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Once Traveled
Roads

J. M. McCALEB





Miss Scott, Miss Hostetter, W. K. Azbill, Mrs. McCaleb, J. M. McCaleb (The first five to Japan)

ONCE TRAVELED ROADS

BY
J. M. McCALEB

For forty-two years a missionary in Japan, and
author of: From Idols to God; Social Life in
America; Memories of Early Days; Christ
the Light of the World; On the Trail
of the Missionaries.

“And these good tidings of the kingdom shall
be preached in the whole inhabited earth for
a testimony unto all the nations; and then
shall the end come.” (Matt. 24: 14.)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
GOSPEL ADVOCATE COMPANY
1934

THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN

“There are hours long departed which memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,
They may darken a while, but they never depart.”

Among the hills of Hickman County in Middle Tennessee, situated on an eminence of about thirty acres, in the junction of two small streams, there is a modest old farmhouse. The front, which faces the north, has of late years changed some in appearance by having the old piazza torn away and replaced by a veranda and a new room. Also the great old beech, oak, and walnut trees, and, more immediately around the dwelling, the paper mulberry trees casting their friendly shade, are all gone. The plow now turns the soil where, at the foot of the hill, came up the spring from beneath the root of a beech tree.

But though the general appearance is so changed from what it used to be, one who has known it of olden time can easily discover many marks of identity, showing it to be the same house of half a century ago. The windows, the chimney and the old staircase are still intact. When compared with those of more modern times, the windows are small and rather high from the floor. The fireplace of the old brick chimney is broad and the arch high, indicating that it was meant for a large family. Before the present veranda and front room were added the old piazza, which was about ten feet deep, ran the whole length of the front, a distance of twenty feet or more. The main family room, for there was no parlor, large and commodious, was the first room entered from the piazza, while next to

this, as one proceeds south, are two smaller rooms, a bedroom and a dining room. The stairs wind up in the right-hand corner by the fireplace, turning midway on a platform, and thus landing above at right angles to the bottom of the stairs. When a small boy I called it a *flat-form* instead of a platform till some one pointed out my mistake. I changed because older authority said I must; but, though still submissive to authority, I have never been convinced that platform is more appropriate than flatform. But to proceed, all is boxed up save two steps at the bottom that protrude from beneath the door. Among my very earliest recollections, I see my mother sitting on the first of these steps with a flushed face bathed in tears. Too little to know the cause, I ask her what she is crying about, and, taking me to her bosom, she says, "I am crying for your poor, dead father. We put him out yonder in the cold ground."

The upstairs was never finished, as the builder was cut off before his plans were completed, and the shingles, rafters, and other framing of the house are all exposed to view. Immediately beneath these shingles in that upstairs room, where there was usually one or two beds, was an ideal place to sleep on rainy nights when the patter of the rain was like a lullaby from above to soothe the nerves and check the wandering mind into slumber.

Still to the south of the "big house" was the kitchen about ten feet away from the other building and connected with it by means of a covered passage and a broad puncheon for a walk way. This "puncheon" was a great slab sawed from the side of a huge poplar log. The kitchen had a loft of loose planks laid across

on the joists of round, peeled poplar logs. In the loft were walnuts, dried apples and dried peaches, sausages done up in shucks or flat bags hung to the rafters, and other important stores. *Loft* and *heaven* have the same root idea of a high place where there is something good, and the loft was in those days next to heaven for a small boy.

To the east of the kitchen stood a log smokehouse, built of split logs notched down at the corners in the usual way. On the south side of the smokehouse was a shelter which served for carpenter's shop, gear house, sheep pen and a general retreat for boys, ducks, and chickens on rainy days.

Back of the dwelling the ground gradually rises to the top of a long hill which, owing to its elongated shape, is called a "ridge." The land right and left, as well as in front of the house, gradually slopes off to the two small streams, in the immediate junction of which stands the barn. Beyond the streams, hills rise up on all sides, save a broad valley to the east through which the creek flows to Duck River about a mile away. On still summer nights the bullfrogs may be heard all the way from the river to the front porch of the old home. Before reaching its destination, Buck Branch is now crossed near its mouth by one of the main roads of the county, connecting Centerville, the county seat, with Columbia, the county seat of Maury County. Farmhouses are nestled here and there among these once densely wooded hills, varying in distance from each other from a few hundred yards to several miles.

Supposing ourselves to be standing on the old piazza, back more than fifty years ago, and looking north, the neighbors within the radius of something like a mile,

as we turn around to the right, are as follows: Robin Cochran (pronounced Cawhorn), William Beasley, Robert Bates, Samuel Bates, B. B. Bates, Dick and Sy Ray, Nelson Bingham, T. Bingham, Rufus Coleman, Mary Anne Deaton (a widow), William Kelly, Myatt Mobley, Wallace Mobley, Johnny Leek, Jarret (Jared) Cotton, Young J. Harvill, John Bryant, and Prudens Pugh (a widow). These and a few tenant houses with transient occupants constituted the community half a century and more ago.

It was in the midst of these surroundings, so I was told, that, on Wednesday, September 25, 1861, I was born into this wonderful and beautiful world. Though there were no girls in our own home, in most of the families were both boys and girls with whom I grew up till I reached the age of twenty. I was the youngest of six boys, the oldest and the youngest both being named John. The first was named for his father; but when our father was killed I was not yet named, and our mother named me also for him whom I had never seen. When she would be asked why she had two of the boys by the same name, she would say she couldn't have too many named for as good a man as their father was. However, our middle names were different. Some said, as I had never seen my father, by blowing in a child's mouth I could cure the rash, but as I have never tried it—I cannot vouch for this statement.

Lying beyond on all sides were other similar communities with their passing, present, and coming generations and with whom there was more or less visiting back and forth so that each knew pretty much all that was going on in the other. The public interests that

kept these neighboring communities in touch with each other were such as the mill, political elections, the church, trade and matrimonial interests that often drew the young men and, more slyly, even the young women as well, off into other regions in search of their fate or fortune. Except vague reports of far-off happenings in the greater beyond, this constituted my world till I was bordering onto manhood.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

I never met any of my ancestry on my father's side further back than my uncle Alton McCaleb. But I had several great-uncles, and they were large men I was told, of sturdy stock. One of them had twenty-six children, twenty by his first wife and six by his second. I was acquainted with three of these children. Another had ten, and when the tenth was born he exclaimed, "All ten!" And this became the child's name which was afterwards modified into Alton, which name has remained in the family ever since. James McCaleb was my grandfather and was also the son of James McCaleb, who migrated from North Carolina. Grandfather McCaleb, according to the history of Hickman County, was a Primitive Baptist preacher, a slave owner and cotton planter on a large plantation on the north side of Duck River, near what is now the town of Little Lot. Near here he had a cotton gin.

My mother, Lucy Jane, was the daughter of John Pitts Beasley, whose ancestors were also from North Carolina, and who settled on Mill Creek in Hickman County. Some one has suggested that the name Pitts may denote descent from William Pitt, the famous statesman of England, but if so it is too remote and far-fetched for me to get much fame from it. But if I were to trace my genealogy back far enough I might find myself linked up with some famous king; or perchance some notorious outlaw. One of the outstanding traits of my mother was that she hated even what were called "white lies" and insisted that people should

say what they mean, and mean what they said. As to honesty she insisted that it was as bad to steal a pin as to steal a horse.

John Pitts Beasley was abrupt in his manner. For many years he was justice of the peace. As magistrate he sometimes married people. On one occasion he was called to perform a marriage ceremony and wore his "begum" (silk) hat. It was the custom in those days for people to carry their papers in the top of their hats. A lady met the esquire at the door and as he seemed a little slow to remove his hat she asked that she might do so for him, and as she did so out flew his papers over the floor. In his brusque manner he stormed out, "Tut, tut, spilt all o' my papers!"

Grandmother Beasley was noted for being a good nurse and for her agility. Even when an old woman she thought nothing of going barefooted and of wading the branch. In those days the women rode "side-saddles," and if a horse chanced to be led up to the block wrong side, she would not wait for him to be turned around, but would leap over the horse, lighting in the saddle with her feet on the other side.

John McCaleb, my father, was a prosperous farmer and a good provider for his family. He had the name of being "clever" (obliging), honest and truthful. At his death mother was left with six little boys, the oldest fifteen and the youngest six months old. After a four-year war Tennessee was left in ruins. Hard times followed. We had a yoke of oxen, a flock of sheep and some cows. Mother had a loom, a spinning wheel, winding blades and a pair of cards on which to card wool into rolls. These were spun into thread on the spinning wheel. In addition to her house

work, her spinning wheel and loom were kept busy making cloth to clothe her six boys. In addition to her other work she was also school-teacher. I do not remember when or how I learned my A B C's, but I was told afterwards that I learned them from the Bible. I would search out the big letters at the beginning of the chapters and asked my mother what they were.

Young J. Harvill married Aunt Lizzie, the only sister of my father. He owned the adjoining farm above us on Buck Branch. There was a log cabin on his place and this he fitted up and in it taught a private school. It had a puncheon floor, a floor made of logs, split and smoothed down with the axe, then edged so they would fit close together. Uncle Young would go home for dinner and while he was gone the children would have a great time. He had a large family of boys and girls, and among them was Billie, a boy nearly grown. One day while the teacher was away for dinner, Billie Harvill and Porter Moore found two old cats that were still lingering about the place. They brought them into the house surrounded by the rest of the children. Standing out in the floor, they held the two cats up together by their tails to see them make "the fur fly." In the midst of the glee and excitement, Uncle Young stepped in. Immediately the cats were dropped and the teacher, as a means of punishment, took the two boys by the ears. Porter resented the chastisement and said, "Look a-here, Cousin Young, what do you mean?"

I only remember this as it was told me, but I do remember once attending this school, the first school I ever did attend. I could not have been more than four years old. We have only students now, but we

had "scholars" in those days. All the scholars studied out loud. One boy, I remember, sat up in one corner, his back propped up against the wall and his feet up on the long puncheon seat with his trousers rolled up and his book resting on his knees. As all the children were talking out loud in studying their lessons, I thought I could too, and this made everybody laugh.

The oldest permanent schoolhouse ever erected in my section of Hickman County was as far back as 1820. It was built on government land out on the ridge south of the headwaters of Buck Branch and about two miles from where I was born. It got the name "Forty Thicket" and has kept this name ever since. This house stood till I was about forty years old. It was a little on the hillside, a small log house among the tall chestnut, oak, and hickory trees in the midst of great forests, green briars and tangled vines of wild grapes and muscadines. It was built of hewn poplar logs, had two small windows, one on either side, and a stove that sometimes filled the room with smoke. Our seats were long, split logs smoothed off with the broad-axe and pins driven in auger holes on the round side for legs. These seats went around three sides of the house, right side for boys, left side for girls. The back side, or end of the house, was for the writing desk. This writing desk was a broad plank, undressed, that rested on long pins driven in auger holes. This plank extended along the entire back end of the house and would accommodate five or six "scholars" at a time. It was found that the two small windows did not give enough light for the young scribes, so a log was sawn out of the back end just above the writing desk. When the weather was too cold, this log was put back and wedged

in at the ends to hold it in place. My first attempt at writing by a copy was on this novel writing desk, and my first public speech was in this schoolhouse.

When I was five years old, our mother married J. N. Puckett. He had been a member of the State Legislature under Governor Brownlow and had saved some money. He was a liberal man, and helped out the family in many ways. He was also what was known as a "botanical doctor"; was a member of the church and sometimes spoke in the public assembly, but always with great embarrassment. He had a grandson named John Matt. We were born within two weeks of each other, grew up as playmates, slept together, and went swimming in the same swimmin' hole. John Matt was bright and could learn without effort. His father, Matt Puckett, built and opened a saloon in the village of Shady Grove, and John Matt learned to love a "dram." So far as I can remember, I was never once seen in that saloon during its entire existence. Am happy to know that I lived to see it destroyed and a dry-goods store take its place, but not before it had destroyed John Matt. His parents dead, and he a young man that must strike out in the world for himself, he had several lucrative positions given him; but he failed to hold his job. At the age of forty, he was a wanderer without a home. He was one day walking the streets of St. Louis, Missouri, homeless and friendless, and fell dead and his corrupt body filled a drunkard's grave.

When twelve years old, my stepfather took me to Shady Grove and had my picture taken. Mr. Whitson was the traveling artist and took only tintypes in a tent. The occasion for having my picture "took" was that

I had on my first new suit. It was made of gray "jeans" woven by my mother, while the thread I had spun myself. In conversation with the artist, my stepfather pointed to me and said, "That boy can do anything." This had a tendency to inflate my vanity a bit.

Miss Miley Savage was the daughter of a widow who lived near the schoolhouse. She taught school at Forty Thicket. Though I was only six years old, mother decided to send me along with the older boys. I was furnished with a Webster's Blue-back Speller and a First Reader. The teacher sat right by the door with a long hickory switch sticking in a crack up over her head. When she called me up for my first examination it was with much fear and trembling. But I came off with flying colors. She first tried me on my A B C's. Not one of them did I miss, even though she skipped me about. Then she found I could spell, and even read. I had begun to read when I was only four years old. She smiled, praised me and assigned my lesson. As the weather grew cold, and I was small, mother let me stop before the school was out, on condition that I would keep up my studies at home. My home study, though, did not last very long. Free school in those days lasted only three or four months in the year, beginning the latter part of the summer and lasting sometimes till Christmas. Often during this short period, the larger "scholars" would have to drop out a while to help gather in the crops. One set of books was all that was needed, not only during the school days of one child, but also for the smaller brothers and sisters that came after him. If a teacher should suggest getting new books, there was sure to

be an objection on the part of the parents for the reason that the children had not learned all there was in the old ones yet. And this was usually true, for they would about forget all they had learned from one year to the next and would be turned back to go over the same things again. After a year or two I went to Miss Miley again, and much to my chagrin I had even forgotten the multiplication table, and had to be turned back. But I determined not to stay back very long, and my progress was rapid. I was soon far in advance of those with whom I had started in. My next teacher at Forty Thicket was Willie Harbison. (When home in 1930, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Harbison, who were living near Shady Grove.) And the next teacher I had before I was twenty was "Jim Allen." James Allen was well educated, and, if one wanted to learn, he could teach, but the student was left pretty much to his own choice. It was under Mr. Allen that I attempted, for the first time, to make a speech. It was a Friday afternoon, and other students were to speak also. My selection was the first lesson in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, about the boastful trees. I had it thoroughly committed, and when my name was called, in much trembling, I scrambled out over the puncheon seat in front of me, and, standing near the center of the floor, went through without a hitch or a bobble.

The teacher nodded smiling approval, and as I went back to my seat, Wallace Mobley said, "Say, you did splendidly." I was now sixteen or seventeen and this was my last school till I was in my twenty-first year.

When about eighteen years old I had a great desire to go to Mars Hill College, near Florence, Alabama,

conducted by T. B. Larimore. But in his bulletins he would say, "Positively do not ask credit," and as that was all I had to ask, my hope continued to be deferred and the heart sick till the school closed "indefinitely." Mother died when I was twenty; my brothers had all married; our stepfather went to live with his own children, and the old home was broken up. Being now free from parental duties, I determined to satisfy my long-cherished desire for an education. I was still lingering in the old home with my brother Berry. One morning Fanny fixed me up a lunch in a little tin bucket and again I was off to school at Forty Thicket. This time, and the last time I ever attended "free school," Andy Mobley was my teacher. Andy and I had been schoolboys together at Forty Thicket. He was a little younger than I, so was Snow, who as a barefooted child had attended the same school. She was now a young lady thinking of new dresses and beaux. Andy and I were thinking of sweethearts and, unfortunately for one of us, were thinking of the same one. Andy had had better advantages than I and knew more in books, which did not necessarily mean that he knew so very much, for as yet I knew very little about grammar, and as to history or the sciences, such things were almost a blank. Knowing that I must work my way in the main I set my program for ten years and kept to it, graduating at thirty. But it was no light undertaking for a boy now wearing stiff collars and a "shew-fly," sprucing out on Sundays and thinking of marriage, to bring himself to the point to settle down to study under a teacher who was not only younger than himself but at the same time trying to beat him out of his "best girl." To begin over again

and put himself back in the place of a child of ten or twelve years required courage. It was quite embarrassing to stand up in class with boys and girls that scarcely came up to one's elbows and be sniggered at. But it was not long till I had forged ahead and was at ease.

Snow and I were in love, both of us, and we both knew it. But there were two difficulties in the way of marriage. She was not a Christian and I have ever held to a very deep-seated conviction that a Christian should not be married to one who is not. Neither could I ask her, under the circumstances, to become a Christian lest it be for my sake rather than the Lord's. The other obstacle was that I was not yet ready for marriage, for then I must give up my program for an education. Needless to say it was not easy to give up Snow, for it was at a time when the love of youth is most insistent.

Snow invited me to her marriage. "Bob," an older brother of Andy, was there with a bottle of whiskey. Mr. Dye, the Methodist preacher, performed the ceremony. As we were returning home, "Bob" came galloping up behind us yelling like a wild Indian. Urging his horse in between us, he seized my bridle and thrust his bottle of whiskey at me saying, "Here, take it, you've got to drink." "Why, yes," I said, and taking the bottle I turned it up. Then he did the same to the Methodist preacher and he turned it up. Imagine the picture! What would you have done? The "infare" was to be at the home of the groom. When this episode was over and as we rode on, I told Mr. Dye I was not going to attend the infare, and he said neither was he. What would you have done, I repeat? I

think I made a mistake. That has been a long time ago, but I still think I made a mistake. If it were to do over I think I would take the attitude of passive resistance and quietly but firmly decline to go through the motion of drinking, for I did not drink a drop of Bob's whiskey, neither did the Methodist preacher, he said. We deceived him. I think I wouldn't do it again because I never have. It doesn't always follow that sin once committed makes you want to repeat it, but it rather fortifies one against the tempter the next time.

The following spring I entered school at Little Lot, five miles from the old home place. Here Jesse Rush-ton was teacher of an academy. For the first time I was in a boarding school and boarded with the teacher. There were five or six other boarders. That spring a circus came to Little Lot and was advertised to be a wonder. The whole house was in a fever to go and thought it strange that I did not join them. I resolutely kept to my rule however never to attend such places. When they came back they were a crestfallen set, and the professor paid me the compliment of being the only sensible one of the crowd. It was at Little Lot that I made my second attempt at public speaking, which again was only a recitation. I recited a piece of poetry on the Bible, and Mr. Dye, the Methodist preacher being present, complimented my effort. The teacher said I ought to study to be a preacher.

In the fall of 1883 I taught my first school in Anderson's Bend in Hickman County at \$25.00 a month. This was just across the river from Little Lot. To get a certificate it was necessary to go to Centerville and be examined. I had to cross Swan Creek, a

treacherous stream in which many have been drowned. It was flush from the recent rains, but fordable. I was on a roan mare and had my overcoat across the saddle under me. I had not gone far when the horse dropped under and I sank up to my waist. The horse seemed startled and floated over on her side. By this time I was off and fortunately could reach bottom. My overcoat was floating and started down stream. Still holding on to the bridle, I grabbed the overcoat. The horse also found she could strike bottom and regained her feet. As I was not halfway across I turned back and had decided not to try it again that day. Just then Alec Harvill came riding up. Alec was an own cousin, being the son of my father's only sister, and at this time was Sheriff of Hickman County. He said he knew the ford and would show me across. Though wet up to the waist, I went on to town and stood the examination, receiving a first-class certificate. Before I had left the room Matt Wrenn came in to be examined. As we were in the same class, Mr. Clark asked him if he would be willing to take my marks. Matt was only too glad to be let off so easily.

While at Little Lot the church decided to build a house and I was asked to give something. As I had no money to spare I gave labor. Being handy with tools I could do carpenter's work. I helped to shingle the roof.

In January, 1884, I entered Carters Creek Academy, in Maury County, conducted by Professor William Anderson. He was afterwards selected as principal of the Nashville Bible School, now David Lipscomb College, a position he held till his death. Brother Anderson was tall and erect, with a military step. Again

I arranged to board with the teacher. While at Little Lot I bargained with Tom Fitzjerald, a fellow school-mate, for an old brown trunk. Tom lived in Maury County, just over the hill from Carters Creek Academy. That cold January morning, with snow on the ground, my brother Merimon and I, with my few belongings, started out bright and early from Buck Branch to Carters Creek, a distance of about twenty miles. We were to go by the home of Tom on the way for the old brown trunk. I rode Lize, a big black mule, and a little treacherous. It was a problem how to get that trunk over the hill to the school. I took it up in front of me, resting it on the horn of the saddle. The saddle, however, was really a "muley." It came high up under my arms, and I could scarcely see over the top. There was a long straight lane between the homes of William Anderson and his father-in-law, John Alexander. The latter still had a single daughter and two splendid saddle horses. Along this lane we saw a young lady coming on one of her father's fast horses. I reined old Lize up in the corner of the fence to make room. That look of astonishment which the young lady gave me has never been forgotten. You have heard people say, "You wouldn't know it if you met it in the road," and I am certain she didn't. Miss Cammie didn't live very long after that.

William Anderson was a prince among men. When we arrived on that cold January day, he was in the smokehouse hanging meat. He came to the front door, greeted us, took down the old brown trunk, and entertained us like a Christian. I was in his family a year and a half; helped him build fence, plant corn, picked raspberries, went on errands, and cut the hair of Effie,

Ora, and Clark, and even of himself. Before the year and a half was out, however, my money ran short and I was about to quit; but he said, "Go on, Brother John, and if you live you will pay it, and if you don't it is my debt." I insisted that he take a writing, and that my brothers would pay it if I did not. Happily, I lived to meet every obligation to my benefactor save that debt which can never be paid.

I taught a writing school in the neighborhood at Theta; another on Mill Creek in Hickman County at Little Rock, where there is a church. In 1930, when in Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Rosa Speight showed me a specimen of her writing which she did at that time. I taught another writing school at Little Lot. Back in the days before I was twenty, Mr. W. F. Bumps came to Shady Grove and taught a writing school at the "Old Stand," the name by which our meetinghouse was called. He was an excellent teacher, and taught the Spencerian system. While teaching this school, Brother Sam Baker lent him a copy of "Gospel Plan of Salvation," and by reading it he was converted. One spring I returned to the old home and made a crop, from which I did not make much more than expenses. But even that is a lot more than many people make. If one can always make expenses he can lead an honest life while he lives and go to Heaven when he dies. I taught "free school" also in Williamson County, at Chestnut Grove, and boarded with my great-uncle, William Beasley. It was necessary to go to Franklin and be examined. Mr. Wallace, the superintendent, showed me to a room with some questions on the black-board, and then coldly walked out. I never saw him any more. I was in strange surroundings, lonely, and

Brother Barnes held another meeting immediately after this at Cathey's Creek, eight miles away, and I attended these meetings also. At the close, my mother gave me a silver dollar to give to the preacher, and thus I was taught to give from the very start—something that should be taught every new convert. No one can grow in spiritual things till he gives of his material things. "To give is to live; to deny is to die."

The post office is Duck River; the name of the village, Shady Grove; the name of the small stream that runs through it, Dunlap; while the name of the meeting-house was "The Stand." From the time I was saved till I left the community I can remember being away from the Lord's Supper only once, and this time I shall never forget. My oldest brother had come on a visit. He, though a Christian, was not very zealous and did not want to go. I was ashamed to ask him to go or to excuse myself and go alone. Now it would be one of the easiest things to do. I was unhappy all that day, and made up my mind that if the Lord would forgive me I would not be guilty of it again. We were taught, and correctly, too, that a willing neglect to attend the Lord's Supper on the first day of the week was the first step to apostasy. We will call this sin No. 3, of those I never repeated. This takes me back a little to the time before I was a Christian to sin No. 2, once committed, but never repeated. I used a curse word against my brother. I remember the circumstances and the place. It was in that unfinished upstairs in the old home. We two younger boys and our mother were up there. He was teasing me, and out came the word. I was shocked at myself. She gave me a slap on the face, the only one I ever received from her hand

so far as I can recall, saying, "Did you curse him?" I was considered quiet and even tempered, and for the most part this was true, but not always. I never sought a quarrel, for I hated them. I have always loved friends and friendship. Anger is momentary insanity. I have from childhood labored to "keep my body under," and though it has been a much greater struggle than I get credit for, I have in the main succeeded.

The pillars of the church would now and then ask me to serve at the Lord's Supper. This was done with much fear and trembling. Brother Morton and others would take me with them to their appointments and ask me to open services with reading and prayer. Once Brother Felix Sowell, now of Columbia, Tenn., was conducting a series of meetings at the "Old Stand." A message came calling him away. He insisted that I must continue the meeting, and also baptize the two candidates. I did the baptizing just below where I and others were baptized a few years before. One of the two was Robert Bibb, then just a boy. On my way back to Japan in 1930, I met Brother Bob at Graton, Calif. He was still in the faith and had married the second time.

Instead of asking how much I was to receive, I was glad of the privilege of being counted worthy of the calling. From that day till this I have never set a price on my efforts at preaching. Preaching the gospel to others is not a business, it is a life. I have never asked for a salary for telling the truth or paying my honest debts. These things I must do as a Christian because they are right. In like manner, one who is capable of teaching others must do it from principle and not for pay. Every Christian, because he is a

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING

Let us again drop back to the beginning. If I learned my A B C's from the Bible and my mother's lips, I also learned the Bible from my A B C's and my mother's lips. I was taught early to read, and to respect the Bible as the word of God.

When I was twelve years old I made my first trip to Nashville, Tenn. It was a far greater city then than it is now. It was the custom in those days to haul off the products of the farm to the capital to get a better market. Two of my brothers and three of the neighbors were in the wagon train. Putting up at a livery stable for the night, the neighbor men suggested that we go out and see the sights of the city. Soon the three McCaleb boys were in a part of the town where they were lost. The street had been thrown up and the houses on either side were reached by steps that led far down. Two of the men said, "Let's go in here." My brothers stopped. They walked down the long flight of steps to the door, and knocked. A woman opened the door and a light shone out into the dark, showing the forms of the men as they were invited in. The door closed. In a few minutes the woman again came to the door and called out, "You men come on in, we don't want you to stand out there." My brother Alton answered back, "Tell them fellers to come on, then." This brought them out looking as mean as "sheep-killing dogs." Thanks to a godly mother, and to them, my brothers were Christians and could not be induced to enter a den like that.

About this time also Brother J. M. Morton was our preacher at the Old Stand. Some questioned the Sunday school, but there was no open opposition, so Brother Morton organized one. He offered prizes to those who would commit the most verses of the Bible to memory. I won the prize in my class, my brother Merimon running me a close second. It was a little book written by Isaac Errett, called "Talks to Bereans."

When I was in my fifteenth year I began to think seriously about becoming a Christian. I was not considered a bad boy, but I was good only in the sense of not being so bad as some others. As in all other neighborhoods, I grew up in the midst of lying, deception, vile language, vile conduct, and profanity. I fell in with many of these evils, but not with the one sin of profanity. Sometimes I would use by-words, which I shall not repeat here, for if you have ever heard them you know what I mean, and if you haven't I don't want you to know. But I am, even to this day, happy to know that I have never taken the name of God in vain. Neither have I, even from childhood, ever violated the chastity of woman. Some other things I have committed once, but never again. Sin has always been repulsive to me, and I never in all my life committed a sin, great or small, but what I afterwards regretted it. It was only some enticement of the flesh (and the flesh has no conscience) that drew me on, but my conscience always rebelled. About as bad a thing as I had done thus far was to enter a neighbor's melon patch. This was one other of the sins that I never repeated.

We were working at the brickkiln one day and my stepfather asked me if I had thought about becoming

a Christian, and I told him I had. Even before this, George Holderfield and I were grubbing sprouts in the field one day and got to talking on religion, and he asked me if I believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and I confessed that I did. Brother J. M. Barnes from Alabama was called to hold our "protracted meetin'" that summer. John Thornton was a little older than I, and he and I agreed to go forward and make the confession the same night. The preacher met us in front of the pulpit, and by the time I had taken a seat I felt the arms of affection around my neck and her cheek pressed against mine while a mother's tears flowed for joy. Brother Barnes said, "He has come." The next afternoon, before the evening services, we met at Gorden's Ferry, about a mile away on Duck River, and Brother Morton baptized six in succession. We were buried with him in baptism by being submerged beneath the water, and I have never doubted from that day till this that I did just what the Lord wanted me to do. I believed then, as I still believe, that baptism being "for the remission of sins" one should give up his old practices. It seems to me one has not really repented if, after baptism, he continues to delight in vile jokes, befouls himself with the filth of tobacco, and indulges in drink. I seriously doubt if the baptism of such a person was really "for the remission of sins."

I have sinned many times, even after becoming a Christian, but I have never done so willingly nor with any sort of excuse or apology. I have gained the victory over many of my former habits, and the fight is still on. My trust is in Eph. 2: 1-10 and 1 John 1: 9; 2: 1, 2.

Brother Barnes held another meeting immediately after this at Cathey's Creek, eight miles away, and I attended these meetings also. At the close, my mother gave me a silver dollar to give to the preacher, and thus I was taught to give from the very start—something that should be taught every new convert. No one can grow in spiritual things till he gives of his material things. "To give is to live; to deny is to die."

The post office is Duck River; the name of the village, Shady Grove; the name of the small stream that runs through it, Dunlap; while the name of the meeting-house was "The Stand." From the time I was saved till I left the community I can remember being away from the Lord's Supper only once, and this time I shall never forget. My oldest brother had come on a visit. He, though a Christian, was not very zealous and did not want to go. I was ashamed to ask him to go or to excuse myself and go alone. Now it would be one of the easiest things to do. I was unhappy all that day, and made up my mind that if the Lord would forgive me I would not be guilty of it again. We were taught, and correctly, too, that a willing neglect to attend the Lord's Supper on the first day of the week was the first step to apostasy. We will call this sin No. 3, of those I never repeated. This takes me back a little to the time before I was a Christian to sin No. 2, once committed, but never repeated. I used a curse word against my brother. I remember the circumstances and the place. It was in that unfinished upstairs in the old home. We two younger boys and our mother were up there. He was teasing me, and out came the word. I was shocked at myself. She gave me a slap on the face, the only one I ever received from her hand

so far as I can recall, saying, "Did you curse him?" I was considered quiet and even tempered, and for the most part this was true, but not always. I never sought a quarrel, for I hated them. I have always loved friends and friendship. Anger is momentary insanity. I have from childhood labored to "keep my body under," and though it has been a much greater struggle than I get credit for, I have in the main succeeded.

The pillars of the church would now and then ask me to serve at the Lord's Supper. This was done with much fear and trembling. Brother Morton and others would take me with them to their appointments and ask me to open services with reading and prayer. Once Brother Felix Sowell, now of Columbia, Tenn., was conducting a series of meetings at the "Old Stand." A message came calling him away. He insisted that I must continue the meeting, and also baptize the two candidates. I did the baptizing just below where I and others were baptized a few years before. One of the two was Robert Bibb, then just a boy. On my way back to Japan in 1930, I met Brother Bob at Graton, Calif. He was still in the faith and had married the second time.

Instead of asking how much I was to receive, I was glad of the privilege of being counted worthy of the calling. From that day till this I have never set a price on my efforts at preaching. Preaching the gospel to others is not a business, it is a life. I have never asked for a salary for telling the truth or paying my honest debts. These things I must do as a Christian because they are right. In like manner, one who is capable of teaching others must do it from principle and not for pay. Every Christian, because he is a

Christian, is a messenger to others in some capacity. Any man who has sense enough to plow and to talk to his neighbors about farming has sense enough to talk to them about salvation, and he must do it. Any brother who has sense enough to measure cloth and wait on customers in his store has sense enough to talk about Christ, and he must do it. Any sister who can keep the house and talk to her children and the servants about household affairs can talk to them about being Christians, and she must do it. If such service develops them into more public servants, then they must keep right on for the same reason that they began.

While teaching my last public school at Little Lot, I wrote Charles Louis Loos, president of Kentucky University (now Transylvania), asking if he thought it would be worth while to come to Lexington for only six months. His reply was favorable. But it seemed a long way from whence to receive a letter. I remember also the characteristic flourishes of his pen in signing his name.

Though I was now twenty-six years old, I had never been out of the state of Tennessee. With my belongings packed in that old brown trunk, one of my brothers took me to Columbia on another January morning, and for the first time in life I entered a passenger coach. The sensation was awkwardly odd to be riding in a house that was rolling on wheels, and the sound was strangely new to anything I had ever heard. I tried to seem wholly unconcerned, just as though it had been an everyday experience with me, but I couldn't help feeling that all eyes were upon me and that the other passengers all knew, as well as I, just how I felt, and that it was my first experience. How

miserable it makes one feel to be thus afflicted with that feeling of self-consciousness, a feeling that at times possesses me even to this day.

The old Louisville and Nashville Station in Lexington, Ky., was then just back of the Main Street Christian Church, the building in which Alexander Campbell and N. L. Rice held a debate which began "Wednesday, the 15th of November, 1843." It was then called "the Reform church." The moderators were Judge Robertson and Colonel Speed Smith, and for president the "Honorable Henry Clay." It seemed to me that I was a long, long way from home, and needless to say that I was lonely. Stopping at a shop of some kind, I inquired for Kentucky University, and was told to "go up this street till you come to the campus." Of course, the man thought when I got to the campus I would know where the school was, but what was that something he called the "campus"? I didn't want to expose my ignorance by asking, believing that somehow I would know it when I saw it. I learned afterwards that the name of the street was Mill Street, which happily was not a very long one. I soon came to the end and in front of me was a beautiful green square of blue grass of 16 acres, near the center of the town, in which there were some buildings which I took to be the school buildings. I passed through a turnstile and walked up to the front of the main building, then up a flight of broad stone steps and back through the hall, only guessing my way as to where I was going. Coming to one of the doors on the left I heard talking within and decided to risk knocking on the door. There was a response, "Come in." I was face to face with President Charles Louis Loos, engaged in teaching a class.

After the class we had a conversation about my entering, and he sent me to Professor White to be matriculated. But I wanted to see Brother McGarvey, and by inquiry found his room. He, too, was in the midst of a class. It seemed strange to be in the presence of the man of whom I had read so much and whom I greatly admired from the time I was a child back in the "goober patch" on Buck Branch. He was medium in height and rather heavy set, was past sixty years old, with a full beard, rather closely cut, with a twinkle in his eye. He had a scar near the tip of his nose from a wound received, I was told, when he was* drowned in the Mediterranean during his trip to Palestine. Much to my surprise as well as delight, there was John E. Trimble, a fellow student from Carters Creek Academy. After class we talked matters over, and I learned that I had made a mistake in entering the College of Arts when I should have matriculated in the College of the Bible. He and I went to Professor White and told him my mistake. A very polished old gentleman he was with only a fringe of snow white hair around the edges. When thinking, he had a habit of reaching his hand clear over the top and scratching his head on the other side. As soon as he was told of my predicament, he very courteously made correction and returned the matriculation fee.

Robert Graham was then president of the College of the Bible. I was directed to him to advise about what studies to take up. President Graham was of sturdy Scottish descent, short and stockily built, with very little hair left save also a white fringe around the edge. He wore a full, close cut beard. Afterwards, in his psy-

*See Lands of the Bible, 533-537.

chology class, he explained that he wore a full beard because he was afraid to shave lest a notion strike him, "How easy it would be just to draw the razor across my throat." It is well to be cautious, but this precaution strikes me as being a little like the man, when loading up to move out West, who put a bee gum in his wagon and when asked what he meant, said he thought he would take it along as he might chance on a swarm of bees. During his offhand examination, the president asked me about my various studies, and when I mentioned rhetoric he wanted to know whose rhetoric I had studied, and when I told him Quackenbos, he remarked that that was a good rhetoric.

As the New Testament was originally written in the Greek language, it was recommended that I study Greek; and again I was turned back to my A B C's. For the sake of the Old Testament, it was suggested that I ought to study Hebrew, and once more I had to begin again right back at the A B C's. Even when I was studying geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, back at Carters Creek Academy, there they were in big capitals at every angle. So, turn whichever way I might or whatever study I might attempt, there were those ever-present A B C's.

It is even so in moral and spiritual things. There are certain everlasting truths—the existence of God; the moral law; the nature and needs of man—which can never be discarded, no matter how much we may think we have advanced along the path of knowledge.

STUDENT LIFE AT LEXINGTON

The aim of the College of the Bible, as expressed in the catalog, was as follows: "The design of this institution is to prepare young men for usefulness in the church by furnishing them with systematic instruction in the Word of God in both the English version and the original tongues, and with an accurate knowledge of the higher branches of English literature and of philosophy. While its course of study is especially adapted to those who intend to become preachers of the gospel, it is not a *professional* school, its classes being open to all religious young men who wish to extend their knowledge of the Scriptures."

In calling the class roll in the College of Arts, nothing but the bare name of the student was called; but in the College of the Bible it was always Brother Johnson, Brother Ashby, Brother Williams, etc. In the beginnings of things, when all was new and strange, the roll call by Brother McGarvey of "Brother McCaleb" did much towards making me feel at home.

One of the chief advantages I derived from my school days at Lexington was to learn how to systematize my thoughts. I had accumulated a lot of material for the building, but needed to be shown how to put it together. I had gathered up a number of tools, but was unskilled in their use. This was not only an aid to the memory, but helped much toward making myself more clearly understood. Another thing that helped me greatly to clarify my thoughts was to put them down in writing. Every lesson must be taken down as given. The next day it had to be recited accordingly. I still have the

notes of the entire four-year course, and, thanks to W. F. Bumpas and his writing school, they are neatly written and as plain as print. I found, too, that my talent ran more in the channel of writing than speaking. I like to put my thoughts down on paper, look at them and make corrections. Like Moses, I have always been a little slow of speech, and sometimes find it difficult to select readily the words I wish to use.

In the school were students, not only from many parts of the United States, but from Nova Scotia, Australia, New Zealand, Scotland, Turkey, Armenia, and one from Japan. K. Tanaka was the first Japanese I had ever met. Brother E. Snodgrass, a graduate from the school, was just leaving for Japan about the time I entered. It was through his influence that this young man had come over. Being thus thrown with those from so many different quarters gave me an experience in a much wider field of human thought and activity than I had formerly known. It is true that those in the College of the Bible were all Christians, but they made up a garment a little like Joseph's coat. Mission meetings were frequent, and missionaries would return from foreign lands and give lectures. Sermons on world-wide evangelism were often given from the pulpit. An enthusiasm was thus created for preaching the gospel to every creature in a manner which I had not met before. On one occasion Brother McGarvey gave a lecture to the school on the missionary society. Of course, we were all agreed that the church might and should do missionary work. He made another statement also that was not questioned, namely, that an individual might do missionary work. His next step was that if one man might do it he might also ask others

to help him. The missionary society, he said, was just this and no more. I thought at this point he made the wrong application, and that the brother who was doing missionary work single-handed and then asked others to help him, instead of forming an outside organization, should have called on the whole congregation to join him as a church. Then if every other wide-awake member of other congregations would do the same, in time all the churches could be brought to be missionary churches; each church would then be its own missionary society. In case one congregation was not able for the task in hand, two or more churches could cooperate. This has been the custom of the churches from the beginning in supporting the preacher where one church is not able to do it. This rule applies to the preacher going abroad the same as the preacher who labors at home. In either case, no organization outside the churches is needed. The weak point here is that so many of the churches have not been brought up to this and will continue to be inactive till brethren go among them and stir them up to action and then go again and again to keep them stirred up.

On one occasion a young man not of us came to the school and wanted to change our Sunday afternoon prayer meeting into a Christian Endeavor Society. After his speech he called on the student body for questions. I also asked him this: "Is there anything you can do in the Christian Endeavor which one may not do in the church simply as a Christian?" He paused a little and then said he wouldn't answer that question right now. That was a good while ago, and the young man hasn't answered the question yet. Brother Hall Calhoun and I went to President Graham and requested

that the Sunday afternoon prayer meeting should not be changed, and he granted our request.

Calls would frequently come in to the college for students to come out on Sundays and preach to the neighboring churches. One day the president told me there was a call from Nicholasville and asked if I would go. I told him I would, and he added that they would see that I was remunerated. When I remarked that I was not anxious about that, in his soft, kind way, he replied, "Yes, but it is well for one to keep his powder dry." Why they never invited me back again I never learned, but it may have been that my powder was a little too dry.

One summer vacation I was invited to come to Daviess County, Ky., and do some preaching in the schoolhouse. This was my first effort at a protracted meeting. I hadn't enough money to take me to Daviess County. A fellow student arranged for me to speak Sunday morning at a village on the railroad called Buckner. During my preaching a thunderstorm came up and I could hardly be heard. I received a contribution from the church and arrived at my destination with ten cents. But this was ten cents more than Peter had when he cured the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple. The meeting had gone on about ten days, and no one was moved to repentance, so I suggested to Brother Jim Hinton, with whom I was lodging, that maybe we had better close. He said to go on over Sunday at least. When the meeting closed, nineteen had made confession and were baptized. Thus, a word fitly spoken was the means of saving nineteen people.

Brother George Nutter and I were close friends while in school, and still are. He wanted to visit his uncle Lewis, and asked me to go with him. As his uncle had a charming daughter, I had no special objection to accepting the invitation. We really had a very pleasant visit, and I had the honor of accompanying Miss Lizzie to church and sitting by her during the services. I was so pleased with this trip that I asked to call again and arranged accordingly. Brother George had a brother living at La Grange. I went this far on the train, then borrowed his old plow horse and saddle and rode across the country horseback. The reins of the bridle were a bit short, and on the whole I must have made a picture suggesting Ichabod Crane out of Sleepy Hollow. Her younger brother, a boy of about seventeen, came out to meet me, hitched the old plow horse and invited me in. He showed me to a little rocking-chair, rather narrow, with arms that I had to squeeze in between. The young lady was very slow in making her appearance. Finally, when she did arrive, as I rose to greet her, the narrow little rocker rose with me, and I had to stop and push it down. This was so embarrassing that I already wished that I were somewhere else. I had a hard time to know what to say, and it seemed that every effort I made was the wrong one. She answered in monosyllables till I could think of nothing else, and there was silence and still more embarrassment.

A letter came not long after that in which she asked the significant question if I knew what Whittier meant in the lines, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, It might have been"? Some twenty-five years after that I saw in one of the papers that

George Nutter was preaching for the church at Nicholasville, Ky. I wrote him a letter in which I asked after the whereabouts of Miss Lizzie. In his reply he said she was still unmarried, and added that "Miss Lizzie is waiting for you." Then I thought of her lines from Whittier to me, and of that something called "poetic justice."

In my childhood days at Shady Grove, the boys and girls used to ride side by side on horseback. One Sunday, as the people were returning home from the "Stand," John Bates tried to ride with Miss Rebekah Mobley, but she switched up her horse and "sacked" him. They were talking about it when she returned home, and her father thought this was a good chance for his daughter and that she should not have slighted John. Becky retorted, "I weren't going to let him go with me with that old coat on." Cousin Myatt replied: "Well, Becky Jane, were you going to marry his coat?" This became a neighborhood joke, but the father's question was very much to the point. Too many of our girls marry the coat, and afterwards, to their grief, find there was nothing in it.

Having entered in the middle of the school year, there was half a year's work that I must bring up privately. In this manner I was able to complete the four years' course in three and a half years. During this period, I did not receive an absent or a tardy mark, but was there to answer every roll call. This, however, I had not especially determined, but it was only the result of promptness and regularity which I have observed through life. The story is told that once George Washington's secretary was late at the office and apologized by saying his watch was behind

time. "Then," said Washington, "you must either change your watch or I must change my secretary."

During my last school year at Lexington, I wrote my first article for the papers. I chose for a subject, "Human Expediences." This appeared in the *Gospel Advocate*. Being thus encouraged, I tried again, and wrote five articles on "Pride, a Growing Evil," which also appeared in the *Advocate*.

When I entered school in 1888, there were two large congregations in Lexington—Main Street, and Broadway. They each contained about a thousand members. Robert T. Mathews was preaching for the Main Street church, and John S. Shouse for Broadway. There was no organ in either church. During my stay, however, Brother Mathews installed a small organ at Main Street, putting it near the center of the house, and on a level with the seats. Professor White called for a letter and put in his membership at Broadway. When Main Street built a new house and called it "Central," they put in a great pipe organ that almost filled the end of the building. Not so long after I had left school in 1891, I heard that Broadway had also introduced the instrument. Main Street was getting the young people from Broadway. Something must be done. It was left to a vote, and the young people put the organ in. This time, Brother McGarvey and Brother Grubbs called for letters and put in their membership at Chestnut Street, a mission church that we students had established. But it was not many years till Chestnut Street also had the organ. Seeing the trend of things prompted me to write the five articles on "Pride, a Growing Evil." Its growth was very manifest when I was there and became all the more so as time went

on till both the churches and the school went to the world and minded earthly things. And is it not true that all our churches and schools are today in danger of the same fate? Will another generation or two find our schools and churches where Lexington now is? Let us hope not.

The university was first opened to girls in 1890, but only the College of Liberal Arts; however, those who matriculated in one college could take classes in the other free of charge. I notice in the catalog following that year in the list of matriculates, Della Duvall Bentley, Paris, Kentucky. The first glimpse I ever had of this young lady was one day when she and some other girls were coming down the stairway from a recitation while Ed Crabtree and I were going up for the same purpose. I whispered Ed's attention, but he did not seem to be especially interested. It is well, I suppose, that tastes differ, or every boy might want the same girl. Her attire was simple; her eyes brown, a braid of black hair tied with a ribbon down her back. She was boarding in the home of I. B. Grubbs, a special friend of the family. I sought her acquaintance and was introduced to her by Hall Laurie Calhoun, now of Central Church of Christ, Nashville, Tenn., and our friendship began. We were walking in Hyde Park one evening when she consented to be mine. I asked and received permission for a kiss, she being the first young lady of whom I had ever asked that privilege. I could have engaged in miscellaneous kissing like other young men, or even flippantly become engaged to one, or even more girls, as I had known others to do, and thus recklessly have trifled with one of the most sacred things in the world. Even yet, I carry a picture of

those student days. Two of us were out walking near Lexington one day, and in what seemed to be a well-to-do home, there was a girl walking back and forth on the upper veranda with a sad and far-away look. The young man with me was acquainted with the case, and said, "She is now crazy; her lover went back on her." I did not subscribe to the foolish saying that, "All things are fair in love and war." I began shyly and awkwardly to seek the company of girls from the time I was about sixteen, and had many girl friends, some sweethearts, and a few might have been foolish enough to marry me. It has been a great satisfaction in latter years to be able to meet those old-time friends with genuine friendship and a clear conscience.

We were married October 7, 1891, by I. B. Grubbs, in his own home. Wife's father gave his daughter a trunk of clothes and \$5.00. Her husband was graduated and got married in his old suit, and couldn't even afford an overcoat. But we were both willing-hearted and out of debt. We started immediately for Southern Kentucky, where I had been preaching some. Our home was to be with Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Sarah Garvin, of Woodsonville. I had a little iron-gray horse and a dogcart. Uncle Jimmy met us at Rowletts with the little iron-gray horse and the dogcart. Aunt Sarah met us at the gate, kissed Della, and said, "Welcome to our home." She was a real mother, and afterwards when we were talking of being missionaries, she said she wasn't going to let Della go off over there to Japan.

OUR CALL TO JAPAN

I believe the call to go to Japan was of God, yet it came about in a most natural way. I did not have any mysterious feeling or strange dream, nor see a vision, as did Paul at Troas, but rather it was like when Paul met the young man, Timothy, at Lystra, "the same was well reported of by the brethren," and "him would Paul have to go forth with him." I had established a good name from my youth up, and also was well-spoken-of at Lexington as a student.

Brother W. K. Azbill, who for ten years had been a missionary to Jamaica under the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, severed his connection with that body and made an appeal to the churches, without the mediation or control of any board. He was also a Lexington man and went to the president of the College of the Bible for recommendations for the work. The president mentioned my name, and in this way a correspondence began between him and me in regard to going to Japan. Thus, you see, it came about in a natural way, but, nevertheless, I believe it was under supernatural guidance, no less than if I had heard a distinct voice direct from heaven saying, "Go to Japan and preach the gospel." The mistake many make is to expect something mysterious and quite unusual before they will recognize that the hand of God is in it, but he is just as vitally and essentially with us in the common affairs of life as in that which to us may seem remarkable.

In making this decision, there were two of us to make it. At our marriage it was not understood be-

tween us that we would go to Japan, nor was such a thing even contemplated; under these conditions, therefore, it was necessary for us both to be willing to go. This was a serious moment of no little trial, and more than once we knelt together and prayed most earnestly for strength and guidance. Both were given. Our minds being fully made up, Mrs. McCaleb returned to her home near Lexington to spend a few days with her parents, and while there wrote as follows: "Oh, the perfect happiness I enjoy; and it is a happiness that, God willing, no cloud can shadow for years yet. Not even the unhappy thought of leaving parents, brothers and sisters can gloom its brightness." At this time also she wrote the following energetic lines:

THE NIGHT COMETH

Why should we spend in idle dreams
 The life which God has given?
 Each morn whose sunshine o'er us streams,
 Each dewy eve, with starry beams,
 Should find us nearer heaven.

Alas we choose the stormy way,
 Which fills our lives with sorrow,
 Nor heed the warning hours which say,
 Our brief unworthy joy today
 Will cloud the bright tomorrow.

And so we urge our rapid way
 Toward the unseen river,
 And while the sorrowing angels say,
 "It might have been," life's little day
 Has passed away forever.

Arouse, awake, ye chosen few,
 To whom our God has given
 The strength to bear, the will to do
 Which evermore will guide you through,
 Then work, 'tis almost even.'

When the correspondence between myself and W. K. Azbill began, I was preaching in Southern Kentucky. Our brother came down to confer with us personally and to mature our plans. I had some financial obligations that must first be met, in all amounting to about fifty dollars. An appointment was made at Greens Chapel, and we three were present. Brother Azbill spoke, and in his speech referred to our going to Japan, and it was decided that the collection that day should go towards our going. Without knowing anything of the conversation between us of my needing fifty dollars to clear up my debts, the offering was just a few cents over fifty dollars. We both believed that to be of the Lord. In passing, let me add that this country church has been a faithful contributor up to the present (1934).

The nearest to a definite promise made towards our support was that of Brother David Lipscomb, who wrote me if we would go he would try to get the churches to support me. We made a hasty trip to Tennessee in January and February, 1892, were entertained by Brother and Sister Lipscomb, received some books from him, visited my brothers on Buck Branch in Hickman County, and also some of the neighbors, spoke at the Stand, and received a letter of commendation from the church. Some discouraged our going by saying we had plenty of heathen at home, and by such remarks as, "It's a long ways to go; don't you hate mighty bad to go?" Mrs. Ferguson said she always knew "that white spot on the back of his head meant something." Johnny Leek said, "Well, John Moody was mighty good in a new ground, so he thought he would make a good missionary," a remark I later found

to be well in point, for indeed missionary work is working in new ground. Brother Lipscomb wrote that Mrs. McCaleb was young and fair to look upon. He made her a present of Wilmore's Analytical Reference Bible, and wrote on the blank leaf:

"Presented to Mrs. Della M. McCaleb on her departure to Japan to teach Christ to the people of that land, with the earnest prayer that our Father will bless her and her husband in their work, that a great door and effectual may be opened unto them to preach the gospel to the people to whom they go, and that many souls may be saved through their labors; and that God will bless them in their work, that he will preserve them from all bodily harm and danger, that he will keep them faithful and true to him, and that he will keep them unto his own heavenly kingdom."

Feb. 15, 1892.

DAVID LIPSCOMB.

The village merchant of Shady Grove furnished a large goods box, and the sisters filled it with bedclothing and other household supplies. I bored some holes in the ends and put in some ropes for handles and brought it as baggage to Japan. We bade good-bye to home folks and friends and returned to Kentucky. On the third Lord's day in February we were at Antioch, a country church in Bourbon County, Ky., near my wife's home and where was her membership. Brother Conley, a native of West Tennessee, but then a professor of Kentucky University, was their preacher. At Broadway, Lexington, where as a student I had worked and worshiped for nearly four years, a large crowd greeted us. Many in a personal way bade us a hearty "God-speed" and took part in upholding our hands. The students and faculty, to express their good feeling,

made up a present of thirty dollars in gold, to be divided equally between us, both being their former students. Chestnut Street, where during student days we began a mission in a small cottage, now a growing church, gave us a hearty welcome and a good audience even on Monday night. Brother George Klingman, a fellow student, made a feeling talk, and Brother Thaddeus Tinsley, a classmate, but now a minister of the church, said the March offering would be given to us, and requested that I write him occasionally.

Returning to Louisville, arrangements had been made for a union farewell meeting at the Broadway Church. They gave us much encouragement and had fellowship with us, but the speakers seemed ill at ease in some way, and while none found aught against us, yet it seemed to be a puzzle to them just how far to endorse us. It reminded one more of the denominations trying to hold a union meeting than of brethren in Christ. "I pray that they may all be one that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

From Louisville to Indianapolis we passed over the best road as yet of all our travels. This was the home of Brother Azbill. In spite of a street car strike which was on, impeding traffic, a large and enthusiastic audience greeted us. An entertainment was given in which the sisters served, dressed in Japanese kimono.

St. Louis received us with outstretched arms, and the churches with one accord gave us a hearty welcome. Here the party divided into two parts and were guests of Brothers Parsons and Bartholomew.

We left St. Louis the first day of March, and reached Wichita, Kans., the next morning at forty minutes past five o'clock. Our route was over the St. Louis and

San Francisco line, then called the "Frisco" line. As then stated, "This line stretches over the Ozark Mountain range and crosses a vast region of barren land, either destitute of timber, or covered with a small scrubby oak growth." Wichita then had only about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but having passed through a boom it covered a vast amount of territory. Streets ran far out into the prairie, with only a half-vacant storehouse or two at the street crossings. The boom scattered out Wichita much the same as the boom in Florida scattered Miami a few years ago. A great and imposing brick building with sixty classrooms, called "Garfield University," stood far out in the prairie grass, with a portion still unfinished. The Disciples started the project, but funds failed and the work was stopped. The Friends bought it and carried on the work begun by others.

Somewhere along the way in one of our group conversations, Brother Azbill remarked that had we not decided to go the going would have been blocked, for he was going alone, leaving his family in Indianapolis, and propriety would not have permitted him to have gone forth with only himself and the two young sisters. But our decision depended on hers, for I would not have gone against her will.

Thus the decision of one enabled five to go forward. This is not generally known, but it ought to be, for while people are thinking of me they should remember that my whole course of life since was determined by my wife's decision back there in the little village of Woodsonville in the home of Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Sarah Garvin. This is not all; had it not been for her decision for the right, it may properly be asked whether

the work in Japan would ever have been a reality, or whether it would have died at birth? To the young, especially, I would say, Look well to your decisions, for on them depends not only your own future destiny, but that of others.

From Wichita to Denver is through a country of widespread plains. On the way we met two Mormon elders, returning to Salt Lake City from a missionary tour. One of them, a Mr. Tanner, seemed very enthusiastic in making known his doctrine, and stated that the Mormons were beginning to be understood. This I didn't deny. They had a crowd of motley converts with them which they were conducting to Utah. He also stated that we must have prophets just as they did in the days of the apostles, who could speak by divine inspiration and work miracles to make good their statements. I, of course, denied we had any prophets except in the sense of the Savior, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," that Jesus and the apostles were still with us in their teachings, but that we had no personal prophets now. I challenged him to prove his doctrine by a miracle on me; that in his estimation I was doing just as Elymas was, trying to turn men from the truth, and that I was willing for him to try his hand on me, and smite me with blindness, so as to convert the rest of the party to his faith. "Will you?" he said, as if to terrify me with his power, but when he saw that I was neither scared nor blinded, his only turn was, "I will not do it but the Lord will smite thee." I assured him that the first part of his statement was quite correct, and that if I should be smitten at all it must be by some one else than himself. "Beloved, believe not every spirit,

but try the spirits whether they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world." The church at Denver had no meeting on our behalf, but the people received us in a very hospitable and kind way. On leaving Denver, we were detained by the street cars in getting to the station and got there five minutes late, so were met on the way by Brother Azbill, coming in a run and shouting, "They are holding the cars for you." Oh, what a press, what eagerness and anxiety lest we be left behind. What a grabbing of bundles to relieve each other of burdens, that all might make it in time. "By grace have ye been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." No, indeed; I did not feel at all like boasting at not being left, but more like bowing at the feet of the conductor and expressing my gratitude for his goodness. Nor were we willing that any one of the party be left, but gladly bore each other's burdens, even without being asked, that all might get aboard in safety. Don't you get the lesson, my brother, how gladly and freely we should help those who with us are trying to make the "train," but are bending under their burdens?

On the train from Denver to Colorado Springs. It is March the 5th, and now between twelve and one o'clock. The rain of yesterday has ceased and the thick mist that shut out all from view is rapidly clearing away and the dark clouds lighted up by the sun into a bright silvery hue are just lifting themselves from the snow-covered Rockies, as they stand aloft in the distance, blending, as it were, heaven and earth together. Any attempt at a pen picture is tame compared with the reality. For one solid hour I have sat

alone at the window and watched the towering peaks in their snowy whiteness, casting the mantle of feathery clouds about them, to come and go as the train moves on. Now and then the scene is cut off and my reverie broken into by an intervening bank near by, caused by a cut in the road. How frequently this occurs in the lives of many and they are kept back from looking out on the distant beauties of God, in consequence of the things that intervene. Happily these unsightly claybanks were of short duration, and the glories of the distance again would come into view. May it be so with all the people of God.

On reaching Colorado Springs it was yet several hours till supper, so one of the brethren took charge of our baggage while the other conducted us over the town and suburbs. Manitou Springs and surroundings were taken in. All enjoyed the rustic and rugged scenery and a drink of the mineral water, even if we didn't like its taste. We passed the "garden of the gods," in which is to be seen many towering rocks of red sandstone, worn away into peculiar and fantastic shapes of men, bears, and animals of various kinds. Five miles over an electric line brought us all back to our stopping places, tired and hungry, in fit condition to enjoy a good supper and a night's rest.

From Colorado Springs we turned south into New Mexico, stopping at Trinidad overnight. It took us forty-eight hours to cross New Mexico and Arizona, a long and tiresome trip of continuous desert. Shortly before entering Southern California we crossed over some mountains covered with snow. Suddenly we descended from the snow-covered mountains into the tropics of Southern California, surrounded on all hands

by orange groves loaded with golden fruit and blooming flowers in gorgeous array. It was indeed like entering a paradise. While in Los Angeles our home was with Brother B. F. Coulter, a prosperous merchant of the city, but a native of Tennessee, and withal a true Christian. On the Lord's day the B. F. Coulter Dry Goods Company drew down the blinds and locked the doors, and the head of the firm was to be found in the worshiping assembly and usually in the pulpit. B. F. Coulter was not only a successful merchant but also a preacher of no mean ability.

Alhambra was then a small place near Los Angeles. A brother lived there who had an orange grove of ten acres. He lived in a white three-story building with a billiard table in the third story. A rosebush stood beside the house, reaching far up towards the top, and its trunk at the bottom was about one foot through. The vertebra of a whale was in the yard, also about one foot across. These were wonders to us, and the orange grove, to which we had free access, was a genuine delight. That beautiful country residence and the ten-acre orange grove of forty years ago have given place to streets and houses.

They say there's nothing in a name, but in mine there seemed at least to be great difficulty. Along the way I was put down as, McCabe, McCable, McCabb, Cobb, Kalip, McCabble, McCabbit, McCubbin, and just plain Kale. When I got to Japan the Japanese fell in line and called me MocKarabu. For the Oriental this was all proper enough, but why the Americans should have stumbled over my name in so many ways is a bit puzzling. Maybe, being a Bible name, it was unfamiliar to them.

From Los Angeles to San Francisco the train encircled a round hill in order to make the grade and crossed under (over?) its own track. In those days San Francisco had its "Chinatown," a section ten blocks square, containing twenty thousand Chinese. As one passed through, every shop and fruit stand was occupied by Chinese. In this small space were huddled together all the different classes of the Chinese empire, from the nobleman to the beggar. The description by the writer forty years ago is as follows: They are as great idolaters here as in China and have their Jos House and idols as over there. Their temple is a gaudy affair with a great altar-like structure at one end upon which is placed the image of a man of rather corpulent proportions and Chinese features, with a little patch of beard at each corner of his mouth and on the chin where it is very long, reaching well down on the breast. Jos is said to have lived about 1800 years ago and to have reached the age of fifty. At his right hand at the side of the altar on the floor is an image of the devil, standing in an upright casement with the front open. You draw a little nearer so as to get a good look at the horrid visage. He is quite contradictory as to fitness, for he wears white. Think of it, the devil robed in white! He is thought to keep off evil spirits. I don't know how this can be, unless it be that he "fights the devil with fire." As the guide shows you around he tells many tales in connection with the various images described. And as he turns from one to another you are impressed with the feeling that he expects you to believe every word of it. But notwithstanding the earnestness with which he talks and the matter-of-fact way in which he discusses a subject, you are in-

clined to doubt. For instance, concerning Jos, their chief god, there is told this story: He was the brother of three, one of whom was a very bad man whom Jos wanted to kill, but could not, though he had cut his head off twice. He asked God how he could kill his brother. God told him the next time he cut his head off to let the knife remain over the place till the blood was cold and ceased to flow. This he did and, in the language of our guide, licked his brother."

But we have reached the end of our trip across the States and will launch out to sea (and to see) in less than twenty-four hours.

WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY

One brother said: "This is a new departure in our missionary methods and will be watched with the most intense interest. There can be no question but that this is the apostolic method of converting the world." If this were a "new departure in missionary methods," and at the same time was unquestionably the "apostolic method," it is easy to see that the methods then in practice were not apostolic.

The *Christian Evangelist* observed: "Its failure will demonstrate either that the volunteer plan is not the Bible plan, or that the churches and individuals opposed to missionary societies and contending for the Bible plan are not as much in earnest in missionary matters as they claim to be." In this the *Evangelist* was correct. For if the churches should zealously enter into the "volunteer plan," believing it to be the Bible plan, and yet with all their efforts it should fail, this would show that those thus believing had a misconception of what the Bible plan was. For the Bible plan, being God's plan, when fairly tested, cannot fail. On the other hand, the failure of such a work, by the neglect of the churches to support it, would in no wise be evidence that it was not the Lord's plan, for his plans have often come to naught on account of the unfaithfulness of man. For instance, every church the apostles established came to naught because man failed to do his part. The *Evangelist* wrote in a sympathetic attitude, and further down added, "But we do not believe it will fail, and join most heartily with Brother Lowe in praying for its success."

The *Christian Standard*, in reference to a contribution from the church near Castalian Springs, Tenn., commented as follows: "If there are any who prefer an irresponsible society to a responsible one, or who cannot conscientiously care for the Lord's money with the same diligence that they care for their own, we know of no one who is entitled to cavil at them. It is their own and they are responsible. But when any one insists that others shall commit the Lord's money to irresponsible hands, they deserve to be rebuked. A society is an association of individuals, united in a common work or object. A bank is usually such a society, a society organized to care for the money of depositors, and held accountable for the administration of its trust. When we find any one so conscientious that he will not entrust his *own* money to a bank that is securely organized, with officers under bond for performance of duty, etc., we will have more faith in the conscience that insists on putting the Lord's money into irresponsible hands. When our friends speak of the Azbill party going without aid from any society, they permit themselves to be confused with terms. There are many people associated in their support, who constitute a society as surely as do the Foreign and the General Societies, or the C. W. B. M. But it is not a responsible society. There is no one to receive reports and pass upon them. It is an irresponsible society."

To this, F. D. Srygley, in the *Gospel Advocate*, replied as follows: "The *Standard's* ideas as to responsible societies with officers under bond like a bank for the performance of duty would probably have more weight with the saints in the region of Castalian

Springs and several other places if a few chapters and verses could be cited in the New Testament which tell how the churches and Christians in apostolic times did mission work through that sort of responsible societies.

"The *Standard* seems puzzled to understand why Christians and churches in this age and country should prefer what it calls 'an *irresponsible* society' to a '*responsible* one.' I can understand that easy enough. It is because Christians and churches in New Testament times did that way. But why the old apostolic churches of the New Testament preferred 'an *irresponsible* society to a *responsible* one' is more than I can tell, unless it is because the *Standard* was not there to point out the absurdity of their course. If the *Standard* can explain why the New Testament churches acted so ridiculously, it will help responsible societies out of a very embarrassing predicament.

"The church at Castalian Springs will send the money collected to Brother Azbill, Brother McCaleb, or some one else among the missionaries, just as other churches are doing, of course. As no one but the church and the missionary has anything to do with the money, I see no reason why any one should be put under bond for the management of it. It is certainly not necessary to put the church under bond to keep it from misappropriating its own funds. Besides, a bond would do no good, for they will send it to Azbill anyhow, bond or no bond. The *Standard* certainly would not argue that missionaries ought to be put under bond. Does the Foreign Society put its missionaries under bond? Certainly not. The money sent to missionaries is merely intended to buy meat, flour, hog and hominy for the support of the missionaries. Does the *Standard*

suppose that our beloved brethren, Azbill, McCaleb, and others, who have gone out with them are so thoroughly irresponsible that they cannot be trusted to do their own shopping and marketing? Must they be put under bond to keep them from embezzling the few dollars their brethren contribute to buy for themselves cheap clothing and scant food?

“Brother Azbill was supported by what the *Standard* would call a *responsible* society last year. If the church at Castalian Springs had sent its contributions to this responsible society a year ago the society would simply have forwarded it to Brother Azbill. Under the present arrangement the church sends money direct to this same Brother Azbill, and that is the end of it. And as to receiving and passing upon reports, it would probably not be a bad idea to let those who furnish the money conduct all such investigations, and then, when the reports are not satisfactory they can cut off the appropriations. And this is not so impracticable after all. If we fix up a responsible society to receive and pass upon the reports of missionaries, who will receive and pass upon the reports of the responsible society? The churches and Christians who furnish the money to run the business, to be sure. Well, if the churches and Christians must receive and pass upon the reports of the responsible society, why not make short work of it by receiving and passing upon the reports of the missionaries and be done with it? Why pay out hundreds of dollars to keep up a responsible society to send money to missionaries and receive and pass upon reports of missionaries, when any church can send its own funds to any part of the world for the

cost of a postage stamp and when every one who furnishes missionary funds naturally wants to receive and pass upon a few reports himself every now and then? If we can get it down to this simple, practical basis, perhaps we may be able to induce some of those few responsible societies who have so much missionary enthusiasm to do a little missionary work themselves as they will then be relieved of their present arduous labors in receiving and passing upon reports and paying out other people's money.

"The Foreign Christian Missionary Society is trying to raise \$100,000 this year. It is well enough to require a pretty heavy bond where that much money is to be handled. Even a bond doesn't always keep things straight. I have known banks to wobble a little on the gudgeon at times. In fact it would be difficult to find any instance in commerce, politics or religion where that much money has been handled every year for two or three hundred years without more or less crookedness, no matter how responsible the society or how heavy the bond. There is something corrupting about money in large quantities. The better way to manage it is not to let too much of it get together. To get the best results from filthy lucre, it should always be administered in homeopathic doses. The brethren at Castalian Springs, therefore, probably acted wisely in sending their gifts for mission work directly to those who are doing the work. It is to be hoped that the missionaries will spend it as soon as possible, and then the danger will be over."

I most heartily agree to the main drift of the above comments on the position of the *Christian Standard*,

but in passing I might suggest that it is hardly necessary to admonish the missionaries to spend their money "as soon as possible," for usually they spend much of it before they get it. Surely this ought to be speedy enough to avert all possible danger.

Another brother said, "I see but one difficulty, if it be a difficulty, to your way of going. If you should turn to preaching false doctrine who would call you to account?" My reply was that the church sending the missionary was the one to see after that. It is interesting to note the trend of events and the change of attitude on the part of the *Standard*, since forty years ago, on this point. It will be noted that the *Standard* did not raise the question as to doctrine, but thought a "responsible society" necessary to make sure the funds; but this same "responsible society" took the *Standard* unawares on doctrine and backed its missionaries in receiving into fellowship the unbaptized. To this the *Standard* very properly raised a vigorous protest, putting forth the following statement: "It has been claimed that our missionaries on the foreign field favor receiving the unimmersed. Certain statements to this effect, purporting to be from the missionaries themselves, have been published. In our issue of March 25 (1911) we reprinted these statements, expressing a willingness to publish denials on the part of those in position to speak. We mailed advance proofs of our editorial to J. M. McCaleb, W. D. Cunningham, A. E. Seddon, the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. It will of course, take some time to hear from all of these, and until there has been

ample time for each to respond, we should withhold judgment. It is with pleasure that we print the first reply this week. It is from J. M. McCaleb and is as follows:

“MUST BE LOCATED ELSEWHERE

“In reference to certain missionaries who feel it would be “inconsistent or harsh” to require those who have only been sprinkled to be immersed before considering them in the church, the *Standard* for March 25 puts the following pointed question: Do the missionaries referred to above belong in the class of which J. M. McCaleb is a type—men sent out by churches who report directly to the churches who sent them? Brother McCaleb is well informed as to these brethren, having recently published a volume of lectures describing their work. Can he guarantee that these statements do not come from them? We call on him to answer.

“I can most assuredly guarantee that these statements do not come from any of the missionaries with whom I am now in cooperation, nor, I think, I can safely say, from any one at any time who has ever been associated with us on the field. We believe that immersion, and immersion only, is baptism, among the heathen as well as at home.

“Speaking of my own personal labors, I have never “baptized over again” any one in the mission field, but I have baptized many who had received the unscriptural substitute. All of us should seek for union, as far as possible, but it is to be deplored that any one, in his zeal, should forsake the truth and compromise with error in order to obtain it. J. M. McCaleb’.”

It is well known that the *Standard* has long since cut fellowship with the F.C.M.S. (now the United Christian Missionary Society) and strongly recommends mission work carried on under the direct control of the churches. True another "Association" has been formed with its office at Cincinnati, but this Association disclaims any control of mission funds or missionaries, but simply acts as a forwarding agency. If it can be kept at this maybe it is not so far out of order, but the danger is that in course of time it may grow into an authoritative body like its predecessor and in like manner have to be repudiated. The only safe course is for every church to be its own missionary board, its own forwarding agency, hear its own reports and exercise its own judgment as to who is worthy of support.

To get the churches up to this is slow and tedious work. Many of them never do attain it. This slowness of the churches has given excuse for outside organizations. But it is safer to stick to the unquestionable way even though it is slow and sometimes discouraging. And although I have been guilty of it, neither do I sanction invidious comparisons between the churches of Christ and the denominations. Forced methods may be used and obtain a lot more money than is collected on the scriptural plan of freewill offerings. But a dollar given as the Lord directs and used conscientiously will accomplish more in the kingdom of God than a thousand raised by unscriptural methods. So unless we are first willing to fall in line with the denominations and adopt their methods let us refrain from telling what they are doing and what we

are not. What should be urged by every preacher and every public teacher is that the churches go forward in the scriptural way; and they should not only urge it in general terms, but inform themselves so as to be able to show how it should be done. What the churches need most of all is enlightenment and then encouragement to go forward.

CROSSING THE PACIFIC

On Saturday afternoon at three, March the 26th, we set sail from San Francisco. A number of friends had gathered to see us off, and amid the warm and hearty hand-shaking, expressions for a safe voyage and a final farewell, the signal was given and we were soon out in the bay. Such partings from native country are said to have a peculiar feeling of sadness connected with them; but I can't say that I experienced the feeling to any great degree. Mrs. McCaleb and the young ladies gave momentary expressions of grief, but soon all were gleeful and happy at the romance of a voyage across the great waters. The "Oceanic," laden with her cargo of freight and human souls, sailed gently out of the bay, and as we passed the Golden Gate we recognized the Cliff House overcapping the sea, where in the morning we had beheld the rolling billows for the first time, as they came playfully bounding over each other and breaking upon the beach. And also the uplifting rocks only a few rods from shore where we had watched with much interest the sea lions as they climbed up to enjoy the sun and rest for a while from the tossings of the deep. One object after another passed from view till ere long there was not a spot of land to be seen, and we were reminded more and more that we were rapidly being borne out to sea. Some one exclaimed, "A whale! A whale! See the whale!" The attention of all was towards the spot. For once I had the pleasure of seeing Job's leviathan, at whose mammoth size I was not surprised, since I had read so much of him, and had actually made a stool of

one joint of his backbone, at Brother Lockhart's a few days before while visiting at Alhambra. From the imperfect view I had of him as he came up and playfully threw his back and tail out of the water, I would judge him to be some fifty feet long and his tail six or seven feet across. To Job's question, Canst thou draw out leviathan with a fishhook? I would decidedly say, Not with an ordinary hook.

The sea grew more boisterous and rough. Nightfall was at hand, and from an internal evidence, better felt than told, we were painfully reminded that something else was not far distant. Our pleasure was at an end for the evening, and, if only we had known it, for a number of days. The upper deck was soon cleared and all turned into their staterooms to make the necessary arrangements for the night, and to make the best of our surroundings as well as our feelings. Supper (English dinner) was announced; it would not do to fail the first meal, so some of us tried to be brave. Ah me! what a struggle with ourselves, and it wasn't homesickness either. The supper was hastily dispatched with short ceremony, and we were back in our rooms and each could actually "feel a brother's sigh." What is so provoking at such a time is that the old ship just won't be still nor show the least sympathy for the misery one is in. The sea continued to become more rough till she was pitching and rolling the creaky old vessel from side to side as though the ship, too, was in as great agony as we.

The Lord's day morning came, but we dared not to lift our heads. This day was passed as never a day before. Monday morning came with little if any perceptible change. As the day wore away I ventured to

creep out on the upper deck and found one lonely man, with pale face, walking to and fro, trying to get up circulation and to wear off the spell. He had been on the sea a number of times, but had not escaped the effects of the storm. After another stormy night, Tuesday came, and found us all some better. For the first time I went to Brother Azbill's room to see what had become of him, as I had not seen him since Saturday, the day we put out to sea. Found him quite sick. Said it was the roughest voyage he had ever experienced out of thirteen. Wednesday found us sailing on a comparatively smooth sea, and all able to be at breakfast. We complimented our table on being the first one filled. However, we took hold rather delicately to see whether or not it would stay. All got on fairly well and felt better. We have continued to improve very rapidly, and are again able to eat a good square meal with a relish. It is now Thursday afternoon, March the 31st. We have a clear sky, a smooth sea, and very pleasant sailing. One can sit at his table and write and hear the chickens crow somewhere on the ship and feel almost as if he were at his own private window.

"Every man has his remedy" for seasickness. A number of friends advised us how to proceed. But as all signs fail in dry weather, so all remedies fail in seasickness. Fast before going aboard; keep up on deck; drink sea water till you throw up; eat oranges, etc. Some people are not sick at all; others are sick whatever they do. In my own case, I found then, and have ever found since, that the best thing to do is to stay in bed and keep warm for about three days.

On board there are a number of different nationalities represented. France, Germany, England, Japan, China and America are all here. We are all here together, yet how very far apart.

That rather elderly, large man over there, with picture boards in hand, is a wholesale merchant from Chicago. He has been prosperous in business for a number of years and now goes abroad for a rest. He is on his way to Japan. He takes great interest in showing his pictures of Chicago buildings, boulevard drives, etc., and is a very sociable sort of man. That short, chubby man, to whom he is talking, with his tiny wife at his side, is the Japanese minister to Australia, but he has been called home "on important business." He seems to be a very gentlemanly, intelligent sort of man. He says he is glad we are going as missionaries to his country, and that we will be treated kindly. You also see a number of his brethren on board. They are on their way home from America—some as silk merchants, and others in the interest of the World's Fair, to be held in Chicago in 1893.

The man at my left, with full beard and dark complexion, who writes there at the next table, is a member of the Evangelical Church. I don't know what is meant by this name, since most of the leading denominations are considered "evangelical." Maybe those whom he represents are especially evangelical. At any rate, in our Southern use of the term, he is a very "clever" man and quite accommodating to tell about Japan. He has been in that country eight years as a missionary, and he and his wife are now returning with the view of continuing their work. He is the pale-faced man I saw on deck Monday morning, walk-

ing as if for dear life to keep off seasickness, and the first stranger on board with whom I ventured to open conversation. As a man, I like him quite well. He talks freely and rather inquisitively on religion, and seems to know but little of what we believe and teach.

The name of the gentleman mentioned above is Voeglein. I am not sure that this is the correct spelling, but at any rate it is pronounced like *Vague-line*. In our conversations about Japan, he related to me the following story, which to a new missionary is not so very encouraging: We started a work, he said, in a certain town out in the country and located a preacher there. I visited them regularly for quite a while and the work was growing. In time we had about eighty members. I then said to the native preacher that it was time to begin to teach them to give with a view of becoming self-supporting. So the preacher began to preach on giving. But the meetings began to dwindle, and kept getting smaller and smaller. When we inquired into the cause we found that it was because they had been asked to give. We thought, they said, that you were going to give to us; but if we have to pay for this Jesus teaching we don't want it. The crowds continued to grow smaller till only one old grandmother was left. Grandmother is true, we thought, and she will remain true even if all the rest have left. But she was getting old and the relatives became concerned about where they would bury her. They went to the priest of the temple and asked if she could be buried in the temple burying ground; but he said no, not unless she would come back and join the temple and give up Yasukyo. The family came together for consultation. It was a very serious matter

to be deprived of the right to be buried in the temple cemetery with the rest of the family. There was no way out but for O-baasan to give up her faith and go back and join the temple. This she did, and the last member out of the eighty was gone. We tore down the house and moved it away.

