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MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

OR

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL

BY

PAGET WILKES, B.A.

SOMETIME EXHIBITIONER OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

The Rev. **BARCLAY F. BUXTON, M.A.**

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To
all the saints of God
who have laboured fervently in prayer
on my behalf
this volume is
affectionately dedicated

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. BARCLAY F. BUXTON, M.A.



“IF the Lord be GOD, follow Him: . . . but if Baal, . . .” This is the great question that agitates the heart of every living man. Is God GOD? Does He rule? Does He care? Can He save? Does He reveal Himself to those who seek Him? Can He satisfy?

These are the questions that arise in the minds of all men and women who think. And as soon as the preacher of the Gospel arrives in a heathen land, they arise in the hearts of the heathen. How are they to be met, and answered? Will argument do it, or education? No, these will not allay doubts and fears, and bring the soul to a heavenly Birth. Something is needed which is much more radical, and much more Divine. There is only one way, and only one answer that clears up these

doubts so that they do not come again: and it is this—

“The God that answereth by Fire, let Him be God.”

This is the answer that the heathen are looking for. “Is there a God that can change my character?” asked one in real distress. “Which god shall I cry to, when I come to die?” asked a heathen boy, who was solemnised by a vivid dream of his own death. “I who am the deepest sinner in this prison, can I know God?” asked a poor convict, who was convicted by his conscience. “The world is full of lust; is it possible to be made clean?” asked a student. These are all merely varied forms of the old query: “Is there a God who can and will answer by Fire?”

To many of those who utter this pathetic cry, our answer means, spiritually, life or death. What, then, is the character of the answer? Are we really bringing them Divine grace and Divine power; a Divine birth and a hope that carries in it power to purify? Is our Gospel work such, that God is seen to be a God who listens to the cry of distress and puts forth His saving power? Is He found to be One who does meet the seeker who draws near to Him, and then and there does lift him out of his sin, and his hopelessness, and his despair? Is He a

living Saviour, who does act, and will "awake to my help," and will "bare His arm," and do something for me in my dire need? Where is the GOD that thus answers by Fire?

The heathen, even the most devoted and bigoted, says: "The God that does really answer by Fire, shall be my God."

And if GOD does answer by Fire to him, he has a solid ground of assurance, that makes him strong against temptation and persecution, and makes him burn with such a steady flame that other prodigals covet the same salvation; and many at all costs will obtain it.

This book is a record of GOD answering by Fire in Japan, and the manifest results of that in the hearts and lives of Japanese. It gives abundant proof, that the Living GOD is with His servants, who in simplicity deliver the message of a free salvation through the Cross of Christ. And in it there is all the interest of personal experiences, given in the form of letters, with all their happy human touches. Read it, remembering that Mrs. Wilkes had been left at home, and so Mr. Wilkes was experiencing something of loneliness in the midst of his happy work.

GOD is "the God that answereth." He delights to show that no case is too hard for HIM, and that

whether it be some slave of sin, or some upright Pharisee, HE is the One who can satisfy and sanctify and save. He answers by Fire, indeed: and that Fire is the Living, Personal, Holy Spirit. This is God's great Answer to all real prayer.

This book will show how again and again He has answered by Fire, and individuals have received the Fire, which has sent them forth transformed—to transform others. This is the best proof that the Word of GOD is inspired, and that the Gospel message is Divine. Men and women who have come into touch with GOD and received Divine grace from Him, are living Apologetics, which when opposers behold, “they can say nothing against it,” and some “falling on their faces, confess” that GOD is in it.

These are the Apologetics that Japan is waiting for. She wants to see whether GOD does answer by Fire. She does not need a ritualistic religion, for she already has one. She does not need an intellectual gospel, for she has found that education, alone, does not transform and build up character. She does want the religion of the GOD who answers by Fire.

BARCLAY F. BUXTON.

30TH SEPTEMBER 1913.

PREFACE

DURING some fifteen years of missionary life in Japan, I have sent home letter-leaves from my Journal.

Friends have urged me to give them a wider circulation; and so after much misgiving I have consented, hoping that my readers will remember the haste in which they have been written.

This volume, then, is a journal describing the work of a commonplace missionary; the line of service resembles what is known in England as that of a Special Missioner.

I have endeavoured to select incidents representing a variety of Christian activities, though all of an evangelistic order — Open-air Preaching, Tent Meetings at Exhibitions, Conventions for the deepening of Spiritual Life, Missions at Schools, Country Itinerating, Personal Dealing, and Testimonies of Salvation from all sorts and conditions of men. I ought perhaps to say a word about the insertion of the verses which preface each chapter. They do

not necessarily indicate the nature of what follows ; but I have endeavoured to introduce to the reader the beautiful little word-pictures so familiar to a student of Japanese. It is almost impossible to translate them effectively. As on the canvas, so in the page, the Japanese have the art of expressing themselves very beautifully in a few splashes of colour. A peculiar charm about them is that their clever construction makes it possible to read out of, or rather into, them several meanings. Often what to a mere voluptuous mind may appear a sensual love-poem, will convey to others the deepest spiritual truth. This thought is itself expressed in a charming little verse which I have rather clumsily rendered as follows :—

*We watch the autumn moon caress
And kiss the hilltops from the sky—
Of what we think she hath no care ;
Without a blush, without a fear,
She trusts us with her purity.*

In other words, if our hearts are pure, we shall only see the pure ; but if defiled, we shall see nothing but evil. But innocence has no suspicion ; she trusts good and bad alike with her beauty.

The purpose of the following pages is to encourage praise and prayer, and to call forth a deeper consecration of heart and life for a lost humanity, to the praise of our Blessed Master.

PREFACE

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If God can use this book to His praise, I shall feel thankful indeed that it has pleased Him to set another seal on the service of so imperfect an instrument, whom in His infinite mercy He brought to Himself twenty-one years ago, and counted him worthy to be entrusted with the solemn, and yet glorious ministry of preaching Christ among the heathen.

These few pages are commended to the prayerful sympathy of all who are looking for the return of our Master, and that glorious day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

PAGET WILKES.

KOBE, JAPAN,

September 1913.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—*All the renderings of Japanese poems, whether facing chapters or in the text, are Copyright; having been done into English by Mr. Paget Wilkes.*

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JOURNAL

April 29th . . .

. . . June 8th, 1910

CHAPTER I

All is Fleeting

なつねよはまもた
よもぢらあけぬを
くものついでよ
あけぬを

*Fair Summer Night! Come, wait awhile!
Haste not so soon away!
Ah, when so lovely, why so swift
To fly before the day?
Are there no clouds to spread their couch,
And tempt the moon to stay?*

CHAPTER I

London to Japan

“The tender light of home behind.”

Is Time the only curtain that we can draw over the sadness of farewells? Mr. H. and I have at last got off (*en route* for Queenborough, *April 29, 1910*), and are hurrying past another milestone in life's highway. For me twelve years of missionary life lie behind; for him they all lie before: and for both, if God will, the joy of new service for our blessed Master. The prayer of our hearts is:—

*“ . . . Thou hast said in season
‘As is the Master shall the servant be.’
Let us not subtly slide into the treason,
Seeking an honour that they gave not Thee.”*

Amen.

Moscow, *May 4, 1910*.—After a quiet Sunday in Berlin we hastened here. A midnight bustle at Alexandrovo, the Russian frontier, passports and customs, Russian officials, red tape and an unknown tongue, have not made us any less tired. Mr. Needre, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, most kindly assisted us and showed us some of the lions. The

All

is

Fleeting

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Kremlin, the serried lines of cannon taken from Napoleon, the palaces and museums, the gold-minaretted churches glistening in the sun, were all interesting enough; but the spirit of Paul at Athens stirred within our hearts. Sad and senseless superstitions, bowings and crossings, kissing of pictures, worshipping of relics, abounded everywhere. The churches seemed veritable places of merchandise. Officious attendants, anxious to secure a tip for a personally conducted tour round the church (we could not of course understand a word of their chatter); greasy-looking priests with lighted tapers, zealous to show us (for a perquisite) John the Baptist's hair, the nails and splinters of the cross, saints' relics and other rubbish set in circles of brilliants, recalled the Saviour's visit to the Temple—a 'house of merchandise, indeed! if not "a den of thieves."

Among other things we saw the bullet-holes in one of the frescoes, where a few days before some desperado had been shot at for stealing 50,000 roubles' worth of jewels from the sanctuary! I wonder if he were a greater rogue than some we saw in the place. We were glad enough to get away and forget it all. They say that the words "drunken" and "devout" best describe the Russian priesthood, and I for one would not be prepared to dispute it.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN EXPRESS, *May* 7, 1910.—We are now east of the Urals. Winter is still in evidence.

LONDON TO JAPAN

The silver beeches in their autumn dress of gorgeous gold, under cloudless skies smothered in sunshine, stretching as far as eye can reach for hundreds of miles, which I saw last time I passed this way, are of course quite bare. And Spring has not yet come—at least not so far as this, though we caught sight of her at Moscow. Express trains seem quicker than she!

May 8, 1910.—We had talks with a young German, going out to business in Kobe for the first time. He seems simple and unaffected, and glad of our advice; but how long he will follow it or be ready to receive it—or us—again, is another matter. Ten days of treaty port life is generally enough to discount all missionaries as fools or knaves, if not both!

(*P.S.*—This has actually proved so to be. A fortnight later he would hardly recognise us on the street, and seemed to find some difficulty with his memory in making it acknowledge that he had ever made our acquaintance.)

LAKE BAIKAL, May 10, 1910.—One of the largest lakes in the world, and the only one of fresh water in which seal are found. I wonder if any other explanation than the story of the Flood can account for this strange phenomenon.

