the missionary is not in reach of the doctor. But we were not born to be sick; neither is it a virtue as some seem to think. The normal condition of the body is that of health. Jesus was never ill. No one should ever think of going to the foreign field who is not sound in body as well as in faith. Then he should make it a conscientious study and *practice* how to keep well. Had it not been that thirty years ago I began to follow the rules of good health, this long and arduous trip in all probability would not have been possible.

#### THE TASK

A great task lies before the churches which demands a tremendous outlay both of men and means. In the United States and her dependencies there are more than one hundred millions of people. But for every American there are at least sixteen people of other nationalities. That is, the entire population of the world is about one billion, six hundred millions. Most of this great throng know nothing of the story of Jesus and his love. China, India and Japan, all neighboring countries, have half the population of the world, or

about eight hundred millions. Perhaps not one in a hundred of this great multitude ever heard of Christ or saw a Bible. To meet the demands laid upon us, where *one* is now going there should be *hundreds*.

But how could they be supported? We give and give freely to the things we love. In 1926 our country spent \$497,500,000 for soft drinks when pure water would have served better. In the same year we spent \$1,541,961,000 for gasoline, most of which was consumed for pleasure. Again in 1926 we spent for candy \$1,000,000,000 to rot our teeth and ruin our stomachs. In 1927 we spent for tobacco \$2,031,000,000, not only to injure ourselves but to make us filthy and disgusting to other people. Look at these staggering figures and remember that all too many of the members of the churches of Christ had a share in bringing them up to what they are. We cannot expect the world to give up its sins; but surely the "saints" ought to do it. If the members of the church would only live up to their profession and devote their wasteful expenditures to the spread of the gospel the church treasuries would be full to bursting. We actually would be at a loss to know what to do with the money. And how much cleaner, sweeter and healthier they would be! Here, my brother, is a test of your love for God and lost humanity. If you really love God and the souls of men more than to gratify the harmful lusts of the flesh, you will face about, change the manner of your life and select a new channel for your giving. Neither am I asking one single thing of you but what I most cheerfully live up to myself.

## THE WORK AND THE WORKERS

The gospel may be proclaimed by all Christians voluntarily and at their own charges. It is not only the privilege of all to do this but their duty as well. When persecutions arose against the saints at Jerusalem the whole church was turned into missionaries who went everywhere preaching the Word. (Acts 8: 1-4) "And he that heareth let him say come." (Rev. 22: 17). There was no previous arrangement or consultation with those early Christians, but each, wherever they went, told his own message, a message of having found salvation. Paul as soon as converted began preaching (Acts 9: 20; Gal. 1: 15, 16).

A church, as in the case of the church at Antioch, may set apart workers for the foreign field. (Acts 13th and 14th chapters.) This is the orderly and proper way when the conditions will allow. Unless missionaries thus have the endorsement of the church or churches, they should not expect the churches to support them.

Any brother, as in the example of Titus (2 Cor. 8: 16-19) may volunteer to collect funds from different churches for the benefit of the poor saints, and if for the purpose of feeding the poor, why not for the more important purpose of feeding the soul? The collections on the first day of the week (1 Cor. 16: 1-4) were also for the poor, but it is generally admitted that such collections may also be used for the support of the ministry. But we are not left to inference, for a careful reading of 2 Cor. 8: 6-15 shows beyond a doubt that these general collections for the poor also resulted in the furtherance of the gospel. Moreover, "God hath ordained that those who preach the gospel should live

of the gospel" (1 Cor. 9: 14), and that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and further that we should not "muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" (1 Tim. 5: 18, 19).

A brother may be chosen by a community of churches to receive and forward funds as in the case of Titus and his co-workers as recorded in 1 Cor. 8: 16-19. The volunteers may cooperate with those appointed. This example is already being followed by several brethren much to the help of the missionary cause. But every church should have some one of its own number whose special work is to see after the missionary offering that it is not neglected and that it gets promptly to the missionary on the field.

One individual may support one or more missionaries, as in the case of Paul (Acts 20: 34).

If the support is meagre, or for other causes it is expedient, the missionary may engage in manual labor to supply the lack (Acts 18: 1-13; 20: 34). The missionary should be willing to suffer if need be; but no church should be willing for him to suffer. The soldiers who went overseas went willing to suffer and did suffer, but those who remained at home did all they could to prevent it.

Missionaries should make a clear and full report of all amounts received providing things honest in the sight of all men.

Women also have a part in making known the joyful message. They were the first to proclaim a risen Lord (Matt. 28: 1-19); they are to be teachers (Titus 2: 3); Phoebe was a servant of the church at Cenchreae (Rom. 16: 1, 2); she went to Rome doing church work.

During the great war it was a common thing to see in some of the places of meeting a "service flag" representing those who had gone overseas to fight for their country. On this "service flag" was a star for every son who had gone from that community. Why not have "service flags" perpetually hanging up in the churches to remind us of our missionaries overseas?

It is a shame that any church will let one of their number go out from their midst without being appointed to the work and without having the unanimous endorsement of the congregation. Not every one is suited to go to a foreign land; but when such are found the whole church should back them with their prayers, words of encouragement and their means.

"To give is to live;  
To deny is to die."

In every mission field which I visited the problems were much the same. Among others the problem of how to help in a way that would really help was one all were working at. Out and out help in cases of emergency is an absolute necessity; but this is not permanent; or at any rate if it becomes permanent it gets to be a hindrance and not a help. Industrial missions seem to be the best way out. Give the poor a *chance* rather than make them objects of *charity*. Give them an opportunity for a home instead of simply a hand-out. Honest occupations for necessary uses are among the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. It is vain to baptize people with ideas of dishonesty still in their hearts and dishonest practices still in their lives. They should first bring forth fruits worthy of repentance.

A church in a community is an organization for ser-

vice, service to the immediate community and service to those afar off. This service must include the temporal assistance of those in need of help. Any conception of the church which does not meet the need of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and visiting the sick is an inadequate conception. The church must not only assemble for worship, but scatter for work.

It is said that when John Wesley as a young man was preparing to come over to the wilds of North America to preach to the Indians, he went to his mother and asked her if she thought he ought to go, and she replied, "Yes, John, and if I had twenty sons I would give them all to this work." If our Methodist friends are wrong in some things, neither are we without error. It seems to me the chief defect in the churches of Christ is their lack of the missionary spirit. Why should parents so strenuously oppose their children's going to the foreign field? Is it not true that selfishness and a lack of love for the souls of others lies at the root of it? How can one please God and thus stand squarely opposed to the command to GO? Christ is the world's sole dependence for salvation and we are God's sole dependence for making him known to the world.



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