A member of the Presbyterian Church on board asked: "Do you go out under the American Board?" The American Board is Congregational. Since I was not under the Presbyterian Board he of course thought I must be under some other. This is only a sample of a number of similar questions that have been asked, which clearly signifies that it has never dawned upon some that the evangelists to other lands can go out to convert people to Christ simply under the direction and control of the church; and it also shows how far religion has left in the background the only God-given institution for evangelizing the world. "Unto me," says Paul, "who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ; to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known through the church the manifold wisdom of God." Eph. 3: 8-10.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We reached Yokohama Tuesday night, April the 12th, too late to go ashore till morning, so had to content ourselves on board another night. All were up on deck early Wednesday morning to see the new sights. The city surrounding us on three sides and bordering on the bay, from the distant view we had of it, seemed to be rather clean and beautiful for a sea-port town. The bay itself was covered with steamers at anchor from various countries, and smaller transit boats for getting passengers and freight to and from the shore. Around our ship was a swarm of *sanpans* (skiffs) and a continual cry of strange voices from as equally strange looking people, with peculiar dress, if it be proper to call it "dress," for many of them were entirely destitute of covering for the lower limbs, with only a kind of loose garment, a substitute for a coat, about the shoulders and falling carelessly down to the waist. Some were in almost a nude state, with only a mere strip of cloth about the loins. But their reddish brown faces, made all the more so from their exposure to the sun, wore a pleasant expression, indicative of good nature and comparative contentment despite their unpleasant surroundings. It took three *sanpans* to take our party and baggage ashore, and still another was needed, it seemed to me, for I could but feel that we were in constant danger of being capsized and sent plunging into the bay. However, my fears were unfounded, and we were soon safe on shore once more, after a stay on the sea of seventeen days. And how

glad we were to be able to stand still again, after being rocked, "rocked upon the cradle of the deep."

More strange voices and equally strange faces greeted us. As soon as our little boats struck shore, a man about forty, with a bearing of command, dressed in Japanese costume except his feet, which played around in a pair of American boots about two numbers too large, came bustling and muttering down to the water's edge. Brother Azbill had hurried off to hunt up Mr. Standilan, a brother stationed here to assist foreigners in getting through the customhouse, and left me in charge of the baggage. Through Brother Ishikawa, I learned my man of prominence was a kind of boss of affairs, and as he seemed to know what he was about, I concluded to let him have his own way. I found the transfer men actually understood him well enough to know what he wanted them to do in spite of my stupidity in not understanding a word he was saying, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, they had our trunks, boxes, etc., up in the office ready for inspection. The men were not at all particular and took a number of things simply on our word, so we were not long getting through with them.

Who is "Brother Ishikawa"? you ask. Yes, I should have told you about him before now. When our party reached San Francisco, Brother Ferguson, minister of the Christian Church, had an English Bible class of Japanese young men. Kakujiro Ishikawa was one of them. The night before we sailed, the minister baptized Ishikawa and Mr. and Mrs. Luce of San Francisco paid his way back to Japan and he came along with us as a coworker. Knowing both English and Japanese, he is now useful as interpreter.

The year I entered school at Lexington, Ky., Eugene Snodgrass had just finished the course and was being sent to Japan as a missionary under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. A farewell meeting was given him by the students. This was in 1888. He had recently married a Lexington girl, and they were both to be sent. That Sunday afternoon he made a talk, and though I do not remember what he said, I remember him. Medium height, red complexioned, with a mustache, rather keen eyes and a serious countenance, and made more so by the occasion. At that time but little did I think I would ever meet him in Japan. He had sent a letter to Yokohama inviting us to come directly to his home, so the next thing was to get to the station and take the train for Tokyo. Six man-carts were procured, one for each of us, and in a few minutes we were all strung out, one behind the other, the men making a long-trot speed across the town. This was not only a new way of riding, but everything around us was new and interesting, and in some respects beautiful. The houses were quaint and peculiar and the shrubbery and flowers odd and attractive. About half a mile's ride brought us to the station. The shafts of my *jinrikisha* were lowered to the ground and I stepped out and bowed to my man-horse with a smile, which was returned with grace and good humor, and, for the first time in life, settled with both horse and coachman combined in one.

But a few minutes remained to get our tickets, baggage checked, and get aboard the train. The railroad man would not take our money, and we had no Japanese change, so what was to be done? Through our interpreter we got our baggage checked without tick-

ets, and by him also got permission to pass out of the station gate and take the train bound for Tokyo. Not only so, but they put us aboard first class. They took our word that we would pay them at the other end of the line. Such kindness and such trust should not soon be forgotten. We all reached our brother's home in good order, were most cordially received by Sister Snodgrass, her husband having gone to meet us, but passed us on the way. Said he didn't take us to be the party looked for, as we looked entirely too native to be just from America. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly and with such inquiries of interest as would naturally arise on such an occasion. That night as we knelt around the family altar, I am sure we all felt a very sacred nearness to each other and to God, who had kept us unharmed from every danger, both by land and sea, and had brought us safe to our chosen field of labor.

The newcomer to Japan usually finds a chilliness in the air, not felt at home, and, though it was the middle of April, I found myself hovering close to the fire; and also along in the afternoon I would become very sleepy, this being the usual bedtime back in America. One, however, gradually becomes accustomed to the difference in time.

Mr. George Smith was the first missionary sent to Japan by the F. C. M. S., and he also showed us all due courtesy. One day as we were visiting a certain part of the city we called on a friend by the name of Takahashi, who received us very gladly and invited us in. The reception room was upstairs. Following the custom of Japan, we all slipped off our shoes at the door and walked up in our sock feet. The floor was nicely

covered with soft matting. The walls consisted of a framework resembling that of a window frame, covered over with Japanese paper. They call these sliding windows *shoji*. Usually one or two sides of the room are of common plaster. Not a chair or piece of furniture of any kind was to be seen. Presently the young brother brought in three cushions covered with a kind of plush and laid them on the floor and invited us to be seated, while he himself took the floor without a cushion. The fire was also brought in and placed in our midst. It consisted of a little box, called *hibachi*, about ten inches square by eight deep, filled within an inch or two of the top with ashes, with a handful of live charcoal in the center. Next we were served tea in little shallow cups holding about one big swallow, handed out without saucers to each of us, and a little bowl of chestnuts cooked and peeled and covered with a kind of batter made from sweet potatoes, with a small toothpick about two inches long sticking in one to serve as a fork. See us all sitting flat on the floor with our tiny cups of tea and eating chestnuts with a toothpick; truly this is Japanese.

The courtesy of tea being over, we next visited a Buddhist temple in Asakusa, one of the largest in Tokyo. On either side of the gateway leading to it were two great, hideous-looking images called "devil kings," to whom the people offer prayers. The heathen worship bad gods as well as good ones, but in fear lest they do them harm. In the present case they have a very effective way of knowing whether their prayers are answered. They write them on a piece of paper, chew it to a wad and throw at the image. If it sticks, the prayer is heard. Hence the idol and the lattice-

work around it are thickly specked with little wads of paper.

Entering the gateway, you pass along the stone pavement and up the broad and worn steps with the motley throng into the temple, hung with mammoth Japanese lanterns and many other things curious to the foreigner. To the right, on a framework, sits a black and greatly worn image, so much so that the features are entirely gone. The god of healing. People of every class and age come and go, each receiving a blessing in turn by rubbing first the idol and then their own afflicted body corresponding to it, that they may be healed. One old decrepit I noticed in particular who went over almost the entire body in this way and then turned away apparently as well contented as if she had received a real blessing. Instead of healing, they are actually rubbing in and rubbing on the curse of disease.

The contribution box is to the left. Not a little basket or box with a handle to pass around, but one about ten by eighteen feet, with square bars running across, turned up like the bars at a railroad fence crossing. The worshipers first throw in their contributions, then kneel and pray. A lesson may be learned from this, namely, that a Christian should give as well as pray, and also that in a measure we answer our own prayers. But this is only one feature of the question. If prayer has only a reflex influence and simply prepares the mind to work more effectively but in connection with which God is in no wise changed, then the ignorant idolater that I watch bowing before these images of wood and stone is upon an equal footing with myself and gets just as much benefit out of prayer as I do.

The Japanese are naturally polite and always find time to go through their peculiar manner of bowing and salutations. Their disposition is pleasant, and even when occasion demands that they relate the death of a relative or friend they think it impolite, I am told, to show signs of sadness, and tell it with a smile. If you do not please them in any way they tell you through a friend rather than tell you in person.

The people are undersize. Their average weight, I suppose, is about one hundred pounds, and their size that of a sixteen-year-old boy.* Their implements, vessels and houses are correspondingly small. The streets are very narrow, too narrow for pavements, many of them being mere alleys. In passing through the city one feels more like he is among a lot of grown-up children with toy houses and playthings than anything else.

They are always interested in foreigners as they pass by, but their sense of propriety and extreme politeness will not permit them to stop and stare or show that they thought you anything unusual. Many just happen to be going the way you do for quite a distance, but entirely unconscious of your presence. The children, of course, are not so particular, and will gather around you in swarms. At one time when we had stopped a few minutes on the street, not less than fifty children were about us. Perhaps none, or at most a very small per cent, had ever heard of Christ. The older sisters take charge of the baby, and on this occasion I observed a little girl some ten or twelve years old carrying two at once, one tied to her back, the other in her arms. The mother frequently has to be her own nurse.

*I now think this estimate was too low.

In such case she goes about her household affairs or to church with her babe bound to her back, its little head either lying to one side in sleep or bobbing up just behind hers and looking in every direction. I was told before coming to Japan that Japanese babies never cried. This I find to be a mistake. In this respect they are just like other babies, and as they usually get what they cry for, it is no unusual thing to hear them going at the top of their voices.

The Japanese, from what I have learned so far, have many redeeming qualities, but like Jesus' disciples, "the flesh is weak." In conversation with a native brother, he said, referring to the common faults of his people, they are behind time as to engagements, break promises, are ignorant, and drink wine.

To an American, the Japanese do everything backwards: he takes the left-hand side of the street, draws his saw and plane towards him, has his kitchen and dining room in front and parlor in the rear, prints his books with the lines vertical and following each other from right to left, and I even saw the American flag floating in the air topside down. It depends, I suppose, on how one has been brought up as to how a thing ought to be done.

Earthquakes in Japan are of frequent occurrence. I experienced my first last night. At about one o'clock I was awakened by the clatter of the lamp shade and the rocking motion of the house.

Tokyo is divided into wards, or sections. After about two weeks as guests, we moved out of the Foreign Concession, which the government has set apart for the habitation of foreigners, into Yotsuya Ward. Two houses were rented, one for Misses Scott and

Hostetter and one for the McCalebs. Our home is No. 42 Obam-machi. The novelty of living in a Japanese house helps us for the time being to overlook its inconvenience. We began to study both the people and the language, especially the latter, in the meantime having meetings once or twice a week. An account of one of our meetings is as follows: Spoke last Sunday night to an audience of forty or fifty people. The order was good after we once got the attention, but at first there was considerable disturbance. A drunken man stepped in, became very boisterous and demanded that we were making too much noise, in which he made more than all of us put together. As he turned away the little fellows followed him with a hideous yell, after which order was restored and maintained.

Mrs. McCaleb to Mrs. Lipscomb writes: We live in a Japanese house in Japanese quarters. We have been in our new home nearly three weeks. We have five small rooms and are very comfortable. The doors and windows are frames covered with paper, which are pushed back and forth. We have also storm doors, of wood on the outside, worked in the same way. The dooryard is pretty, has no grass, but flowers and trees. The Japanese will not have grass, but keep the ground clean and bare. We have a garden with a few fruit trees—peaches, cherries, persimmons, chestnuts, and a nice hedge fence. Mr. McCaleb has planted some vegetable seeds, at odd times. We think they will do well, if he has time to tend them. This can be his exercise. He has a preaching place, has Sunday school in the morning and preaching at night. Of course, he has to talk through an interpreter yet—has the lessons and songs written in Japanese. The meetings have

been encouraging, as they have been well attended, and the people gave attention to what was said. After Sunday school we all meet here to break bread, read the scriptures, and sing. Some of the Japanese meet with us. The people here, like those of Athens, in Paul's day, are almost wholly given to the worship of idols. The priests may be often seen with idols on their backs, beating drums and asking alms.

I will close now with kindest regards to the friends at your house.—Della McCaleb.

In the study of the new language we were advised to begin like a child right back at the A B C's, so I have my little primer with pictures to show what the words mean. I am no longer a grown-up, but once more a little child of three summers, back at the old home among the hills of Hickman County, Tennessee, seated on the end of the loom-bench by my mother's side while she hears my lesson and at the same time weaves the cloth for my winter clothes.

THAT MELON PATCH

If there is one thing that tempts a boy more than another it is a melon patch. To this day I love the looks of even the vines. The deeply scalloped leaves with their rich, deep green look good enough to eat even in themselves. It was when I was fourteen, and only a short time before I turned to the Lord. A change was coming over me, my voice was changing, and I was feeling the urge to get out into the bigger world. I wanted to put on a shirt with a stiff front, or at least a dicky, button on a paper collar and cravat, sometimes called in those classic days a "shuffly," but now commonly called a tie. I wanted to look at the girls, and felt a thrill when one chanced to look at me.

I didn't go home that Sunday after meetin', but dined out. "Let's go over to the river and go in swimmin'," said Van. On the way back he said, "I know where there are some melons that don't belong to anybody. They are right out in this cornfield around an old straw stack." Our mules were hitched to the fence and four boys might have been seen scudding half bent through the tall corn to the old straw stack. Only a few small melons were there, but they tasted mighty good. It was my first offense. I never told my mother about it, but somehow when I went home I felt that she knew already. But the melons didn't belong to anybody. The darkies in plowing had casually dropped a few seed around the old straw stack, so I tried to forget it. When I turned to the Lord I thought of the melons, but believed the Lord had forgiven me, so I dismissed the matter. I grew to manhood, tried to live a Christian

and to get others to be Christians, finally went off to school, and then further off to school. When school days were over I got married and crossed the sea to teach the heathen. But during all these years that one deed continued every now and then to come up before me. One night in Japan, with thousands of miles and sixteen years between me and the melon patch, I suddenly awoke as if some one had called me. My conscience began, You are a thief. You have come to teach these people, but you yourself are a thief. What? I asked. That melon patch. You are right, I said; I give it up, and will not argue the case any more. I wrote my brother either that very hour or the next morning confessing my deed, enclosed ten cents and asked him to go to the neighbor and confess to him for me and give him the ten cents. He did, and the neighbor smiled, and of course did not want the money, but under the circumstances took it. And when the news came back to me my conscience said, Now I am at ease; you may go on and teach the heathen.

THE BEGINNINGS

When we reached Japan, E. Snodgrass, whom I had met on his departure for Japan, nearly five years before, at Lexington, was in a controversy with G. T. Smith, both working under the Society, over the use of the organ in worship. Mr. Smith had introduced it into one of the Japanese churches, to which Mr. Snodgrass objected. As they could not come to an agreement, the Society recommended that they both offer their resignation. At the time this happened, E. Snodgrass was a member of the Broadway Christian Church at Lexington, which was also opposed to the use of the organ. The Board therefore dismissed one of its workers only for the reason that he was in harmony with the church of which he was a member. This was a clear case as to which was in control, the Board or the churches, and be it noted that the Board decided on the wrong side of the question. Brother Snodgrass did not leave his work, but carried on independently. We were coworkers from that time till ill health on the part of both himself and wife compelled him to leave Japan in 1903. They both died in Lexington, Ky., only about nine months apart.

Miss Loduska J. Wirlick had also come to Japan from Des Moines, Iowa (1890), semi-independently, and was cooperating with Brother Snodgrass. In conversation with her, she said, "I was so glad to hear you were coming the way you were, I didn't know what to do. The Lord will never let you suffer. Money doesn't give me the least concern. I am not a bit afraid but that I will be supported." She spent her life in

Japan, did an excellent work and endeared herself to the Japanese. Her grave is in one of the Tokyo cemeteries. The first Lord's day we were in Japan we worshiped at the little church where they were working at Daimon Cho, Koishikawa Ward, Tokyo. There were only a few Christians and forty or fifty children in the Sunday school. At the close the children sang, "Bringing in the Sheaves." Knowing the tune, I joined them in English. This brought me nearer to them and made me feel more at home in a strange land.

In June, 1893, Brother and Sister Jones, from the Christian Church, cast their lot with us. These people are sometimes called "New Lights," or "Christian Connection." When Alexander Campbell and Barton W. Stone met and agreed that they were sufficiently one in faith to be brethren, some of the churches Stone had established declined to unite, and started a body of their own. They have lately united with the Congregationalists. Brother and Sister Jones were English people. They did not accept sprinkling for baptism, and as the Christian Church missionaries with whom they were working would either sprinkle or immerse, they were not satisfied. In 1893, the Daimon Cho Church had forty members, with Takayama as elder and Tanaka and Takewaki deacons. This is the same church as the church now known as the Kamitomizaka Church, where Brother Y. Hiratsuka has labored so long.

We lived in Yotsuya Ward, Tokyo, only three months, when we moved back to the Foreign Concession. At that time foreigners could not live outside the Concession except they were in government employ. When

I learned this, and that the agreement on which I had been permitted to live out in the city was fictitious, I declined to abide by it, believing that a Christian who had come to teach the people obedience to the law of God should not live in violation of the law of the land. Brother K. Ishikawa, who was then working with us, was displeased, and suggested that if I was that particular I had better go back to America. No. 12 Tsukiji, Tokyo, Japan, was our address for fifteen years.

There are two sides to the question of mission work. For example, take this, that appeared in a missionary journal:

Over there.—"Cheering report comes from the new workers. They are very happy. They have entered into the joy of their Lord."—*Intelligencer.*

Over here.—"One comes out with such high hopes, and it is all knocked flat."—*New Worker under the Board.*

Leaving the work in Yotsuya to the other missionaries, I opened a new work in Kanda Ward, in quite another part of the city. A house with dwelling in the rear and the front room used for a store was fitted up for preaching. My first convert was a woman from the southern island of Shikoku. She was in Tokyo taking a course as a trained nurse. When she finished her course she returned to Shikoku and I never met her again, but I heard from her once. So far as I know she lived true to her faith. A man came in one evening to our meeting, was quiet and dignified in manner, giving good attention. After the meeting he said he had been sprinkled, but was now glad to learn the true way. In course of time he was baptized. In talking with Mr. Voeglein, the man whom I met on the boat

when coming over, I found that this was one of his members. Said he did not know anything especially against him, that they once had him employed. Soon after his baptism, Mr. Asanuma—Morning-puddle—asked for a place to preach. I had no place for him, but urged that as the people all 'round him needed to be taught that he begin independently. This did not seem to meet his desire, and he was so troubled that he scratched the blood out of his round bald head. Brother Morning-puddle disappeared and my hope of a Cornelius was "all knocked flat."

Not all Japanese preachers are trustworthy, as will appear from the following conversation between myself and one of my first helpers, a Mr. Iguchi. Iguchi had formerly been a member of the Greek Catholic Church. Two preaching points left in my care by Brother Jones were committed to him at which I could not attend regularly. Concerning one of these places, the following conversation took place:

Did you have many at Honjo last night?

No, not very many.

Did the children come?

No, they did not come; it was too hot.

Only grown people?

Grown people only.

How many?

About six were present.

What did you talk about?

From John 15, about the vine and the branches.

You did not go to Honjo last night. I went, but you were absent. Last Friday night you wrote the woman of the house a card that you would not be there. If I

had not gone, coming by for you, you would not have gone last Friday night. Again last night you were absent. Yet you have frequently asked me to give you more money. I think it is for money only that you are zealous. You have not the love of God.

Here the wife interrupted, He went from seven to eight instead of eight.

No, I was there half past seven and the woman said he had not been there. Now, this is very bad. You say there were six present and that you spoke from John 15 about the vine and the branches; and yet you were not there at all.

No, I did not go. I am a little bad.

No, you are not a little bad; you are very bad.

Yes, I am very bad; please excuse me.

I cannot excuse you. I will think about it and you must think about it. I want you to read some from the Bible. (Turns and reads Acts 5: 1-4 about Ananias and Sapphira.)

Now you and your wife are like these two persons; you have not lied to me, but you have lied to God. It is a great sin for which I cannot forgive you. Now turn to Acts 8: 21-23. (Turns and reads: "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.") You must ask God to forgive you for I cannot. I will pray for you. If he can forgive you I shall be glad.

Now turn to Revelation 21: 8 and read: "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and mur-

derers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Here I left him to reflect.

A more deliberate case of lying than the above would be hard to find.

If, under great temptation, one should give way to such a weakness, it could be hoped that when such pressure was removed the heart would repent and turn to the Lord. But to sit flat on the floor, propped up against the wall, with one foot drawn up and hands locked across his knee, and spin out such a string of lies just to indulge himself in a little laziness, certainly shows a very corrupt condition of soul.

Later: Poor Iguchi; I have never seen him from the time of that conversation. He left the preaching place, taking with him the furniture, the clock, and even the Bibles. Later I saw in the newspaper that he had been arrested for robbery and murder and was hanged. As this was among some of my earliest experiences, it naturally gave me a very unfavorable impression of native evangelists. Happily, they are not all like Iguchi.

In the fall of 1893 I built a chapel in Kanda. The rental of the lot was 3.70 yen (\$2.00) a month, and the cost of the house \$600.00. It had a baptistry and two dressing rooms and two small rooms upstairs for the caretaker, and a hall that would seat about two hundred people.

Brother K. Ishikawa's birthplace was about seventy miles from Tokyo, in the town of Ashikaga. He and I visited his native town from time to time, and in

1893 there were seven in the town whom I had baptized. It was my privilege to do the first baptizing ever done in that city. It was written up at that time as follows: Last Saturday was a beautiful day, and the most happy one of our trip. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, a little company of us—a father, three of his sons, a friend, two servants, and some lookers-on—assembled upon the bank of the beautiful little river that runs along. Above us some fishermen are sitting, waiting patiently for a "bite." Further on the boys are idly throwing stones to while away the time, while down below us a few hundred yards the weavers are washing their new cloth and spreading it on the pebbly shore to dry. The hour is quiet and serene, and all nature seems to lend its aid to the fitness of the occasion. Three of the leading young men of the town have come out to confess Jesus as the Christ, and to put him on in baptism. What must be the feeling of the one who but a few years ago had to stand alone amid persecution by friends, and even those of his own household, in expressing his faith in Christ, as he now stands by and sees his two younger brothers and an old friend turning to the Lord, and to have the father, who once strenuously opposed Christianity, to be present and rejoice with hearty approval? (Later I baptized both the father and mother.)

In 1893, we received from the churches \$678.73; earned in Japan by teaching \$265.19. Gave to the work \$322.90.

Being short on support, E. Snodgrass took a position in a middle school on the west coast in the city of Kanazawa. During the same year he asks for funds to build a chapel in Koishikawa Ward, Tokyo. He

prepares to take a trip home and asks me to fill out his unexpired time in the Kanazawa school. I go most of the way by train, part of the way by boat, and thirty-five miles by jinrikisha. One man draws me the entire distance of thirty-five miles for about seventy-five cents. I have always regretted since that I did not pay him more. If it were to do over I would pay at least double. He drew me in the cart and ran the distance in a little more than half a day.

Mrs. McCaleb, with our baby girl, now Mrs. Glenn, remained in Tokyo. During my absence we had an earthquake in Tokyo that shook down some of the chimneys and killed two or three people. In Kanazawa I boarded for a little while in a Japanese home, and the wife told me of her family troubles, of which there are plenty in Japan. I then took lodging with Mr. Harkness, a Presbyterian missionary. During my services with the school there were graduation exercises. Tell us about it, you say. Yes, with pleasure; here it is: It is April the 27th. All assemble in the large hall. There are no seats. All the students stand in one half of the room, facing the other side. A small table is in front. In the center of the room is a large vase with evergreens. The teachers, about twenty in number, assemble. All, or nearly all, have on foreign clothes for the occasion. One old man with a cloth suit has his pants much too long, a swallowtail coat, and a low-cut vest. All look like their clothes are foreign to their habits. Time arrives to begin. A little long wooden box is brought in on a waiter, held up in front above the head. It is placed on the little table. The principal of the school opens it and takes out a roll of parchment, and reads advice to the school with great

solemnity; all bow their heads while this is being done. He finishes, rolls it up, puts it into the box, and it is taken away as it was brought in. It is from the Emperor.* The graduates come forward, receive their papers, read them aloud, and the services, with a few other little matters, are over. All repair to an upper room. A long table is prepared with Japanese food and—what do you suppose? Well, I must tell you—*sake*, or Japanese whiskey made of rice. How much? About twelve quarts for about twenty men. All, from the head of the school on down, begin to pour out in their little cups and drink, and ask me to drink also. I tell them I don't drink *sake*. They don't insist. I

* THE IMPERIAL EDICT ON EDUCATION

Know ye, our Subjects:

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue; Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of our Empire, and herein also lies the source of our education. Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by their descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true in all places. It is Our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same virtue.

The 30th day of the 10th month of the 23rd year of Meiji.
(Oct. 30, 1890.)

leave them in the midst of a general carousal. This is the example the heads of the public schools set before the students, notwithstanding all that most solemn advice read only a few moments ago from the Emperor.

While in Kanazawa I conducted a Bible class for young men. Among them was a young man named Kurumata. Kurumata was a Methodist. I also engaged this young man to teach me Japanese. My textbook was the Bible, and I took occasion to study such passages as I thought would also be helpful to him. He decided that sprinkling was a mistake, and asked to be baptized. It was Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, July 8, 1894. Going out to the beautiful mountain stream that runs down through the heart of the city there was an ideal place where the stone steps led right down into the deep, clear water. Except a few idle boys that had gathered out of curiosity, there was about the same number as when the eunuch was immersed. And just as they did, we both "went down into the water" and I baptized him. How? He was buried with him in baptism (Col. 2: 12), and coming up out of the water he went on his way rejoicing.

I had invited all the Methodist and Presbyterian friends, about twelve in number, to be present, but the hour came at an inconvenient time for some of them, and at a more inconvenient time, I fear, for the inclination of others, so with "one consent they began to make excuse," good, plausible excuses, too, they were, equally as good as people generally make when they don't want to do something. Excuses are so plentiful, and if not ready-made, so easy to make, that most people are tempted to make them. Some people cannot make a hoe handle, but I have rarely ever known one

so unskilled that he could not make an excuse. An excuse is different from a reason: it is to cover up the reason. Let us be careful. I spent nearly four months in Kanazawa, was well treated in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Harkness, became attached to their two little boys, Harry and "Baby Dixon." Their father thinks they were born in sin; I don't, but with Jesus believe that of such is the kingdom of heaven. If they are born in sin then they are lost world without end. According to his belief man can do absolutely nothing for his salvation, but be saved only by faith, but these little ones cannot believe. Neither does sprinkling water on them help them, for this would be doing something for salvation.

My going to Kanazawa was prompted by a debt of \$150.00 that remained on the Kanda church house. I returned by way of the summer resort of Karuizawa, where my wife and baby were for the summer, and after a rest we returned to Tokyo to resume work.

Iwao Yoshikawa went to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. While there, he became acquainted with a Mr. Black, a minister of the Christian Church. Mr. Black baptized him and the church decided to send him back to Japan as their evangelist. He built a dwelling and chapel combined in Kanda Ward, Tokyo, not so far from our work. Before his house was finished he baptized three people at our place, and later I baptized his wife, who was a devout Catholic. She hesitated to be baptized unless I would warm the water; I hesitated to warm the water lest it be a baptism without sufficient faith. Finally she decided that cold water wouldn't hurt her, and it didn't. Mrs. Yoshikawa was a cultured and refined woman, and

with an opportunity would have accomplished much more than was possible for her as she was. It was not long till Yoshikawa claimed a church of forty members. Trouble came up among them and soon everything was scattered. He moved to Chiba Province and leased several acres of land and was going to establish a Model Christian Farm. He built a hut and started work. The Chicago church was not satisfied and his support gradually ceased. It was reported on him that he was immoral. He closed the farm and took a position as English teacher in a public school. While Yoshikawa was operating in Chiba Prefecture, F. A. Wagner and O. Fujimori arrived in Japan (1896). Three of us went out to visit Yoshikawa and slept in his hut. Wagner and Fujimori located in two miles of his place. As a result of their labors some three or four hundred people have been baptized in that section, and among them Brother Tsukamoto, a substantial farmer. He is also a teacher of the Word of no mean ability. He has never sought nor received help from the American churches. While Yoshikawa failed, he was the occasion of the Wagner-Fujimori work being started there. It has been well said that, "While God can and does overrule our failures to spread his truth, he does not need our failures to furnish him occasions for good." It may also be added that the benefits reaped may go to others, but will in no wise be ours. Later Brother Tsukamoto started a church in his own home and at one time had a membership of 31.

THE WORK IN ITS EARLY STAGES

One of the first missionaries sent out by the F. C. M. S. was Miss Calla J. Harrison. About the time of our reaching Japan her connection also was severed from the Society, and she became, like ourselves, an independent worker. She went to Honolulu, Hawaii, to do work there among the Japanese. Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Garvin, from Pasadena, Calif., went to Honolulu in 1894, and opened work both for Americans and Japanese the fifth day of August. In six months he had baptized sixty-four people, and had established two congregations, a Japanese church and also one for white people, each having over thirty members. Miss Harrison cooperated with Brother Garvin, giving her time especially to the Japanese work. Among others, she converted from the Methodists a young man named Samuel Mitamura. Miss Harrison returned to Japan, accompanied by "Samuel," in 1896. Of her work in Honolulu, she wrote as follows: "October 1st found me at the Peninsula, twelve miles from Honolulu. As a result of our work there we had that night three baptisms. Brother Inada, himself the first fruits of the Honolulu church, began his ministry by baptizing these brethren. We held our meeting first, and earnestly besought Jesus to be present according to his promise. (Matt. 18: 19, 20.) It was a beautiful night. There was a full moon, still waters, and soft air, scented with lantana bloom. The water was so shallow that they went some distance from the shore. The notes of the baptismal hymn rose into tender pleading,

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.
I want thee forever to live in my soul.

“It seemed as if he who made the moonlit bay, the flowers, and the humble souls that were offering themselves in sacrifice to him were indeed present, and were well pleased. Another precious service was held in the new tabernacle, and Brother Garvin baptized the first convert in the new baptistry. It was a long, hot walk up to the jail on Lord’s day at twelve o’clock, and I used to wonder if any good came of it. Great good, the superintendent said. The women, mostly prostitutes, who had forfeited their licenses, ceased to come back every few weeks as formerly, and only poor Pulolo, who, in her hut in the mountains, had done such dark deeds of murder, remained alone. On coming away, I said to her: Are you willing to confess all your sins and take Jesus as your Savior? If you are, tell him so. As humbly as a little child she knelt and prayed: Lord, I am a great sinner; save me for Jesus’ sake. Another poor sister came into the church, but fell back into her old life of shame. There is no hope of her, I thought bitterly. In a few days her husband came and said she wanted to live as a Christian, but had no means of getting a living. We took it to our Father in prayer, and in a few days she came to church and told me she had a place and would go to work the next day.”

In two years’ time the Honolulu church had seventy white members and was self-supporting. Brother Garvin returned to California and left the church in the hands of a preacher who favored the societies. A. McLean offered them money and they accepted it. The church finally became what is called modernist and

is so still. Later efforts to re-establish a true church in Honolulu have not been successful.

The young Japanese brother whom they called "Samuel" that returned to Japan joined us in the work in Kanda, Tokyo, and showed himself a very zealous worker. One Sunday evening, however, at one of our preaching services, he was out before the audience with an accordion, singing and playing with much energy. I said nothing for the present, but next day had a talk with him. Samuel worked with us for a while, then asked to be released to go to the Baptists. His reason for the change was that he wanted a "Church home."

After having rented the place where we were living for three years, I bought it in the summer of 1895, for the sum of \$800.00, or in Japanese money 1400 yen.

Miss Hostetter opened a school for poor children in the Kanda church building. But it was found to be inconvenient to conduct a school in the church building, so in 1895 she built a schoolhouse, properly planned and equipped. In those days many of the poorer districts had no public schools. In the eyes of the government slum work was not worth while, but as they saw the good results from charity schools among the poor, they changed their minds and in time schools were furnished for the poor as well as for the better-to-do. It not being so necessary to continue such schools, they were in time closed out and the missionaries gave themselves to other lines of work. At this time Brother Yokow was beginning in the book publishing business, and we sold to him the Kanda school plant, at which place he has continued his busi-

ness even down to the present, having made quite a success of it.

Miss Hostetter wrote as follows about some difficulties in preaching: "Preaching in Japan is attended with some difficulties not known in the United States. Sometimes in the midst of the most interesting part of the discourse a woman or child rises from the seat, goes forward, kneels down before the preacher, and asks to be excused for going home. This is usually followed with bowings and farewell greetings to others in the room. Of course, the preaching stops till this leave-taking formality is finished. However, those who are used to churchgoing do not make this mistake, but always leave quietly.

"One morning we gave each of our Sunday school pupils a small New Testament, telling them to bring the books every Sunday, and we would read together and find all the references. The following Sunday we had our first exercise, with the Bibles, which worked admirably. The teachers assisted in finding the places for the children who did not yet know just where to look. The same Sunday evening we were agreeably surprised to find the children promptly on hand with their testaments. It was Mr. McCaleb's night to preach. He announced his chapter and verse. It did not take a very keen observer to note the puzzled look on the brother's face when he found himself immediately beset by ten or a dozen boys and girls asking, 'Where? where?' But he complied gently and tenderly, finding the place for each in turn, and then went on with his preaching calmly composed. The children were listening very well by this time, and might have continued so, but Brother McCaleb made

the mistake of referring to some chapter and verse in another part of the Bible whereupon the former general rush was repeated. By this time the good brother thought it wise to check their zeal by telling them that in the evening they could just listen till they were a little larger, when they would be able to find the places quietly themselves.

“One evening a drunken Japanese man came into the chapel and sat down quietly enough till the audience rose to sing. Suddenly he saw me towering considerably above the Japanese brothers and sisters and, coming over to where I was standing, insisted on singing with me from the same book. I urgently insisted on his having a separate book, for I thought we could both of us see better, but it was no use. We compromised the matter by continuing to sing together—the drunken man and I—throughout the entire hymn, and I am not sure which of us made the most signal failure.

“The meetings are usually well attended lately. A little while last winter the people were too busy thinking about the war to come to church very much, but now there seems to be increased interest in the gospel on all sides. The student class especially show a strong disposition to inquire about and study the Bible. This is very encouraging. The Emperor will return to Tokyo the 27th of this month (May). The people are busy preparing a triumphal procession to welcome him. It is said the Emperor scolded Count Ito three hours for giving up Manchuria.”

Note—When the Emperor Meiji returned to Tokyo the people got jammed and it is said that some twenty persons were trampled underfoot and killed. That was

thirty-eight years ago, but even then Japan had her eye on Manchuria.

By the end of 1895 we had twelve missionaries in Japan, three in Honolulu, Hawaii, two in China, one in Africa, and two natives, Toutgian and Karagosian, in Turkey. In Tokyo we had established the Yotsuya, Koishikawa, and Kanda churches. Also in the town of Ashikaga we had a young and growing church, not only self-supporting, but with \$50.00 put aside with which to build a house.

E. Snodgrass returned from a visit home December 10, 1895, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Pruett. Brother Pruett had been a student in the Nashville Bible School. Soon after their arrival Mrs. Pruett took smallpox, funds ran low, and they applied to the board for admittance and were accepted. A few years later he was asked to resign and return to America.

The same year Brother Azbill returned to Japan, accompanied by Miss Alice Miller, of Earlington, Ky. Miss Miller spent thirty-three years in Japan and died in St. Luke's Hospital, March 5, 1928. Her grave is near us in the Zoshigaya Cemetery.

Brother K. Ishikawa, after working with us some three or four years, decided to work independently; then he took a position in a government school, and finally he went to those working under the F. C. M. S. and became president of their school, a position he held till his death which took place about five years ago.

When we reached Japan E. Snodgrass was trying to establish a Bible school. W. K. Azbill endeavored to do the same in 1896, but the efforts of these brethren were not successful. These well-meant efforts never advanced beyond a Bible class for young men. The

latter suggested a school costing from one to ten thousand dollars which never did materialize. He also asked for the modest sum of a thousand dollars with which to build a home for himself and family, but the home was never built.

Depression is now the common complaint, but this is not new and we need not imagine the world is coming to an end. From 1893 to 1896 there were three years of "hard times."

The young Japanese Otoshige Fujimori was baptized by W. D. Campbell in Detroit, May 13, 1894. For eighteen months he was taught regularly the Bible by F. A. Wagner. During this time he also converted another Japanese, Imamura, from the Baptists. These three arrived in Japan in 1896 and located in Yokohama. Imamura leaves Wagner and Fujimori and goes into business and goes out of the church. Wagner and Fujimori afterwards move to the country, build a home and open work among the farmers. F. A. Wagner was of German birth, came to the United States when forty years of age. By reading a copy of McGarvey's Commentary on Acts he was converted. He was never married, had an income from his father's estate for life. He was an educated man, an accomplished musician and a good writer. For many years he wrote for the *Christian Leader*. He had many friends in America and especially in Detroit, was living in comfort and plenty; but he gave up all and came to live in one of the loneliest spots of Japan among the lowly. His brother back in Germany wrote him telling him how great a fool he was for such a course. Once he said to me in talking of Detroit. "I am literally perishing for my brethren." He spent

only four years in Japan but during this brief time made a lasting impression. Brother Fujimori still carries on the work.

Let us close this chapter with some ancient

NOTES FROM JAPAN

Sister Tsukata's father lives about one hundred miles from Tokyo. He fell sick some time ago and his daughter was called to his bedside. She carried her infant child with her. While there dysentery seized upon the little one, and took it from her embrace. To prevent the spread of the disease, the government required cremation. Sister Tsukata returned to her husband and little ones with only the ashes of their babe. We met yesterday, with a few friends, in a meeting of sympathy and condolence, at the parents' request. We let them take the lead in the matter, as we desired to know what kind of meeting they would have it be. Would they have singing and reading of the scriptures, or simply drinking of tea, eating rice, fish, and sweet cakes, as their custom is? was a question I asked myself. A brother rose, made a few remarks as to the sympathy we all felt for the parents in their bereavement, and then asked the writer to lead in prayer. Next was a song. Then the father made a few remarks in the nature of a brief history of their child's death. The first brother then read from the latter part of 1 Cor. 15, followed by a brief talk. Those who felt disposed were then asked to add whatever their own hearts might suggest. The writer read from Matt. 19 the language of Jesus in regard to little children, followed by some brief remarks. Another brother led

in prayer. A song closed the service. Next was the tea and cakes.

The language of Jesus, and of David on the death of his child, to me had a peculiar sweetness on this occasion, as it seemed to me they must be especially precious to those parents who but a year or two ago knew no such comfort, but were shut up to a blind superstition and idolatry that made nothing plain or certain in regard to the future.

Why eat tea and rice and cakes at a funeral service? There is no reason for it that I know of, save Japanese topsy-turvydom. On wedding occasions the bride dresses in black, and incense is burned at the door of her parents, as a token that she is forever dead to their home; but when one dies the people dress in white, and have a feast. It is only different ways of looking at the same thing, I suppose. Wife remarked to the cook at the breakfast table the other morning that the milk was sour. He tasted it, turned his head to one side, tried it a second time, looked grave, and said, "It is not sour, but only the sweetness has gone out of it." Who is prepared to deny his statement? If salt can lose its savor, why cannot milk lose its sweetness?

Another case in point: One of the teachers of our charity school also lost her little child, her only child. When she returned to her duties at school she told of her trouble, but all the time with a smile as though she was happy over it, and this in spite of the fact that the tears unbidden came rolling down her cheeks.

Note—Why should we thus attempt to contradict nature? Let us "rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

BEFORE THE CIVIL COURTS

Stimulated by the Queen of England's Jubilee, held by her subjects, the patriotism of the Americans ran high in Japan this year. (1897.) They determined, for the first time, to have a Fourth of July celebration. A committee of arrangements was formed, and double cards, with one readdressed to the secretary, were sent out by the secretary and chairman of the committee, which ran as follows:

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

Basket picnic with lemonade, coffee, speeches, songs, and fireworks, Tuesday, July 6, afternoon and evening at Omori, on hill above station. Shimbashi, 2:35 train. Subscription requested for fireworks; other expenses to be equally divided. Kindly reply at once, stating how many will attend and how much you subscribe for fireworks. If rainy, exercises Tuesday evening at Tsukiji. H. T. Terry, chairman. Tokyo, July 2nd. Edgar Leavitt, Secretary.

Being requested for a reply, I did so as follows: "My kingdom is not of this world." Take no stock in it; can't encourage a mere sectional patriotism or glory in an independence established in blood and cruelties of savage and merciless war. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." "Our citizenship is in heaven." Yours, J. M. McCaleb, 12 Tsukiji, July 3, 1897.

This card seems to have displeased the committee very much. When the returns were all in, Mr. Leavitt, the secretary, read them before the committee, after which he remarked: "I have a card here from McCaleb—" upon which he read my card. Mr. R. S. Miller, interpreter of the United States Legation, being present, as one of the committee of arrangements asked for my card, gave it to Mr. Herrod, first Secretary United States Legation, who in turn handed it to Minister Buck. It formed a topic of discussion in the committee and was ridiculed generally. A week or ten days afterwards when our old passports were sent in to be renewed for the coming year, instead of receiving them as usual, I received the following note: J. M. McCaleb, Esq., No. 12, Tsukiji, Tokyo. Dear Sir: In reply to application of date 6th inst., for passports for ensuing year, I am instructed by Minister Buck to state that the instructions of the United States Government strictly and positively forbid the issuance of passports to any other persons than citizens of the United States, and to request that you will be good enough to furnish some information or some other evidence of your citizenship in allegiance to the United States of America. I remain, yours respectfully, R. S. Miller. July 8, 1897. Interpreter of Legation.

To the above the following reply was given: Mr. R. S. Miller, Interpreter of the United States Legation. Dear Sir: Minister Buck's message comes with some surprise. I am on record at the Tokyo Fu, the United States Consulate at Yokohama, and United States Legation at Tokyo as an American citizen. What about the old passports of my wife and self, forwarded along with my wife and self's application on the 6th

inst.? Are they no evidence of my citizenship? Since the Minister does not seem to accept the evidence as indicated above, I am at a loss to know the import of his request. If he will kindly indicate what kind of evidence will satisfy him, I will furnish it if I can. Most respectfully yours, 12 Tsukiji, Tokyo, July 9, 1897. J. M. McCaleb.

To the above the following reply was received:

Mr. J. M. McCaleb, No. 12, Tsukiji, Tokyo. Dear Sir: Referring to your favor the 9th inst., I am requested by Minister Buck to reply that he had been given to understand that you had recently, in a public manner and over your own signature, practically renounced your citizenship in and allegiance to the United States. The regulations of the Government are very strict in the matter of granting passports to any other persons than loyal citizens of the United States, and the nature of the evidence which may be required is indicated by the inclosed passport application form. The Minister would be pleased to know that he has been misinformed, and that you are now and always prepared to affirm your loyalty and allegiance to your native country.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully. July 9, 1897. R. S. Miller, Interpreter.

The "inclosed passport application form" referred to was a form to be filled out in taking out a United States passport, which a great many take out before traveling in foreign countries as a means of protection and identification in case they should get into trouble, but it is a matter of choice, and not compulsory, so many do not go to the trouble of taking them out and none are compelled to have them before getting pass-

ports to travel in Japan. The form contained the following:

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

Further I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same: and that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: so help me God.

My reply to the communication of the 9th inst., was as follows:

Mr. R. S. Miller, Interpreter United States Legation. Dear Sir: Replying to yours of even date, I may say that Minister Buck has made rather a serious charge, and I ask for the proof that I "in a public manner, and over your own signature, practically renounced your citizenship in and allegiance to the United States." Awaiting your reply, I am most respectfully yours, J. M. McCaleb. 12 Tsukiji, Tokyo, July 10, 1897.

To the above came the following answer:

J. M. McCaleb, Esq., No. 12 Tsukiji. Dear Sir: Minister Buck directs me to state that if you will be good enough to call at the legation any day during office hours, the desired information will be furnished you, and that, upon complying with the regulations, your passport will be issued. I beg to inclose passport for Mrs. McCaleb and children, with Minister Buck's compliments. Yours respectfully, R. S. Miller.

July 12, 1897.

Reply:

Mr. R. S. Miller, Interpreter, United States Legation. Dear Sir: Yours of 12th inst. containing passport for

wife and babies received, for which please express our thanks to the Minister for his kind consideration for their welfare. If the Lord will, and it so please the Minister, I shall call in the morning, at which time I hope to be favored with the Minister's own presence. Most respectfully, J. M. McCaleb.

12 Tsukiji, Tokyo, July 13, 1897.

I called at the appointed hour and was introduced to the Minister by Mr. Miller. I found him to be a man easy in bearing, rather jovial in disposition, large, and a little stooped, a full, short beard, hair thin and quite gray, and in all impressing one as being not less than sixty-five. Having shaken hands cordially, he invited me to be seated, upon which I remarked: "Well, I have come up to see what you have against me."

To this the Minister made a response by a somewhat forced laugh, and said: "I suppose you will have no objections to taking the oath." Upon which he presented my card, written to Mr. Leavitt (a Universalist missionary) as a ground for the request. Returning the card, I asked if he would please point out what particular part of it was objectionable. The first point of objection was that I had said, "Our citizenship is in heaven." He said he interpreted it that if my citizenship was in heaven, I did not claim any on earth. He also took exceptions to my saying I took no stock in Fourth of July celebrations, nor gloried in an independence established in blood, etc. Having patiently heard what the Minister had to say, I asked permission to read the following: Being assured that the single postal card written to Mr. Leavitt, on the 3rd inst., is the sole ground for the Minister's accusation against

me, I anticipate what may be required of me today by a few written statements.

In closing, I say, "Our citizenship is in heaven." (Phil. 3: 20.) But this is a quotation from the apostle Paul, who, though making the declaration to show that the mind of the Christian should not be set on "earthly things," could with equal propriety assert his rights as a Roman citizen, and say, "I am a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city"; or, to escape the lictor's lash, inquire, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman? I am a Roman born." If the apostle could say, "our citizenship is in heaven," and yet claim his rights as a free-born citizen, why may not I? Our Saviour at one time said (John 13: 36-38), "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight"; but, when questioned further by the Roman Governor, the unbelieving Pilate, under a heathen emperor, was constrained to release him, with the significant words: "I find no crime in him." But it so happens in this day of grace that I, for using similar language, am accused of renouncing my citizenship by a Minister hailing from the land of freedom and Christian liberty, and sent out by a Christian President. I can but consider it a violation of the first amendment of the Constitution of the United States of America, which distinctly says Congress shall enact no law prohibiting the free exercise, or abridging the freedom of speech or the press. It is also indicated that I must affirm my loyalty or take the oath of allegiance, which for two reasons I must respectfully decline to do. I cannot in the first place, submit to being made a special example of, contrary to the custom with other citizens

applying for passports to travel in the interior of Japan, as though I had done something that had forfeited my rights as a citizen of the United States of America, and had to be reinstated. I plead for that which is regular and common to all others. Again I must further object from religious convictions, since I am taught to swear not, neither by the heaven, nor by the earth, nor by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; that ye fall not under judgment. (James 5: 12.) In which again I plead for no special favor than that which is granted thousands of other United States citizens holding like convictions, on account of which, out of respect to their religious views, they are allowed to waive the oath.

I stated further in the card that I could not encourage "a mere sectional patriotism, or glory in an independence established in blood and the cruelties of savage and merciless war." If it will be of any avail for me to say it, my sympathies are of course with my own native country rather than that of any other; it is impossible that it should be otherwise. I can but express my gratitude that, in the providence of Him who maketh even the wrath of man to praise him, I was born in a country free from imperial tyranny, and of religious freedom, where each is allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and his will; but when it comes to the instrumentality by which it was brought about, I could far more easily clothe myself in sackcloth, throw dust upon my head, and sit in ashes, than I could, to commemorate the event, engage in a carnival of feasting and merriment, and shooting skyrockets over the heads of those whose

brothers I had slain like so many beasts of the slaughter.

Again, sir, may I ask if one must engage in such Fourth of July celebrations in order to be a citizen in good fellowship and good standing, what becomes of the citizenship of those who have been living in Japan for the last thirty years, since this is the first celebration to be held? Coming at this particular juncture, moreover, when the two countries (America and Japan) sustain somewhat strained relations toward each other, I consider it exceedingly unpropitious that such a meeting should have been held. I, for one, came to Japan to try to convert the people to Christ, but I don't feel inclined to attempt it by bursting firecrackers over their heads to show them how loyal I am to my own country; and especially do I not wish to fan the flame that already too easily burns in the youth of our own land against those born on British soil. I may be permitted to say that, though there be but a handful of children in the concession of Tsukiji, it is even now with the greatest difficulty that a school of the two nationalities can be run in common, so high has been wrought the spirit of patriotism.

In conclusion, I may reassert that no proper construction of my card can be made to mean that I have either practically or otherwise renounced my citizenship; if, however, in your judgment, such seems to be the case, on account of which a passport cannot be granted, so much the worse both for the passport and the citizenship. J. M. McCaleb. Tokyo, July 13, 1897.

Having read the above to the Minister, with some very brief remarks, he asked if I had anything more to say. I replied that I had nothing more to say unless

he had something more to ask me. He said he had nothing more to ask, upon which I stated that I would not occupy his time further. On rising to leave, he asked how long I had been in Japan, and what state I was from, to which I replied, "The Volunteer State." "Ha! ha! that's good, that's good!" We shook hands and parted.

Having to pass through the secretary's office, as I was taking up my hat and umbrella, Mr. Herrod asked me if I was not going to take the oath of allegiance. On receiving a negative answer, he said I was very foolish, that it was nothing, and that if I did not do it I could never get a passport as long as he was in the office. Herod of old was one man that Jesus would not speak to and whom he warned his disciples to shun. The present Herrod wanted to argue the question. I told him I had made my statement to the Minister, and did not care to say anything more. He seemed urgent. I reread my paper to him and departed.

Some days after I wrote the Minister the following note:

To the Minister of the United States Legation.—
Dear Sir: After waiting some time further to consider the matter about the passport, I ask permission to say a few words more.

I hope the Minister understands that it is not from a lack of due respect to himself or the laws of my country that I have been constrained to take the stand I have. I was simply brought face to face with my own convictions. In the face of what was requested of me I was compelled to stand by my convictions and suffer the consequences. But so far as a strict adherence to

the oath of allegiance is concerned, there is probably not one citizen out of a hundred in the United States that has ever seen it even, and there is not an infidel in the land that can take it as it stands, but the Government accommodates him, and he goes on enjoying the rights of a citizen. If any of this class should come to Japan, they would be granted their passports to go where they pleased, while a Christian man is deprived of the same privilege that he may preach the gospel, simply because he has quoted the scriptures; for, as the Minister remembers, a scripture quotation was the first accusation that was brought against me, and, moreover, an interpretation put upon the passage that I do not and never have held.

If I were a politician, a pestilent fellow accustomed to violating the laws of my country, and a suspicious character, I could make no just complaint; but I appeal to all my past history, in the light of all the evidence that can be gathered, that at no time have I ever been known to transgress the laws of my country. When of age, to remind the law of its duty that it had neglected, I went to the county seat of Hickman County, Tenn., and paid my taxes. Five years ago, when I came to this country, through a Japanese friend I got a resident passport to live out of the Concession; but, learning it had been obtained by deceiving the Government, much to my own inconvenience I returned the passport and returned to the Concession. There is not a man in America that knows him but will tell you J. M. McCaleb is a peaceable, law-abiding citizen; and, since thousands of others, and especially the Quakers, or Friends, are exempt from war, why must I subscribe to it? If the Government can recognize the con-

victions of infidels in regard to taking the oath and can accommodate itself at this point to their views, why cannot the Government favor a Christian as much? Am I not to be trusted as much as an infidel who denies the existence of his Maker? I appeal to the Minister's better judgment in this matter, somehow believing it will not be in vain. Though I may not be pardoned for saying it, I believe I am a greater friend to my country than he who started this trouble against me. I am, most respectfully yours, J. M. McCaleb. 12 Tsukiji, Tokyo, July 26, 1897.

In reply to the above, I received the following: Dear Mr. McCaleb: Your letter of July 26 has been received by the United States Minister and he directs me to suggest that he will see you personally at his office tomorrow afternoon any time before 4 o'clock, if it is your pleasure to call. Yours respectfully, R. S. Miller. July 27, 1897.

I called on the Minister at the appointed hour when, as nearly as it can be remembered, the following conversation took place:

"I thought I would like to have a talk with you about this matter. I am satisfied you are a true-hearted man. I always admire a man of convictions. I went through fire and flood, fighting for the niggers of the South, but I was vindicated in it. Your heart is all right, but your head is all wrong."

"Possibly that is so."

"The law is very strict in regard to granting passports, and it is not that I want to favor infidels more than a Christian. I am a member of no church myself, but I am warmly in sympathy with the missionaries and a friend to missionary work. I am an auxiliary

to the Salvation Army. My wife, also, is very warm. Now, all that there is in the oath of allegiance is that you assert that you are a citizen of the United States."

"But it says I must swear: I cannot take an oath."

"You can affirm."

"I consider affirm to mean the same as 'swear.' Jesus says: 'Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is God's throne; neither by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King; neither shalt thou swear by the head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black.' James says: 'Swear not: neither by the heaven, nor by the earth, nor by any other oath, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; that ye fall not under judgment.' I believe these scriptures to forbid swearing of any kind. I have always believed this, and cannot change now just to avoid a difficulty."

"We have a right to call upon any citizen to assert his loyalty to the United States. You can affirm if you prefer. Of course, America is a free country, but out here it is different, and we have to be very strict. I want to help you all I can, and I think you ought to comply with the regulations."

"But the oath of allegiance says I must support the Constitution. Now I understand the word 'support' to mean that if need be I must take up arms and kill my fellow men."

"Yes, that is what it means, and a man who will not fight for his country is not entitled to its protection."

"Suppose, with my present convictions, under the present pressure, I should take the oath, I don't think I would then be fit for citizenship on earth or in heaven either."

"You don't? Then you ought not to be in Japan. A man that holds those views is not fit to teach the Japanese children. I shall discourage anything that does not teach loyalty to one's country and that is not in accord with the laws of the land."

"You can only properly judge me by my labors. Those whom I have taught have been as faithful to the Government as any one else, so far as I know. All the missionaries teach there is a Supreme Being above the Emperor."

"No they don't. One can go along and teach this in a spiritual way."

"This leads me to remark, Minister, that you have mistaken my meaning throughout. All that I have said is in a spiritual way. You have viewed me from a political point of view. I am not a politician; I am preeminently a Christian."

"Personally, I should be glad to show you any kindness I can, but I am under oath to do my duty."

"Yes, I think you would: it is just a conflict between Christ and Caesar, that's all."

"Oh, no!"

"I am no lawyer; I have never made that a study."

"Neither am I; I am just a plain citizen."

"I am a missionary, a minister of the gospel; but, as I understand it, God's law should be held above every human law. Alden, who is good authority, and whose textbooks are used in the schools at home, says that the Constitution is the highest human law, but that every man must hold himself subject to God's law, which is still higher; and, if there be a conflict, it is his duty to reject the law of man and follow the law of God. He says, further, that neither the church nor

the State can decide for one; that each must make the decision for himself as to where he thinks the two laws conflict. He further answers the objection that if each be allowed to judge for himself as to when the law of man conflicts with the law of God this would result in anarchy, by saying not at all, for if one from conscientious convictions violates any law of man he will be willing to suffer whatever penalty may be attached; thus the man passively, if not actively, becomes a supporter of the law. This is just the condition in which I am placed now."

"Yes, that's logic; that's reasonable."

"If it were a matter of simply humbling my pride or of personal gain, I might comply with your request; as it is, it is a matter of conviction, and I cannot."

"I have been told that some of the Japanese have complained that some of the missionaries taught the people disloyalty to their country."

"Was it I they had reference to?"

"Oh, no. . . . Well, I had hoped I could persuade you to take the oath, but I see it is of no use. I am sorry, but I can't do anything for you."

"You are no more sorry than I am, since I am the one that bears the burden of it."

By this time we were both standing, and I was taking my leave. The Minister walked to the window, and was last seen looking out in some discontentment. I closed the door behind me and came away.

Here let us close what to me is still an unpleasant story. I have given it as it was written down at that time. You may think you could have done better, and most likely you could; but it was the best I could do

at that time. There are some things I would state differently if I were to say them now, but I thought that was the proper way to say them then. If I had known beforehand what would be the result of that card I might not have written it. Brother Lipscomb, in commenting on the matter, said I had provoked the authorities, and this is plain enough; but I did not do it intentionally. The fact is, I was not writing to the authorities but to a private person. Peter, Paul, John, and Stephen provoked the authorities, but they didn't aim to do it. Perhaps if Stephen had known it would cost him his life he would not have said some things he did in that memorable speech; but God let him go on and say them and take the cruel results. So he did in my case.

But you may be waiting to hear how it finally ended. Well, seeing that the American authorities would not favor me, I went direct to the Japanese Government and told them my trouble. It was only a matter of courtesy on the part of the Japanese Government to grant passports to Americans through the American authorities. They issued me a passport direct without question. My citizenship has never since been called in question.

A short time after this event Minister Buck was out duck hunting and died suddenly. Every man involved in the affair has long since disappeared from Japan.

MOVING PICTURES—REEL 1

Calla J. Harrison, with her adopted daughter, Cora, and one of her converts, U. Kawai, who is married, goes to Ashikaga to work with the church there. About a year later she returns to Hawaii to work again among the Japanese there.

Yoshikawa, in two miles of the Wagner work, builds a shack which is damaged by the storm. He writes: "On the 16th of this month, about nine o'clock in the evening, a terrible storm broke out. The wind struck the house and took roof and wall off. When we woke up in the morning we were homeless." The wonder is that they didn't wake up sooner.

Lucia Scott, having served five years in Japan, prepares to go back to the States, and Miss Alice Miller takes over her work in Yotsuya, Tokyo. Miss Scott never returned to Japan. Some of her people were living in California and she spent the rest of her days with them and passed on to her reward about ten years ago. At this time the Yotsuya church was bearing all its current expenses and there was a flourishing school for the poor of about one hundred children. The Koishikawa church, by a gift of Brother Grow in Kentucky, builds a house for worship at a cost of \$400.00, has fifteen members in regular attendance and one hundred on the roll. In this year, 1897, the mother of the Emperor Meiji dies. Black crape is worn on the arm for the first time. All the crape in the country is sold out at a high price, and more is ordered from abroad. Brother Snodgrass, who is teaching in one of

the middle schools at the time where there are about forty teachers, is asked by many of them to assist in pinning it on the arm. Being a new thing, they were at a loss to know just how to do it. The funeral cost 800,000 yen.

The religious outlook as it appeared to me then is described as follows: An esteemed brother writes: "Hurry up and convert preacher material enough over there so that the Japanese themselves can carry on the work and you brethren come back over here and help us bear the heat and the burden of the day of battle." That my absence is felt at home is very much appreciated, and for aught I know the Lord may lead me back to my own native country some day to labor, rather than here. If he does, I am quite content to do it; but that the work in Japan can be brought up to the point to be less in need than that in America so soon as our brother intimates, I am not quite so sure. It would certainly be a great compliment to Japan over our own country if within a few years she should become so elevated in faith and morals as to turn the tide back to a people that have been hearing the gospel for centuries. I have great hopes for Japan, and my confidence in the ultimate triumph of the gospel deepens every day; but that she will make such prodigious progress as our beloved brother seems to think is out of the bounds of all reason. The gospel as yet is only dimly shining here and there in a few widely scattered spots throughout the empire. Hundreds of towns and villages and thousands upon thousands of people are in as gross darkness today as they were a hundred years ago. Image-making is yet a most flourishing business, even right here in the enlightened city of

Tokyo. "A converted heathen," as he calls himself, on sailing for America, worshiped before the shrine of his dead grandfather, and this, too, at the request of his Christian father. The same "converted heathen" says the Christian religion is one of the great religions, but not the only one. A young man, while walking along thinking about becoming a Christian, was sprinkled by a shower of rain; he went to the missionary and told him he was a Christian. When asked who baptized him, he replied, "Heaven." He has called himself a Christian ever since. A Christian daughter of a Christian father and mother died a short time ago, and the sword was placed by the corpse to keep off the spirits of the cats; and this was not in some dark nook, but in one of the most enlightened parts of the great city of Tokyo.

But is my life lost to all good at home by laboring in Japan? Not altogether, I hope. Sometimes the thought occurs to me that maybe we are doing about as good a work at home as though laboring there in person—if for no other reason than to lead out the minds of the brethren from self to others, and broaden their conception of redemption for the world, and not simply for me and my wife and my son John and his wife. When a boy we used to burn the sedge grass off the old fields. We knew just how to do it. The best way to make a clean sweep and a big fire was to scatter it. So with the gospel fire. It will not bear being pent up. If we want to burn the world over, we must scatter the fire. Scatter it! scatter it! give it room and plenty of air, and the world will soon be in a blaze. The Lord scattered the church at Jerusalem, and they went everywhere preaching the word. My face is not

set homeward, but heathenward. The sedge grass of idolatry and superstition is thick and high, and must be touched with the torch of the gospel fire.

Note—Though many years have elapsed since writing the above, it still expresses my sentiments and is yet in point.

After five years of fruitful service, Miss Hostetter, of Chester Cross Roads, Ohio, also returned to America. She entered the Nashville Bible School, but did not receive the encouragement she thought she ought to have. She came back to Japan under the direction of the Society, met and married Mr. M. M. Smiser. They returned to America and for a time labored among the lumbermen in Maine, supported by a local board of the Congregationalists, but left free to teach the Bible just as they believed it and to baptize in the scriptural way. Again they returned to Japan and located north of Tokyo three hundred miles or more in the town of Yokote, where the husband still labors; the wife returning to California for the education of their daughter Lois.

The Japanese Government adopted the gold standard in 1897. The yen then became more stabilized and remained at about two yen for one dollar. Till then, it took about seventy cents of our money to buy one yen. After thirty-five years, in order not to lose all her gold reserve, Japan returns to the silver standard and the yen drops to about one-fifth the value of an American dollar, and also less than one-third its value of thirty-five years ago. To an outsider, this indicates that Japan today is only one-third as able to meet her financial obligations as she was more than thirty-five

years ago. But whether this is really true or not I am unable to say.

By the solicitation of E. Snodgrass, Miss Nettie Craynon arrived in Japan in 1899. She failed to find mission work what she thought it was, got a position in Yokohama as typist, lost all interest in the object for which she had come to Japan, and after about one year returned to America and got married. The following year Brother Snodgrass made an appeal for a Christian printer, and William J. Bishop, a former student of the Nashville Bible School, answered the call and was commended by David Lipscomb. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop arrived in Japan in 1899. In this same year the Japanese Government let us out of the pen, and foreigners could now live and travel anywhere in Japan with the same freedom as the natives. The Bishops were without a home. The Kanda church was few in numbers and near enough to go to Kamitomizaka, so I gave the Bishops the Kanda building for a dwelling. They moved the house to No. 73 Myogadani Machi, Koishikawa, Tokyo, and used it as long as they were in Japan. In spite of fires and earthquakes, it still stands. For a number of years it brought a rental of 150 yen a month, which has gone for the benefit of the Kamitomizaka church. It now (1934) rents for 100. Mrs. Bishop was almost an invalid before reaching Japan. She died in less than a year, and her grave is in Aoyama, the largest cemetery of Tokyo. Brother Bishop returned home and returned to Japan in 1902, bringing Sister Clara Bishop with him from Paris, Texas. He developed the printing business, begun by Snodgrass, and combined printing and preaching.

As mentioned in a preceding chapter, during my teaching in the city of Kanazawa, on the west coast, I baptized a young man named Kurumata. Later he moved to Tokyo and opened a night school in Kanda. I was asked to teach in his school. While thus engaged I taught a young man from Ibaraki Province, where the Bixlers are now located. He had studied English some by Japanese teachers, but this was his first time to meet and to be taught by an American. He attended the Kanda church and also visited my home and was given instruction in the Scriptures. In due course of time he believed and asked to be baptized. His mother furnished him the money with which to go to America, where he remained about six years. One day this young man knocked at my door, No. 12 Tsukiji. He had grown a mustache and had to introduce himself to his former teacher and father in the gospel, saying, "I am Hiratsuka." Brother Bishop, who had fallen heir to the Snodgrass work, was at this time needing a coworker, and I introduced him to Bishop. They were fast friends and coworkers so long as the latter remained in Japan. William J. Bishop inherited a tendency toward tuberculosis from his mother. In 1912 he fled to California, leaving Sister Bishop with the three little girls, to wind up affairs and follow on. It was too late, and his grave is now in that sunny land. Sister Bishop took work in Abilene Christian College where she still carries on.

E. Snodgrass held a public discussion with a Mr. Takahashi for three days in January, 1898. Mr. Takahashi took the position that Christianity was "only a ghost of superstition." The discussion was in English. The audience consisted mostly of Japanese stu-

dents. Over five hundred were present at one time. The order and attention were excellent. M. Takahashi had been in America about thirteen years, and spoke English quite fluently. His main objection to Christianity was from what he saw in the churches in America. The essence of what he saw was, "a woman who sings well, an organist who plays well, and a preacher who preaches sensationally." The main burden of the preaching and church service, he said, was to draw a crowd and get money. Still Mr. Takahashi was frank to admit that "there are many excellent things in America which we do not have in Japan."

A TALK WITH A JINRIKISHA MAN

It was a cold, windy morning in January. Rain had fallen and the roads were muddy. I called a jinrikisha man to take me to Shimbashi Station, a distance of about one mile. He agreed to go for five cents. I began to talk with him on the way:

How long have you been pulling the jinrikisha?

Twenty years, was his reply.

How old are you?

Forty-seven.

Have you any children?

Yes, I have six.

Are they all boys?

No, my oldest boy is ten years old.

Do you send any of your children to school?

No, I am too poor; I am very poor.

How much does it cost to send a child to school?

Thirty or forty sen (fifteen or twenty cents).

Do you smoke tobacco?

Yes.

How much a day do you pay for tobacco?

One sen and a half. I don't smoke cigarettes; they are too high.

One sen and a half would make forty-five sen per month. As you know, tobacco does you no good; it is not like food. I do not smoke tobacco. I suggest that you get a little box and make a hole in it and put in one sen and a half each day, and from next month start your child to school.

SHOPPING

It was a beautiful day, the last day of January. The first thing on the list was to go to the "European Palace" and buy Mrs. McCaleb a pair of stockings—black stockings, of course; eight and a half was the number; but as I could not get eight and a half, I took the next best, nine and a half.

I bought a spool of thread, a collar, and a yard of silk on the way, all at different places. The thread was imported, being one of the common brands we often see at home. Western goods of various kinds are getting to be almost as common in Japan as their own—that is, in some of the larger towns. Of course, the thread and silk were for Mrs. McCaleb, but the collar was for myself. The laundry man did not come for a week or two, and I found this the most convenient way to get out of the dilemma—get out of soiled linen, I mean. One of the boy clerks, who had more curiosity than manners, met me at the door, followed me in, gazing at every movement I made. I asked him what he wanted, which kind o' waked up his senses, and he turned away and looked sheepish.

The silk merchant is named Midsushima—Water-island. He spoke English well, that is, well after a fashion, provided you do not criticise too closely the fashion. You can understand him, I mean, sometimes you can. I bought a yard of silk. Mr. Midsushima was anxious that I look around. I did. Just over the door which I had entered hung a nice frame, containing a kind of diploma of excellence from the World's Fair at Chicago (1893) for the nicest pattern of silk. I must go upstairs to look around more. I saw the silk pattern that won the prize. One was a table spread; the other was a kind of woman's gown or cloak—I'm not sure which, but I'm quite sure it was something of the sort. The needlework of birds, flowers, and other figures was the principal point of merit. The work was most beautiful, I admit. Mr. Midsushima felt very proud of them, and no doubt would have been very much disappointed had I not given them their due amount of praise.

JAPANESE CARPENTERS

When I returned home the carpenters were knocking along as usual, which is to say, it was very slow. It would take about three Japanese carpenters to do the work of one good man at home. They were about done, however, except hanging a door or two and mending a few old locks. I had agreed with another to put up a fence on one side of the yard. He was there waiting for me, and had his story to tell. He began; I listened. Could not begin on the fence till I got permission from the head carpenter, who had remodeled our house. I insisted that the agreement with him had nothing to do with the other carpenter whatever; that it was an

entirely different matter, and as the carpenters had finished their work outside and left the yard, there could be no difficulty whatever about his beginning. He said of course he would not be in the way, but it was not the custom of his country; would have to go and get permission of the contractor, or else wait till the last stroke of the paint was on, every nail driven, and every man had left the grounds. He went to see the man, who would not let him begin. He came back and told his story. I could only reply, "shikataganai"—no help for it. I paid him for the half day he had lost, thanked him for his trouble, bade him good-bye, and promised to call him at a more convenient season. Carpenters in Japan have their customs. If one of their number happens, by any hook or crook, to break over them, they sometimes "feather in" on him and give him a most tremendous beating.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

Our class in school begins at six. The boys, as most all English students do, like conversation better than reading, provided you do the talking and tell funny stories. This is not always easy to do, especially when they do not understand English and fail utterly to catch the point of the joke. It must not be supposed, however, that they ask for all fun and do not enjoy a real good solid story. As the hour is spent and it is now seven, we must pass on.

The moon stands almost over our heads, and shines down bright from a clear sky. The air is only a little sharp. The roads are splendid. I have about three miles to go, crossing the outer palace grounds of the Emperor. Nothing comes in better than a good wheel

at such a time. Spinning, "scorching," on I go. A half an hour, and I am at home; wait a few moments for supper, next we are all seated around a bright grate fire in an upper room, where we are lodging at present. Baby Boy Harding must have one knee and Annie Lois the other. Mama sits by, picks up little clothes, fixes up little curls, puts on gowns, asks questions, and tells child stories, and we all talk over the day and things in general, which almost always include something about those scattered here and there far away, that we knew in days gone by; but it grows late and I must say good-night.

A LEAF FROM LIFE'S DAILY RECORD

April 1, 1906.—We all met to break bread with the brethren at ten o'clock this morning. Brother Hiratsuka spoke for about forty minutes. I then served at the Supper, speaking on "The Attractiveness of Christ." He had neither rank nor riches to attract people, nevertheless he grew in favor with God and men, even from his early youth. He was obedient, generous, and true. These traits shone out in his character and were consummated in his death. A person may, up till the last moment, declare his innocence, but on the scaffold confess his guilt. Christ had no confession to make. He died as he had lived, and in the manner of his death verified the truthfulness of his claim to be the Son of God.

At two o'clock, Fujiyama, the street boy, came as requested. I took him into my study and taught him the first two chapters of Matthew, also giving him a New Testament. Feeling tired, I lay down on the couch with the western sun streaming in at the win-

dows. "Let him that hath a dream tell a dream." Well, I had one; and, if you do not mind, I will tell it. I passed through an experience in prayer—a happy, blessed experience. Tears flowed from my eyes, and I said: "If the time has come for me to go, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Yonder on the hill was a neat schoolhouse that stood among the trees near the roadside. But my attention was not so much attracted to the house as what I heard in it. It was Sunday afternoon, bright and beautiful—one of those dreamy spring days that come when the buds are just bursting into leaf and flower. I was transported back—back to the happy days of youth, and the schoolhouse seemed to be known to me; yet in my waking moments I cannot call to mind any place just like it. Neither have I heard a voice of the leader—a young man whom I also seemed to know—as it rose in the chorus above all the rest, clear and sweet, beyond expression. What were the words? These: "I've found the pearl of greatest price."

I awoke. The western sun was still streaming in with a flood of light. I felt calm and rested. And though it was but a dream, yet I felt as if I had been near the gate of heaven. Some day, when the silver chord shall break and the spirit shall take its flight, may it be such an experience in reality.

REACHING THE MASSES

(1898)

AN OLD-TIME COUNTRY HOME

I reached Chiba Machi (town) about nine o'clock in the morning. Young Mr. Maeda, a student of the common middle school of that place, met me at the station. On the way we met Mr. Tomihara, who also lives in Chiba, but who is attending school in Tokyo. It being vacation, he was now at home. I expected to stop at the home of Brother Yoshikawa, who is now teaching English in the common middle school here, but a young visitor having come to his home the day before, there was no room for me. The grandmother of Mr. Tomihara prepared dinner for us, in Japanese style, of course, which we ate with a good appetite. After dinner, accompanied by the two young men and Brother Yoshikawa, we started for the home of Mr. Maeda. Riding ten minutes by train, we then took it afoot across the country about three miles. The afternoon was hot, and it took us about two hours to make the journey.

Mr. Maeda's family consists of a grandfather and grandmother, the son, and six grandchildren, of which Mr. Maeda is the eldest. He is now sixteen years of age. The grandfather has gone into inkyo (retirement), having turned the farm and its appurtenances over to his son. Inkyo is a very common thing in Japan, and is practiced by many, yet in the prime of life. A house is often built especially for that purpose, called "inkyo-ya," or house of retirement.

The home in which I am now entertained is a typical Japanese country home, in the midst of a large, well-kept forest of pine and cedar trees, with tall and graceful bamboo reeds growing up, here and there, in the midst. The house is said to be eight hundred years old. I can easily believe it. A Japanese country house in summer, when all the walls are run aside into a box prepared for that purpose, is but little more than a great thatch-roofed shelter, standing on posts. This has an advantage of making it quite cool, as the wind has free passage through it; and as there is no embarrassment in changing clothes in the presence of each other, no inconvenience is felt from this source.

There are two yards. The first immediately surrounds the house in part and has a neat board fence and nice gate on one side and a cedar hedge on the other; the outer yard comes even up to the kitchen door, is rather large, and serves several purposes. In one part of the yard stands a stable for the horse, with a loft above and a good flight of steps leading up to it. In another part is the lumber house, having an old-fashioned loom in general outline not differing very much from my mother's; broad, shallow baskets for drying tea; a wheat fan, used for cleaning wheat, beans, and other grain. In another part are a few pear trees, plum trees, and some foreign rosebushes that are not thriving much. The fruit of the plums is also poor, being small and sour. They could not very well be otherwise, since it is the custom to pull and serve them perfectly green. They gave us a basket of this kind; they had not even begun to turn red, and, as we boys used to say, were "sour enough to make a pig squeal." By looking over them I found one partly

ripe, and, on taking it out, was advised not to eat it, as it had already become bad. The old grandfather, with the rest, seemed to relish them; and, though I do not exaggerate in saying they were perfectly green and as sour as wild seedling plums could be, he ate them without making a single frown. It is the general custom to eat plums at this stage. All fruit is eaten on the green order.

A cedar tree worthy of particular mention stands in this outer or second yard. It is about twenty feet high, and is said to be a hundred years old. The limbs stand thick from the ground to the top. Near the ground the trunk divides into three parts, all of which are of equal height. At the bottom the thick branches have been trimmed into an even circle. Corresponding to the parting of the trunk, the branches also part into three circles a little from the ground, and gradually taper to the top, ending in blunt points. It takes the gardener one week to trim this tree, which is done once a year. According to Eastern custom, the front gate is a rather massive affair. A house about twelve feet square on either side answers for the gateposts. A second story extends across from one house to the other; beneath this the heavy folding gates are hung.

There are not many springs in Japan that are used for domestic purposes; wells are common. The home where I am now stopping has one near the door—rather, I should say, near the house, for there are no doors. The water is cool and good. The well has a box curbing, about two feet high and broad enough on top to set a bucket on. Water is drawn by the old-fashioned sweep—the same as is used at home.

I had heard the squawking of a chicken not long after our arrival and was reminded of earlier days, when company came to our own country home, and I wondered if it could be that we were going to have chicken for supper. I was not mistaken. It was not fried in batter, brown and crisp, like my mother used to do, however, but was cut into small bits and stewed in a kind of sauce, after the Japanese style. Still it was chicken and tasted very well. We ate in the parlor, as is the custom when entertaining company. Only the grandfather and son ate with us; the women never eat till the men have finished—not even with their own husbands, and then it is done in another room, if they have one. We sat on the floor, at a low table about one foot high. The head of the family was much embarrassed that we did not drink sake (wine) with our meals, and offered many apologies for drinking it in our presence.

After supper each tumbled about on the floor and adjusted himself as best he could to the absence of chairs. Japanese themselves do not always sit upon the feet in their dignified manner, but, in time, become tired, and will sprawl about as awkwardly as anybody. Our host observed that he had a very dusty old chair about the house, and asked to go and fetch it, to which I objected, preferring to sit like the rest. The evening was spent in social conversation, and turned on several points. The father told this story. The shinto shrines, many of them were, in that section, for a long time kept closed. The people had a superstition that if they were opened they would be smitten with blindness. (This was probably taught them by the Jesuit priests.) Finally, when these shrines were

opened, they were found to contain images of Jesus and crosses. About fifty years ago the father of a Catholic family died. Having no sons of his own, he adopted another. At midnight friends went to sit up with the corpse. It got up and walked to the grave. The boy declined to be an adopted heir, reported the case to the authorities, and they arrested the whole family. They were tried and all were crucified.

I asked the father of the family, who has studied the Scriptures some, of all the religions about which he had learned, which did he think was best. He said he thought the religion of Christ was the best, but, owing to the customs of his country to have many gods, he did not think they would accept the teachings of the second commandment. He said he thought the teachings of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount were very good. I tried to show him the reasonableness of worshiping but one God, but am not sure that it made much impression.