HARBIN, May 12, 1910.—We were pointed out the very spot on this platform where that great man, Prince Ito, was assassinated a few months ago—

MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

great but, alas! an entire stranger to the things of God, and I fear even to morality, if common report speaks true! So pass away the mighty of the earth! He was an able statesman, and a loss both to Japan and Korea, which he governed with distinction. But what shall all this avail either him, or his people, in that day when "the heavens melt with fervent heat," and God shall create a new heaven and a new earth, wherein alone dwelleth righteousness?

TSURUGA, JAPAN, *May* 17, 1910.—After ten days travel through the still leafless woods of Siberia, it was a treat to feast one's eyes once more on the verdure of Japan's wooded hills. Those lines run in my heart:—

*"Off the coast of Asia, 'mid the mighty ocean,
Lies an island kingdom, strangely fair and bright;
Ere the rising sunbeams touch the Asian highlands
All her isles are glowing in the morning light.
First to catch the radiance of a brighter sunrise,
Islands of the morning, beautiful Japan.*

*"Beautiful Japan, beautiful Japan,
Islands of the morning, beautiful Japan;
Beautiful Japan, beautiful Japan,
Only Christ can save thee, beautiful Japan."*

The last time I crossed the Sea of Japan from Tsuruga to Vladivostock, a year and a half ago, we were thirty hours late on a trip of thirty-six hours. We struck a typhoon, and, with a broken propeller, scarcely expected to reach land in safety. Our

LONDON TO JAPAN

crossing this time has been calm as a lake. We praise thee, O God, for all Thy mercies!

*“Thou dost the raging sea command,
And smoothe the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak’st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak’st the rolling billows sleep.”*

KOBE, June 8, 1910.—A hearty greeting from workers and believers at the station warmed our hearts. Last night in Dr. Aoki’s church a goodly company gathered for a more formal welcome. “I have no greater joy than to *hear* that my children walk in the truth”; but to *see* them rejoicing before one’s eyes would make (*pace* a Presbyterian kirk) even the most sober Salvationist say, Hallelujah!

In my now rusty Japanese, I declared the PURPOSE, the THEME, the POWER, and the METHOD of my ministry in the coming days. My *Purpose*—(Rom. i. 11) to confer some spiritual gift; my *Theme*—(1 Cor. ii. 1, 2) to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; my *Power*—(Rom. xv. 29) the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and my *Method*—(1 Thess. iii. 10) to perfect that which is lacking in their faith.

JOURNAL

July 15th . . .

. . . Aug. 23rd, 1910

CHAPTER II

Even

Beauty

must

Die

CHAPTER II

Floods

*“The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice ;
The floods lift up their waves.
The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many
waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea !”*

I HAD put into my hands the following letter (*July 15, 1910*). To make it more beautiful to any who did not know either Miss K. W. or the circumstances of her home call, I might say that this devoted servant of the Lord, brought up in all the comfort of a luxurious English home, wonderfully converted to God through the Rev. Musgrave Brown, and coming to work in Japan under the Rev. Barclay F. Buxton for nearly ten years, truly adorned the doctrine of her Master. I know none to whom the Lord Jesus, and His personal return, were more real and precious. Like a bolt from the blue, the doctor sentenced her to death within six weeks of the day of the diagnosis. Cancer, alas! in her case, relaxed none of its malignant cruelty. The following letter was written soon after the doctor's verdict, to one of those whom she had led to the feet

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of Christ. Through its transparent lines, the sublimest thing on earth—a triumphant victory over a cruel death—sparkles like a jewel. Being dead she yet speaketh!

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I do thank you very much for your beautiful message to me by telegram, and also for that lovely letter so full of comfort and help which I received yesterday. May God indeed grant that all may be as you say, and that the circle of blessing may widen and increase and keep going on. Yes, ‘if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’ I am so glad to be a little stone. What a sweet thought God gave you to send to me, dear brother. My feet are already ascending the heavenly ladder. Oh, how glorious to even think of so soon seeing the King in His beauty!

“Oh, how I do, with all earnestness, beseech you to lay aside every weight: put on one side, cast away anything and everything that would hinder you running the heavenly race God has set before you; and then when life is over, how glad you will be! And then lay aside the sin that doth so easily beset you, that is unbelief, the most dreadful sin of all, that leads to all sorts of other dreadful sins; and keep looking to Jesus. You remember that Peter only walked on the water as long as his eyes were on Jesus. As soon as he took them off Jesus, he began to sink.

“Then when you are discouraged by reason of the difficulty of the way, just consider Him, and you will not grow weary and faint in your mind, when you remember how much more He endured than ever we are called upon to endure. I send you Heb. xii. 1-6.

“I must say good-bye, although I could write on and on to you. I could not have seen you at Tsuruga. Other dear friends so much want me to come to different stations; but I am not well enough, and saying good-bye to those I love so much is most sad to me. I am

FLOODS

full of joy and peace all the time. Everyone is amazed, but it is all God's goodness, and I praise Him for all.

"If the devil would give you the whole world, or any other grand gift, or high position, do not, I beseech thee, do not miss heaven. God bless you, and keep you, and comfort you, and help you, and be to you all you need.

"Will you write to dear Koike San for me, and say all you know I should like to be said.

"With warm Christian love, and Rom. xv. 13, and assuring you that 'underneath are the everlasting arms,' and so I have 'rest, sweet rest; peace, sweet peace; joy, glad joy' all the time.—Your true friend in His eternal bonds of love,
M. K. W."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

*"And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?"*

*No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go
From a suffering Church beneath,
To a reigning Church above.
Thou hast more than conquered death,
Thou art crowned with life and love."*

August 10, 1910.—I have just got back from the meetings of the Summer School at which I was invited to speak. It was not easy; there was an element there of a very different kind from the Gospel of Jesus. In fact, the principal speaker was of the advanced Higher Critical School. But God graciously undertook and really and definitely blessed us. On Saturday and

MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

Sunday there was a break, and some were bowed before the Lord.

Attempting to get back so as to be in time for the Convention for Missionaries due to begin the following day, we started in torrents of rain—two Canadian ladies and myself. When we got about four miles off Karuizawa the train was unable to proceed, and so, leaving our baggage, we got out to walk by road. The rain was pouring down, and the wind blowing a hurricane in our faces. We were wet through in about ten minutes.

Arriving within a mile of our destination, we found the road, for about 100 yards, a torrent knee-deep. It would have been impossible for the ladies to withstand it; fortunately we got some Japanese to help us. I managed to get through, though not without falling into a drain nearly up to my neck!

Arriving home, what a sight awaited us! The little streamlet which I had left three or four days before just ankle-deep, was now a swirl of wild raging waters, sweeping everything before it—bridges, trees, shrubs, and vast masses of the banks. There was considerable anxiety about a new summer residence just built by one of the missionaries here. The river was tearing out wide sweeps of the bank not far from the house. Our anxiety increased. The rain, which had been coming down for three days, was increased by a gale of wind. Friends began to gather and take out all the

FLOODS

furniture, and it soon became evident that the house was doomed. We watched it from our windows. The river continued to tear at the banks. Shrubs, and trees, and masses of earth were ripped up and whirled onward in the current. Nearer and nearer the muddy swirl came, roaring and foaming, to the foundations of the house. I never saw anything so rapid before. What a picture of the house built on sand! We soon began to see daylight under the foundations of the east corner, and within five minutes the crash came. It was a weird sight. Like a sinking ship, her edge nearest the torrent gave a lurch forward, and sank slowly in the waters. The rear part of the house tipped up like the stern of a stricken vessel preparing to take its last leap. Five minutes more and the house had collapsed. It sank slowly into the ever-increasing tide, and gradually floated into midstream. The raging waters seized their prey, and with a crash ripped it asunder. Part was hurled down the stream, and the other half, battered and broken, lay at rest for a time on a mass of debris, just out of the main current.

The rain continues to pour down. The railway lines are broken all through the country. Devastating floods are everywhere, I fear with great destruction to life and property. We are cut off from all communication with the village. I got over just before the last bridge was carried away; and at all points the river,

MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

a few hours before only a little brook, is a raging torrent. Utterly disregarding its original bed, it has cut out a wide, deep channel for itself in an entirely new direction.

Last night we bowed before God in prayer that He would stay the storm and flood, and He most graciously answered.

August 11, 1910.—This morning dawned a lovely day; but what a scene of desolation all around! We, *i.e.* this house, were only saved by the river dividing its power a little above us into three parts. One division, though it demolished two houses, one of which I described yesterday, is only one-third of the torrent. Numbers of missionaries had to flee last night, some from one house to another, more than once. We feel that God answered prayer and cleared the storm. The scene in front of me as I write is desperate indeed. The little streamlet, only three feet wide a few days ago, is now 250–300 yards in breadth. Large trees, telegraph poles, and masses of debris are lying scattered around, and beyond in the distance we can see the other divisions of the stream tearing along through the village. Old landmarks are entirely swept away. I fear that the Japanese will have suffered terribly.

August 14, 1910.—I left off writing on the 11th inst. On the evening of the 12th the wind again veered round into a rainy quarter and the glass fell.



KARUIZAWA MAIN STREET BEFORE THE FLOOD.



MAIN STREET DURING THE FLOOD—BEGINNING TO ABATE.



MAIN STREET AFTER THE FLOOD.

FLOOD AT KARUIZAWA.

FLOODS

It began to rain heavily that evening. All that night, all yesterday, and all last night it poured without intermission; but to-day at 11.30 a.m. it stopped. We do praise God indeed for all His mercies in the midst of judgment. In Tokyo alone a quarter of a million people are affected; 150,000 homeless, hundreds drowned, thousands missing, starvation and epidemic feared. No drinking water!—strange irony! —“water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.” In the country things are worse. In one prefecture alone 1000 people drowned, and 230 villages are entirely destroyed.

The scenes here in Karuizawa defy description. It looks as if the whole place had been torn up by shell-fire. Huge cavern-like gullies range from two to fifteen feet in depth; vast masses of granite and boulders of stone are flung about the streets in great profusion; whole areas of beautiful shrubs, and trees, and verdure are swept absolutely bare, and covered with three feet of sand. Over the tennis courts there is an even thickness of three and a half feet of sand and rubble; the tops of the tennis poles only just appear. Many of the houses, which look as though they had sunk four feet, or had the lower storey carried away, are found to be simply buried by the sand and silt brought down by the flood. Night and day the men, Japanese and foreigners, have been working to save many houses in danger. It was a

MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

weird sight to look out into pitchy darkness, the wind blowing half a hurricane, the rain tearing down in torrents, the river foaming and hissing and roaring along in its pitiless deluge ; and above it all to hear the shouts of men bearing their big kerosene torches, and endeavouring to dam the turbulent waters, and so save the whole village. We praise God for the deliverance.

August 23, 1910.—Lovely weather has followed, and though we were unable to begin the Convention on the 11th, as we had hoped, still we commenced on the 14th.

The meetings are over. The attendance began with eighty, and concluded with nearly two hundred. The Lord was with us, and in answer to prayer has, we believe, done a deep work in the hearts of some. There was at times a solemn hush over the gatherings. The testimony meeting was helpful. Not a few disclosed what God had done for their souls, and others were waiting to tell also. It has been my joy and privilege to help some personally who were convicted at the meetings. What a blessed, but solemn, work it is to see souls wise in their day of grace, and to be able to say what Charles Wesley has so exquisitely said long ago :—

*“ Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away !
A pardon written with His blood,
The favour and the peace of God ;*

FLOODS

*The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
The guiltless shame, the sweet distress ;
Th' unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, ' Why such love to me ! '
Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."*

JOURNAL

Sept. 11th . . .

. . . Sept. 18th, 1910

CHAPTER III

*Unanswered
Prayer*

CHAPTER III

More Floods

TIME does not wait for belated pens! On 29th August I had to leave for the Japan Convention here (Arima, *September* 11, 1910). It took me thirty-six hours to get to Tokyo, instead of eight, owing to the floods; and then another twenty-four to arrive at this lovely little spot, rendered as hallowed as Keswick by blessed transfiguration scenes in the lives of many.

Roughly speaking, three and a half days' hard travelling, with practically only one night's rest, landed us there very tired, in a temperature of 85° to 90°, damp heat. We arrived at noon on 1st September. The Convention began that evening. The Japanese leaders came to announce that they were expecting me to take both the morning and evening meetings right through. I must confess I was a bit taken aback, as I had only expected to conduct the Bible Readings, and my rather heavy summer's work, followed by the extra heavy travelling, had left me as limp as linen. They would take no refusal, however. Mighty in faith, and prayer, and penitence, they had bowed before the Lord day after day; His blessed Spirit had drawn wonderfully

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near, graciously overshadowed them, and assured their longing hearts that "a greater than Jonah is here," even the crucified Jesus; and as they still waited on, the word "a greater than Solomon is here, even the ascended King," still further confirmed their faith. They felt that "the shout of a King was amongst them," and they had no doubt as to the issue. As Kawabe San said, "Why, it does not matter who speaks, we have got the victory already."

And as it transpired, so they most assuredly had. It was blessed to see the self-effacement in each one. They only cared to see the Lord glorified in His people, let the instrument be whom the Lord will.

The numbers that gathered amounted to about 180. They came from many parts of Japan, some even from the Loo-Choo Isles and Korea.

This Annual Convention started several years ago with a mere handful, and is now increasing steadily. I might here say that these Conventions are quite different from anything you have in England. There seems to me to be a thoroughness and a determination to press through into a real definite experience that impressed me as greatly lacking in some of the Home Conventions. Our Japanese leaders, men who have had a definite personal Pentecost, have but little use for even interesting Bible "studies," if they do not lead souls into a clear and definite experience, and bring the seeking heart to a first-hand dealing

MORE FLOODS

with the Lord in the quiet of their room or the silent mountain-side.

We felt the Lord was with us from the beginning. We sought to expose, and then strike at, the very citadel of wickedness in the human soul—"the evil heart of unbelief" that exists until cleansed by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. The awful power of unbelief and the miracle-working efficacy of faith—"an affectionate confidence" in our gracious God—were clearly discovered. The outworks—pride in all its deadly ramifications and an impure conscience, involving the need of restitution, confession, reconciliation, forgiveness of wrongs, before there can be any exercise of true faith—were exposed, attacked, and broken down. The Holy Ghost, in a special way, revealed the difference between faith in the naked promise of Jehovah and the full experience of the results of faith. Again and again the people were urged not to rest in a mere easy-going "believism," but to press through, and wait on God until He should bestow the gracious witness of the Holy Ghost that He had sanctified them wholly. Many were driven to the hillside to seek God. Letters of confession were sent, promises of restitution, confession of wrong, supplications for forgiveness were made in tears and broken penitence, both in private personal interviews and publicly before the Lord. Often the early morning prayer meetings and the conclusion of the evening gatherings were veritable valleys of weeping and confession.

MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

The closing day was given to testimonies, followed by two short Bible Readings for the confirmation of the blessing. The testimonies were so many that often four or five were standing together awaiting their turn, and even then they were only allowed three or four minutes. These two gatherings were indeed most blessed seasons.

In the course of the meetings I had been saying that whereas Rom. vi. deals with our death, burial, and resurrection with Christ—*i.e.* true regeneration—the seventh chapter begins a much deeper theme, *viz.* our marriage with Christ, that we may bring forth fruit unto God. One old lady of nearly seventy years had been much blessed through this word, and with a happy face she began to tell of her new-found blessing. “Oh,” she said, I have learnt the secret of being joined to the Lord these days! I have been married to Christ.” “Praise the Lord indeed!” cried Kawabe San, as he repeated aloud what the old lady’s feeble voice had said so that all might hear, and added, “Yes, Granny has had another wedding day.” The room was filled with joy and laughter; but any description is inadequate of those two blessed meetings.

I add a few of the testimonies as I was able to hurriedly translate and jot them down—a few out of many. I take them as they come in the order that they were given.

MORE FLOODS

A pastor, rising, said: "My testimony is in the first place one of humiliating confession. My wife has for some time enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification and is full of joy. I have been very jealous of her in this. She had what I had not. I continued my work as pastor, preaching and teaching, but inwardly I was suffering intensely. Again and again I was tempted to throw it all up. The Lord, however, somehow prevented my doing this. I continued this sad life, jealous of what my wife enjoyed. I came up to the Convention here with an outwardly calm exterior, but within I was indeed in bitterness of spirit. I held out till yesterday; but at last I have yielded to the Lord, and feel I must confess openly before you all that I have at last learnt the blessed secret of fixing my eyes on Jesus only, and He has given me deliverance."

Another said: "For thirty-three years I have been a professed Christian, and a worker for much of that time. It is with the deepest shame that I have to say that for the first time in my life I have learnt during these meetings what it is to believe in Jesus."

Another: "For some months back I had fallen into secret backsliding and sin. But God in His mercy has deeply convicted me, and revealed to me that I needed to make restitution and confession, and seek forgiveness from one I had wronged. I got others to come and pray for me, and have been enabled to believe in Jesus and His cleansing blood. He gave me the witness of the Holy Ghost the day before yesterday through Zeph. iii. 17. Hallelujah!"

Another, rising, in the deepest brokenness of spirit, said, with tears: "I have long heard of God's sanctifying power through brother Takata, but I have never been able to lay hold. Brother Kawabe's addresses had deeply searched me, and the year before last I definitely put everything right with God and man. I did at that time believe, but the devil never seemed to leave me alone; he frightened and scared me with his

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devices. I had definitely determined not to come to this Convention, but the Lord brought me here in spite of myself. Oh, how the enemy resisted and opposed! During the meetings I sought God alone in private with all my heart. With strong crying and tears I told the Lord that He must give me the witness of the Spirit. As I waited on Him and stilled my turbulent spirit before Him, He breathed these words into my soul, 'Woman, go in peace.' But even after that, so unbelieving was my heart, as I sought His face again that night, it seemed as though all had fled. I was again in darkness. Till very late that night brother Takata prayed with me and for me, and sought to show me the way of faith. He left me, but I could not sleep; and early this morning as I again stilled my heart before God, oh, so clearly He brought before me the story of the woman with the issue of blood, and with it those blessed words, 'Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace, be whole of thy plague.' Can this be the witness of the Spirit? I thought, as peace settled in my heart. And then, as I came to the meeting this morning, what should the leader read and speak upon but this very story of the woman with the issue of blood. So has God confirmed His word and blessed me indeed."

A business man from Kobe, rising, said: "I was baptized several years ago, but my life was a very poor sort of up-and-down affair. Some time after that I got the clear witness that I was saved. I had the real joy then; but I never knew that there was anything more for me. I had never heard of entire sanctification. And at these meetings it is the first time I have heard of holiness by faith in Jesus, or learnt the difference between that and salvation. But oh, the Lord has taught me deeply these days, and I know of a truth that there is no other way into the pathway of holiness but by faith."

(*N.B.*—Early in the Convention this dear brother, a man of about fifty-five, wanted to see me for a

MORE FLOODS

private talk and prayer. A time was fixed, but before it came the Lord had met with him and blessed him; so with beaming face he came and said, "Oh, there is no need to trouble you, it is all right! The Lord has blessed me!")

And yet again: "I came to this Convention longing to meet God, but I had not been here very long before He revealed to me a hidden, unconfessed, and unrepented sin—just one thing that hindered me believing God fully. Oh, how I suffered! But by His grace I yielded and believed, and He has blessed me indeed. 'Loved with everlasting love, thou art Mine,' are the words He has spoken to my heart."