The hour came for "bedtime." A pallet for each of the company, three in number, was put down in the middle of the floor, a bag of sawdust for a pillow, and a green mosquito net hung to hooks in the four corners of the room and dropped over all, and the beds were ready. I can, in some degree, bear the pallets, but the pillows are beyond all endurance, if one expects to sleep any, so I usually carry a pillow along. But the hour is late, and I will close my story till morning.

PREACHING IN THE TEMPLE

My coming had been announced. An arrangement was made for us to meet and speak to the villagers in

the Buddhist temple of the village called Shirai. The meeting was to be in the morning. We arrived about eleven o'clock. First, the farmers were to have a meeting about some land matters between them and the landlord. This being soon over, we were ready for the preaching; but as only about a dozen were present, it was decided to put off the meeting till the afternoon, and send out another invitation. In the meantime those present talked over things in general, lay down and rested, and some slept. The temple was situated upon the hill in a quiet place among the trees. The floor was elevated some four feet from the ground. The thick thatched roof, with its broad spreading eaves, kept out the sun. The walls were all taken down, and a good breeze came sweeping across the mat floor, making it all in all a very pleasant place to rest. Being a little tired from traveling in the heat and some loss of sleep, I tumbled down on the mats with some of the rest, took a real nap, and felt much refreshed. By this time dinner was announced, the domestic having brought in two large bowls of macaroni. It was set before Brother Fujimori and myself, that we might be served first and somewhat to ourselves. To this I objected and asked that we all eat together, which they readily consented to. Before eating, we asked permission to offer God thanks for our noonday meal.

Three o'clock was the time fixed for the meeting. The hour had now arrived. About forty were present. Some of the company had gone into the holy of holies and brushed the dust off of some idol's table, put a red blanket over it and set upon it a nice vase of flowers and a glass of water for the speakers. A kind of box

over which another blanket was spread served as a chair. We sang a hymn, after which Brother Fujimori read a portion of Acts 17 and offered prayer. The writer then spoke on the subject, "What Should Man Worship?" The substance of which is as follows:

Man is different from all other creatures. The ox and the horse do not come to this temple to worship, but men do. Man will worship something. It is not a peculiarity of our own countrymen, but all men in every country are worshiping beings.

What should we worship? In your country there are beautiful trees, rivers, and mountains. Should we worship these? Man should worship nothing inferior to himself. Should we worship the ox, the dog, or the horse? When you meet the ox in the road, you do not say, "How do you do?" (laughter). You know the ox is inferior to yourself, and cannot hold intercourse as man does with man. Yesterday we visited the famous temple of Narita. It is beautifully adorned and shows much skill of workmanship; but to take a stone and carve it into the image of a man does not change its nature; it is still a stone. It has ears and mouth and eyes, but it can neither speak, see, nor hear. (Laughter.) Even the great Fudo Samma has never moved from where he was placed, nor can he even brush the dust off of himself. (Continued laughter.) But man has a true mouth, ears, eyes, and can speak, hear, and see. Shall we, therefore, bow down to that which is inferior to ourselves, to idols that never heard a prayer? But how came we with the power of seeing and hearing? You have many different kinds of grain and plants in your country. By what power are they produced? Who placed the power of life in

the seed? Think you that an assembly of the most learned men of your country could, by consulting together, make a grain of wheat? (Laughter.) Where did this power of life come from?

In man there is the visible and invisible. The body is visible but the true man—the soul—is invisible. Even so he who gives life to all, and who is above all, is invisible. But he who made the true eye can he not see? He who made the true mouth, can he not speak? He who made the true ear, can he not hear? If we worship him, he hears our prayers and can see and know our wants.

The attention was excellent. Brother Fujimori spoke for a short time. They invited him to come over every Lord's day and speak to them. Later in the evening we spoke at another village called Hachibon. Some of our former auditors were present. Our subject was, "Where Is God"? An outline of which is as follows: Some go into the deep mountains, and think God is there; others erect a small temple at the root of some large and venerable tree, and think God is there; others build a splendid temple, such as Narita or Nikko, place an idol in it, and think God is there. If they are not in these sacred places before an idol, they think they are not in God's presence. When they worship they must go to the idol or holy place. The woman who talked with Jesus as recorded in John, chapter 4, had this notion about God. She said: "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." She thought she must be on the top of the mountain or she could not worship. Jesus corrected her mistake. God is Spirit. The true worshiper must worship in spirit and in truth—in truth, not in imagination. When I was in my own

country, the sun was over me. In coming to your country, I had to travel seven or eight thousand miles, but the same sun is still over me. I cannot run away from the sun. Wherever I may go it is ever present. Even so it is with God. He is ever present. We cannot run away from him. He is ever with us, and knows all we think or do. If God is ever present, and knows our very thoughts, what kind of lives should we live?

The attention was good and the people seemed well pleased.

The following was spoken in the home of a villager.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Where is the kingdom of God? Can we find the kingdom of God in Tokyo? Is it in America? Is it in some church? We are told that except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Let me give an illustration: Where is the empire of Japan? It is not in Japan. It is in China, America, Mexico, Hawaii, and many other countries. (At this point one man jumped up and left, saying he had everything. Not another soul, however, paid the slightest attention to him, or stirred in the least.) Many of your countrymen are found in foreign lands. I have met them in my country. Now wherever you find a Japanese there you find the Japanese empire. Your countrymen that live in foreign lands are just as patriotic in crying, "Teikoku Banzai!" "The Japanese empire forever," as you who live in your own country. Why? Because in their hearts is the Yamato-damashi (the Japanese spirit). The empire of Japan is in the hearts of the people. It is so with the kingdom of heaven; it is in the hearts of men.

There is a difference, however, between earthly kingdoms and the kingdom of heaven. Two or three years ago your country had war with China. By force you made her yield, but you did not conquer the hearts of the Chinese. They are still your enemies. America is now at war with Spain. America will probably be the victor; but America with great guns and swords, can never conquer the hearts of the Spanish people. They will still be enemies. But God rules over his kingdom by love. Service to him must be a willing service. We do not yield to him our bodies, while our hearts are still enemies. We freely make a complete surrender to him of both body and soul. If God's kingdom is in men, what kind of men must they be? God is pure, and will not dwell in impure hearts. The spirit of God will not dwell in a sinful heart.



are very much as the minds of the people of other countries. Every year's experience teaches me that this is true. If one will treat the Japanese people, or any other people, as he would like to be treated himself, he will find a responsive feeling in their hearts corresponding to his own, and will enjoy the privilege of seeing many become his fast friends and associates. People do not always follow this rule. Missionaries, on coming to Japan, sometimes arm themselves with carnal weapons and sleep with pistols under their pillows. On the other hand, a Japanese young man, some time ago, on preparing to go to America, told me he had bought a sword. When asked what he meant to do with it, he said he might be attacked by some ruffian in America and wanted to go prepared. He that starts out among men expecting to meet ruffians and goes prepared to meet them, will most likely find what he looks for, sooner or later; but as a missionary, especially, is not supposed to be on the hunt of this class of folk, he would better, in my judgment, leave his carnal weapons behind. A man with nothing to defend himself with but a courteous demeanor, an upright life, and a trust in Him who numbers the hairs of our heads, can be just as safe in Japan as in America, and almost, at any rate, as safe in America as in Japan. In the seven years' experience with this people, traveling through the country, sleeping in their homes, teaching in their schools, accepting their hospitality, condemning their idolatry, and pointing them to the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world, I have not, for even once, wished for something to kill or hurt somebody in self-defense.

When I try to reckon up what I have accomplished it seems little enough. It cannot very well be put in tangible form, as an account book. In 1893 I rented a small house and began work in Kanda, one of the wards of Tokyo. I held regular preaching twice or three times a week. The first person I immersed was a young woman who had once been married, but whose husband had left her. Her home was in Shikoku, an island country in the southern part of Japan. She was in Tokyo studying to be a midwife. I asked her to take charge of a school for the street children, which she consented to do. She began with six pupils and did her work successfully for about one year, when her father wrote her he was sick and she must come home. I have only heard from her once since. The school has continued ever since, under the management of different teachers, the present ones having had the work most of the time. After the first year, Miss Hostetter took charge of the school, rented a suitable lot, put up a good house, divided the children into two classes and employed two teachers. She soon brought the number up to fifty children, this being about the limit that can be accommodated. Since her return home, it has remained about as she left it. The children are taught the regular school course for Japan, in addition to which they are taught an hour each day in singing and the Scriptures. Some of the little girls are taught sewing. Every Lord's day they are gathered together for Bible lessons. For five years we have been publishing little papers, corresponding to *Little Jewels*, for the benefit of these and other children. Those not especially used we have given out as tracts. In two instances, in particular, they have been the

means of leading two young men to Christ. What other good they may have done cannot be told definitely. The bread is cast upon the waters; we have the assurance that it will not be lost. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that."

The preaching hall gave place to a house in Kanda Ward at a cost of six hundred dollars. From that time till now (1899) we have had meetings there from one to three times a week. Not having kept a record, we do not know how many have been added—probably fifty or sixty. From the first we have met regularly upon the first day of the week to break bread. Those whom we have baptized are now mostly scattered to the four winds.

Mr. Uruma came to Tokyo to study bookkeeping. I gave him a tract on the street car one day, with the time and place of our meetings printed on it. He came seeking the way, and was baptized. I believe he was a sincere young man. He was faithful in attendance so long as he remained in Tokyo. He never sought any place, but was a willing worker at his own charges. On our way to visit a destitute family one day he made a remark that impressed me very much. He said, It is a blessed thing to preach the gospel to the poor. Finishing his course in bookkeeping, he returned to his distant home in the country, and I have lost sight of him. He has written me but one letter, saying he had reached home safely and thanking me for my kindness.

B. Ozaki was a teacher in one of the public schools. He came to our home regularly for over a year to receive Bible lessons. He decided to be baptized, per-

suading another young man who was attending at the same time to do the same. He never at any time sought a place with me, but continued faithfully at his post as teacher in the public school. Once I visited his school and spoke to the students. It was the first foreigner who had ever visited them. The boys crowded around and stared, and the professors seemed to regard me with some suspicion. They treated me with kindness, however, and due courtesy. At one time, being in need of a good teacher for our school for destitute children, I asked Ozaki if he would take charge of it. He was willing to do so were it not for one difficulty: If he gave up his present position for work in a private school, he would thereby forfeit his life certificate. Not wishing him to do this, I did not persuade him further. He went frequently with me to preach in a little town called Fuchu, and that without charge. Sometimes he insisted on partly paying his own expenses. We held meetings in the hotel and on the streets. In regard to the latter, he once remarked: "People will think I am mad for preaching on the street, but I do not care; my God knows I am not mad." In our street meetings the people that gathered were quiet, and showed respect. Not once did we have any disturbance, except, I believe, a drunken man came along one night and was a little noisy. Once a policeman came along and said we must get off to one side and not block the way. After two or three years, Ozaki's father became very ill, and asked his son to come home. He lived some distance in the country. We kept up correspondence afterwards. Finally I lost his address, as he conveyed his father from place to place in search of recovery, and our correspondence ceased. Once we went out on the bay fish-

ing and had quite a good catch, but on our return home, he declined to take a single fish, insisting that I take them all home to my family. He was faithful to his promises; and if he ever told me a falsehood, I never discovered it. I felt I could trust him as a true friend.

Mrs. Yoshikawa, whom I baptized soon after her husband returned from America, is now (1899) teaching in one of the public schools in the town of Sawara, Chiba Prefecture. I believe her to be true, and, in the face of many odds, doing the best she can.

Mrs. Tsukata has been a Christian for about five years. She has been a true disciple, so far as I know. She has shown kindness to a number of poor boys. Her husband has been in Formosa for several years, and has only lately returned. During this time the faithful wife has kept up the home, supporting the three children by sewing. Once or twice the church helped her some, for which she showed gratitude; but never once has she asked to be helped.

The janitor and his wife were among the first fruits of our labors in Kanda. They are good old people, and I think are trying to live right. The brother often in our meetings reads and talks on the scriptures. When I am absent he attends to the Supper.

Brother Hikida was convinced and persuaded to accept Christ through Miss Hostetter. He has been a faithful attendant ever since. Now he is teaching the school that was begun by Misses Scott and Hostetter, but now conducted by Miss Alice Miller. She says Brother Hikida is as faithful as he knows how to be, and she can always depend on him to do what he promises.

Our little five-year-old Annie Lois has been instrumental in bringing one young man to Christ. One day as we were walking in the zoo she gave tracts to the people. A boy who received one came inquiring further and was baptized.

Contrary to my expectations, the people are not so eager for nonsectarian religion as I had supposed. They are clannish in disposition. In Buddhism the sect idea has been common for centuries. Those who have accepted Christianity look to some one of the various missions for their religion. Religion outside of some sect and all sects is unknown. Church connection means denominational connection, and not simply connection with some local worshiping assembly, such as we read about in the New Testament. "Samuel," mentioned in a previous chapter, who labored with me for a while, tried for some time to keep free from all denominations and simply work for Christ wherever he found an open door. He did well so long as he held out, but it seems he got lonesome; he joined the Baptists. The only reason he could give for the step was that he felt he must have a church home. With him there was no church, and hence no church home, outside of a denomination.

Brother K. Ishikawa, who was baptized in San Francisco the night before we sailed, accompanied us to Japan and for about three years was a coworker. During his stay with us he and I made several visits to his native town, Ashikaga, and established a church. We taught it to be self-supporting and self-governing from the start. They were doing well, and were the only independent church we had thus far established. Ishikawa felt he needed a "church home" and joined the

Christian church. He and others induced the little church to join the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and receive help. They afterwards united with the Presbyterians. This denomination (the Christian Church) in theory preaches self-support, but to augment their denominational work, they were willing to turn a church back and make it a dependent weakling.

But there are hopeful indications. It grates on the pride and better manhood of the Japanese to be under foreign control. In talking with a missionary the other day he remarked there were probably more in sympathy with my view of it than I was aware of. At any rate, nothing is more apparent than that the salaried system with hired "native evangelists" is subversive of the spirit and teachings of the gospel. To see the evil and speak of it, however, as so many do, is not enough; the better way must be put into practice.

Thus far we have four churches in Japan and two in Honolulu, Hawaii, and two schools for destitute children, but the "mystery of iniquity doth already work."

Note—Such is a brief outline of the work in 1899.

A SHINTO CEREMONY

On December 10, 1902, as I was returning from the Yokohama Naval Hospital and reached the Shimbashi Station at Tokyo, an interesting scene appeared. A number of Shinto priests alighted from the train and were met by other priests, two of whom were bearing a Shinto shrine—or, rather, a house-shaped box about three feet long by two feet high, and about the same width. They took the roof off the little house-box, and the priests from the train placed it in another box which was covered with a kind of fine cloth. I supposed that it was the casket of some child corpse; but, on inquiry, I found that the box contained a Shinto symbol, a metallic mirror. In this mirror is supposed to be the spirit of one of the ancient empresses of Japan, Kōmpira Samma, who is now worshipped as a goddess. They have a festival to her honor on the tenth day of each month; yesterday was the day of the festival. The Shinto religion, if it may be called “religion,” has no written books. In the shrines there are no idols; the sword and mirror are the only symbols that may be found therein. One of the principal offerings in the Shinto service is the offering of wine. This is not allowed in Buddhism. Shintoism tends to dissipation. The following little popular song may be taken as fitly representing the sentiment of Shintoism:

Osake nomu hito
Shin kara kawaii;
Omiki agaranu
Kami wa nai.

Which means that

He who drinks wine
Is beautiful in heart:
There is no god who
Does not partake of wine.

To return to the ceremony at the station, there were about a dozen priests present, dressed in their priestly garments. The ark containing the metallic mirror was borne on the shoulders of two priests, reminding one of the ark of God in the days of Israel, that was to be borne on the shoulders of the priests. As they left the station they were met by a great number of people, perhaps as many as a thousand, including also a brass band, that struck up the old military song of our own country in days gone by, "Marching through Georgia." From this, without breaking the time, they glided into "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave." It is likely that not even the players understood the sentiment of what they rendered; but it served for music, which seemed to answer every purpose. With long bamboo rods, from which were suspended ten-foot flags, on which were written Chinese characters, the procession marched away. It was truly the emptiness of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

BEING A SOLDIER

Talking with a young man in the American Naval Hospital at Yokohama, as he lay on his bed sick, I asked him where he intended to go when he recovered. He said that he did not know; that "Uncle Sam" generally had some place to put them, and that he did not usually consult them about it. Yet "Uncle Sam" is as lenient toward those in his service as most countries, and more so than some. It means something to be a soldier in carnal warfare. "Know ye not that . . . ye are not your own? for ye are bought with a price." The youth think that this is but right when in service to country, but think it is asking too much and an infringement on their liberties when asked to give their lives in service to God. In almost any congregation throughout the land there can be found young men who, if the occasion demanded it, would readily respond to the call to go and fight for their country; but in these same churches there are few indeed who are willing to heed the Saviour's call to go into all the world and proclaim the glad tidings of peace and salvation to the perishing. I fear that too few have yet begun to lay up treasures in heaven; "for where your treasure is there will your heart be also." A person usually labors in the direction in which his heart is set. In 1861, when the Civil War broke out between the North and South, Henry Ward Beecher had a son about eighteen years old. Volunteers were asked for and young Beecher was eager to enlist, but his mother objected to his enlisting till his father should return home. As his father reached the door the young man rushed out, and his first words were: "Father, may I join?" "I will dis-

inherit you if you don't," was Beecher's characteristic reply. How many of the sons of America are crying to their fathers to let them join in the army to fight against sin? How many fathers are urging their sons to go forth to battle against the great hosts of Satan? Parents spend their time and money in training their children for almost everything but the right thing. They are proud their sons occupy prominent places in business, in politics, in some profession, or in literary pursuits; but comparatively few are proud that they have sons who are pure and consecrated to the Lord. Mothers are anxious that their daughters be accomplished, that they may appear well in society; but how many of our mothers among those even claiming to be Christians are studiously training their daughters to be fit companions of those who go forth to do service for God? While in Texas I met a mother who had but one objection to her daughter's marriage, and that objection was that the mother was afraid that her daughter's intended husband would go as a missionary; yet this sister claims to be one of the Lord's handmaidens. How can we expect the Lord to bless us either here or hereafter when we stand out against him? "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?" It is not our profession, but service, that tells. Military discipline is severe and demands that one give himself wholly into the hands of the authority. The Lord is not a cruel taskmaster. His service is a "reasonable service," but it demands a complete surrender, a complete giving up of all that we are and all that we possess. "Ye are bought with a price, . . . ye are not your own."

O HANA SAN'S AMERICAN DOLL

O Hana San, how do you do?
I've come, you see, to live with you,
But yet I fear you will not know
Just what I mean by greeting so.

In Dai Nippon, I've heard them say,
They do not greet in such a way;
They fall quite down upon their nose,
Both hands and knees and all their toes.

I am so glad you've come to see
Our Dai Nippon and live with me.
I'll put you on a kimono,
And then you'll be my niggi-yo.

Is this gozen? How very nice
The daikon pickle and the rice;
The raw fish, too, so fresh and red,
You eat with sauce and not with bread!

But, then, how shall I now begin
With two small sticks and soup so thin?
Sit down this way? How strange it feels
To make a cushion of my heels!

This kimono you've put on me
Seems dreadful strange and okashii.*
My! O dear me! my ankles ache;
They hurt as if they're fit to break.

No, this is not the place for me;
I'm homesick now as I can be.
Excuse me, but I'd rather go
And be a doll than a niggi-yo.

*Funny.

IN SAMURAI DAYS

A student in the class recently told me this story which he had read in some paper: In the days of knighthood, or the samurai, there was a certain one of this order who lived in Honjo Ku. Honjo is a certain ward of Tokyo lying east of the Sumida River. It was the custom of the daimyo, the lords whom the samurai served, to pay the latter a certain quantity of rice each year as salary for their military service. This particular samurai became very rich; but at the time of the Meiji revolution, some forty* years ago, the daimyo lost their places, leaving the samurai without support. So he was greatly troubled to know what to do to earn a livelihood.

The samurai's wife suggested to him that they buy some rabbits and raise rabbits for a living, for at that time rabbits brought fancy prices. Accordingly they spent about three hundred ryo, one hundred and fifty dollars, for rabbits to be kept as breeders. The rabbits increased very rapidly and sold for good prices, so that in a short time the samurai and his wife had earned about two thousand ryo.

If they had been content with this, they might have saved their profits and provided for the future; but, being overanxious to make much money, they bought a larger number of rabbits, spending most of the two thousand ryo. Then fortune turned against them. The fashion of buying high priced rabbits passed away and many of those that they had on hand died; so they

*Now about 70 years ago.

lost all. The man chided his wife, telling her that if she had not persuaded him to spend the three hundred ryo at the outset, they might then have had it and could have gotten on very well.

Now they became poorer and poorer, being often without any food in the house. Finally, they had to sell the ancestral armor, which brought them only two ryo; but it was not long till this also was gone. There were three in the family—the parents and a daughter, fifteen years old. The mother decided that she would cast herself into the river and thus make one less in the family to be fed; but, as she was on her way to commit this awful deed, she decided that it was a vain thing to do. So she changed her mind. She then secured employment with a family as a servant, not letting her family know where she worked. As she earned money, she sent it to them.

One day the little girl, seeing that they were very poor, decided that she would try to do something to earn some money; so she went into the street selling a kind of yard broom. Seeing that she was a very nice looking girl and very gentle in her manners, the people bought readily of her. One day she stopped before the door of the house of a certain doctor, who had long been a friend to her father. The wife of the doctor bought some brooms from the girl; she then told the girl that it was the day on which to celebrate the birth of her son, and asked her if she could not play on the samisen, or koto. The girl told her that she used to play some, but that she was now very poor. The good lady gave her some cakes which had been prepared for the feast; she also invited her to remain and make some music for them. The girl hesitated,

saying that her clothes were not suitable for such an occasion; but the hostess told her that she had some nice clothes for her, took her to the bathroom for a bath, and then dressed her up, putting some oshiroi (whitening) on her face, after which she looked beautiful. The girl played so well at the entertainment that all were very much pleased.

As the girl looked over in the corner called the tokonoma, she saw an old coat of mail that looked like her father's. The doctor told her that he saw it in a second-hand shop and bought it, having recognized it as being her father's. Then he sent a jinrikisha for her parents and had them brought to the feast, also sending suitable clothes for them to put on. When they were about ready to return home, the doctor turned to the father of the girl and told him the circumstances of buying the coat of mail; that, to his surprise, he had found hid away in it two hundred yen; and that now it gave him much pleasure to return the same, with the two hundred yen. The old samurai and his wife set up in business and, as merchants, became independent.

LIFT UP THE FALLEN

One night recently I was coming home from an evening class. Just as I was crossing a bridge over one of the canals of Tokyo, I heard something fall at the other end. A police stand being only a few steps away, the policeman was on the spot in an instant; and by the time I reached there he was struggling with a drunken man, trying to get him on his feet again. The poor fellow had lost all control over himself, and was almost as limp as a dead man. By both of us lifting him under both arms, he began to regain his courage and was finally placed on his feet again. We did not stop to censure him for being drunk; of course, he was to be blamed, but that was not the time to press the matter. What he needed was a continued, earnest lift. Both of us might have stopped there for hours and berated him for his folly; but during that time he would only have become more and more chilled, for the night was cold. He was in no condition to be benefited by criticism.

It is even so with many who are down morally. What they need, first of all, is a lift to show them that they can stand on their feet again, if they only will. The strong arm of assistance, too, often inspires them to help themselves, when otherwise they would not attempt it. My brother, my sister, let us profit by the suggestion. How often have we stood aloof and looked on, with criticism in our hearts, and which often escapes our lips, when we should have been sympathetically assisting! The judgment day has not yet come; and if it had come, we are not appointed as the

judge. The world is full of sin, of course; no one denies that. "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Some say that they have no faith in trying to convert the heathen; the trouble is, they do not seem to have much in trying to convert anybody else. Such people sometimes raise doubts in my mind not so much about the heathen as about themselves. I believe that every person truly converted to God will have a burning desire for the salvation of others. With Paul, they will say, "I will most gladly spend and be spent for your souls." They will not stop to consider the color of the skin, the cut of the clothes, or the language; but whenever they find a fellow mortal, they will find an object for the heavenly message which they long to proclaim.

My daily prayer and heart's desire
Is that I may some soul inspire
The paths and haunts of sin to flee
For one of truth and purity.

REFUSED GOLD

One day recently I was on the Ginza, the main business street of Tokyo, doing some shopping. I went to an optician to have my eyeglasses mended, and took along a pair of old rims which I proposed to sell. The shopkeeper said that he was not permitted by law to deal in old gold, but directed me to an exchange man a few doors away who would buy. Going to the second house, as suggested, I presented my gold spectacle frames; but I was somewhat surprised at the man's refusal to buy, on the ground of my being a stranger. I suggested that I was told by Mr. Matsushima, the spectacle man, to come to him, and asked him why he refused to buy from a stranger. He explained that it was a regulation of the law that he was not allowed to buy gold, save from reliable parties, and that his books were subject to official examination once a month. He suggested, however, that if Matsushima would recommend me, he would buy my gold. I went back and related my predicament, and Mr. Matsushima very kindly sent one of his clerks along to recommend me; but all he knew was that I was a guest from No. 12 Tsukiji. This was not satisfactory; the exchange merchant still declined to buy my gold. I have always made it a rule never to part with a man under suspicion if I can possibly avoid it; so for this reason, rather than the importance of the transaction, I determined in some way to convince him that I was a reliable man. I drew my pocketbook and determined to try the force of incidental or circumstantial evidence. "Here is a

tax receipt for a school building in Kanda ward, and there is my name on it," I said. He was yet unmoved. "Here is another receipt which shows that I have just paid eight dollars rent on a student's boarding house in Koishikawa ward, for my name is on the receipt," I continued. Then I began to finger for something else, when he said: "Itadakimas" (I will receive it). He weighed the gold and found that it came to about sixty-five cents. He paid me the money and I departed, rejoicing that I had gained my point, and did not have to leave as a thief.

At first my pride was touched a little, and I was tempted abruptly to walk off and leave him; but a thief could do as much, and most likely that is just what he would have done. Then, farther, I remembered that under the circumstances the man was making no unfair request.

While living in Louisville, Ky., a groceryman refused to credit me, as I was a stranger. I could have become offended and walked off, but I did not. I said to him: "Mr. McKibbin, you have a right to be careful; henceforth I shall ask you for nothing without the money." I then paid him and continued to trade with him. It was not long till we were thoroughly established in his confidence and could have made a bill for any amount. It has been my method from boyhood never to quit people in a tangle if it can possibly be avoided, and it has been worth a great deal to me. I mention this for a purpose, and especially for the benefit of the young. All cannot be rich in silver and gold, but all can be rich in a clean record and in making for themselves a good character. My life has not been perfect; but if one will

make an honest, manly effort, there is enough grace left in the hearts of men to overlook a good many blemishes. We are sure to meet with our past record in coming life, and we should have such a record as we will not be ashamed of or wish to evade.

THE LABORER WILL RECEIVE HIS DUES

I have never made much effort to conceal my needs. On the other hand, I have endeavored to avoid appeals of distress. My manner of life has been plain and simple, so much so that sometimes my friends have poked fun at me; but at this I have never been disturbed. A manner of life that keeps clear of debt, the only independent life, and that feeling of contentment when one lies down at night that no one is suffering nor inconvenienced because of my debt is worth more than a bit of brief show by extravagance. I have tried to refrain from criticising the churches because they were not as liberal towards me as I thought they ought to be. It is very easy for one to be prejudiced in his own favor and blind to his own faults. For this reason I have never been disposed to urge my own case. I have always felt that others should be so thoroughly convinced that I was worthy that if they gave at all they would give because they wanted to, and not from constraint.

I believe that if one *lives up* to what God expects of him and is faithful and judicious in the use of the things with which he is blessed, then he will not suffer want more than is best for him. Sometimes poverty proves to be a greater blessing than abundance. Paul says he learned the "secret" of being in want—a secret many are slow to discover. Poverty is sometimes our only check against needless, and hence sinful, expenditure.

I think it is good and quite scriptural for the church to decide on how much it will do for such and such a work and endeavor to measure up to the program adopted, endeavoring to get every member to come up with his part of the obligation, according to the ability with which he has been blessed; and if they ask their worker for an estimate of how much is required for his support he should tell them as best he can. But a preacher can no more agree to condition his preaching to save souls on so much pay than he can seek a bargain from the parents that he will get so much pay for saving their drowning boy. His first duty is to save the boy, and this he will do regardless of pay. Sometimes brethren take advantage of this and let the preacher go neglected. They should remember that the preacher is no more under obligation to save others than is every member of the church. My faith is that though some are neglectful and fail in their obligations, God will make good his promise in some other way; but God does not need the failure of some to give him an opportunity to show his faithfulness.

I believe that God works with those who work with him and who trust him, and that he will withhold no good thing from them who love him. He wants us to trust him most when the way seems darkest. There is a well-known river in Japan named Fuji River. It is not known for its size, for there are larger rivers in Japan than Fuji River; but it is known for its crooked and rapid current. It flows out from the foot of Mount Fuji through deep gorges to the sea. Many go there to ride down this river for the thrill it affords. I once took the risk. Many times did it seem that there was

no possible way out, but that we were going right into the bluff ahead, while the river, so far as one could see, was simply disappearing. The boatmen, however, were no more excited than at other times. Each worked steadily on in his place with guiding pole in hand, and at the critical moment when it seemed that we were doomed, there would be a way of escape sharp to the right or to the left, and our light bark was guided over the peril in safety. Thus it is with the Steersman of our little bark over the tempestuous sea of life. If we abide in him we are safe, whether we can figure it out for ourselves or not.

The following was written in 1899, at the close of our first seven years in Japan: Seven years ago, and more, sat a newly married couple in their little home in southern Kentucky. The fire burned in the grate that winter evening, while a burden rested upon their hearts. Are we able for the undertaking? Can the Lord reach us and supply our needs so far away? She who from that day till this has never had a gloomy shadow on her face, and has ever been ready most cheerfully to go where duty calls, began:

In some way or other the Lord will provide.
 It may not be my way, It may not be thy way,
 And yet in his own way, The Lord will provide.
 We will trust in the Lord, And he will provide;
 We will trust in the Lord, And he will provide.

Perhaps she nor her husband at the time appreciated the force of this beautiful hymn as it rose sweet and clear on that occasion; but how true is the sentiment. I believed it then because the Lord had said so, but it was faith without experience. It is no longer a belief only but has passed into knowledge. Just so sure as

one walks in the way of the Lord, just so sure will God walk with him; and he whom the Lord walks with is safe.

It was about four winters ago. We had come to the last bucket of coal; we were without a cent, had taken the matter to the Lord, and by prayer and supplication had made known our requests and had asked him to hear us, even before the day mentioned had passed. It was afternoon; we had scraped up the last coal, even to the very dust. Just at this point the tempter came and said: Why act so foolishly? You know the man will credit you. Go and buy fuel to make your family a fire, and pay somehow when you can; this is the way sensible people would do. But then came the better thought: If I have asked the Lord to do a certain thing in a certain time, I can never know whether or not he will answer me unless I abide by my own stipulations. I gained the victory, and then and there cast myself upon him and, with the half bucket of coal dust, started into the house. A postman met me at the step with a letter; in that letter was the Lord's answer of \$150.00. I started to tell this several years ago, but the Devil came and caught it away, saying, It will only sound foolish to the people; it was, most likely, a mere accident; it came all the way from America in the usual way. Now I am ready to say to all such stories of Satan: Away with you! Am I to deny the Lord answers prayer because he complies with law in doing it? If I send for a friend, and he immediately comes in answer to my call, am I to deny his presence because he complied with the natural law and walked, instead of flying through the air like a fairy? If the faithful housewife, after a fair trial of her new sewing machine,

fails in getting it to work, sends for an expert, does she expect him entirely to discard the machine and perform wonderful feats, or does she not rather expect him to show his wisdom and bestow the desired blessing through the machine? And in doing so, are his kind offices any the less a direct answer to her requests? Now the Lord has made this world through which to bless his children. He who made the laws of nature knows a great deal more about them than we do. He can take them and make them work in a way that we know not of, but may all be simple enough after it is done. "And this is the boldness which we have towards him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he hears us: and if we know that he hears us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions which we have asked of him." (1 John 5: 14, 15.) "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusts in him." (Ps. 34: 8.)

Brother Bishop, who sailed for Japan on October 14, 1899, wrote from California as follows: "We were in Texas with not enough to pay our expenses to Japan by about \$75.00, when we made up our minds to start at all hazards and stop in San Francisco, where I expected to secure employment to sustain us till we could sail. Only a few days after we made a decision to start we had money necessary to pay our expenses and about one hundred dollars over to invest in our printing office. We rejoice with joy unspeakable." This is just what God wants his children to do. They must entrust themselves to him if they expect his help. It is like the brother said to the good sister with whom he was riding in the buggy. The horse began to back, and she grabbed the lines, when he remarked: "Sister,

we cannot both drive." So many of us are trying to treat God in this way, and take the reins into our own hands. God wants us to make a complete surrender to him, and be willing to believe that he is able to do that which he has promised. If we seek his kingdom and righteousness, we have the assurance that "all these things shall be added." We are further told that our heavenly Father knows we have need of these things, and Paul tells us in Philippians that "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." These are emphatic promises, based on the one condition that we make him first, have his interest uppermost in our hearts; and they are just as definite as our needs, which is as definite as any one should ask for. To ask for more is to ask for that we do not need, and God never does the unnecessary.

But suppose I demand a stipulated amount, say twelve hundred dollars a year, what follows? It defeats the purpose of God toward us; it separates us from him. I know just where my salary is coming from; I receive it as a matter of agreement between man and man, a mere business transaction that any infidel can make. When in need, I feel no necessity of prayer, but simply draw on my bank account for the required amount. It alienates me from God and cuts off the intended blessings he has in store for me; it leads me to trust in the arm of flesh, and not in God who gives to all men liberally and upbraideth not; it tends to unbelief. The Lord wants us to give him our confidence without reserve. To accomplish this he often allows us to reach the extremity of our own resources.

We had summed up our expenses to be about two hundred dollars. Having finished our figures, I stuck

the card up in the "catcher." And bowing before the Lord, let our requests be known unto him. That night I slept in the assurance of God's promises. The next morning I went to the letter box and found an order for \$120.55, not including some other amounts for others. Our card was still up in the "catcher." Carrying this gift from God to Mrs. McCaleb, I repeated the Lord's promise, "before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear," and showed her what I had just written the night before. "That had been on the way a month," she said. But what of it? Cannot the Lord see what will take place in the case of his children and prepare a month beforehand to meet the emergency? In order to get presents to their friends in Japan in time for Christmas, people at home prepare and start the gifts a month beforehand. Are they any less presents sent directly from friends on this account? Why was it that our grocery bill for September, which we had repeatedly asked the groceryman for, had not been presented till just the day before this gift came? He certainly did not know that we did not have the money; but for this month alone we did not have the money for our grocery bill, and for this month alone he delayed to present it till the day before the \$120.55 came. But why, you may ask, was the Lord a day late? When a bill is paid the next day after it is presented, that isn't late. And, as in the case of the coal, may it not be that God wanted to see if we would trust him to the limit. Then, sometimes, he seems to be belated, or neglectful of his promises, when in reality it is not so. Samuel delayed to come to Saul on purpose as a test to his fidelity. (1 Sam. 13: 8-15.) God delayed to make good his promise to Abraham that

he should have a son, till Sarah got quite out of patience and devised a plan of her own by which to assist God to make good his promise. He would have none of her assistance, but proceeded to make good his promise even though to human eyes it seemed an impossibility. His "slackness," as Peter puts it, is purposely done to see if we really have put our trust in him.

Some eight years ago, when we had made up our minds to go to Japan, we were fifty dollars short of a sufficiency to prepare for the outfit, not including the passage money to the coast and across the Pacific. Brother Azbill, with only enough pocket money for his railroad fare, came down from Indianapolis, and we made a little visit to one of the churches and received just fifty dollars and a few cents over. That year we received about nine hundred dollars, and that year we needed about that much to get to Japan and to bear current expenses. We have not received that much a single year since. Last December (1898), when we were thinking and preparing to come to America, we were two hundred dollars behind, and not a cent to come home on. For the passage money we needed about four hundred dollars. In the face of this we prayerfully went forward and began to make the necessary preparations, feeling that God would do his part if we would do ours. When people would ask Mrs. McCaleb when we meant to start, she would say, Mr. McCaleb says we are going in August. Before we were ready to start every cent needed was ready and waiting for us, including two hundred and fifty dollars that we owed.

You may raise this objection: If God supplies our needs in answer to prayer, why does he let us fall be-

hind with our debts? Someone has said, One more why makes fools of us all. Maybe it was bad management on my part, or the lack of faith that allowed me to get behind. Maybe at the time of making the debts I was trusting too much in my own ability to get on. Maybe the Lord wanted me to pass through a bit of experience, and lie awake at night on account of my debts to show me how bad it was to go into debt. At any rate, this was the lesson I got from it.

The following is a note made in January, 1902: I have been praying lately that the Lord would send me the 365 yen that remained unpaid on the home, asking that the debt be paid off inside of six months. While thus engaged it occurred to me that I should ask for it even in this month (January, 1902). Today (January 28) I sent the entire amount to Brother Jones in China. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

A FAIR TEST DIFFICULT

The American people are fast losing the art of walking. Improved facilities of travel, bad footgear, pride, hurry, and laziness, are responsible for this. Let us suppose that this degeneration will continue and in a few centuries the art of vigorous walking independent of all artificial aid will have been forgotten.

At that remote date an attempt is made to restore the lost art. Some strongly advocate the theory that, from the history of the race, man was once strong, making long distances on foot without artificial aid, but by means of human strength only. I say they hold this as a theory, for the practice has long since been discontinued. Others doubt if it ever was done, or, if so, under such environment as no longer exists, and

hence is impossible now. Thus the discussion as to whether man ever did walk long distances by unaided natural strength goes on and no conclusion is reached. Finally it is decided to put the matter to a test. The day is set, the walkers are selected, a five-mile walk is agreed upon as the test, and a great crowd comes out to witness the performance.

Mr. Lame is called out as the first walker. Mr. Lame has long been afflicted with a defective knee supported by a brace. But the test walk is to be without any artificial support whatever, so the brace must be laid aside. Mr. Lame starts out fairly well, but before he has gone a half-mile the weak knee fails him and he gives it up, declaring a five-mile walk impossible.

Mr. Weakheart is next called out. He looks strong and robust enough, and those who champion the theory of walking are very hopeful of his success. He is apparently in perfect trim, and the first mile is made with ease. Before he has gone the second, however, there is much sign of fatigue and shortness of breath, and before he covers the third he has fallen of heart failure.

Miss Pinchtight is next asked to make the attempt, and as this is to be a trial of human strength entirely unaided by artificial support, she is required to unbind the waist, letting her garments hang light and loose, and also substitute for the narrow, high-heeled shoe, that has accustomed her to walk on tiptoe, only a pair of sandals. She starts out with a silly smile, thinking it "awfully nice"; but before she has gone many rods a little wail and a tumble to the ground tells the story. She is forever after that a living witness to the impossibility of a human being, by the natural strength of the body, being able to walk five miles. Didn't she feel

like she would fall all to pieces, and didn't she come near having a serious case of flat foot? And when one knows how they "feel," that ends it.

Thus one after another makes the attempt, but all end in failure, and those who declare against unaided man being a five-mile walker seem to carry the day.

This supposed test case may serve as an illustration of present-day missionary work. The church has so degenerated that pure, apostolic missionary work through the church, independent of human aid, is a lost art. Some, in searching into the ancient record, find that in the early church this was the universal practice. They hold it as a theory that the same can be done now. Others, and greatly in the majority, contend that it is not possible; that if such a thing ever was done, it was under different environment from conditions now, and the same thing attempted now would be impossible. An attempt has been made to put it to the test. Some have started out trying to rely on God, like those who went forth at first, without reliance on human pledges. The results have not been so satisfactory as could be wished. Why? Not because the theory is in itself impracticable, but because of the weakness of the flesh. Nothing is easier than a five-mile walk to one with a normal body properly exercised. Such a thing is not only easily done, but even delightful to engage in. Even so do I believe that to the normal Christian, properly exercised in the walk of faith, complete reliance upon God without the assistance of human promises is not only possible, but a delightful service.

But the difficulty lies in being able to have a fair test. We are all of the maimed, the halt, the lame, and

the blind. None of us is a fair specimen of what could be done by a normal, healthy Christian in good working trim. If the independent work should utterly come to naught, it would not shake my faith in its feasibility when fairly tested. What has already been accomplished against such overwhelming odds is indicative of what could be accomplished under a fair trial. But we must not be too easily discouraged nor expect too much. The life of faith requires long training. In the meantime there is much imperfection that requires patience. Christ bore with the weakness and shortcomings of the first disciples for a long time, and even to the very last of his earthly ministry they showed great deficiency. Until there is more experience and greater growth in the life of faith, all of us will remain imperfect. But we should be careful not to condemn the rule simply because we fall short of its measure. A common fallacy is to measure truth by the standard of our own conduct. A common and equally erroneous saying is that we should either practice what we preach or else quit preaching it. Of course, we should practice what we preach as nearly as possible; but if, because of evil environment and human infirmity, we fail, this is no just ground for ceasing to preach the perfect rule of faith. If there is one thing clearly taught in both the Old Testament and the New Testament, it is that God will sustain and bless those that fully trust him. When we fail to realize this, let us judge justly, putting the blame where it belongs and giving God his due in being faithful in his promises when we yield full obedience to what he commands. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

GOD'S PROMISES AND MAN'S SERVICE

“And now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship. For there stood by me this night an angel of the God whose I am, whom also I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must stand before Cæsar: and lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee.”

Commenting on this part of Paul's speech made that stormy night to a disheartened crew on a stranded vessel, Brother McGarvey says: “Although he had assurance from God, which he implicitly believed, that not a life on board would be lost, he remembered that the promise was, ‘God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee,’ and so he was just as watchful to save those committed to his care as if no promise of their escape had been given. Indeed, he goes so far as to tell the soldiers that none would be saved if the sailors were allowed to leave the ship. This was because none but skillful sailors could run the vessel safe ashore in such a wind and on such a coast. From this we gather the lesson that when God makes us any promise the realization of which can in any part be promoted by our own exertion, such exertion is an understood condition of the promise. The rule has many applications in matters both temporal and spiritual, which we cannot pause to specify. In decreeing that a thing shall be done, or predicting that it will be done, God anticipates the voluntary actions of the parties concerned, and interferes directly only when the purpose would otherwise fail; and in our dealings with God we are, therefore, to be as active and laborious as though we had no promise of his help, and yet as confident of

help as though all were to be done by God alone." (Com. on Acts, Vol. 2, page 269.)

The last statement in the above quotation may seem to some like a contradiction. Some are disposed to ask: "If God is going to do so and so for us, why not leave it entirely to him, and why the need of our doing anything?" God demands faithfulness; his promises are to the faithful only. In order to be faithful, one must do his best, and this means he must do what is in his power; the Lord does not require more.

OBJECTIONS TO THE BELIEF IN GOD'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

Both the Old Testament and the New Testament clearly teach that God answers prayers and exercises a special protecting and providing care of his own children. No one can study the life of Paul and fail to believe that God was with him even as a nurse attends a child.

But many object to this belief. They say those who hold this have to struggle with the affairs of life much the same as other people. They get behind with their bills; sometimes they are reduced to straits and must borrow; they make their wants known to the churches, either directly or indirectly, and have been known to be away from home without a cent for traveling expenses. From this it is concluded that the doctrine of special providence is false; that Christians can expect no more in their behalf than sinners; that all are on an equal footing.

HAVE TO STRUGGLE

It is no objection against God's special care that his children have to struggle. If a mother were to carry

her child in her arms day by day, feed it, put on its clothing, and never let it do anything for itself, she would be its greatest enemy. That she lets it toddle alone, try to feed itself, and sometimes even get a tumble, is no evidence that she is not keeping a special watch care over the little one—a watch she does not keep over children in general. So with our heavenly Father: he does not take us away from the struggles of this world's affairs, but directs and protects us in them.

NOT ALWAYS ABLE TO PAY

If the Lord supplies our daily needs in answer to prayer, why do we sometimes fall behind with our bills? For instance: It is my rule to pay up every Saturday, but sometimes I am short and have to ask for a little time. Why does not the Lord supply me promptly, so that I can always pay all bills as soon as due? There are several ways to answer this without denying the Lord's special care. It may be that I have already received a sufficiency for all real needs, but have not been economical in the use of it. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend it in your pleasures." Sometimes preachers spend money for that which others must do without, that they may have to give to the preacher. Or it may be that I have been neglectful in asking. "Ye receive not because ye ask not." Again, it may be the Lord had another purpose in my empty purse. If always able to pay promptly, there is danger of becoming overbearing and inconsiderate of others unable to pay. God's mercy to us and our dependence on him are reminders that we must show mercy to others. When others ask for time in meeting their obligations, I

remember that I, too, must sometimes ask like favors; and this makes me more sympathetic and kindly disposed. Then, poverty is sometimes our highest recommendation. In Louisville, Ky., I fell a month behind once with the grocer, and he refused to give me further credit on the ground that I was a stranger. This forced me to take him somewhat into my confidence and explain the situation. He was led to believe that I was not a fraud, and afterwards I could have bought groceries indefinitely for the asking. Had I always paid promptly, we should have been practically strangers. He would have had no knowledge of the missionary from Japan, except that he was very good pay; and he might have thought he would like him as a customer on that account, and that he himself would not mind being a missionary on a good fat salary.

PLENTY AND PRIDE

I remember that in the long ago on the old farm, my mother's spring chickens would sometimes feast so bountifully on the oats field that they would cease to come up to roost and would finally go wild. The scattered feathers in the thicket would tell the rest. So with the Lord's chickens; his bounties sometimes prove their destruction. Want is sometimes our greatest blessing.

BUT WHY HAVE TO BORROW?

It may be that the Lord's servant may sometimes have to borrow because of his lack of faith, or for lack of economy, or to teach him in turn to lend to others. "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." If he never had to borrow himself he would

possibly grow hard-hearted and indifferent to the needs of others. It is not wrong to borrow; otherwise, Jesus would not have encouraged it by teaching us to lend.

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

One who always has plenty and never has to economize will spend uselessly. Necessity creates energy, and energy creates character. Once I was in Union City, Tenn., on my way to Springfield, Mo. The usual route was by way of St. Louis, Mo.; but I lacked two or three dollars having enough to go by this route. I went to the ticket agent to make further inquiry. The line about which I asked belonged to a rival company, and I could get no satisfaction. I determined to take the risk. I bought, against the protest of the agent, a ticket to Cairo, Ill.; there I changed cars, making good connection, and reached Springfield twelve hours earlier than the scheduled time for the other train, and saved about five dollars. Poverty, in this case, was economy, both in time and money; it also taught me anew the important lesson of doing a little thinking for myself.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

In closing, I wish to impress two thoughts. In the first place, because we cannot always and immediately see the reason for things, it does not follow that there is none. God's purposes are often hidden from us. It was many years before Jacob saw God's purpose in letting his son be sold into Egypt, together with many other seeming misfortunes so great he cried out in

the anguish of his soul: "All these things are against me!" But when God's purpose was finally made known, he saw that all was best for him. In the second place, our own imperfections often prevent God's purposes being fulfilled in us. His promises to save from sin often fail because men do not fully comply with them. Every objection that can be made against his special providence can be made against religion as a whole. The Bible fails to be to many what it promises because they fail to do what it commands.

GOD'S CARE A PRECIOUS REALITY

One of the dearest and sweetest truths in connection with the Christian experience is the consciousness of God's care. If there is a God of the Bible who loved us enough to give the most precious gift he had for our redemption, he must be a tender and loving Being who cares for us. There is never a moment that we are not the objects of his care, and, if obedient, always so in a special manner.

This does not imply indifference on our part nor neglect of any duty to provide for ourselves and others as far as may be proper and prudent. As in the cleansing of the soul, so in temporal things God expects us to do our part. When we have faithfully done this and have reached the limit of human effort, the Father then does for us what we could not do for ourselves. Just how he does this need not concern us; it is enough to know that he does it, and that he does just the right thing and the sufficient thing for each one of his children. God's methods are mysterious and his ways past finding out. The indwelling of the Spirit in the Christian's heart is likewise a mystery, but a mysterious reality.

Because we cannot understand the nature of it, we need not deny the fact. The grain of corn dropped into the black, rich soil, under the influence of sun and rain, involves just as great a mystery when it bursts forth a green and tender plant. We need not stumble at the mystery involved in God's care, for mystery meets us at every turn. But in the midst of a multitude of mysteries we are also brought face to face with realities which the soul of man may comprehend. God's care is one of those great realities that is brought into sacred touch with the Christian's experience.

Neither does God's care necessarily involve the miraculous. Miracle may be connected with it, but to all appearances the ordinary happenings of this world's affairs may be special acts of the Father for a special purpose. The events in the life of Joseph were to the human eye just such events as might happen in the life of any youth; yet they were as essentially the Father's deeds for a special end as the ten plagues of Egypt, the parting of the sea, or the arrest of the Jordan.

The laws of nature may be somewhat uniform, but they are not fixed. Some one has aptly said that nothing is fixed but change. Not two blades of grass, two leaves of the trees, nor two human beings are exactly alike—never have been nor ever will be. Not a planet or a star in the vast universe is fixed; but all are in constant and rapid motion, and their movements constantly vary. The moon, once aglow with fervent heat, is now dead and cold, while Halley's comet is rapidly diminishing and may never be greeted by human eyes again. Even man is constantly overcoming the laws of nature to accomplish his own purposes, and why should it be thought incredible or impossible that the

Ruler of the universe should do as much? If this world was made for man's abode, then is it not the most reasonable thing to believe that all things in it are made to serve for his happiness and good? If man may cast a stone up into a tree and thus overcome the law of gravitation to bring down fruit from its branches, why may not our Father do similar acts for the good of his children?

There can be no room for prayer save on the supposition that God cares for us. If this universe is one great machine set agoing by the mighty Hand, and must go blindly on in a beaten track, with no variation by a special act of the Almighty to meet certain ends, then the voice raised in prayer reechoes in mockery upon him who cries for mercy and blessing, for what can a machine do in answer to prayer? If prayer has only a reflex influence and simply stimulates us to work harder toward the answer of our own prayers, then our God does no more for us than the idol does for the pagan. If we do not pray to him in whom we trust as One both capable and willing to answer by actually doing something for us, we do not pray to God at all, but only use his name as a symbol through which to pray unto ourselves.

O our Father, who art in heaven, in the name of thy holy Child, Jesus, wilt thou help our unbelief and bring us into a sacred nearness to thyself and give us a vision of thy holy presence that we may know thou art ever ready to give good things to them that ask thee.

WHAT A LEAF FROM THE BIBLE DID

In Japan, about seventy years ago, there was born a little boy. His parents were Buddhists. Some of the family wanted the little boy to study to be a priest. This necessitated his going to the temple and serving a kind of apprenticeship. The boy did not want to become a priest, and his mother said they should not make him become one against his will. The priest would come often and try to persuade him, but to no purpose; so they set a trap for him.

One day a relative and a priest came and asked him if he did not wish to accompany them to see the flowers. The garden joined the temple ground. The boy was delighted to go, and they strolled about together. They made the boy enjoy himself as much as possible. Finally they passed over into the temple grounds and were looking at the shrubbery and the trees. They came to a beautiful tree. The boy looked up into the tree, and what do you think he saw? Beautiful little red cakes hanging in abundance from the branches! "Do these grow on the tree?" he asked. "Certainly," they said. "May I have some of them to eat?" the boy eagerly asked. "Help yourself; you may have as much as you want," they said. Nothing could have pleased the little fellow better.

"Now," said one of the priests, "this tree does not have so many cakes on it as the trees in the ground of my temple. They are just loaded all the time. If you will come and live with me you can eat as much as you like."

The cakes were too great a temptation, and the little fellow readily consented to go. It was not very long till he found that he had been tricked; but as he had begun, he decided to remain.

After some years, thinking that he was now well grounded in the faith, they sent him to a missionary to study English. He soon got a taste of the gospel and forsook the temple and accepted Christ; at least, in so far as he understood.

When the war broke out between Japan and China (1894), he was sent with the army as paymaster. The army ran short of rations while in the enemy's country and were in distress. The subject of this sketch was sent with a squad of men to see if they could buy provisions in the Chinese towns. The Chinese were afraid of them, and on seeing them coming would desert the villages. They searched about the houses of their own accord to try to find something, but to no purpose. Finally they came to a town, and all fled as usual, save a few straggling lookers-on that were hanging around. They went into the house and looked about, but as usual found nothing. Just as they were leaving the house and were about ready to return to camp and report their failure, Mr. Ito looked over in one corner and saw a leaf from a book. Something suggested to him, maybe as much curiosity as anything else, to go over and pick it up. It proved to be a leaf from the New Testament, containing the fifteenth chapter of John, in which it says: I am the vine, ye are the branches. A leaf from the Bible suggested to him that the man who lived there might be a Christian. He asked if he could see him. One of the bystanders ran off for him, and soon the man was on the spot. "Are

you a Christian?" asked Mr. Ito. "Yes; why do you ask that?" "Well, I am a Christian myself," replied Mr. Ito, "and I am very glad to find that you are one."

From this they soon became friends. The man of the house called in his neighbors, and they had a prayer meeting. Then the paymaster of the Japanese army told his Chinese brother what they wanted; that they had not come to harm them, but the army was out of provisions and they had come to buy supplies from them and would pay them well. The Chinese told him to go back to headquarters and in three days he would gather up the amount needed and bring it to camp. The captain of the army, on hearing this report, was afraid that they would not keep their promise; but in three days the provisions came, just as they had agreed. Thus a leaf from the Bible made friends of enemies and saved an army from disaster.

TRANSPLANTED ERROR

“Their clime and not their minds they change,
Who sail across the sea.”

When we came to Japan we found ourselves thrown with two young sisters differing from us in regard to the use of musical instruments in the worship. We talked the matter over in the spirit of kindness. They had always been used to instrumental music in the church and had never had it called in question. I had always been used to the opposite. Neither party could rightfully censure the other. What was to be done about it? They said that they were not compelled to use it, and that, for the sake of peace and to cooperate with those who opposed it, they were quite willing to set it aside. Under these conditions the work in Yotsuya Ward went on for five or six years, when Miss Scott returned to America, and the work was left in the hands of Miss Miller. I continued to visit the work occasionally, and as the instrument was never used when I was present, I took it that Miss Miller was following the same course as did Miss Scott. Lately, however, Brother Cunningham, who came to Japan more than a year ago, has joined Miss Miller in the work at Yotsuya, and the instrument is being used in the Lord's day services. I have conferred with both Sister Miller and Brother Cunningham, hoping that for the sake of harmony among us on the field, and for the sake of those who are supporting that work, many of whom are opposed to the organ, it might not be used. Brother Cunningham says he never makes it a test of fellowship, by which he means that it should be held as a

matter of indifference, and that those who oppose it and separate from brethren on account of it do wrong. Really, though, our brother and all others who introduce the organ are the ones that make it a test of fellowship. If it were left entirely out of the service, it could not be made a test of anything, either one way or the other. To test a thing is to try it. Those who try the organ in the congregation are the ones who put the matter to a test. The results are that some usually submit, while others do not. Those who introduce sprinkling for baptism are the ones who make it a test of fellowship; so with the instrument.

Miss Miller thinks that to object to it is an attempt to control the details of her work; that this must be left to her own judgment; that if those who have been fellowshipping her do not agree with her, she is sorry, but does not feel that it is due them to dispense with the instrument. I have no doubt that both are conscientious in the matter. If it is so with them, it is no less so with me. I have frequently mentioned this work and commended it to the churches. All who know me know me to be opposed to instrumental music in the worship. They have a right to expect that any work I would commend would be free from this evil. If I were to go on in silence, I would be as a deceiver and would be even worse than those who use the organ.

I regret very much to have to say these things. The scriptural method of missionary work in Japan has been sailing under contrary winds from the very first. With the half-heartedness and diversity of opinions with which it has been beset, I sometimes wonder that it has accomplished what it has. I hesitate to say anything that may have a tendency to discourage interest

in it. Besides, Brother Cunningham, his family, and Miss Miller are my special friends; and I am sorry to say anything that would seem unpleasant. The work that they are doing in pointing out the way of life and holiness to the poor, the destitute, the ignorant, and the degraded, is highly commendable in many ways. But the voice of conscience must be obeyed, and the results must be left with "him that judgeth all things righteously."

Note—The above was written just thirty years ago. Miss Miller and Mr. Cunningham found that they could not agree. He bought the lot on which their homes were built and demanded that she move her house. At this time she was in the United States, and I was asked to attend to the matter for her. I sold the house for six hundred yen to a Japanese and it was torn down. This was at a great sacrifice and a decided disappointment to B. F. Coulter, who had contributed the money for the house. Miss Miller, on returning to Japan, selected a place in Sendagaya, outside the city limits, but now in Greater Tokyo. I assisted her in getting reestablished. She bought a Japanese house and fitted up the downstairs for meetings, and lived upstairs. As before, I frequently conducted her meetings, and the organ was not used. No instrument was used in the Sendagaya church till 1921. The Japanese wanted it, and Miss Miller did not oppose. Miss Miller died in 1928, and her Bible woman, Sister Masai, along with two Japanese preachers (one edits a paper) have kept the work going. The church is independent of help from America, and seems to be doing very well. With the exception of the use of the instrument, I know

of nothing carried on in this church and at Yotsuya that is objectionable.

My experience with those who are indifferent as to the use of the instrument is that the churches in which they work usually introduce it. It takes conviction to oppose sin. Prospective missionaries should have convictions not only on this, but other evils, and stand out uncompromisingly against them, or else they might as well favor them from the start, for in time their work will drift in the direction of the evils toward which they are indifferent.

HURTFUL CONSERVATISM

In Japan, whenever the Emperor's message to the schools is read, the reader always assumes a kind of holy chant. The same is seen in Episcopal and Catholic churches; it is also quite noticeable among the Primitive Baptists. With them the holy tone is almost as important as the reading itself.

When the committee on translation some years ago translated the Bible, they adopted a style that was out of the line of the ordinary in Japan, conforming as nearly as possible to the old English of the King James Version, that they might, as they thought, give it more sacredness. The same conservatism is seen in the American Revised Version, Standard Edition, in the retention of "thee," "thou," "unto," "spake," and like expressions. If we were to attempt to use the Bible style of English in the ordinary affairs of life, we would simply make ourselves ridiculous; yet, there is just as much reason for using such English around the fireside as in our sermons. The Catholics have very foolishly decided that Latin is the sacred language; so, whether the people understand it or not (and usually they do not), wherever one attends a Roman Catholic service, it is in Latin.

THINKING IN A RUT

We can see these errors in the Catholic Church and others, but many of the churches claiming to be true to the Scriptures have fallen into conservative habits just as hurtful in their nature as to read the Scriptures in Latin. In many of the churches where the elders con-

duct the services, it is far from edifying. One may attend the meetings the year 'round, and he will hear pretty much the same thing from week to week, and will hear it in the same droll style. The prayer is one prayer on all occasions and for all classes and conditions. It becomes a mere ritual, with no more life or meaning than the "Book of Common Prayer," and is in far less elegant language. A chapter is read at random; and as the book, from the habit of use, learns to fall open pretty much at the same place each time, the reading is repeated till it becomes monotonous. The comments are on the same hackneyed themes, being suggested by certain pet passages that have been marked; while the other portions of the reading are passed over in silence, though they may contain the very things needed for the occasion. Once I heard a good brother through a series of meetings, and I do not think that there was a single time that he did not in some way find a place to show the evils of the society and the organ, though the church was not in the least troubled with either. I hardly ever read the writings of some brethren, because I have gotten all their thoughts long since in a very few articles. They write well enough so far as they go; but they have a few pet themes, and to expect them to say anything outside of those lines of thought is to be disappointed. It reminds me of the story of the old woman who always made it a point to visit every new baby in the community and compliment each in the same way by saying: "It is just like its father." On one occasion a new baby had come to a neighbor's home, and the good old woman paid her visit as usual; but some of the young people had slipped an old tomcat in the place of the

baby and skillfully tucked it in. As the room was a little dark and her eyes were a little dim, it was all the same to the dear old soul. So, going over to the little crib, she raised the cover from its face and, with her usual compliment, said: "Oh, it is just like its father!"

I have heard speeches in the pulpit that seemed to be about as ill-timed as the old woman's. The speeches were good enough—only, they did not suit the occasion. Some brethren get to believe that there are only a few subjects that are really gospel, and that they who talk on something else are not sound, or, at least, are wasting their time. I heard of one brother who said that he never preached a sermon without bringing in "faith, repentance, and baptism." With that brother it was "just like its father" on all occasions, whether a tomcat or a baby. When in America, I made a few talks on Japan at one of the churches, and one of the sisters got disgusted at the first speech and would not come back any more. She said she did not want to hear about Japan; she wanted to hear the gospel. On another occasion a brother took me aside seriously and suggested that I was creating dissatisfaction among the brethren because I was saying too much about Japan. He said they wanted to hear some good, old, solid gospel.

READING THE BIBLE

It is a good thing to read the Bible; I would that people would read it much more than they do; but even this can be carried to a hurtful extreme. A Bible student was once reading Josephus, when a fellow student came along and asked him what he was reading. "Josephus," said the young man. "You had better be reading the Bible," was the laconic reply. Now, I am

sure that much precious time is wasted on trashy literature that ought to be spent in reading the Bible; but to say that no book but the Bible should be read is a conservatism that does much harm. Many good men have failed to understand the Bible by reading nothing else. It is a related book. In order to understand it, we should read extensively. It is related to social and national customs, heathen religions, political governments, and ancient history; and unless we make a study of these things from sources outside the Bible, much of it will ever remain a mystery. This undue conservatism has caused a widespread illiteracy, for which there is no excuse. Every Christian, especially preachers and teachers, should take one or two good, standard magazines, and should read not less than one new book every year; nor should we be too much afraid of the books and papers published by the "sects." We can learn much from the literature of the denominations. Some people will not read papers or books published by the denominations, but forget that they are dependent on them for the Bible itself. If they can give us a good translation of the Scriptures, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may also be able to say some good things that will be helpful.

IT IS GOOD TO TRAVEL

A man's faith is necessarily colored more or less by his environment. The Christian religion itself has never been exactly the same in any two countries. Often we think that we are zealous for the faith, when in reality it may largely be only a local custom. For this reason it is good to travel, that we may view our faith from different geographical points of view. We

read into the Scriptures our own local surroundings. I remember that, when a boy, in reading the passage in Hebrews where God's faithful children in ancient times wandered in deserts and mountains and dwelt in caves and holes of the earth, I had in mind just such caves as I had seen about in the neighborhood. The passage never suggested any other thought; yet I am sure now that this meaning was too restricted. In ancient times it was common to hew out caves in the rocks and dwell in them. Often this was done in secluded places for protection. I have seen many such caves in Japan; and Palestine, Egypt, and other Eastern countries have many of them. I have received many thoughts by reading the Scriptures in Japan that I never got in America.

Many brethren who are so indifferent to foreign missionary work that it almost amounts to opposition would be enthusiastic on the subject if they would only go to the foreign fields and see for themselves. The following story taken from a Japanese paper will illustrate the point: "One afternoon a gentleman called during my absence, but left his card, on which was written: 'I am very much interested in your work for the Japanese. If you are passing by the Grand Hotel any time before or after dinner, please call. I shall leave town in the morning.' Finding the card on my desk when I returned home, of course I paid a visit to the hotel. A gentleman appeared whom I had seen in the church on the previous Sunday. He explained the reason of his call upon me by saying that he had been very pessimistic in regard to the matter of missions in these Eastern countries—indeed, he had been, he was now sorry to say, actually antagonistic—but that recently he had become converted. As he spoke his

face brightened in a way to indicate that he was enjoying an unusual blessing. In reply to my exclamation of surprise and inquiry as to how the change had come about, he said that upon the invitation of a gentleman of his acquaintance he had attended the Japanese service in the church near the Hatoba (the Kaigan Church) on the first Sunday in December; and the fact that every available seat was occupied, the close attention, and the evident devotion of this congregation of native Christians (the first he had ever seen in Japan, though he had been here twice before) so impressed him as to work in him a conviction that he had hitherto been wrong in his hostile attitude, and he had asked me to call because he wished to make inquiry in regard to mission work in general and this church in particular. It is needless to say that I found an eager listener, if not always an intelligent questioner. The result was a declaration on his part that he hoped to do something to undo the harm which his previous attitude toward missions may have done, henceforth taking a sympathetic, intelligent, and practical interest in missions; and he placed in my hands a substantial gift for me to use as I saw fit in my work."

I am sure that what is true in the case of this man would be true with many others if only they could take a few months off and go to the mission fields and see for themselves. For a long time I have wished for a number of the brethren to come to Japan; it would do more to create a true interest in the work than years of writing. Such visiting brethren would not always find the houses filled as in the above case, but they would find enough to be convinced that Jesus made no mistake when he said, "Go ye into all the world and

preach the gospel to the whole creation. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned."

Note—The few visits of brethren that have already been made have helped forward the work no little.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

That the Western nations have a civilization superior to the East is generally admitted. Wherein does this difference consist, and why? Some would say that the difference is because of the inherent difference in the races; others would say that climate has made the difference. That climate does influence the races and is a considerable factor in their advancement or the lack of it, is most cheerfully admitted. Where the climate is warm and the natural supplies are abundant, people are liable to become indolent, slow in movement, and indifferent to the material improvement of the country. Clothing and shelter are not greatly needed, and food is supplied by the natural products of the soil. But, in my judgment, there is a more potent energy in marking the distinction in races than any of the things mentioned. This will appear as we begin to inquire into the points of difference.

The East and the West differ in reference to their view of human nature. This cannot be due to the difference in climate; for such differences exist between races in the same latitude, where the same climatic conditions prevail. Japan, for example, is in the same north latitude as the United States; yet old Japan was as different in her ideas of human nature from that of the new West as could well be imagined. The Constitution of the United States declares that "all men are equal" and have the same rights to life and limb and the pursuit of happiness. Old Japan regarded the lower classes as so many possessions, with no rights of their own. It can hardly be said that this difference

arose from the inherent differences in blood; for we find a large element in the West, of the same blood with their countrymen, holding the same view with the East and carrying on an extensive trade in human souls. Yet, on the whole, the common consent in the West was that all men were of a like nature and had equal rights. The President himself was but a man among men, who went about and mixed and mingled with the common people; while in Japan His Majesty was regarded as a deity too high for the common people even to look upon. Servants often committed suicide on the death of their masters or were buried alive in the same grave. Everything centered in the master, while the common people went for naught. Why the difference?

There has ever been a tendency on the part of mankind, of whatever race or color, to make distinctions. The rich and the powerful are unduly exalted, while the common poor are unduly degraded. In this respect human nature, wherever found, has ever been the same. But in process of time we find that the West has undergone a great change and all men are declared to be "free and equal."

This difference, I think, can be traced to the difference in religious ideas; for it should not be overlooked that religion is directly and vitally connected with the characteristics of any people. Ancient Japan, with other ancient nations, having lost sight of the Creator, deified nature. Having forgotten the "invisible God," they made gods of men, animals, birds, serpents, mountains, and trees, that they could see. The greatest in power, wisdom, and wealth, were naturally exalted to the place of deity, and, as a result, the common people

were placed in a scale correspondingly low. The human family is like the beam of a seesaw: to raise one end necessarily lowers the other. All cannot be at the top; and the higher some climb, the lower it sinks others. It is like piling up blocks in the water: the higher the pile, the deeper down the first one sinks beneath the surface. Some one in Japan made the boast that while Western people had to put up with being drawn by horses, the Japanese people were drawn by men.

To what shall we attribute this difference in human thought? Not to the inherent goodness in Western human nature as compared with that of the East, for the natural tendencies in all races are the same. It is easy to see the same natural disposition in America or Europe that we find in Japan.

The Christian religion teaches that the master and the servant are as brothers (Phile. 15, 16), that there is neither bond nor free. I was teaching 1 Cor. 7 to a class of young men once, in which Paul teaches that the servant, on becoming a Christian, is the Lord's freedman, and the master is the bond servant of Christ. A young man expressed surprise that a slave should be regarded as having personality or the right to become a Christian. Neither is this peculiar to the Oriental way of thinking. When slaveholding was common in the United States, the unchristian master treated his servants much the same as other animals on his farm, giving them no rights of their own; and a common saying was, "The black man has no rights the white man is bound to respect"; while the Christian slave owner taught his servants the Bible and made Christians of them. They both went to the same place for worship, sat in the same house, sang the same songs

together, and ate the same bread and drank the same wine in memory of their one Lord. Who made these two masters to differ? They were of the same race and lived as neighbors in the same country. It is this—the religion of Christ—that also marks the difference between the East and the West in their conception of human nature. The Bible will ever stand as a witness against the false view that a part of the human race is fit only to be enslaved and made as a beast of burden.

IDOLATRY IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS

In a section of Tokyo called "Yanagiwara" there is a street along which an electric car line has lately (1904) been built. A large old tree, called "icho," or butterfly tree, stands near the road. A large branch of this tree interfered with the putting up of the wires. The company prepared to cut off the limb. But under this sacred tree stood a shrine of Inarisama. An old woman had said that if anyone disturbed that tree the god Inarisama would punish him; but the company thought they would take the risk of cutting off the limb. Three men climbed up in the tree to saw the limb off; but strange to tell, every one of them tumbled out and was hurt. This settled it. The head of the company was very much astonished and said: "Of a truth, this is nothing more nor less than a punishment from Inarisama." He had the old and decayed shrine at the foot of the tree rebuilt, the sacred branch remained untouched, and the company had to make some other shift.

It is a mistake, of course, to accuse all of being guilty because of the few; but the foregoing incident may be taken as a fair sample of a widespread, deep-seated conviction among the Japanese that there is still virtue in their gods. It shows the superstitious tendencies, not only of Japan, but of the world. England, with all her learning, still clings to the stone of Scone with the tenacity of the grossest superstition. For it she would go to war any day. In it are bound up the destinies of the nation.

The incident is also interesting as being an apt illustration of how superstition stands squarely in the path of progress and the public good. In China, I have been told, it is one of the most difficult things to get a right-of-way for a railroad, because it interrupts the sacred places. Foreigners, in some instances, have been forbidden to put upstairs to their houses on the ground that it would interfere with the aerial spirits and bring down calamity.

It is for this reason, among others, that the Bible has proven itself to be the greatest friend to true progress and why the nations brought under its influence have risen to the highest civilization. It brings man first into the right relationship with the God of the universe, and then adjusts him to the material world about him. He who thoroughly believes in material objects as gods cannot make much progress in true knowledge; he cannot study natural phenomena, for they are divine demonstrations of the deities. But let him get broken away from these superstitious ideas, and he begins to regard the objects of nature rationally; he seeks the real causes of things, and applies natural forces to certain ends. Trees, stones, and places are no longer to him objects of veneration and adoration, to be held sacred and inviolable; they become only natural objects to be used for man's good. The rumbling thunder in the clouds is not the voice of an angry deity that strikes terror to the hearts of the ignorant; it is the natural result of the lightning's flash, not different in nature from the crack of a gun. If Franklin had been a devout believer in the god of thunder, as many of the Japanese once were (and more anciently,

our own ancestry), he never would have tamed the lightning or applied it for man's good.

I believe the difference in the conception of Deity to be the root cause of the difference in the condition of the races. Climate may have something to do with it, but this is not very considerable. In the United States we have all kinds of climate, from the tropics of Florida and California to the frozen regions of Alaska; but we find progress keeping equal pace, whether surrounded with snow and ice or perpetual spring and blooming flowers. Adjust man properly to his Maker, and he takes hold of the material world about him with an intelligence that brings the highest good; he learns the causes of things and how to use them.

“SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND”

When I was a student at school, one of the favorite expressions of our Greek professor was, “You must remember three things, young gentlemen: First, you must seek; secondly, you must seek at the right place; thirdly, you must seek diligently.” I have found this a good suggestion, not only in seeking for Greek roots, but as a general rule of life.

We needed a jar for the home of certain dimensions. I started out on several errands and accomplished them all save the jar. I thought there would be no trouble in finding one at almost any crockery shop; but the particular kind I wanted was not easily found. I think I sought at not less than half a dozen places. Finally I came to a little, insignificant place where I hardly thought it worth while to ask at all. Looking over what they had on view, I asked if they had any others. The shop was kept by two old people that appeared to be husband and wife. The latter, who seemed to be foremost in business, said they had more. She conducted me just across the street to another little branch shop they had, but among the wares there the object of my search could not be found. Going around the corner, with a key in hand, she turned into a little alley and opened a side door, where there were various wares stowed away. Far back in one corner was a stack of jars reaching almost up to the roof. She inspected them all and pronounced them just the same as the ones we had been looking at. The last one at the top seemed to me to be just the one I wanted, but she insisted that it was not different in size from the one I had seen already. Trusting to her

judgment, I turned toward the door to go away. It might possibly do, I thought, and it will not be much trouble to take it down and measure it. Apologizing for putting her to so much trouble, I asked if she would please take it down and let me have a better look at it. As she was too low to reach it, I got upon the stool and took it down, and by measurement I found it exactly the dimensions required.

For several days my little boy, Harding, had been begging me to get him a set of marbles. I have a prejudice against marbles—not for any very well-grounded reason; but, when a little boy myself, my mother used to say that they were "the A B C's of gambling." Of the six boys in our home, there was never but one set of marbles brought on the place. Brother Gooch once bought a set and brought them home. They were striped around with red and green stripes. Some of the neighbor boys came over, and they got out in the front yard, under the shade of the old mulberry trees, where the grass had been beaten away and the ground was smooth and hard. There they marked off a "ring" with the forefinger nail, put in the "men," got back to "headtaws" and began. Mother never said much, but she gave it no look of approval. It was not many days till the "marvels" were traded off, and that was the last of them. Somehow it "wuzn't any fun." However, I had promised my little boy the marbles and meant to make good the promise. Although one of the purest and best of mothers always said it was the "A B C's of gambling," after long and careful consideration, I decided that it need not necessarily be so, but could be turned into channels for good by teaching the boys to play fair and

be honest. One day I started on a search for the marbles. I remembered that I had never seen any in the market and did not know just where to go to find them. First, I tried the lamp seller, thinking that he might have some glass ones. It was with some difficulty that I made him understand just what I meant. Japanese children do not play marbles. He thought maybe the stonecutter had them. But he, too, shook his head, saying he had no such things in his house; but he directed me to a bazaar where he thought they might have them. They, too, shook their heads with a "no." They thought, however, they might have them at a toy shop at the railroad station. When I reached there, the toy shop had been abolished for want of room. There remained nothing else to do but to walk aimlessly around. As I had been walking briskly for about an hour, I was beginning to think of giving up the search for another time. I came to a little, insignificant place, but came nearly taking the car for home without further inquiry. They, too, had no marbles; but just as I was leaving, a boy pointed me up the street where he thought they kept them. I determined to turn the last stone and went on in the search. In a little out-of-the-way shop I found the marbles. Their original purpose, however, was to stop lemonade bottles; but, as a secondary purpose, they served for children to play with. They were made of glass.

In all this was I paid for my trouble? At any rate, it serves to teach the lesson of perseverance. "Seek and ye shall find." But we must seek diligently and keep on seeking till we seek in the right place. Often when we seem to be at the point of failure we are in a step of success. The night is said to be darkest just before dawn.

HEALTH

A sister from Arkansas wrote to me as follows: "I have seen your name in the *Gospel Advocate* many times, and know from your writings you are a Christian. I am a member of the church of Christ, but, on account of illness, have not been able to attend service in several years; my mother is an invalid and cannot walk without help; my father is nearly seventy years old; and we are very poor. Brother McCaleb, we are in destitute circumstances. Could you do anything for us? If you can help us, or will ask the people where you live to help us, all that is given will be thankfully received and highly appreciated. 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' We would have been in very good circumstances if it had not been for sickness. Doctors' bills and other expenses have got us in a bad shape; so if you can help us any, we will be thankful. For reference, write Dr. H——."

I have but little doubt that this family is in need and most likely should be helped; and I do not mean my remarks in this connection to be to discourage this; but I am laboring at a great disadvantage in being so far away. I have nothing to say of the doctor who has a heart and common sense back of his practice; but, on the whole, I am of the opinion that the human race would be better off if there was not a pill, a drug store, or a doctor in the world. It is now as it was in the days of our Saviour: people suffer "many things of many physicians," spend all their living, and, instead of growing better, grow worse. If our sister will throw all the doctor's nostrums into the fire and will spend

the money she pays on doctors' bills in buying apples and other wholesome fruits, she will find them better medicine and far more pleasant to take. Then, if she will take a cold bath every morning, and rub with a coarse towel afterwards till the skin is red; will sleep with her windows open at night, winter and summer; and will chew everything to a fluid, she will find further improvement. If a bath is too severe to begin with, she might sponge off with a wet cloth at first, and exercise, without clothing, with dumb-bells or otherwise till she is warm. These suggestions (with regular rest at night, if it can be had), if followed, will be worth a hundred times more than the money I might be able to send. I am frank to say that I have but little inclination to give money to help pay "doctors' bills."