After the meetings a young man came to me and said: "I have been a professed Christian for seven years, a member of the — Church in Kobe, and a teacher in Sunday school. Not long ago I moved to Tokyo, where I am a University student. I had determined to give everything up. I had failed to find anything in Christianity, but God has saved me at last. Never before have I known what salvation is. Two nights ago on the hillside I knew indeed the meaning of those words, 'O wretched man that I am!' as I sought God with all my heart."

The joy upon his face was beautiful to see, though sad enough in some ways—the glow of salvation like the flush of dawn coming into a man's life, after seven weary years of seeking salvation by works. It was touching to hear him tell the workers of his new-found joy.

I had intended adding other testimonies—there are still some twenty lying before me. Kawabe San, who was leading the meeting, asked those who for the first time had the definite assurance of salvation

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and acceptance with God at these meetings to stand up. About twelve responded. Some twenty then rose to their feet as signifying that they were standing in faith on the promise of Jehovah, and waiting for the witness of the Holy Ghost. Some fifty or more then rejoicingly rose to testify that the Lord had indeed met with them already, and given them faith to believe that His blood had cleansed them from all sin, and that they were rejoicing in the inward witness of His blessed Spirit.

“So many of you want to testify,” said he, “and there is no time; but I am going to give you a good opportunity. God wants a practical testimony as well as the praise and confession of the lips. You may now put your hands in your pockets and give, as a true expression of thanksgiving for all He has done for you.” The thank-offering amounted to 180 dollars (Mexican), about £18 10s.

On the following morning the majority of these dear saints met together for fasting and intercessory prayer. There was no address and very little singing, but a continual stream of prayer for Japan in all its counties, represented by those at the meeting—for Formosa, Korea, China—for the schools, colleges, homes, towns, and villages. A C.M.S. worker said it was the most wonderful prayer meeting she had ever attended. It lasted from 6 a.m. to 12 without a break.



THE REV. J. GOFORTH (OF CHINA) AND A GROUP OF CONVENTION SPEAKERS.

MORE FLOODS

By this time the rain, which had been pouring down for forty-eight hours at the rate of 24 inches in twenty-four hours, was having a deadly effect. It was soon evident we were going to have, in this part of Japan, a repetition of the floods we had a fortnight ago in the more easterly district. This is just the typhoon season. "Two hundred and tenth" is the name of the first typhoon, coming as it generally does on the two hundred and tenth day of the Chinese year. We soon learnt that all the four roads out of Arima, two to Kobe, and two to different points on the railway, were impassable. Bridges were washed away, and big landslips had destroyed the roads in various parts.

The place of meeting—a private summer residence belonging to a wealthy Osaka Christian—lies on a hill just on the other side of the river which runs through the town. As the prayer meeting continued, cries and shouts gave alarming evidence that something unusual was happening; suddenly a crash below told us the bridge had collapsed, thus cutting off a return to the town, unless a bridge lower down held out. The now boisterous river, too, was tearing away the foundations of several houses on the other side, and many were in danger. A landslip carried away the terraced ascent to the villa where the meeting was going on; and eventually, as it turned out, the people had to go a long roundabout way to get back

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to their respective hotels. But the meeting went on as if nothing were happening. The stream of intercession and prayer was not checked for an instant. One of the brethren slipped out to see that the house itself was not in actual danger, but otherwise the meeting was uninterrupted.

And so closed our Convention for 1910. May the Lord keep the souls whom He has blessed, for His eternal glory!

JOURNAL

Sept. 20th . . .

. . . Oct. 17th, 1910

CHAPTER IV

Faith

and

Love

Faith and Love

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*Faith is the slender thread that binds
Another heart to mine ;
Love, living in a loyal breast,
That tells me "I am thine,"
Seemeth of all things most Divine.*

CHAPTER IV

“Life in the Lost”

*“Speak out the Word! The Evangel shall awaken
Life in the lost, the hero in the slave.”*

I AM back in Kobe (*September 20, 1910*). My occupation for several days has been prosaic enough—house-hunting. Since arriving in Japan, four months ago, I have been living in boxes and portmanteaux. I shall be glad of a cottage of my own. It is a relief to be unpacked. A Japan Evangelistic Band missionary will soon learn to be a stranger and pilgrim if he is not one already, especially when he looks at his library.

September 27, 1910.—Takeda San and I have been giving daily addresses at the — Bible Women’s Conference here in Kobe. He has taken the Epistle to the Ephesians. I gathered from the Old Testament some New Testament themes—“The Mystery of Iniquity,” “The Mystery of Godliness,” “The Mystery of an Indwelling Christ,” and “The Mystery of Faith.” Last Sunday afternoon the fountains of the deep were broken up; many were weeping their way to the penitent form, and, better still, to Jesus as an

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uttermost Saviour. May God water the word that He hath planted, and cause it to bring forth abundantly.

September 30, 1910.—Last night we had a meeting at our Mission Hall which served several purposes—as a farewell for Mr. and Mrs. Dyer as they start south ; a welcome meeting to two birds of passage from England ; a salvation social for our converts ; and a house-warming for my new home. It was a bright, breezy gathering, and we rejoiced to hear the music of heaven from once-broken strings. Says Dr. Fitchett—

“You gather round a harp a jury of philosophers, and ask them to decide whether, as an instrument, it is perfect. One judges it by its form, and reports it has the true curved outlines of a harp. Another tests it by the materials of which it is made. Here are the vibrating metal strings ; the true materials of a harp. But there comes a simple man who knows nothing about the laws of sound, the properties of metals, or the science of music. The only thing he knows is how to play the harp. He draws his hand across the strings, and the rich music slumbering in them awakens ; it floats out on the trembling air, it charms all ears. What need is there of any report of philosophers ? The music proves the harp.”

I wish that my pen could perform the office of a gramophone, and that those who read its scribble could hear instead the music of the harp as we heard it in last night's orchestra ! S—— San, who has just

“LIFE IN THE LOST”

come to work with us, told us his story: how that, naturally religious, he first heard of Christianity through the Greek Church; embraced *it*, was baptized and admitted into their Theological College, though he had never heard the way of salvation by faith in Jesus. After spending two years there, he was called to the army, and joined his regiment in Tokyo. Here he attended one of General Booth's meetings. For the first time he heard the Gospel, and there and then, as he sat in the meeting, he accepted the Lord as his Saviour, and obtained the witness that he was justified and born of God.

The story of a sad prodigal followed. He was first awakened through reading an article in a Christian magazine in Formosa. This made a deep impression on him, held as he was in the bonds of iniquity. He could hear nothing there that seemed to meet his need, so he returned to Kobe. Here he met our “Open Air” in the vicinity of the theatres and music halls, and was convicted of sin. The following night he came to the Hall crying for mercy, and was, I believe, made to taste of the powers of the world to come. His face was “scorched with lust, and scribbled over with the signature of every evil passion.” His wardrobe consisted of one single garment. It was made of the “towel-advertisements” he had received at the various houses of shame which he had visited. This awful garment was the

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only one he possessed; he wore it everywhere, and as he testified some nights ago, pointed to it as sufficient proof of his sin and degradation. May the Lord keep him.

Another who had proved the salvation of God for now several months rose to tell his story. Passing by our "Open Air" he was arrested by the words, "The preaching of the cross is . . . the power of God." Though an entire stranger to the barest elements of Christianity, his feet were stayed; he listened, and finally followed us to the Hall. A prepared heart finds it easy to hear, understand, and be saved. And such was his. Within an hour his feet were on the Rock of Ages. He is a native of the Loo-Choo Islands, and a ship's steward. His boat is now in dock for repairs, and so he attends the meetings nightly. If I mistake not, God has a future of usefulness and power for this man.*

Still another, an older man, working in a large cotton-spinning factory, rising, said: "Well, if any one has graduated in the university of sin, I have; but now I have entered the kindergarten of Jesus." He was led to the Lord by one of the other Christians, also saved at our Mission Hall, and working in the same factory. "Of late," said he, "I have been discouraged by the jeering of my mates, who shout 'Amen' and 'Jesus' after me wherever I go; but

* He has now entered our Bible School for training.

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the other day I found in the Scriptures that God chastens those who are His children. Hallelujah!”

His friend, who had been the means of leading him to the Hall, and so to Christ, then told us of his conversion—the same tale, alas! of sin, but also of encouragement, for he first turned his steps heavenward through the testimony of another of our converts.

Others followed—a railway employé, a tram-car conductor, a carpenter, and a ship’s engineer; this latter, by the way, had a blessed story to tell. When God saved him six years ago, in the old Mission Hall in Kobe, he obtained the promise, “Thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” He was able to say that this promise had been abundantly fulfilled, thirteen of his relations having been brought to Christ since the day he had fled to Him who was bruised for his iniquities.

Others told their story also, but I have neither time nor space to write of them; nor had we time to hear all that night, but we rejoiced together.

And yet all this is as nothing to what might, and may, yea and please God shall, be in this place if only we go on in faith and prayer. “I could write it twenty times over,” said William Bramwell, “that strong faith and continual prayer will produce every effect.”

October 12, 1910.—The days are very niggardly, they seem to spare but too few minutes for journal entries. From the 2nd to the 8th, Mimaki San and

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I visited the C.M.S. Girls' school at Osaka, where God so graciously blessed us some five years ago. We found that many of the older girls were not converted, and the Principal was specially anxious about those in their fifth year, who were shortly leaving. There was little movement during the first three days, but prayer prevailed. On the third night Miss —, and five of her teachers, met for intercession at 7 p.m. They were led out in earnest prayer that God would break through. They continued till 2.30 a.m., finishing in assurance of victory and the thanksgiving of faith. The next day was a good day indeed. God answered. A real conviction and a seeking spirit appeared among the girls, who, both Christian and unconverted, knew of a truth that God was in the place. Fifty or sixty of the latter rose to their feet as expressing a desire to turn to the Lord. Many of them were, I believe, real and sincere.