I have not given the name or the place, but, from the foregoing letter, I am sure that the people of the community cannot fail to identify the family. If the case is as represented, the church should feel ashamed not to give assistance. There may be other members of the family, or relatives; if so, it is their duty to see after these afflicted people, that the church be not burdened; if not, then, of course, the church should do it. At such a great distance, and knowing so little of the situation, it is difficult for me to decide what is best to do.

In regard to the above, a brother from Tennessee wrote: "I thought your answer to the appeal from an Arkansas reader, in the *Gospel Advocate* a few weeks past, was one of the richest things that I have ever seen in the paper. I have read it to several persons. I seldom call in a physician or buy any drugs. Nature

is the great physician, and sleep and rest are a healing balm. I hope the one who made the appeal is following your advice."

It is to be hoped that she is; but when we think of the extent to which the human race is enslaved to custom, it is truly pathetic. Customs, however absurd, become a kind of second nature; or at least we regard them so; and it is almost impossible to get rid of them. Many are simply committing suicide by inches; and when they are put into premature graves from abuse in dress, food or drugs, some one will have the temerity to say: "The Lord's will be done." The Lord has no more to do with the death of many such today than he had with the killing of Abel. Many a woman is dragging out a miserable existence because she is trying to run a race with the most foolish and fastidious follies of fashion by pinching her feet into stubs and her waist into a wasp; many a man is laid up with gout from gluttony or limping with "rheumatiz" because of careless habits, the lack of proper exercise, and reckless exposure. The American people would have to have stomachs of galvanized iron or of brass to stand what they cram into them. Worst of all, it is finally summed up and put to their account as good, hard service to the Lord. Many are counted the Lord's martyrs who are simply martyrs to their own stomachs or some pernicious habit. We have no more right to abuse our bodies than we have to sin against our souls; both are gifts from God and the one is the temple of the other.

To show how we tamely submit to popular custom, I will relate a bit of my own experience. For nearly forty years I have been trying to make my feet fit into other people's ideas of a shoe. I look back with almost

a shudder to the brogans and the "Sunday" boots that used to torture my feet. Of course, they did not fit; no one expected them to fit. They had to be "broke"—that is, the shoes or the feet did; and it usually resulted in a compromise in which it was hard to tell which was "broke" the most. It was plain that there was something wrong, but it never occurred to me that it was the shoes. I thought all along that it was my feet that were not made right, and I could only lament my misfortune and try to make them narrower by constantly wedging them into the ideal shoe; that was just right beyond question, for everybody said so. Many a time have I actually plowed all day with my feet squeezed into a crease almost the entire length of the bottom. Did it hurt? It did. I had corns that burned like fire, blisters that stung and oozed bloody water, and inflamed joints that had to be soothed and bathed in cold water at night.

Though I am ashamed to confess it, I have spent half a lifetime learning what any schoolboy ought to see at a glance. All this time I was so stupid as to think the Creator had made a mistake about my feet and that the foot of fashion and the shoe that would fit it were just right, unquestionably right. Finally, the truth dawned upon me. Looking down at my naked feet one day, that had so bravely and patiently borne the indignities heaped upon them for all these years and had come through comparatively unharmed, I said, You are not deformed. Moreover, you have shown by a long and severe test that you are shaped just right for hard service; and after all it is the shoe that is misshaped. I will not torture you any longer. Putting a piece of white paper on the floor and placing my foot

upon it, I drew a pattern of its exact shape; then I took the sole of my shoe and placed it upon the pattern, noting where it was deficient. In this way I got an outline that conformed to my foot. When I presented it to the shoemaker, he looked at it, turned his head a little, and a puzzled smile stole over his yellow face. I could see that he was doubtful. He said that he had no last the shape of that pattern. Then, I said, have one made, and make the shoes just like I tell you, and if there is a mistake it will be mine and not yours. He reluctantly took my suggestion. When the new patterned shoes were finished, he brought them to me, with an anxious expression. When I pronounced them a good fit and in every way satisfactory a smile of relief lighted up his countenance and he went away happy. My feet and I are finally at peace; they are at rest and the shoes solid comfort.

Let us break away from evil customs. We should not object to a thing just because it is common, and to attempt to be odd just for the sake of it is almost a sin; but many of us are simply cowards and go against our better judgment for no other reason than the shallow "world's dread laugh" at the man or woman that has the independence to use common sense.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTIVE

Next to a healthy faith, in importance, is a healthy body. This is especially true of the missionary living in a foreign country. Since being on the field, I have witnessed many sad cases of breaking up at a great sacrifice and sore disappointment. One of these sad events happened three years ago when Brother Snodgrass sold out and went home, hopeless of his wife's

recovery. In his last letter he says in regard to it: "Our coming home has greatly broken into our life plans, and it seems difficult to start again. I certainly feel that my knowledge of the Japanese language is now going for nothing, and will continue so if I cannot return or use it here in a school to educate others to go to Japan." This is only one instance of scores of similar cases. Of course, good health is essential anywhere; but at home it is different. If one gets sick, he is either at or near the best place in the world to get well, being in his native land among friends. But in a foreign land the whole situation is changed. The best air, the best food, the best friends and doctors are all back at home; and there also are the haunts and homes of childhood days, where brothers, sisters, and parents live or did live, and just to look upon those familiar scenes and faces once more does good like a medicine. Of course, much of it is imaginary, and the real difference is not always so great as people imagine; yet so long as they think it to be so, and that they must return to the homeland to get well, practically it amounts to the same as if it were true. The wiser course is to use all due precautions to keep well, and as far as possible, avoid the sick list. This has been my rule, and I am sure much good has been derived from it.

It is spring. The buds are beginning to swell and the sap is rising in the trees. At this season people are apt to get puny and "peaked." For some time our children had fussed and complained at the porridge, and eating had become a burden. Their mother also came to the table only to watch the rest of us. There

was talk of iron and drugs for the little ones and an "examination" for the mother.

"Let's all go to the mountains for a week or ten days." "Yes, yes," came a chorus of little voices, all in one breath. "O dear me! I have been in school all winter, and I must spend the spring vacation in doing up some sewing for the children." This objection, however, was ruled out, and the spring sewing was postponed till a more convenient season.

The morning of the third day of April found us bundled up and waiting at the station for the train. Six hours later we stepped out at the mountain resort of Karuizawa, three thousand feet above the sea level, and the highest point between the eastern and western shores of the main island of Japan. Here is a valley four or five miles wide, right on the back of the mountain range, with towering peaks all around—apparently a mammoth crater of an ancient volcano. Asama, now on the rim of this great crater, is still sending up clouds of smoke and vapor from the bowels of the earth. A mile away yonder to the north, nestled among the hills, is the sleepy village of Karuizawa. The snow, though chased from the valley by the warm breath of spring, is still lying defiantly on the higher peaks, reminding us that winter has just gone over the hill and is scarcely out of sight.

We walk on along the straight road that leads across the valley to and through the village, finally losing itself in different directions among the hills. Now we pass through the village. There is very little stir. Mrs. Sato, whom we know, comes out to greet us. She has been sick and looks pale and thin. On we walk till we have left the main village behind us and are follow-

ing the winding little road up to the very base of the neighboring mountains. Almost hid in a grove of little trees—chestnut, oak, cherry, elm, and some others—we come to a little board “shanty.” It is not as fine as some houses I have seen, but it answers every purpose. The cracks are not large enough for a child to fall out nor a dog to crawl in; while at the same time they are of sufficient size to let in the pure crisp air from the snowcapped mountains, which one, whether sleeping or waking, can sniff and breathe and receive strength, for it is as truly “the breath of life” today as it was six thousand years ago when first breathed into man’s nostrils. But from the way many try to shut it out of their homes, they seem to think it the breath of death.

Having been shut up in the great, dusty city of Tokyo all winter, our children were like pigs out of the pen and wanted to run everywhere at the same time. Hungry? There was no more fussing at the porridge nor coming to the table just for fashion. Some overdid the thing a little and had to lie off for a meal or two. One morning Lois refused to come to the table; and when her mother asked why it was, she found that she had eaten only ten apples the day before. She had not had any for several days and was awfully hungry for them. She has been more careful since. That yellow, bilious color has fled from little Ruth’s face already, and the peach-pink glow is returning to her cheeks. The mother’s “cares” are all left behind, that tired expression is gone, and she is as happy as a mocking bird. I am hoping they will all bring the sunshine of the mountains back to Tokyo with which to drive away the mists of the valley.

A CASE IN POINT

While on our way from meeting today (April 21), the thought came to me that I ought to write to Brother Snodgrass, and I had made up my mind that when I reached home and had eaten my dinner I would do it. But as soon as we were in sight of home little Ruth came running out at the front gate and down the street to meet mama and papa, and her first words were that a post card had just come from Miss Jessie Asbury that our brother was dead. The card begins, "Dear Mr. and Mrs. McCaleb," and reads as follows: "I thought you would appreciate a card telling that I attended Mr. Snodgrass' funeral yesterday. You may hear it from the papers. But I was in their home, saw the peaceful remains of one you loved, attended the service yesterday, and saw Mrs. Snodgrass and Grace as they were gowned in mourning walk out to the carriage that took them to the spot that was to mark the last resting place of their loved one. I had called on Grace three days before, and she was busy cleaning up the house, getting ready for their arrival. He was able to appreciate her work and the flowers she had placed in the room. Very impressive services at the home yesterday. May God be very near the sad ones today."

Miss Asbury has for several years been a missionary in Japan, and is now on a visit home, and from her card I judge she was visiting Lexington, Ky. It was very kind of her to think of us and drop us a card about the death of Brother Snodgrass. Sister Snodgrass had taken her husband to Texas several months ago in the hope that he might recover. It seems that they had given up hope and had determined to return to Lex-

ington, which place they reached only a day or two before his death.

It was about twenty years ago that I met our brother for the first time in a Sunday evening prayer meeting in the college chapel at Lexington. He had just finished school and was bidding good-bye to the boys preparatory to starting as a missionary to Japan. I remember him quite distinctly standing there with a serious look on his face, shaking hands with us all while we passed around singing: "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." This was the hymn which was always sung at the close of our Sunday afternoon prayer meetings. I was at that time just entering school, and about five years later also departed for Japan; and Brother Snodgrass was the first to welcome us, and entertained us in his home, he and Sister Snodgrass, for several weeks. We were for ten years colaborers in Japan. I have often heard old soldiers say that campaigning on the field as comrades bound them together in a peculiar manner. Many, no doubt, have seen old veterans at the "re-unions" embrace each other with tears while calling up the memories of the past. There was a kindred tie between me and Brother Snodgrass. We had met on the battlefield in a stranger's country and had fought side by side for ten years.

Brother Snodgrass' labors in Japan were not in vain. He is known here in literary circles. Here and there one meets a Christian who was converted by him. The Koishikawa Chapel and printing office, now prospering under the management of Brother Bishop, is also a monument to his memory.

Mrs. Snodgrass is almost as near to Mrs. McCaleb as an own sister in the flesh; and my wife has often told me that Brother Snodgrass was one of the purest-minded men that she ever met. Some time ago she remarked that there were three men that had an especially strong hold upon her; and they were Brother Kurfees, Brother G. A. Klingman, and Brother Snodgrass. Our brother was in his forty-eighth or forty-ninth year. When he left Japan five years ago, he seemed to be in perfect health. "What is your life? For ye are a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Note—E. Snodgrass was only two years older than I; if still living he would now be only seventy-four. Think of what he might have accomplished in these twenty-six years. While on his second visit home he was up before a class and had a hemorrhage of the lungs, which was the beginning of the end. He and Mrs. Snodgrass both died within about nine months of each other. It is not the will of God that our lives should be cut short like this. But few need to die so early if they will take themselves in hand in time.

A GENERATION HENCE

As much as is made of the present status of the medical profession, I am persuaded that a generation or so hence our posterity will look back at this age with a mingled feeling of pity and contempt, much the same as we now regard the "medicine men" of Africa, with their weird superstitions, or of China, with their gruesome decoctions of lizards, snakes, and the skulls of dead men. In that day osteopathy (and every other rational treatment of disease) will have won the vic-

tory against the prejudiced warfare of the "regulars." Instead of searching the smelly, stuffy drug shop in quest of health, men will seek it in rest, cleanliness, good food, and exercise in God's pure, open air. Instead of apologizing for the corset as a "support"—a scarcely less menace to the race than rum—the whole medical fraternity will have risen up against it and put it under the ban, and it will be relegated to an age of civilized barbarism, only a few being preserved in the public museums to be viewed under the glass as a curiosity and a reminder of one of the greatest follies of mankind. Women will no longer be dwarfed and deformed in their most vital organs, nor, as a result, lacerated at every childbirth, but will have offspring without injury as the lower animals; nor will professionals rudely interfere with fumbling fingers to hasten birth, or barbarous forceps to slay the innocent; but will have learned that nature is her own best adviser at such times and should be let alone. No physician will then be reputable who prescribes whiskey as a "stimulant," or tobacco "to aid digestion"; and if either of these curses shall, by a pernicious habit, poison his own blood or befoul his breath, it will be adequate cause to the enlightened people of that time to discard him as disqualified to be a health adviser to others. A time when

The scalpel shall be turned into a paper cutter,
And pills into the depths of the sea;
And the nations shall learn drugs no more.

MY OWN STORY

Yes, my name is "Dixie." My feet, the end of my tail and my nose are tipped with white; the rest of me is black. Just for fun I sometimes chase the white tip on the end of my tail, but somehow I never can catch it. I am not a very large dog—not half so big as some other dogs I see on the streets—and when they open their big mouths and bark at me, am scared lest they grab me and tear me to pieces. I live at 12 Tsukiji, in the great city of Tokyo, Japan, and I like my home very much, for there are three little children who live there, and they are all very fond of me. They are all kind, too, except sometimes when I am lying on the rug before the fire taking a good nap, they tramp on my toes, which makes me cry out for pain. Then I think they might be a little more careful; for, really, little dogs have feelings to be hurt as well as little boys. I think I like little Jane better than the other children, because she never teases me nor carelessly tramps on my tail; but she hugs me and gives me some of her chocolate when I stand on my hind feet.

I will tell you a good joke I played on my little friends the other day. They went across the river with their father to visit somebody's house, and I thought I would like to go along, too. I was a little afraid when we got to the river; but other people were going into the big boat, so I jumped in, too, and soon found there was no danger at all. It was fine fun going across the big river in a ferryboat. When I hopped out on the other side and began to run all 'round, my little friends were afraid I should get lost; but little

dogs know a lot more than little boys and girls think they do. So, coming back home, I ran ahead and beat them all to the boat; and as it was just ready to start back for the other side, I thought it would be fun to jump in and leave them all behind. When they came up, they all began to say: "Where is Dixie?" "I wonder where Dixie is?" "He has run off and got lost, and we can't find him." They all came home, with long faces and tears in their eyes, to tell their mama about it; and there I was, lying before the fire! When they came in, I jumped up and barked at them; and you ought to have seen their faces brighten up. I didn't know how much they thought of me before. But when they said their papa was still over on the island looking for me, then I felt a little bad and almost wished I hadn't played the joke on them. He spent about an hour looking for me before he came home. It is all right for boys and dogs to have fun, but they should be careful not to put other people to inconvenience.

Yesterday my master started out for a walk, and I thought, as it was a fine day, I would go along with him. We went to a bicycle shop and to a bank. As we were going along the street, there was a big red dog, with long, shaggy hair, sitting in front of a shop. He looked at me and I looked at him till, when we were just opposite where he was sitting, he jumped out at me with a big "Bow-wow!" opening his horrid mouth so wide that I almost fainted. I darted under some carts standing there and flew around in every direction so fast that he couldn't catch me; and when we turned down another street and got out of sight, I was very glad. I don't see why big dogs are so mean and jump on little ones, anyhow. When I get to be a big dog, I

am going to be more manly and set a good example to big dogs, and some big boys, not to impose on little ones.

We stayed at the bank too long to suit my taste, and I trotted back and forth many, many times. I was so impatient to go. Soon after we left the bank, we came to where a little boy was trying to fly his kite. It had a long string to it, and the little boy was dragging it along the ground to try to make it rise. I didn't know what it was then, and didn't see the string, either. The first thing I knew I was all tangled up in the string, with something coming rattling after me, all spread out like it was going to grab me. I confess I was scared and my hair stood up along my back clear out to the end of my tail. I yelped and flounced and scrambled around and fell down and rolled over in the dust, and the thing kept coming right at my heels, and I thought every minute I would be devoured; but I wasn't. I finally got out of the tangle, and the next second I made a "blue streak" down the street. It made me very nervous for a long time afterwards. I have decided that around home is the best place for a little dog, after all. Of course, it would not be good manners to say that little boys and girls don't know any more than a little dog; but at any rate, I have heard people say that sometimes boys want to manage for themselves and get away from home. They go to some great city, like Tokyo; and almost before they know it they are all tangled up in the devil's kite strings, and they don't always get out again as easily as I did.

DIXIE WISERDOG.

WAR

THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR*

Yes, Port Arthur has fallen, and saint and sinner together rejoice. But let us step aside from the excitement and the flush of victory and pause long enough to ask what this really means. Does it mean that the fortified hills of the place have fallen? No, they are still there. Does it mean that some battleships, some of the houses and forts, have been blown up? No, not this. It means that thousands of our fellows have been slaughtered; it means that two nations could not agree about territory—not their own, even, but that of Korea and China. Those in authority said to their subjects: "You go and fight those people till you destroy them or they destroy you, and this is the way to settle it. You go and face the bullets and the bayonet; and we will stay at a safe distance, live in luxury, and get the glory." There was no alternative, and they went. Those inside the fort did all in their power to destroy those without, just because they were told to, though they had never seen each other's faces before. Those besieging the fort did all they could to starve and destroy those within. Thousands on either side were blown to atoms and destroyed in the most cruel manner. Why? Because, personally, they were enemies? Not in the least. Others said do it, and that is about all they knew about it. Japan alone in this siege lost nearly fifty thousand men. Those within ate horses, dogs, or anything to keep from starving. The wounded among the Japanese cut open the veins of their dead

*Port Arthur was taken in 1904.

comrades and sucked their blood to keep from dying of thirst. Finally, those that remained within said, "Enough!" and Port Arthur had fallen.

Admiral Togo attacked and destroyed from the sea. He returned to Tokyo a few days ago, a great hero. The multitudes shouted themselves hoarse in his honor.* Why? He had succeeded in sinking the ships of the enemy and in killing many people. And why did he kill so many people? Because the two nations could not agree who should have the most of that which belonged to neither of them. General Stoessel and General Nogi have been decorated by the Emperor of Germany, professedly a Christian, because one held out the longest, and the other held out so long, while many of his fellows were being cut down and blown to pieces.

But I am told by "Christian" people that Japan ought to have had Port Arthur; so it was all right to kill many, if it could not be had otherwise. And the "reason" why Japan ought to have had Port Arthur is simply because it lay near her shores. Indeed! Let us see: Just across the fence there from my home is the home of my neighbor. My yard is narrow. I have a growing family, and they need more room in which to exercise and play. I need to expand, but my neighbor is not disposed to sell. I secretly spy out his premises and devise a scheme to destroy him and take his possessions. If I can blow him up and run in and make the survivors prisoners, the property becomes mine by "right of conquest." He has much more than I have, anyhow, and does the same to others, let us suppose, when he gets a chance; this makes it right for me to do the same. Some dark night I attack him, kill some,

*Togo died in Tokyo in 1934, just 30 years later.

and capture others. I enlarge my grounds by taking his. My friends make me a great ovation; they call me a hero; they put badges of honor upon me. Why? I have destroyed my neighbor and taken his property.

Now, save in magnitude, this is similar to what has recently taken place. Yet I am told, even by missionaries, that Japan ought to have had Port Arthur. They are loud in their praise for her valor, and run among the foremost to do homage to her returned heroes. Heroes for what? That God is ruling over the nations I have no doubt, and that good will indirectly come from this war is quite likely; but that Russia and Japan, as nations, are following God, and that the action of either in resorting to war to settle their differences is Christian, I question. It is true that Japan has been illtreated by Russia. But let no one suppose that Japan is a saint persecuted for righteousness' sake. Since the Japan-China war, this little country has fairly been prancing and fidgiting in her tracks to strike Russia a blow. Her anvils have been ringing night and day for ten years, making guns for that very purpose. Japan is not worse than other nations, not as bad as some; but she is no innocent maiden whose purity has been outraged. The spirit of Japan is the spirit of the nations in general, and all "civilized" nations are ambitious for conquest and power.

Let no one suppose that I am writing against Japan. I am thankful to say that this country is far more liberal in her policy toward the gospel than Russia. Not that I would be thankful for Russia's sins, but rather that this and some other nations are not so bad. I believe that Japan is an instrument in God's hands to punish her neighbor more wicked than herself, but

this is far from saying that the action of either is approved of him in the sense that a Christian is approved. And my contention is that, as Christians, we cannot for any pretext participate in or encourage war. "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." Japan, as a nation, makes no claim to being Christian. God is not known or recognized in the present struggle. Again and again the leaders at the front sent back their official reports attributing their successes to the "influence of his Imperial Majesty's illustrious virtues"; but not once have I seen a recognition of God's hand. Japan, as a nation, is atheistic. They look no higher for deity than the imperial ancestors.

Many fail to see the real inwardness of war. There is a display, a glitter, and a blast of trumpets that hide its horrors from the multitudes. For months Tokyo has been all ablaze with one celebration after another, and everything seems as lovely as a marriage feast. Just in front of our home are two bamboo flagpoles, some fifty feet long, that stand on either side of the street, pointing toward each other at the center. On these there have been repeatedly hoisted imposing banners, displaying the great, round sun in the center. Often have I looked out from my study window to see them waving in the breeze and shimmering in the soft rays of the morning sun, and I could but say: "They look beautiful." They hang at every important street crossing; while on either side the streets are lined with smaller ones, with brilliant-colored trappings and paper lanterns. Soldiers march the streets with shouldered muskets or dangling swords, brass buttons, and bright-colored trimmings. Officers make conspicuous their

decorations that hang and dangle on their breasts. All of which catches the eye and captivates the youth and makes them feel that they would rather be a soldier than anything on earth. Little fellows scarcely able to toddle are "diked out" in uniform, with a trumpet and tin sword to brandish at the imaginary enemy as he struts along. The parents look on with pride and say he looks "cute," and the father sees in his infant son the promise of the goal of all his ambitions.

What folly! Lift the curtain and look yonder on the battlefield! What carnage! What unspeakable suffering! What wholesale slaughter of human life! Hear the groans of agony and see the frantic struggles of the wounded and dying. In the siege of Port Arthur the survivors made breastworks of their dead comrades. Two antagonists were found locked in death. One had buried two of his fingers in the other's eyes, while he in turn had a death grip with his teeth on the other's throat. Is this the death of the saints? They died as ferocious beasts, as demons, violating every principle of the Christian religion; yet, strangest of the strange, some—yea many—would have us believe they died the death of the righteous and went up to glory.

But I am told there is a great difference between murdering for the State and doing it for personal ends; that if one does it for his country, he is not responsible for it, being only an instrument in the government's hands. But this, again, is a subtle deception. Imagine Peter, Paul, John, or their Master engaging in such carnage for the State. What right has a king or emperor to command his subjects to engage in such vile deeds of cruelty? Every man is responsible for his own

conduct. No one can excuse himself for crime on the ground that he was told to do it. A government has no more right to command its subjects to engage in criminality than an individual has. Each individual is personally responsible to God and should act accordingly. It would have been just as excusable in the captive Daniel to have bowed before Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, because commanded by the king, as to engage in war now because told to do so. No one can reduce himself to a mere machine till he does a vile deed.

Do not tell me it has to be done, and since it must be, you and I, as Christians, should take part in it or encourage those who do. God will stir up the wicked nations to conquer, destroy, and chastise each other to accomplish his own purposes; but to you and me, he says: "Avenge not yourselves, beloved; but rather give place to the wrath of God. For vengeance belongeth to me. I will repay, saith the Lord."

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." "Bless them that curse you; bless, and curse not." "Resist not evil." "Overcome evil with good."

DEHORN THE NATIONS

It is now a common custom among cattlemen to dehorn their cattle. Before this was done there was constant pushing, goring, scarring, and much mutual injury. No doubt each Mr. Ox thought this was the proper thing to do for his own preservation, and to be protected against his antagonists by two long horns a real necessity. A superior wisdom looked on, and said: "You are acting in a foolish manner. There is plenty of hay and grass for you all if you only had

sense enough to see it. Instead of protecting yourselves, you are, from greed and selfishness, only mutually injuring each other. We will take off your weapons." Behold the change! Mr. Longhorns, instead of stalking forth with his two formidable weapons ready for a fray at the slightest provocation, became as quiet as a lamb and found that he could walk up meekly and take his place with hundreds of his companions.

Even so are the nations as yet acting with only ox sense. Even presidents and statesmen talk learnedly about being "prepared" as a safeguard against war. It usually works just to the reverse. There would probably have been no Japan-China War ten years ago had it not been for Japan being "prepared." For twenty-five years she has been donning Western armor and drilling after Western military tactics; and, just as a boy with his first toy pistol, the nation was anxious to try its new toy from the West. The temper of nations is easily seen from the temper of the individual. If being "prepared" prevents war, why does it not prevent it? There is no period in the world's history more noted for war than the present. To what extent must the nations be "prepared" before it prevents war? And why does not being prepared prevent conflicts between communities and individuals?

Two preachers in Texas fell out and "prepared" themselves against each other. One day they met on the street. Bang! bang! bang! went their pistols, and both fell dead. Had they been unprepared, both might have been still living. In the city of Lexington, Ky., there were two lawyers, Goodlow and Swope. They were jealous of each other's fame, and went "prepared"

daily. One day they met at the post office. Their boxes were close together. Neither would give place. Each was conscious that he had prepared him a weapon for a purpose and could do something. One began to shoot, and the other began to cut. Their friends attended both their funerals in less than a week. Why do not the feuds of Eastern Kentucky cease if being "prepared" will do it? For hundreds of years the Japanese samurai (knight) went "prepared" day and night with two swords. Many of this class never died a natural death. So long as they were "prepared" day and night, just so long did they feel that they must show it, and as a result, domestic broils were constant. One day a superior wisdom said to this ox sense: "This is all nonsense to go bullying forth, cutting and slashing each other after this fashion. We will dehorn you." The government took from the samurai his two swords, and from that day till this he has been just as peaceable as anybody.

Now, nations are only aggregates of individuals. The temper of the nation is the temper of the individual. The same causes of contention and disagreement over which nations go to war are constantly rising between individuals. They differ only in magnitude, the principle being the same. There is as much reason in contending that each individual, as a safeguard, should go armed against his fellows as that the nation should. To be consistent, those who plead for "preparedness" as a prevention of war should urge the carrying of pistols and dirks by the individual. Parents should teach it to their children, and teachers should urge it upon their students. We should go back to the good old days when the gamblers assembled around

the card table with their revolvers at hand; when the preacher carried a pistol in his saddlebags and, on rising to preach, laid it out on the pulpit in front of him.

We should no longer be deceived by such folly. If the nations would only rise above ox sense and submit to a superior wisdom and be dehorned, peace would be the result. But so long as nations prepare for war, they will be apt to keep it up.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN

In the year, 1900, the two South American States, Argentina and Chile, were at the point of going to war because they could not decide the boundary. They were actually buying guns and other munitions of war and making every preparation for a most bloody conflict in which thousands would have perished. A certain priest in Argentina made the earnest and eloquent appeal to his countrymen to propose to their neighbor arbitration. It was done, and an agreement was reached satisfactory to both countries. Since that time Chile has sold ten million dollars' worth of battleships, and has spent the money in building good roads. An arsenal has been turned into a school of science and both countries are abandoning their arms. Far up among the Andes Mountains, at the very place where they were about to shed rivers of blood in dispute over the boundary, there was erected in March, 1904, a large bronze statue of Christ in memory of the happy event.

France, it is said, is taking down her war pictures from the walls of the public schools. At the Peace Conference held at Boston, Massachusetts, last year,

it was proposed to revise the textbooks, leaving out the military element and replacing it with achievements in science and the peaceful arts. This work has already begun. Before I had ever heard of the suggestion, I had several years ago insisted that it ought to be done. Some thought it only a cranky notion, saying that the children ought to know the history of their country; and if war was left out, there would be but little to teach. It is gratifying to know that the best and wisest are also cranky on this subject and are making their influence felt in a demand for purer literature for the youth. Why should we feel conscientiously bound to drag our children through all the harrowing details of the bloody and cruel battlefield? These things could be passed over with but a sentence where they occupy pages; and our children, if not the wiser, would nevertheless be all the better off. A father that would tell tales to his children about family fusses, neighborhood feuds, the use of pistols and knives, going into all the details as to who got a black eye, who got killed, and other unwholesome items of like nature, would not be a very wise father. Yet this is exactly what is done on a larger scale in the public schools under the innocent and dignified title of "history." I have seen children so worked up over this sort of "history" that they were ready at once to rush out and knock somebody down or get knocked down. Our "histories" are but little better than the yellow-backed literature sold at the news stands and on the trains of such character as "The Younger Boys" or "Frank and Jesse James."

I note with much regret the demoralizing effects of war pictures in Japan. The shops are now literally

lined with them. War is played upon the stage and exhibited in the parks. On every hand it is war, war, war! In the street cars they are posted so that wherever you go or turn your eyes, you may be reminded of this horror of horrors. What a thousand pities the example of Argentina and Chile should not have been followed, that the common people of both countries might have remained at home in peace and thousands of lives saved! May the day speedily come when the influence of the Prince of Peace shall be so strongly felt in every nation that war will cease from the earth.

A short time ago, before a class of students, I suggested that it would be far better if Russia and Japan had decided to settle their differences by a beggars' war, by gathering up all the lepers and beggars and sending them to the front and leaving the strong and able-bodied at home to propagate the race with healthy offspring and to support their families. This would improve society instead of making it worse and worse by killing off the strongest and leaving the dwarfed, maimed, and diseased to become fathers and mothers. This had its intended effect of startling the boys. They thought it would show a lack of the chivalrous spirit and would be an imposition on the weak by the strong. But if chivalry is right at home, it is right abroad; and may we not look forward to a broadening of views when chivalry will not only be extended to the weak and dependent in our own midst, but to the weaker nations by the stronger? Let us hope for the time when it will be considered as great a disgrace for a powerful nation to oppress and conquer a weaker one as for an armed athlete to knock down and rob a defenseless cripple.

OTORI SAMA

Otori Sama is the name of one of Japan's gods. The "O" is honorific, meaning "honorable"; "tori" is the word for "bird"; "Sama" corresponds to "Mr."—Honorable Bird Mister, literally speaking, but according to usage only a name for the bird deity who is the merchant's god.

His annual festival has just been celebrated in Tokyo. One day last week I was returning home in the evening from school, and on the car saw a boy with an odd-looking object that attracted my attention. On inquiry I found it to be a representation of the above-named deity. Two boards, each about a foot and a half long, came together like the roof of a house, only they were turned edge to edge. Just above the ends that came together was a circular board with white and black rings ending with a black spot in the center. Just beneath the roof, so to speak, was the picture of a Japanese young woman, supposed by them to be a type of beauty, and to the evil-minded a temptation. All was skillfully fastened together by strings and bamboo splits, with a rod extending down for a handle. I noticed also in the young man's hand a toy rake made of bamboo splits.

As already indicated, Otori Sama is the special god of the merchants, and the festival that has just passed was confined to that class. The rake indicates the nature of the deity, who seizes on all he can get and takes it in for the merchant. This idea of deity may account in part for the dishonesty and bad reputation of the Japanese merchants. Whether this is true or

whether the imagination of covetous and dishonest hearts has created a god of this nature may be difficult to decide. For it is evident that people become like the god they worship.

But what is still more curious in regard to this festival is that it has connection with Yoshiwara, that quarter of the city noted as the place of bad women. I was unable to get anything very definite as to the relation of merchants and bad women, and it puzzled me. But putting facts together, I think it possible to come to a fairly correct conclusion. The sign of the god described at the outset is a symbol of two account books. On the symbolic books are written some words denoting prosperity or good luck, and just between them peeps out the young woman's face. The two signify money and women, the two greatest temptations to the worldly-minded.

Then I thought a little further! and picking up some copies of the Saturday Evening Post that were lying near, I began to examine the advertisements, and the first that I found was one advertising a pack of cards. And how skillfully it was done! A young woman with a winsome face, dressed in a semitransparent gown, with low neck and short sleeves, sat at the table with cards in her hand; and, with a pleading look and soft eyes that no boy would dare refuse, she asks: "Wouldn't you like to be my partner?" I turned a little further and found another that happened to be also a card advertisement. Again a beautiful young woman was seated at the table with the cards displayed before her. The next was an advertisement of "Blue Label Soups"; but again it was the enticing young woman with those soft, bewitching eyes and the tempting low neck; and

with bared arm to the elbow she was lifting a spoonful of the delicacy from the plate to her mouth. Next came "Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons." And again it was the "sweet" young woman in questionable dress as already described, who, with the little tongs, delicately lifted one from the box, asking you to try it. And when I glanced at these advertisements of the American merchants, I said, "Naruhodo"—I understand.

MOVING PICTURES—REEL 2

March 26, 1905. Rising at 6 o'clock; the family were assembled at the breakfast table at 7:30. The verses were repeated and thanks offered. At 9 o'clock I was at the school in Kanda. Twenty-nine children were at Sunday school, and Mr. Saito and myself made talks.

From the school I proceeded to Koshikawa Chapel, about one mile distant, where the church is accustomed to meet to break bread. When I entered, Mr. Hiratsuka had begun to speak. His subject was "The Prophet Jonah." He made a good talk. I served at the table, reading Heb. 12: 1-13.

At 12:30 I was just entering our front gate, and at the same time my neighbor was entering his gate. He and his family were also returning from the Episcopal services. We spoke, passed a few pleasant words, and entered into conversation. Among other things he said: "Say, do you know I have broken the smoking habit? You know you once said to me: 'Thou shalt not smoke.' I got to thinking about it and decided that I would give it up, and I have succeeded." I had quite forgotten ever making such a remark. The incident shows what even a word, only casually spoken, may do. How important that we always be ready with a good word, for we can never tell how much good may result from it! How much better it would be if we would form the habit of storing our minds with good thoughts, and, instead of spending many precious moments that often lengthen into hours talking of nothing, be ready to say something that will help a fellow pilgrim to a nobler and better life!

IN THE PARK

At three o'clock in the afternoon two Japanese brethren and I were in Ueno Park at our accustomed stand. I opened my Bible at Luke 15, and read the story of the foolish boy. Little boys and girls crowded about my feet till I hardly had standing room, while older people of both sexes filed up beyond till we had a good crowd. Two of us made speeches, while the third delivered tracts. There was good order throughout.

BY THE ROADSIDE

We proceeded from the park to the Koshikawa Chapel. By the roadside we met four lepers; two were sitting down flat on the ground, and two were hobbling along. Two of them were young men; the other two were perhaps fifty years old. I asked one of the younger ones why he did not work, and he said he could not. I suggested that he might make baskets, and he showed me his drawn hands in reply. Then, too, I thought no one would want his baskets after he had made them. They might pull grass in the streets, however, or do some such work. At any rate, they should be provided for in some proper way, and not be allowed to straggle about at large and be a menace to the public.

While standing in the presence of these filthy, degraded unfortunates, I had a keen sense of my utter helplessness to do them good. Suppose, like Peter, I could have been able to say, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk," and these men had been healed. They would not only have believed themselves, but many others also. As it was, I could only say, "I sympathize with you," and leave them in as bad a fix as I found them.

AT THE CHAPEL KAMITOMIZAKA

Miss Remington's Bible class was from six to seven o'clock. Then I spoke on "Miracles." A brief of the sermon is as follows:

A miracle is a manifestation of divine power through nature. Without miracles, religion would lose its value; if there was nothing in it but the ordinary, nothing would be gained by adopting it.

A miracle is only a divine proof of a divine thing. Religion being from God to lift man above natural environment, it is quite reasonable to expect proof from God to convince men. Miracles, though supernatural to us, are quite natural or homogeneous to a divine person. To deny the possibility of miracles is to deny God.

All things visible depend on the unseen. The material things about us that are so common and that seem quite natural are said to be composed of atoms; but no one has ever been able to detect an atom with the most perfect microscope. All science ultimately rests on the belief in the unseen or the unknowable by experiment or observation. This is belief in the supernatural or in that which lies beyond all nature that has come within our knowledge.

Man himself can overcome nature and accomplish results different from those that would occur if the laws of nature were left undisturbed. It is a law of nature that ice freezes only when the temperature falls to the freezing point; but man can produce an artificial temperature—or, if you please, a supernatural temperature—that will freeze ice in midsummer. If man can perform the supernatural, it should not be thought

unreasonable that God can do the same. Intelligence controls matter ; matter does not control intelligence.

A house is not natural. We speak of it as being artificial, only another word for the supernatural. Every house erected by man is a violation of the laws of nature ; and while not divine, yet it partakes of the supernatural. It is a product of human intellect and power that has overcome the laws of nature. Yet the world has not fallen to pieces because men have disturbed nature's laws in building houses. Miracles are of the same nature, only they are performed by a superior wisdom and power called "divine power." If man can disturb the laws of nature in so many ways and the universe not fall into chaos, it is folly to speak of God's not being able to do as much without destroying the harmony of nature's laws.

Again, in considering the miracles of Jesus, we must remember that he had a purpose. He did not go about performing tricks to beguile the people and get their money. "But these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God ; and that believing, ye may have life in his name." He who believes only what he sees will never see what he believes.

REACHING THE MASSES

Today (February 12) has been a perfect day. In company with my little boy, I went to the park to speak to the people. Reaching our accustomed place, under the cherry trees, I made preparations for a talk. On former occasions I had found some inconvenience in not having a stand for my Bible, and especially since Japanese Bibles are a little large and heavy to hold. The authorities, as I had supposed, would not allow

me to put up a stationary stand, since it would be in the way of travel. I consulted with Brother Bishop, who sometimes has some handy ideas. He suggested a kodak tripod, with a board to screw on top instead of the kodak. This struck me as being just the thing. So today I went out thus equipped and found that it worked beautifully. With my Bible before me on the little stand, I had just opened my songbook, ready to begin, when on looking around at the crowd, I saw one of my post-office students standing by. After a few words with him I began, and the people kept coming—many to see what was going on as much as anything else, probably. For one hour and a half I commented on Paul's speech at Mars' Hill. The order was perfect and the attention was good.

On a Sunday afternoon some time ago, I went to the park as usual. As it was my first time since the late disturbance,* I thought it would be well to ask the policeman near by if it would be all right. In the forenoon I had been thinking of a stand that would elevate me a little above the crowd, but I had not been able to fall upon any plan that I thought would be successful. When I reached the place, however, I found seven large, flat stones about a foot thick that had been placed along at intervals for the people to sit on and rest while they beheld the cherry blossoms. Not knowing whether it would be proper to monopolize one of them for a pulpit, I again accosted the policeman for permission which he readily granted.

My book board is a kodak tripod, with a board to screw on instead of a kodak. Placed by the side of the

*Mr. Roosevelt arbitrated between Japan and Russia. The Japanese were not pleased with his decision. They were very indignant, did much violence, and threatened the Americans.

stone when the legs were drawn out at full length, it came up just about high enough. This rather novel arrangement also served another purpose that is quite helpful by way of getting started. When I first begin to arrange for speaking, people naturally think I am preparing to make a picture; and as every one always wants to get right in the way when a picture is going to be made, by the time I have set up for work a good crowd is gathered around, and their eyes are not open to the real situation till I take out my Bible and place it on the board. By this time I am ready to begin and they linger to see what is going to be said.

After this manner I began on that Sunday afternoon, speaking on the subject, "Why I believe the Bible is from God." The talk ran as follows: This book is called the holy book. It looks like other books somewhat. It is printed and bound like other books. The language is the common language in which other books are written. But the thoughts in this book are not common thoughts. We can tell what a people think by reading their books. But there are thoughts in this book which are not common to any nation. It differs from the common thought of the world.

In the first place, this book teaches that there is but one God and condemns idolatry. I worship only one God, while the Japanese people worship many. Why is this? Maybe you will say it is because I am an American and you are not. No, this is not the reason, for my ancestors used to worship many different gods just the same as other people. In English some of the days in the week are named for some of our ancient gods. That's why our young people love to get married on Wednesday. This day was named for the god

Woden. So it is not because I am an American that I do not worship many gods. But a long time ago, when I was a little boy, my mother taught me to read this book, and I learned from it that there was but one true God—that the worship of idols or false gods was sin. Let me read you a little about what it says on this subject: “Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them.” This is only one instance of much that is taught in this book against the worship of false gods and for the one true God. This thought of the one supreme God of the universe is not natural. Men want a god they can see; and they want what will especially bless them and not other nations.

Another reason why I believe this book came from a higher source than man is because of its high moral standard. Let us consider marriage, for instance. All nations have practiced, and are still practicing, polygamy in one form or other. I will not refer to the customs of Japan; for though I do not speak in particular you already know them; but in America polygamy is still practiced by some people. Now the American people are rather proud and consider themselves among the most highly civilized people in the world. Yet they still practice, some of them, this evil thing and claim it is all right. But this book says that no man can have more than one wife at the same time. More than six thousand years ago a law was given on marriage which says: “Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his

wife: and they shall be one flesh." This was said concerning the first man and the first woman, and that same law is often repeated throughout this book. Let us remember, too, that when this law was written down and given that a man should have but one wife, the people then, as now, were practicing just the opposite, and everybody thought it was all right. Whence, then, this law that forbids it? It must have come from a higher source than human nature.

Again, this book teaches that men must not lie under any circumstances. But all nations say that lying is justified some times. You have all heard about the story of George Washington and the hatchet, how that Master George was so truthful that he could not tell a lie. Well, a long time ago there was a war between England and America, and it is said on good authority that even George Washington practiced lying against the enemy; yet the American people seem to think the circumstances justified it and that it was all right. Now, this book says that lying came from the devil, and it makes no exceptions for lies under any circumstances. This thought, then, comes not from man, but from a higher source.

Still another reason why I believe this book is not man's book is because of the broad view it takes of the human race. The nations are all very narrow-minded and jealous of each other. In ancient times it was worse than it is now. I will not speak in particular of Japan for you know it already. China, you know, is the Celestial Empire, and all other nations are at a discount. Go to any other nation, and you will find the same exalted opinion of self and a correspondingly low estimate placed upon others. Now, as I said it was

worse a long time ago than now. This book has had a great influence over the nations toward breaking down the barriers of patriotic prejudice and in helping men to a broader view. But about two thousand years ago there was a little nation situated at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea that, among the narrow-minded and bigoted nations, was the most bigoted of all. They considered that they were the only real human beings on the face of the earth and that all other folks were dogs. But listen. One of their number stood up and said to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." Again, one of his disciples said that God "made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." This is not a human thought: it is superhuman. It has been hard for us to believe that all nations are one and of the same nature, even after it has been revealed to us. We Americans have a race of people in our midst that are black, and for this reason some still say they are not human even unto this day. A common saying among them is that "a black man has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." The thought of God is broader and the love of God is deeper than that of man. God loved the world and sent Jesus that men and women of all nations might be saved through him.

Note—For many years it was my custom along with others to do open-air preaching. It was one of the Lord's methods and is the only way to reach the multitudes. Much of the preaching that is being done inside of buildings is like fishing in a tub, the preacher talks to empty seats while the multitudes pass by on the outside. I am glad that our younger brethren, both missionaries and native evangelists, are keeping up

the good work of "robossekkyo." That much good is accomplished thereby cannot be questioned.

"TOSHINHOSHI"

"Toshinhoshi" means the saint priest that went to heaven. The story is as follows: A long time ago there was a certain priest who thought that if he would live on pine needles alone he would be able to rise up to heaven. In about two years he found that he was getting some lighter and thought the time had come when he would soon take his departure. Accordingly, he bequeathed all his belongings pertaining to the temple to his disciples, and began to prepare for the long journey. The day was announced, and the people of the village all came out to see the ascension. The priest led them out to a cliff from which there was overhanging a pine tree, and beneath which there was a river. The priest walked to the edge of the cliff, and, jumping up, clung to an overhanging branch of the pine, when—lo and behold!—it broke and down he went. He fell on the stones in the river below and lay speechless with breaks and bruises. The people were much excited and ran down to his rescue. They found him not quite dead and carried him home. He was nourished, not on pine needles this time, but on rice and fish. He recovered. Deciding he was not yet prepared to go to heaven, he demanded his property again from his disciples. But why did not the priest succeed? The means must always be adequate to the end in view or failure is sure to follow. Going to heaven is like everything else we may attempt; we must use the means God has given to that end or all our efforts will result in failure. He that would be crowned must strive lawfully.

PURIFIED BY FIRE

Before matches were introduced into Japan, it was customary for every family to keep a "flint rock" and a piece of steel to strike fire. The fire from matches was looked upon at first as impure, a kind of magic, and not the real fire such as came from the flint. Even to this day many of the older people and especially those in the more secluded portions light the candles before their little idol gods (*kami-dana*) upon the shelf with the flint. Some have softened down enough to light the candles with a match, then purify the fire by striking the flint in a kind of make-believe way.

There is another curious custom connected with the flint. When the husband, for instance, leaves the home in the morning for the day's duties or for a journey, it is believed that he is liable to meet with eight enemies before his return. As he stands at the door ready to leave, the wife brings out the flint and steel and strikes fire over his head as a purifying process and also to protect against evil.

The idea of purifying by fire is not a new one. No doubt the idea had its origin in the reality, for fire is one of the greatest purifiers in the material world, just as water was probably selected as the purifying symbol of the soul in baptism from its literal use in cleansing the body. The Christian is purified as if by fire. Peter exhorted certain ones to think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which was to try them. Some are to be saved "as if by fire."

"KISS"

The following is the composition of a Japanese student on "kiss":

“The mind of Occidental civilization swept all over the country, and young men were indulging in their manners day by day. When they meet together, they shake hands. They begin their shaking with a “good morning.” That is right; I do not say that it is bad or foolish. You’d better do so. But there is one thing that is awful dangerous: that is kiss, what is called English.

“What is kiss? Kiss is a salute by pressing the lips firmly together, and use when express a strong sympathy.

“Now let me tell you the reason of it. First, it is physically dangerous. Toothache, consumption of lungs, and other diseases transfer by certain means to other persons. Kiss is the best interposition among the certain means in transferring such diseases. Take a young lady who has consumption in her lungs, for instance, I kiss her. Her disease may transfer to me, and I may become sick. This is a disadvantage. Second, it doesn’t seem fair to Japanese eyes. When I see persons kiss, I always feel disagreeable. I am sure in such reasons I dare say. It is very bad to introduce this custom into our country. You’d better not do so.”

This young man’s essay tells its own story and speaks with no uncertain sound. Comment is unnecessary. Let the reader take heed and be wise.

WEASELS AND SNAKES

I fear some of my readers will think I have hit upon a gruesome subject to write about. But at any rate, in a certain province of Japan, so a student tells me, there is a striped snake that gets to be three feet long. There are also weasels in the same locality. Sometimes

the snake attacks the weasel, and at the same time the weasel is stealthily attacking the snake. He purposely attracts the snake's attention, then draws himself up into a fat ball. The snake's mode of attack is to wrap itself around its victim and squeeze it to death. The weasel lets the snake get well wrapped up around him; then he comes down to his natural size and slips out of the snake's grasp. This is repeated several times till the snake becomes quite exhausted, when the weasel takes the offensive, attacks the snake and kills him.

If you are in the country, almost anywhere in Japan, you may see a rustic with a string around the spreading adder, carrying him to the apothecary. The spreading adder (pronounced "spreadnatter" by country people at home) is said to be very valuable for medicine; so they are always a ready sale at the shops of the medicine men. They are served up in different ways, though good, of course, served in any way. The flesh of the adder eaten dry is especially good for "intermittent" fever. It is eaten by the patient. If you go by some drug shops in Tokyo, you may see a large-mouthed glass jar filled with yellow water. This is mint water. This water is seasoned to taste and made very efficacious in reviving the spirits when one feels dull by dropping a live adder snake into it, and there let him squirm and wriggle till he dies.

I am not especially in favor of snakes as medicine, but this much can be said: People who take such medicine sometimes get well, and this is about as much as can be said of drugs generally.

Reverting to the weasel-snake story again, in the same province there is an old man who lives by himself. Often he can be seen out in the field catering

around hunting for a snake. What is he going to do with it? Going to drop it into his rice pot and boil it with his rice for seasoning. It is said—by him, at least—to be most excellent.

A STRANGE NOTICE

In the street cars of Tokyo one sees the notice, "Must not smoke; must not spit on the floor; must not expose the thighs."* The first two prohibitions are simple enough, but the third doubtless sounds strange to Western people, and without a knowledge of Japanese customs it would be impossible to understand it. In hot weather and the rainy season it is customary to expose the legs. The women usually do not hold their skirts higher than their knees, and this only when it rains; but the men tuck theirs under their belt and often expose the entire legs. On entering the street cars, the authorities have forbidden this exposure of the lower limbs. The Japanese people think no more of exposing the feet and legs than we do of our hands. I saw a woman on the car the other day—a very nice looking woman she was, too—who was evidently going visiting and wanted to keep her white tabi (stockings) clean. Before approaching the place to leave the car, she took off her blue tabi and exchanged them for the white ones just as daintily as your mother would have changed her gloves, and not a soul in the car seemed to notice it in the least.

Some high-toned gentlemen went to the best photographer in Tokyo a short time ago to have their pictures made. One gentleman took his best breeches along with him, and just before sitting for his picture, very

*No longer to be seen.

deliberately changed his trousers right in the waiting room before a number of guests. Everybody, save a foreigner present, seemed to think it just the thing to do.

Now suppose someone in America, wholly unacquainted with Japanese customs, should by chance pick up a notice, "No smoking; no spitting; no exposing the thighs," what would he be able to make out of the last item? It would doubtless prove a puzzle. So in studying the Bible we must know its historic and national setting, or much of it is unintelligible, illustrating again the fact that he who studies nothing but the Bible will never understand the Bible.

TOO NEAR THE TEMPTER'S POLE

In a corner of the garden of one of my neighbors is a large, old willow tree. One branch has been broken off by the storm, and in the end of the broken branch is a hole. This spring a pair of Japanese starlings selected it as a suitable place for a nest. From my study window I have watched with much interest the pair of birds as they went in and out feeding their young ones. One day this week an important event happened. It was time for the birdlings to fly. But they tumbled and fluttered around. I felt some anxiety for them, for I knew they were in the midst of danger from stray dogs, sly cats, and cruel boys. All seemed to go well till the afternoon, when I heard a disturbance up in the old tree. On looking out, I saw three boys standing in the street under the willow tree. One of them had a long bamboo rod, one end of which was smeared with birdlime. He had just drawn down one of the young starlings, which he was now showing to

the other boys. Putting it into his bosom, he walked away, no doubt thinking of a cage and what a fine pet he would have.

There comes also the turning point in the history of every youth. It is a critical time. There is yet no experience of the big world all around. Many fail to rise to a place of safety, and by stopping too low down are caught on the devil's pole and are made prisoners to a life of sin and disgrace. Keep above the danger line. Let no one deceive you, young friends, by telling you there is no danger in just one cigarette, just one "chaw of tobacker," just one whiff of the pipe, or only one "dram." Beware of the first temptation, let it seem ever so innocent. The mother bird had been working all the forenoon to get Master Starling up higher. He saw no danger, and thought it was all safe enough down where he was. But in an evil moment, when he thought no danger was near, the tempter's rod touched his fluffy feathers, and he was dragged down to a prison life. Trust to the wisdom of older people, and do not always demand a reason. The reasons are there, but young people cannot always be made to see them. As you grow older, the reasons will gradually dawn upon you. For the present, keep on the safe side. It is easier to approach the danger line when you have become stronger than to get out of the trap after you are caught.

JAPANESE ENGLISH

A class in English was required to give the following story as an examination: "Once an ant fell into a pond. A dove was sitting on the branch of a tree. The dove saw the ant in the pond. The dove took pity on the ant. The dove plucked a leaf from the tree. The dove

dropped the leaf into the pond. The ant crawled up on the leaf. The wind blew the leaf to the shore. The ant crawled out upon the shore. A hunter came along the road. The hunter looked up into the tree. The hunter saw the dove in the tree. The hunter raised up his gun to shoot the dove. The hunter took aim at the dove. Just then the ant bit the hunter's heel. The hunter was startled and dropped his gun. The dove flew away. Moral: Kindness brings its own reward.

One student, having finished the story as he had been taught it, added at the bottom: "Teacher! Please would you not see next page?"

The teacher looked at the "next page," which read as follows: "I fear that the little ship sink. What a happiness it is! God help it because the ant walk very hard. Just the wind blew slow the leaf to the shore. The ant very glad! and the ant crawled out upon the shore. A hunter came along the road with his gun, and he stopped here, and he look up into the tree. He saw the dove in the tree. He was smiling with gladness. He raised up his gun to shoot the dove. 'There is no doubt to take it,' said the hunter. And he took aim at the dove. Did the dove shot? No, the dove was not so. Just then the ant look it and bit the hunter's heel as strong as he can. The hunter very startled and dropped his gun. The dove flew away. The ant help the dove, and the dove help the ant. What a strange story it is! (To be continued.)"

As it was to be continued, the teacher turned another page in search of the continuation and found the following: "Sir! I will ad some sentence between these sentences. Once an ant was walking for his company. The ant was walking so much than his share, there-

fore he fell into a pond. The pond was very wide and deep. The ant can't get out from the pond and the ant was about to die. 'Help me! Help me any one! I am a point of die. Help me!' Just the dove was sitting on the branch of a tree. The dove heard it and saw the ant in the pond. The dove took very pity on him. The dove has so witness that plucked a leaf from the tree and dropped it into the pond. The leaf floated on the shore to and fro. The ant showed style of thank and swong as could as and the ant crawled upon the leaf. O! 't look like a little ship! The ship only one! The only one! How pity they are! This little and pity ship floated up and down."

While the reader may be a bit amused at this style of English yet there is more in it than amusement. It serves to illustrate an important point, showing us the great value of language as a medium by which to convey our thoughts. The young man whose exercise is given above was one of the brightest students in the class, and in his mother tongue would make a very different impression to that made by his effort in English. A skillful use of language is in the reach of all, and the young especially should be taught its value.

A MISSIONARY CONVERTED BY THE HEATHEN

A sister who has labored long in Japan tells this interesting story of her own conversion by the "heathen" women of Japan:

When I first came to Japan, I had earrings in my ears. The women of the town where I was located came around me and examined my clothing. They discovered that I had little rings hanging from my ears, at

which they wondered very much and began to ask questions.

“What are those things in your ears?”

“Earrings.”

“What did you put them in there for?”

“Because I think they look pretty.”

“Were you born with holes in your ears like that?”

“No, I am just like you, and have the same form.”

“Well, how did you get those holes in your ears?”

“My mother made them.”

“And what did she make them with?”

“With needle and thread.”

“Didn't it hurt?”

“Yes.”

“Don't you think it is wrong to punch holes in your body like that?”

At this point the sister was like the boy the calf ran over—had nothing to say; but she did a lot of good, hard thinking. The result was, according to her own confession, that she took them out of her ears and broke them to pieces. “I did not sell them,” she said, “but I broke them up.” And though that was a long time ago, she has never worn earrings since. “I felt like I had to give them up,” she added, “for how could I teach them to break off their sins if I did not break off mine?”

In teaching we learn, and often we learn more than we teach. One of the great benefits of getting out and mingling with the people in all countries is that by it we are enabled the better to see ourselves as others see us. A custom of long standing, however sinful and absurd, gets to seem right; and since everybody does it, it is not called in question. But let us get out of our environment where others look for the first time upon

our apparel and habits, then listen to their remarks and ponder these things in our hearts.

There are many good, sincere people, I am persuaded, who persuade themselves that they are loyal to truth and as true to the Book as the needle to the pole, who in a large measure are only slaves to custom—and not always very good custom, at that. We almost lend a feeling of sanctity sometimes to that which is even pernicious in its nature, and our religion degenerates into a kind of fetish or superstition.

Even when we are convinced of an evil, we still cling to it, because everybody else does it and it is a popular custom. The Lord had more purposes than one in telling Abram: "Get thee out of thy country." He led both him and his posterity for centuries from place to place, from country to country, that he might raise up a people free from pernicious customs—to break them away from the destructive and degrading influences of their ancestors and neighbors. The same rule works well today. The very name "church" means the "called out." Lot was a good man, but it was impossible for him to reach high-water mark while in Sodom. Who has not seen a family in constant broil and discord while together, but when scattered afar were softened into love and harmony? New environment gives us a new viewpoint from which to think, and brings before us new truth formerly undiscovered.

The salvation of a lost world depends on the word "go"; but this is only half of the story. The salvation of the church also depends on the same word "go." The church that stays at home will degenerate from faith to habit. It is good—yea, necessary—to get out. Get

out and look around you, and see the world as it is, not as you formerly imagined, and go to work. Get among other people of other climes and let them take a look at you, then when they have thrown upon you a little light of criticism, begin to see yourself as you are, lay aside the weights and the besetting sin, that you may live without blame unto salvation.

LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND LOOK

Although Jesus was sent to be the Savior of the world, his heart does not seem to have been greatly stirred for the "heathen" till he saw for himself. The Samaritans were a foreign and despised race. Jesus and his disciples were once traveling through their country and stopped at Jacob's well. A conversation, apparently incidental, sprang up between him and a woman who had come to draw water. He kindled in her heart a flame that had never shone there before, and there burned within her a desire to tell the glad news to others. To her fellows she hastened and said, "Come." Many of the Samaritans came out to see the great One of whom the woman had told them. The heart of Jesus was so stirred at this sight that it completely took away his appetite. I think we may safely say that our Lord at this moment was thrilled with an experience yet unknown, and he saw the true joy connected with his mission as perhaps never before. I love to think of him simply as a young preacher entering a foreign field and meeting with unexpected success and realizing from actual experience that he was being used of God in saving men.

The queen from the south had often heard of the glory of Solomon; but it was not till after she went and saw for herself that her heart was stirred to its depths and she was constrained to exclaim: "The half was not told me!"

Paul had doubtless often heard of Athens and knew much of the idolatry of the Greeks; but it was not till he went to that city and, walking along its streets, saw

it wholly given to idol worship, that his spirit was stirred within him.

Darwin, in his earlier years, visited the Fiji Islands, studying bugs and butterflies. It was about the time missionary work was started there. When he saw the material the missionaries had to work on, of naked cannibals preying upon each other as ravenous animals, he laughed at the idea and considered it a waste of time. Some twenty years later, when Darwin visited the same islands again he could hardly believe his own eyes. He saw savages converted into civilized people. Sunday was universally observed, and the people went regularly to the chapels for worship. They no longer ate each other, but were kind and gentle, being "clothed" and in their "right mind." Though not a Christian himself, Darwin was completely converted to the missionary cause, and from henceforth was a regular contributor.

One of my little girls went to one of the temples of Tokyo and saw the people worshiping and praying to the idols. Her infant heart was stirred to its depths. When she came back home, she said: "Mama, I am a girl, but I must be a preacher." May that flame never be quenched, and may she indeed grow up to be a winner of souls. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that all my children may be "preachers."

One of the most necessary things in regard to the missionary cause is in some way to get the churches to see what is to be done. It hardly needs to be repeated longer that the Bible teaches how the work is to be done, and that Christ said: "Go ye into all the world." To discuss these phases of the subject in an abstract manner, dealing only in generalities, does not touch the

most vital point, nor does it stir the hearts of men to action. We must bring the perishing multitudes before the eyes of the people and let them see how these beautiful truths they have said so much about are to be applied. Let me illustrate: Suppose I take as my subject "Famine." I have my subject well wrought out with divisions one, two, and three. I show that it is a scriptural subject. I show, also, how the churches should act according to the plain teaching, in case of a famine. I may also discuss at length the sin of disregarding the scriptural order, with some anathemas on those who have thus sinned. Then I close with an earnest exhortation to the brethren to avoid innovations, stick to the old paths, and be loyal to the truth. But although there are thousands of my fellow men who are actually starving for food and freezing from cold a few hundred miles away, I say nothing whatever about it, partly because I have never taken the pains to inform myself and am ignorant of the fact, and partly, it may be (let us hope such cases are rare), that I am afraid it will divide the offerings of the church and decrease my own income. Now, let me ask, what practical good will result from such a style of preaching? None. The same dry routine is gone through, a song is selected for the close, and all are about ready to return home as lifeless and ignorant as when they came. Just at this point a brother steps forward and asks to speak a word. His speech is not long. He says: "Brethren, Brother A.'s speech was all right in the abstract, but I want to add something. Our religion must be practical or it is worthless. Now, I am just from the famine-stricken district where I saw the most intense suffering. I saw a mother, for instance, that had just

died from starvation, and a little babe of only a few months was still nursing at a milkless breast. Others were eating bark, roots, and dry straw. The cold was intense, and some of their limbs were frozen and others were cracked and bleeding. If we indifferently go back home and, as usual, do nothing, this sin will be laid at our door. Personally, I have done what I could to alleviate the suffering, and am going back next week to continue in the work of relief. I shall be glad to take an offering from you to that perishing people. Let us give what we can now, and come prepared next Lord's day to give more. Let the church also select another brother to go along with me, for the work is urgent and great."

The church takes immediate action and makes a liberal contribution, followed by another the next Lord's day. They also select another brother to go along with Brother B. to the great work of relief. These two brethren return to the field of distress. The more they do, the more interested they become; and the more they see, the more their hearts are stirred within them. Their report back to the church fans the spark already kindled till every member is enlisted in the work of relief.

Outsiders begin to say: "What is the matter with Old Sardis? They were never known to do a thing like that before. Those people seem to have waked up at last. That begins to look like they mean what they say. They have always said enough, but never did anything. Now their preaching and prayers about helping the fatherless and widows in their affliction mean something."

I hope you see the application. Many good brethren seem to have forgotten their geography. It is necessary to know the Bible, of course; but inasmuch as it is a book related to the human race, we must study the latter to be able to understand the Bible correctly.

The strongest sermons that could be preached to many on the subject of missions would be a visit to heathen lands. Many are opposed to missionary work outside the United States from—well, I might as well say it, brethren, for that is just what it is—ignorance of the world and what is in it. I rejoice to see some of the younger brethren taking trips to other lands. This will do good. There ought to be more of it. A trip around the entire world is now an easy task. If the churches would select good men and send them around the world annually to spy out the land, study the conditions and needs of the respective countries, and, withal, to preach as they go “the unsearchable riches,” reporting back to the churches their labors and findings, I am sure great good would result. The trip costs about a thousand dollars. Each succeeding evangelist could follow up the work of his predecessor, and thus keep it going. In returning to the churches, they would have a story to tell of labor and experiences that would kindle the flame in other hearts, that would continue to burn till it became so intense that they would find it as hard to stay at home as they now find it to go. Such journeys should be taken with leisure, giving time to make as thorough work as possible. Along the way he would be sure to find here and there a field ripe for harvest, and would need a little time to enter in and reap. Already there are churches in South Africa and West Africa, in Great Britain, India, Australia, and

Japan, that would serve as stopping stations and as supports to the work by branching out into new fields. In the far-off islands of Cyprus and Crete, where souls were gathered in by Paul and others, are still those who are struggling for the purity of the faith. Here souls could be strengthened and churches built up. May the Lord hasten the day when the stronger churches of America will have their evangelists making world-wide tours, proclaiming the glad news to those who sit in darkness.

Note—Though written in 1906, the above is just as urgent now. I made the world tour as outlined above in 1929, covering 34,114 miles on account of many side trips, and occupying nine months, at a cost of \$1,510.00. I am more than ever convinced that such trips would help greatly. Happily, China and South America should be added to the countries mentioned above.

THE SAME IN KIND

While in the mountains last summer, I was one day out among the trees seeing how many different kinds I could identify. I came to one about ten feet high, with small clusters of berries on it not larger than buckshot or winter grapes. At first I did not recognize the fruit; but, looking more carefully at the leaves and the bark, I discovered that it was a pear tree. This was also confirmed by an examination of the seed. Evidently it was a wild pear tree. Then I thought what a contrast between this and the cultivated trees of our orchards, with their loads of luscious fruit, one of which would make several hundred of these in the mountains of Japan, and the taste is so widely different as to be almost beyond comparison. What makes the difference? Cultivation.

Now, between men there seem to be differences as great as between pears. Take the "bushmen" of Australia, for instance, living in hollow trees and subsisting on roots and wild berries, with an intellect incapable of counting above ten; compare this specimen of humanity with some of our greatest Christian scholars, and it seems almost incredible that out of the former could ever be developed the latter. Some are inclined to doubt if they are really the same in kind. But the two words, "Christian" and "heathen," mark the difference, great as it may seem; or, to put the same thought differently, "God" and "no God" mark the contrast. Jesus says: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself." There is not a nation under heaven today but what is to a greater or less degree being

drawn upward through the power of the cross of Jesus Christ. Once the storm of sin swept over the race and laid it low; but the Sun of righteousness has burst through the clouds in his power and with healing in his rays, and all feel his uplifting influence.

Then let us not suppose that because of the great difference found between man and man, therefore they must not be of the same nature; for

All of us were much the same
When first into this world we came.

Do you remember that ignorant boy in dirt and poverty, with bad habits and foul language, who lived in your neighborhood a long time ago? He could not write his name. To make him understand, you had to talk of the things in his little sphere and in very simple language. His vocabulary was quite limited and his ideas crude and few. That was thirty years ago. That boy has long since passed out of existence. Go to the largest dry goods firm in your town and call for its president. A man of middle age meets you; he has a dignified bearing, a kind face, and clean speech. He gives you a warm shake of the hand, is frank and straightforward; and he is ready to give you any assistance or a word of counsel. Who is he? He is a new man. But once, in the long, long ago, he was that ignorant boy. What has brought about this wonderful transformation? A Christian man took the homeless and penniless specimen of humanity and gave him a home. He was taught the precepts of the Bible daily and sent to school and educated. He learned the beauty and blessing of honesty, pure speech, and a clean life. His moral and intellectual natures developed together, and through the uplifting power of the Sun of righteousness he has

become what you now see him to be. Everybody knows him to be a Christian man whose word is as good as his bond. Then let us not suppose that because in other lands we find men low down in the scale they are by nature different from ourselves; for, "What have we that we have not received?" and, "Who maketh thee to differ?"

But this great blessing to the race has been committed to earthen vessels like you and me. It depends on us whether the truth shall be kept back in unrighteousness or shall have free course. What a serious thing, on the one hand, to hinder God's work! How dreadful the thought that in the final day many who are turned to the left may point to you or me and say: "But for your indifference I might not have been here!" On the other hand, how glorious the thought that in that day many will rise up and call us blessed because we failed not to go to them with God's message of love and a Savior's salvation!

Let no one say: "It is no use for me to try; I can't do anything." There is not a man or woman with intellect enough to be responsible to God who cannot do something. You can spend your spare money for Bibles and give to your neighbors; you can give them a tract, and with it a kind word; you can, if no more, tell them about the meeting and ask them to come. If you are not interested enough to do something, you are not interested enough to be saved.

A FEW DAYS BY THE SEA

Brother Hiratsuka and I decided to spend a week at the seaside. We took an early boat from Tokyo, bound for a resort known as "Tateyama." We started from the mouth of Sumida River. Along the water front I recognized many buildings that had become familiar to me. Soon the river broadened out into Tokyo Bay, several miles wide. We passed Yokohama, the greatest seaport of Japan, where many of the great ships of the world were lying at anchor. Then we passed between the great forts that Japan has built at the entrance of the bay to protect herself against the intrusion of a hostile country. The cruel guns were stationed here and there on the grassy banks. We did not disturb them, nor did they disturb us. If Jesus ruled the world, such expensive and ugly defense would not mar its beauty.

We next pass the shipyards of Yokosuka, where Japan has lately built some of the greatest battleships of the world, and of which she is rather proud. But for my part, I think that the millions that Japan spends for ships of this type would better be returned to her millions of poverty-stricken people, many of whom have not the ordinary comforts and real necessities of life. But evidently the time has not yet come when the people will turn from the battlefield to the tilling of the soil and the tending of vines.

At the last point of land on the left, just before the bay opens out into the great Pacific Ocean, we turn into an alcove between the hills and are at Tateyama. It is only a small fishing village on the coast, but on account

of the fresh air and the good bathing accommodations, is a pleasant place to visit in summer. We landed at 11:30 A. M. We sought an inn to get some dinner. After dinner we walked about over the place and found a suitable lodging during our stay. We pay seventy-five cents a day—not each, but for both of us. We are furnished a room each—one 9 x 12 feet, the other 12 x 12 feet—and these rooms can be thrown together by taking out the paper doors. At night the beds are put down and the mosquito nets put up. Everything for thirty-seven and one-half cents a day! This seems ridiculously cheap, and one wonders how it can possibly be done; and what adds to the perplexity is that some things are even higher here than in America. Yesterday I priced a small watermelon, and it was fifteen cents. I have bought larger ones in America for ten cents. Melons, however, are always high in Japan. I wonder that more of them are not raised. I have never heard anyone say, but I have an idea that they are high because they require so much space on the ground. This, to a Japanese farmer who digs up the land with the hoe, means much. He wants a crop that will produce an abundance on a small plat. One melon vine to every six feet square is about all that can be produced. This, to a Japanese farmer, would seem to be a very poor yield. This crowding together of things, I think, also explains the inferior quality of the Japanese products. They do not get the full strength of the soil, nor what is more important, the benefit of the sun.

As a suggestion how a hotel may be run on the financial basis above stated, labor in Japan is far cheaper than in America, hence hotel supplies are cheaper. Then, everything is as simple as camp life. For in-

stance, when I got up this morning, I took my toothbrush and towel and went downstairs and just across the road to the well, where there was a little stand on which was a tin washpan. Here I washed my face, furnishing my own towel, comb and brush, and even my own looking-glass.

This is the third day since our arrival. Night before last, by the keeper's permission, we had a meeting in our rooms, which we threw together into one. Twenty-eight people came in to listen. Both of us spoke, and we distributed tracts to each, of which we brought a good supply. On last night we had another interesting meeting, and if the Lord permits, we will have another one tonight, and so on as long as we stay.

One afternoon we went out to the seashore, and in a pine grove we sat down on the roots of a pine tree to look at the sea and to rest. Brother Hiratsuka went away a little while, and while I was sitting there alone a woman peddler came along. She had a stack of baskets on her back with fruits and cakes for sale. She was not larger than a twelve-year-old girl, and was as simple-hearted as a child. I bought some of her pears and talked with her about the Christ, who came into the world to save sinners. She sat down with her baskets still hanging to her back. Then she took them off and still listened. Finally, she said she would like to hear more, but she must go. A fine red cow was tied by a long rope to one of the pine trees near by. During my talk I referred to the cow and pointed out the difference between her nature and that of the cow; that the cow was satisfied with plenty to eat and worshiped at no temple. Consequently, being different by nature from the lower animals, we must be governed

by a different law. But I am frank to say that many seem to me to come very close to the brute instincts only.

On another occasion we were walking along the street giving out tracts. A jinrikisha man came along, leisurely drawing his little cart. I gave him a tract and he asked what it was. I told him it was a story about the true and the living God. He said he was blind and did not understand at all. Then I said to him: "Now it is simply this: You have life in your body. You have no power to create that life. You received it from your father and mother. They in turn received it from their parents. This first man was created and given life by the Creator, whom we call 'God'." He said: "Now I understand," and went on.

Yesterday two men, countrymen, were stopping in the next room to us. I gave one of them a tract, and they fell to discussing the subject. Among other things, one said Jesus might be divine now; but at first he must have been, like Dai-Jingu, only a man. One of them also observed that, of course, Japan had too many gods; but the people were bound to them by custom, and there was no help for it. His remark seemed to me to express the situation correctly.

Since coming to this hotel we have learned that the keeper, his wife, and two daughters, by the help of two servants, are running it. Yesterday I complimented the hotel on being so quiet and orderly. Being a summer resort, the hotel flourishes most in the summer season. The oldest daughter is now at home during her vacation, for she is a teacher in the common school—that is, they say she is; but I had my faith greatly shaken in the integrity of the family last night, and am

now thinking that the oldest daughter may be a teacher and she may not. She went away yesterday to attend a teachers' meeting, so the younger sister said—and this may be true enough, so far as I know; but last night, as I said, my esteem of the younger daughter fell almost below zero. Some young men are rooming just downstairs below us, and up the back stairway I can hear almost everything that passes down there. Last night, for reasons best known to themselves, no one came to the meeting; so we retired at nine o'clock. At eleven o'clock I was awakened by the daughter's conversation and laughing in the room of those young men. I heard enough of what was said by both them and her to convince me that she was off the path of virtue. That a father can be in the next room where all this is going on with his own daughter and sleep on undisturbed shows to what depths of sin one may sink and to what extent the parental instinct may be smothered out. There are several hotels here, and I doubt not that this one is as clean morally as any of them.

Yesterday (August 14) we were walking along the street, when a little boy approached me assuming the air of a beggar boy; but he did not appear to me to be a professional, so we entered into conversation with him. In the meantime a younger brother appeared. The older boy said he was begging to support his mother. He said he lived not very far away. Brother Hiratsuka and I decided to go and see if the boy was really telling the truth. He led us out of town about a quarter of a mile to where there were two thatched cottages by the road. He conducted us to the back one. On a pallet sat a middle-aged woman holding an infant to her breast who he said was his mother. The house

was all open on one side, the doors being taken down; and for about twenty minutes we stood in the yard and talked to her. Her story seemed to agree with the child's. Her husband had served in the army. After the war they went to Yokohama seeking work. The husband worked at the wharf loading and unloading the ships. Early in this year he took sick and died. She thought she would go back to her parents in Nagano, about a hundred miles away. Having a daughter in this town—her oldest child, now eighteen—she wanted to come and see her. She was too poor to get any further. Also, she had a rising on her breast and was sick. At this she opened her bosom and let us see for ourselves. This last point we were assured of. Four children were present, the two boys mentioned and two little girls—the oldest thirteen, the youngest an infant at the breast, two and one-half months old. She said her daughter was in a restaurant two doors from where we were stopping. The husband had received in advance for her services thirty yen. With these facts and other details, we came away, telling her to send the little boy to the hotel next morning at nine o'clock. We talked to the hotel keeper about it. He said he had learned from his next door neighbor that the husband was not really dead, but was in town leading a sort of vagrant life. However, the boys came at nine o'clock. It was stormy. We gave them each a nickel and told them to take the money home to their mother, then go to the sea and see if the fishermen were drawing the net, and to come and tell us. They were not gone long when the oldest came, saying that the net was being drawn out. Taking him along, we went to see. We talked with the fishermen and asked them

if they could give the boy something to do. They said he might peddle fish over the town. The boy seemed to be willing. We advised him to be honest and truthful and to work hard to help support his mother. When we left him, he went home in a run. One of the fish peddlers, an old woman, showed sympathy for the boy, saying she had six children, and promised to assist in getting baskets for the boy, and that she would let us know by seven o'clock that evening. Accordingly we advised the little boy to be on hand at that time. It was a very stormy afternoon, and the old woman did not come, but called next morning explaining why. The boy and his brother, however, respectively thirteen and eight years old, were present at the time appointed. Taking them to an old fisherman who had baskets to sell, we told him the story. He became quite interested in the case, and said the little boys had been going around the streets singing and begging for some time. We proposed buying some baskets from him for the boys, but he declined all pay, saying he would be glad to make them a present of them. Thanking him, we returned to the hotel, gave the little boys a nickel each, and sent them home.

We were both agreeably surprised to find beneath the outward appearance of those brown and half-clad fishermen very kind and open hearts, and our brother frequently remarked about the choice of Jesus when he made selection of fishermen to be his disciples.

Having learned that the two little boys, already mentioned, had an older sister in the restaurant second door to us, we thought it might be a good thing to go and find out all we could from her about the family. At this point I must explain that the word "restau-

rant" is only a respectable word for a very disreputable place according to Japanese custom. To call it by its real name, it is only a house of prostitution. Parents compel their daughters to enter these dens for the consideration of a small sum in advance, and the girl is held till the money is returned. This practically means perpetual bondage. It amounts to parents actually selling their own children into the most degrading kind of slavery. Such a child is rarely restored to the family, but leads an abandoned and vagrant life forever after.

We sent a request to the eating house for the daughter to come over at four o'clock. The mistress (for the house is run by a woman) declined, saying that she could not trust her out of the house, but if we wished to see her we might call. We went over at four, met the old woman, the girl, and also another one. The object of our coming was carefully explained and the old woman became quite communicative; and on learning that we were Christians, she rather unburdened herself to us. Leading Brother Hiratsuka over to the other side of the room, she began searching her bureau drawers, telling him she was also a believer. Finally she found her rosary with two crosses on it, which she produced. This was really a surprise. One of the girls—there are ten in the house—seemed anxious also to talk to us. She asked us if we knew of the Suidocho Church in Tokyo ("Suidocho" is the name of a street), and we told her we did. It was established by Miss Wirick, one of our missionaries previously mentioned. She said she was a believer and used to attend that church. Then she asked us if we knew Doctor Soper. He is a Methodist missionary, and I've known him almost ever since coming to Japan. She said she re-

ceived senrei (washing ceremony) when she was seven years old and was received into the Methodist Church. We admonished both her and the old woman to live up to their vows. Before proceeding further with this part of the story, I shall return to the object of our visit.