October 17, 1910.—To-day I received a letter from the Principal of the school we have just visited. She says, “. . . I hardly know what to say and what to leave unsaid. The work is going on. Testimonies are being given outside the school by request. The difference in the school is beyond words; so far as we can tell, many are pressing on, and getting victory in daily life. The numbers are so great that we cannot have much personal contact with many; but the



TWO JAPANESE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS.



A LITTLE JAPANESE SUNBEAM.

“LIFE IN THE LOST”

teachers are wonderful in what they do, and the written testimonies are a great help in showing where individuals stand.”

Also in her account of the Mission, she says : “Friday evening is our regular prayer meeting. There were still some unsatisfied hearts, still those who were holding something back ; and for all of us, at whatsoever stage, it was a solemn time of consecration, and of pleading that the fire of love might be lighted in our hearts by God Himself. Then followed such a time of intercession for schoolmates, parents, friends, and relations, as I have seldom heard. As though the longing desire could not be kept in, it broke out all over the room, till I doubt if there was a silent voice among the eighty of us, mingled with many low sobs as the volume of prayer went up.

“The next morning, Saturday, was a holiday ; but the boarders again, for about two hours, poured out a stream of thanksgiving and intercession, with the same intensity as the night before. There was a happy light on the faces that day as the girls went about their ordinary avocations ; some coming to tell us of their new-found joy or to consult about helping someone else ; one to tell me she had been awake the whole night before, convicted of sin, and had not yet got pardon. Light soon came to her, and she had peace with God. On Monday morning, when all the day scholars were with us again, we held a praise

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meeting, and during it asked all who had received some definite blessing, or were seeking such, to write down shortly on paper, then and there, what it was. One felt that the testimony would be useful to them, and would be a guide to us in knowing how to help and lead them on. In all, 142 papers were sent in, covering a large range. There was the little child who prayed about a lost book of tram tickets and found it; another who asked that her mother's headache might be cured, and, as the answer came, knows *now* that God hears prayer. About sixty in all state definitely for the first time that they know *now* that God has saved them, and many of these add that *now* they want their families to be saved; and others again that they have asked God to show them how they can work for Him. One adds that, till *now*, she never liked to lend her things, but *now* she does not mind who uses them. Some say they had no idea there could be such joy as this; others that, till *now*, though they thought they were Christians, they had no peace, but *now* they know clearly that Christ is their Saviour. One had thought she must be good and strong before she came to Christ; but just came in her sin and weakness, and He has taken her.

“ Besides those believing for the first time, between forty and fifty testify to further blessing who were truly saved before. Almost all speak of having been shown pride and other sins, then of yielding utterly to

“LIFE IN THE LOST”

God ; of learning for the first time what real prayer means ; of knowing that Christ dwells within ; or of receiving the Holy Spirit. Almost all speak of a desire to win others, and of praying for them. Amongst the papers received were eighteen from those who said they wanted to be saved, but were not yet. Some of these showed that the writers needed to be seen privately, so we gave little notes to most, inviting them to a meeting. All seemed ready to confess their sins, and ask for forgiveness ; ready for an act of faith ; and most of them could thank God that He had heard and saved them. Where hearts are softened, where the Holy Spirit is working in Revival power, as here *now*, it seems so simple and natural for hearts to believe. It has been very wonderful all through to see Him work. With some the heart-work may be shallow, and a responsibility is on us to pray that the impressions may not fade away, but deepen. But there is no doubt that, as we specially prayed, a very deep work has been done in some, and whole natures seem transformed.

“ All through the school now we see happy faces, and know of unselfish acts ; but most of all the spiritual life is going out in prayer and efforts to win others. We see it in the remarkable spirit of intercessory prayer, and in efforts of various kinds. Here is an instance we heard of from the mother. A young child only lately come to school went

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home and told her mother she believed in Christ now and was going to follow Him all her life. 'But what if we forbid you?' 'I can't help it. I must follow Him even if I die for it, for He loved me so, and I love Him.' 'But a child ought not to have a different religion from her parents.' 'No, we must be a united family, so you must come and believe the same.' 'Don't you think it is turning things upside down for a child to teach her parents?' 'That may be; but God is so filling me with joy, that I can't help talking about it.' She brought her mother to one of the meetings, and the lady is now keen to hear more. (She has since become a true Christian, and a Church member.) This is only one instance out of many.

"One of the best things which I have not yet touched upon is the wonderful blessing among the teachers living in the boarding-house. Some do, indeed, seem to be full of the Holy Ghost and of power. One who only heard of Christ for the first time when she came here in April last year came with an open heart and has grown steadily ever since; took a little room by herself at Arima during the holidays that she might have time for communion, and had much blessing at the Convention there. She seems a veritable prayer champion. She and the other teachers are so filled with the spirit of intercession, that prayer often goes on for several hours without anyone noticing how time is going.

“LIFE IN THE LOST”

They are learning the secret of laying hold of God, of praying through to victory. They say they often heard about the power of united prayer, but never really knew it till now. One of these was under very deep conviction of sin the early part of the week, and is most marvellously blessed. It is an absolute transformation; for, from being very different, she is now filled with the Spirit, deeply humble, constantly praying, and keen to win others—her brother in the first place, to whom she never dared to speak before.

“One visiting teacher—formerly an agnostic, but whose heart was really changed some months ago—attended all the meetings and was looking for real help. She said sadly towards the end of the week that though she knew her sins were forgiven, and though she had learnt much during these days, she had not got the joy she wanted, and which others possessed. She was then shown that this was seeking one of the fruits of the Spirit, instead of the Holy Spirit Himself, and so she began to pray for the great gift. On Saturday morning she was at home sewing, when suddenly a mistake she had been making occurred to her. She had been feeling that the father was almost too good to the prodigal, and that more ought to have been made of the elder son to whom her sympathies went out. Now she saw that this was criticising God, and therefore was sin, and immediately put it away from her. At

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once her heart was flooded with light, and she knew that God had answered her prayer. She put aside her sewing, and bowed her head to offer the thanks and praise of which her heart was full. As she told me about it on Monday, she kept on saying, 'The Holy Spirit is wonderful! He is wonderful! I did not think He would have so come into my heart!'

"We are full of thankfulness to God for all He has done, and at the same time the sense of solemn responsibility in being here during such a manifestation of His power is great. He must mean this Revival to continue, deepen, and spread; and one dreads anything hindering or grieving the Spirit. But when fears come, promises keep crowding into one's thoughts—'My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not.' 'Thou shalt see greater things than these.' 'I will work, and who shall let it?' Do continue in prayer for the school, and that the blessing may go out beyond."

God loves the children, and finds them ever nighest the Kingdom now as then. The proud and wise and rich He still sends empty away.

*"Not to the rich He came, or to the ruling
(Men of full meat, whom wholly He abhors),
Not to the fools grown insolent in fooling
Most, when the lost are dying at the doors;*

*Nay but to them who with a sweet thanksgiving
Take in tranquillity what God may bring."*

JOURNAL

Nov. 2nd . . .

. . . Dec. 11th, 1910

CHAPTER V

*No rest
in this
World*

No Rest in this World

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*Me thought that I at rest would be,
Could I but live alone
Upon this hilltop, where the sea
Makes no distressful moan.
Alas, alas! the sighing breeze,
Through every pine-tree, mocks mine ease.*

CHAPTER V

Country Missions

I WRITE these lines (*November 2, 1910*, in the train) passing through gorgeous scenery—crimson and gold, olive-greens and russet-browns, the artist's brown-pink and madder slashed and brocaded with the maples' scarlet—all flooded with a profusion of sunshine; while away in the distance the hill-tops are capped with white, and towering into a cloudless blue stands the famous Fuji, covered as far as the eye can see with her stainless snows. Exquisite beauty! How often there rises in one's heart the thought, if His creation is so beautiful, what must the Creator be! Of the saint at any rate what Tennyson says is true—

*"The Peak is high and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire;
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of a man is higher."*

It is again some days since I have been able even to think of making any journal entries. Since last I wrote I have been to Tokyo to hold special

MISSIONARY JOYS IN JAPAN

meetings in another school. The ground here was more difficult than at Osaka. In the first place, I was alone. Mimaki San had left me for other work. Secondly, the students are on the whole of a better class, some of them being from the richest and most fashionable families in Tokyo. The very atmosphere, too, of the capital is worldly and materialistic. It cannot be easy for such girls to confess Christ in their homes. But we proved again that God was sufficient for these things, and with us still. The Principal of the school is a splendid disciplinarian. I continually realized how well she had the whole school in hand. The patient, plodding instruction of months was an excellent foundation for any such special effort as this, and made it as easy to speak to the people here as in the homeland. Suffering from a severe cold, I found the work hard enough, but made easy by the presence and power of God. I took three meetings a day always—sometimes four; and for two days in the week, five, in addition to much personal work. At the last meeting forty-five pupils rose, in nearly as many minutes, to tell in single sentences of what God had done for them. Down the cheeks of some the tears ran apace. There was a sweet sense of the presence of God with us as we separated in much love and rejoicing.

KOFU, *November 25, 1910.*—I came to this beautiful spot yesterday. The journey lay through magnificent

COUNTRY MISSIONS

mountains. Winter has already been skimming their tops, and left her footprints prettily behind her. On my way I think I passed through 100 tunnels. Kofu is a city of some 50,000 inhabitants; the "foreign" element is small but motley. Two Papists, two Mormons, four Canadian lady missionaries, and a young Scotsman, teaching in a Government school, are there to entertain, if not to edify, the perplexed inhabitants.

November 30, 1910.—A number of happy testimonies in letters written by recent converts lie before me. I feel tempted to copy some at the risk of monotony. Says one—

"I cannot tell you how thankful to the Lord I am. I have told my mother and sister at home, but they don't believe me, and yet I know my heart is changed. . . . I love that hymn, 'He leadeth me,' because it was the means of bringing me to Christ. . . . All my love for pretty dresses, and ribbons, and popularity in the school, etc., has gone, and I am full of joy."

Another: "I have learnt that I was a sinner, and yet that God will never cast away any that come to Him. He has changed my heart and saved even me. I have served the devil so long, though God was longing for me to trust Him all the time. I know now that He is with me; and at times I am so taken up with thinking of Him, that I feel like crying out, O God, my God! and sometimes fail to listen to my teacher. I know this is wrong, but oh, I am so happy!"

Another: "You will not remember me; my name is —. I was converted at your last meeting. I laid

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down all my burdens, and determined to follow Jesus. I wanted to see and tell you, but there was no time. I saw one of the other teachers, and with tears confessed my unbelief. The Lord accepted me. I told my mother when I got home, and God has so filled me with joy."

I close with one more: "As a little child I attended the O—— Sunday school. From the age of fourteen to seventeen I have been here. I have been reading the Bible for five years. Sometimes I myself wanted to turn to the Lord, but I was foolish to think I could do this in my own strength. Your talks pierced my heart deeply, like a two-edged sword. I prayed day after day with many tears. I believed that if I touched even the hem of His garment, I should be accepted, notwithstanding my great sins. When we confessed our sins in the little room upstairs, I was very happy and believed. But oh, my weak faith! The devil tempted me, and unbelief came into my heart again. I prayed much that night. I hoped you would pray with me to strengthen my faith, and give me a word from the Bible, but I could not see you. When I was discouraged, the tempter came and whispered in my ear that my prayer was not accepted by God, and that He would not have mercy on me. I was quite in despair. That afternoon I came weeping to the school, and prayed with a friend at Miss H——'s, and received the assurance that I was saved. To my astonishment my heart was quite changed; all things seemed new and joyful. When you called for the testimonies at the last meeting, I stood up to confess, but my voice was weak and trembling, so I suppose you could not catch my joyful words. I thank you heartily. I must tell you that my spiritual birthday was at two p.m. on the 22nd of October, 1910. This joy will fill my heart till the end of my life, because God has redeemed me."



GROUP OF THE JAPAN EVANGELISTIC BAND BIBLE SCHOOL STUDENTS.

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Yesterday I had an interesting walk with —. We talked of many things. I sought to turn his steps heavenward, but alas! in vain. He talked Evolution; but as it seemed to me with but little acquaintance with the subject, and still less conviction. I was reminded of Dr. Fitchett's amusing analysis of the subject as it strikes the plain man; and I was glad that I am still a plain man!

“The man in the street, who has no time to be scientific, and who translates what of science he does know into a very unscientific vernacular, does not completely understand the Evolution theory; and what of it he does understand, as far as it applies to himself, he dislikes. That theory, as he reads it, teaches that we began a sufficient number of ages ago, as a mere chemical ferment, or as a bubble in the spawn and slime of the sea. Our ancestors were little floating atoms in the salt spume of the dark primeval waters. Next they became ascidians, little bags of unorganised jelly; then they attained to the dignity of, say, the oyster; and in process of ages, creeping out from betwixt its shells, they reached the loftier height of the tadpole. In due course they shed their tails, and mounted to the dignity of frogs. Then followed a great leap, or even a succession of leaps. Our ancestors became monkeys, and, in some mysterious manner, got their tails back again. Once more they got rid of them, say, by the process of sitting on them for a certain number of centuries; and so at last, and by some such process, infinitely varied, manhood was reached.”

I found myself unexpectedly interested in talking of themes scarce thought of since my University days;

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but glad to realise that I was no longer in academic air, and that my lot was cast in easier and pleasanter places than college halls. That thoughtful, serious-minded men can entertain any reading of Evolution is always strange to me; for if the best that so masterly a mind as Edward Caird can do for the subject is what appears in his Gifford Lectures, surely the hope is forlorn enough.

My days have been busy and occupied with happier and more practical themes, preaching the everlasting Gospel of redeeming love.

The Mission school here in the city of Kofu is a light and centre of blessing in this large province. Many of the girls come in from the country round; while Misses Tennant and Keen, two most devoted ladies, spend all their time penetrating into the lonely country places in all sorts of weather, along all sorts of roads, under all sorts of conditions, sleeping in all sorts of places, living on Japanese food, and, indeed, enduring hardness as good soldiers, and thus carrying the light of life to many. It was beautiful to see the spirit of Jesus in them, and to know they will one day get a full reward for their labour. Of course, they are utterly unable to meet all the calls. With the pastor they arranged for the workers, some fifteen in number, to come in from the country, and with them some of the Christians. We had an average attendance each morning of about fifty. God, I believe, truly blessed

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us at these gatherings, the word and the messenger were acceptable. In the evening we had Gospel meetings; the attendance was good, and about twenty turned their steps Zionward. I also took a meeting each day at the school, and then, too, God was with us. At the closing meeting thirty-one stood up to testify, in as many minutes, what the Lord had done. Some were beautifully clear and definite. I was able to give several hours to personal work, and found a real, deep work of conviction in the school. We finished up at Kofu very tired, but full of joy for all His grace and goodness. T— San, who was with me, remained behind to help convicted souls, and started off next day into the country for special visiting and cottage meetings. One of the women who was saved begged him to go to her village, as there were several anxious to hear; so off he went. Oh that it might prove to be another story of the fourth of John! She herself at one of the meetings came boldly forward seeking salvation, and gave herself and her sins to the Saviour.

TAKATA, *December 5, 1910.*—On Sunday afternoon I am sitting in a tiny Japanese room above the little Methodist Church in the city of Takata. It is a lovely day, rather like a late day in an English summer. The windows are open, and I look out on to the pastor's little garden—a large persimmon tree full of the most beautiful golden fruit stands out

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against a background of scarlet maple and stately cryptomeria. The city has about 30,000 people, and in addition to shrines has 208 Buddhist temples, *i.e.* one temple to about every thirty houses!!! The province of Echigo is just the size of Palestine. There is very little work being done in this province of two million souls. A worker of the Canadian Church of England Missionary Association is the only missionary. He is most kindly entertaining me at meals in his little Japanese house. The people in this province are very prejudiced Buddhists. They are tied up socially, and every other way, with this idolatrous system. Fear of man has them in its iron, tormenting grip. One never realises so much as here the awful power of the fear of man, traditional customs, and the entanglements of social environment. But God is sufficient.

Before January there will be about fifteen feet of snow, reaching up to the eaves of two-storied houses. The streets will be a solid compact mass of snow. The only way of walking along the street is under the roofed verandahs running each side of the road; and the only way of crossing the road is through tunnels at fixed intervals.

This morning I went over to Arai, a little town some miles from here. The new pastor, a converted barber and his wife, and a girl of about twenty years of age met with us for prayer. The Lord graciously



A STREET CROSSING IN TAKATA IN WINTER.

A TUNNEL THROUGH THE SNOW.

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opened the heart of the latter, as of Lydia of old ; and as we bowed in prayer her tears flowed apace. We found her ready to fly to Him who was bruised for our iniquities. She prayed as well as her tears and sobs would allow. When she came to the station a little later with the pastor, her face bespoke the joy of her heart. Truly the Lord is good !

December 11, 1910.—We finished up last night at Takata with fifteen of those who had professed to decide for Christ at a little informal gathering. Most of them said a word. It was not very definite—still, I feel God has blessed us there. The pastor and Christians were helped and encouraged. But there is need of much prayer for that idolatrous town.

I received a letter from —, the town I last visited. It contains gracious evidence that God was with us—ready to save. I select the following sentences :—

“The blessing received by the entire school cannot be estimated. Again and again testimony is given to the peace and joy abiding within. One teacher of long standing said, ‘I thought when I was a Christian, publicly professed, it was enough. I never understood before that Christ could keep me from sin. I realise now for the first time that He can take from my heart the *desire* to say unkind things.’

“A bright young teacher, with us but a short time, made an independent decision for Christ after a hard struggle with herself. Being called off immediately to attend the death-bed of her grandmother, she wrote, ‘All is confusion here subsequent to the funeral ; but my heart is full of peace and joy, because God is with

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me.' On her return she desired baptism at once, but has decided to wait and receive it with some others next month.

"Our matron gives a glowing testimony to the keeping power of Christ and the new life that has come into her Christian experience.

"The wife of a stationmaster, who had been visited once a month by a Biblewoman, came from a neighbouring village and gladly embraced the first opportunity to give herself to the Lord. She is now rejoicing in her daily communion with God.

"The wife of a middle school teacher came from another town, brought her child, and attended three meetings a day for a week. Earnestly seeking, she too found the way of life and peace.

"The wife of a school teacher was converted one night. She told her husband, and two nights later he too was kneeling at the penitent form. Their joy is unbounded.

"A young mother, burdened with suffering and anxiety because of a drunken husband, cast herself and her burden at the Saviour's feet, and went back to her home rejoicing in faith that God cared for her and hers.

"A banker's wife, noted on our calling list as a Church member, but apparently a dead branch, confessed with tears that she had, for the first time, come into vital relation with Christ; hitherto, she had been absent from Holy Communion for very shame, having no desire to partake, but now she could go gladly.

"A saintly Christian testifies that, because of her fresh grasp of God, not only has the burden of her heart been removed, but her bodily infirmity has been healed.

"A servant, with such frightful deformity of face that she cannot be seen without causing a shudder, came out at night and sat in the shadow. She, too, took herself and her heavy burden to the Lord. Before, she was subject to fits of rebellion and despair, when

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she was uncontrollable, and often threatened to kill herself. That she is altogether changed is the testimony of the household. She endures with the sweet hope of a beautiful life beyond.