We learned from the older sister of the little boys that her father was still living; that he had sold her into that place for thirty yen (fifteen dollars), and that she wanted to get out. Having satisfied ourselves as to the family and having discovered only one crooked place in the story, our attention began to be attracted to the two girls. I may here say that the Methodist girl attempted to escape only a few days before; but, having been sold for sixty yen, the policemen captured her and sent her back. While Brother Hiratsuka was keeping the attention of the mistress, the two girls seized upon the opportunity to solicit me. The believer asked if we would return by Yokosuka, and on learning that we would likely do so, said she would like to send some word to her brother. "What is it?" I asked. "Tell him to come, not waiting even a day (ichi nichi mo hayaku), and rescue me." "Where does he live?" I asked. "I'll write the address for you." And she flitted upstairs and was back again in less than no time with it written on a little slip of paper. "How much must he pay to get you out of here?" I asked. "Fifty or sixty yen," she replied. "Please tell it to your friend," she continued, "and help me." I promised her I would, for I could not do otherwise. All this time the other girl was leaning near to listen to every word; and when the first girl said her debt was sixty yen, she also spoke up and said: "Mine is thirty." I gave her no hope

directly, but when I left her little thirteen-year-old brother at the seashore next day, I said to him: "Now your sister is up yonder in that bad place. That is not a proper place for her. You must hurry and earn enough money to pay her debt and take her back to her mother." But this is a slender hope, of course. When we left the house they bowed their heads to the floor, and the last word of the first-named girl was, "please."

It is customary to call a jinrikisha to transfer passengers and baggage from the hotel to the ship; but we decided to let the little boys take our baggage, while we could walk. Accordingly, we told them to come next morning at half past seven. When they arrived, we sent them to the old fisherman's for the baskets. Loading our baggage on these, the larger boy trotted off with it in the baskets swung to a pole. The smaller boy took one piece in his hand. Landing at the beach, we gave them some further good advice and thirty sen for their services. This we told them would serve as a capital to start with in buying fish. Whether it was so especially timed of the Lord, I can hardly say. We know he does take notice of the smallest. At any rate, just as we arrived the fishermen were drawing the net. Giving the little boys two ready addressed post cards, requesting them to write us how they came out, we left them washing their baskets ready to begin business as soon as the net should be brought to land.

We returned by Yokosuka and called at the home; found the brother out, but met the mother. We told her the object of our visit. We learned that she was a believer—a Methodist. As to her daughter, the mother said she went off secretly with a man who got the sixty yen that was advanced for her services and then dis-

appeared. She did not say what they would try to do, but seemed rather indifferent, or so we thought. Since reaching home I have written a letter to the brother to see if something can be done, and am awaiting the reply.

Except in cases where there are sure signs of repentance and an earnest desire to reform, I am not sure but it is better to let such girls remain where they are. They have not only lost their purity, but are also addicted to drink and tobacco; and those bad habits seem to take a more stubborn hold, if possible, on women than men. And since the mill has to grind and be kept full, it may be better to let it grind on those already fallen than to be vacated only to be filled again by forcing pure girls in. The chief fight should be against their going into such places.

SEQUEL TO THE STORY

After reaching home a card came a few days later from the hotel proprietor where we stopped, saying that the boys, with the thirty sen given them for carrying our baggage to the ship, bought fish and peddled over town, earning the first day eighty-four sen. They were greatly delighted at their success, and the neighbors were very grateful for the interest we had shown in them.

As to the girl in the eating house who sent a message by us to her brother in Yokosuka across the bay, telling him to please come and help her out of the place, not waiting a day even, a letter from her brother reads as follows:

“Yokosuka, August 20, 1907.—I received your letter and read it. I thank you for calling at my house, but I

am sorry I was not there. Also, I thank you for the concern you have for my sister. About my foolish sister, who was caught by the devil, I have been praying to our Lord Jesus Christ every day to save her in some way. At this time, lo, our Lord Jesus Christ led you to my sister, and she met you. For this I am very grateful. I will answer your questions as follows: The manner by which my sister entered into such a miserable life was that when she was in this city a man named 'Shiokawa Renkichi' tempted her to Yokohama with enticing words, and he sent her to Hojo by an employment bureau agent, Kawamura Chuken. About her character, I think she can be raised to life again if she is rescued, repenting of her sins. If there is some way to rescue her, I pray your assistance."

It seems from the above letter that the young woman did not know the nature of the place to which she was being sent, but was under the impression that it was a place of proper employment. We are still investigating to see what can be done.

Note—A year later a card came to Brother Hiratsuka from a friend in the town saying the two little boys were still making good.

JOHN T. BROWN IN TOKYO

Brother J. T. Brown, for ten years editor of the *Christian Guide*, Louisville, Ky., is now in Tokyo. He is making a tour around the world at his own charges to see and judge for himself the real condition of the missionary cause. He spoke once before an assembly of missionaries in the "union church." His theme was: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ."

In his introductory remarks he said his ideas were different from the ideas of most people about missionaries and missionary work. Some people had an idea that missionaries had the hardest life of anybody in the world, and that they often did not have enough clothes to wear. "But this audience," continued the speaker, "is evidence that you dress about as well as other people. Hard work is the lot of all if they do their duty, and the missionary is no exception. I believe in putting the missionary cause on a higher plane than sentimentality."

The speaker then proceeded to show why we should glory only in the cross of Christ. It is vain to glory in learning, friendships, or wealth; for all these soon pass away, and we have nothing left. Some people glory in a happy home; but this, too, is soon broken up, and sorrow and sadness enter there.

Is the cross worthy of our devotion? Jesus in one point fulfilled the ideal of all men. It is the common consent of all men that "love manifested in some deed of heroism" is to be admired and praised. In this trait of character he draws all men unto him.

I should like to call attention again to Brother Brown's statement that the cause of missions should be put on a higher plane than sentimentality. In marriage a sentimental love will not last. There must be something deeper, or trouble will be the result. So in regard to missions. A little sentimentalism now and then to stir men to action may not be amiss, but those who depend on this sort of thing can never be depended on to carry on the Lord's work.

In a private conversation in the presence of an independent worker and a board missionary, Brother Brown said that he believed the independent missionaries had been misrepresented at home. The society missionary asked him in what respect. "Well," he said, "they have been represented as doing nothing and not able to clothe their children." I am hopeful that our brother will represent us more fairly. Brother Brown is a Tennessean and an old classmate. We have had the pleasure of entertaining him one night in our home, and hope he may be able to pay us another visit before leaving Japan. Though now cooperating with the boards, he is conservative, and seems to be able to see things without partiality.

After writing the above, our brother spent another night with us. I put this question to him: "When you get back to America and people ask you what the independent missionaries are doing over here in Japan, what are you going to say?"

"You are not worrying about that, are you?"

"No; but you will have to make some reply, and I am curious to know just what reply you will make. Brother Rains (then Secretary of the Board), I understand, went home and said the independent mission-

aries were doing nothing—a statement he could not possibly have made with any degree of justice, for he knew practically nothing about it. I never even got to see him, and he knew no more of what I was doing than if he had never come to Japan. You also have seen nothing of what I am doing and can make no intelligent statement about it. I had hoped to take you around and show you something of it; but your program was already made out by the society brethren, so that this was out of the question.”

“Well, I have talked with the missionaries where I have been about the independent missionaries, and they all, without exception, say they are doing about as good work as the rest.”

“I am glad to know this, for it is a fact that they have rather disparaged us heretofore. Of course, you are under no obligations to come over here to investigate our work and report it; but if you speak of us at all, I think you ought to represent us fairly.”

“In speaking of the independent missionaries, I shall not say anything detrimental to their work. If they choose to work independent of the boards, it is their privilege to do so. Some have criticized them on the ground that they are not responsible to any one for the amounts they receive, and in receiving large sums there is a temptation to be dishonest.”

“I am glad you made mention of this, as it gives me an opportunity to speak of it. In addition to private letters of acknowledgment, I make quarterly reports (and at the end of the year a general report) of all amounts received, and for what purpose, and these reports are published in the papers. As to handling large sums, it can be done individually, the person so

acting specifying in a will that it is only held in trust, or put into the hands of trustees. If men are inclined to be dishonest, being members of a society will not prevent them from being so."

"If a man is employed for his full time at a salary, say, of fifteen hundred dollars, has he the right to devote part of his time to teaching, appropriating the money thus gained to his own personal use?"

"Of course, if one enters into a definite agreement on a full salary to give all his time to a certain work, he has no right to devote a part of that time to something else. But none of the independent missionaries are under such agreement. I get from five to seven hundred dollars from the churches, and earn about the same amount in Japan. It has been understood from the first that I earn part of my own support. No one has ever objected to it, so far as I know. While teaching in the Japanese schools may not be considered missionary work proper, yet I do not consider this lost time. For instance, I am teaching the clerks in the post office and telegraph office here in Tokyo. Eight years ago when they came to me, asking me to take the work, we drew up items of agreement, and among others they wanted me to insert that I would not teach Christianity. I told them as they were not asking me to teach religion, but English, it would be better to leave that subject unmentioned, trusting to the teacher's discretion. This was consented to. In renewing the contract from year to year, religion has never since been referred to. Students, however, will ask questions about religion, even in the classroom, and whenever occasion so required I have always spoken as freely on the Christian religion as any other subject. Then, as

you know, one does not have to 'preach' from a text to teach Christianity. I have often spent an hour in such a talk as you gave to the students of Mr. Guy's school yesterday on the theme, 'Quit you like men.' I keep a Bible in my desk, and frequently have occasion to use it in explanation of some scripture reference found in our literature. Yesterday, in the other school where I teach, I told the class about the origin and custom of Thanksgiving. This brought out the idea of the worship of the one true God in thanksgiving and prayer. I also make these schools feeders to our own meetings. Just yesterday I received a letter from a student saying that he would attend our Sunday services; two of the post-office boys attend my Bible class. Now, since you did not get to see any of my work, I believe I shall volunteer to tell you something about it, provided you would like to hear it."

"Yes, I would be glad to hear about it."

"Well, to begin with, I baptized that young man (Rin Ishikawa) who interpreted for you yesterday when he was a little boy. I also baptized his mother, father, older brother and younger sister, and also a relative. This was the beginning of a church in his native town (Ashikaga) about eighty miles from Tokyo. There is an independent church there now. Brother Fujimori is out in Shimosa. While this is not my work proper, yet I assisted him and Brother Wagner from the first in establishing and carrying on the work there. There have been some two hundred people baptized by Brother Fujimori out there. Soon after coming to Japan I started a little school for destitute children. We had six the first day. Miss Hostetter cooperated with me for five years in conducting this

school. It has had as high as forty children in attendance. We teach them the common Japanese branches of study, also the Bible.* I have already spoken of the Tokyo Bible School and my other school work. In addition to this, I have cooperated with a Japanese educator in getting out a series of English textbooks for the primary and middle schools. The work was begun by Professor Leonard, of the Higher Normal School, who returned to America, leaving the work with me. This is not missionary work; still, since it was left to me to edit the books, and decide on what was proper to go in them, I was thus enabled to direct in some measure the moral teaching of the youth of Japan. This, in brief, is what I am doing. It is not much; but when put beside what others are doing, I think it compares favorably. I baptized also a number of the charter members in the Yotsuya Church."

The above, while not intended as a verbal report of what passed between Brother Brown and myself, is substantially correct. Brother Brown thinks the society has put too much stress on the money question. He thinks the most hopeful work is with the children and through the schools.

*Note.—This school and the Yotsuya school conducted by Miss Scott, and those who came after her, were discontinued after twelve years, at which time the government had made provision for all children. John T. Brown made another trip around the world and in China took strong ground against the Society for affiliating with the denominations in school work and for receiving the unimmersed into church fellowship.

HOMeward BOUND

(1899)

O-Yoshi-San had lived with us six years and had nursed all our three children. What stood in her way in turning to God was that she had seen so many who called themselves Christians that did and said things she wouldn't do and say. One morning not long before we were to sail for America, she was out hanging some clothes on the line. As I passed by she asked, "Are you going to be very busy this week?" I told her I would be a little busy. Then she began to explain: "You are going away before long. I thought I would be baptized before you went away. Just Annie Lois and Harding and I will get in the kuruma and go to the water. I don't want any one else to go." Baby Ruth and mother went along, however, and it was a beautiful scene down in a quiet spot by the little river. A little later I baptized a young man named Ozaki in the same little river. This I think was my last baptism before leaving.

Going to the office at Yokohama I secured tickets for three, the two smallest children being free, for \$380.00 on the Monmouthshire, bound for Portland, Oregon. From the beginning of the year to July 5th we had received from home \$504.37; had earned in Japan \$372.50, a total of \$876.87. Out of this we gave \$145.53 to the work, met all of our obligations for living expenses, and bought our tickets home. From January, 1892, to December, 1899, eight years, we received from the churches, \$5,376.38; earned in Japan, \$1,297.45, a total of \$6,663.83. An average of \$832.98

a year. With this amount we paid our expenses to and from Japan, gave about one dollar in seven directly to the work, bought a home and kept up with all our obligations. I take it that one qualification of a missionary is good economy. It makes a bad impression on the unconverted for the messenger of God to be complaining of lack and to be behind with his debts like themselves. It requires determination to keep financially even, but it can be done, and in reality it is much easier to keep even than to keep behind. As I have made it a rule through life to meet my obligations promptly when due, some have gotten the impression that I must be rich, for it seems incredible to them that one should always be full handed and never complain of poverty and not have abundance from which to draw.

It was the fourth day of August, the day the ship was to sail. Early that morning we were up and ready. The children were all excitement, Lois, six; Harding, three; and Baby Ruth, two months and four days. She didn't say much about the trip except to squawk now and then to let us know she was going too, but the other two had a lot to say about going to America to see grandmother and granddaddy and all the aunties and uncles. What it was all to be like they knew but little but the child imagination ran riot. Three kurumas were at the door waiting to take us from No. 26 Kasumi Street, Azabu Ward, to the Shimbashi Station, about four miles across the great city. O-Yoshi-San with the two bigger ones in one kuruma, mother and the baby in one, and daddy in another with all sorts of bundles and packages and presents packed around his feet. And when at the ship the gong sounded and

O-Yoshi-San must say good-bye and give a last fond embrace to those two children whom she had washed, dressed, fed, and shown off to the policemen who stood at the corner of the yard, and to visiting friends, the scene was touching for it was almost like parting with her very own. As I look back it is a joy to think that our home life was such that it won the affections of this faithful woman first to ourselves and then to the Lord. I want to see her in that better world and I want her to meet the two children she so dearly loved. I imagine she would not embrace them then but rather like Mary before her Lord, would fall down and embrace their feet and wipe the falling tears with her hair.

The Monmouthshire was not a large ship. It carried much cargo, but had accommodations for only a few passengers. The seven years in Japan were seven strenuous years. I was run down as never before. When we left Tokyo there was a pimple on the back of my neck. In mid-ocean it had developed into a carbuncle. Each ship carries a doctor. I let him see the boil on my neck and asked him to do something so I could sleep. He took a sharp-pointed knife and split it up and down, then across. I still carry the scar and the memory of how it felt.

The Columbia River is fourteen miles wide at its mouth and has a bar to its entrance that must be crossed at high tide. When land was first cited there was a great stir. Every one wanted to see. I am not very emotional, but somehow the tears volunteered to fill my eyes on again seeing my native land after so long an absence. Up the Columbia River, in a sense, was the most impressive experience I have ever had.

No longer was it the desolate scene of water, water, water on every hand, but the ship had left the ocean and was now gently gliding along between verdant banks and green fields of growing grain. Neat cottages bedecked the shores of the great river and it seemed that the people had dressed for the occasion and were out on the front veranda waving their handkerchiefs to greet us. It was all so different from what we had been accustomed to in a foreign land that it seemed like entering Paradise. Would to God that America were in reality what she seemed to be on that eventful day. Ninety miles up the Columbia and ten miles up the Willamette (accent on la) brought us to the city of Portland. In making the shift from the ship to the train a telescope of baby clothes was left in the station. I telegraphed back and the lost baggage was started after us and followed on a day behind all the way to Paris, Kentucky. In the great station at Chicago a Mrs. Clark saw a young mother pale and worn with a baby in her arms. "Let me have your baby a while," she said. In those days people trusted each other and there were no gangsters in Chicago. The hardest part of the entire trip was from Chicago to Kentucky, and this was so because we were already tired out and the weather was hot. It was almost too much for our three-months-old. At Paris, Kentucky I had some difficulty in getting the hotel to let the Japanese boy, Sakakibara, stay all night. He was regarded as a colored man. Next morning he took the train alone for Nashville, Tennessee, commended to Dr. J. S. Ward. Sakakibara was a disappointment; but he had a friend in California named Makita. Through Sakakibara, Makita came to the

Nashville Bible School and proved to be a most excellent young man. It was another case like that of Kurumata whom I baptized in Kanazawa. He failed as a Christian, but through his little school I came in touch with Brother Hiratsuka, who for so long has been a true yokefellow, "But ye know the proof of him, that, as a child serveth a father, so he served with me in furtherance of the gospel." (Phil. 2: 22.) In like manner the Kanda Charity School was a disappointment in that, so far as we knew, only one of the little girls turned to the Lord, but of the boys not one; but through this school I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Yokow, she for several years being employed as teacher. During this time I baptized both of them, and both have been faithful members of the Kami-tomizaka church ever since. Sister Yokow passed to her reward in the spring of 1932; Brother Yokow is still one of the elders of the church, and lately with Brother Tsukamoto has started a new church at his own charges in a neighboring town.

But we are now on our first visit back in America. The Bentleys lived a few miles from Paris on the farm. There were no "cars" in those days. We hired an outfit at the livery stable to take us out. The family knew we were on the way somewhere but not the day of our arrival. When we drove up to the gate it was a complete surprise and the excitement ran high. Della and the children were actually back from Japan. One of the girls in telling it afterwards said, "I was so excited I didn't know what to do and I just fell down in the middle of the floor." After an absence of nearly eight years things seemed strange to us. Della thought her own brothers and sisters did not talk nor seem just

like they did when she went away. The changes were not altogether with them, but we too had changed. Some one has said, "There is nothing fixed in this world but Change." Later when I visited my own home people in Tennessee I had that indescribable feeling of being a stranger right at home.

While visiting friends and churches in Middle Tennessee I took my family to Buck Branch and spent two or three weeks with my brothers. The children played in the branch with my brothers' children and got sores on their legs for they hadn't been brought up to it as the other children had. During our visit I did several days' preaching at Forty Thicket. The little log schoolhouse was still there but had given place to a more pretentious frame building that stood up higher on level ground. It had just been completed and the neighbors wanted John Moody to "dedicate" it by holding a meeting in it. Billie Nichols, ~~once~~ a wayward young man, was now one of the pillars of the church. Johnny Leek was still a Methodist, but a regular attendant and liked John Moody's preaching. There were three baptisms during the meeting. We went down to Buck Branch a little below Uncle Jarret Cotton's place to do the baptizing. Some little boys climbed up on a high bank just over the blue hole. Billie Nichols, the master of ceremonies, in his kind manner, said, "Now you little boys get down and stand round over there on the other side." They did, and everything was done decently and in order.

Andy and Snow also attended the meeting. They were older now than when I attended their wedding and some little children brightened their home. One day we walked away from the schoolhouse together

and I talked to them about becoming Christians. They were attentive, but made no reply. I had long wanted to see them turn to the Lord, and especially Snow, for had she been a Christian back in the days of our courtship I would have taken the risk of asking her hand in marriage; but this I could not ask her to do for my sake. Now I could urge her to do it for the only legitimate reason for taking on one's self the Name. At that time they were living at the old home of his father, Wallace Mobley, across the field from the schoolhouse. They afterwards moved to Texas where, the last news, they were still living. May Andy and Snow yet turn to God before the days of their earthly pilgrimage shall have come to a close.

We were also entertained a few days in the home of William Anderson, my former teacher, at Carters Creek Academy. They had now fallen heirs to the John Alexander home, the father of Sister Anderson. She was an older sister of Miss Gammie; who met me in the road that January morning on Lize with the old brown trunk before me. I was again in the midst of some of the experiences of my earlier school days. Miss Cornelia, one of the young ladies of the community, came for music lessons, and though we had never had an introduction we had an eye acquaintance which grew into a friendship. Emerson says, "Eyes speak all languages! wait for no letter of introduction; they ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches; neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time."

I had asked Clarence, who knew the family well, to make an engagement for us to call some evening. The

time came. She and her younger sister were present, the conversation was lively and the time seemed to be going just lovely, when all of a sudden a tremendous racket like an empty barrel rolling down the back stairs, broke in on the pleasures of the evening. There was a lull and significant looks passed. Clarence seemed to know and in a little while said, "Let us be going."

While here I spoke at Beech Grove, the church I attended during student days. Miss Cornelia was present, but she was no longer Miss Cornelia, but was now a mother of several children. Though a bit of the luster had gone from them, she still had those pretty eyes. After the meeting we sat down on one of the seats and talked a little while. During our conversation she said, "I could never consent to give one of my children to be a missionary." A year or two later when we had returned to Japan the sad news came that the oldest son of Mrs. Saterfield, a child of sixteen, was driving a team of mules to a harvesting machine when the team took fright, ran away, the boy fell before the blade and was killed. I thought of the mother's statement that Sunday after the meeting, as we sat and talked and she said, "I could never consent to give one of my children to be a missionary." Instead of a child's mangled body in a premature grave, today, if that first-born son had been dedicated to God and trained to that end, he might have been a "light to lighten the Gentiles" in some foreign land, a glory to the church, and a genuine joy to his mother in her latter days.

During our sojourn in the homeland we decided to make our home in Louisville, Kentucky. This was my wife's native state and was near her people. The

two churches of Louisville, Campbell Street and Portland Avenue, gave us a warm invitation to locate with them. The ministers of these churches, Kurfees and Klingman, were both Lexington men and the latter a classmate. Our wives had been very close friends before either was married. Both now had children and common interests. Montgomery Street 2601 was our number. We rented the upstairs of a Catholic widow who had two daughters. During our stay the mother died and the girls asked us to attend the funeral. During his talk the priest requested that they pray for the spirit of Mrs. McEvelly so that when they died others might pray for their spirits.

During our stay in Louisville my wife and three children all had measles. I escaped, having had it in childhood. For five nights I went without sleep. As I look back I wonder why I didn't ask others to share the burden with me. Funds ran low and the grocery bill ran high. Mr. McGubbin said he could not carry us any longer. I felt much humiliated. Why the Lord brought us to this I do not know, but whom he loves he chastens and scourges every son whom he receives. When we left Louisville we didn't owe Mr. McGubbin a penny.

Brother T. A. Smith of West Tennessee arranged for us to visit most of the churches of that part of the state. This was in the spring of 1900. There were no automobiles in those days. He had a tongue buggy and a pair of horses, Bill Davis and Gold Dust. Bill was heavy-legged and awkward and didn't like to "press the collar." Gold Dust, a mare, was fleet of foot and as willing "as the days were long." Like many a human pair they didn't match. Even yet I can hear

Brother Smith, as he "yanked" the lines, say, "Git-tup, Bill." Brother Smith was a good talker and it was a delight to drive leisurely from place to place along the quiet country roads, overshadowed by the fresh green leaves of the forests while the wood thrush "made music all the day." Yes, when we meet again I want to talk it all over with Brother Smith. He will be sure to bring up our experiences one evening when we began to inquire from house to house of Christians for a place to lodge and kept it up till after dark and finally found the home of a widow with some grown boys, none of whom were Christians, who kindly gave us lodging of the best they had.

I had planned a program for the eastern part of the state and reached as far as Tracy City. Here I was entertained by Dr. Barnes. Sister Barnes had cabbage for supper. The weather was hot and I was not hungry; but felt that I must eat to be polite, for I didn't want the doctor to imagine I was sick nor Sister Barnes to think her cooking was not good. I have attempted to speak many times, but never in such agony as that night. The cold sweat streamed down my face. Brother Von Allmen, now of Louisville, Kentucky, was present, and long afterwards told me he thought I was a most sour-looking man. But if he had only known. I tossed from one side of the bed to the other till a late hour and dropped off to sleep. When I awoke the bed "did swim," as David would say, for it was wet with sweat, my full length. The next morning I started for Columbia, Tennessee, where I had left my family in a boarding house. Here I went to bed with malarial fever where I remained for seven weeks. Dr. and Mrs. Godwin, D. O., attended me. It was predicted that if I

didn't call in a "regular" I would die. By and by chills came on after the fever. To bring the fever down the doctor would put me in a tub of cold water. In addition to feeling up and down my backbone and twisting me around in various and sundry ways they gave me quarts of hot lemonade, and I have detested it ever since. Those chills just wouldn't stop. Finally Sister Godwin said I know what will stop them if he will take it. What is it? I asked. The ashes of corncobs in whiskey. Please make it. From the very first spoonful I never had another chill, nor have had from that day till this. This was the only serious spell of sickness I have ever had. For one thing it taught me not to eat to be polite. The McEwins were very kind; the doctors had no bill; Brother John Fry paid for our board. As to that remedy, I recommend it with the caution that you don't forget to put the corncob ashes in the whiskey.

I did not start on a tour among the churches again till about the first of 1901. During the first half of the year I traveled in Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, New York State, and Canada. In Nashville, Arkansas, I met Brother R. W. Officer for the first and only time. For many years he was a missionary among "the wild tribes" of the west. Long before I ever thought of going to Japan, the church of which I was a member at Shady Grove, Hickman County, made frequent offerings to Brother Officer. There is a sketch of him and a sermon by him in "Biographies and Sermons" by F. D. Srygley.

At Longview, Texas, I was in the home of Brother John T. Poe, jeweler and preacher. Brother Poe's idea of mission work was the oak tree that dropped its acorns all around to spring up and make other oak

trees. A beautiful illustration, only his circle was too small. Paul's oak tree scattered acorns in "every nation under heaven." The Scotch thistle is a pest in Canada. The Australian pine grows luxuriantly in South Florida and East Africa. The Irish potato of North America is now one of the staple foods of Japan. Some fifteen years ago I ordered the Progressive Everbearing strawberry from the state of Iowa, the first ever brought to this country. Now the plants are on sale by one of the largest seed and plant companies in Japan. In my back yard grows a pecan tree from one of the nuts brought by Dr. Gertrude Remington from Georgia. Walking over one of the old fields of Middle Tennessee a few years ago I noticed it was literally matted with Japanese clover. Alfalfa came from Russia. The navel orange from Brazil.

Also the seed of the kingdom,
You may sow with a lavish hand,
Nor will it fail in the garner,
Though scattered to every land.

AFTER TEN YEARS

It was on December 22, 1900, with two good-sized valises, packed to a gaping capacity, three babies, dolls, trains, a lunch, a bottle of milk, crackers, gloves and a catchall bag for the fragments, that we all boarded the train for grandfather's. This was Saturday. Saturday night found us with the family again, around the old family fireside, talking of things generally and nothing in particular.

One of the family handed me forty cents saying: "Distributed your tract, 'Going and Sending,' and received this much."

On Lord's day I was sick and stayed at home with little Ruth, while mother and the other two children went to meeting.

On the following Wednesday night I attended prayer meeting at the church of Christ, Lexington, Kentucky. The leader read a portion of 2 Cor. 5: 6 and asked another brother and myself to make talks. Not having anything prepared on the lesson read, I talked on Ps. 37: 5. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." The following points were brought out: (1) We must give our way into God's hands for his approval; (2) We must trust him as being able to manage it for us; (3) He will not fail us.

The brother that talked afterwards dwelt more particularly on the scripture read, making the point that Paul, even by his adversities and misfortunes, so conducted himself as to commend himself to the Corinthian church; that when people lamented because they

were not more favorably situated that they might do good, they made a mistake; that Paul made use of his poverty and imprisonments to preach Christ and to do good, and that we should do the same. He that would be happy and useful must not lament his lot, but better his condition by doing his best.

Fulfilling a standing invitation I had had since returning home, I spoke here again on the following Sunday night on "What the Bible Has Done for Japan in the Last Fifty Years." Brother Collis arose at the conclusion and said, "I want to tell you something that perhaps you do not know. We have our Foreign Christian Missionary Society and The Christian Woman's Board of Missions to which we contribute; but Brother McCaleb has no great board back of him. He has gone forth trusting in God and his brethren for support, and I want you to make him a liberal contribution. He does not come asking it, but has come into our midst again because he loves his old friends and teachers of Lexington, where he once attended school."

On the following Tuesday I called to see two of my former teachers. Brother McGarvey is the same sunny-faced, broad-shouldered, lovable character he has always been. He was glad to see me and had much to ask about Japan. These are some of his questions: What is the moral condition of the people? Is the country well timbered? How do you proceed to convince the people that there is one supreme Being? and of the divinity of Christ? Do they not already have the idea that there is one God over their many gods? He was also interested to know how I had been supported financially, and if any of the churches contributed regularly. On learning that they, as a rule,

did not, he thought this would make my income very irregular. I replied that it did seem so, but on reckoning up I found that I had received near the same amount from year to year. So the facts themselves answer what seems a difficulty.

Brother Grubbs was also glad to see me; he always is. He is still a sufferer, and still the same patient, uncomplaining man, zealous for the truth and always interested in every good work. "I am going to contribute regularly to your work. I have always been a missionary man, and have given through a board, simply as a means of associating the churches together for cooperative effort, I have not objected to societies; but they have become a distinctly legalized body outside of the church, assuming control over the churches, and this I have always contended is wrong, so I have not given them anything for some time. I know there is no question about the way you are working being right." On leaving I remarked that I wanted to bring my family, after whom he and Sister Grubbs had been inquiring, around to see them the next afternoon. "No, sir," he interrupted; "we will not put up with any side show. You met Della first in my house; she was one of the family while here in school. It was over there (pointing to the room across the hall) that I tied you and Della together, I insist that I have more claim on you than that. No, sir; you must take dinner and supper with us tomorrow, anyhow. Were it not that my sons and their families prevent us giving you room, I would have you stay with us while in Lexington." I yielded the point. The next day was a happy one.

December 28, the air a little frosty, but the morning clear and bright, I was under promise to be at the chapel services in the College of the Bible. After the reading from the scriptures, President McGarvey called for the good old song: "Since I Can Read My Title Clear to Mansions in the Skies, I'll Bid Farewell to Every Fear, and Wipe My Weeping Eyes."

It seemed that the tune was too new and the song too old, so the boys balked. "You were all born too late in the century," remarked the president. "I want you all to come next Monday morning prepared to sing, 'Since I Can Read My Title Clear'; and then I want you all to come next Tuesday morning prepared to sing, 'Since I Can Read My Title Clear,' with your books closed."

Being invited to occupy what remained of the half hour, I spoke on the danger of college-bred preachers seeking educational centers and places of culture to the neglect of those scattered abroad. I told them that when a young man spends several years, some money, and hard work in fitting himself for the ministry there is a great temptation for him to seek such places as will be on a level with what he conceives himself to be, and that he cannot afford to spend so much time, money, and labor and then throw it all away on people in the backwoods that cannot speak grammar. But the point was made that Christ came not to make for himself a reputation, nor to seek the society of the cultured. He came to seek the lost, and we should imitate his example.

I expressed a desire to talk with the students privately in regard to becoming missionaries. Three of them

expressed a desire to call on me. One of the three came twice, we spent a pleasant season talking of those things which pertain to the kingdom of God.

With a four-year-old child and a seven-year-old child hanging to each of my overcoat pockets, asking all sorts of questions, I strolled about the old grounds. The gray old building there in the center of the campus, built in the shape of a cross, looked natural enough; but the two new buildings that have gone up since 1891 are strangers. Some of the old landmarks remain; but old things are passing away, all things are becoming new. During the chapel services I looked at the faces. Not one among the students was familiar; all were new. I looked at the teachers; two of them were as of old and two were new. I watched the boys as they passed me to and fro along the little path from building to building across the grounds; they were all strangers. I looked up at the old dormitory and thought of the boys who once occupied the rooms; not one of them is there now. The school of ten years ago has passed and is gone. I found myself a stranger where once every face was familiar. Surely the world passes away. We are pilgrims and are passing through a world of changes.

P.S.—In the lapse of ten years Robert Graham, to use his own phraseology, had resigned the presidency “in favor of him who should have had it at the first”; when I called on him my heart was saddened to see no longer a sturdy Scotchman with robust physique and a sparkling eye, but a little old man weakened both in mind and body. I noticed also President McGarvey, though still alert in mind, dragged his feet as I was

going home with him to "break bread" and no longer had that elastic step I had been accustomed to see, but walked like an old man. "Brother Grubbs and I are running a race to see which will get there first," said McGarvey, and his last breath was, "O, Lord I come." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

LETTER TO DELLA

(1901)

My Dear Della:

I am in the home of Brother Tom Fawcett, Fayette City, Pennsylvania. Here again I met the insurance agent. He wanted me to insure of course. I told him as I did the agent in Louisville that both you and the children were already insured. It is wonderful how an insurance agent will become interested in one's wife and children even though he has never seen them. I think I love you and the children as well as any insurance agent, with the difference that I do not love you in terms of so many dollars and cents.

Of course I may be called hence at any time, but if the insurance agents were to get wind of it they would forsake me to a man, and then what would become of you and the children? Insurance companies will only insure those who are least in need of it. Those who need it most are refused and must get on as best they can. Take for example a man afflicted like Brother L. M. Owen of Mineola, Texas, and there is not an insurance agency in all the land that would have him. Yet he is a poor man and has a family to support. Brother Owen and family, however, do not suffer want; they are insured in a company that will not forsake them because of their afflictions. Some of the brethren, though, do not seem willing to trust the company with which Brother Owen is insured. But life insurance, such as is so common now, seems to me to be out of harmony with the life of the Christian. People hedge themselves around with such supposed security against loss

or accident that they begin to feel they do not need to rely upon God. It weans people from God and begets unbelief. It occasions the loss of life prematurely. It often curses children instead of blessing them. Occasions lawsuits and alienates friends. Creates family fusses, and blunts the affections between husband and wife. To estimate a man in so many dollars and figure out the span of life as being worth so much in gold, degrades one from a man to a thing, from a person to a mere possession. But that there is a marked difference between a man and his belongings is shown in the question of Jesus when he asks, "What shall a man give in exchange for his life?"*

After visiting several places in Pennsylvania, I boarded the train for Pekin, New York. Here I met

*Thirty-one years from the time this letter was written (1932), the *Pathfinder* has this to say about insurance:

Taking life has become so common in this country that the big life insurance companies are throwing out threats that they will have to raise their rates. The depression has upset the ancient life tables altogether and made it necessary to revise rates upwards. Insured people are failing to pay their premiums; they are borrowing up to the limit on their policies, and then the insurance companies are finding they can't invest their surplus funds anywhere so as to have them safe and also furnish a fair income.

A large part of the securities which are owned by insurance companies and which have been relied on in the past as a sure bulwark of strength have nearly all dropped greatly in value. The banks which hold these stocks and bonds as security for loans to the insurance companies are also getting scared, as they see they have no margin of safety.

All the insurance companies can do is to increase their charges—at just the time when they should be reducing them so that a greater number of people could enjoy the benefits of insurance. It's all wrong, but what are you going to do about it?

Brother Jones, formerly of Tennessee. We had a good meeting at Pekin. Leaving here for Canada, I must spend the night in Buffalo. Selecting from the directory a church that I thought would be most likely to be after the divine pattern I went out that night in search of a prayer meeting. It happened to be the wrong night; so I was disappointed. I saw lights in another house and went there. A stranger entered at the same time. We entered by a side door. My stranger friend crossed himself with holy water, kneeled and we sat down. A young man was being christened. He and the priest and the two sponsors, I suppose, were all standing just inside the main entrance, the doors being shut. The three stood in a row and the priest stood before them, mumbling Latin. Then they all walked up the aisle to the altar. The young man took off his collar and the priest sprinkled him from the front and seemed to put a crucifix around his neck, but as I was some distance away I could not be sure.

The service being over, my man crossed himself again with the holy water, kneeled, and, as we came away, he began to tell how "convenient" the Roman Catholic religion was. I suggested that I had been in the habit of seeing people buried in the water when they were baptized. "But this is so convenient," he responded. His breath was significant and clearly indicated that he was not so scrupulous in holy water to drink as for crossing himself. We talked on and among other things he said that where St. Peter was there was the church, and that St. Peter was at Rome and his successors had been there ever since. I reminded him that there was no evidence which made it at all certain that Peter ever was at Rome, insisted

that Roman Catholics should have taken Paul to make out their case; he was certainly at Rome, and then he was never married, while Peter differed in both points. But since he had appealed to Peter, I said to him, to Peter we shall go. So, turning to Acts two, we read that Peter only commanded those who had repented to be baptized; but you people, I continued, sprinkle infants who cannot repent. He acknowledged his ignorance and wished for his priest, feeling certain that if I could only meet him, he would show me all about how it was.

“Do your bishops marry?” I asked. He admitted they did not. Then, again, you violate the scriptures, for Paul says the bishop must be the husband of one wife. He denied the statement, when, under the electric light on the corner of the street, I drew out my Bible and read to him. He objected that I had a Protestant Bible. Drawing from my pocket a railroad guide, I tore off a slip and noted it down and requested that he read it in his own Bible when he got home, and he would find it the same. By this time he was somewhat excited and let slip a curse word. But now you are a good Catholic and should not use language like that. “What did I say?” I reminded him. “There is no harm in that,” he insisted. But it is an idle word, I said, and Jesus says for every idle word we must give an account. He apologized, saying he did not know when he had used such a word before; but since he let another escape his lips in less than no time almost, I felt sure that he must have a very short memory.

Having a few hours in Buffalo, I decided to go out and see the Pan-American Exhibition. It cost me only thirty-five cents, car fare and all. I saw Germany, Mexico, Egypt, “Darkest Africa,” and “Fair Japan”

along with other countries represented there. The old Japanese temple bell was about all that looked very Japanesey, all the rest being an imitation, and not a very good one at that. The wares were not yet in.

Over in another building I saw this: "In This Building Will Be Shown the Spectatorium of Jerusalem and the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ." I felt pained, and said in my heart: Ruthless America rushes in and fears not to make merchandise of our Lord for the sake of gain. The nude statuary also shows a degeneracy in our common morals and a tendency toward heathenism. Apart from these objections there are some good features about it as an educator for the people about the different countries, as well as our own. Were it possible, I should like to pitch a tent, offer a place to rest, cool water to drink, and spend the summer there, preaching to the multitudes as they come and go.

O the fields, at the fields, as they open up to view
Where the harvest is so great and the laborers so few.
Let us pray, ever pray, that more laborers arise
To gather in the sheaves for the garner in the skies.

Niagara Falls is one of the grandest sights I have ever seen. It seems to me I should never tire of looking, wondering, and meditating. Brother Sterling had agreed to meet me at the falls about noon; so I had several hours to spend there all alone, which I did not regret. The country is level on either side, and the river falls over into a deep gorge one hundred and seventy feet to the surface of the water below, and they say it is as much deeper beneath the water as above it. The exceeding ease, grace, and even gentleness, with which these great volumes of water seem to glide over

the precipice is one of the things that impresses one, or at least that impressed me. The beautiful and sublime are both here blended in a way that enraptures the looker-on.

An old man, a Canadian, who had lived long near the falls, told me they wear back the channel at the rate of about one foot a year. The deep channel has thus been worn back from Lake Ontario, fourteen miles. Supposing it to wear back at a uniform rate, it would take five thousand two hundred and eighty years to reach a mile, and seventy-three thousand nine hundred and twenty years to cut out a channel fourteen miles long.

Niagara is not without its tragedies. Last spring, as the ice began to melt and break up, two young men ventured out on the river several miles above the falls to shoot ducks. One of them suggested that the current of ice might give them trouble. The other made light of it and said they could make it through all right. In their attempt to get through the floating ice, one of their oars was broken, and in their excitement the other was lost; and so there they were, not knowing what to do. They fired off their guns, hoping to attract attention, but to no purpose. Slowly, yet surely and gradually, and yet more rapidly, they drifted on down towards certain and sudden death. In the last extreme one determined to leap into the water and try for the shore. He succeeded. The other had not the courage to make a similar effort. The craft floated silently on, while the unfortunate boy clung to it in despair. The boat itself had no power to save him, and so he drifted over and went down into eternity.

Why is it the young will not be admonished and warned? So many venture out on the river that flows only to destruction, assuring themselves and each other there is no danger, but they can come out all right. Soon the oars of their moral courage are broken, and they drift with the current, unable to resist; and though some may escape narrowly, others become victims of their surroundings and drift on to certain ruin right before them. There are many that would escape if they could, after it is too late, yet but few are willing to abide where it is safe.

On the American side one may walk right up to the very brink of the great flood as it swiftly rushes by. While standing there I was told the following tragedy: Some young people were standing here once, and among them a little boy. A thoughtless young man playfully picked him up and swung him out over the torrent. The frightened child squirmed and wriggled out of his hands, dropped into the maddened waters, and was seen no more.

I have also picked up somewhere the following newspaper clipping, which I am sure you will be interested to read:

NIAGARA FALLS ONCE RAN DRY

Only once in history has the roar of the mighty falls of Niagara been silenced. This startling phenomenon occurred on March 31, 1848. Early on that morning people living near the falls were surprised by a strange hush, as startling in effect as would be an unexpected and tremendous explosion in an ordinarily quiet community. Many persons thought they had been afflicted with deafness, and all were oppressed by a sensation of dread.

With the coming of light the amazed people comprehended the reason for the disquieting silence. Where they were used to see the great falls was a bare precipice down the face of which a few small and constantly diminishing streams trickled. Above the falls, instead of a rushing river, was only a naked channel, with insignificant brooks splashing among the rocks. All day long this astounding condition continued, and persons walked, dry shod, from the Canadian side along the very edge of the precipice, as far as Goat Island, on the American side.

Early in the morning of April 1st the familiar thunder of the great cataract was again heard, and has never since been silent, though similar conditions with like results might prevail any spring. The winter of 1847-48 was one of extreme severity, and ice of unprecedented thickness formed on Lake Erie. When the break-up came, towards the end of March, a strong southeast wind was blowing, and the ice was piled into banks as large as icebergs. Toward the night of March 30th the wind suddenly changed to the opposite direction, increased to a terrible gale and drove the ice into the entrance of Niagara River with such force that a huge dam was formed, of such thickness and solidity as to be practically impenetrable, and strong enough to hold back the great mass of water pressing against it. At last, in the early morning of April 1st, the ice dam gave way under the tremendous pressure of restrained water, and the falls were once again one of the scenic wonders of the world.

FROM LOUISVILLE, KY., TO TOKYO, JAPAN

We spent another month with Brother T. A. Smith, in Western Kentucky. The first of July is rapidly approaching. We pay another brief visit to the Bentleys, I speak at Winchester and some other points, and we return to Louisville. It is after the middle of July, 1901. We start for Indianapolis, Ind., and are entertained by Brother Fred Sommer. Brother Daniel Sommer made an appointment for me out at North Salem, and went with me to it. We missed the train and had to take another that went within five miles of the place. Though the weather was hot, we walked the distance. Brother Sommer commended our work and we slept together that night.

From Indianapolis we continued our journey to Logansport, Ind., and spent the third Lord's day of July, speaking three times. Sister Cronice lodged us and kept the fans going all the time. On to Chicago, and on the way it became cooler. A paragraph written about Chicago at the time is as follows: Chicago is a great and wicked city. It contains more than two million people. Eighty-five per cent of the population is foreign. The Ferris wheel (so named from its builder) of the Chicago World's Fair, is still here. It has been removed from its original place to another near Lincoln Park. It stands two hundred and sixty-five feet high, and is one of the world's wonders. At night it is lighted up by electricity, and stands up above the city like a bright circle in the sky. It is kept going day and night. To go over it requires about half an hour and costs fifty

cents. I felt disposed to make a trip over, but could not persuade myself that that was the best way to spend the Lord's money. Even the Ferris wheel is said to be used for immoral purposes.

From Chicago to Seattle is a three day's ride. We cross and for a while follow the Columbia River in its upper regions. One peculiarity of this river is that it is as clear as a lake, and that which is still more striking is, there is not a tree that grows along its shores in this section, nor scarcely even a shrub. This clear stream, flowing through a desert land, certainly forms a pleasing contrast.

PRINCESS ANGELINE

While in the home of a sister in Seattle she was showing me the pictures in the family album. In the collection there was one of an old and wrinkled woman. "That is Princess Angeline," some one said; "she died three or four years ago in the city of Seattle, at about the age of ninety." I also gathered these facts in connection with her history. She was the daughter of an Indian chief who once owned the territory where the city of Seattle now stands, and which bears his name. She married a white man from back East named Yesler, by which marriage it seems that the possessions in a large part fell into the husband's hands. For some twenty years they lived on happily together, when one day a "pale-faced" woman also appeared from the East and laid claim to being the lawful wife of the husband of Princess Angeline. The latter did not resent the claims of the intruder. She went to the doorstep nightly and bemoaned her misfortune till the time was fulfilled according to the custom of her people, then

quit the home forever. For the rest of her days she lived in her little hut near Seattle. She was always a friend to the white people and won the friendship of everybody. The spurious husband wanted to support her, but not a cent would she ever receive from him. He secretly went and arranged with every merchant in Seattle to let her have, without charge, anything she would receive. Everybody learned to know her and she came to be a kind of public charge. Palatial homes and clothes were offered her, but to no purpose; she still remained in her own little cabin home and chose to live in her own simple way.

When she would go into the city she would, when tired, sit down on the pavement with her feet in the street. At other times maybe she would lie down in the hallway of some store for a nap, and a friendly policeman would come along and cover her up and kindly see after her till she awoke. On one occasion she chanced to be passing where the men were mending the street, and, being quite old, she found some difficulty in getting over the rough place, when one of the men gathered her up in his arms and landed her safe on the other side. At her death she was given an honorable burial. Thus ends the pathetic story of one belonging to a remnant of a very interesting race of people.

In the reservations the Indians have their own local courts. I am told that when one of their number is convicted of crime and is condemned to death he is neither imprisoned nor required to give bond; but is set at liberty till the time of his execution and is allowed to go where he pleases. When that time comes, however, he is certain to be on hand, and will go many

miles in order to be there. Such a sense of honor and genuine integrity is rare, even among those supposed to be civilized. So rare that when a case like Damon and Pythias occurs, it is immortalized by being handed down from generation to generation.

AT THE RED SEA

July 28, 1901.—We are now in the home of Sister Lottie Johnson, who lives at this place—Richmond, Washington. We reached Seattle on Friday night. The weather is delightful. Sister Johnson's home is in the country, and is just the place to rest a little after the long, hot, dusty journey of some three thousand miles from Louisville, Ky., and preparatory to a voyage of some five thousand miles. I reckon up and find that I have in hand \$211.93. It will take \$316 to buy tickets for four to Japan. To this must be added some incidental expenses. We are at the waters of the Red Sea, abiding the Lord's time for us to pass over. In the meantime, we will be preaching in the schoolhouse where we had meeting and the Lord's Supper this morning. Pray for us.

August 1, 1901.—We have been preaching nightly in the schoolhouse near by. Brother Johnson was baptized Monday evening. He says he has been wanting to be baptized about three years. It now appears that we will not sail on August 3, as planned, which is day after tomorrow. The next ship going is on August 24. This will enable us to escape the extreme heat of Japan. In the meantime, we will continue to preach in the schoolhouse and regions round about, abiding the Lord's time for us to pass over the sea.

Seattle is only one of the many, many cities in the great West where the gospel should be preached. If a

hundred young brethren, for example, were to leave Chicago and start west and begin to fill the places along the way where effective work might be done, they would probably all be engaged before reaching as far west as Seattle. I should just like to try the experiment, in connection with some good traveling companion and colaborer, a good singer as well as exhorter and preacher, and make a canvass of every town and city along the way. This, of course, to be anything like thorough, would require several years. If young brethren, in starting into the ministry, would pair off two and two, and first start out into such pioneer work, and would spend a few years, at least, in this way before settling down in one place with some church already established, I am sure much good would result both to the preachers and to the unconverted.

FROM TACOMA TO YOKOHAMA

Having spent nearly four weeks with the Johnsons, during which time we picked blackberries, went fishing, spoke eighteen times in the schoolhouse, baptized one man, and left a few disciples who agree to meet every Lord's day, on Friday afternoon, August 23, my family and I, with all our personal effects and defects, were all on board the *Olympia*, ready to set sail early the next morning. By five o'clock, a volume of thick, black smoke was pouring out of the great smokestack; the engines began to work; the screw began to revolve under the stern of the ship. This was kept up for ten or fifteen minutes; and, though every anchor was hoisted and every rope released, the vessel did not move forward. What could be the matter? Nothing the matter, only she was getting up momentum; and though no results could be seen, energy was being instilled

into this great floating mass that must tell by and by. It was not long till we were sailing out of Puget Sound at the rate of about two hundred and fifty miles a day.

My brother, maybe you have become discouraged. You have been laboring on and on, and yet you are inclined to ask yourself: What have I done in all these years? Don't give up. Sometimes it is necessary to put forth much effort with but little results. Many are glad to get on the ship after she is under headway, but are not willing to help get up the momentum. Back on the old farm we used to have a balky horse that would never pull till the load was started, then he would tighten his traces, but even then he would pull by fits and starts as though he wanted to do it all right now or never. Old Bob was not a reliable horse and never gave satisfaction. The world is not to be converted nor even evangelized in a day; it is a lifetime task, and then there will still be work to do.

On the following day we were well out at sea; there was no land in sight anywhere. A dense fog lay upon the waters; but the sea was smooth, the weather was pleasant. As it was the Lord's day we had services, the writer doing the preaching, from the subject, "Is There a Heaven, and Who Will Be There?" The songs were: "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me."

August 26.—The missionaries met together and agreed to meet daily for Bible study.

August 27.—A heavy gale was blowing from the south, the waves were high, and the ship rolled and pitched, much to our discomfort. All the passengers were sick.

August 28.—We had a Bible lesson from 1 John 1. Some excellent thoughts were brought out.

August 29.—On coming from the deck to our cabin, I found Harding, our little boy, standing with his face to the wall and crying as if his heart would break. Asking what was the matter, I found that he had thrown my knife over into the sea. He attempted to throw away some apple peelings, and, having both peelings and the knife in the same hand, he cast all overboard together. Some lump truth and error in this way, and, in trying to get rid of one, cast all away.

Friday, August 30.—The spouting of whales was seen both to the north and south of us. These whales sent up a sluice of water some ten or fifteen feet high. I am told that they open their great mouth and draw in the water and little fish all together; then, forcing the water out through the aperture in the top of the head, they retain the little fish and make a dinner of them.

Saturday, August 31.—Some of the Aleutian Islands were sighted. These islands belong to Alaska, United States territory.

On Lord's day, September 1, we had preaching by Mr. Kepler, a Presbyterian. His text was Phil. 2: 5: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The Aleutian Islands have been in sight all day. They are destitute of trees, but have scrub bushes, grass, and many berries. There are inhabitants on some of them, most of whom follow fishing for a living. They belong to the North American Indian tribes. The Greek Catholics (the state religion of Russia) are still doing missionary work among them. Yesterday I fin-

ished reading "In Starry Realms," by Ball. It is very interesting and instructive.

September 4 was Wednesday. We had no Tuesday that week; we passed the 180th meridian, so dropped a day. This has been fixed upon by the nations as an international day line. As day and night are continually chasing each other around this globe of ours, there must be a beginning point for the day somewhere. The middle of the Pacific Ocean was fixed upon as the most convenient place. Starting westward from this line, one is continually gaining time, since he is going in the same direction as the sun. By the time he completes the circuit of the earth and gets back to this line he has gained a day; hence he must drop it as he crosses the line. Going east, one is losing time continually; that is, he is counting time faster than it really passes at any fixed point on the earth—so that by the time he reaches this point of starting he has reckoned a day more than has actually passed. To get even with the world again he must stretch one day into two. If it happens to be a Sunday, then he has two Sundays coming together.

September 6 we again found a smooth sea, after having experienced a great storm on the previous day and night. It was a dreadful night. The old ship rolled to and fro as a drunken man; our valises shot out from under the berth like rats. I tried to strap our little boy in bed, but finally gave it up; then, taking him in my arms, I propped myself up for the remainder of the night. No one slept much. The captain slowed down the ship till she did but little more than to keep from drifting.

On Lord's day, September 8, we had preaching by Mr. Denman, missionary to Siam. His subject was "Gratitude."

On the morning of September 9 a heavy storm arose, and we had the highest sea of any time during the voyage. Tons of water poured over the rails and flooded the deck. We were told that the height of the waves from the bottom of the trough to the crest was as much as sixty feet. The crew poured oil on the waters to keep the waves from breaking and flooding the ship so badly. The first mate said that so long as they kept the oil pouring, the waves did not break over on the deck. This is a mystery. I had supposed that they poured over barrels of it, but was surprised that they used only about ten gallons during the entire day; it was simply kept pouring in a very small stream. The oil spreads rapidly over the surface of the water and forms a kind of thin film that seems to keep the waves down. From this practice of seamen in time of storm has come the common saying of "pouring oil upon the waters."

ALL AT SEA

The restless tide spreads far and wide
And not a strand is seen of land.
The ship no track on waters black
Leaves in its trail as on we sail.
We rock and pitch; one can't tell which
The next will be, but waits to see.
An extra tide strikes on the side
And o'er she goes with all our woes,
Till almost on her side she's thrown.
The dishes fall, the children squall,
The soup is spilt, too, in the tilt;
Look out, the guests to save their vests,
The waiters haste to wipe the waste
And put things where before they were.

Forget the wreck, go up on deck,
 Look far and high toward sea and sky;
 From out the stack dark smoke rolls back
 And takes its flight till out of sight.
 On rows of chairs, by threes and pairs,
 They listless lie, too sick to die,
 With faces pale as on we sail.
 An extra pitch of the old witch,
 They slip and slide out toward the tide,
 All jumbled in, both fat and thin,
 Almost to be dumped in the sea.
 Up goes a wail against the rail;
 They change about and scramble out
 And look once more just as before,
 All looking pale, as on we sail.

The days go by, and blue the sky,
 The sea is calm, the air is balm.
 All feel the change and think it strange
 To be seasick, then up so quick.
 The music rings as some one sings:
 God's wondrous ways let all men praise.

September 11 was a delightful day. The sea was calm, the air was balmy, and everybody seemed happy. I saw many flying fish from the prow of the ship; the largest ones were about a foot long. They have a double set of wings, which are nothing more than the fins enlarged. They can fly several hundred feet before striking the water again. They are of a bluish color, while their fin-wings are reddish.

At eight o'clock in the morning of September 12 we sighted the shores of Japan; the lighthouse stood out prominently. May Japan also become a spiritual light to direct sinners in the way of righteousness.

On September 13, we anchored at Yokohama, and the first news that we heard was that President McKinley had been assassinated. On shore we met Miss

Wirick, one of the missionaries. "Today is the first cool day we have had," she said. "It has been dreadfully hot—that weather that just melts us down, you know." So I said to myself: Surely the Lord has timed our coming. From Yokohama to Tokyo is 18 miles by train. There are the same little rice fields and vegetable gardens on either hand; the rice is just beginning to show a golden tint preparatory for the sickle. Japan is a beautiful country. We reached the home of Brother Snodgrass about three o'clock in the afternoon. Brother Snodgrass was away some three hundred miles engaged in school work. Sister Snodgrass, however, was delighted to see us back again. It is like getting back home. You see, we only returned to America for a visit, and were unsettled; but this being our chosen field of labor, we can be more permanently situated. The cry of the street vender, the caw of the raven, and, as day turns into night, the blind amma (masseur) who wants to soothe your tired body into rest for only a pittance, brings to our ears familiar sounds as of former days.

RECEIPTS FOR THE FIRST TEN YEARS

1892—Received \$978.67. Earned in Japan, \$109.33. Total, \$1,088.00. Out of this, fares for two were paid to Japan, \$275.00.

1893—Received \$678.33. Earned in Japan, \$265.19. Total, \$943.92. Gave to the work, \$90.00.

1894—Received of the churches, \$588.00. Gave to the work, \$106.02. Nothing earned in Japan that year.

1895—Received from the churches, \$670.62. Earned in Japan, \$25.00. Total, \$695.62. Gave to the work, \$79.31.

1896—Received from the churches, \$671.65. Earned in Japan, \$100.58. Total, \$772.16. Amount given to the work not noted down.

1897—Received from the churches, \$653.97. Earned in Japan, \$173.47. Total, \$827.38. Gave to the work, \$118.19.

1898—Received from the churches, \$626.38. Earned in Japan, \$297.25. Total, \$923.63. Gave to the work, \$114.48.

1899—Received from the churches, \$646.27. Earned in Japan, \$379.50. Total, \$1,018.77. Gave to the work in Japan, \$145.53. Passage back to America for parents and three children, \$388.00.

1900—Received from the churches, \$601.46. Earned \$53.12. Total, \$654.58. Traveling expenses in America not noted.

1901—Received from the churches, \$1,400.11. Earned \$89.83. Total, \$1,499.94. Tickets for self and family back to Japan, \$316.00.

Total amount from the churches for ten years, \$6,860.49, or an average per year of \$686.05. Total amount, including earnings in Japan, \$8,176.29, or an average per year of amounts received from all sources of \$817.63. Out of this was given directly to the work, \$653.53. Also three passages across the Pacific, as follows: First passage to Japan, \$275.00; first trip back home, \$388.00; second passage to Japan, \$316.00, a total of \$979.00.

For our living we spent on an average \$654.38. This includes the buying of our home at a cost of \$800.00, and the expense of three children being born to us. All of our children were born at home; but both they and their parents are all still living and healthy. Note the

extremes to which we have gone. The exorbitant prices the hospitals charge make it a deterrent against having children at all. While out in Ibaraki province, a woman who helps Mrs. Bixler with her housework recently had her child not only at home, but with not a soul present but herself. When the baby was born she acted as her own nurse.

We didn't buy the home for speculative purposes, but because we needed a home; but it proved to be a good investment. During the remaining thirteen years we occupied it we saved in rents more than twice the cost of the home. Business drifted in that direction and prices went up. In 1907, I sold our little \$800.00 home for \$5,000.00. Spent about \$500.00 to send my family back to the States, and with the rest bought and built where I now am at Zoshigaya.

MOVING PICTURES—REEL 3

MY EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

The following story was written by a Japanese student. It is a true story and will be of interest to Western readers, giving them an insight into boy life in Japan, which, after all, does not seem so very different from boy life in other parts of the world. With only some grammatical corrections, I give the story just as the student wrote it:

Our parents must, as a rule, send their children to school when the latter reach six years old, and I was sent when I became old enough for school education. But for some reasons or other, I naturally hated learning, and on the contrary, liked very much playing; consequently, in the end of the yearly examination, my marks hardly reached to the point of marks that could be passed. By these unfavorable marks I grew more to dislike study. One day, in spite of my father's kind reproach for not making any progress in my studying, I went from home with books as every day; but on the way to school I hid my books so cleverly among the garden radishes that nobody could detect them, and soon went to the mountains to get chestnuts with two other boys whom I persuaded to go with me. We found many chestnut trees full of big fruit here and there. One of us climbed immediately up a tree. In the center of the tree he shook the branches with both hands and feet; consequently, many chestnuts fell down to the ground. I and the other boy ran about to assemble the fruits with great joy, without paying even a little attention to the pains of the feet which we re-

ceived from the crowded little thorny burrs. Thus spending about three hours, we became a little hungry, so we determined to eat luncheon, though it was too early for it. After chattering for a little while, we resumed our pleasant work. All of a sudden a great chestnut burr fell down right on my head and stuck very severely. By the accident I almost lost my senses and did not know what had happened. But moment by moment the pain on the head increased. At last I cried out loudly, but crying was good for nothing. My comrades kindly kept me from bleeding on my head, and said to me: "If you come back loudly crying, or if your father sees your wounds, he will soon understand that we did not go to school, because if we go back home now it is earlier than usual to disperse the school. We will be reproached by both our parents and teachers. Stop your crying and clean off the black spots on your eyes; we will go back after a short time, pretending ourselves to be attending school." On hearing my friends speaking I recovered my sense and feared a little. In the meantime, we stopped our pleasant hunting and started home with our bags full of chestnuts. On the way we ate as much as we wished; then we reached the place where the books were hid. We covered them with furoshiki (large handkerchief), and one by one separated to return home, just as though we came back from the school. I made a bow in the presence of my parents very well, putting both hands on the knees. "What have you learned today?" asked my father. "Oh, I have learned reading and writing." Hereupon my father took my furoshiki and put the reading book before me to read for him some page. My heart, movement after movement, increased its emotion

and I trembled. "Read this chapter, my boy," pointing to the lesson of Taro and Jiro. I did as father asked me. In the middle of the lesson I could not read two Chinese characters and hesitated what to do, turning my face a little to the father. "Go on, my boy. You can't read it? Oh, you have a bad memory. If you do not learn by heart carefully what the teachers say, you will not become as great a man as Kiyomasa Kato." My father then had a high opinion of Kato, and told us many things about him.

By this time my mother told us that the bathroom had been prepared. So mother and I, first of all, went into the bathroom rejoicing over the good opportunity of escape from being asked further questions by my father. My mother washed me thoroughly from head to foot, as usual. When her hand touched my head, she noticed somewhat a little bump on. By the close examination she found it to be a little projection of cold blood. I felt very sorry again, fearing what I did today would be detected. Fortunately, mother did not ask me more, thinking it always the case with little boys like me. Though my bad conduct was not found out, I was not happy. Every time for eating or going to bed my heart was not in peace. Since that day I never tried anything like this, seeing how its result would be. I know how lying is a great crime, not only to others, but also to me.

This accident occurred, if I remember correctly, at nine years of age.

S. S. TOJI.

AN INCIDENT WITH A LESSON

About seventy-five miles from Tokyo is a town called "Sawara." This is a railroad terminus. Before reach-

ing Tokyo the road forks into two at another town called "Narita." Both roads go to Tokyo, but to different and widely separated stations—Ueno and Riyogoku. Riyogoku is nearest my home. On January 3, 1907, I was at Sawara on my way home. I called for a ticket to Riyogoku, as I thought (and still think); and, taking it for granted that the agent gave me the right one, I did not examine it. When I changed cars at Narita, no one came in to examine my ticket. When I passed out at the gate, I handed it to the collector. Quite to my surprise, he stopped me, saying that I could not pass out on that ticket. This vexed me, and I demanded to know what was the matter.

"This ticket goes to Ueno," he replied.

"Then it is not my fault, but the man's at the other end of the line."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"One yen and sixty-three sen."

"The fare to this station is one yen sixty-nine sen."

"Then here is the six sen difference."

"But I cannot accept it; this road belongs to a different company."

"Then I suppose I must go all the way back to Narita and come over the other line."

"Yes, or pay again from Narita here."

"Well, I have paid once with no intention to deceive, and I shall not pay again."

By this time the policeman was on the ground, and he invited me into the station master's room. There we went over the whole story with the station master, with additions and explanatory footnotes. I insisted that it was not my mistake, and that it was the duty of the conductor at Narita, where the cars changed, to

come in according to custom and inspect the tickets and see that passengers got on the right track. To this they consented. "But our rule is to make all pay again who land here with Ueno tickets."

"I have paid once and have come through without interruption with no intention to deceive; I'll pay you the six sen extra, but above that I'll not pay you a cent."

"Well, if you were a Japanese, you would have to pay it; but as you are a foreigner and maybe do not understand, we'll let you off."

"Much obliged; but now who will lose this? Will this ticket master lose it?"

"No, the company will lose it."

"Well, all right, then; if the company loses it, I don't care; they ought to, for not giving better service. Nobody paid any attention to me; the cars were dirty and the doors had no locks. I had to prop one shut with my umbrella to keep out the cold this snowy morning."

So they let me go "scot-free." But, although I had gained my point over the men, somehow I was not feeling very good over it. I went to bed thinking about it, and woke up in the night thinking about it. But why am I letting this thing trouble me? Did I not tell them just how it was and all that? Did I not pay the full fare to Tokyo, and was it not the carelessness of those other fellows that I got on the wrong track? But the next night I still thought about it, revolving the whole thing over and over in my mind, first making good my own course, then turning 'round to their side of the question. How could they know that I was telling them the truth? All foreigners are not honest. How do they know that I did not knowingly come to Riyogoku? It was an easy matter to look at the ticket, and really the

most likely thing that a person would do. It will be hard for them to believe that I have not tricked them in some way. At any rate, I am at fault in not examining the ticket when I bought it.

On the third day I decided that I would not let that thing worry me any longer. I went back to the station. Another man was on duty, and another policeman also. I explained what I had come for, and that the situation was as I had said; but I was aware since thinking it over that they did not have sufficient proof of it; that all foreigners were not honest, and that sometimes they were rude. To show them I was not of that class, I wanted to pay again the fare from Narita. Investigation was made, one of the boys was found who was present on the previous occasion, and he explained that a conference was held with the other office about the matter, and the other line made it good, and that I need not pay again.

I had now gained three points: I had convinced them of my sincerity, had gained their good will, and had satisfied my own conscience. "Will you please tell me who you are?" the head man asked. "It is very rare that a man comes back to correct a mistake like that." So, exchanging cards, we parted.

I am not now ashamed to meet those men again. Neither am I ashamed in the light of my name card that I gave the policeman at the time the incident occurred; for on the back of that card were three scripture texts: "Believe in God." "Believe also in me." "Keep thyself pure." And I thought to myself afterwards, I wonder what the policeman thought of my conduct compared with those texts? Did I fitly represent my high calling in Christ? Was my manner cal-

culated to win him to the great truths expressed on that card? And every time an answer came back: No. But now I shall not be ashamed of the matter even before Him also, for I am sure He looked on with approval and said: "Well done."

SLEEPING IN A JAPANESE HOTEL

Sleeping in a Japanese hotel is not the most pleasant thing in the world. When one first comes to this country, he is willing to be half killed for the novelty of such an experience; but when this wears off, it is different. The bedding is invariably too short for an American by at least a foot. In addition to the bed being only a pallet, the top covering is anything but comfortable. One quilt only is supposed to be thick enough and warm enough. This makes it very stiff and unyielding, so that it lies over one about as close as an inverted horse trough. In addition to this, the Japanese have a strange way of making the bed covering with mammoth sleeves, resembling a great overcoat. The only way to utilize the sleeves would be to put on this strange bed covering like a coat and lap it in front, then lie down in it like sleeping in one's clothes. But I have never seen one used in this way. They are used the same as an ordinary covering, with the great collar coming down on the front part of the neck. Of what possible use the cumbersome sleeves can be has ever been a puzzle to me. The one I tried to sleep under last night would have weighed at least thirty pounds. Fortunately, I had a blanket, two sheets and a pillow with me. The blanket and sheets served as a kind of lining to the hollow trough, and by turning the sleeves and big stiff collar to the feet, I man-

aged to get through. I would punish one side on the hard pallet as long as I could stand it, then turn the other, alternating occasionally with my back, but always to find my feet or shoulders uncomfortably protruding from beneath the cover. Finally I found myself making a compromise between my back and my side, lying half way between one position and the other, propped up against the wall of the covering.

IN OUR BIBLE CLASS

(1904)

Student: Is the Bible opposed to evolution?

Teacher: The Bible is opposed to atheistic evolution which teaches that man originated spontaneously by natural forces without a Creator.

Student: But who created the Creator?

Teacher: The Creator was not created: he is self-existent.

Student: Then we have a Creator without a cause, which is the same as if man came into existence spontaneously.

Here is an objection that sounds plausible. What shall we do with it? Let us not get impatient with him who raises it. We might say to him, "You do not believe the Bible," which would be a final argument with many who have been trained from infancy to believe that the Bible is an end of all controversy; but such an argument would have no weight with the young man in question. Of course, he does not believe the Bible, and he does not mind if you tell him so. He has never been taught to believe it, nor even to respect it more than any ordinary book. Or we might hide our own confusion and escape the difficulty by hinting that fools attempt to rush in where angels dare not tread; and this might silence the young man, or at least make him angry; but it would not satisfy him. While it is true that we must acknowledge a limit to all human knowledge, we should neither stop ourselves nor attempt to stop others before reaching that limit. Many things that were anciently considered unknowable are

now well understood by the ordinary Sunday school children. If man must have a Creator, how about the Creator himself? If God can exist without a creator, why cannot man? In answer to this question I drew a circle on the board; beside it I drew a line.

Do you see this line? It has an end here where I stopped. One end implies another end. There has never been a line with only one end; there must be two ends. Everything that has a stopping place must have a starting place. (All readily consented to that.) Now, man is like the line; he comes to an end. We see him doing this almost daily. If his life comes to an end, it must have had a beginning. This is as necessary a condition with reference to man as the line on the board. But all men of whom we know have had creators or parents; in all the history of man there is no exception to this. But since man depends on parentage for his existence, let us keep going back the human line till we come to the other end, or the beginning. We have the first man without parents. To say he sprang up spontaneously would be contrary to all human observation and experience; also contrary to all known laws of propagation. The most rational and scientific conclusion as to his origin is to acknowledge him to be the creature of a Creator.

Student: But what about the Creator himself? Must we not follow the same line of reasoning in regard to him that you have done in regard to man?

Teacher: We now turn to the circle. It has no end, as does the line: we are not, therefore, under necessity to predicate a beginning. That which ends must begin, but that which does not end needs not to begin. God is like the circle: he does not, like man, have an end.

This also carries with it the idea of his eternal existence.

Student: But where did he come from?

Teacher: He did not come from anywhere, because he is always, and ever shall be, present. We cannot locate him here nor there. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol behold thou art there." Here we reach the infinite which the finite cannot comprehend. It marks human limitation. But we need not deny the sea because we cannot fathom its depths, nor space because we cannot see to its limit. No one denies the existence of the air because he cannot breathe it all, nor does he deny the reality of the sunlight because it all does not fall upon him.

We were studying 1 Cor. 1, and came to the passage where Paul speaks of baptizing some of the people at Corinth. "What is this the apostle is speaking about?" I asked. "Tell me your own idea of what is done."

Mr. S— said that he had a "spontaneous" idea that it was some kind of washing with holy water.

Mr. T— said that he saw it performed once in his native province by a missionary. He first asked the person some questions and then dipped a rag into some water and put it on the head.

Mr. H— said that he heard a lecture by Mr. G— a short time ago, and he said that the original word meant dip the person into the water. It was evident, therefore, that people differ about this matter.

I asked what we should do in such case. Our young man said he thought the best thing was for each to

study the Bible and decide for himself. Leaving them to carry out the thought, we passed on.

On another evening we came to the passage where Paul speaks of laboring with his own hands. I called their attention to the fact that this point, the point of labor, marks one of the great differences between the civilization of the West and that of the East. In the East it is considered a disgrace to labor with one's own hands; everything is done by servants. This thought is deepened, being a part of their religion. Buddha taught that it was a disgrace to work, and that it was better to beg than to engage in honest labor.

Along one of the streets of Tokyo which I have often passed there is a sign that impressed me very much. It is over the shop of a Japanese telescope maker. These telescopes are called "kori" and are made of wickerwork. The proprietor is seated in a chair, dressed out in his best clothes, with one hand in his pocket and the other pointing at a boy down on the floor hard at work. This is a fit representation of the East. It takes two men to do the work of one, one to work and the other to boss. I have watched that signboard with interest for some time. The shop is now closed. A man cannot succeed with his hands in his pockets. This is one great trouble with the East.

IS THERE A GOD?

Mr. Y— finds difficulty in believing there is a God. He thinks the world may have been by chance; thinks faith is produced by feeling and that Bible faith cannot be scientific. Last night our subject was: "Scientific Proof That There Is a God." I drew a circle on the board and said:

“Let this space inside the circle represent the sphere into which the scientist has never, with the most powerful microscope, been able to penetrate; but inside of which is that ultimate of matter called an ‘atom.’ An atom has never been seen, nor is it subject to test by any of the human senses. We cannot assert its existence by experience. It must be accepted on faith. Yet all scientists believe in the real existence of the atom. They believe this from the proof that exists in visible form; for it is inconceivable to think that matter can be divided and subdivided till there is nothing left. Hence the whole universe rests on the belief in the unseen. The invisible atom is a necessary hypothesis to the scientist, and he must adopt it as a working basis, or all is confusion and he is at sea.

“Let us take another illustration: Everything on the outside of our globe seems to stick to it. All bodies suspended in the air and released ‘drop’ to the earth. The scientist says this is because of the law of attraction, or gravitation. They tell us there is in the heart of the earth a power that attracts everything to it. And they have discovered this unseen power by visible things. So overwhelming is the evidence in its favor that no one thinks for a moment of doubting it. Hence, again, the scientist is forced to believe in the unseen. His systems of matter and gravitation both rest on faith—a faith not directly derivable from experience, but from a necessary conclusion growing out of facts that force themselves upon his mind and from which he cannot escape.

“Now let us apply these illustrations to things spiritual. It is true that we cannot, through the medium of any of the five senses, discover God directly. But

'the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even his everlasting power and divinity.' (Rom. 1: 19.) It is impossible carefully and honestly to contemplate the visible world, with all of its marks of design, and not be forced to the conclusion that it is the result of intelligence.

"When I return home tonight, I shall find on the dining table a lunch. I will not see the hands that prepared it, but the lunch will in itself be evidence that the hands were there and that some one was thinking about me. So when I see the things prepared for me in this world and that are so well suited to my needs, I know One was thinking about me when preparing them. To say that such an arrangement as we see in this world was all by accident is to forsake reason.

"Faith in the Christian religion does not depend on feeling; feeling is only a result; but faith rests on facts—plain, sensible facts furnishing proof as strong for the existence of a Creator as that on which science rests."

"Deny God—all is mystery beside.

Millions of mysteries! Each greater far

Than that thou in thy wisdom

Would unwisely shun.

If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?

We nothing know but what is marvelous,

Yet what is marvelous we cannot believe."

Mr. Y— is thinking. Mr. F— says he believes in a Creator, but he should like to know something about his nature. "The Attributes of God" will be our subject for tonight.

UNIVERSAL PEACE

The subject was a universal peace between all the nations. Mr. K— thought that one way to bring this about would be by international marriages. To this the following precaution was added: "Intermarriage between different nationals should not be the first thing sought. The marriage tie brings human beings into the closest relationship, and should be entered into with great caution. Sometimes an American girl, whose father has money, marries a titled Frenchman or Englishman. She marries for the title, and he for the money. She is soon disappointed in the title and he in the money, and a divorce is the result. I doubt the propriety of intermarriage even between two nations so closely identical as the Americans and the English, much more between two nations so widely differentiated as Japanese and Americans. Their mode of thought, habits, customs, and above all, their religions are different. You have heard the story about the mole. Once Mrs. Mole had a daughter whom she thought very beautiful. She did not want her daughter to marry just a common mole, but the greatest thing in the world. After thinking a long time, she decided that the sun was the greatest thing in the world, and she would propose to give him her daughter in marriage. She went to the sun accordingly and made known her errand. The sun's face darkened, for just then a cloud came over it. He said to Mrs. Mole: "I think you are mistaken, for I am not the greatest thing in the world. See these clouds that come over my face, and I cannot prevent it. The clouds are greater than I." Then she went to the clouds with the same proposal. But the clouds said: "Again you are mistaken; the wind is

greater than we. See how it drives us along, and we cannot prevent it." She next went to the wind, but the wind replied: "See that stone image yonder by the temple? It is greater than I, for I cannot blow it over." She then approached the stone image with her request. But the stone image replied with a frown: "There is one greater than I; for often I am made to tremble, lest I fall by a mole that roots under my foundation." Mrs. Mole then went back home a little disappointed, but all the wiser for her disappointment. She decided that, after all, the greatest thing for a mole is another mole. The moral of the story is not hard to see. Let the young people be admonished.

ABOUT THAT STONE

We had reached as far as John 20: 1, where it says Mary came early to the tomb, "and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb." Matthew says Joseph "rolled a great stone to the door," and that "an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled away the stone."

I remember, long, long ago, when I was a little boy and used to read this story, I invariably had in mind such tombs or graves as I had been accustomed to see, and invariably twisted the Bible narrative to mean a grave after the modern fashion. This always involved a difficulty about that stone that, to my mind, must have been a big flat stone laid over the top of the grave without its being filled with dirt. But why the writer did not say "rolled off the stone" instead of "rolled away" or "back," I could never understand. Then why necessary to go into the grave, and how could they get in so easily?

So when we came to this point in the narrative, the students were also puzzled to know just what was meant about rolling away that stone. I tried to explain, yet still they showed a blank expression. I then went to our little school library and took out "Lands of the Bible," by McGarvey, and turned to a picture of a Jewish tomb, or rather two tombs—one open, with the stone door, round and about the size of a millstone, rolled away; while the other was closed and "sealed." The boys looked with great interest and in a very little while said, "Naruhodo"—"I understand."

This is only another instance of the fact that he who studies nothing but the Bible will never understand the Bible. This would seem to be apparent without being stated, and yet there are some that believe to the contrary. I saw a statement but a short time ago that all a preacher needed was a dictionary, Cruden's concordance and the Bible. Of course any brother with zeal and piety can do much good with only these three books. But just as one is helped in the study of the Bible by Webster's dictionary and Cruden's concordance, so will he be helped more by adding to his collection other equally useful books. And just why it is lawful to admit these two books into Bible company, and yet inadmissible to admit others, was not stated.

Another good brother claims the right to a special hearing because for many years he has studied the Bible only, to the exclusion of almost all other books. To my mind, this would be a strong presumption against his competency as a Bible instructor. The Bible is not a work on philosophy that may be studied in the abstract, but it is inseparably woven together with the history of nations and the doings, affairs, and

the customs of human society; and to understand it, we must understand its geographic and historic relations. This involves a wide field of study that must be obtained from sources that lie, in part or entirely, outside the Bible.