“We cannot write of all who have been helped. A thirst for God has been aroused in many hearts, and deepened in many others. Especially are we thankful to God for the testimony of the pastors. Two of the older ones say that, in the thirty years of their life since conversion, they have never been in meetings where they have received such blessing.”

Blessed be the name of the Lord that He can still be a Saviour, though His ambassadors are such poor representatives of His grace. He is still ready to bless and save.

*“Ready the Father is to own
And kiss His late-returning son :
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
Ready the Spirit of His love
Just now the stony to remove,
To apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Is ready, with the shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead’s alive ! the lost is found !”*

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Jan. 1st . . .

. . . Feb. 10th, 1911

CHAPTER VI

Resurrection

CHAPTER VI

A Peep into the Factories

CHRISTMAS has come and gone again, and now the New Year has opened (*January 1, 1911*). It has been a relief to be away from the usual festivities in Christian England. Here we had a nice hearty testimony meeting at the Mission Hall. A day or two later we held two days' feasting for the poor, and halt, and lame, and blind of this big city—two hundred in all. We held it in the beggars' parish, the parson whereof is a young Presbyterian living in their midst, while attending each morning the lectures at the Presbyterian Theological School. Their love for him was touching. Last year there were six murder cases in that one neighbourhood; and I fear many of the people are what a modern writer has called "artists in ethics." Their ideas of the exact position of "not" in the commandments are decidedly shaky—and they have frequent rides to at least one Government institution, not at their own expense. Kagawa San, capable of commanding a good salary in any position, has given his life and love to save this poor flotsam of Japanese humanity. Ravages of sin and

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shame and poverty were everywhere sadly evident in the faces of the poor outcasts that gathered to enjoy the feast, if not the Message. We sought to lift up Him who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows. Three years ago we had a similar gathering, and one of the guests was a poor woman with a face pitifully disfigured, and her lower jaw almost burnt away. The sight of it was repulsive indeed. I believe she turned to the Lord, and has visited Takeda San frequently since, giving evidence that her change of heart was real. This poor lady Lazarus was with us again—a living picture of humanity in ruins. What a day when Jesus comes to renew the whole creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now!

January 7, 1911.—We have just finished the annual Osaka Holiness Convention. We rejoiced to see two hundred earnest souls, recently gathered from the kingdom of Satan, delighting to come to listen to God's Word, and seek His face, whereas once they would have been engaged in the drunken festivities of the New Year. We had Gospel meetings in the evening, and many souls cried for mercy; ten and even twenty each night came forward to seek salvation; and one night, including some young Christians, there were as many as seventy in the inquiry-room.

January 8, 1911.—I have just received the following letter :—



“THE POOR, HALT, LAME, AND BLIND.”

A PEEP INTO THE FACTORIES

“How can I ever express my gratitude for the blessing received! How can I ever repay the love of Christ to me! The blessing of God and the love of Jesus have filled my heart to overflowing. To-day I obtained salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, He broke my hard heart, and revealed to me the grace of God! Nothing could ever have cleansed my heart but His precious blood; and none else could have saved me from my sins. On the evening of 25th November my longing desire was satisfied. He took away all my trouble and doubt, and filled me with love, and joy, and peace. . . . He will guide me till I reach the heavenly land. It was when you were here, 28th October, that I trusted for salvation, and was praying in expectation. But the devil kept tempting me to doubt. My heart seemed hard, and cold, and full of sin. But yesterday I was again deeply convicted of sin in my heart, and felt as if I was sinking into a bottomless slough, and cried aloud to the Lord for a real salvation. And to-night, as I was singing the hymn, ‘Just as I am, without one plea,’ I came to the fifth verse—

“*Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!*”

My hard heart was opened and I let the Lord in. Oh, I cannot tell you all the joy! How shall I ever repay Him for this wonderful blessing! I can only give myself to Him, and serve Him gladly. He will give me power to defeat the enemy; and I believe whatever I ask in faith He will give me. I want to live in the love of Jesus always. . . .”

January 18, 1911.—Last night I went with a few friends to Osaka to visit one of the large cotton spin-

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ning factories. Miss H——, who has for many years given her heart and strength to this work, accompanied us. There are in Osaka and its environs some forty of these large factories where women and girls are employed—perhaps from 60,000 to 70,000 hands. The one we visited was *one* of the best, though not *the* best appointed of all. It is an immense place. Attached to the grounds of the factory is a large boarding establishment for the 2000 hands that work there. It is quite a little village in a compact form. The ages of the girls vary from eleven to thirty, and though the hours are long—twelve per day and even longer, with only two holidays a month—the conditions are good. School and class rooms; a commodious room serving for Buddhist lectures, and other equally unedifying entertainments; a sadly handsome, elaborate shrine in the alcove at the end (almost all worship there morning and evening); huge bathrooms, where every girl has a hot bath either night or morning; a large courtyard containing another fox-god shrine, with garden plots, an aviary, cages of rabbits for the amusement of the children in off hours; library, hospital with doctors on the staff, and other equipments are provided.

The machinery goes on night and day, the girls working in night and day shifts. There are twelve to fifteen matrons, or superintendents, each having about 300 children under their charge. In this particular

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factory four of these are Christians. Hattori San, a graduate of the Imperial Women's University, has devoted her life to work among these girls; and in order to get amongst them has obtained an official position here, with leave to tell them of Christ. She is a splendid character; and the factory authorities, knowing her worth, are continually asking Miss H—— to find them more Hattori Sans. But I am sorry to say this is no easy task.

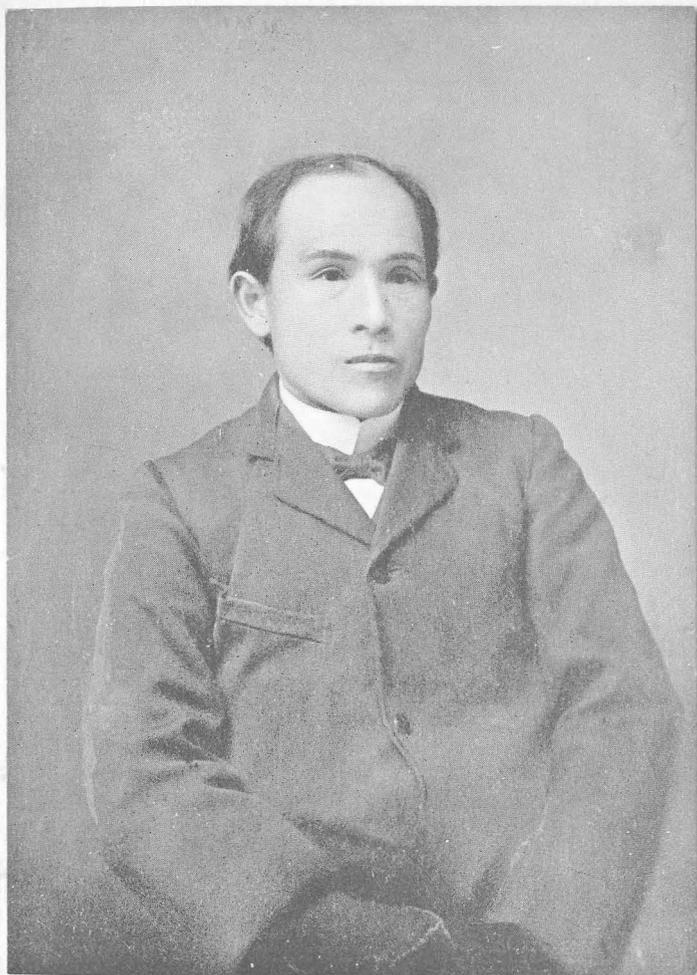
The whole place, though of such wide dimensions, is kept spotlessly clean and lighted with electricity. The large dining-hall, seating 1000, was prettily decorated for the New Year. The girls are all from the country, and hence from bigoted Buddhist homes. The authorities care nothing for religion, but they know that one inducement for the parents to allow their children to come to Osaka is that they have facilities to worship and hear so-called Buddhist sermons.

We began our meeting for 400 girls at 8.30 p.m., and heard afterwards that from 7 to 8.30 the same number had been attending in the very same room a Buddhist discourse from a special woman worker sent from Tokyo. Though in many cases the authorities realise the value of Christian matrons and Christian teaching among their girls, it has been most difficult to obtain any entrance because of the parents. A recent instance will suffice to explain. At one factory one of

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the girls became a Christian. She came from a long distance—a country district which is strongly Buddhist. The parents, hearing of it, were indignant, and the factory touts of late have found it impossible to get even one girl from that district; hence, as one of the authorities observed that “factories are not built to become churches, but to make money,” it is most difficult to get into some of them. Miss H— has done yeoman service in getting the doors open. She has held meetings in thirty-six out of the forty. Some were opened only temporarily; some are still closed through lack of permission from the authorities; more are practically closed through lack of workers. It is sad enough to think of the thousands of young women in the homeland of affluent circumstances, many of them killing time, while in one city here in this land some 70,000 young women are lying in utter darkness, untouched and unreachd, and one lady is wearing herself out in her endeavour to reach the tiniest fragment of this vast mass.

I can, however, imagine some one saying as he reads these lines, “If they are so comfortably housed and cared for, what need is there for more?” In the first place, I would say that the picture I have given is that of one of the best. Many of the other factories, I gather, are much inferior, though some are even superior; and yet even here, well cared for as they are, Miss H— tells me that the majority of girls



MR. T. MITANI.

A leading Japanese Evangelist, and Editor of the *Christian News*.