LANGUAGE IN THE LIGHT OF CUSTOMS

Last evening at the close of the class, Miss Oka, a teacher in the Girls' Art School, came up with a sentence and a question. The sentence was as follows: "Her mother was as full of kisses as the nurse was full of pins." This was a very natural question for a Japanese woman, since they do not use pins of any kind in their clothing, either for grown people or babies. Very properly did she ask: "Why is a nurse full of pins?" For, in the light of anything she had ever seen, she could not tell in what sense the nurse should be full of pins. The comparison with a mother full of kisses would indicate that the nurse had her stomach or mouth full of pins. No doubt it seemed very curious. But when I explained our Western custom of fastening the clothing, both of grown people and babies, with pins, and that nurses usually went with a good supply of them—sometimes, too, greatly to the baby's discomfort—the light flashed through her mind and a smile lit up her face.

What is true of language in general is true of the language of the Bible. We must study it in the light of the customs of the people where and at the time it was written. Hence the truthfulness of the saying I have more than once repeated already: "He that reads nothing but the Bible will never understand the Bible." Recently a student came to me with this passage: "And

from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force." "What does this mean?" he asked. I began with the incident of the people wanting to take Jesus by force to make him an earthly king; but I had not gone far till I was in the time of Constantine, then the crusades, and then the persecutions of Rome, even down to the present time; all of which fitly illustrates the Savior's language about the kingdom of heaven suffering violence by men trying to take it by force.

Until I was twenty-five years old I was taught to disregard church history as a useless study. As to matters of authority or practice for the church now, of course church history has no place. But every student of the Bible should study its history and the history of the church established upon it, from the days of Christ and the apostles down to the present.

CUSTOMS THAT DO NOT MEAN IT

Yesterday morning I met one of my students on the street car. We spoke to each other and talked along pleasantly till we changed cars and separated. In the evening we met again in the classroom. The first thing he said was: "I was very impolite this morning; please excuse me." "No," I said, "you were not impolite in the least. What did you do that was impolite?" He then smiled and said it was only a custom. I then went on to explain to him that it was not necessary to follow a custom that did not mean it; that on a second meeting there were many pleasant remarks that could be used that really had a meaning.

This custom seems to have come from the old feudal days of Japan, when the retainer dared not meet his

lord except with bared head and in a crouching posture. Those days have passed, and with them such foolish customs as above mentioned should pass away also.

Last night a friend approached me, saying there was a certain old lady, of a rather high class, that would like to be a kind of matron in my boarding school, and also adding that she did not want any pay at all. Of course I know what all such talk means now, but formerly I have often been quite deceived by it. My little boy was once passing by a neighbor's door where there were two larks hanging out in cages. He was much delighted with their song and stood looking at them. Presently the man came out and proposed giving him one of them. The little fellow came home with his bird, much delighted. The story seemed rather too good to be true, but at any rate we decided to wait and see what would happen. Harding kept his bird several days, and the gay little fellow sung much to the delight of all the family. One day the man came around and made inquiry of the cook about the bird. Nobody took the hint, or at least did not seem to. He came back again, this time partly intoxicated and very angry because we did not buy the bird. He demanded it and took it back home.

On my new lot there were several rows of tea plants. The agent who bought for me suggested that it would be nice to leave a row or two of it for a hedge and volunteered to say that he would get the landowner to leave a row or two free of charge. He afterwards assured me repeatedly that the owner had graciously consented to do so. When the rest was dug up to clear the lot, the said row of tea was left. Several weeks passed. One day the owner asked me if I really wanted

that row of tea. I told him that if he did not mind I would like it as a hedge in front of the school. Several days more passed. He approached me again and said I could have the row of tea plants for a yen. Of course a yen was not very much; but I finally told him I did not have any particular use for it and that he might dig it up and take it away.

Often, when making presents, if the present is not so valuable, the giver will say that he received it as a present from someone else, when he really has bought it.

I give these as some examples of customs in Japan that do not mean it. They are customs that should be abandoned. They educate the people in cunning deception. I hired a man to dig a well. When he presented his bill, he said he was really losing money at that price; but as he wished me to employ him in the future, he was willing to do it. In the first place I did not believe his story, of course; but taking him at his word, I raised objection to his working for me at a loss. I said to him: "You have a wife and children to support, as well as I have; why should you work for me for nothing?" He looked foolish and had no reply.

Japan is not the only country that has customs which do not mean it. They are everywhere. Our own people have plenty of them. Any one who tries can find them, and he will not have to search very long to do it. An ancient prophet said: "The customs of the peoples are vanity." We ought to fight them wherever found, and as far as possible, get away from them.

DIFFICULTIES IN GENESIS

Mr. R— had been reading the first four chapters of Genesis. He said it spoke of many things he could not

understand. He and other students asked the following questions:

1. Why did God not give clothes to Adam and Eve?
2. How was man made in the image of God?
3. It says the gods married with the daughters of men. How is this?
4. How did evil originate?
5. Why did not God prevent man from sinning?
6. Can you give scientific proof of the existence of God from design?

The foregoing questions were answered as follows:

1. The first pair were created in innocence, knowing only good, but having no knowledge of evil. In this point they were much the same as a little child now; and as they lived in a warm climate, clothing was unnecessary.

2. We learn of the invisible and spiritual through the visible and natural. The language of the Bible is filled with figurative expressions. The subject being of spiritual, invisible things, the language must be accommodated to human understanding. It is an infinite Being making known things to finite creatures. Since what we know of the unseen is through things that are seen, illustrations taken from the natural objects around us are necessary, else we would not be able to understand anything of unseen things. God is spoken of as walking, sitting; as having eyes, ears, nose, mouth, hands, face, and body. But these are all figures expressing certain attributes of God in language accommodated to our understanding. The language descriptive of God, of heaven, and of spiritual beings and things is all in words of material things.

Heaven is described in terms of material things—such as gold, glass, precious stones, a walled city, a tree of life, a river, and so on. A favorite expression of Jesus was, “The kingdom of heaven is like” a sower, a householder, a merchant, a net cast into the sea. The Bible is from divine source, but clothed in language human. We get ideas only from visible objects, material things; and we must learn of the spiritual through these and these only. Our ideas being limited to thoughts suggested from what is seen in this material world, our ideas of God are of necessity very imperfect. There is a relation between man and God which is imperfectly expressed to us by the word “likeness” and “image.” But we must not suppose from this that God is a material being, such as we are. God being an infinite Being, it is manifest that he cannot be explained so as to be fully comprehended.

3. “Sons of God” and “daughters of men” are two expressions—the former of which denotes, not gods, but righteous people. This expression is found both in the Old and New Testaments. “Daughters of men” refers to the daughters of the wicked.

4. As to how evil originated is a question that has been asked many times before. Perhaps we shall never be able clearly to understand such a question, but we need not suppose that God created evil. I will give a suggestion that may help us to understand how evil could have originated otherwise than by being created of God. We are governed by the law of relation. The first pair were placed under this law, and so long as they observed it they were sinless; but they dared assume a forbidden relation and sinned. If I take the property of another without his consent I am a thief,

but by the consent of the other party, I may take the same goods and be blameless. If I take a woman in marriage as a wife, it is good; but if I should take the wife of another, I have committed a double sin of violating the relation between another husband and his wife and of assuming a relation that is unlawful. The same woman taken under proper relations in marriage would not be a sin. We may say that almost every sin grows out of violating the law of relation. The devil may have at one time been as pure as an angel, but became corrupted through transgressing the law of relation. The Bible seems to indicate this.

5. The question, "Why did not God prevent man from sinning?" has also been asked very many times. In the first place, we must remember that our powers to understand are exceedingly limited, and we need not hope to know all the mind of God and his reasons for doing things. A father does many things the reasons for which could not be explained to a little child. It may be that God allows man about the same freedom that a parent allows his child. There are two ways to keep a boy from committing sin: The father could shut him up or tie him to a post and keep him perpetually confined, and under such condition, he would never visit a horse race, a saloon, or a card table. Most fathers, however, try to strengthen their sons morally against sin, and then leave them free to choose. The latter seems to be God's manner of dealing with us.

6. The proof of God's existence from design is everywhere manifested. There is abundant proof in the human body. Why should our eyes be in front instead of in the back of our head? Why the fingers long and slender and the toes short and thick? Why the teeth

in the mouth instead of the nose? In addition to the manifest purposes of the different members of the body, the superior workmanship as seen therein is proof of God. For example, take the eye. No human skill can make one. Picture making, it seems, has been reduced almost to perfection; yet no device for picture making begins to compare with the human eye. For instance, if you attempt more than a single impression on the plate of the camera, the picture is blurred and spoiled; yet we have in the human eye a camera that can take any number of pictures on the same "plate," and still keep them all distinct. I have been taking pictures with the two cameras God has given me for nearly forty years, during which time I have never changed the plates; but the images are all separate and distinct. I carry the pictures of my mother, brothers, relatives, friends, teachers, and schoolmates—all of which are as distinctly before me now as the day they were taken. Would you ask me how this is possible? I can only answer that I do not know. All that I can say is that it is a fact and the work of God. To disbelieve in a Creator is to shut our eyes against almost every conceivable proof the human mind is capable of understanding.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

Yesterday (December 22) was the last day of the autumn term of the Tokyo Bible School. Since October we have enrolled forty-seven students. On the last day I decided to give the young men a practical lesson in foreign customs and especially those belonging to table manners. We went to a foreign restaurant and ate supper. The teacher carefully explained each step,

from the manner of taking seats at the table to the placing of the chairs at the plates. We followed the custom of the private home rather than that of the public eating house. At the beginning thanks were offered, and at the close we sang "God be with you till we meet again." We had in the order mentioned, vegetable soup, steak and fried eggs, potatoes, and cabbage, closing with a cup of patent coffee. All were free to ask questions as we went along, and each seemed highly to enjoy the occasion. The term just closed has been the most promising of any in the school's history. Strive together with us that our labors in this land may bear more fruit; that the branches may be cleansed more and more with the life of the vine.

SENT ADRIFT

Mr. Nishikori has for some time been a student of the Zoshigaya Gakuin. He called on me yesterday to say good-bye, as he is returning to his home in the country during the summer vacation. During our conversation he told me of his religious experiences, explaining why he was not a Christian. His parents are Buddhists, and he was brought up in that faith. Early in his boyhood days his teacher ridiculed Buddhism and disturbed his faith. He has since given considerable study to religion, but as yet is unable to believe in any. When he was a Buddhist, though he did many foolish things as religious practices, yet he was happy. He believes faith a very necessary thing for a man's happiness and peace of mind.

He is not married, but has adopted a child, who is now twelve years old. Though not able to believe in the Christian religion himself, he likes it and wants

his adopted son to become a Christian. It may not be so necessary for him to become a Christian so early, yet he would like to see him do so while tender in years, lest if he wait too long he may become, like himself, unable to believe. Mr. Nishikori says also he would not object to marrying a Christian woman if he married at all. When busy, he did not mind being alone; but sometimes when alone, he thought about a wife.

My conversation with this young man has set me to thinking anew about how to deal with people of other religions. To uproot their superstitious beliefs may be comparatively easy, but in doing so care should be taken not to leave the person stranded. In climbing a ladder one is careful not to let go a lower hold till he gets a firm grip on a higher round. So, in dealing with the "heathen" religions, we should not ruthlessly break one entirely loose from his ancestral faith till we have enabled him firmly to grasp the ladder of faith. Often in re-covering a house the old roof is removed only a little at a time while the new roof gradually takes its place, thus keeping the contents within protected. So in removing old and false religions we should not leave the people unprotected, but as rapidly as the old is removed we should have the new immediately at hand to take its place.

Even a poor religion is better than none. It requires but little ability and less wisdom to tear down; but if we do not have something better at hand, we had better let matters alone.

I confess that I found myself at a loss to know just what to say to this young man. It so happened, however, that just the evening before, in our Bible class, we had for a lesson the story of the good Samaritan,

called forth by a certain lawyer who wanted to know what to do to inherit eternal life. In that story the point of doing was emphasized by the Master. The young man had the law at his tongue's end, and could repeat it fluently. Jesus taught him that if he would enter the way of life he must also have the law in his feet and fingers. I reminded Mr. Nishikori of our lesson, and urged him to live up to all the light he had and to keep up an earnest search for more.

As to Buddhism, I suggested that as a system of religion it must be rejected, yet it was not necessary to cast aside everything in Buddhism as false. In all false religions we will find some truths scattered here and there; these truths should be preserved, for in the true faith we will meet with them again. Buddhism is an effort of the human soul in its struggle for light; but it falls short in that it is only natural, beginning and ending within the human heart. In the Christian faith we have the same struggle for light recorded; but in addition, we have the divine manifested in a revelation, showing to man the goal which he longs to reach. Paul found God near the Athenians—yea more, he found them living and moving in him; and beginning with their confession of their ignorance of God, he presents him to them in his true nature. This should be the missionary's method now in displacing false religions. We should dispel the darkness by turning on the light.

ANSWER TO PRAYER WHEN FAITH HAD FAILED

In our Bible class we had the first part of the first chapter of Luke. It is clear from verse 13 that Zacharias had been praying for a child. It is equally clear from verses 18-20 that Zacharias had given it up. He

reasoned about it this way: "The thing is now impossible. Wife and I are now both old and past the age of childbearing. His prayers on this point evidently had ceased. Long years ago, while he and Elizabeth were young, he doubtless prayed often for a little one. He could then pray in faith, for the natural course of nature was yet open. But that faith was not in God's power, but in his own power and that of his wife—in nature. God in his wisdom waited till the last prop was gone and faith in natural laws had failed, then he came to Zacharias with the long-sought blessing. May it not be just as true now as then that we often cut ourselves off from the blessing sought by our defective faith? Like Zacharias, we not only limit God to natural laws, but to such as we ourselves understand. And like him, again, we often imagine we have faith in God when we are only trusting in ourselves.

MOSES, THE DISHEARTENED MISSIONARY

It was a glorious lesson we had last night in class—that fifth chapter of Exodus. It might not seem very glorious at first, but it is. It seemed that everything was going the wrong way. The king, instead of releasing the people for a day or two, only made their burdens heavier. They complained at Moses and said: "Why have you put a sword in the hands of our enemies to slay us?" Every step that he took seemed to be the wrong step; and instead of helping his people, he seemed to make their case all the more hopeless. Discouraged and sad, he wanted to leave the field; thought he was not the man for the place. There is one thing, though, in Moses' experience at this point that I love to think of. It says that "Moses returned unto Je-

hovah" with his troubles. Ah, grand old Moses! He went to the right one. Should we not follow his example? How dark it seemed to Moses! "Why have you sent me?" he asked. He was doubly sure the Lord had made a mistake and that he was not the man for such a task. But he is before the Lord now, and he is going to enlarge Moses' vision a little. God had a plan for Moses, and the very facts that were now transpiring were included in it. It was like a man going to make a beautiful garden with trees and plants in it. In order to transplant the trees, the gardener must dig around them and cut the roots. This seems hard on the trees, and one unacquainted with the plan might think the trees were actually being destroyed. So when the Lord began digging around his people in Egypt, it seemed to the shortsighted that he meant to destroy them.

My brother, we are expressly told that these things are written for our learning. Are you discouraged? Does it seem that the very ones you are trying to save have turned against you? Does every turn that you make seem a mistake, every effort a failure? Are you inclined to feel that you are not the man for the place? Does the money come short and the bills go unpaid? Are you tempted, as Moses, to quit the field? Even though all these and a score of other trials come upon you, stay before the Lord. Let me repeat, stay before the Lord. Commune with him. Read your Bible on your knees; abide in meditation and prayer. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." How dark was that hour to Moses! He had left his wife and two little boys back in his father-in-law's home and had gone on the long journey to save his people,

yet every effort he made seemed only to make bad matters worse. There was not a soul to whom he could turn for a smile of approval or a single word of encouragement. It is grand to see him, while resting under this dark cloud, return unto the Lord for strength. He did not seek in vain. Neither will we. But listen: it says that Moses did this "by faith." (Heb. 11.) It says also that "he that cometh unto God must believe (1) that he is, and (2) that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Then, my dear fellow worker, if your field seems a hard one and you are discouraged, remember that God is ruling, and that, having endured the trials, he will bring you through to success. Abide his time, and do not try to make the Lord come to yours. Go right on with your part, and trust him for the rest.

ONE THING NEEDFUL

In order for the churches to come up to their duty in missionary work, there must be more laborers to take the initiative to lead them out and missionaries in whom they can confide. As slow as the churches seem to be in giving, I am persuaded that there is a greater lack in the going than in the giving. Fathers and mothers are more willing to give their money to the missionary cause than their sons and daughters. When it comes to the latter point, they sigh and say: "Well, I don't know; anyway, let somebody else go, and we will help to support them, but don't encourage our children to go; we can never stand it." Who that somebody else is to be they are never quite prepared to say; all they know, or care to know, about it is they do not want to make the sacrifice themselves. They train up their children for business, for the various professions, and to marry well; and if one happens to stray off as a missionary, he has thrown away the real purpose of life and has become a kind of religious prodigy, only to be wondered at by sane minded people. The young are trained that to be anything of note in the world they must, in some way, make money or marry it; so when they are approached on the subject of becoming message bearers of the Words of life, it is so far from their nature and desires, so entirely alien to their thoughts and aspirations, that they simply answer you with a catch of the breath and a stare.

I sometimes fear that giving becomes a kind of substitute for self-consecration. Many have been led to see that the gospel should be preached to all nations;

but when the question is approached as to who is to do this work, it is not so easily disposed of. Some have bought land, some have bought oxen, and some have married wives. Well, anyhow, they say: "You go, or get somebody else to go, and I will do the giving." This answers as a kind of heart's ease, and they go along persuading themselves that it will all come out right with them in the end. The Lord is now saying to many as he said to Abram, "Get thee out of thy country"; but all sorts of objections are made to evade the obligation. When the Lord wanted to send Moses on a mission of redemption, he made all sorts of excuses, not one of which, in the eyes of the Lord, was worth a cent. He knew that Moses was deceiving himself. Nine-tenths of the excuses today against missionary work among the unconverted at home and the heathen abroad are based on misconceptions.

Parents persuade themselves that for one reason or another they are opposed to missionary effort among the heathen, but I fear not a single reason they are willing to make known is the real trouble in the way. There are young people now in the home churches who would gladly go as missionaries if they only had the proper encouragement; but their parents stand in the way. If they ever enter upon such a work, it will probably be after their parents are dead. Many seem to look upon the matter somewhat in the light that if one is not very promising and probably would not be President anyway, if he has no family of his own, but few friends and his father and mother are dead—all these things being true, he is the one who ought to go to the heathen. But some one will likely say: "You are too hard." Of course I know there are some whom

this criticism will not touch, nor is it intended for them; yet there are many, I am persuaded, to whom it will apply. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Everything is open before him; not a single thing can we conceal from him who knows the very thoughts and intents of the heart.

The one thing needed is consecrated workers. I have never known or even heard of a man or woman that starved to death while preaching the gospel or leading a life of true consecration to God.

Where does the trouble lie? I am not sure that I can answer my own question. The chief trouble, however, seems to lie in two points.

First, those who are fit to go and should go either have never been awakened to their duty on this point, or else, if they see their duty, they have not sufficient faith to act upon it. They talk of the "Lord's plan" but seem to hold it as a mere theory, and not a plan in which they have sufficient confidence to act.

The second difficulty is with the churches. They are unsystematic and irregular in their efforts and untrustworthy in their promises. They mean well, but work too much by impulse or a bit of sentiment, neither of which is reliable. The churches need to be set in order and put upon a plan that is practical, or rather, the Lord's plan needs to be made practical. Those who go should go in faith, but all the responsibility does not rest with them. It is a sad comment on the churches that the few who have gone, instead of being chosen and sent by the churches, have had to "volunteer" their services, and in addition to this, have had to assume the initiative in pleading with the churches to support them. This is a shame on somebody. Either the mis-

sionaries are not worthy of support or else the churches are guilty of grievous neglect. There may be some truth in both. The society people either trust and support their missionaries or dismiss them. The churches of Christ should do the same. Sorry to say they do neither. There is indifference and lack of system. There is no working basis. Things go at loose ends. The churches are not informed as to what is (not) being done, nor do they seem to be much disturbed over their ignorance.

Perhaps some one may say I am overdrawing the picture or have missed the point. Well, maybe I have; but the fact, the sorrowful fact, still remains that this missionary question is an unsolved problem. If I have missed the point, it is there, nevertheless, and I am taking the risk of missing it in the hope that by stirring up the brethren a little we may ultimately discover the cause or causes that hinder. It is either the duty of God's people to carry the gospel to all nations or it is not. Few, I presume, would take the latter view. If it is our duty to take the gospel to all nations, then there must be some way or ways of doing it. If the churches of Christ have God's plan for this great work, the best way—and I may say the only way—to show it is to show it by a practical demonstration. A plan that is not practical is worthless. If practical, we should practice it.

There are many young men being raised up in the churches and educated in the various schools that are both capable and worthy. The churches ought to do as the Antioch church did in regard to Barnabas and Saul, and send these workers forth to the regions beyond. Five or six hundred dollars will support a single

missionary in almost any foreign country. One thousand or twelve hundred dollars will support a man and his wife, with something left to spend in the work. A considerable number of churches and individuals cooperating with societies are supporting one or two missionaries in foreign lands. What these folks are doing in cooperation with the boards can be done by the churches apart from the boards. You can select your missionary, agree with him as to the field to which he shall go, and send him to his place of labor; and also, having done this, you can keep your promises to him to send at least once a month to his support. Now, either this can be done or the Lord's plan is a failure, or else the Lord's plan is not what you understand it to be.

SHALL WE DENY A PART OF THE COMMISSION?

The commission given by Jesus consists of two distinct parts. The first part says: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." The second part adds: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned."

Probably no passage in all the Bible has been more frequently quoted than this one. The two sentences are complements of each other. The latter would not be complete without the former. For this reason the first is always quoted as an introductory statement to the last. Many seem to have no further need for it than this. I have heard the entire commission quoted from the pulpit ever since I can remember, but I do not call to mind a single instance where a brother felt the need of dwelling on the first part of it. In our eagerness to show that baptism as well as faith is included

in God's plan of salvation, we have almost invariably leaped over the first sentence and spent the time on the second. We criticize others for sometimes omitting the last half of the commission. We are even so unkind as to say that they are not honest; that they know better, and just do not want to see the truth. But many who thus harshly criticise others might just as well never quote the first half of the commission, so far as any practical use they have for it is concerned. They honor it with their lips, but their hearts are far from it, while the life is further still. I have known many as flatly to deny the first half of the commission as ever a pedobaptist denied that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." In various ways brethren attempt to evade the force of "Go into all the world." One says it does not apply to us now; but with just as good reason we might argue that baptism does not apply to us now. Another releases himself by saying that we have all we can do at home, thus reflecting on both the wisdom and goodness of Jesus in giving us an impossible task; for if it is really the case that we have all we can do at home, it is impossible to go into all the world. We do not have all we can do at home, nor are we doing all that we have to do. It is the rarest thing in the world to find the Christian that is doing all that he reasonably can. The great rank and file of the church is idle toward God.

I have known fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relatives, guardians, friends, and even whole churches, to rise up in the face of the first part of the commission when some one of their number expressed a desire to go—endeavoring to do just what our Lord has enjoined, no more nor less. I have been spoken against,

treated as an enemy, and once even threatened with prosecution by the law, because I encouraged people fitted for the work to enter upon it; and this all by my brethren! Until we are willing to accept the first half of the commission, we should be rather meek in our criticisms of those who deny the last half; it may be that they are at least as sincere as we.

Brethren, let us no longer mutilate the commission. It seems to me it is just as binding on us as Christians to comply with the first part of it as it is for the alien sinner to comply with the second. I see not how we can make a distinction here. The one cannot be without the other. The hearing, believing, and turning depend on the going. Before Jesus ever commanded sinners to be baptized, he commanded his disciples to go and teach them.

WITHOUT EXCUSE ABOVE ALL OTHERS

The denominations recognize the work of each other as being of God; we do not, except in part. We believe and teach that they teach only some truth and much error, and fail to teach people to believe unto the saving of the soul. This puts us under special obligation to go and teach the people the way of the Lord more perfectly.

Some believe that the decrees of God are such that the number of those to be saved and of those to be lost is fixed, and nothing man can do can change it. Those who believe this may be excused if they are not so zealous to go and teach, for it is consistent with their teaching to stay at home. But we do not believe this doctrine; but that man is free to choose or refuse, whoever he may be, and that God is no respecter of persons.

Believing this, we are under special obligation to carry the message to all.

Others believe that all men will ultimately be saved; that it is better to repent now to escape punishment in the next world; but after due punishment all will reach heaven. We do not believe this, but believe and teach that the lost are eternally lost, and that there is no second chance. This again places us under special obligation to give all men a chance during this life.

Again, there are some who believe that in conversion and sanctification the Holy Spirit acts on the heart of the sinner directly apart from the Word. In this view of it they have some excuse for not going with the gospel, for according to their teaching God can and does save people without it. We do not believe this, but insist that only those who hear the gospel can believe and be saved. This being true, we again are especially obligated to take the gospel to them.

So, from whatever viewpoint we look at ourselves in comparison with others, we should be right in the front rank in every clime and country urging sinners to repent and turn to God. Are we there? Or, rather, are we, the churches of Christ, not far in the rear, and for the most part in a state of comparative indifference?

EITHER NOW OR NEVER

If you were passing by a mill pond and should see a boy fall in, you would not likely walk off leisurely uptown, and after lingering awhile, casually mention the fact to someone that you saw a boy fall in the mill pond down there a while ago, and it might be a good thing for someone, if he saw fit, to go down there and try to get him out. I say you would hardly treat such

a case of peril like this. Your first impulse would be to jump in after the boy and make a heroic effort to rescue him at once, for you would feel that if you did not act now the boy would be drowned.

So also is the work of saving the lost. It is very properly called "rescue" work; and rescue work requires immediate action. A hundred years hence and scarcely a man of earth's teeming millions now living will then be found. Generations pass as the shadows that flit over the fields. It is said that one hundred thousand die daily, and that with every tick of the clock a lost soul goes into eternity. Many treat this matter as though the gospel could be preached to the lost twenty, thirty, or fifty years from now just as well as at present, and there is no special need to be in a hurry about it. Let us heed the admonition of Jesus that "the night cometh" and we must work while it is day. The perishing must be saved now or never.

When you forbid your son to go into the saloon, you oppose the saloon; when you forbid your daughter to go to the ballroom, you oppose the dance; when you tell your children to keep away from the movies, you oppose the picture show. In like manner, when you forbid your children to go as missionaries, you oppose foreign missions.

WHERE CAN WE DO THE MOST GOOD?

The two churches of Tokyo, Japan—Koshikawa and Zoshigaya—had sixteen additions during 1909, more than were added to a great many of the churches in America. According to the reasoning of some that we should labor where there are most additions, all the churches in America that fell below us in Japan ought to be abandoned either for Japan or for more fruitful fields in America. Honor bright, brethren. Either take your own medicine or stop dosing it out to others.

A brother in Alabama said Brother Bishop ought to be ashamed to have labored six years in Japan with only fifty-two additions. "How long have you been in building up the church here?" I asked. "Twenty-five or thirty years," he replied; and his good wife, who saw the point, added: "And we have only twenty-five or thirty members." The brother's answer to this was: "I haven't tried." Worse and worse. But I had assuring evidence that our brother had been, and was then, a most earnest worker.

At Lyerly, Ga., a brother has labored untiringly for ten years, with a church of forty members as a result. This is still under Brother Bishop in Japan.

Now according to that favorite argument of some that we should go (or stay, rather) where we can do the most good—get the most additions—all such places as these should be abandoned for more fruitful fields. This would mean a curtailing of the work every year; for (1) by comparison there would always be some churches and localities falling below others, and (2)

the very spirit of such a course would so weaken the vigor and spirituality of people that it would only be a matter of time till their power for good would be lost even in the most fruitful fields.

Besides, there is a fallacy in the very logic of it, for no one can know beforehand where the most fruitful fields are. Where there is apparent failure at one time may prove later to be the very place where the most good can be done. Witness Samaria, at one time not even offering Jesus lodging, later on flocking to him in multitudes. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

In the *Gospel Advocate* of July 7, Brother E. C. Fuqua, of Greeley, Col., writes as follows:

"I have baptized no one as yet, but there is interest which, with a little more teaching, will ripen, I am sure, into obedience to the truth. Brethren who have been fellowshiping our work here are considerably discouraged from further fellowship because of no visible results as yet from our labors and their means. But this means that we will be harder pressed to keep the work moving, since our courage and faith were never brighter and firmer."

It will be noted that the very field in which Brother Fuqua is laboring is one of the home fields that have been pointed out as more worthy of attention than Japan and other heathen lands across the sea. Yet now those that have been advocating home missions to the disparagement of foreign missions, on the ground that more good can be done here than there, are ready to abandon even the home mission field—a very striking

illustration of the point which I have been making all along that those who cast out the foreign fields will in time cast out those at home.

The idea so many have that one must go where he can do the most good is false. It is interpreted to mean where one can have the most additions; but there is not a man on earth who can tell where this is. Often everything seems favorable for a "good" meeting, which word "good" means a liberal number of additions; the preacher is a "powerful" preacher, and everybody is ready for the meeting; but on and on the meeting goes, week after week, and finally closes with not a single addition—"visible results," anyway. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." And moreover, are there no "visible results"? Far more advancement would be made if the brethren would be more willing and anxious for the preachers to save more of the "visible results" already in the churches, rather than be skipping from pillar to post trying to bring in more raw material only half converted. With many, baptism is made void and is no longer "for the remission of sins," because they have not repented. They are still wedded to their sins, and the very next hour after baptism they go right on practicing them. Such "visible results" as these—and I regret to say their number is almost legion—are a positive disgrace to the church and a hindrance to the cause.

The whole thing of acting only where and when there are immediate and "visible results" is suicidal. It is like a transient tenant who goes on another's farm. He wants immediate results. He makes no effort at general improvement of the place, but selects the richest spots and leaves out all the rest. Soon the richest

spots are worn out, and he moves off poorer than when he came, and leaves the farm in a far worse condition than he found it. So in God's field, he who goes in as a mere tenant, with no particular interest in the farm as a whole, will grow poorer and poorer himself, and will leave the field of labor worse than he found it. There is necessity in every place for much preparatory labor to be expended before we can properly expect visible results. On any well-directed farm the plowing, the seeding, and the harvesting are all given due attention. Even so on God's farm. "For herein is the saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye have not labored: others have labored, and ye are entered into their labor."

I trust that none will be so shortsighted as to neglect Brother Fuqua because none have yet turned to the Lord. The Colorado soil is so overgrown that it will take time; but it is rich, and a harvest is an assured fact. Brother Fuqua has the right idea and by all means should be sustained. The very fields that are now most promising were once tilled by such men as Brother Fuqua, with no immediate results.

MY FUTURE

(1908)

I shall preface this story with "if the Lord permit." "Are you ever coming back home to stay?" I hear some one ask. I can think of but one thing that would force me back home to stay, and that is ill health. There are more reasons for keeping me in Japan than there were for inducing me to come. Why should I leave the work? Suppose I should return home to stay; I would be a man without a message, for what could I say? I could never with a clear conscience preach on the commission any more, for I would have turned my back upon it. I could not refer to Abraham, who left his country and kindred to follow God, for I would be quite out of harmony with him. I could not urge others to enter the foreign field, when I, without cause, had forsaken it. I could not preach on making sacrifice, for my own act would be just the reverse. In short, I would be, as I have said, a man without a message; and I can imagine nothing that would make me more unhappy.

Again, I must have regard for my influence. The cause of God lingers already. What I may do may not be of much consequence one way or another, and I am persuaded that the Lord in some way would take care of his cause even if I did not. Still, all have an influence, and each should see to it that his influence, let it be much or little, is thrown on the right side. If I were to return home to stay, with no better reason than I can now offer, I think my influence would be on the wrong side. My very example would throw a damper

on the missionary spirit and my voice would be hushed in pleading on behalf of missions.

I am happy in the consciousness of being where I am accomplishing the most good, hence where God wants me. A vision rises before me. "Your young men shall see visions," says the good Book. I am not sure that my vision is just such as is meant, but nevertheless, I am still on the sunny side of youth enough to see visions. I saw one six years ago, and it has now come true. I see another. Thirty years hence, I see myself in Japan, and though at the advanced age of seventy-six, yet still vigorous and engaged in some good work. During that time others will have come to take part in this ministry, and instead of only one dwelling now just completed, there will be perhaps two more. The compound will have three missionary homes, with as many missionary families to occupy them. The present Boys' Home will have doubled in size, and another similar to it will have been erected on the other end of the lot. There will be a large and cheery hall suitable for various kinds of meetings, which will be held every day, save (possibly) Saturday. Our school will have enlarged its curriculum to include three or four departments in Bible study and some higher studies in English. Students, some converted, but all made better, will have gone out from under our roof by the score to all parts of the island empire and some to distant shores, carrying with them the good they have received. Between the missionary homes a green lawn, dotted with willow, oak, and cherry trees, some of which are now planted, on which we will meet

in the cool of the day to talk over the days of long ago and what God has done with us in Japan, with Zoshigaya Gakuin as a center. Old students, like so many children, will return home, and these will be happy meetings, social gatherings, feasts and words of good cheer. My children will have long since completed their education, and they all, it may be, will have returned with their mother to take up the good work begun by their father and continue it after he has gone to rest. Thirty years hence they, too, will have become fathers and mothers, and their little ones will play about grandpapa's knees, and maybe he and grandmama will see them off to America to be educated, with their blessing: "May the Father of spirits and the God of all comfort and bless you unto a good old age, even as he has us." Grandmama, then in her seventieth year, will still be full of vigor and push—if she does not push too fast now—and serene and happy in a well-spent life, having stood by her husband's side in the trials of missionary life for nearly fifty years. It may be they will then be contemplating a final visit to the land of their birth, there amid old friends to celebrate their golden wedding; then to return and spend the sunset of life and meet the dawn of the glorious morn in the "land of the rising sun."

With this vision before me I am frank to say I have no inclination to turn from it. I can conceive of nothing else in which my days could be more pleasantly and profitably spent, or in which I could be more acceptable to God and man. If I do not, in great measure at least, realize the hopes of this vision, my future plans will be frustrated by some providential interruption.

Twenty-six years have passed since the above was written. The vision didn't come true. Not one of my family has ever seen Zoshigaya.

The fondest hopes the human heart e'er knew
More often fail than ever they come true;
Then why upon this world's vain things should we
So fix our gaze that heaven we may not see?
But faith with undimmed eye beholds afar,
Just o'er the gate of Eden held ajar,
The bow of hope, and One with beck'ning hand,
Who says, Come home unto a better land.

Of the twenty-five missionaries who have landed at Zoshigaya, not one has remained. Mr. and Mrs. Klingman in 1908 were the first to locate with us. After three years, on account of Mrs. Klingman's illness, they returned to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Hon (1910) came next. After a brief stay of about a year they had to return home on account of his having nervous headaches. Of the others, Zoshigaya has been a sort of springboard from which to leap further inland. The Vincents arrived in 1911. Their stay was brief, after which they located with the Kamitomizaka church in another part of Tokyo. Then came Miss Andrews (1916), and her leap was over a hundred miles southwest to Okitsu, then to Shizuoka. Miss Cypert followed next (1917), and remained at Zoshigaya nine years, and, so far as I could judge, was doing well; but she gave a spring and landed at Kichijoji, sixteen miles west. The Bixlers arrived in 1919, and after about two years hopped off to Ibaraki province, some ninety miles northeast. The Rhodes and Fox families arrived in 1919 also. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes came down at Omiya, seven miles from the Bixlers. Harry Fox and family sailed on some forty miles further to Tanakura, in the

adjoining province. His brother, Herman, arrived in 1920, and after a brief stay with us, found himself located at Daigo, between his brother's place and the Bixlers. Miss Kennedy came in 1924. Her time has been divided among several places. She was with us some and spent about one year with the Kamitomizaka church. She is now in the western part of Greater Tokyo and gives part of her time to Miss Cypert's work. The Moreheads, accompanied by Miss Edith Langford, arrived in 1925. They spent about one year with us, then located at Ota, some fifteen miles from Omiya. Miss Langford's stay in Japan was brief. Miss Ewing reached Japan in 1926. Her stay with us was also of brief duration. She first went north to Sapporo to work with the Etters, then returned to Shizuoka, where she is now located. Mr. and Mrs. Etter reached Japan in 1928, and after a stay with us of only a few weeks they entered into a three years' contract to teach in the University of Sapporo in Hokkaido. Brother Homer Winnett came over in 1929, and after about two years returned to Florida to get married. So the only one that now remains at Zoshigaya is the one that saw the vision twenty-six years ago.

Yes, the vision developed is quite different from the vision imagined. The birds all flew the coop, but as a result of this flight we have twenty-one churches, covering a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles on the largest island of Japan. If these twenty-one churches were such as the Thessalonian church was they could and would evangelize all Japan in this generation. But they are more like the seven churches we read about in the book of Revelation—doing but little more than holding their own.

Then what do we have at Zoshigaya? In the first place, we have a lot split in two from east to west with a twelve-foot street just a hundred yards long running through the middle. Two lots on the east end of about fifty feet front have been sold to two of my neighbors and on which they have built neat Japanese dwellings with a foreign parlor attached. This is the custom now with the better-to-do. The rest of this northern half lies vacant waiting for a buyer. The other half lying south of it has on its eastern end a mission home completed in September, 1932, but when completed the one for whom it was built decided rather suddenly to move to some other place, and the house is rented to a Salvation Army officer. Next to it westward is my own dwelling, the primary use of which is for myself. After living a dormitory life for nine years with Japanese students, I decided that I would prefer living in a house to myself, and I have ever since kept to that decision. Not exclusively and selfishly to myself, for the missionaries and the Japanese friends often find lodging under my roof, for my home for others also "shall a home of welcome be." In this point my daydream of twenty-six years ago has come true. For in building, I built large enough to accommodate others, believing that in our various operations this would be a convenient center.

The next building on the southern half of the plot is a Japanese residence built by Mrs. Yoshie twenty years ago. For seven years she had charge of the work among the women and children. She in time got married, then her husband abandoned her, leaving her with a little girl and a little boy who are growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, while their mother

is still a good worker among the women and the young people.

On the corner facing the front street is a combined dwelling and store building. It is a distributing center of good food products, including the Bixler Health Foods, while the upstairs may be used for a dwelling.

The last building to be mentioned is the church building. This was erected nineteen years ago, the Japanese giving one-sixth of the cost. There have been 160 baptisms at Zoshigaya. We report to the government fifty members, all of whom would be hard to find, while about twenty-five meet more or less regularly. For many years there has been a standing call for a brother properly qualified to come and locate more permanently at Zoshigaya. If the call is not heeded, some day Zoshigaya will be left without a missionary, which may or may not be the best. As I am able to see it, this would not be for the best. Being much in favor of osteopathy, I would be greatly pleased to have a brother of that type.

Some men are able to gather other men of ability who fall in line with their plans and carry on to completion. To be able to do this requires sound judgment and a strong will, along with the gift of being able to make others see the vision. I cannot boast of either of these qualifications, and for this reason, as one, my plans did not materialize as seen twenty-six years ago. I still believe the plan a good one and Zoshigaya a good place to work it, if the right man with the vision were in the lead. I was not cut out for leadership. Some men were cut out for nothing else. This is true now; it has always been true. Paul couldn't have been anything else but a leader, while Barnabas was of a dif-

ferent temperament. I have always admired Barnabas, for of all the New Testament characters he comes nearer being of my own type than any other.

But I do not make it a condition that one must carry out my ideas in order to locate with me at Zoshigaya. I would expect him to be free to follow the course that seemed best to him, and just so he made himself useful in God's service that would please me.

Our activities: We have a kindergarten of thirty children, and two teachers; a growing Sunday school of sixty children, with Brother Mitsushita as superintendent; young people's meetings with Sister Yoshie as teacher; three young men who take public part in conducting prayer meeting and making talks; three elders, including the writer, who take turns in preaching, and a membership of about fifty with about half of these in regular attendance.

EARLY DOINGS AT ZOSHIGAYA (1908)

We have had some great floods in Japan. The carpenter's house was flooded; in places the water was a foot and a half deep. This delayed his work a little on the house. However, as I had made my plans to move on the tenth I decided to do so, though the house was not quite complete. My room is third story. The kitchen and cook's room are all done. I have a young man as cook who wants to put in odd times at study. He has lived with a missionary for three years, is twenty years old, and though not a Christian, brought his Testament and songbook with him, and is recommended as a young man of good habits. I have another young man who will attend school in the morning and work on our small farm in the afternoon, or do anything that is needed. My third boy, who is only fourteen, has not been brought to the new home yet. The two boys are busy getting things in order. Today I asked Shinosaki to dust a rug. "Beat it as long as any dust will come out," I said. He beat a while and came and asked, "Do you mean for me to beat till no dust will come out at all?" "Yes." "It will take a whole day." He went back and tried it again, but soon came back again. I did not get out of patience as I sometimes do, but asked him to go back and try it again. Both boys were half-heartedly attacking it from either side of the fence. I went out where they were and said: "I have a story to tell you. There was a certain student in America whom I once knew. Like you, he did not have so much money, so was trying to work his way through

school. He was a tinner by trade, and while a student he undertook a job which he never did finish. He left school also without graduating and began to preach. He decided to come as a missionary to Japan. Some one asked his teacher what he thought of his going. The teacher said he did not think he was fit to go, and gave as a reason that he did not finish his job of tinnery and also left school before he finished." The point of the story did not have to be explained. I went on about my work. I was not troubled about the rug any more. It got a good dusting and the porches got a second washing before night.

Note—The missionary who didn't finish his tinner's job, after a very few years, failed also in Japan and was sent back to the States under a cloud.

THE WORKINGS OF OUR HOME

It is customary in Japan to give a new work a send-off by some sort of puffing advertisement. If a man opens a little shop containing scarcely more than one could carry on his back, he puts glowing streamers and strings of lanterns and flags clear across the street. A short time ago the Young Men's Christian Association people opened a boarding house, and made considerable ado, inviting Count Okuma and other dignitaries to make speeches. It struck me as a good thing for me to do when I opened our new house. Not that I decided that I would do it; it was only a suggestion. I have been frequently misunderstood by expressing a thought that I was only considering, when others would take it as a decision already reached. This has made me more cautious.

One day I went to the Young Men's Christian Association dormitory to examine their range. It was large enough to cook a meal for seventy-five people; but I noticed that it was not used and the cook had resorted to a makeshift. On asking why they did not use it, they said the students were only about twenty-five yet, and it was too large for so few. Then I thought of that big send-off and wondered why the house was not filled. Then I thought it all over and decided that I would not advertise at all, but would let my work advertise itself. I have not posted a single bill nor written a line for any paper. Some of my former students came and asked to enter. They told others, and they came also. Gradually they are coming in and filling up the rooms. We used to fan the fire with the old turkey wing to make it burn. As soon as we quit fanning, it would die down. If allowed to burn up of its own accord, it kept steadily on. I would rather be a little longer at it and have a fire that will not have to be fanned all the time.

I thought, also, that I would write out some rules and hang up in a conspicuous place. As yet I have not done it. I thought this over, too, and am still thinking about it. I have been in boarding houses myself, and I am glad I have. There is a great difference in them. Some have an atmosphere of welcome and you feel at ease; you are glad you came. Others are just the opposite. A stern prohibition stares you in the face at every turn. You meet one as you go upstairs, and one as you go downstairs; one as you go to the lavatory, and one as you go to your bedroom. You must not do this and you must not do that. It fairly makes one have the cold shivers, and you wish you were somewhere else. As yet we have not posted a single notice up anywhere.

I deal face to face with the boys. If they go wrong, I correct them personally, and tell my reasons why. Thus far things are working well. I want our home to be really a home, ruled by love and good will.

A DESCRIPTION OF OUR NEW HOME

If you were here, I should like to take you around and let you see for yourself; but as this is impossible, I will try to give you some idea of our present abode by means of a pen picture.

In the first place, a few words about Tokyo in general. The city lies at the mouth of the Sumida River, which empties into the Tokyo Bay. As at the mouth of almost all rivers, there is a large tract of low-lying country eight or ten miles in extent. This was once a great swamp covered with tall reeds and grass. It has been drained, however, by means of many deep canals, so that it is suitable for a city. The main part of the city lies in this big bottom. But from the big bottom there are little hollows, or valleys, extending in various directions and ending up on the higher land called at home a "bench." This higher land lies about fifty feet above the big bottom, and contains a large per cent of the resident portion of the city. What are now streets were once country roads running up the valleys to the table-lands that reach back to the mountains. So it may be inferred at once that the streets of Tokyo run in all directions and that the city is not laid out with any systematic order—a matter of great inconvenience, and to the stranger in our gates, a perfect puzzle. But not to get too far from the main purpose of my story: I am located right at the head of one of the little valleys running back northwest from the city, and I am about

five minutes' walk outside the city limits in the suburban village of Zoshigaya.* Our lot has a frontage of two hundred and twenty-seven feet on the main road that runs up the valley, which will some day be a street if the city keeps growing. The valley is not quite spent by the time it reaches us, so that about one-half the lot next to the road is something like four feet lower than the other half. This I considered an objection at first, but now find it an advantage for drainage purposes, all parts of the grounds being so situated that they can be well drained. Our home for the boys is on the low section, with the ground gradually sloping off from the front entrance. The grounds run back east from the frontage three hundred and twenty-five feet; the back or east side is only one hundred and thirty-four feet, while the south side is two hundred and seventy-three feet, making it an irregular oblong. It has to be irregular, or it would not be a Tokyo lot, or any section of ground even near the city; for it is a rare thing to find a plat with any two sides the same. There are more three-cornered and five-cornered houses in Tokyo, and more odd-shaped little yards and gardens in all sorts of places, shapes, and sizes than in any city I have ever seen. Of course, this is a great waste in many ways; but having once begun crooked, it is now impossible to get straight. There is a good suggestion here for those who are getting out on life's journey to start right; for the longer you let your crooks alone, the harder it will be to straighten them, until it will finally become an actual impossibility.

As already stated, the main road runs along the west side. Fringing the road is a row of red-oak trees,

*But now (1934) about the center of "Greater Tokyo."

called in Japanese "nara." They stand on an average only six or eight feet apart and are about forty feet high, the largest being almost a foot through at the bottom. They make a beautiful frontage, and their green, deer-tongued leaves are a great rest to the eye. There is no fence yet between us and the big world outside; but when a fence is put up, it will stand just about a foot on the outside of the row of trees.

The home for the boys is on the northwest corner of the lot and faces the south. It is built in the shape of a huge crawfish—or smaller size either, as to that matter. Discarding the smaller legs, place your mind upon the trunk and two main claws of the crawfish. Imagine his tail crooked around to the left, and that is the kitchen, dining room, bathroom, and cook's room. The head of our imaginary crawfish is the entrance, nine by twelve feet. It is twelve feet wide and stands out into the hollow square—front side of square open—nine feet. A hall runs right back through the trunk of the crawfish and across a nine-foot passage into the department mentioned above. Contrary to the actual shape of our animal, the claws are of uniform size, being twelve feet across. There are two rooms between the trunk and the elbow, the elbow joint forming a third, then three more rooms from the elbow to the hand.

OUR FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

Today (January 26) I opened a Sunday school for the children who live in the community. Eight children came into the yard, but could not be induced to come nearer than the swing, which was about thirty feet from the house. Having prepared a song on some white canvas about three feet square, I tacked it up

against the side of the house and sang it while eight timid, shy children hung around the swing and listened. They had been tamed as far as the swing. One of the students explained the song to them and gave out some little cards, and they returned home. Five of them came back tonight and actually came in and sat down. We sang, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." I read it over slowly first, then sang it alone, explaining the meaning as I went along.

THOUGHT THE END HAD COME

About five o'clock this evening, as I was up in the watchtower getting ready to go down to supper, I heard a great crash in the dining room. I wondered what it could be; but, since the mischief was already done, I thought it was no use to get excited, so I continued my preparations. In a little while Gentaro, the little boy, was heard coming up the stairs. When he entered the room, his face showed that he was in great trouble. He said: "Sensei, come downstairs." I asked him what was the matter downstairs, and with some hesitation he said he had pulled the table in two and broken the dishes, at which he bowed to the floor and said to please excuse him. As I had just reproved him rather sharply only an hour or two before for a mistake of carelessness, he doubtless thought his time had come for breaking so many dishes. But I make it a rule never to attempt a correction till I know the nature of the case. I was pretty certain that the mistake this time was a proper one—one that almost any one under similar circumstances would have made. So I spoke kindly to him and told him to go back down and help about the supper and I would be down presently. Of course, I

regretted to have the dishes broken. We dumped a whole basketful of them into the trash box; but the proper training of a child must be maintained at all hazards. To give way to feeling and fight simply because we are vexed is the height of folly, and even a child is not slow to see when it is treated with injustice; and because of such injustice children often carry with them all through life a feeling of unkindness toward their parents.

Again, I want to teach Gentaro that there is forgiveness when there is true penitence. The Japanese people are fatalists. If they make a serious blunder, they think it is all up with them and there is nothing left but to take poison or jump into the well. The youth of this land should be taught that though they may fall, yet there is hope, and that they should rise and try again. In this is the beauty of our faith. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

FIRST FRUITS AND THEIR LESSON

I had brought two ripe tomatoes from the garden. They were the first. The cook asked: "Did those come from Sensei's garden?" When Sensei told her they did, she said: "You ought to offer them up to Kami-sama." On which I remarked that it was not a bad idea. "But in what manner shall we offer them to Kami-sama?" I asked. Knowing that I did not believe in putting them up on the shelf before the idol, she seemed a little puzzled to know what to say, and she replied that the best way, perhaps, to offer them to Kami-sama would be for the sensei to eat them. I encouraged her in the feeling that the first fruits ought to be offered to Kami-sama.

But I said: "The only way we can properly offer them to him, is to give them to some one who is poor or sick." "Ah, yes, to make someone happy," she said.

To this simple-minded woman a simple incident like this is more effective in impressing the truth than an hour's sermon. It was this same old woman that put the three little piles of salt on my bathtub the first time I used it. I did not brush off the salt, neither did I on this occasion brush away her feeling that the first fruits ought to be offered to God. We should not quench the devotional spirit even in an idol worshiper. The thing to do is to enlighten the mind in regard to him whom we must worship. On next Lord's day, if Satan does not hinder, the simple-hearted old woman will be baptized. I hope to see her as devout toward him who can hear her prayers and really bless as she now is to her imaginary deities. What a peculiar joy it is to enlighten the darkened minds of those who have been led astray to worship dumb idols and to lead them to the light of the only true God and the Christ whom he has sent!

(Later.) Three days have passed since writing the above. There were three baptisms yesterday (Lord's day)—two at the morning service and one at the evening service. Those in the morning were two women above fifty. One was the cook of whom previous mention has been made, and the other was the mother of Osuzu-San, the little Christian who died a few weeks ago. The one baptized in the evening was a young man. We are hoping for one or two more on next Lord's day.

BLIGHTED HOPES

(1908)

Some days ago Mr. Katow, an old student, called on me. I had taught him for a number of years, and a special friendship had sprung up between us. Being a man about twenty-five, naturally he had thoughts of marriage and a home of his own. Often he has talked over his plans with me. Already he had started a little bank account of a hundred yen or two, with a view to asking some fair maiden of Japan to share his little fortune with him. Occasionally, however, he would revert to his physical weakness, which he feared might possibly stand in the way unless he should recover. His back was lame and his right leg partially paralyzed, which gave him a lame walk. The day he called on me last, after a few casual remarks, he said he had something to tell me, and that he wished it to be kept secret. "I have leprosy," he continued. "It is the first case that has ever been in the family records. I must give up my position and seek a place in a leper hospital. There is a hospital at Meguro, near Tokyo, and one at Kumamoto, conducted by missionaries. I would go and seek to enter myself, but for the sake of my family and relatives. I wish to keep it concealed as much as possible." He went on to explain that he had never dreamed that his lame back and partially paralyzed leg were leprosy, but on consulting the physicians they assured him that it was even so. I noticed also that his face around his left eye was bloated some. He did not stay long, and apologized for even entering my home. I gave him a copy of "Letters and Sermons," told him not to become despondent, and assured him that I would do all I could for him.

On Monday, September 21, in company with Brother Klingman, I took the train and went to Meguro. It is a suburban line, and the station nearest us is only twenty minutes' walk. After stopping at many little stations along the way, we finally stepped off at Meguro. Another twenty minutes brought us to the hospital. There are about two acres in the enclosure. Many small trees are in the grounds, among which are scattered here and there little one-storied cottages for the patients. Mr. and Mrs. Otsuka, in connection with some of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, are the founders of the hospital. They live near the entrance in a modest little cottage. When we called she was the first to meet us, then presently he appeared. I told them Katow's story, to which they listened with manifest interest. Mrs. Otsuka then showed us over the grounds and led us by several of the cottages. As all of one side of the houses was open, according to Japanese custom, we could see everything going on within without going in ourselves. The unfortunates showed various stages of the disease; some had it in a very light form, while others were almost eaten up and were rapidly approaching the grave. Eight have died this year already; last year (1907), however, they had only four deaths. Those that are able serve each other. They also tend the grounds and cultivate vegetables and flowers. There are now fifty patients and a small chapel has been erected, where they meet for worship. On inquiry I was told that they were all believers. The superintendent said they would do what they could for my friend and asked that he call for consultation. A letter from Katow a little later thanks us and states that he will call at the hospital in a short time.

Poor Katow lived only about one year after entering this institution. Whether he believed unto the saving of the soul or not I do not know. I would love to know that he did, and that in that better land he shall receive a body that the dreaded disease of leprosy can never touch. It is especially sad to see a young life taken so early when the prospects of the future are full of hopeful aspirations. The first thing the young should do is to make God their friend and to remember their Creator in the days of their youth while the evil days come not.

“FROM IDOLS TO GOD”

Three boys have left us lately. Young Kawamura Gentaro, whom I took from the famine district about two years ago, failed in his examinations. He was rather bright in doing things, but had little inclination to study. He was too small properly to care for himself and clothing without parental oversight. I did not have time to give this, so decided he had better go back home to his father. The famine is now over and he will be able to get on. I sent him home a little Christian, with a hymn book and New Testament. He sent me a card saying he had reached home safe.

Mr. Kawashima left us a few days ago, having found a position as clerk in a lacquer store at Yokohama.

Mr. Nomura, having been with us ten months, found he could not do duty both to our school and the Waseda University, where he is attending, regretted to leave. He is a graduate of one of the normal schools and has a certificate to teach, but wishes to remain a student a while longer. He asked, when his circumstances were such as to allow it, to be permitted to return. Before leaving we had a very pleasant conversation, in which

he said it was the most pleasant boarding house he had ever lodged in. "When I came to the dormitory," he continued, "I did not know anything about God, but now I believe in him." He said he would come to our Bible classes as often as possible; that though there was yet some doubt in his mind, he hoped to become a full believer. I lent him a copy of 'From Idols to God.' As I pointed to the title, which was divided into two sections, one above the other, "From Idols—to God," he put his finger between and said, "I am just in here at present," meaning he had gotten away from idols, but had not quite reached God yet. Putting my finger on the last word, I said, "I hope to see you here," to which he nodded assent.

Note—I baptized Nomura later on.

THE AMERICAN FLEET

The American fleet arrived yesterday (Sunday, October 18, 1909). Four of my boys have been engaged today as interpreters and guides to the sailors. They returned this evening, full of experiences. They were rather delighted that they could understand the American sailors' English. I was especially interested in the story of one of them. At the parks and other places where refreshments were served there was beer. Nomura said: "They would pour me out a glass of beer and ask me to drink, but I would point to the badge on my arm and say: "No, No; I can't drink; I am a pure Christian, don't you see?" Then he continued to tell his experiences, and among other things, said: "Some of them would ask in a low voice, 'Where do the geisha (bad women) live?' And I would say: 'I don't

know; I never go to such places. I suppose they are very far from here."

I was, of course, interested in all such experiences. I patted Mr. Nomura on the shoulder and told him to stick to it and he would be a missionary to the American heathen. This is no joke. I remember when I was talking on the subject of missions among the heathen, while visiting the churches during my visit home, I said it was not impossible to believe that some day Japan would become missionary to America. I had not expected it so soon, but today I have actually witnessed this as a reality. Do you tell me that foreign missions do not pay, and that I and others are wasting our time? These very "heathen" whom you neglect and despise may, by the training we are giving them, save your boy from eternal ruin. The reflex influence of missions abroad in returning blessings to our own homes and nations is no small consideration. Even if we cannot rise higher than selfish considerations, we should be missionary, both in spirit and activity, from policy. If we would save our own people, we must create for them good neighbors.

In all, there were fourteen thousand American sailors. The effect of the clean, moral conduct of the young men of Japan on them can never be definitely known, but that it was great cannot be questioned. Not only so but the missionaries also were located here and there over the city in improvised booths with soft drinks and places where the sailors could get rest and refreshments without being exposed to the dens of vice. Thus we, though "foreign" missionaries, were preaching to the boys of our own country. It may be that

some of the very fathers of these fourteen thousand sailors had all their life been opposed to "foreign missions" and at the very time they were talking against it, the missionaries and the young men of Japan were helping their sons to be decent.

DOINGS IN THE HOMELAND—1910

THE FUTURE VEILED IN MERCY GIVEN

It was the third day of June, 1907, when I kissed my wife and three children good-bye on board the ship at Yokohama, then descended the long ladder outside and stood on the shore for a last longing look before the boat pulled away and gradually disappeared in the dim distance. Of course I expected them back when school days were over and this steadied my heart to bear the separation. Had I known all, I am not sure that I could have been equal to the task, but in mercy the future was veiled. "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

I kept busy and the time passed quickly. Two years had passed and on Saturday evening, June 27th, we sailed in at the Golden Gate under a clear sky, and the ship dropped anchor till morning for none were allowed to go ashore till we were all inspected by the health officer. Next morning we were all called to the dining room, only they don't call it "dining room" on a ship, but "dining saloon." The inspector stood at the door, and each, as his name was called, was requested to pass out under his scrutiny without veil or gloves. Fortunately all passed. What a glorious thing it would be if as much could be said at the great Day of Inspection!

Soon we and all our possessions were landed in the customhouse. Our stuff was all carefully examined. All that I had of my own was allowed to pass free. All that I was carrying for others was taxed. Each had to take his turn according to his number. I went up to

the desk and was told to stand at the end of the line. When I finally wormed my way to the officer's side, I naturally expected to be served in my turn, but I noticed that a woman came up and preceded me. Another and another did the same. Continuing to wait with no other man ahead of me, I finally asked why my paper was not served, and was told that the ladies were always served first. Then I remembered that I was again in America. Now I believe in all due courtesy to women, but there is a limit. Why is a woman's time so much more valuable than a man's? And why should the latter be thus degraded in her presence, while she is allowed to lord it over him in such style? It may be that I have lived too long in the East to be a fair judge, but according to present impression, I fear many of our women are simply spoiled and have become mannish and domineering, having lost that modest and gentle spirit so necessary to true womanhood. I believe that the seat should always be given to the woman in the cars; and I believe, too, that she should show gratitude and accept it as a courtesy, and not rudely demand it as a right.

Another thing that impressed itself upon me after an absence of eight years is that the countenances of the American people wear a hard, stern look, with eyes rather piercing and keen. This may be more subjective than otherwise, being due to having been long thrown with the sleepy-eyed people of the East. But even after all due allowance is made for this, I am persuaded that American life is along rather hard lines, and to keep abreast in the struggle for existence keeps the nerves at too high a tension. A more simple mode of life and less exciting entertainments would be better.

Our real needs are few ; but the struggle to obtain those things which society insists that we must have drives many almost to madness. They kill themselves trying to live. Happy are those who with a sufficiency are contented and who "take their food with gladness and singleness of heart."

At the ferry station between San Francisco and Oakland we were seeking some information about the trains. A pair of young people came up to take the boat over to Oakland. He was handsome and she was so dainty and sweet-looking. Thinking she had found the way out, she hurried ahead of him ; and as he did not seem to hustle along fast enough, she turned back at him, and, as those sweet little lips parted, she demanded, "Will, come on here!" And again I was reminded that I was in the land where woman, the sweetest and fairest of God's creation, sometimes abuses the privileges she enjoys and mars that sweet refinement which is the charm of true womanhood.

I spent the month of July in California during which time I made a special study of the Japanese on the coast. I found them, unlike their countrymen in Japan, rather distant, noncommunicative and viewing one with suspicion. Once I visited a strawberry farm where they were picking berries. They sat flat on the ground between the rows while picking. They put the small berries on the bottom and finished off with the best on top. When I asked one of them if he thought that was honest dealing he smiled faintly at one corner of his mouth, but said nothing.

One day Brother Bonner asked me if I would like to see one of the large harvesting machines. We got into a buggy and rode and rode, till it seemed we would

never get there. When we finally reached the place, something had happened and they had stopped to mend it. But in a little while everything was all right, and they were ready to move on. The brother explained that I had come out to watch the machine, and they said: "If you don't mind the dust, you may come up on the platform where you can see." The driver was ready, the men at their places, with a team of twenty-eight horses, and they said it was not a full team either. Thirty-two is a full team. When the time came, the driver gave the signal, and the horses were so well trained that it was marvelous to see how they started out. First, those six all abreast back at the machine began to pull on the traces, then those in front of them, and so on till, like a wave, as it were, passing over their backs, I saw that great team get itself into position; and when the last ones in front began to lean against their traces, that old machine moved. The blade, which was twenty feet long, began to rattle back and forth, the wheat began to fall before the blade, was caught up on the revolving canvas and carried into the thrashing machine, thrashed and poured into sacks, and those sacks dumped out, three in a place, across the field, in a row as far as one could see.

When I saw that, I said to myself: "That is the church at work." Whenever we get every man and every woman to leaning against the traces, something must happen. The trouble is but few are leaning against the traces, while some are even trying to kick out. We must get every man and woman to leaning against the traces. When we once get in line with this movement and feel and experience the delights of it, we will say: "I had no idea we could do so much."

the man at the gate: "I want the car to Columbia University, One Hundred and Sixteenth Street." "This is it," he said; and I was jammed in like a sardine, shot through that long hole, and came up at the other end almost by the time I could get a long breath.

MISS TOMIE'S LATEST LETTER

The following letter, by Miss Tomie Yoshie, was written from New York on September 23:

"My dear Mr. McCaleb: I received fifty dollars with steamer ticket yesterday (from Brother Vincent). Thank you for your kindness and all the pains taken to yourself for me. It is beyond my power to express my appreciation. Also glad to know you are coming to Japan in November to surrender the natives to the cross. Even though I do not see you in the face in this land of the star-spangled banner, I will have a great hope to see you in the sunrise land.

"Well, I have everything ready now to start from here on October 3. I shall reach San Francisco on the eighth or ninth, and stay at a Japanese hotel or some cheap place till the eleventh, and I am pretty sure I can find out where Mr. and Mrs. Vincent stop. After I meet them I will write you again. Even if I do not see them, I shall start on the eleventh just the same, as I have a ticket.

"Please give my best wishes to all your family and my friends. I am now settled and do not worry any more. My train stops for change at Chicago three or four hours, but that is no difficulty. In case I have some trouble, I will write you. I hope nothing will happen in my way."

Our sister, who will be associated with Sister Vincent as a "Bible woman," will, I believe, be a great

York on Monday night at about six o'clock. I wrote our young sister beforehand that I would be there, and she came down to the Grand Central Station to meet me, but in the great throng she overlooked the object of her search. Going down the steps, I shot through the "Subway," jammed in with only standing room, out to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, walked a block to the right, and was in front of Columbia University. Walking on around the corner, I came to Whittier Hall and made inquiry. This is a magnificent building, eight or nine stories high—anything short of this in New York would be a mere shanty—and accommodates nearly four hundred girls. It is full to overflowing. I inquired for our young Japanese sister, and found she was lodging in another part of the city with a private family. I called her over the telephone and made an engagement for the next morning. The next thing was a place to sleep. I inquired further of the young lady at the window, and she gave me the name and address of Miss Barnum, who, though herself a student, was keeping rooms for girls in connection with the school. After a little inquiry, I found the place about two blocks away. The elevator boy shot me up to the top of a nine-story building. I pressed a button, the door opened, and I stood face to face with an attractive young woman with a sweet face and a winning way. I told her in brief who I was, and that Whittier Hall had recommended the place as a good one in which to lodge for the night. "Anybody that Whittier Hall will recommend is welcome," she said; and she showed me into a very inviting little room. Though she only furnished rooms, yet as a special favor she brought me some milk, crackers, and apples for a

supper. She invited me to the sitting room, where she and two other young ladies were busy with their needles, and for an hour or more we spoke of New York and religious work. I gained a number of interesting points that were very helpful to me the next day. Returning to my room, after a hot bath and prayer, I was soon in that state of bliss, free from the toils and travels of the day.

A DAY IN NEW YORK

I awoke at half past six. No one in the building seemed to be stirring as yet. I looked out from the top story of the tall, magnificent building, out over the tops of other tall buildings, up at a clear November sky, and then down to the ground. I realized that even New York, famous for fogs, sunstrokes, and blizzards, can have a beautiful day (November 9). I also realized that I had slept higher from the earth than had ever been my lot before.

Bidding good-bye to my hostess, I was dropped from the "skyscraper" down to the ground and walked out into the crisp November air. Again I was shot through the "Subway" from One Hundred and Sixteenth to Fifty-Ninth Street, and, walking a few blocks, came to 125 West Fifty-Eighth Street and rang the bell. Up the elevator to the top of another tall building, and there I found our young sister, Miss Tomie Yoshie, having gone a distance of eight hundred miles for this sole purpose. She is now serving as table maid in the home of a Mrs. Carter. The scholarship promised her by the Girls' University, Tokyo, Japan, where she graduated three years ago, fell through. The Japanese girl friend whom she expected to meet on reaching

New York was not there, and she found herself a total stranger. She asked the Japanese consul if the Japanese Employing Bureau was trustworthy, and through it found her present place. "And you haven't entered school yet?" "No, I'm working this year so as to have money to take me through next. If I had taken the scholarship from the Girls' University I would have been obliged to teach for them when I get back to Japan; but if I work my own way, I'll be free. I like to be independent." I could but admire the heroism of the little woman as I listened to her story. We talked over matters as to the past and future. I found she had formed the acquaintance of the most pious and religious people she could find, among them a Mr. Kawaguchi and his German wife. They are students of the "Bible Teachers' Training School," an interdenominational institution, are Baptists, and are preparing to go to Japan as missionaries. She regrets that there is no place where she can meet for the Lord's Supper. Mrs. Daniels, matron of the Teachers' College (Whittier Hall), is especially interested in her, and an effort is being made to help her enter school in January. I was glad to find that her affection for Potter Bible College and all her old friends was unabated. And I am looking forward to the early day when she will be a factor in God's hands for great good among the women of her own land.

New York City impresses one with its greatness in size, and with its broad, clean streets and magnificent blocks of tall buildings, and no smoke, while the streets are kept in perfect order. But—my!—things and people do go in a hurry! From the Grand Central Station I went down the steps to the "Subway," and said to

the man at the gate: "I want the car to Columbia University, One Hundred and Sixteenth Street." "This is it," he said; and I was jammed in like a sardine, shot through that long hole, and came up at the other end almost by the time I could get a long breath.

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Our sister, who will be associated with Sister Vincent as a "Bible woman," will, I believe, be a great

assistant in advancing the gospel in Japan. She is well qualified for her work.

Note—But you are wondering what became of Miss Tomie Yoshie. She returned to Japan with the Vincents in 1911, had charge of the Zoshigaya Sunday school for seven years, finally got married to one of our Gakuin boys. Unfortunately he proved to be unworthy and forsook her. She has two children, Ruriko and Ichiro. The girl is fourteen and the boy ten. Both promising children. Sister Yoshie's mother died about ten years ago, being a Christian. She and her father live here on the compound. She has charge of the women's meetings and the young people. In a social chat around the stove after the meeting last Sunday night (December 10, 1933) she spoke of her first coming to our home while we lived at No. 12 Tsukiji in another part of Tokyo, and I related the incident of her baptism in Sumida River.

LET THE WIFE SEE THAT SHE REVERENCE HER HUSBAND

I speak on the supposition that the husband loves his wife, of course. All things being equal, or even if they are not quite equal, a wife should reverence her husband. I was once in the home of an aged pair that seemed to have a fair degree of love for each other, but the wife lacked reverence for her husband and spoke to him as though he had been a servant.* For instance, I heard this: "Now go back and shut that door. I told you to keep it shut. It's cold." He was a clean, dignified old gentleman with locks as white as snow. Without saying a word, he turned and shut the door. Time

*Note—Even a servant should be treated with courtesy.

came to go to church. "Go put on your other hat!" the wife demanded in her dictatorial tone of voice. The old brother here took his stand and said, "My hat is as good as his," pointing to the preacher; "and if you don't want me to go with this hat on, I'll stay at home." "No, you'll not stay at home; the church is the place for you." After dinner he was telling me what he thought in regard to baptism, and in the midst of his speech in came his wife from the dining room. With no more regard for the fact that her husband was speaking than if he had been a little barking dog, she broke right in: "He's mighty soft on some things; he's not half as straight as I am."

All this and much more passed in the short time I was in their home, from which one might suppose that things were in a bad way. They were kind and considerate of each other, however, and especially he of her, assisting her on with her cloak and up and down the steps.

Many good women seem to think that just because it is their husband they are privileged to turn him into a mere tool; that no particular courtesy or respect is due him, but that he may be used as a domestic, to come and go at their bidding.

Almost any man can bear an occasional trimming down when his better half has lost her temper, but this "continual dropping" is simply unbearable, and the pity is that so many are unwise enough to be given to it. They bring not only upon their families, but also upon themselves, so much needless unhappiness. Any woman ought to see that if her method with her husband had not, at seventy-nine, taught him to shut the door or which hat to wear, it never would. The

average man loves for his wife to rule him to a certain degree if she loves him and is kind and courteous. How much more pleasant, as well as effective, it would be if she would temper her requests with words of grace. "Husband, would you please shut the door?" "Don't you think your other hat would look better?" "Would you please help me on with my cloak?" rather than "I'm waiting!" Then so many little things are remarked upon that might be passed over in silence. A sore is rarely healed by constant probing. Let it alone and it will heal itself. Husbands, love your wives; and let the wife see that she reverence her husband.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO THE CHURCHES

"Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." What is worth while should be done well. Little things are far-reaching in their effects. Many of the churches are sickly and weak that ought to be full of life and activity. What doth hinder? How may such churches grow?

1. To begin with small matters, great in their results, many of the country churches, I find, have no housekeeper, and the houses are always in bad order. In every church there is always some one in rather poor circumstances. Let the church employ this brother or sister to take care of the house. Let this brother remember that he is doing service for God, and that "cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Let such a brother take time during the week to go and sweep, dust, and dress the lamps. On Sunday morning let him be there an hour before ten and have the fires going and the room warm. Ventilation should carefully be seen after.

2. There should be a small room cut off from the assembly hall for oil, wood, lamps, and such matters, and that rats' nest cleaned out of the "amen" corner. It is also bad taste and a lack of good order to have the wood piled up in plain view. There should be a cloakroom for wraps and the like.

3. Some one should be definitely appointed by the elders to superintend the Bible school on Sunday mornings—one who will be there in all kinds of weather and at the appointed hour. This, with the house neat and warm, will stimulate the children to attend. The Bible school should never be suspended for preaching.

4. The brethren should appoint each other a week ahead to lead the worship on the following Lord's day. These brethren thus appointed should make it a conscientious duty to prepare, so they will be able to conduct the worship in a becoming and edifying manner.

5. More taste should be shown in keeping the meetinghouse in neat repair. The stoves should be seen after frequently, so that pipes will work well. There are more modern and far better methods of lighting than the old-fashioned lamps. A well-lighted house helps greatly. It is very depressing on a speaker to have to face smoky lamp chimneys and an audience so dim in the darkness that one face cannot be distinguished from another. Under no conditions should lamps hang immediately in front of the speaker and on a level with his eyes. I have often experienced great discomfort from having to squint at a glaring lamp.

6. Personal neatness is another very essential factor in the growth and prosperity of a church. It costs but little to black one's shoes, put on a clean shirt,

brush up, and shave. Or if one prefers a beard, let him use the scissors frequently and keep it trimmed down. If a full-length beard is preferred, it should be washed in soap at least once a day. I saw a man on the street car the other day with a great tuft of chin whiskers that were gray. That filthy habit was in evidence, and the droppings by the constant squirting from the mouth, with bits of tobacco leaves, had lodged all around on what attempted to be a white beard. No one with due regard for others and proper self-respect will go in this style. I was once in the home of a certain brother who also was addicted to the same filthy, disgusting habit. He made an effort at shaving, but left great tufts of beard extending out on each side of the jaws as a sort of continuation of the mustache. This made quite a heavy suit that concealed the mouth. In spitting, the amber-colored stuff would lodge in this shaggy mass; and I confess that my dinner was somewhat disturbed at I sat at his table while he wiped back his filth with his hands. Such examples as this have almost driven me to the point of advocating individual cups in the communion.* It costs but little to use soap and warm water on the hands and to keep the nails cleaned and pared. If we men would only be as careful about our persons after marriage as we were in our courting days, there would be many a good woman who has to put up with a sort of a substitute for a husband that would be far happier than she is. To live in filth purposely, when there is no more occasion for it than neglect or a lustful appetite, is sin. It in no way palliates a practice to call it a "filthy habit." Paul would say to all such: "Let us cleanse ourselves

*I have long since reached that "point."

from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.”

COST OF A HEATHEN CONVERT

Robert Morrison spent twenty-seven years in China and converted one man.

William Carey and Thomas, his coworker, labored in India seven years and had one convert.

Jewett labored twenty years in South India and started a church of nine members, with one native worker.

Doctor Goucher tells of a man who during a period of twenty years gave one hundred thousand dollars to support work in one district in India, during which time fifty thousand people were turned from idolatry.

I heard a Methodist missionary from Korea, in a speech on February 3, say that a certain Sunday school in Mississippi gave a hundred dollars to support a native preacher in Korea for one year, and during that time he converted a thousand people.

The first in the above list must have cost about thirty thousand dollars; the second, about sixteen thousand eight hundred dollars; those next mentioned, two thousand four hundred dollars each; those in the fourth instance, two dollars, while the last mentioned cost ten cents per capita.

IN AND AROUND THE OLD HOME

From Columbia I ran down into Hickman County to visit my four brothers who live near Shady Grove. On Lord's day I spoke at Old Dunlap ("The Stand") in the morning and at Bethel in the afternoon. Dunlap is my home church. The morning services were well at-

tended, considering the rain. Dunlap is now in sore need of some one, or several, to take hold and lead. The brethren here could not do better at present than to call some competent evangelist and keep him with them constantly till the talent of the church is so developed that it can stand on its own feet. Bethel seems to be also in want of leadership. A preacher could give his entire time to doing the work of an evangelist, dividing his time between these two churches. Too many of the churches are trying to get along without preachers, which usually means that they are losing ground.

I spent three days with my brothers "over on the creek," and we walked around over the old place and talked of the days when we were boys. On two beech trees at two different places on the old farm we found where I had cut my name the same year—1877—thirty-three years ago. It is remarkable how a scar will remain almost indefinitely on the bark of a growing tree. Many old landmarks of childhood days were discovered that still looked familiar. The "little spring" out across the field beyond the old mulberry tree in the edge of the woods was still there, but the great old beech that overshadowed it was entirely gone, so that there was not even a sign of it left. The plow had so encroached on the thicket that the "little spring" now came right out in the middle of the field. The old "spout spring" across the creek still looked as it did as far back as I can remember, but the spring under the hill near the house, that we commonly used from, had changed position and was coming out at a different place several rods away. The cedar at our father's grave was planted by brother Alton more than

forty years ago; the pine, by my own hands some thirty-eight years ago. I was then a lad of ten years old. Brother Berry and I went about six miles to the pine hills and dug up several. This is the only one that lived. It is now about one and a half feet through and about thirty feet high.

We climbed up the old stairs, and up there was my mother's loom, old and timeworn, at which I have seen her many a day as she wove the cloth to cover the backs of her six boys. The first "Sunday suit" of clothes I ever had was woven on that old loom. I looked out of the window hard by the chimney, and a honeysuckle vine had climbed all the way up and was overshadowing it.

The doors of the old house are unusually wide, being four feet. My brother called my attention to the shutters of these doors, which, though they had been on just two hinges for fifty years and more, still open and shut almost as true as the day they were hung.

FARMERS AND MISSIONS

There is a great difference between farmers. Some make it pay, while others do not. The farmer that does not make it pay is like this: He wants to get all out of it he can and put as little into it as possible. "That field across the creek there is too stony; I would not pick them up or plow over them for all it would make." He throws that out. The field on the hill is too thin and would not pay for the fencing, and to fertilize it would be too expensive; so he leaves that out. The hollow field is too steep and rough, so he leaves that out. The big field back of the barn is fairly level and clear of stumps, bushes, and briars, save some around

the fence; so here he decides to "pitch" his crop. It would not pay to clean out the fence corners, so he leaves plenty of space all around. The next year he leaves still a wider margin where the briars have encroached. Next, some of the thinnest spots are left out, and only a few of the richer places are cultivated here and there. The next spring that farmer is down at the store sitting on a goods box, whittling a pine board, talking of bad government, hard times, and declaring that farming does not pay.

Many churches are farming for God in the same way. They believe in the commission and are in favor of carrying the gospel to the whole world, and would feel aggrieved if any one should intimate that they do not. But they want to get all out of their religion they can, and put just as little time, thought, and money into it as possible. Of course they favor world-wide missions, but not now. Just when they will be ready for entering other countries than their own they do not say, but, at any rate, it is always: "Go thy way for this time"; at a more convenient season we will consider the matter. I know churches that have made the plea that "we have heathen at home" for a quarter of a century, and yet they are doing less at home today than they were then, and are as far from being ready to help the heathen abroad today as they were twenty-five years ago. Such a plea will never prepare a church for a greater work, but just the reverse. The pagan countries are too far off and it costs too much to reach them; our duty lies nearer home. Their minds turn to the New England States or the great West; but before reaching these even they begin to think of the heathen still nearer home—in the next state, the next county,

or perchance their own town. In all these places they can see plenty of "heathen." The way they deal with the "heathen" around them is like this: The negroes are not fit subjects and they feel no obligations toward them.* That much of the "heathen-at-home" problem is settled. Catholics and Jews cannot be reached, and no use to try them; this disposes of another considerable percentage of the heathen at home. As to all the rest, "We have our Sunday meetings, and everybody knows about it, or if they don't it's their own fault; so let them come to our meetings and hear the gospel preached." And so the church just grinds on in the same old lazy rut, like a horse in a sorghum mill, while the heathen both at home and abroad are habitually neglected. Like many who excuse themselves from giving to God on account of indebtedness, so the heathen-at-home plea is a very convenient thing. Many perpetually make the plea that they are not able to give because they are in debt on that piece of land, and yet before they are fairly out on it they have bargained for another, and one wonders when such people will ever be ready to give the Lord anything. Even so many keep a good stock of heathen at home (not) to work on, that they may escape the obligation to the heathen abroad. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." I do not call to mind a single church that makes the plea for the heathen at home that is doing its duty toward them; those that take the world as their field do the most at home.

*Note—It is truly gratifying to note the marked change of attitude toward the colored man since the above was written in 1910.

WHY DID I COME HOME?

Glad to say it was not to regain my health, as Brother Allen seems to think. I returned to the homeland (1) to see my wife and children, (2) to get in touch with the brethren again and to keep abreast of the times, and (3) I wanted to stir up the churches to more missionary activity both in giving and going. I have been in the homeland nearly a year; have traveled from San Francisco to New York, from Detroit to New Orleans, and have been speaking almost constantly, and have missed only one appointment on account of sickness. I was just as well in Japan as I have been in America.

Note—After twenty-five years more I can still say I am just as well in Japan as in the United States. Common sense health habits are more important than where one is located. Observe the following and keep well wherever you are:

1. Sleep properly.
2. Air, pure, from out-of-doors.
3. Food should be plain and wholesome.
4. Exercise daily, which is a necessity.

The first letter of each sentence, taken together, spells S-A-F-E.

THE CHURCH AND THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM

For the one man Jesus made a home missionary, he sent twelve into the "regions beyond." One man could tell the story in the small province of Decapolis, and so any Christian man or woman can evangelize his or her own community. The farther from home, the greater the field. The workers must be increased accordingly. If the United States be regarded as the

home field, for every one to be reached at home we must reach a hundred and eighty abroad. This means that we need one hundred and eighty workers in foreign fields as badly as we need one at home. But at present, for every missionary we have in the foreign field, we have six hundred at home. This does not include the great army of private workers in the church, that so far outnumber those in foreign lands.

OUR SONS FOR THE WAR, ORPHANS FOR THE MISSION FIELD

In a beautiful essay that I heard during the commencement at Nashville there was this sentence: "When the Civil War came on, the women willingly gave up their sons and their husbands to fight." Then I began to reflect and I asked myself how many women had done this for the missionary cause. We have in Japan today three American missionaries and their wives. All three of them were orphans when they went. The parents of the wives opposed their daughters' going. Surely we should not give our sons and daughters up for an evil cause more cheerfully than for a good one. When people talk to me about becoming missionaries, one of the first thoughts that comes to me is: If they have parents, there will be opposition. This is a sad comment on those that claim to be living for Christ. The church is yet unconverted.

Note—Happily, twenty-one have joined our group in Japan since the above was written in 1910; "but what are these among so many"? The call is still on.

LET US BUILD EACH OTHER UP

Down in Middle Tennessee I have four brothers in the flesh, all living near each other in Hickman County,

on their cozy little farms, each making an honest living and endeavoring at the same time to make the farm and the home a little better each year. During the month of August I took about two weeks off with them and rested "under the shade of the trees." Now and then we would walk out to see the crops and to note the changes that had come since boyhood days, and also to discover some of the old familiar landmarks that still remain. Wherever I thought it might help, I was free to make suggestions about the management of the farm or the improvement of the home. The boys all well knew that I did this as an interested party and as a genuine brother, and they were as ready to receive and profit by the suggestions as I was to give them.

A man down in Florida, sent out among the farmers by the Board of Agriculture just to give suggestions, saw a man plowing over in the field. He hitched his horse and walked out where the man was. He said, "My friend, I can show you how to make that plow do better work;" and he did. The fellow was greatly pleased and thanked him.

Now for my point: In traveling around among the churches—among that greater brotherhood—it is my custom, not as a critic, but as a brother, to offer suggestions where I think they are needed. I have, among other things, spoken of the need of more neatness in the care of the houses of worship. Some of my brothers do not seem to like this. No doubt it is because they do not fully understand me, or they would receive my friendly suggestions as readily as my own brothers do about their farms, or as the Floridian did about his plowing. Our work in Japan has been pretty freely criticised both through the papers and in private. I

take it that this is done because brethren are interested in the work. Let us not get nervous over these things. The true seeker after God is always open to suggestions; and whenever it is pointed out to him where there is room for improvement, he is only too ready to accept it with thankfulness.

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY

The story is told in the Sunday School Times of a little boy who was given a nickel for missions. On his way to Sunday school he passed a candy shop, and yielding to the temptation, spent the nickel. Afterwards his conscience began to hurt him, and he turned back with the request to the confectioner: "Say, mister, that nickel was given me for the heathen; you see that they get it, will you?" Many a grown-up child of the kingdom is acting in the same way. We say we believe in foreign missions—in preaching the gospel to the whole world—but we go on spending for self-gratification, always putting up the plea of poverty, while we say to others: "See that the gospel gets to the heathen, will you?" We assent to the duty of it, but seek to evade it as a personal duty. Along with the "how" let us ask, "Who?" It is high time that we cheerfully step forward and do something, rather than idly stand by and critically watch how others are doing it.

PROGRESS OR DIGRESS

Let a man on a wheel keep moving forward at a reasonable rate, and he finds but little difficulty in keeping up; but let him undertake to do so while standing still, and it is next to the impossible. The same is true of the churches. Soundness of faith is sustained by soundness of practice; and to be sound

in practice means progress. Too many of the churches are trying to maintain the purity of the faith while remaining at almost a dead standstill. A church must be progressive or else become digressive.

The principle of a "Thus saith the Lord" in many instances has been pressed to a hurtful extreme. Wherever the Bible speaks, we should hear and be silent; but in matters where the Bible is silent, we are at liberty to speak, provided we be careful to maintain the things that are revealed, and none should dare molest or make us afraid. A certain brother refused to meet with the church because they passed around the baskets in taking up the collection. Another declined to meet with the brethren because they used plates in passing the bread. Others object to teaching the Bible to people by classes, and still others object to the use of literature. Others in more extreme cases object to a songbook, and still others object to a church house.

What is the trouble with such brethren? They are endeavoring to press the authority of the Scriptures where the Scriptures have not pressed themselves, and in so doing they have unwittingly substituted their own authority for that of the word of God.

The most successful way to get clearly defined and healthy conception of Scripture truths is to work them out rather than to argue them out. Let any conscientious man or woman, with a burning desire to do good as they have opportunity, push forward in this busy world each day, and prayerfully compare their methods of labor with the word of God each night, and they will not miss the path that leads to that glory land.

THE FIELDS COMPARED

Jerusalem (Nashville)

Preachers, 43; population, 145,000; or one preacher to 3,372.

Judea (Tennessee)

Preachers, 249; population, 2,147,166; or one preacher to 8,623.

Samaria (United States of America)

Preachers, 1,733; population, 82,000,000; or one preacher to about 48,000.

Uttermost Parts

At least 1,000,000,000, or a thousand millions; six missionaries; or 166,666,666 heathen to one missionary.

Will the reader consider the above table? Some think the gospel has always proceeded, and should always proceed, in regular succession, from country to country. It is a false assumption, as a more comprehensive study of the Scriptures will show; but supposing this to be the only order, let us look at it from this point of view and see what is revealed. Let Nashville be our Jerusalem; Tennessee, our Judea; and the United States, our Samaria. In Jerusalem we have a preacher for every 3,372 people; in Judea, one preacher for every 8,623 people; in Samaria, one preacher for every 48,000 people. And be it noted, too, that these are all down in the list as "loyal" preachers, and none among the denominations, not even the "digressives," are included. It is estimated that a preacher and his wife, together with those whom they may raise up as coworkers, may reach

fifty thousand people in a generation. According to this, we already have a home force sufficient to reach all Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria in a lifetime; while if Jerusalem were assembled together in audiences of 3,372, there are enough preachers there to preach to the entire city every day. With audiences of the same size, we could reach every person in Judea every three days. But when we come to the "uttermost part of the earth," there is only one preacher for every 166,666,666, a number so overwhelmingly large that no one man can ever hope to reach it. To supply the "uttermost part of the earth" as the home fields are supplied will require more than twenty thousand missionaries. Jerusalem ought to scatter, and Judea and Samaria should be pushing out to "the regions beyond"; for if we are going to accept that divine order in all its fullness, there is absolutely no escape from this. Many have been quoting the Master's words, "And ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth," as though it were a proof text for staying at home; whereas, with the present supply in the homeland, every time a man quotes it he condemns himself for staying at home. When the Lord says, "unto the uttermost part of the earth," he does not mean simply to the borders of Samaria, as so many by their conduct would make him say. It is because of this defect in the churches that others of a different view are slow to see their argument in debate that God's churches in and of themselves are his missionary societies. Let us now give the argument of the churches at work.

THE LABORER IS WORTHY

That is, if he is worthy, he is worthy of his hire. If he is not worthy as a "laborer"—preacher, evangelist, missionary—he should be told so plainly, but in a kind spirit, and dismissed from the service. Let such a one then seek the place where he can be useful, so that the word of God be not hindered. To give to one of God's public servants out of mere pity as though he were an object of charity, with a feeling that he is really not worthy, is to degrade him and act in a manner untrue to oneself.

I commended one of the churches for sending regularly to a certain brother laboring in a destitute place. Later a brother said to me privately that they were not sending regularly to the brother, but that they watched the papers, and when they saw that he was in distress they sent him something. Now I say frankly that this is a shame. It is defrauding the brother out of what is due him from the church, breaks his spirit and humiliates him, and degrades him in the eyes of his brethren. If such a brother is worthy of fellowship at all, he is worthy of it in an honorable way. If anything is due him at all, it is due him without his having to get down on his knees before the brethren and plead with them for it. A preacher's needs recur as often as those of other people. If he needs food and clothes one month, he is likely to need the same the next; and there is not a passage of Scripture in all the Bible that precludes the act of regular, orderly giving to those who have gone forth to reap for God. The command to take regular collections carries with it the principle of orderly, regular distribution. Instead of a monthly gift, it would

be still more Scriptural to send to the "laborer" a weekly one.

Let the churches take up mission work in connection with those that are worthy, and communicate with them on the assumption that they are really not pensioners pleading for the unneeded crumbs, but men worthy of double honor for their work's sake and the hardships they bear, and that they have a right to a place at the table with the family, receiving their due portion along with the rest. If it should so transpire that one cannot be treated thus, let him not be fellowshipped at all as a "laborer," but let him retire to private life and there find his place of usefulness. The churches have been too neglectful in regard to this matter. They have merely tolerated some, but have not indorsed them. One who cannot be indorsed should not be tolerated as a public worker. The man who goes forth to the "regions beyond," whether far away or nearer home, needs both the financial and moral support of those who remain behind. They should take him to their hearts and be his bulwark of strength. None but those who have been out on the lonely and trying frontier can fully appreciate what it means to have the warm heart throb of those back behind who are in sympathetic accord with him.

Nor should it be thought necessary, in order to commend one and become his hearty supporter, that he be absolutely without fault, "for in many things, we all stumble." We should not expect too much; but if one is of good character, reasonably well adapted to his work, and if his heart is there, we should bear with the rest.

EASY TO GIVE FOR WHAT WE LOVE

What devoted father will not give for the comfort of his family? He prospers in business and accumulates some money. Mrs. Brown says to Mr. Brown that they need a larger and better house for the growing family. They call in the architect and get plans and estimates and contract for a sum of money. "You are making a great sacrifice," says some one. "Sacrifice?" rejoins Mr. Brown. "Why, sir, it's for my own family!" To be sure it is, so three thousand dollars is no sacrifice for the objects of his affections. The furnishings cost a thousand dollars more, and a little later on an auto for thirteen hundred, and still no one thinks of sacrifice. Many who earn twenty-five dollars a week will spend five dollars per month for tobacco and never think of sacrifice, and they manage somehow to get on. Why so liberal along this line? Because they are spending for what a depraved appetite loves. There are about twenty small churches in the State of Iowa, and the tobacco bill of the members in these churches alone amounts to at least fifteen hundred dollars a year. I believe I could pick five men from each of these churches that chew up and spit out and smoke up that much. If professed Christians will not give up this vile habit and turn the money thus wasted into the support of some good cause, I fail to see how they can expect God's blessings. "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Men will go on thus spending with a lavish hand for things proper and improper, and take delight in it; but if they are asked to give a battered-up nickel for the

spread of the gospel, they at once begin to talk of "poverty," "sacrifice," and all such. This has but one significance—they do not love God nor the salvation of their fellow men. They need conversion. "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds."

AFRAID TO PROCEED

"The brethren are so afraid of going wrong that they do not go at all." Thus spoke a friend to me the other day. It is good to be cautious, but extreme caution is almost as bad as recklessness. I am of the opinion that there are churches cooperating with the missionary societies today that would have remained true if those in the place of leaders had really done so instead of simply throwing on the brakes. With poverty, sin, and ignorance all around us, and millions of precious souls in this hopeless world passing to endless despair, there are many in our churches whose souls are yearning for something to do, and every member of the church, both man and woman, should be put to work. If the preachers and teachers would cease their words of warning against "innovations" long enough to put the churches to work along Scriptural lines, the results would be far better. The best way to keep out "innovations" and "innovators" is to keep the church full of good works and good workers.

I heard a sermon not long since on "How to Behave in the House of God." When the brother came to tell how the women ought to behave in the church, he held up the fashionable woman of society who preferred a poodle to her child. This may have been well enough in speaking to people of that class, but to a plain vil-

lage folk, not one of whom was likely to own such an animal, the brother shot wide of the mark. Then, instead of really telling the sisters how they ought to do in the church, the time was consumed in showing up the follies of fashionable society outside the church. Here the brother left it, and the sisters went home knowing just as little about what they ought to do in the church as before they went. Now, to be plain, I do not believe half the preachers themselves know just what a woman's work in the church is. If they do, why do they not teach them and encourage them to go forward in the work, instead of frightening them almost out of their wits by holding up the fashionable woman's follies, with the additional warning that "a woman should keep silent in the church"? This thing of keeping silent seems to be about all some seem to know on the subject of woman's duty. Brethren, let us study up and be able to edify and to lead. There is a great difference between an engineer and a brakeman. We have entirely too many of the latter in proportion to the former. What the churches most need just at this juncture is men who are able to take hold and run things.

Note—Though a quarter of a century has passed since the above was written, the need is as urgent now as then.

DOINGS IN THE HOMELAND—1911

A COMPARISON OF RESULTS

It is usually considered that the results in heathen lands, by way of additions, are more meager than at home, and that is often given as an objection to foreign missionary work. Even granting this to be true, it would not be a legitimate excuse for curtailing the commission and of limiting our efforts to our own country. But a fair comparison will show that this is not the case.

A brother is called to hold a meeting. It lasts, we will say, a month. During this time forty people have been added. The forty additions are reckoned as the result of the month's meeting. To have the same number of additions in a heathen land may require twenty years. The comparison is then made between the time of one month and twenty years, and the conclusion is reached that, since the results are so much greater at home than abroad, our labors should be confined at home.

But were the forty additions the result of a month's meeting? A child born in a Christian land is as ignorant of God as a child born in a heathen country. Every religious thought it receives must be taught it. If the parents are Christian parents, they must begin at a very early age to teach the little child simple lessons in religion. When a little older, it attends Bible school and church services, is taught to read the Scriptures, and in various ways is trained up in the Christian faith. All those who have attended the month's meeting have been brought up under similar

influences. The forty additions, then, are not the result of a month's teaching as was supposed, but of many years. In summing up the ultimate results of the protracted meeting, we must go back twenty, thirty, and forty years, to the time when the new converts first began to be taught. When we reckon properly as to the time taken to convert people at home, it takes just as long as in a heathen land.

If we discourage the preparatory work abroad because the people are not ready immediately to become Christians, then, to be consistent, we should stop all teaching in our homes, close out our Bible colleges and Sunday schools, and rely solely on the protracted meetings for the religious instruction.

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR TWENTY YEARS

On the first Sunday in February, I was at a certain congregation in Indiana and spoke on missions three times. One of the brethren, seconded by his wife, said they had not had any teaching along that line for twenty years. A long time ago the church gave to missions through the missionary society, but found that it cost so much to get the money to the field that they quit it. None of the preachers that had preached for them since had ever preached on the duty of the churches to do missionary work abroad.

This is no exceptional case, but is so common with many churches that it almost becomes a rule. I verily believe God is raising up adversaries against his people to their hurt because of this neglect; and the responsibility of it lies largely with the preachers and public teachers. Just think of it! The first part of the commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach

the gospel to every creature," not preached on in twenty years! Many of the preachers seem to avoid this part of the commission as studiously as the pedobaptists do the second part. Quitting the societies is no step in advance, if it is to quit mission work altogether. Many seem to be trying to reach heaven simply by not doing something that is wrong.

FIRST AT HOME, THEN THE HEATHEN

At the close of one of my speeches not long since, I called for an expression from the brethren. One brother rose and said he was not opposed to taking the gospel to the heathen, but we had plenty of them right here at home that we ought to reach first, he thought. After services the brother came to me and repeated what he had said, and added that when we got the heathen converted here, then let us go over there. I waited patiently till he was through, for it seemed that his first speech was not fully satisfactory even to himself, and I felt he ought to have a full hearing. When he had finished, I replied: "Very well, brother; now just when do you expect to be through with the heathen here so that you can begin over there?" "I don't know," he replied. "Right there, brother, is where the devil gets you," I continued; "for if he can persuade you thus to put it off indefinitely, that's all he asks." And how very true this is! Good-meaning men will confess a lack of duty done at home as an excuse for not doing mission work abroad, then continue to neglect the home duty just as they have been doing for twenty years. It is like a man who owes both the groceryman and the merchant and is able to settle with both, but neglects to pay his grocery

bill out of mere indifference; and when the merchant presents his bill, he acknowledges it to be just and fair and all that, being a duty he owes to the merchant, but he puts him off indefinitely on the strength of still owing the groceryman. Thus he goes on perpetually excusing himself from the one obligation because of his neglect to discharge the other.

We can discharge both obligations. We can evangelize both the heathen at home and abroad; we can, I say, if we will. The whole question turns on the will, not the ability. At the present rate of proceeding, however, we are seriously and sadly neglecting both and are persuading ourselves that it cannot be done.

WHAT THE CHURCH IS LIKE

The church under various figures is compared to a number of things, but in 1 Cor. 12 Paul very aptly suggests that it is like the human body, with each member performing the function assigned it.

Many churches, though, are more like a dissecting room than a living body with all its members in place and working. In the city of New Orleans, I was admitted into the dissecting room and beheld many fragments of the human subjects the students were operating on piled here and there in confusion on the tables—heads, arms, legs, trunks, and other parts of the body, all mangled and dismembered.

Many of the churches are too much like this, being a mere confused heap of severed and lifeless members, each out of its place and inactive. The body should be put together—head, eyes, ears, nose, hands, feet, etc.—all put in place and set to work, for there is need

of every one of them. Brethren sometimes get so afraid of departures from the word that they fail to come up to the full measure of it. They are so afraid of outside organizations that they do not organize the church itself, but are content to let it remain a sort of conglomerate affair, with the various members of the body thrown together, if together at all, in such an awkward manner that the result is an unsightly deformity and a body that is helpless.

The New Testament church is a complete organism, and there is no feature of religious work that it will not reach. If there are conditions in human society that the church in your town is not reaching with the gospel, you may just put it down that you have not yet a fully developed New Testament church. Or, if there is a heathen land where millions are without a knowledge of the Christ and the church is not able to reach that country, it is because the church is deficient in its organism.

The church should first be supplied with a head by the appointment of a board of elders. If there is no material for this, the preacher should remain with the church till the material is developed. The elders as the head should then put the whole body to work, being careful to put each member in its place—some to manage finances, some to see after the poor, some to attend the sick, others to teach, and still others to look after the lost sheep, with some to welcome strangers. Social provision should be made for the young, instruction should be given to the younger mothers by the elder, and each member developed into a working member.

THE MISSIONARY PROPHET

Jonah was the missionary prophet. He lived about eight hundred years before Christ. God commanded him to go to the great city of Nineveh, east of Palestine on the Tigris River, and the capital of Assyria. Jonah did not want to go. He hated the Ninevites. They were a menace to Israel and threatened the overthrow of the nation. Jonah knew God's purpose was to get the people to repent and save them, and this was the very thing Jonah did not want done. If he had been sure Jehovah meant what he said and would unconditionally destroy the great city with all that was in it, doubtless he would have been willing enough to go. But the very thought of going and preaching a repentance unto life to a people no better than dogs and who were the national enemies of his own country went against every fiber of his bigoted Jewish nature, and he flatly refused to go.

In this poor Jonah was not alone. He has had plenty of sympathizers even to this day. If the call were made for men to go and destroy some rival nation because of some trivial difference of international policy, there are thousands of Jonahs in America that would rush to the front; but like Jonah of old, when God calls them to go and preach a repentance unto life, they are rather inclined to go in the other direction. "But if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

SHOULD TRAIN FOR IMMEDIATE SERVICE

It is our duty to teach the young to go as well as to give. Missionaries must be selected, five, ten, and fifteen years hence, from among those who are now

young people and children. Proper preparation for this work requires a long course of training. Jesus was thirty years in preparing for his public ministry. We cannot expect to pick up missionaries just anywhere and at any time. They must be developed. This work must be done now. If we who are living do not reach the present generation with the gospel, it will never be reached. A brother said to me not long ago that he had been anxious to do something for the heathen for quite a while, but that he had been putting it off, promising himself that as soon as he got his business in better shape and the church got out of debt he would then do something. "But," he added, "I am beginning to realize that my life's work will soon be ended, and if I do anything at all, I must do it now. If I wait till my business is entirely satisfactory and the church debt is paid off, most likely I will never do anything." Nothing can be truer than this. We will always have reverses in business, a church debt, hard times, or "heathen at home," and he who fain would excuse himself for any or all of these things may just as well put it down that he is not in favor of missions, but will be perpetually and forever counting himself out, till one of these days he shall wake up to the fact that life's opportunities have all slipped from his grasp and he stands empty-handed facing a cheerless eternity.

WHAT HAPPENED AT GALLADEN

The preacher went according to appointment and spoke to the best of his ability on Sunday morning and evening, and the people said he did well. Before he left, one of the people took him aside and passed six silver dollars over into his hand, saying as he did

so: "This is what we paid Brother Smith." The gist of which seems to have been: "If Brother Smith could put up with that little, you ought to." At any rate, it showed that the church at Galladen was impartial toward its preachers and treated them all alike. This was fair.

The preacher gratefully received the six silver dollars with thanks. When left to himself he began to reflect and to ask himself why the church had decided on six dollars a Sunday for its preachers. He figured it out like this: There are six workdays in a week and the church has reckoned on a dollar a day, throwing in Sunday, as in secular business people are not supposed to be paid for Sunday, a day on which they do not work. This is better than one brother figured it out, so I was told. He didn't belong to the Galladen church, but to another that could run a church with less money by half than Galladen does. "I can hire a hand," said he, "at fifty cents a day, and I am willing to pay the preacher that much." I don't know whether Brother Skinner meant to include Sunday or not, for my informant didn't say; but on general principles, I judge he, like old Galladen, would throw Sunday in for good count; and it might not be right to pay a preacher for working on Sunday, anyway. This would make three silver dollars instead of six.

Some of the brethren seem to be living back twenty years ago, and have not waked up to the fact that the common laborer at the present time often gets more than a dollar a day, while the carpenter gets from three and a half to five dollars a day. "I don't believe in paying a preacher a salary," says one; "he should be contented with what he gets." I am not disputing

this, but the point I make is that the Galladen church does believe in paying the preacher a salary, and has fixed the uniform rate at six dollars the Sunday. If the church deems it expedient to fix the preacher's salary, I question the correctness of their standard when they put him down lower than the day laborer. The common street cleaner, old and decrepit, with no better clothes than a hickory shirt and a pair of overalls, without education, skill, or capital, gets a dollar and seventy cents a day, and doesn't have to travel twenty-five or fifty miles from week to week to reach his work. At the rate the preachers are paid at old Galladen, they could not live as well as the most common laborer. What makes the situation still more perplexing, this six-dollar-a-Sunday church, upon their own testimony, is worth something like a half-million dollars. Well, I am not the judge as to what will be the ultimate outcome, but it seems to me that if these people are saved, then covetousness is not idolatry.

PREACHING AND FISHING

Preaching is like fishing: we must not only go where the fish are, but where they will bite. This necessitates the shifting from place to place. No fisherman remains at one spot perpetually, hoping to catch all that are there before he leaves, but after a fair trial goes to another place where the fish are more hungry. He may come back to this place later when the fish are more inclined to bite. So in fishing for men we must go where they will bite, nor think for a moment that all must be caught before we drop our hook in other waters. Men, like fish, are caught a few here and a few there, while whole multitudes will

pass us by without notice. Who will heed the gospel call no one can tell till they are tried; hence the importance of going into all the world and preaching the gospel to every creature, that we may gather out those from each generation that are disposed unto eternal life.

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A KING?

Samuel judged Israel well and long, but his two sons "walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted justice." The people demanded a king on the ground that "thy sons walk not in thy ways."

There was no excuse for the people turning from God's order, of course, just because it had been abused; neither was there any excuse for those to whom had been committed the sacred trust of ruling as the Lord has directed turning aside from that order. I see not why the sin of causing others to turn from God is not just as great as the act itself. Jesus taught the lesson that to cause others to stumble is such a serious crime that one would better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the sea.

I do not apologize for those in modern times who have substituted human institutions for the churches in missions, but I hesitate not to say the blame is not all theirs. We are guilty of a double sin, for those of us who fail to go forward and do the work are as guilty before God as those who do it through improper channels. Let us not look so long and intently at the mote that we fail to discover the beam.

When our Lord said, "Go, . . . teach all nations," he probably did not mean that we should remain at home and argue against it; and he who does this is, in my

judgment, as far from God as the man who substitutes a board for the church.

WHO SHOULD GO AS MISSIONARIES?

Now and then I receive letters from prospective missionaries that clearly show that the persons writing them are not prepared. The one I give below is by no means the sorriest I have received, but it will do to illustrate the point. The writer only occasionally uses a period, puts "1911" before "August 3," and misuses his capitals. Except the poor hand and bad form, which cannot be shown in print, I give the letter just as it is:

"Brother McCaleb: I saw in last weeks no—of the gospel advocate, that you were wanting good Preachers for foreign missions. I tenk I wauld like to go, but I coonat get off till late in the fall. Would I have to enlist for any certain time, or could I be at liberty to go, and come as I like. Please let me knaw in regord to the support and also the duty of minestr, and I am very respectpully."

In this age of advantages any one, and more especially "good Preachers," ought to be heartily ashamed to write such a letter as the above. Of course, all of us now and then make mistakes, but this one-gallus, slipshod, loose-ended way that many have of writing is wholly inexcusable. Great men sometimes write poorly, but this is no sign of their greatness. It is just this much against them and they are great in spite of it. Slovenly letter writing is no more a sign of greatness than a mole on the face.

The brother who wrote the above letter is probably a man of fair ability, but this writing certainly does

not show it. Not long ago I received another letter from a brother who is a graduate of one of our leading universities, who has been preaching a number of years, and who is a man known to have ability, but in his letter he wrote "enumeration" for "remuneration" and "heathern" for "heathen." To some, these may seem like small matters, and in the consciousness of my own errors I am not in the least disposed to be supercilious, but such things hurt and count much more heavily against us than some seem to think. Why learn good penmanship and the art of correct writing if we do not make them practical?

THE COW

A very useful animal is the cow. The Creator has so arranged it that she must provide for others besides herself. Each day she fills her generous sack and supplies the household with milk and butter. But in order that she may accomplish the most, she must be well fed and thoroughly milked. Leave a little each time, and soon you will milk the cow dry. That which is set apart for others must all be taken or soon the supply of milk will be cut off altogether.

Now let us learn a lesson from the cow. A church is like a cow. God has designed that a church shall set apart for others and not live solely for itself. "Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store." The church that fails to do this and fails to use the means thus set apart, will, like the cow, finally "dry up." The less they give, the less they will be able to give. The way to keep up our liberality is to give as freely as we receive. It is fatal to keep back a part of God's share, and it will strike us as dead as Ananias and Sapphira.

WHERE TO PLACE OUR AFFECTIONS

Too many people are like the cat when they should be more like the dog. A cat loves the old haunts and will still linger about the old place after her mistress has moved away. She is more attached to the place than to the person. A faithful dog is different. He will go anywhere his master goes and be happy if he can only be with him. So should it be with a Christian. He should not allow his happiness to depend on the locality, but should be contented to go wherever his Master goes and feel that he is happy if he can only be with him.

EITHER SAVE OTHERS OR BE LOST YOURSELF

A few years ago one of Japan's battleships anchored in the bay between Yokohama and Tokyo. Owing to the shallow water, it was about five miles from where the ship cast anchor to the shore. The captain gave permission to the sailors to take a holiday on land, with the orders, enforced by the strictness of military rules, that they should be back aboard the ship by a certain hour. After spending the day in Tokyo, they were back at their transit boats in due time, and, embarking, they began to lean to the oars, bound for their ship lying out in the bay about five miles away.

By this time a heavy gale was blowing, and the waves began to lash against the little boats of the blue-jackets, about a hundred and fifty in number, in maddening fury. Now and then, as if in mockery of the desperate efforts of the poor fellows, a whitecap would leap right over into the boat. This continued to be repeated with such frequency that soon their barks were being filled with the waves. A little later and the

boats all capsized, with the men out in the water struggling between life and death.

Had it not been for the timely efforts of a friendly fisherman who happened to be in sight, all must have perished. With only a little boy who was in the boat with him—a craft much larger than those from which the sailors had been thrown—he rowed with might and main to the scene of disaster. By the heroic efforts of this fisherman and the little boy, they succeeded in saving about forty of their unfortunate countrymen. The rest went down and were lost. His praise was upon the lips of all, and the government made him a handsome reward. But really, as a man of only common kindness, the fisherman could not have acted otherwise. If he had looked on with indifference, with no attempt to rescue his perishing countrymen, he would have been almost, if not quite, as mean as a murderer. He could not save all, but he saved what he could, and was praised and blessed.

Every Christian occupies the position of the fisherman. Around him are the perishing multitudes that are out on the ocean of sin. Their frail barks have been capsized by the storms of "the prince of the power of the air," and they are in a struggle between life and death. We may not be able to save all, for some have so lost their senses that they will not even let us rescue them when we try. It is a characteristic of a drowning man that he sometimes so loses his reason that when you approach him he will turn against both you and himself, will seize you with a death grip and attempt to drag you both down to the bottom. The only thing to do in such a case is to thrust him from you and leave him to his fate. It is even so with many whom we

would save from the eternal depths. However, we can save some, and to the extent we are able God holds us responsible. No man or woman can be a Christian and enter that glory land who does not make at least a reasonably earnest effort to save others. Too many are trying to reach heaven on the cheapest ticket possible, and some would even ride as a hobo on the rods beneath; but if I have read the Bible correctly, no such will ever get to their journey's end.

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but cannot reach the goal.

WE COULD IF WE WOULD

In the neighborhood of Glen's Creek, Ky., two neighbors differed about a strip of ground eight feet wide and containing only about one-eighth of an acre. They went to law to settle it, and the case is still undecided. Already they have spent eighteen hundred dollars, and before they get through with it they will have to spend about thirty-five hundred. These men, though spending such enormous amounts, are still able to live. Think of what might be done for the lost, if men could be stirred up with a zeal for God like this!

* * *

Who does not make Christ known to others does not possess him; for if one really possesses Christ, it cannot be hidden.

THIRTY SECONDS WORTH AN HOUR

Coming into Louisville one morning recently from Fisherville, I first took the train as far as Jefferson-town. From there I was to take the electric interurban. When the train is exactly on time, then it is close con-

nection; but that morning it was a little late and we pulled in just in time to see the interurban pulling out as we stepped down from the car. An unknown young woman wanted to catch the same car. We started to run. As the interurban crossed our street we waved our handkerchiefs and it stopped for us. If we had been thirty seconds later, it would have passed by so that our signals could not have been seen and we would have missed it. The next car would not have come till an hour later. These thirty seconds were worth an hour; hence the cumulative value of seizing the opportunity. Often also a penny in extreme cases is worth a dollar at ordinary times.

SAVED BY GRACE

On Sunday, September 10, I spoke at Berea, Ky. That night I went home with Brother Lee Vandivier, who kindly agreed to drive me into Harrodsburg next morning in time for the early train. "You needn't worry about the train," said Brother Vandivier, as we were fixing to retire—"you needn't worry about the train; I'll call you in time." We were to get up at four-thirty. I slept on in full confidence that all would go well. As I looked out of the window it seemed to be later than four-thirty. I got up and looked at my watch and it was five-ten. Only thirty minutes till the train was due! Just then the brother opened the door and observed: "You'll have to sort o' move. I overslept somehow." Well, we did "sort o' move" during the next few minutes. I dressed and closed my grips, drank a glass of milk Sister Vandivier had brought to the hall, grabbed a grip in each hand, and made a dash for the buggy. By the time I reached it our brother had "sort o' moved," too, and had the horse almost hooked up. In

we jumped and started for the station, two miles away, with only about twenty minutes, and possibly my watch three or four minutes late.

As we entered the town I heard the whistle of the train as it was pulling in. "There's the train," I said; but Brother Vandivier thought maybe I was mistaken. We urged old Bill on while his feet clattered through the streets in the morning stillness. One man who had crawled out to the front porch for a little fresh air looked up to see who was flying by at such an early hour. We did not take time to explain, but left him to work it out for himself, while we pushed on toward the station with not even a second to lose. Just as we got in sight—puff!—there went up a black volume of smoke which told all too well that the train had started. It had to cross the street we were in. "Jump out and wave your hand," said Brother Vandivier. Scarcely had the words escaped his lips when I was out on the ground waving my handkerchief. The train stopped! Throwing up one grip to the conductor, I scrambled on with the other, the train already being in motion.

As I took my seat inside, I thought: So will it be in getting into heaven. When we have done our very best, we must still be saved by grace.

IS IT A SIN?

"Do you think the use of tobacco is a sin?" asked a good sister. "People differ about it," she continued. "Some whom I have asked say it is not a sin. I dip snuff; but if I were convinced it is a sin, I would quit it."

"Yes'm," I said, "I believe it is a sin." I then proceeded to tell her why, somewhat as follows:

1. God has given us our bodies for a purpose. If we knowingly and needlessly injure them, it is a sin. But it is admitted by the best authority, and even by those who use it, that tobacco is injurious. "Know ye not," says Paul, "that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, and such are ye." (1 Cor. 3: 16, 17.)

2. It is needless expenditure. In our ignorance we sometimes make a mistake in spending; for this we may be excused. But knowingly and purposely to spend money for that which we know is of no use, but is both filthy and an injury, is a sin; for what we have was given us for a useful purpose, and we have no right to waste it. Ten cents a week for snuff, five dollars and twenty cents a year, while the poor right around us have not sufficient clothing and go hungry for want of food, and the gospel is withheld from over half the world—then tell me this is not a sin!

3. "I admit it is a filthy habit." This alone condemns it as a sin. Every Christian is the holiness of God personified. Think of God's holy man making himself offensive both to the smell and to the sight of others for no other reason than to gratify a depraved appetite! "Having therefore these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." (2 Cor. 7: 1.) Think of God's holy woman, intended to be as pure as the dewdrop and as sweet as an angel, mopping a little old slobbery stick about in her mouth, then round and round down in a little old tin box of snuff, with the colored saliva working out from the corners

of her mouth! Do you tell me this is the way to perfect holiness in the fear of God?

4. "You have a little boy, I believe," I continued. "Yes," said the sister. "How old is he?" "Ten years old." "Does he use tobacco?" "No." "Don't you want him to use it?" "No." "Why, I should think you would, if it is not a sin; for why deprive your child of an innocent pleasure? In Louisville, Kentucky, I have seen little boys about the size of your boy picking up cigarette and cigar stubs out of the gutter. Would you want your boy to do that?" "No." "Then, as a mother, it is your duty to throw every protection around him to keep him from it; but as long as you use it yourself, you are putting the temptation before him."

On leaving, the sister learned that I had some tracts on tobacco and asked for one. Next morning her little boy came and said his mother said tell me she had quit snuff and had thrown what she had away.

I do not know who they are that have been telling this sister the use of tobacco is not a sin; but whoever they are, I want to say right here that between them and me there is an issue, and I hold myself ready to discuss the question with any brother who feels disposed to defend his side of it.

Note—The proposition is still (1934) open.

"GOD IS NOT MOCKED"

"We have a good many heathen right here at home." Yes, there is no mistake about that, if it is meant by this that we have a good many who are not Christians. But we will hardly reduce their number by refusing assistance to those farther away, for the very act in

itself so weakens one's moral fiber that he is all the less able to deal with the problem that lies nearer at hand.

In the second place, we are not likely very materially to reduce the number of the heathen at home so long as we continue to put in all our spare time and surplus cash running to the county fair, the circus, the picture shows and football games. Nor will we likely increase the home missionary fund by keeping up the jug, the tobacco sacks, plugs, and snuffboxes. Instead of saying we have the heathen at home as an explanation why we cannot send the gospel to the heathen abroad, it would be more correct to say we have our evil habits and worldly pastimes at home that exhaust our energies and deplete our purses.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE HEATHEN?

If they live and die without hearing the gospel, will they be saved or lost? If they will be saved, then why should Christ have come to the world at all? "God is no respecter of persons"; and if he will save the heathen now without the gospel, he would have saved all men without it. But he will not save all who hear the gospel—in fact, comparatively few of them; and if he saves all who have no chance, then the preaching of the cross becomes a curse and Christ came in vain.

But still people will ask (and it is a reasonable question): Will a just God condemn a man for not living up to a law which was never presented to him? Will a man be condemned for not being baptized for the remission of his sins, when during all his lifetime he had never heard of such a thing? Will a man be condemned for not remembering the Lord's death till he comes in the Lord's Supper, when he never so much as once had heard of such an institution or of such a

Lord? If such, however, have a hope of salvation, let us all stay at home and lock up our Bibles from the heathen world; and if we read them at all, let us read them behind closed doors, nor ever intimate to any one that we have such a book or ever even heard of it; for the more ignorant we can keep the people the safer they are. And if we love the future happiness of our children, we will start in at their infancy and never let them know there ever was such a book as the Bible or such a being as the Christ. It will only take a generation for us to make them just as heathen as all the heathen in heathendom, and our own children then, with the rest of the heathen world, can all go to heaven together. And thus the gospel of the deepest ignorance and the densest darkness will become the greatest of all blessings to a sinful and hopeless race.

But the darkness must be complete; for even the slightest ray of light let in even at the keyhole would to that extent bring its proportionate responsibility, which, if not lived up to, would bring its punishment.

Well, the heathen, neither at home nor abroad, will not be condemned for not doing what they cannot do; but the trouble with man is that he is not doing what he can, nor living up to the light he has. Where is the sinless man? Look among the eight hundred million in darkest heathendom, and you will hardly find him. At some time in his life, and perhaps many times, he has done what he knows to be wrong. His own conscience and his sense of what was right and what was wrong told him so. If he has gone contrary to the light that he had even once, though the light be a dim one, this makes him a sinner and debars him from being saved by his own holiness, for one cannot enter into

that sinless land with even the stain of one sin on his garments. Paul says there is none righteous—no, not so much as one. The race, whether heathen or otherwise, has, to the man, sinned away the day of his own righteousness, and if saved at all, must now be saved by grace; and if he also sins away the day of God's grace, there is no hope—he has committed the unpardonable sin, that can never be forgiven either in the Jewish age, the Christian age, or in eternity.

Christ is the only hope for a lost and ruined race, and God will no more save the heathen abroad without him than he will the heathen at home. "For neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." "God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." The heathen cannot be saved without the gospel, nor can we be saved with it if we withhold the gospel from them.

THE BIBLE-ALONE THEORY

Just as some claim that we are saved by faith alone, I find others, claiming to be disciples, that have a Bible-alone theory in regard to converting the heathen. One brother put it like this: Let them have the Bible and translate it into their own languages. Then they have the power; and if they have the power, that is all they need. Let them teach themselves.

I replied to the brother's theory as follows:

"You cannot show a single case on record where the Bible alone ever made a man a Christian. In every case given in the Scriptures where people became Christians, it was through the personal ministration of the preacher. And I also call upon you to give a single

instance in modern times where a person became a Christian solely by reading the Bible. Such a thing is an impossibility.

“Brother Haynes, when you became a Christian, was it by reading the Bible alone, or did you also hear preaching?” To this question the brother replied by saying it was partly by reading the Bible and partly through the preaching of old Brother Bolyn. “Then you admit that you were not converted by reading the Bible alone, but that before you became a Christian you had the assistance of the preacher. Now what is true in your case is true of all other cases you have ever known or heard of; but you have set a different rule when it comes to the heathen. Your theory demands that we simply give into the hands of the heathen a copy of the Scriptures. It is in a foreign tongue to him and he does not know the first word of it. He must in some way, unaided, acquaint himself with this foreign tongue, translate the Bible, read it, be converted, and baptize himself; then become a preacher to convert others. Yet you confess that, with all your advantages being brought up under Christian influences and having the Bible from childhood in your own tongue, you had to have the presence of the preacher before you became a Christian.

“Brother Haynes, you tell me that you are a preacher and that you talk to everybody on your place and in the neighborhood about the Bible, and that even all the negroes with you are Christians. This is all wrong, brother. What you ought to do, and all that you ought to do, is to supply yourself with Bibles and give these out to your neighbors; but you should not say a word, for according to your theory, they have the power of

God unto salvation and need no further assistance from you.”

NOT LEFT TO OUR CHOICE

“All may go to the heathen that want to, but I prefer to stay at home.” These were the words, not only of a brother but of a preacher. As much as to say: If one chooses to go, it is well enough for him to go; but if not, he is quite excusable in staying at home.

Now I make bold to say that a Christian is by no means left to his own choice in this matter. God has ordained that the world shall hear the gospel to be saved, and this hearing must come through preaching, and this preaching must be done by men. We must go in person as far as possible; and where it is not possible for ourselves, we must go in the person of others.

1. The Christian is a soldier. I see posted up at the railroad stations and in the post offices notices by the government calling for young men to join the army. A young man is left to his own choice whether he will join the army or not; but once enlisted, he is no longer left to his own course. If “Uncle Sam” says for him to go to China or the Philippines, there he must go, and there is no alternative. If he declines to obey orders, he is dismissed from the service, and that, too, under disgrace. It is none the less true when we enlist under the Captain of our Salvation. We are on service and must obey orders. The order is to go “into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” William Duncan was once asked if he would go to the Indians of the great Northwest. He replied by saying he would go anywhere in the world where he was sent, and, if need be, he would be ready in an hour.

2. The Christian is a member of the fire brigade. In the city of Nashville a fire breaks out. The flames spread from house to house in rapid succession. The fire brigade is soon rattling along the streets. Not only the crew, but the private citizens all turn out and assist. The fire is checked and ultimately all is quiet and safe again. The fire brigade calls the roll and finds one of its members missing. Was he lost in the flames? Search is made, and it is found that he did not answer the call nor go to the scene of rescue at all. An explanation is demanded. "Well, I learned that the fire was in 'Black Bottom,' and I don't choose to work in such a place as that. I am willing to fight fire in decent places where people are well-to-do and respectable; but if these other fellows want to go to the torn-down portions of the city, then all right, but they must excuse me." How long would such a man be kept in the service—a man that would only go where it suited him? When a man joins the fire brigade, he joins to go wherever there is a fire to fight and people are in distress. So with a Christian. If he will not serve and suffer wherever there is distress and the need of help, his service is not accepted at all.

3. The Christian is a member of the rescue crew. All along our coasts are saving stations. Now and then a ship is dashed upon the rocks and many are in the perils of the deep. Just where it may happen no one can tell. But there is a constant lookout from the shore for shipwrecked mariners; and wherever it may happen, there the rescuing party hastens with all speed to render all possible assistance. Often this is accompanied with great hardship and peril. But no man enlisted in the service thinks for a moment of drawing

back because of these things. Can a Christian do less? Not if his service is acceptable service. The true servant lives what he sings—"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," yet many are saying in their hearts: "I'll go where it suits me to go, and nowhere else."

He who says that others may go, but he will not, either is ignorant of the nature of his call or is in a state of rebellion against God. Every one truly converted will go to the whole world in his prayers, and, as far as possible, will go with his purse and his personal presence.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

THE SMOTHERED OAK

You have read of the "clinging vine," and even the poets have sung about it, all of which is beautiful and sweet, nor would I have any "vine" to be other than a clinging vine; for what is more lovely to behold than the tender affection of the clinging vine, or more lamentable than to see the poor thing in its delicate weakness resenting the strength of the more sturdy "oak" and trying to get on in the world all alone? But there is another side to the story, and to this other side I wish to call attention at present.

It was an actual case that I saw, and I saw it many and many a time with my own eyes far back in my boyhood days. The oak was smothered and no doubt about it, and, as an oak, was marred for life. It and the vine seemed to have made their start in the world about the same time and grew up together. The vine became rather fruitful, but in so doing it sacrificed the oak almost completely. Because of the vine the farmer had left them both, and there they stood, the oak and the vine, out in the old field for many a year. The vine flourished so greatly that the oak was completely overtopped, and in speaking of it the neighbors would refer to the vine, scarcely mentioning the oak at all, for as an oak its life was blighted and it never attained to that majestic stateliness common to its kind. The trunk was gnarled and crooked and its branches grew so near the ground they could not hold the vine sufficiently aloft to be beyond the reach of the cattle, so that in consequence the vine itself suffered as much as the oak.

Now for the lesson. You have gathered already, without my saying so, that by the oak and the vine the husband and wife are represented. It is but proper and right for the woman to cling to the man as the vine to the oak, but at the same time she should be considerate lest she so occupy his time with little trivial matters, domestic affairs, and attention to herself that the real worth in the man is blighted and instead of growing up as the stately oak, he become a mere dwarf. A husband even when at home ought to have some time he can call his own, without that constant feeling of disturbance that he may be called at any moment to attend to something that could just as well be deferred till a more convenient hour or possibly be omitted altogether with no special loss to any one. It is due to the husband on the part of his wife that she be thus considerate of him and his work. I speak more particularly of the preacher husband, though what I am saying applies to other husbands as well. It by no means follows that simply because he is your husband you must treat him as a domestic whose chief business is to stand at your door, as it were, like a house boy, ready to act at your bidding for all kinds of trivial matters, many of which really amount to nothing, save to occupy his time, while his own work and self-improvement go neglected. Many a preacher goes into the pulpit ill prepared, making only an indifferent effort, to the disappointment of the audience as well as his own discouragement—for the sole reason that his wife called him for this, that and the other thing every ten minutes while he was at his desk. It was, "Willie, won't you do this?" "Did you do what I asked you last night?" and, "When are you going to do the other thing?" the whole time through, till the poor fellow

could not tell whether he was on the subject of salvation by grace or on an errand uptown for a bottle of salts.

But some one may ask me what relation my subject has to the question of missions. In the phraseology of Paul, I would say, "much every way." I think just at this moment of an old schoolmate of mine, who, when we were students together, was all enthusiasm for the heathen, and one would have thought that no sooner than his graduation was over he would be ready for some foreign land. Most likely this would have been the case had it not been for just one thing. He had won the heart of a sweet Kentucky girl, and she his, who, when the question was put to her about becoming a missionary, said emphatically: "No." She, it seems, has smothered down the missionary fire in the bosom of her husband so that he has become resigned to his fate. I know of others today who would make efficient missionaries, but unfortunately, like the man in the parable, they have married a wife, and therefore they cannot come. It is the duty of a husband to be attentive to his wife and considerate of her comfort and wishes, and he would not be a true husband if he did not; but on the other hand, the wife should be careful lest she abuse her right and make her own preference an obstacle to her husband's greater usefulness.

And furthermore, even though the "smothered oak" should chance to be transplanted to the foreign field, as sometimes happens, it is still a smothered oak. It not infrequently happens that a missionary's usefulness is greatly curtailed because of the unnecessary attention he must constantly pay to his wife. She occupies so much of his time there is but little left for the heathen. And what makes it still more easy to do this

is that the sympathies of the husband are more easily worked on in a distant land than at home. He remembers that his dear companion has left family, kindred, and friends, and is now among strangers and foreigners, and for companionship she is almost solely shut up to himself and consequently he is inclined to want to grant her slightest requests. The wife should take account of this and be governed accordingly, lest later on she be mortified at seeing her husband dwarfed and disappointed and his usefulness greatly overshadowed.

THE BURDENED VINE

On the train between Tullahoma and McMinnville, a man at one of the stations came into the car with his family—a wife and four little children. The largest, a little boy, was about eight years old. Evidently the mother and the children were going on a visit to her mother. All of them were neat and clean-looking and in their best clothes, save the husband, who had only come to see them off.

After getting them all comfortably seated, he turned to go out, saying to his wife as he went away: "Now take good kere ove'm, and be shore'n come back a-Thursday." I am sure he was a kind-hearted man and loved his wife and children, but I somehow felt that he did not choose the best parting words to his companion. And as I sat and observed the little pale-faced woman, with her sweet expressive blue eyes that had a sort of a far-away look in them, I thought I could almost see the tears that unbidden came, and I imagined she was longing for a few parting words of a different kind. "Poor little mother!" I thought, as I saw the three little ones around her and the baby in her arms; "your

burden is heavy enough without being made to feel that you needed an extra precaution, bluntly administered, to remind you of a mother's duty. How it would have lightened your heart if you had heard as the last words from your husband: 'I hope you will have a nice visit, dear. I will expect you back on Thursday, and will be here to meet you. Jonnie, you must be a little man and help your mother with your little sisters.' "

I see no reason why a man should not study how to be sweet and pleasant to his wife after she has borne him four precious little children, just the same as in their courting days.

DOINGS IN THE HOMELAND—1912

THE ONCE-AND-FOR-ALL THEORY

Now and then I find a brother who for one reason or another is anti-missionary in reference to the heathen nations. One brother puts it as follows: "Every nation under heaven was represented on Pentecost and the gospel was carried to them. If they neglected to keep it, we are under no obligation to take it to them now. It would be wrong to do so."

Such a position involves some very serious difficulties.

1. If the preaching of the apostles was completed at Pentecost, were they not acting without God's sanction in all their life's work which followed? For they went right on preaching till the end of life. Looks like if we are not to preach to the heathen now, they should not have done any more after starting the work on Pentecost.

2. At the time of Pentecost the Jews were a scattered nation among the Greeks, Romans, Africans, etc., and those that went up to the Pentecost feast were all Jews, and on that day the Gentile nations were not represented at all.

3. Granting that in some way all the Gentile nations had a chance of the gospel in apostolic times, but neglected to keep it, some of them, how is it that we at this late date are in possession of it? For long after the last apostle was dead and several centuries after Pentecost our ancestors in England were found in heathenism when the first missionaries went there from Rome, Italy. If they had received the gospel in apostolic

times, they must be classed as one of the nations which neglected to keep it, for it is a well-established fact in history that our immediate ancestry were found in heathenism with no knowledge of the Bible. It took about four hundred years to convert them to Christianity and to make Britain a Christian nation. If it is wrong now to take the gospel to the heathen it was wrong then and wrong for us to attempt to be Christians ourselves. If it was right for missionaries to convert our heathen ancestors, it is also right for missionaries to do the same now.

4. Granting that one generation casts away its opportunity for eternal life, this is no reason why we should withhold the gospel from the next. My own father neglected to be a Christian on the ground that there were too many hypocrites in the church. Would the brother for this reason withhold the gospel from his son?

The brother may be sincere enough, but his position is suicidal and cuts us all off from the privileges of the gospel. It can be truly said, I suppose, that the gospel has been preached in every county of Tennessee, and repeatedly in many of them. It has been rejected also by the people of Tennessee thousands and thousands of times, and covering a period of a hundred years; yet the very same brother who raises the above objection is in favor of keeping up the preaching of the gospel to the present and rising generations of Tennessee. When he has explained why he should do this, he will have explained why he should do the same for the whole world.

TWO SIDES TO IT

"I have to work for what I have, 'n' what I've got's my own." This is one way of looking at it, but there is another side. I read of a certain king once who felt the same way about it, but his heart was turned to that of a beast. In like manner many a man today has turned himself into a beast by entertaining the same thought. Instead of considering the man who asks him to give a "beggar," he should rather consider himself a robber, having robbed his God of his dues.

GIVING TO A BETTER CAUSE

On Lord's day, December 10, I was at Millersburg, Tennessee. I asked all whose hearts stirred them up to do so to come up after the services and tell me how much they were willing to give monthly toward the support of a missionary. Six responded. When a certain sister who came forward and said that we could count on her for twenty-five cents a month had gone away, a friend standing by said: "Did you notice Sister ——, who has just gone out?" "Yes." "Well, I want to tell you about her. She read your article in the Gospel Advocate against the use of tobacco, and she told me she had thrown away her snuff, and that's why she came up and put down her name."

Who can doubt that three dollars a year toward the conversion of the heathen is better than three dollars a year for snuff? What this good sister has done, every one ought to do and must do if they come up to the Christian standard. Let others follow the example. It is a serious thing to chew up and spit out the souls of men; for in so doing we not only keep back the truth from others, but imperil our own souls.

GRACE ABOUNDING

Looking back over the past, even a casual glance reveals to me many mistakes I have made. There is no need to say that this is a matter of regret; but God's grace has been sufficient, and in his grace I shall continue to press on toward the goal. As for encouragement, I am glad to note, among other things, that the fellowship of the churches on my behalf has steadily increased from the first even until now. For about fifteen years of my life as a missionary I supplied that which lacked by "making tents." I remember one year in Japan that I received less than six hundred dollars. For the last two or three years I have given my whole time to the work of missions. During the year just past I have put in more time and worked harder for the sake of others than ever before in my life; and during the same time I have been supplied perhaps more liberally than in any previous year. Solomon says, "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself;" and I believe it. Every day's experience leads me to believe it all the more.

Some doubtless think we might live on less, and I shall not take issue with them. I am sure the cost and style of living generally is too high, and my own spending has never been entirely satisfactory. But, to say the least, it costs considerably to run only a modest home and keep three children supplied with clothes and books suitable for school. Our oldest are now (1912) at a point where they can help along a little by their own earnings. One takes private pupils and the other collects bills for an electrical company between school hours. I make no attempt to conceal our defects and

failures. I rather confess them and face them, so that I may get rid of them. One thing which I note with a degree of satisfaction is that the churches and friends in whose midst we live and who know the ins and outs of our home life are the most liberal of all in their fellowship. The four Louisville churches alone contributed five hundred and fourteen dollars and four cents to our support last year. Outside of this, many a favor was shown our family that cannot be put down in figures. This makes me feel that our sins may not be unto death; and if we find grace in the eyes of the brethren who know us best, we may also find grace sufficient to cover our defects in the eyes of the Lord. Many have helped together with their prayers, and I feel the need more than ever before of making the language of Paul that of my own, "Brethren, pray for us."

TWO CLASSES OF CHURCH MEMBERS

The average church is divided into two classes. One class is on the outside and looks on to see what will happen; the other class consists of those who are on the inside and take hold to make things happen. Those of the class first mentioned come straggling in late. They rather like this, for the services will be partly over when they get there and they will not have to stay long. Besides, it makes no difference about being on time, for the services go on the same without them—they can't sing, can't read, can't pray, neither admonish nor serve at the Lord's Supper. The other class are there on time and all the time, for they are conscious of being a part of the meeting and that something will be lacking if they are not there. They are also conscious of their defects, but they are willing to take hold and try. Ob-

-serving their mistakes, they try to correct them so that they may grow both in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

To which class do you belong, my brother? If you are on the inside, God be with you, for bright is your hope and great your reward; if on the outside, you ought to repent or you had as well quit. Really it would be a blessing to the church if you would quit, for you are not going to be saved, anyway, and you are a dead weight to the church. You are still conformed to this world and your heart is there; and if I were in your place, I would at least have manhood enough to kick out and take my place with those where I belong.

WHEN BAPTISM IS NOT FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS

“Good morning, Brother Hay; how is your health?”

“Only moderate; I taken cold a day or two ago an’ I feel purty tough.”

“Brother Hay, were you baptized for the remission of sins when you came into the church?”

“Yes, sir; an’ I don’t think its scriptural if for anything else, neither.”

“How is it, then Brother Hay, that they were not all remitted?”

(Brother Hay looks puzzled.) “I don’t catch the drift of your question.”

“I say, if you were baptized for the remission of sins, why is it that they were not all remitted, for I see that at least one of them still hangs to you.”

“What is that?”

“That chewing sin that keeps you spitting every thirty seconds.”

"Well, it is a filthy habit, but I learned to chaw a long time ago and it's hard to quit."

"It is more than a filthy habit, Brother Hay; it's a sin."

"Do you think so?"

"I do; and if baptism is for the remission of sins, it ought to have released you from this one along with all the rest. If you can't quit, then you confess that baptism can't remit some sins, or at least one."

TO KILL THE MEETING IN ANNOUNCING IT

"Well, brothers and sisters, I have a card here from Brother McCaleb, who wants to come an' lecture on furren mishun. You've all hyearn of Brother McCaleb, an' I suppose we ought to make the announcement. We've just had our protracted meet'in an' I can't see to git out at night myself, but I advise you all to come. I suppose it's a good work Brother McCaleb's a-doin', but I waz never much on furren mishun somehow, fer it looks like we've got plenty o' heathens at home; but you can all come that wants to. The roads are mighty bad now and nights are terrible dark."

I go. There were only a few present when the "announcement" was made. Not one of them has mentioned it since. Some have forgotten it. The community knows nothing about it. I walk through the village a total stranger. "Who is that?" asks one. "Dunno; looks like a patent-medicine man or a tramp preacher."

No need to say that the meeting that night in Don't Care Town was a flat failure, for it was killed when announced.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

Centuries ago the Irish potato was discovered in this country and in time was taken to Ireland, where it became such a staple for food that it got to be called after the name of the little "emerald island." It has not infrequently averted famine with the Irish people, being at times their only means of subsistence. Last year was the shortest potato crop known to this country for a long time. Irish potatoes are now actually being shipped from Ireland to the United States to supply the market.

As with the Irish potato, so with the gospel. So surely as we send it to others, just so surely will it come back to us—and, too, at a time when we stand in great need of it.*

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION

A brother from Texas writes me as follows: "I have absolutely no sympathy with the move of American missionaries to plant American civilization on heathen shores in the name of the Lord and the great commission. I think the move productive of more harm than good, from the fact that it is wholly unauthorized. When Jesus came to Judea, he made no attempt to improve the civilization of the Jews, although he could have done so in an infinite degree."

Evidently our esteemed brother is very flatly and frankly opposed to something "American missionaries" are supposed to do "on heathen shores"; but most likely

*Note—Brother Ishiguro is a case in point. He was converted in Japan as also was his wife; but both of them for a number of years have been engaged in missionary work in Los Angeles, California.

he is not clear in his own mind just what that thing is he is combating. I wish to say, however, in the very outset, that the American missionaries with whom I am especially associated are making no particular effort to plant "American civilization"—nor any other, as to that matter—"on heathen shores." We are giving ourselves mainly and primarily to preaching Christ and saving souls from death.

But before renouncing civilization and denying it any place whatever in connection with the preaching of the gospel, let us first ascertain what it is. The chief marks of a civilized people are (1) tilling the soil, (2) wearing clothing, (3) building houses to live in, and (4) a general system of education. Savages have none of these things and non-Christian countries are defective in them. Let us consider them from a Christian viewpoint.

1. Tilling the soil, which I use as suggestive of all honest labor. It is impossible to preach practical Christianity among a heathen people and not touch on the labor question. Suppose, which is frequently the case, a heathen accustomed to theft and indolence becomes converted. The very next lesson for him to learn is the wholesome lesson of Paul: "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need." But following honest occupations is one of the chief marks of a civilized people.

2. Another mark of civilization is the wearing of clothing. Can we make Christians of people and not teach this also? When Jesus cured the demoniac, he had him put his clothes on. Even so now, when the

evil is preached out of people and Christ is preached in, the unclothed heathen becomes the clothed civilian. God himself put his stamp on wearing apparel when he clothed our first parents with his own hands. But teaching people to wear clothing (some of the savage tribes go completely naked) is no less a mark of civilization than of Christianity; and since both religion and civilization are united in the same custom, it becomes impossible to teach the one without the other. "American civilization" is only a civilization in its essential points, in common with all other Christian countries. If our brother thinks it has nothing to do with religion, let him attempt to lay it all aside and as a Christian try to follow the customs of the savage.

3. Building houses is another mark of a civilized people; it is equally a mark of a Christian people. The Christian woman is not to be a runabout, but a keeper of the home. The Christian in general must be ready to entertain strangers. But these things necessitate homes for the sisters to keep and in which to entertain strangers. But in teaching these things we are teaching "American civilization," and the two cannot be divorced; neither should we try, for "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

4. Education. "Study"; "Give thyself to reading"; "Provide things honest in the sight of all men"—these are some of the injunctions of the Scriptures bearing on education. Before Christianity reached Japan, a little over fifty* years ago, there was not a school in the land worthy the name. Now there is not a country in the world better supplied with schools than Japan. The Christian religion has done it. Hence every

*Now nearly 80 years ago.

Christian must be an advocate of education; but in doing so he must also teach civilization, for here, again, Christianity and civilization meet in one.

I might also mention other marks of civilization, such as the law of marriage, civic reform, public charities, homes for the destitute, etc., which are the outgrowth of the Christian religion, and so essentially associated with it, that to keep a straight course and preach a living Christ to a dying people first and last and all the time, it is folly to speak of having nothing to do with civilization in so doing.

SHOULD BE THE MOST MISSIONARY OF ALL

"We hope to hear of more liberality. Of all the people in the world, we ought to be the most missionary people. We are looking forward for a great school again. The church here is now entering the mission work planned for the year. We have eight mission meetings planned for the surrounding country for the summer and fall. We are not unmindful of our obligations to the foreign work either."

So writes Brother Freed from Henderson, Tennessee. May the day be near at hand when all the churches will feel the obligation as Henderson does, for Brother Freed is right when he says: "Of all the people in the world, we ought to be the most missionary people." If I were to suggest some of the reasons, they would be:

1. We have nothing to teach but the plain story of the Bible; this is what the world needs.

2. Some believe all mankind will be saved, anyway. Of course they do not need to be missionary. We believe those who do not repent will be lost, and that their repentance depends on their hearing the gospel.

3. Others say God's decrees are so fixed that none but the elect can be saved. Of course they need not be missionary, since nothing can be done to change God's decrees. We believe man has free choice between life and death, and that he may be persuaded to choose for life; again the special obligation falls on us.

4. Still others say that God converts sinners directly by his Spirit apart from the word of God, through prayer. Such as these need not be missionary in spirit or activity, save to pray for the heathen. We believe that "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth," and that the heathen world depends on preaching for their belief. This again lays upon us the obligation to take the gospel to them. Therefore let all the churches throughout the land, like Henderson, be up and doing, that we may strengthen our claims to be God's people by the work done.

BACK TO JAPAN

“Our friends on earth we meet with gladness,
As swift the moments fly,
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness
That we must say good-bye.

“We'll never say good-bye in heaven,
We'll never say good-bye,
For in that land of joy and song,
They never say good-bye.”

It was February and in Louisville, Kentucky. Snow lay on the ground. The time for the last word, the last kiss and the last look had come. The train moved slowly away and all were left behind save in memory.

Memphis and some other points in West Tennessee were included in the route I had chosen. In Mississippi I saw at a sawmill five yoke of oxen linked up as one team. On reaching New Orleans the flowers were out and the lawns green while the mocking birds were full of song. As it was ten o'clock at night when I arrived I decided to seek a hotel. Clamorous cabmen besieged me to take me somewhere; but each to whom I turned insisted on a dollar, which I declined. One fellow went so far as to take hold of my grip, but I assured him I was in no great hurry to take him up on his dollar proposition and that I had a right to a tighter grip on my possessions than he. I finally turned to a man in blue uniform and brass buttons, with a stick in his hand, and asked if he could point me to a lodging place near by. He very kindly pointed to a place just across the street, where I procured a fresh bed and a quiet room for seventy-five cents; and I slept just as well so far as I could judge, as if I had paid a dollar

extra to be driven four or five blocks away. While in New Orleans I spoke three times to the school and twice to the church; visited the "Old St. Louis Hotel," built in 1836, and saw the "block" where slaves were sold at auction. In the museum I saw the "hearse" (which I would prefer to call a "bier") in which was carried the body of Jeff Davis. On the wall was a large painting of Winnie Davis, his favorite and famous daughter. People are inclined to attach importance to such relics. While they are of some historic interest, I see but very little worth in them. In my judgment the race would be far better off if every vestige of all wars and the cruelties of man to man were obliterated and the very memory of them forgotten.

I left New Orleans on the midnight train for Houston, Texas.

A number of years ago I read the story and tragic death of Davy Crockett, how that he fell fighting the Mexicans in the Alamo at San Antonio. On Monday, February 19, I looked on the old fort for the first time; and when we walked through it and I stood in the little room on the very spot where Crockett's body, with dead Mexicans piled all around him, was found, it all seemed like a dream, and I could hardly realize that this now peaceful old building in the midst of a prosperous city was once the scene of such a fierce and bloody conflict. Crockett's life-size portrait hangs in the hall of the capitol at Austin. He wears his hair rather long, parts it in the middle, and combs it back behind the ears. His face looks as gentle as that of a woman, but he had the heart of a lion. His countenance is a noble one to look upon, and as one regards it

he can but regret that a man of such bravery and courage had not devoted his life to God and fought in the battles of Jehovah.

At Sabinal I descended from the train in the midst of a terrific sandstorm. There was no rain. Not even a cloud in the sky. I had often heard of the Texas "norther," but this was my first experience of being in one. Brother Tackett, who met me at the train, said I could now say I had been in a good one, for this was the severest he had ever seen in this part of Texas. It continued till late in the night. The air was filled with dust, and also our eyes. A part of the porch was blown from the dormitory where I was lodging, and two of the flues blown off. I felt grateful that it proved to be no more serious than it was and that we came through without hurt. I spoke twice to the school and left the next day on the afternoon train bound for Deming, N. M. I had an appointment at El Paso, but as the train was belated I could not meet it.

I am now on the train between Sabinal and El Paso. The way is desert. We have just been skirting the Rio Grande for a few miles, and had the pleasure of gazing across the river on the brown hills of Mexico. A glow is still in the west, which reminds us that the sun is closing his eye beyond the horizon; a new moon hangs in a clear evening sky, while nature is hushed into rest; and I, too, must bid my friends good night, push my chair back into a couch and sleep as best I can on a rocking, galloping train, asking him whose eye never sleeps to watch and guide our train and protect and bless all my friends and be a Father and Husband to my loved ones left behind.

The rest of the way back to Japan was uneventful.

COUNT NOGI

“Of all the thrilling historical tales of Japan, ancient and modern (and these are many), there is none to beat the manner in which Field Marshal Count Nogi took farewell of this world.

“On July 31, 1912, the Emperor Meiji died. The news struck the nation like a thunderbolt. In an unpretentious house in Akasaka, a strong man, who had faced death in battle hundreds of times, a victor whose brow had been entwined with the laurels of victory, wept. He wept for his master; and for the great loss his people sustained in the death of such an enlightened and beneficent ruler.

“Determined to serve his master in death as he had done in life, and intending also to startle the nation back to allegiance and unswerving loyalty to Meiji Tenno’s son, their future ruler, Count Nogi committed ‘hara-kiri’ as the funeral car was leaving the palace. (This was in the evening at eight o’clock.) In his death compact, his wife, the embodiment of queenly virtue and womanly reserve, but withal as strong of heart as was her husband, willingly, even joyfully, joined him, both passing through the portals of death into paradise.”

The above is an editorial which appeared in the Sunday issue of *The Japan Times*, September 20, 1925. In the same issue also appears an article on the front page by Kimikazu Kani, from which we quote, as follows:

“Nogi lives in the soul of every loyal Japanese! Such would be the conviction that inspires every patriotic native of the land today upon the memorable occasion

of the fourteenth anniversary of the heroic death of the great warrior.

"In September, fourteen years ago, General Count Nogi, it will be remembered, committed hara-kiri and followed his late Sovereign, Meiji the Great, on his last journey, into the other world, whence forever to guard and maintain the prosperity of Imperial Japan. The whole world was shocked at the unexpected departure of the renowned hero of Port Arthur—at the peculiar manner of his death, which had long since been forgotten, but which was consistent in every minute detail with the true samurai ideal, made sacred by centuries of national tradition. No one but a thorough student of Japanese life and thought can appreciate the divine spirit. Even the good-sensed Japanese seemed, at the time, quite shaken in their national belief, scarcely able to realize the significance attached to his tragic end, not a small portion of them, already saturated with alien thoughts and culture, being led to believe that this noble sacrifice which the General made was wholly old-fashioned and anachronistic.

"There was, however, a very strong man who perhaps best understood the spirit and motive of the military nobleman, and sang, in some well-known verses, the praises of the heroic act, thereby successfully guiding young Japan from indulging in unnecessary misgivings. This man was the late Shigetake Sugiura, who was for seven consecutive years the preceptor of H. I. H. the Crown Prince. He sang to the effect that the loyal blood of the Forty-seven Faithfuls of Oko ran in the very tissues of Nogi, and that the spiritual influences of Yoshida Shoin found true expression in this heroic act of the gallant knight, which fact, Sugiura

emphasized, left little room for doubt of his lofty motive, his death thus adding all the more lustre to the glory of spiritual Japan."

IS IT THE PROPER MODEL FOR JAPAN?

The editor, *The Japan Times*: On the first page of the Magazine Section of *The Japan Times*, September 20, Count Nogi is set forth in the highest terms as one who gave Japan a perfect model of Japanese loyalty by committing hara-kiri on the death of the Emperor Meiji. As to this act, I think it most likely that many of the Japanese themselves would see fit to differ from this judgment. For one, I look upon it as a misguided zeal, a feeling of loyalty that went to the extreme on fanaticism, an act of desperation for no worthy purpose. As to accompanying the Emperor "into the other world, whence forever to guard and maintain the prosperity of Imperial Japan," my opinion is that if the late Emperor Meiji could have been consulted, in view of the common sense he usually showed during life, he would have given this his decided disapproval, and would have suggested that the General could serve his country far better by following his own example and remaining among the living and serving his country till nature had run its course.

It was an act still lingering in the shades of a semi-civilized state when people thought it loyalty to be buried alive with their sovereign.

A few months ago there appeared in the *Times* a story to the effect that when a new temple was being erected in a certain village, the girls offered their hair, but one of them, true to an old custom, wanted to offer herself to be buried in its foundation. She was only kept from it by the interference of the police. There

was as much reason for them to interfere in the case of Count Nogi as this girl.

I was in Japan when the tragedy occurred, and the report was that Countess Nogi did not "willingly, even joyfully, join him," but declined at first, and only after being persuaded, reluctantly came to the decision. I remember very distinctly that when I heard that she would not join her husband, that I hoped she would remain firm in her decision to the end.

With suicides all too frequent even as it is, it is a matter of extreme regret that a paper with the influence of *The Japan Times* should thus glorify such rashness.—J. M. McCaleb, Tokyo, September 23.

A NATIONAL HERO

The editor, *The Japan Times*: In vain I have been waiting for the abler pen which would vindicate Count Nogi respecting the criticism given by Mr. McCaleb, entitled, "Is It the Proper Model for Japan?" in your esteemed columns in the issue of the 20th inst.

In the first place, all judgment should not be meted out in the mere appearance of things, but an action is properly awarded only by its motive. Viewed in this light, we ought to consider with much allowance our hero's case, even though we may say that most suicides are the result of "desperation for no worthy purpose," as Mr. McCaleb says. But if he assumed to draw a parallel between the motive of the Count with that of a foolish girl whom he referred to in his writing, he is wide of the mark. For nothing would be more ridiculous for such comparison.

Our hero was too wise and prudent to fall a victim of fanaticism, for he was a man of iron will, with no other purpose than to make himself serviceable to his

beloved country, whose idol he was. Indeed, he might have survived his august Emperor whom he served with heart and soul, if he had been less endowed with a keen sense of honor and patriotism.

On the other hand, his death was, so to speak, a sort of warning to our countrymen, especially to the bourgeoisie, for, after the Russo-Japanese war, all the country went in for luxury, and if things had been left to their course, the whole country would have been ruined. For this reason this awful deed struck them like a bolt from the blue and recalled many to their right path.

Thus his death has deep meaning to the Japanese—a sacrifice, a kind of martyrdom. No wonder that his name has been enshrined in the heart of the true Japanese.

Again, as to the description of the Count's death, I should like to advise Mr. McCaleb to read the Count's testament, for it will no doubt help him to understand the whole circumstances. It is quite plain in the will that the Count asked one of his relatives to take care of his wife, the very fact denying the allegation that she was persuaded to follow the example of her husband. The report mentioned by Mr. McCaleb is also groundless, for none chanced to overhear the conversation, or catch sight of the worthy couple when the tragedy occurred.—T. Katagiri, Shikoku, October 10.

MISGUIDED ZEAL

The editor, *The Japan Times*: I have great sympathy for the sincere motive of any man; but I can but believe that the sad death of Count Nogi was unnecessary and most unfortunate. Mr. Katagiri says it was to save the country from the ruinous "luxury" which followed the Russo-Japanese war. If this was his mo-

tive, it most signally failed, for there never was a time in the history of Japan when the people went in more for "luxury" and extravagance in general than now. If suicide is the method by which to save the country from financial ruin, it seems that several would be in order at this time. And from the tone of Mr. Kata-giri's letter, it is possible that he is seriously thinking of again shocking society "like a bolt from the blue" by giving them another example like that by the "idol" of his country some twelve years ago. But before he gives himself the fatal thrust, I hope he will allow me to suggest that in my judgment he can be of much greater aid by continuing here and setting a good example in moderate living and in teaching the youth of the land to observe good morals.

But it does not appear that this was the Count's motive at all. In a poem written by himself just before the fatal deed, he says:

"To follow the august and merciful Lord,
Who hath risen from this earthly world;
I go: 'Tis only to follow him
Whom we have ever loved and long adored."

Again, "In the general's simple belief, he thought that his two sons who were killed in the late war against Russia were inviting their father from beyond the vast deep that separates this and the future world."

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

To quote the Count's own words again: "My present act is the result of my contemplation since the day of the Saigo Rebellion; but little did I expect that I should follow the late Emperor in this manner. But should I miss the present opportunity, I would grow old and feeble without being able to perform any duty, and I

cannot bear the thought of enjoying undeservedly the gracious treatment of the court." This was because the Count at that time lost the regimental colors, and to wipe out his supposed shame, he had ever since thought of suicide.

As to Countess Nogi's joyfully joining her husband, it should be noted that, according to Mr. Katagiri's own statement, she did not make up her mind at the same time her husband did, else no provision would have been made in the will for her maintenance after his death. On her part it was a later decision. Baron Ishiguro, a close relative, in an article to *The Japan Times* at that time says: "Judging from the character of Countess Nogi, it seems that when he told her of his intention, she must have tried to dissuade him from the deed, but finding his resolution too firm, she decided to follow her husband." This, it would seem, puts the matter beyond all question that Countess Nogi decided on such a desperate deed not because she wanted to, but reluctantly did it through the influence of her husband. Being a devoted wife, this was quite natural.

The facts as brought out above, therefore, show that Count Nogi committed suicide (1) to go with the Emperor, (2) to meet his two sons who had been killed in battle, (3) to condone for a supposed disgrace in the loss of the regimental colors, (4) and finally, the dread of old age. Another thing which suggests that he did not have the saving of the country from financial ruin at heart was that in preparing for the awful deed, he faced toward the palace with the Emperor's photograph on the table in front of him. The way he faced himself shows the way his thoughts were directed. As to the Countess, like many a faithful wife, she went

against her own better judgment and sacrificed her life for the sake of her husband.

It is to be regretted that one who might have left a more noble example to his country has given further encouragement to the baneful practice of suicide and hero worship which never have nor ever can help a people to be truly great. If suicide is a means of reforming the people, and a gate to eternal bliss, the more the better; but if it is a sin against God and a stumblingblock to coming generations, let us condemn it in no uncertain terms.—J. M. McCaleb.

NOGI'S DEATH

Editor, *The Japan Times*: For the second time Mr. J. M. McCaleb, I observe, writes in your issue of October 17 in reference to the heroic death of General Count Nogi, this time apparently in answer to one Mr. T. Katagiri, of Shikoku, who had something to say against his criticism. Being the writer of the Nogi article, which has called forth such heated discussion, I feel it my duty to contribute my small share to this great subject.

In fact, when Mr. McCaleb wrote his first correspondence—a well-meant epistle, I hope—I felt least inclined to answer him, for I fear he failed to read my article in broadness of mind. I now advise him, first of all, to read it once more, in the sincere spirit of a true friend of Japan, which belief he no doubt espouses so long as he works amongst our people.

To appreciate things Japanese, one must blend with Japanese and become a part of them. Lafcadio Hern writes: "I pass much of my time in the temples, trying to see into the heart of this mysterious people. In order

to do so, I have to blend with them, and become a part of them. It is not easy." A man of Hern's calibre says it is not easy. How much more difficult it would be with a majority of people, less capable and fitted to blend with us and become a part of us.

Any Christian teacher here would not grudge whatever sacrifice he makes, nor would he regard it as too great—even the sacrifice of his life, if he believed in the teaching of the Cross—in order to blend with us and become a part of us, and thereby ultimately to bring about the spiritual happiness of the people for whom he works. And yet your reverend correspondent writes, in one of his late letters, entitled, "Why the Japanese Are Not Liked": "At no little sacrifice to myself, I have given more than thirty years of my life and over 20,000 yen of my own personal income to their uplift, which ought to show that I have their best interest at heart."

I would state, once for all that General Nogi would have been the last man in the world to broadcast such a piece of news through the medium of a public organ. Nogi, be it remembered, gave his life and all for the benefit of the empire whose welfare he had always at heart.

In conclusion, I would like to repeat the sentence in my Nogi article: "None but a thorough student of Japanese life and thought can appreciate the divine spirit."—Kimikazu Kanai.

"NOGI'S DEATH"

The editor, *The Japan Times*: Upon reading over Mr. J. M. McCaleb's competent and highly conceivable

correspondence on the motive of the late General Nogi's suicide in your Saturday's issue, I am tempted to trespass on your valuable space with a few lines in defense of the "War God's" sacred death.

According to Mr. McCaleb's observation, the veteran general seems to have hurriedly killed himself mostly because of his having been caught by the beautiful illusion of the other world where he could see both his august lord and his beloved children. This, however, must not have been the real case with him, since the principal and precise motive of his committing "hara-kiri" was none but the lofty idea of following his lord in death—an idea that is regarded and looked up to by us Japanese as one of the noblest virtues in our knighthood. It is an old tradition of the Isles of Rising Sun pure and simple; the acme of fidelity to one's master it really is.

Mr. McCaleb may say that it is common to any barbarous country and therefore uncivilized moral at all. If so, let him call it savage, unnatural, or whatever he likes. But to the Japanese minds the self-immolation is merely a fact, absolute fact, and not reasoning. One thing, indeed, the Occidental sense can never understand is the firm and strong belief of the people of this country in her genuine traditions which is far beyond reach of any argumentative mind.

In conclusion, I want to add that I, too, have great sympathy for the sincere motives of any man who would never be able to know what the holy death of Count Nogi meant so long as he is not a member of this old Island Empire. — Faithfully yours, Masazo Konishi, Osaka, October 20.

THE HARA-KIRI OF GENERAL NOGI

(Editorial)

Apropos of the revival of a discussion over General Nogi's suicide, let us make ourselves clear as to the psychology of "hara-kiri," which foreign critics condemn as a cowardly act and a sin against God. Is it a wanton destruction of life, as these critics contend? That, I believe, is the first question which we should study before proceeding in the discussion of General Nogi's act.

I search deep into my heart for the reason of "hara-kiri." I feel that it is the nearest place to find it, for I am a son of a "samurai," and in my own veins flows the blue blood of my ancestors who had justified and believed in "hara-kiri."

In human life there is a time when one's purpose becomes dearer than life itself. It may take the form of an ideal, an ambition, or the strong determination for an accomplishment, for the attainment of which nothing seems too dear to us. In the battlefield, soldiers defy death, inventors forget their health, patriots die for their cause; even Christ glorified in his Crucifixion. In all these cases the hand of death came to them; that it is not sought with one's own hand is certain, but so long as they die knowingly and await the hands of others to do the act, what difference is there between martyrdom and "hara-kiri"?

"Hara-kiri" is committed, in most cases, as an appeal; to demonstrate to and convince others when words of mouth are of no avail, as Christ's appeal to sinners culminated in the Crucifixion—the self-inflicted death gave life to his words spoken in Galilee and on the Holy Mount, or those precious precepts might read

only like those of a Confucius without his Golgotha.—
Takashi Fujiyama.

“NOGI'S DEATH”

The editor, *The Japan Times*: Observing the articles in your “People's Forum” about General Nogi's passing away, I cannot refrain from stepping onto the dials, agreeable to your consent.

Who is that foreigner who knows not the difference between “junshi” and ordinary “seppuku”? He must be one of the foreigners who says “hara-kari,” instead of “hara-kiri,” as often represented in American newspapers.

Twenty years ago now, while I was resident in Philadelphia, I contributed the following to the *Philadelphia Bulletin*: “An article in the *Bulletin* on ‘hara-kiri’ a few days ago conveyed many mistaken ideas. The subject of ‘hara-kiri,’ or its synonym—a more elegant term—was fully treated by Baron Suematsu, now in London, in one of your journals some weeks ago. But it seems to me as though Americans look upon us Japanese as a kind of curiosity, even at the present day, and furthermore, the esoteric art of ‘jiujitsu’ seems to have taken a firm grasp on the minds of the people of America. It would not be out of place to touch upon the subject of poetry to give you an idea how we amuse ourselves. . . .”

What I then said was merely to call the attention of some of my friends to the subject of “seppuku,” beautifully explained by the famous writer mentioned, and to do away with lots of foolish questions anent the subject, incessantly brought forward. It had great effect just at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. General Nogi's passing away, coming up now at this late date

and misunderstood by a foreigner, is indeed amusing. He had better read the article by that able writer, Baron Suematsu. The man might know "hara-kiri," but no such high noble action as "junshi."

Let him alone and let him enjoy himself in his own knowing. It is quite unwise for us Japanese to take him up.—October 22, "Old Kogaku-Hakushi."

NOGI'S DEATH HEROIC

In our Magazine columns will be found an intensely interesting article regarding the supreme sacrifice made by General Count Nogi when the funeral cortege of the Emperor Meiji was leaving the Imperial Palace. This article, besides being interesting as setting forth the reaction of the Japanese mind to this deed that we do not hesitate to call heroic, all the more so because of its startling suddenness, is also valuable from a psychological point of view. The recent controversy in the columns of our daily edition, provoked by Mr. McCaleb, makes the contribution all the more valuable. It is written by a Japanese gentleman whom we are very well acquainted with; a serious, sober-minded gentleman who has lived abroad during the best years of his life; and whose mission in life, next to promoting the fortunes of his native land, is to foster amity and friendship between Japan and the United States.

One should pause and reflect before making drastic and—in the case of Mr. McCaleb—damaging statements about the great men of other nations. And General Nogi is, for the Japanese, not merely a great man; he is an immortalized hero, one who sits in the most prominent place of Japan's Valhalla of renown. We fully agree that Mr. McCaleb was merely committing an error of judgment; that he was perfectly sincere

in his beliefs; that perhaps he will still stick to his old convictions even after reading Mr. Fujiyama's article, this editorial, and the many letters from Japanese that have appeared in our daily columns. But none the less, these are statements that should not be uttered in the Olympian-thunderbolt-hurling way Mr. McCaleb has done; else the many, many, years he has spent here would be in vain.

Another point that should never be lost sight of is that one must never measure the East with the yardstick of the West, or vice versa. To do so is more than sheer presumption; it is crass folly; and such mistakes must be dearly paid for.

THE QUESTION ON ITS OWN MERITS

The editor, *The Japan Times*: Since my friendly critics have in no way shaken the facts set forth in the *Japan Times*, October 20, out of respect for the dead, I prefer to avoid any further personal reference and treat matters on their own merits.

Society consists of two classes—the rulers and the ruled. Rulers become such either by their own prowess or by the choice of the people. In either case the fact of becoming a ruler in no way changes the man from being one with his fellow men. His aim should be not the exaltation of himself, but to rule for the good of society as a whole.

As children should respect their parents, and pupils their teacher, so the people should respect their ruler. "Honor the king" is a wholesome precept. Another is: "Thou shalt not revile the judges nor curse a ruler of the people." The modern custom of the cartoonist which often puts the head of the nation in a ridiculous light is detrimental to good morals and is fruitful of

disrespect and lawlessness. But where the true God is not known it is easy for the ignorant and superstitious to go to an extreme on this point and imagine a great many foolish and hurtful things about their ruler, attributing to him many things he does not possess. This often results in deeds irrational and fanatical. All nations having a history reaching back into the distant past have come up through a stage of semicivilization accompanied by much ignorance and consequent superstition. Many of the ancient nations became so beclouded by such things that they succumbed to the weight of their own corruption and passed out of existence. Fortunately, Japan is one of the ancient nations that has survived, but having but recently emerged from a comparative noncivilized state, it is inevitable that, with some of the older generation especially, some of these ancient pagan ideas would still remain. We naturally have sympathy for one who in sincerity practices self-destruction, but at the same time such ignorant and misguided zeal should be deplored and discouraged.

It is no new thing to be told that the Western mind cannot understand the deep things pertaining to the Japanese mind. But since they are unable, on their own confession, to give a reason for some things they do, it may be that after all we understand them as well as they understand themselves. Much has been made of the Japanese Spirit (Yamato Damashii), but no one has ever been able to show that it is anything different from just the human spirit. International law applies to the Japanese people the same as any other people. I admit that there are instances in which it is hard to understand some of the Japanese people. For instance, when a man says he will, but back in the

secrets of his heart means that he won't, I find it hard to read what is in his mind. But there are plenty of people in other lands of this sort. But every man of whatever clime who tells the truth and acts honestly can be understood. And furthermore, anyone who acts according to reason and true wisdom can explain himself. One demented can give no reason for his conduct, neither can he who is enslaved to superstition.

It is suggested that to understand this people much time must be spent in the temples. The astronomer would show just as much wisdom to go into a dark and dismal cave to study the heavens. Let us visit a temple for its illuminating influences: A ponderous gate with two horrid images, one on either side; wads of paper sticking all over the wire netting—prayers answered because they stuck; a few rods back and a flight of steps leading up to the temple; a bridge and a pond with some turtles in it, believed to have something to do in prolonging human life; devotees kneeling before a black bronze image that never felt a sigh nor heard a prayer; a priest as expressionless as the bronze image selling slips of paper with something written on them as a means of warding off evil; passing 'round to the back of the temple, a horizontal hole in the hill about four feet square, barred and locked by a heavy gate; peeping through the bars back into the tunnel-like hole a dim candle with pitch darkness beyond; in front of the gate, facing towards that dark hole and the dim candle, one with bowed head and clasped hands mumbling something and worshipping—what? Is this that wisdom in the East so profound that the man from the West cannot fathom its depths?

Or, rather, is it described thus: "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools," and "their senseless heart was darkened."—J. M. McCaleb.

P. S.—Lest any should think me unsympathetic, I hasten to add that such is by no means the case. It is not the aim of the surgeon to hurt but to heal; and evils cannot be corrected by praising them.—J. M. McCaleb.

COUNT NOGI'S DEATH

The editor, *The Japan Times*: I should be much obliged to you if you would kindly insert in your esteemed column my correspondence written in answer to Mr. McCaleb's letter, which appeared in your paper of the issue of the 17th inst.

Thanking Mr. McCaleb to leave my affair alone, I must ask him to read my preceding letter once more and catch the point of my argument. For, to my regret, he seemed to misunderstand my true meaning, which put him out of humor. I was, moreover, not in the least mortified with his virulent sarcasm, for all his thrusts aimed at me proved futile.

First, Mr. McCaleb says that he "has great sympathy for the sincere motive of any man," but I doubt whether he is really meaning so or not. For, if he had truly sympathy for a sincere motive, as he said, he would by no means have tried to tarnish the good name of our hero by comparing the motive of his death with that of a foolish girl, or else he would have been silent.

Secondly, I do not say that Count Nogi committed suicide with the intention of preventing his compatriots from wandering into the way of luxury. Nay, he had no such ideas at all. And even if he had no such intention, the result of his death, for a hero's deed cannot but influence the people at large, produced an awful

warning to the whole country, and so the spell was broken.

Again, Mr. McCaleb referred to the loss of the regimental colors during the Saigo Rebellion as a trifling matter, using the expression, "supposed shame." Perhaps, for Mr. McCaleb's own country, such an occurrence seems trivial, but for the true son of Dai Nippon, he would sooner die than lose them. Moreover, with a great man like the Count, all things are real and substantial; there is no "supposed shame" or honor as a common type of man thinks. And if Mr. McCaleb looks on the Count's case in such light, I am afraid he will not be able to understand the true meaning of the hero's death.

Thirdly, it is needless to say that suicide is an evil act, which is known even by a mere child. Yet in the Count's case it may be regarded as extremely exceptional, and, of course, it cannot be put on the same level with that of the whimsical girl. For the former is a product of patriotic inspiration, while the latter is a weak-minded victim to levity and fanaticism. Mr. McCaleb might as well compare white snow to muddy slime as these two cases.

Fourthly, Mr. McCaleb mentioned another cause of the Count's death as an allurements of his two sons in the Shades, but I can assuredly declare that there was nothing of the kind if we consider the hero's case from the Bushido point of view.

Fifthly, again, I cannot agree with Mr. McCaleb's opinion about the Countess' case. He says that the matron was persuaded by her husband to commit suicide. But this is of course his mere supposition. In my opinion, when she heard of her husband's intention

at first, she must have tried to dissuade him from doing so; but, seeing him inflexible, she at once followed her husband's example. This is evident in his own will.

Lastly, I should like to advise Mr. McCaleb to dive into the cult of Bushido, if he wishes to appreciate it. There is a famous line which says, "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierial Spring."

At any rate, the names of the general and his consort will be remembered in our country with love and gratitude forever, but because of their great service to their beloved country.—T. Katagiri, Shikoku, October 23.

MR. MCCALEB RETURNS TO THE ATTACK

Nogi's Self-Inflicted Martyrdom

Mr. McCaleb herein revives the old controversy and takes both Mr. Fujiyama and ourself to task. We deal with this subject in the editorial columns, that is in *The Bystander's* comments. Thanks for the lively, mental measure you are leading us, Mr. McCaleb. Thanks also for those pretty words: "The Most Progressive Paper in All the East." We may not be as large a paper as in China and India, but when it comes to being progressive, we believe we are in the vanguard every time.—*The Bystander*.

I wish to thank the *Bystander* and Mr. Fujiyama for the kind spirit in which they criticized my attitude in the issue of October 25, and I need not repeat, however harsh may seem my language, I write in the same kindly spirit with no desire to offend the living or be disrespectful to the dead.

You will allow me to call attention to two points of chief importance, one by Mr. Fujiyama and one from *The Bystander*.

1. There is no case of hara-kiri on record, whether it be junshi or a protest, that can properly be compared to the Crucifixion. There is only one case, known to me, in all Japanese history, which can fittingly be likened to the Cross, and that is the illustrious case of Sakura Sogoro. And, while Western people look with disapproval generally on suicide for whatever cause, I have never known a Westerner to criticise Sakura. His story enriches the Christian literature of Japan, and is often told from the pulpit to illustrate the need and nature of the Death of Christ. But I have never heard of either a Japanese or a foreigner referring to Sakura as a case of suicide. There is such a manifest difference here that I think even the man in the street cannot fail to see it.

2. In the second place, *Bystander* gives us this most startling statement: "Another point that should never be lost sight of is that one must never measure the East with the yardstick of the West, or vice versa. To do so is more than sheer presumption; it is crass folly; and such mistakes must be dearly paid for."

If this is true, then any hope of friendly relations, so much talked of, and an amicable settlement of differences, is hopelessly at an end. But before settling down to this gloomy conclusion, I wish to remind *The Japan Times* of some other statements it has set forth in the most glowing terms which seem far more rational. In a special issue of *The Times*, December 20, 1924, under the heading, "The Ties that Bind," and attached to two national flags, the Rising Sun and the Stars and Stripes, these two ensigns being bound around their crossed staffs by that precious word, "Friendship"; and be it noted further that the Japanese flag was unfurled over towards America and the American flag over towards



The Kamitomizaka Church in 1929

Japan, and into the United States flag from Japan were written these "ties": "Loyalty, obedience, devotion, bravery, faith, courtesy, culture, virtue, respect, piety." And from America into the Japanese flag these "ties": "Frankness, honesty, equity, fairness, courage, freedom, candor, progress, ingenuity, adventure."

Now, what did all this mean if it did not mean that these twenty virtues, ten from each country, were the common ground on which both peoples could stand in a friendship lasting and true? Do they not speak in unmistakable terms that the same "yardstick" should be used to measure both countries? I am frank to say—and "frankness" is one of the "ties that bind"—that if this had been an outburst from an antiquated samurai in the name of Yamato Damashi, I should not have been at all surprised; but coming from the most progressive English paper in all the East, it struck me as another one of those "bolts from the blue." And which position now will the *Times* take, that of December 20, 1924, or that of October 25, 1925?

As to whether my labors will "be in vain" on account of my present attitude, I am assured that many of the Japanese are in hearty accord with what I have written. I myself am a patriot, but again I am frank to say that in my judgment it has been greatly overworked. The Japanese people are doing some mighty hard thinking of their own in these latter times, and it is difficult perpetually to make an intelligent people that are rapidly coming to the light think that they are so different from the common run of folks that they must be measured up by a different "yardstick" and put off in a class all to themselves. It doesn't fit in with just ordinary common sense.—J. M. McCaleb.

LOVE

The earliest dawn of love was when I was an infant in my mother's arms. Perhaps then love was just felt but not recognized. Later I came to know more and more for love in return. I can see even now her soft gray eyes as she would sit and muse as if communing with the unseen spirits. Her form is ever before me as she went about the house, for "love never faileth."

When about a score and a half years old, I "fell in love." She was beautiful and her form was comely. I did not try to love, any more than as a child I tried to love my mother, for effort was wholly unnecessary. "Fell in love" is correct. Later, when I came to love more, I loved the place where she lived, the tall old brick house and the locust trees surrounding it; the chickens and the dog.

Soon after she gave me her heart and hand we had to face a decision. It was a great decision, and to her meant a great sacrifice. I left that decision to her and to the God whom we both loved. She said she would go, for if it was my desire and his will she could not do otherwise. Much depended on that decision. The coming of the first party in the long ago depended on that decision. Had it been otherwise the work in Japan might never have been born. I hope that in some other way it would have, but as I said, it might never have been born. Ever since that decision, I have loved her more than was possible before.

I love our children. They are not perfect children, but they are hers and mine. We brought them up and they were ours to feed and clothe, to train and correct

and in whom to see development and the reflection of ourselves. Their voices are familiar to us from their very infancy. I remember their struggles out into this great and wonderful world and their first cry. I knew the second was "a boy" before the doctor announced it; I knew by its cry. They are very bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

I love my brothers. Only four* of us now, two are taken. All getting old—except me. Sometimes I imagine that I, too, am older, maybe, than when we were all boys together on Buck Branch in Middle Tennessee.

Older than when we used to hunt grapes, black haws, chestnuts, and "musky-dimes." Older than in those happy days when we went "coon huntin'," "fishin'," and to the swimmin' hole. I was reminded of this anew some five years ago when there, and we all took dinner with one of the children in the old Jethro Cathey home. Lilly had spread us a sumptuous dinner, after which we sat around and talked a while of nothing in particular, for it seemed like there was something none of us wanted to talk about, but about which we couldn't help thinking. Finally the time came when they must all go home. I watched them as they disappeared one by one down the road till the last was fading out of sight along with his lifelong companion, now wrinkled and old. And when I saw them disappear and thought that it might be the very last time we would see each other on this earth, I felt a longing which I do not feel for any other three men in all this world. They are just plain men of the soil, but they are my brothers, of the same devoted father, whose life was early cut

*Now (1934) only two.

short, and all sons of the same mother whose love for her children never could fail.

I love a brotherhood of saints. Though some may not be as pure as the word implies, I love them. Some of them I only know in a general way, others I know through correspondence, and many I know face to face. They have shown their love to me and mine through many years of fellowship in this far Eastern land of beauty and peril. Early in our missionary ministry, a brother, born and brought up in my own county, who thought he had found a better way after the manner of "organized effort," wrote me not to trust to the churches for support, for they would never give it. But I knew that back of the churches was the living God, and though they should fail, he never could. But his churches have never failed us. All our needs have been supplied, and I have never allowed a debt to go unpaid.

I love our fellow missionaries in Japan. They are true-hearted men and women who love God and offer a volunteer service. They love the word of God and are not concerned about the skeptical opinions of the would-be learned.

I love our Japanese brethren who have turned from the vain things of their ancestors to serve a true and living God.

I love God who in Christ redeemed me from sin and death. I cannot define just what love is, but I know it is not only "the greatest thing in the world," but in the whole universe, for "God is love."

TWO CATS

I was shelling some corn up on the back porch, which I had raised in the garden, and, looking out, I saw a yellow cat lying on the grass near the fence. He seemed to enjoy the warm sun and to be at peace with all the world. A few minutes later I looked again and there were two cats, both tomcats and about the same size. Now they were both standing. They were headed in opposite directions and about two feet apart. They were both yellow and white spotted. Cat number one, who had been disturbed, had a short tail; cat number two had a long tail. Both kinds are common in Japan. Evidently they were not on friendly terms. First cat was keeping up a wail; second cat was responding with a low growl, and his long tail switched back and forth. I was certain something would happen more than was happening, so I continued to watch the proceedings while shelling corn. Longtail seemed to prefer to get away and made a step or two in that direction. This aroused the ire of shorttail, and he made a step or two towards him. A little more wailing, and, like a flash, they flew at each other with great fury. They clutched at each other's throats, while their hind feet made the fur fly. Longtail soon changed his mind; it may have been real repentance or it may have been only regret. But, anyhow, he is now, temporarily at least, a changed cat, and says to himself, "This is not comfortable." Kicking loose, he made a yellow streak across the strawberry patch and under the fence, with his enemy in hot pursuit. They took the road north, and so far as I have heard are still going north. Perhaps they are too

LETTER TO JIMMY

My dear Jimmy: It was certainly a narrow escape, as we are accustomed to say nowadays, and I am sure you will be interested to hear about it. People never know what may happen, and should be prepared for the wholly unexpected; but for the thing about which I am now to tell you I am not so sure that I was at all ready. And not to keep you in suspense longer, perhaps I might just as well say at once that I came very nearly becoming suddenly rich. I escaped, though, or at least I have so far, but it came so nearly actually happening that the very thought of it almost makes me nervous, and furthermore, the manner of it was so novel that I am sure it will strike you with some surprise, even in these days when so many striking things are happening. It all seemed so real that I had already begun to make my plans as to what should be my future course, for you know rich people must buy many things not in reach of common folks. Among the rarities I had in mind was for you a Japanese inkstand, the only one of its kind in the world for sale. There are just three, all told; one is in the museum of Berlin, the other in the Imperial Museum of Japan, and the third in the hands of a private person. I was told by a friend not long ago that he offers it for sale at the handsome sum of forty thousand yen. I don't think it would ever be worth a penny to you, but then the cost of it is very attractive to a rich man, such as I was about to become. For your mother I had thought of a yacht, and for the girls, each an Egyptian mummy, reserving for myself the rare possession of a flying machine. I had considered an auto, but that is now a back number, and entirely too tame to suit my taste,

and I could think of nothing that would be so thoroughly exhilarating as a flying machine of the first magnitude. This would enable me with good grace to smash into a lot of people and things and have excuse for it, as a flying machine, you know, often becomes unmanageable, which can't be helped. The danger of it would make it all the more exciting. There were several other important purchases I had jotted down, but it is not necessary to mention them now. They may come up later, when the fortune returns.

How was it all to come about? Well, I might as well tell you. Some years ago, when you were too young to remember much about it, through some business transactions, I became acquainted with a certain Japanese gentleman named Suzuki, who, at the time, was acting in the same capacity as myself for the other party. The transactions being closed, Suzuki and I parted, and for some ten years or more did not chance to see each other again. Early in the beginning of this year a man called on me and presented his card, saying it had been a long time since he had paid me a visit. I had a faint remembrance of him, but it took me some little time to get him located. After a few preliminary remarks, he said he had a strange thing to propose to me. Of course, this at once began to arouse my curiosity, as little as some people think I possess, and I braced up to hear what it might be. He then drew out a sheet of paper on which were roughly drawn some little dots of islands far out in the Pacific Ocean a thousand miles from Honolulu, and explained that they were the possession of the U. S. A., and rich in guano deposit, and if we could only get the privilege of working them a company would be formed and wealth would be abundant. All they wanted me to do, he added, was, as an



The Zoshigaya Sunday School, March 25, 1934

American, to lease the islands for them, for which they would allow me a great sum of money annually, no telling just how much, it depending on the prosperity of the business, and all in the world I would have to do, practically, was graciously to condescend to receive the money. Not wishing to become so suddenly rich like that on such short notice, I sought a way out of it by suggesting that I was not a business man, and that it would be better to get someone with more experience. He assured me, though, that I was just the man he was seeking; that he had had business relations with me before, and that I could be trusted. At this I straightened up still more, cleared my throat, and felt greatly complimented, and of course I could not decline now. I agreed to write and see about it. In due time a letter came from the governor of Hawaii, for it was to him I had applied, saying that "All three islands were set aside by President Roosevelt on the 3rd of February, 1909, as a bird reservation," and that it would be impossible to lease them. The big fortune that only a few days before had approached so near that it seemed almost in my grasp now suddenly receded again to the middle of the Pacific Ocean to remain only as a bird roost.

Well, after all, it may be for the best that it has turned out thus, for I might have met with serious mishap in that flying machine, and when it comes down to the hard facts of the case, we are not in any *urgent need* of the Japanese inkstand, the yacht, or the Egyptian mummies, either; and, as Benjamin Franklin once said, "He that buys what he does not need will often need what he cannot buy."

Affectionately,

YOUR FATHER.

LONG LIFE

"I don't want to live to be old," said a fellow missionary. We continued to talk on, and one reason was the fear of becoming cranky.

People are born with certain traits of character which stand out more prominently than others. A strong will, a weak will, selfishness, stinginess, pride, conceit, a lying disposition, high temper, a tendency to tattle, backbiting, cowardice, changeableness, indecision, lack of self-confidence, love of money, lack of thrift, love of strong drink, lust, cross, critical, quick to see others' faults, slow to see their own. If these defects in character, and others which might be mentioned, are not kept under, as one grows in years they grow also; and for this reason many old people are disagreeable and unpleasant to be with. Some fall in with some hobby, usually a religious hobby, and make themselves a bore by ever harping on the one theme. Their characters become lopsided and they wonder why others can't see it just as they do. This has a tendency to make them feel cross and disappointed and out with the world generally. One should begin early in life to search for his own defects of character and set about correcting them, for they are like a cancerous growth, the longer they are let alone the larger they become, till in old age they stand out as the determining factor in one's make-up. For this reason many in the latter part of life are disagreeable to the young and uninteresting either to themselves or others. They grow morose, and life ends in gloom. It is this which makes some dread the thought of growing old.

Bad or disagreeable habits also grow with age. One of the most common is slovenliness. Inattention to one's appearance. A foul mouth; decayed teeth, covered with filth; filthy clothing—spots on the clothes and soiled linen; shoes unpolished and clothing covered with dust. Rude and indifferent to good manners, together with the loss of the attractions of youth, make some old people undesirable to have around.

But a still greater misfortune is the fact that many people, as they grow in years, allow the lamp of life to go out and sink down into a mere existence. They haven't kept up. They rested on their oars too soon and floated back instead of keeping abreast of the current. They have become separated from the present and, though living in the world, are not of it in scarcely any sense. They talk of the past and take no interest in things current. They boast of having forgotten more than the present generation ever knew. They can see no good in the young of the present generation, and hence are overcritical and void of sympathy and encouragement. All such present a sad and gloomy picture to the young, and it has a tendency to make them feel they never want to live to be old.

It is not necessary that we end life thus. It is not the design of the Creator that old people become disagreeable and in the way. Young people can be, and often are, just as disagreeable as old ones. Age doesn't account for so much as character. Spring fruit is sour by nature; autumn fruit is sweet when mellowed in the sun and protected from enemies so that it does not decay. So will God's sun, if allowed to flood the soul, keep character sweet and free from decay. "The path of the just is as the light of the dawn which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The young are

necessarily immature; it takes time to develop the highest type of character and maturity of thought. General Grant was unknown at forty; when *Paradise Lost* was completed Milton was approaching seventy. At eighty Gladstone was the greatest power in English politics; George Muller of Bristol was sunny and serving at ninety-three; Mrs. Esther Keiser learned to play the piano at eighty and was still sunny at ninety-four; Alford Russell Wallace wrote "Man's Place in the Universe" at eighty-one and was an active man for ten years more. Harvard conferred the doctor's degree on the French chemist, Eugene Cheveul, when only one hundred years old. He lived three years longer. John W. McGarvey was the sunny president of the College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky., at eighty-three; David Lipscomb was neither useless nor in the way at eighty-five; Charles Louis Loos was president of Transylvania University when above eighty. James A. Harding wore himself out at sixty-five, but was lovable to the end; his father, J. W. Harding, of Winchester, Ky., with his cabbage patch, stick and silk hat, was loved and honored at ninety-six. Dr. Samuel Johnson finished his great dictionary of the English language at sixty-six; he wrote "The Lives of the Poets" at seventy-eight. Moses was still an obscure shepherd at eighty; his brother, Aaron, became priest of Israel at eighty-three.

The trouble with most young people is that they do not give themselves time to develop. They are forced as plants in a hothouse. Such growth is always sappy and immature, and exposed to premature decay. Strangely enough, many do not even want to wait for a natural death. They want to hurry it up and go out with a flash. "I expect to kill myself at work," one

missionary said. Such a life is too short nor ever at its best. While the present age has its advantages it has its disadvantages as well. We speed up at a tremendous rate. It is literally a breakneck speed. The law has to step in and call a halt.

“With aged men is wisdom and in length of days is understanding.”

“Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age,
like as a shock of grain in its season.”

Note—When on my way back to Japan for the fifth time, October 29, 1930, I met in Vancouver, Charles Quick, familiarly known as “Dad Quick,” who was born in Devonshire, England, October 22, 1820, so at the time I met him he was one hundred and ten years and one week old. He learned the saddler’s trade at seventy-five and still works at his trade. I met him in his shop and he came forward and asked, “What do you men want?” His sight and hearing are still good.

WHEN FAILURE IS SUCCESS

Our hopes are sometimes centered in people who do not turn out as we desire. We then become discouraged and consider our efforts a failure.

In 1891, Brother W. K. Azbill announced his intention to go to Japan as a missionary, and that his trust was in God for all his needs. He called for volunteers and asked who would do likewise. Four answered his call. The churches were asked to cooperate in the undertaking. A lively interest was awakened in sending the gospel to Japan.

Brother Azbill's views, however, did not altogether harmonize with the faith of others who took part in this ministry; interest waned, and in a few years our brother gave up his efforts. There was disappointment and a feeling that the effort was a failure.

But let us recall some of the results of Brother Azbill's labors. Miss Lucia Scott and Miss Carme Hostetter were two of the four who first came with our brother to Japan. For five years these two sisters labored in Japan among the women and children, each conducting a day school, known in those days as "charity schools." They each also conducted a Sunday school and had Bible classes. The labors of each contributed to establishing two churches. The two schools continued as long as such schools were needed, that is, till the government provided school accommodations for the poor. The school plant of Miss Hostetter was sold to Brother Yokow and turned into a book publishing plant. Brother Yokow has prospered in his business and has given liberally to the church. He usually

keeps eight or ten men employed, but employs no one given to drink and immoral habits. In a recent conversation with him he said he expected to use that plant so long as he lived for the kingdom of God. The church that grew out of Miss Scott's work is the "First Church" in Brother W. D. Cunningham's list. After five years these two sisters returned to America and Miss Scott died in San Jose, California, in 1924. Miss Hostetter attended the Nashville Bible School for a while, then returned to Japan under the F. C. M. S. She later got married to Brother M. M. Smyser, and they came the third time to Japan independent of the F. C. M. S., and opened work in the north of Japan. Brother Smyser has been carrying on in that section for eighteen years. He has two evangelists associated with him and a territory so large that it takes him four years to make one trip around. Our brother's work is not wholly scriptural, but he immerses those who believe except in extreme cases of sickness.

When Brother E. Snodgrass left the Society he was undecided whether to return home or stay in Japan. W. K. Azbill sent him a cablegram to "stay." He established the Kamitomizaka church. Through the labors of this church 348 people have been baptized—44 in country places and 304 at the home church. The present membership is 100. The church has "four working places." Brother Hosogai was one of the first that E. Snodgrass baptized at this place. He has labored as an evangelist in California, Hawaii, and Japan. He says he did not baptize any people while abroad, but in Japan at five different places where he labored he baptized 306 people. At Sendagaya he was Miss Miller's evangelist for a time. During this period I was also cooperating

with the church there. In 1916 I wrote of Brother Hosogai as follows: Brother Hosogai, who labors with us at Sendagaya, was preaching in company with several other evangelists in the town of Fukushima a few years ago, when a young man from the country some two miles away came to his preaching and requested him to come to his village and preach. A time was set. When it came, a cold rain was falling which was almost turned into sleet. The young man and two others were the only ones present. One of the preachers suggested that they have a prayer meeting, and he decided to do some of the best preaching he ever did, and he hoped soon that some of the few hearers might be converted. He spoke more than an hour, and at its close one young man confessed his faith in Christ and asked to be baptized. They suggested that he wait and study more, as he might not understand well enough, but the young man was so insistent that, though the night was cold and disagreeable, they went to a stream and he baptized him at eleven o'clock at night, then walked back in his wet clothes, two miles, to Fukushima. In March, 1916, he went back, and the young man met him at the station with the glad news that fourteen more had become Christians.

Note—Brother Hosogai still preaches some. A few days ago, December, 1933, he was struck by an auto and is convalescing in the hospital, so says a card received from him this morning, January 8, 1934.

Space will not allow that I go on telling in detail the far-reaching results of W. K. Azbill's labors. But to sum up in few words the thirty-nine missionaries that have come to Japan since our brother's initial step in 1891 should be put to his credit, for had he not made



Okitsu and Shizuoka Churches, 1933

the start who can say that it would ever have been made? The whole scope of this book is the result of his initiative work.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Hon, with their little boy, came to Japan in 1910. On account of spells of nervous headache he was compelled to return to the United States. They spent scarcely a year in Japan. During this time, however, Brother Hon converted two young men. H. Ishiguro was one of them. There was disappointment at his return, and no doubt some thought his effort a failure. It may be that they were so discouraged that they have never since taken further interest in the work in Japan. What became of the other young man I do not know; but Ishiguro was left in charge of a preaching place in Tokyo. For ten years he had a flourishing Sunday school and built up a church of about 115 members. Brother Ishiguro decided to go to America and enter one of our Bible schools. The Otsuka church, which he left, was in the hands of different ones. E. A. Rhodes labored with them about four years and baptized, he thinks, thirty people. This brought the membership up to 145. Among those whom he baptized was Mr. Aoki, a Presbyterian preacher. When the church disbanded in 1927, Brother Aoki and five others put in their membership at Zoshigaya. He has been our preacher ever since. He had a friend by the name of Kosé, another Presbyterian preacher, to whom he taught the way more perfectly, and who was baptized in 1930. Brother Kosé's wife was also baptized at the same time. We three constitute the eldership at Zoshigaya.

When I returned to Japan in 1920, a widow and her two little girls wanted a home. The mother was one

of the members at the Ishiguro church. She had been with Miss Cypert and Miss Andrews some and knew something about housework. She and her two girls have been with me ever since. During my two years' absence in 1929-30, she kept the house. She is capable in business matters and I trust her to the full in all household matters. Her two girls are both good Christian girls. Both are now grown. The youngest has a position in a picture-making factory where glass negatives are made. A short time ago, when the girls were given a raise in wages, Isoko got the highest of any. Kioko, the older daughter, is a teacher in our kindergarten at Zoshigaya. She also has charge of the mission Sunday school of the church and withal is a sweet singer. This morning at the family worship, Brother Bixler, being present, asked her to sing (in Japanese).

"My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation.
I hear the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?"

To tell of her mother who came up from ignorance, idolatry and poverty to a useful place both in the home and the church would make a thrilling story, while she has reared her two girls to be good Christians. But this is not all of B. W. Hon's "failure." H. Ishiguro, one of his two converts, who went to America, finally settled down to work with the Japanese in Los Angeles, California. He has established a good congregation there, some of the members of which deserve special mention. When Brother Mazawa be-

came a Christian he was a drinker; but he gave this up. He and Sister Mazawa came back to Japan in 1932, and for about six months labored with the church at Okitsu, and was much appreciated by the members. They returned to California to wind up some business affairs there, with the intention of returning to Okitsu to labor permanently. Brother Nagata is another member of the Los Angeles church. His sin was tobacco. Through the influence of his wife he gave it up, but not without a struggle. At times it seemed to him that he just must have it; it so disturbed him that he couldn't sleep. But his wife would encourage him, telling him to hold out and pray on and she would pray for him. He gained the victory and now rejoices to be a clean Christian. There was a Shigekuni family in Los Angeles, husband and wife, a little girl, and a nephew. The little girl attended the Ishiguro Sunday school. She took sick and died. The nephew was not yet a Christian but had been taught some. One of the parents was a Buddhist and the other a Shintoist. One wanted a Shinto funeral and the other a Buddhist service. The nephew suggested that as the little girl had been attending a Christian Sunday school why not have a Christian ceremony? Brother Ishiguro conducted the service. The parents were much impressed. Both became Christians and the father is now one of the elders in the church. The nephew also was baptized and later sold out his automobile business and came back to Japan.* The same is our Brother Shigekuni at Ota, who is carrying on in the absence of Brother Harry Fox. He has lately written a tract in which he

*Nine people have returned to Japan from the Los Angeles church.

condemned shrine worship. The police reported it to the home office in Tokyo and they sent orders forbidding them to be used. The question is now under investigation by the Ibaraki brethren. Being backed by the government, shrine worship, which is hero worship, is the greatest obstacle to the gospel in Japan.

To mention another instance of "failures," in 1894 I was teaching in one of the government schools on the west coast of Japan and baptized a man named Kurumata. Later he came to Tokyo and opened a night school and asked me to teach in it. Kurumata fell away. But during my teaching in his night school I met a young man named Yunosuke Hiratsuka. It was his first time to meet a foreigner. Later he was baptized, and after about six years in America, returned to Japan and took up the work with Wm. J. Bishop at Kamitomizaka, where he has been one of the elders and the preacher ever since. He made frequent visits to his native place in Nagasawa and preached to his neighbors. He baptized his mother, and along with the cooperation of C. G. Vincent and others baptized some forty people in that community. In this same community, O. D. Bixler still carries on with good success. All this paragraph is the result of my failure with Kurumata.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good."

TRAINING SCHOOLS

When the Azbill group reached Japan in 1892, E. Snodgrass was trying to establish a school in which to train evangelists. It consisted of one student, and he was being supported by mission funds. In a short time Mr. Azbill returned to America for recruits and had a plan for a training school which he laid before David Lipscomb, who gave it his hearty approval. Snodgrass and McCaleb were to be the teachers in this school of the evangelists. Funds were to be raised for this purpose. This school, however, never did materialize. When Mr. Azbill returned to Japan he endeavored to conduct a school himself, but it never got beyond the experimental stage. Soon after the McCalebs returned home on furlough in 1899, David Lipscomb called a meeting in Nashville, Tennessee, including Kurfees, McCaleb, and some other brethren, to confer about establishing a school in Japan like the Nashville Bible School. McCaleb was requested to take the field to raise funds for the school. The wrong man was selected for that task, and the project failed before it began. He couldn't get the vision, and without a vision no one can put through a project. The Nashville school had a Christian constituency to sustain it. Many parents wanted such a school for the better training of their children than the common schools afforded. In Japan, there was no such Christian constituency to sustain a Bible school. He could see the grounds and the buildings for such a school, but he couldn't see where the students were to come

from, for there were almost no such Christian homes in Japan, save such as were among the denominations.

That such a school would be helpful seemed evident, but how to go about it was the problem. The various mission boards could draw on their thousands both to establish such schools and to maintain them, but those of the churches of Christ had no such resources. It seemed inevitable that if the problem were ever solved it would have to be solved in some other way.

A home for students was opened in Tokyo, September 1, 1902. The building was a rented dwelling and only large enough to accommodate the manager and eleven students. Mr. Mashino, a man thought to be a Christian, was selected to manage the home. He had a wife and a child or two. Mrs. McCaleb was needing some house help and he recommended a niece of his who was a girl from the country and "very pure." One night before going to bed I suspicioned that something was wrong in the servant's quarters. Without announcing my coming I pushed back the sliding door and found the niece and a young man in the same bed. I ordered him up and out and he followed orders without a word, save to yawn as though he had been asleep. I think I would manage such a case differently and with less risk now. The students increased and we found it necessary to move to a larger house in Koshikawa ward. One difficulty with the manager was that he always came out behind with his accounts at the end of the month. The rule of the home was that the students were to pay enough to cover all running expenses. Lessons in the Bible and in English were to be free. Complaint was made that the manager was not feeding the students well enough for the amount



At the opening of the Nagasawa building in 1930

of money they were paying. Investigation showed that he was squandering it for something else. It was also discovered that he was given to immorality and drink. He had to be dismissed; but he wouldn't go, saying he was poor and had nowhere to go. As a last resort I closed the place and left him in it. Some time after that his wife came to me in great distress, saying she and the children had nothing to eat. The last I heard of Mashino was that he was drawing a cart hauling guests over the city. The plan was good, and is good still, but it came to naught for the lack of a competent man to run it. Unworthy men have been our greatest difficulty in trying to do work of any kind in Japan. The best methods in the world will not succeed with bad men in charge.

We next taught for some time in the Kamitomizaka church building. During this time I made the following note:

During April, twenty students were enrolled. For several years I have had in contemplation a school where I could teach the Bible daily, but the problem of supporting such a school was not easily solved. All the mission schools are supported almost entirely by the missions, and students are paid to attend and study the Bible. How to avoid this evil was the problem. I decided to try an English department in connection with the study of the Bible, for which I would charge a moderate fee. It works well. The school pays enough to cover all running expenses and is self-supporting. I have a good class of young men and young women. I have two young men about thirty years old. The son of the Minister of Education, and a student of the Imperial University, also attends. He is a splendid

student and a serious-minded young man. Four girls from the Girls' University, a school of five thousand students, attended last month. They are all thoughtful, dignified young women, about twenty years old.

The attendance in the Bible department is not compulsory, yet at least three-fourths attend. Brother Bishop has kindly consented to take one day in the week. His printing and other work take most of his time. It is hoped that another brother and his wife will soon come over to take part with us in this ministry, that we may enlarge the curriculum and extend the usefulness of the school.

A later note states:

There have been thirty-eight students enrolled in the Tokyo Bible School during October and November, 1905. The school is in a hopeful condition and steadily growing. The present need is more room and a greater teaching force. Brother Snodgrass is now thinking of returning to Japan. I have asked him to consider the question of taking part with me in this school, which, I trust, he will see fit to do. I ask all friends to our labors here to join with us in prayer that our work may prosper and be enlarged.

Having tried the plan enough to believe it workable, I decided on a larger plant in quarters of our own. A fund had already been started and a suitable place was being sought. There were two difficulties to be overcome. In too near the center of the city land was too high, while too far out would be too far away from the big schools. Four or five years were spent looking for a suitable location and land that our limited means would buy. Finally a lot was secured in Zoshigaya; but the president of the Girls' University heard of it

and came to me saying it would give trouble to his girls to have boys so near. He secured the place where we now are and we exchanged. This was in 1906. The following year I sold my home at No. 12 Tsukiji, Tokyo, where we had lived fifteen years, for five thousand dollars. I spent five hundred of this to send my wife and three children back to Louisville, Ky., where the children were put in school, and with the rest bought land adjoining the school property. The same year I put up half of the building planned for students and a dwelling for myself. Being without my family, I rented the dwelling and lived with the students in the Gakuin. It was opened to students September, 1907.

Among the first students to enter were Mitsushita, Nishikori, and Iida. These were all steady men of good habits, and did much towards keeping good order. Iida was from the farm, but became a good English teacher. He had been trained in an Episcopal school and had accepted that faith. He had a great desire to establish a girls' sewing school. After leaving me he got married and when their little boy was born he brought it, he and his wife, for me to "dedicate" to the Lord. I took the little fellow in my arms, and while we all stood together I prayed that they might have wisdom to train it up as it should be, and that it might be an honor to its parents and a blessing to man. What would you have done with such a request? This was the first case of its kind. I have never regretted it.

But five years ago I had a similar experience. Sister Tomie Yoshie's little girl, Ruriko, had reached her seventh year. According to Japanese custom a child at that age passes a certain stage in development. While

not a woman, still she is no longer a baby and must take certain responsibilities, such as dressing herself, and being able to go to school alone. To mark this stage in Ruriko's growing up our sister invited a brother and myself to a little family celebration and requested the brother to read certain scriptures, and for me to offer a prayer for Ruriko. She is now a promising child of twelve years and almost as tall as her mother.

Mr. Mitsushita came up to Tokyo from the southern island of Kyushu, intending to return after he had taken the teacher's course, but a position was offered him in one of the Tokyo schools and he has been teaching in this city ever since. He secured a lot and built a home adjoining me, and for ten years was a neighbor. Soon after the great explosion of the mountain of Sakura south of Kyushu near his birthplace, he and I made a trip down there. This was in 1914. Mr. Mitsushita has never become a Christian, but is in sympathy with the Christian faith. He is rather proud of his second son, who is now an active member of the Zoshigaya church, and editor of our Japanese monthly.

Note—In January, 1933, Mr. Mitsushita and his son, Ryuji, called on me and found me in bed with a cold. He is now about sixty years old, has grown quite stout but still seems to be in excellent health. Somewhat to my surprise he informed me that he had become a touch healer. As he has always been a very quiet, conservative man, this was all the more remarkable. But in his matter-of-fact way he proceeded to tell me about it. He got the suggestion from some military officer. He lectures on the subject and says he has cured many. Some of the remarkable instances he related. Says he

can locate a disease by simply passing his hand over the body. There is an emissivity, a radiation which goes out from the diseased part that can be felt. He says he can also feel the power going out from his own body as he lays his hand on the place. He does not associate it with anything supernatural.

I have referred to Mr. Iida's having a great desire to establish a sewing school. His continued earnestness finally induced me to mortgage my property and borrow six thousand yen to help him start the school. He was to pay back so much a year, and the writings were carefully drawn up. A suitable house was bought and fitted up and the school opened with flattering prospects. Miss Lillie Cypert kindly agreed to be matron of the school and also the Bible teacher. The school was doing well and the outlook bright. But one day Miss Cypert came with a troubled face and said she was almost certain that Mr. Iida smoked cigarettes. Further investigation confirmed her misgivings, and she said she would not teach in such a school, and resigned. This I have always looked on as being an extreme attitude, but I could not ask her to go against her convictions. Naturally, the school did not prosper as before and finally had to close. My loan of six thousand yen was a dead loss, the cost of a cigarette. At that time Mr. Mitsushita and I were developing an industrial farm to give employment to those who were worthy. I sold my interest in the farm, returned to the States (1919), and found about 1,700 copies of "Christ, the Light of the World" still in the *Advocate* office. In my travels among the churches I disposed of these books, added some from personal offerings and thus raised six thousand yen (\$3,000), and

paid off the mortgage. I have not been inclined since to borrow money to start a sewing school.

During the history of the Zoshigaya Gakuin we had two strikes. The first was the eleventh of February, the day of the celebration of the first emperor of Japan. The question was whether we should put out the flags. The next was because I would not dismiss the cook without knowing the charges against him. All the students would say was that he was not a proper man to have. I afterwards learned that they wanted him dismissed because he drank saké with them. It was hardly fair to dismiss the cook when his offense was the same as that of the students. During these two strikes, I learned the ugly side of student life. More than once it seemed that my life was in danger. For nine years I lived in the same building and ate at the same table with these students and thus learned much about student life that could not have been obtained in any other way. I am thankful for the experience, but "never again."

If I were to undertake such a work again, I would not take university students, but confine myself to those of the middle schools. I would also want a good Japanese to take charge and take the responsibility of keeping good order. A suitable man for such a place is hard to find. I tried four different men and all failed, the last the worst failure of all.

In 1923, the year of the great earthquake, we had one of a different kind in the Gakuin. Brother Hashimoto, the elder of the church, a good man but a poor judge of human nature, recommended a man named Kubota. The elder was to be responsible for his conduct. I baptized Kubota and his wife, but, most likely,

not for the remission of sins. The elder had betrothed his youngest daughter to a young man and took him in his home to live with him a while before the marriage. He discovered that the young man was a socialist and broke the engagement. The young man became so enraged that one evening he went to the home, stabbed and killed the parents and attempted the life of the daughter, but she escaped to the house of a neighbor. He went upstairs and committed suicide. This left Kubota in the Gakuin without any one to be surety for him. Then the earthquake came on and the buildings were partly wrecked. Kubota attempted to take possession of both the school and church property. He gathered 'round him a set of unruly students, and I was not recognized. I had five hundred yen to the credit of the school and no debts. But how to get such a nest out of the building was the problem. Finding reasoning to be of no avail, we took it to court. A sheriff (sutatsuri) was sent to order all the occupants out of the house. When the appointed time came they went out, but the law of Japan gives such a person the right to test the order. Brother Naminohira, a lawyer and a good man, was a member of the Kamitomizaka church at that time. He acted as my lawyer; Kubota employed another. When the day of trial came, a number of the brethren were present and the case presented to the judge. I was assured that I would win, but the brethren recommended, that to stop further proceedings, to propose a compromise. To this I agreed. A compromise was reached. I agreed to pay Kubota five hundred yen to give up all claim to the Gakuin. He signed a written statement that he would. When I had finished paying up all expenses I was out over one thousand yen.

One section of the building was so badly damaged by the quake that it had to be taken down. The other was repaired, and Miss Cypert agreed to take it and conduct a girls' boarding school. She, too, was unfortunate in getting the wrong woman for a matron and the work did not prosper. She and I could not make our ideas coincide as to how mission work should be carried on, and she decided to leave Zoshigaya and start work elsewhere. She left her matron in charge of the school at Zoshigaya, and I agreed that she might try it alone, depending on the school for her support and for all running expenses. The number of her girls continued to dwindle down till finally she came to me and said she was very sorry but would be compelled to close. This was in 1928. The buildings were becoming dilapidated; no one among us was willing to take hold and carry on by making use of them. I had been in charge for twenty years. I called a man who deals in old houses and sold to him for three hundred yen. He took the buildings down and cleared the lot. I turned the money over to the Zoshigaya church. The church added a little to the fund and put up some Sunday school and kindergarten rooms.

During the time it was run as a boys' boarding school about one thousand students were enrolled, and received Christian instruction. Maybe as many as one hundred of these were baptized. Out of the number who entered, Brother Yanai, working with Miss Cypert and superintendent of her work, and Brother Ishiguro of Los Angeles, are the only preachers. Sasaki and Sugie were zealous Christians for a while; but Sugie turned philosopher, studied a while in a Buddhist temple, and came to a dead standstill. He prospers in

business in one of the big insurance companies. Sasaki deals in photograph supplies in Shizuoka and attends the Methodist church. He learned to do this while on a visit to America. T. Katow—now Dr. Katow—was baptized by request in Tama River, which helps to supply the city of Tokyo. He is now a prominent physician in one of the large hospitals of the city. Three years ago when he got married he was married at Zoshigaya and requested that I perform the ceremony. He still has his membership at Zoshigaya, and attends sometimes. S. Baba joined the Kubota opposition and did me much evil.

The latest effort at a school is the King Bible School at Ota. Brother Harry Fox, who had charge of this school, has been at David Lipscomb College for two years, and the school is suspended awaiting his return. This line of work in Japan is still in an experimental stage. The most satisfactory way of training evangelists has been Paul's method of keeping one or more young men around the missionary giving personal and practical training. Brothers Bixler, Rhodes, and Hermon Fox are all working at the industrial plan with some success. If they can succeed in getting their industries and a central place for Bible training coordinated, results in the future may be more satisfactory. And as the Christian constituency grows, parents will see the necessity of Bible training and will be more willing to sustain such a school as has for so long been under contemplation.

AFTER THE GREAT WAR

It was 1919, and the time had come when I wished to return to the homeland for the third time. New regulations had been established between the United States and Japan, so that now one could not go either way without a passport.

AGAIN I WAS REFUSED

It is a very inconvenient thing to have a conscience. When I went to the Consulate in Yokohama to apply for a passport I was told that since the World War all American citizens were required to declare anew their citizenship by taking the Oath of Allegiance. Asking permission to modify the form so as to eliminate the "oath" and to make it conform to my conscience, I was told by the officer in charge that they could not change the form, so my application was turned down. At that time there was another officer sent out by the United States for something the exact nature of which I do not know. His office being near by, he said he would like to see me. When I was introduced to him his first words were: "I just thought I would like to see a man who wouldn't fight for his country." He complimented me further by saying that such a man was not fit to be a missionary, and that I ought to leave Japan. His little black, beady eyes had a piercing look. In the course of our conversation he said he was related to Bishop Harris, for many years bishop of the Methodist church in Japan. Having had considerable experience with the government officials, I was now more at ease than on former occasions, and finding that he was in



Omya Sunday School, 1934

no way inclined to help me over a difficulty, I thought I would change the subject and asked him if he were a Christian. This was evidently unexpected, and greatly embarrassed him. He stammered, and finally made out to say, "Yes, yes, I believe in God." Seeing that nothing was being gained, I rose and bade him good-bye, and as I did so assured him that I would neither quit preaching nor leave Japan.

The American ambassador was residing in Tokyo. I wrote him my trouble, and asked advice. He said I could write out my application just as I wanted it and make my appeal direct to Washington. Making an appointment at the embassy, I met his secretary and told him just what I wanted, and with seeming resentment and a sneer he put it in just as I stated it, "as far as my conscience as a Christian will allow," I will support the Constitution of the United States. This was forwarded to Washington, and in about three months the desired passport came. Those were three months of "watchful waiting," for if the Central Government had turned me down, I might have been detained in Japan till now. But Uncle Sam knew the temper of his people better than his subofficials in a foreign land, and saw no risk in granting a passport to one who wouldn't violate his conscience.

When I entered the Consulate office in Yokohama for the visa, or endorsement, of the passport, I quietly laid it down before the officer and he looked up in astonishment and asked, "Where did you get this?" "You men couldn't give it to me," I said, "so I applied direct to Washington." "Well, yes, that's right, we couldn't." This was my last trouble about passports. In 1929,

when I again needed one, the former passport was sufficient evidence for granting a new one.

On my way home in 1919 I stopped off in Honolulu and was the guest of Brother and Sister Bowman for forty days. During this time I paid a visit to Hawaii, the largest island of all the group and from which the others take the group name of Hawaii, but each island has its own particular name. My object in visiting Hawaii was to see the great volcano, then especially active. I had never seen anything like it before, nor have I ever seen anything like it since. Asama in Japan and Vesuvius in Italy are active, but at the time I saw them they were very tame when compared with Kilauea. Below is a write-up of my visit as given at that time.

THE GREATEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD

After dinner, cold lunch over here, we waited till half past three for the auto to come and take us to the Kilauea Volcano, said to be the greatest in the world. One naturally thinks of a volcano being in the top of some steep mountain, but not so in this case. From Hilo, where we landed, to our present elevation of 4,000 feet has been so gradual that the upgrade was scarcely noticeable, and as we go from the hotel to the crater it is practically level. On the way we passed the edge of an extinct crater seven hundred and seventy feet deep. The bottom seemed perfectly level. Again our guide stopped and we all got out to peep over the edge of another one, perhaps a hundred feet, and much older than the former, as it was full of ferns and trees reaching up level with the top of the ground. Let us follow the guide and go down the rude steps to the bottom. How weird and strange it all seems, as though one were

on some other planet. We come to the entrance of a great cavern, the walls lined with moss of the most beautiful hues. The guide leads us on in. It narrows down till it is about the size of a railroad tunnel. The bottom is smooth. We walk on till all becomes pitch dark. Soon a light is seen ahead. We have gone 150 feet to an opening to the surface. We climb up a ladder and are out again. But we didn't reach the end of the "tube." Others have explored it 1,200 feet, where it seems to have caved in. Those who have examined it say it leads to the sea, and at one time was the means by which the great "bowl" was drained of molten lava. It simply pushed its way by melting a hole through. But let us hasten on to the living volcano.

Our auto stops at the very edge of a river, not of water, but of melted rock, which a few days ago, when there was an overflow, was a red glowing mass slowly creeping along, but now cooled, black and hard. We walk over it. It resembles burnt candy. As it pushed out in waves it crinkled and twisted in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Here and there is foamy crust that we are cautioned not to step on lest we break through and get injured. They are blisters on the main mass. Now we must walk more cautiously, for we must step over cracks two or three feet deep, at the bottom of which may be seen the red-hot lava. Don't go too far, for just ahead there is a lake of fire, "A real lake o' fire, just like you read about in the Bible," as one expresses it. It changes its shape every little while, so that a description today may not suit for tomorrow. I will endeavor to describe it as it appeared on the 24th of April, 1919. Roughly speaking, it was in the form of a cross, with one arm much elongated. It was about

four hundred feet one way by five hundred the other. Sometimes the melted lava drops down three or four hundred feet, then rises again to the top, with an occasional overflow. Today it is level full; a smaller pit a little way off is overflowing a little. It runs like hot iron from a furnace, and is very hot if one is near. I took a stick and twisted out a lump of it and before it cooled worked it into a biscuit and impressed a nickel in the center. By this time it was black, but too hot to hold in the hand.

A United States officer who stays on the ground and makes it a study said they had been able to measure 400 degrees of temperature. It boils like a great pot, and is in constant motion. A scum forms over the top by cooling. Here and there boiling points twenty feet or more across will break out and the glowing red-hot lava will fly up as high as thirty feet. A red glowing crack—several of them at once in various directions—will be seen in the scum. All around the edge, which is a rocky bluff, there is also a streak of hot glow. The escaping gas at the boiling points makes a great noise while the whole surface is moving toward them and is drawn in and remelted. As the twilight draws on, the whole is one red glow, giving one a feeling of dread and awe, for the very crust beneath your feet which is only a little way to the melted lava trembles. I asked the officer, above mentioned, if we were not in danger of being swallowed up ourselves, and, though he assured me we were not, I found I could breathe more freely further away. A young man lately back from the "front" and myself were standing looking over this awful lake of fire, when he broke the silence by saying:

"I'm going to be a better man after this." Yet people will argue that there is no hell!

On reaching the homeland this time I found the brethren in a discussion over the prophecies. I did not feel that my understanding of the prophecies was sufficiently clear-cut to be dogmatic. And more especially since no one insisted that one must take a decided stand on such obscure matters in order to be saved, I felt no necessity of lining up with either party to the controversy.

All of the Old Testament prophets, save Malachi, wrote either before or during the return from the Babylonian Captivity, and the burden of their prophecies, with an occasional breaking through to the coming of the Messiah, seems to refer to that. It is true that the promise that they should repossess the land was never made good, and most likely never will be, because they broke covenant with Jehovah. The same was true in regard to inheriting the land in the first place; God's promise was never fulfilled, because they broke covenant. That first promise now never can be made good; and I think the same is true in regard to his promise to restore them from captivity. Having broken covenant in both cases, Jehovah is no longer under obligation to make good either promise. Malachi rebukes them most severely for their unfaithfulness. Fleshly Israel, as a nation, seems to be doomed along with all other nations. Israel's only hope is in accepting their rejected Messiah on the same terms as the Gentile world.

The book of Revelation has baffled the skill of the keenest intellects in their attempts to explain its signs and symbols. But there are two outstanding facts that

unsound in judgment as to what the scriptures really do teach.

My stay in America this time was spent as usual among the churches, and my experiences much the same as on other trips. There was less opposition and more interest, I think, than formerly. On account of the prophecy agitation, several of the churches that had been regular contributors ceased their cooperation, which has never been renewed.

Being afflicted with rheumatism in my left shoulder, I spent three weeks at Hot Springs, Ark., in the fall of 1920. I took the prescribed course of twenty-one baths, with one thrown in for good count. They were quite beneficial, and my trouble has never been so severe since. My opinion, however, is that such a course of baths at home would be just as helpful. From the time one went into the bathroom till he came out required two hours, and the loss in sweat would be as much as a pound during this time. I was told that those addicted to the tobacco habit would have their bodies so cleansed from the poison of nicotine that it would take away their desire for tobacco. If I were a victim of this habit, or any drug habit, this would be my method of cure.

Hot Springs National Park is not the largest, but it has the distinction of being the first to be set apart by the United States. In it is an alligator farm in which are shown many things of interest. The alligator lays eggs about the size of the common hen egg. In alcohol was preserved the young in the act of coming out of the shell. The keeper would take a young animal about three feet long, lay him on his back, saying something to him as he did so, and it would lie there till spoken

to, then it would wake up, turn over, and be normal as usual. They had a slide like a kindergarten slide with steps to go up. Simply by being talked to, an alligator that had been trained for that purpose would climb the steps to the platform above, rest there till spoken to again, then slide down into the water, apparently with great glee, looking around like a child to see if others saw him perform the feat. I was told there was a church of Christ in Hot Springs, but I failed to find it. I heard of a Christian out from town a bit among the hills, and went in search of him. He was preparing to give mud baths. When I asked him if he were a Christian, explaining that I was told of one living at that place, he became offended and would hardly talk to me. His manner and general appearance seemed to be anything else but that of a Christian, and I wondered if some one had played a practical joke on me in sending me to one of Arkansas' "baser sort." At any rate, he seemed to be much more interested in his mud baths than in me or my religion.

In December, 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, Mr. and Mrs. Janes, and myself set sail from San Francisco, the Pennells to Honolulu and the Janes and myself to Japan. A period of building mission homes followed. At that time only one missionary lived in an American-built home. Seven others were erected in a comparatively short time. Brother and Sister Janes spent nine months in Japan and then went on around the world. The Pennells, after a short stay in Honolulu, returned to Ohio.

The great earthquake occurred at two minutes of twelve o'clock, September 1, 1923. One man, who had just stepped outside of his office on his way to lunch,

was instantly crushed by the falling wall. Practically all Tokyo, except the rim of the city, was destroyed. A few of the more substantial buildings stood the test. The fall of Yokohama, the seaport, 18 miles away, is described below by one of the daily papers. It is a fair representation of what took place in Tokyo. The story runs as follows:

BY AN EYEWITNESS

The most terrific effect of the earthquake of Saturday, September 1, was experienced at Yokohama, which city was practically destroyed in the first thirty seconds of the great catastrophe. The earth at Yokohama dropped vertically for three feet, plunging, writhing and splitting as it sank. Great cracks, large enough for an automobile to drop into in some cases, opened in the earth, which yawned and closed, rippled like a great series of waves and made it impossible for any structure to stand intact.

At the first smash of the quake the city fell. The big blocks in Yamashitacho crashed and chocked the streets; the Bund ripped open its length and the concrete sea wall swung back and forth, finally for the most part collapsing into the sea. The harbour waters were lashed into fury and wave after wave swept over the Bund, not tidal waves in the true sense of the word, but swirls from the landlocked bay that forms the inner harbour.

CHINATOWN CRUMPLES

Chinatown crumpled like a quarter built of sand and the Japanese city fell flat.

With the sinking of the land, the water in the lower strata spurted through innumerable earth cracks, and,

within ten minutes of the first shock, the streets were ten inches deep in water. Many believed this to be bursting water mains, but there are no mains in a majority of the streets and every street was flooded. Japanese mothers by the thousands put their babies on floating boards to save them from drowning, while many people, knocked off their feet, were drowned as they lay stunned in the mud and water.

The Yokohama Park, the only place where those who escaped death in the falling buildings could go to escape death from the flames that came sweeping from all directions, was flooded and this fact saved the lives of at least ten thousand people. These, hemmed in by the flames, lay in the water and covered their faces with mud. Thus, although they suffered the torment of the damned from the heat and the smoke, they escaped incineration.

In some parts of the Japanese city, thousands died from apparent gassing. Cut off from all means of escape, they knelt in prayer, clinging to stones or trees or the rails of the street car tracks as the ground rocked and split. They died suddenly in all kinds of attitudes, some climbing banks, some stretching arms to heaven; some with faces covered with their hands or with arms held protectingly to the last around wives or babies. In sections groups or hundreds were to be seen after the holocaust had exhausted itself.

NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN SMELL

Over the ruined city on Monday rose the never to be forgotten smell of burned human flesh, while everywhere charred bodies lay exposed to the sun. None who walked through that city of the dead will ever forget the sights.



The Ota Church

With the exception of a small section of Honmoku, all Yokohama had ceased to exist. Kanagawa shared the same fate, as did most of Higashi-Kanagawa. Tsurumi, Kawasaki, Kamata, and Omori were razed, but the portions burned were small, in comparison.

In Kanagawa, the great distributing tank of the Standard Oil Company burst on Monday morning, and the sky was darkened by the vast black cloud of smoke that rose from the burning fuel. Later in the day, other clouds of black smoke rolled up from the Honmoku beach, and, for the first time it was disclosed that the Standard Oil Company had also three subterranean tanks in the reclaimed ground in that section of the city.

It was claimed that these tanks were deliberately set on fire, as was also the charge made in relation to the fire which sprang up in "Dirty Billage," a very poor section of Negishi which the first great blaze had overlooked. There were also many ugly rumors of looting, charged to the convicts liberated when the walls of Negishi prison crashed down, and there was also much talk of murders committed by these or other desperadoes.—*Osaka Mainichi* (Daily), September 6, 1923.

This great visitation of Providence was ten years ago. The thoughtful grew serious and said it was the judgment of Heaven. Tokyo and Yokohama are now new cities much more substantial and splendid than ever before. The occurrence is practically forgotten and the people are as light-hearted and sinful as ever.

From the time of the quake five years more quickly passed and the way was open for me to carry out the long-cherished desire to visit other lands in the inter-

est of the Commission. I spent from January 23 to November 6 on this trip, stopping in China, the Philippines, Siam, Burma, India, Africa (including Egypt), Palestine, Italy, France, and England. Then to Scotland and across to Ireland where I set sail for Canada and the United States. Those interested in this trip may get it in full in "On the Trail of the Missionaries," which is furnished also with a map showing the route taken. My fifth trip back to Japan was in December, 1930. I set sail from Vancouver, on the "Empress of Japan" coming third class at a cost of \$110. My trip from Tokyo, Japan, to Louisville, Kentucky, cost me \$1,510.00, and covered a distance of 34,114 miles. For a little over three years I have been back at my post doing my bit in the kingdom of God. In a few days more (April 13) I will have completed 42 years since our first coming to Japan.

THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN JAPAN

The first church established in Japan that belongs to the group known as the "churches of Christ" was the Kamitomizaka church in Tokyo. This church was started by E. Snodgrass while he was yet working with the Missionary Society. That was about forty-five years ago. There have been in all 304 baptisms at this place. The present membership is about one hundred. The cuts show the church and Sunday school.

The first church by the Azbill "volunteers" was also in Tokyo, in Yotsuya ward. This was in 1892. W. K. Azbill, J. M. McCaleb, Lucia Scott, Carme Hostetter, Calla J. Harrison, Alice Miller all had a hand in establishing this church. About the year 1902, Miss Miller invited W. D. Cunningham to take charge of the work. This is now Mr. Cunningham's "first church," meaning thereby the first church of his group. Brother Cunningham belongs to those that have gotten to be called "digressives," a term I do not like, but which means that they use the organ and other instruments of music in the church worship and hold to some other things which the churches of Christ do not hold, which means that this church is lost to our group of churches in Japan.

Miss Miller and Mr. Cunningham did not agree; she was asked to move her house from his compound, which she did. I helped her to get moved and re-established in 789 Sendagaya, Tokyo. We worked in harmony till the year 1921 when she allowed the

Japanese brethren to introduce the instrument. This was another church lost to the co-operation.

Dropping back a little the next church after the Yotsuya church to be established in order of time was the Ashikaga church in the town of Ashikaga, some sixty miles northeast of Tokyo. It started well and for a time was self-supporting, but fell into the hands of the Missionary Society, and its next step was to be absorbed by the Presbyterians.

The Kanda church, in Kanda ward, Tokyo, comes next. This church continued about six years. Brother William J. Bishop came to Japan in 1899 and needed a home. What few members were in the Kanda church were accessible to the Kamitomizaka church, so I offered the house to Brother Bishop for a dwelling. He later paid me something for it and moved the building to No. 73 Miyogadani Machi, Koishikawa, where it still stands and is used as a dwelling. For a number of years it has been rented and the proceeds used to help bear the expenses of the Kamitomizaka church.

Work at Takahagi was begun in 1896 by F. A. Wagner and O. Fujimori. Takahagi district is in the province of Chiba, six miles from the town of Sawara and about sixty miles east of Tokyo. Brother Fujimori, writing February 27, 1933, says, at Takahagi and other places he has baptized 402 people; also at Omigawa about 30, and at other places about 80. The Takahagi church meets every Lord's day for the Lord's Supper, attendance ten to fifteen. Sunday school attendance about fifty. The Lord's Supper is also observed at Sawara, Ushibori, and Omigawa, where there are small churches.

Two or three miles from Takahagi is the township of Yamakura, the home of Brother Tsukamoto. At one time he had a church of thirty members meeting in his home. This church no longer meets.

Work at Zoshigaya was begun in 1907. Up to date there have been 160 baptized. The present membership is reckoned at fifty with an attendance of fifteen to twenty-five for the regular meetings, sometimes more on special occasions. A funeral service or a marriage ceremony calls out many more. During 1933 the church gave 277.28 yen. This means as much to them as so many dollars in America. The preacher gets about \$8.00 a month from mission funds. This is the only help the church gets. The Sunday school numbers about sixty with a mission Sunday school of about thirty. There is also a kindergarten conducted by the church with thirty children.

Okitsu—this is the name of a town on the seacoast between Tokyo and Shizuoka. Of the Okitsu church Miss Andrews, March 26, 1934, writes as follows: "The work at Okitsu was started in 1919. There have been 75 additions. From this number 11 have died, 33 moved away and 13 withdrawn from, leaving a present membership of 18. There are 60 in the Sunday school."

Of the church in Shizuoka she writes: "The first meeting was held here in my home at Oiwa, Shizuoka, in October, 1926. Forty have been added. Seventeen (including Muto San's group) have been withdrawn from and seven have moved away. This leaves a present membership of 16, with 70 in the Sunday school."

"The work in Ejiri was opened in 1931. Eleven have been added and two moved away, leaving 9 at present. The Sunday school has been temporarily closed on account of lack of room. Formerly from 90 to 100 in attendance. Hope to reopen soon. Have plans to that effect.

"I help on the house and land rents, but all other current expenses of the three churches are met by the members. Besides these churches contribute some 12 yen per month for evangelistic work to Brother Kakinuma."

Brother O. D. Bixler settled in Nagasawa in 1921. There is no town in this immediate section, but many villages scattered among the hills. Already Brother Vincent and Brother Hiratsuka had been laboring in this field and had baptized about forty people, but owing to the falling away of their leader, most of them had scattered. At one time they were planning to build a meetinghouse and had given the lot and the trees out of which to make the lumber. The Bixlers practically had to begin anew. This is the home of the Health Foods Industry, and the factory and the church stand side by side. In the *Oriental Christian* of March, 1934, our brother writes of their labors as follows: "Fifteen years ago last night (January 16, 1919) we steamed up Tokyo Bay, passing majestic Mount Fuji, lighted by as light a full moon as one could imagine. It isn't so long ago and yet so many and varied have been our experiences that the scene of that morning, as Brother McCaleb met us at the wharf, seems like a dream. How gracious our Father has been through the years. We are thankful and I hope in a measure are appreciative. Just a very few days be-



Daigo Church and Sunday School, about half represented, 1934

fore we sailed my father bade us good-bye for the last time on this earth. His parting blessing was, 'I hope you keep your health and like your work.' By his grace and only by his grace has our heavenly Father fulfilled this parting desire of my father. Many have been the threatening physical ailments, and just as many times have we both been delivered with our usual health. Many times, too, our physical needs have been met by refusing to consider some of them, and again we have enjoyed times of physical fullness, and so we can say with Paul that we have been 'filled' and again not so full.

"Nineteen thirty-three was seemingly our greatest year. More preaching places were operated than ever and more people reached. There were over one hundred baptisms in this interior work last year. We have four missionaries and several evangelists now as compared with just the Bixlers twelve years ago. To be sure there should be a greater increase, but much seed has been sown and some of it is coming up. This year opens with great prospects." On all hands there have been some three hundred baptisms in Ibaraki and neighboring provinces; some 80 of these in Nagasawa.

The Omiya and Urizura churches—Omiya is a railroad town seven miles from Nagasawa and Urizura is also on the railroad about two miles away. E. A. Rhodes reports for these two churches as follows: "The Omiya work was started in 1923; Urizura in 1932. In Omiya, one hundred baptisms; in Urizura, thirty-five. Omiya kindergarten was opened in 1925, Urizura in 1933. Omiya attendance, 33; Urizura, 20. Sunday school attendance at Omiya, 60; at Urizura, 30. Evangelist at Omiya, Horiguchi San; at Urizura.

Kikuchi San. In regard to self-support, the Urizura brethren are working on it, as the more faithful ones have businesses that can help supply funds. They are trying it out and we are giving them some support.

The Ota church is in the town of Ota where a branch of the railroad terminates. It is seven miles from Omiya. In the absence of Brother Harry Fox, Brother Rhodes has had the oversight of this work also. Brother Shigekuni is their evangelist. Brother Fox is now on his way back to Japan. The work here was started by Brother B. D. Morehead in 1927. The number of baptisms have been "approximately" 65. Present attendance, 27. The kindergarten was started in 1929, the present attendance is 45. Sunday school attendance, 75. "Regarding self-support, the church contributes enough to meet their current expenses, such as light, coal, etc."

Miss Lillie Cypert located in the village of Musashi in 1928. In cooperation with Brother K. Yanai she has a church, Sunday school and kindergarten at this place, and also a church, Sunday school and kindergarten in the neighboring town of Tanashi. Data for these two places are not available, but if they were they would be much the same as those already given.

In the far northern island of Hokkaido we have a church of a few members established by Brother Carl Etter about four years ago. The oldest daughter of Brother Fujimori, Teruko, is there working in the Sunday school.

In addition to the Oiwa church in Shizuoka, of which mention has been made, there is one other in the south part of the city. Miss Ewing writes of this church as follows: "It was in March, 1931, that the opportunity

1. We began work here at Daigo in 1924. (However if the real fact is stated, I should say that we 'moved' to Daigo in 1924; immediately began 'carpentering' and continued practically until we returned to America and then my back trouble incapacitated me, so that we really got started in the work here about three years ago. Of course, we will not insist on these particulars, neither will we worry about them, since God knows the real facts.)

2. There have been 12 baptisms at this place.

3. The church attendance is at present not very good. (For quite a while the attendance was fine, but recently as is here stated. However, we are hoping and working for better attendance.)

4. The Sunday school was opened in 1933.

5. Preaching Hall was built in 1933 at a cost of 855 yen.

6. The church gives every Sunday and bears part of its expenses. (We expect the members here to assume the entire responsibility, financial as well as otherwise, just as fast as is possible.)

7. There has not been a native evangelist employed for this place.

The following applies to the work at Kami Osaka Mura, Kita Kanra Gun, Gumma Ken.

1. We began work at Kami Osaka in 1933.

2. There have been 15 baptisms at this place.

3. The church attendance, from reports, seems very good.

4. No regular Sunday school.

5. No meetinghouse built."

Still north of Daigo 25 miles is the town of Tanakura. At the time Brother Herman Fox located at Daigo his



J. M. McCaleb, March, 1934

brother Harry located at Tanakura. Each built a cottage home. This was soon after the great quake in 1923 and the ready-cut material for these houses was shipped all the way from America. Brother Harry was here about five years and converted several and had a church started which met in his home. The Sunday school ran up to a hundred children or more. When Brother Morehead left Japan, Brother Fox was asked to take charge of the Ota Bible School. This left Tanakura without a missionary and the mission home empty, and it has been empty ever since. As our brother is to return this summer (1934) no doubt he has some plan for Tanakura and for the occupancy of his home. The few brethren that are there do not meet I think and no one carries on the Sunday school work.

If the count has been correct this makes in all 24 churches since the first. The total number of baptisms is somewhere above two thousand. The churches now meeting are 18. Self-support, self-government, and more of the missionary zeal and activity on the part of the Japanese brethren are matters that we all feel must not be neglected. The missionary group are too few in numbers to evangelize Japan. Each one when converted should feel the obligation to tell the story to others as far as his opportunities and ability go.

Here let us rest by the way for a little, and while I thank all of you for the interest you have shown in this journey, for without you the trip could never have been made.

Just over the hill and home is in sight. As the gates will not be closed till we get there, let us take it more leisurely the rest of the way.

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