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break down under the strain of long hours after three years. They are all from very poor homes, uneducated, and full of inherited superstition. Hattori San was telling me last night that once or twice a week some twelve girls from the C.M.S. Mission school come and teach hymn singing. The average attendance at this class is about 200. She added, "It is such a blessing to teach them pure songs, even if they do not understand all their meaning; the only songs they know and sing are foul and obscene." To their poor little minds, there is nothing incongruous in worshipping morning and night before the large Buddhist shrine (which nearly all the 2000 do every day) and singing these ribald songs.

In the factory I visited, there are some thirty Christians or inquirers. Oh that someone who reads these lines may be burdened in prayer, and purse, and person, to seek and save the lost! I do not know of a more blessed work for any English girl than to come and give her life for these, her Japanese sisters, for whom Christ died.

I think it was Ion Keith Falconer who said, in speaking of the Church, "We have a great and imposing War Office, but a very small army." Certainly, if St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and Lambeth Palace may be considered as the headquarter offices, the War Office of the English Church is imposing enough. I fear, however, that during the past nine

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centuries, fighting operations have been mostly confined to what the little American boy called "a small island off the north-west coast of France"; and in latter years a good deal of these have been sham battles and dress parade; while in the vast fields yet to be won for Christ, a few stragglers are seeking to uphold the honour of the flag.

January 19, 1911.—I received the following from a schoolgirl of fifteen years. If its broken English is quaint and pretty, the heart behind it is no less full of beauty :—

"DEAR MR. WILKES,—I am a girl whom you led unto Jesus my Saviour, and prayed for in our library. I am grateful to my God, my Saviour, and to you. I was not a true Christian till you came. You told me that if I pray to God for Holy Spirit and true gladness, He certainly hear me, and give these good gifts to me. I prayed earnestly even into the deep night, and play time, and recess time, and during my study hour. I wished to be like you, the happiest, gladdest person. Oh, to-day at half-past six o'clock when I was praying, He gave me the true Holy Spirit and gladness! I cannot keep this joy to be only in my heart, so I tell it to you gratefully. I was the head of sinners, but He died for me. If I was not a sinner like that, there would be no necessity for His death; but because I was a sinner His death was very necessary. Oh, I am very glad and grateful for His death! I promised to Him that with all my things I offer; and so there is nothing belonging to me, but to my Lord. Please be glad to me, teacher, and please pray to Him for me—this little thing. I am always praying to Him for you. Ah, teacher, there is waiting eternal joy up

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in heaven! I can now sing the twenty-third Psalm heartily.

“My English is not right, but you know all my heart, I believe; so please think my heart, and pardon my unright English.

“From my true glad heart I thank you. May God bless you.”

January 27, 1911.—Our hearts were cheered last night as we saw some twenty of our Mission Hall converts buried with Christ in baptism. It was a happy and solemn time. Kawabe San, a man of God and power, came over from Osaka to conduct the service and administer what Bishop Moule calls, “the sacred baptismal plunge.” They were admitted into the Free Methodist Church. January in Japan is not a month that one would usually select for the administration of the rite of immersion, but there was plenty of holy glow and warmth within to make up for the cold without.

As these men and women, so recently saved from sin and darkness, stood up to publicly confess Christ, Kawabe San took them carefully through the Apostles' Creed. Searchingly did he demand of them one by one as to whether they had given up all connection with every form of idolatry. One married woman replied with deep earnestness, “Yes, I burnt them all.” Another little woman caused a smile as she said, “I always did hate them.” A smile! Yes, but to those of us who knew the sad circumstances that

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lay behind the vehement asseverance of that little soul, there was a smile of joy that God's deliverance had been so complete. More solemn still was Kawabe San's inquiry, as he reminded them of the question put to the early Christians in Japan presenting themselves for baptism, "Are you prepared for the scaffold?" for it meant that more often than not in the old days—"Are you prepared to *witness* for Christ and His holy name?" A steady answer from them all that they were, only gave brother Kawabe an occasion for reminding them of Peter's earnest confession that though all should deny Him he would die for his Lord, and yet five hours later he had denied Him with oaths and curses. He begged them, in real humility, to see and know their weakness, and depend on the Lord for all their strength.

After the service was over, a praise and testimony meeting followed. Brother Takeda, who had prepared them for baptism, told me that in dealing with them in prayer before the Lord one by one, the confessions of sin in their past life were appalling even to him, who is of course familiar with the dark side of Japanese life. We could only praise God for all that salvation has meant to these dear men and women.

To us all their stories are deeply interesting. Our continual cry to God is, "Bring into our Hall the real sinners"; the respectable folk may go elsewhere, but we

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want the lost sheep, the prodigal sons, the profligate and depraved. He answers as we ask Him. As brother Takeda remarked, unless a man is really burdened and convicted of sin, our line of dealing with him is too stringent and decisive to admit the ordinary folk coming to us. We demand a *real repentance*, and a hearty confession of sin to God—a crying to God for mercy, as well as faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Many are not prepared for this. They want a more respectable and easy-going way of coming into the Kingdom of God. But the sinners are so many and so desperate in their sin, that we have, alas! plenty of material on which to work.

KOBE, *Friday, February 10, 1911.*—I had expected to be off again for work, but have been laid aside. Mr. Thornton has kindly come and taken me off to his house, there to kill me with kindness. I am enjoying the quiet, and the happy fellowship with that man of God. We regret that he leaves us so soon for America, for he has been used much for the glory of God in this place. From the unhappy flotsam and jetsam of the West stranded in these ports, victims of drink and degradation, some have been blessedly saved, and are to-day rejoicing in God through our brother's ministry. The last capture from the devil's ranks is a poor fellow named "Scottie," so called because a native of Scotland. Born of drunken parents, and left an orphan, he took early to the sea; he can neither read

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nor write, has spent a large part of his life in prison, and was a confirmed drunkard. It seemed that he had never before heard the way of salvation ; but God has graciously saved him, and it is a joy to see him going Zionward, and that apace.

JOURNAL

Feb. 17th . . .

. . . March 23rd, 1911

CHAPTER VII

*Weariness
of Life*

CHAPTER VII

A Tour South

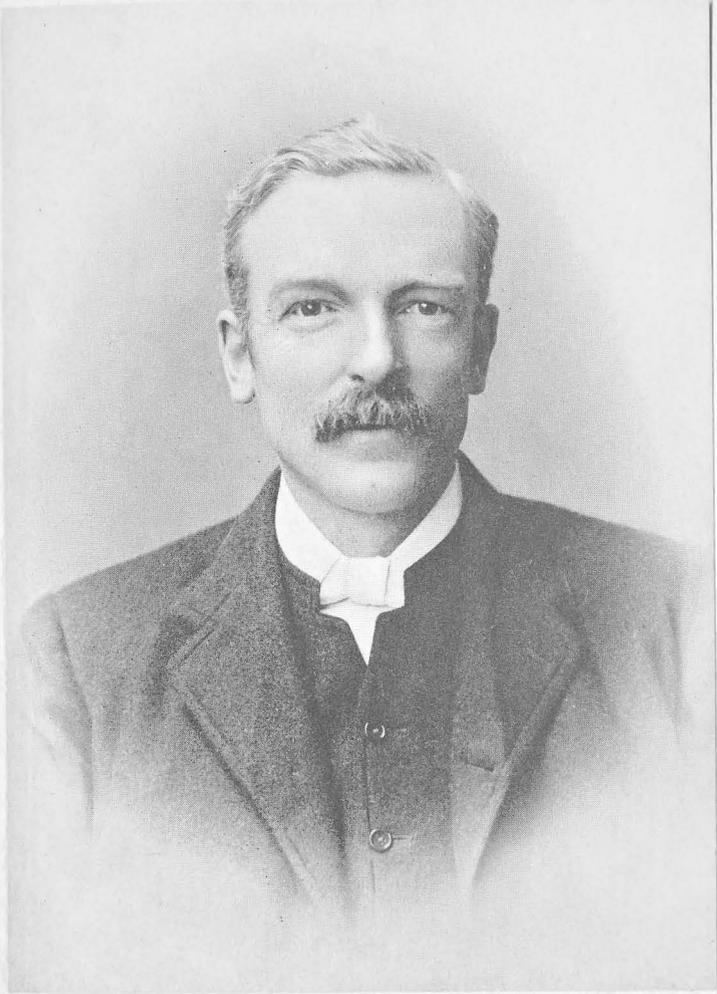
HERE I am in Nagasaki—a pretty place with a beautiful harbour. We have just finished a series of meetings at the Methodist School, where brother Mimaki has had much blessing in past years. Nagasaki was at one time a Roman Catholic town; the large convent, school, and church, with Japanese priests and nuns, give evidence that they are still in force. Outside the town whole villages are Roman Catholic. From the school grounds we look out on the harbour full of shipping, battle-ships, and torpedo-destroyers. We were illuminated at night with the searchlight of what was once a Russian cruiser sunk at Port Arthur, and is now a fine ship in the Japanese navy; while away in the distance stands the cliff from which in bygone days so many brave witnesses for Christ were flung headlong rather than deny their Master. Many a “mute inglorious” martyr awaits his resurrection from the blue waters of the Nagasaki Bay.

February 17, 1911.—As I move about the country I rejoice to see the abiding results of our Summer Conventions. A pastor here had but little sympathy

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with spiritual religion. Some three years ago he attended the Arima Convention, at which the Rev. Barclay F. Buxton was speaking, and returned truly blessed of the Lord. He gave us at this time a warm welcome, and invited us to conduct meetings in his church. In the school, too, I found four or five of the older girls or teachers who had been similarly blessed when Mr. Buxton was last out from England; and the blessing abides. When God commands it, surely it standeth fast.

SASEHO, *February* 24, 1911.—Saseho, of naval fame, was, I suppose, the base of operations during the war. The harbour is full of battleships, cruisers, and torpedo craft. Fifteen years ago it had but 800 inhabitants; to-day it has 80,000. The great Naval Arsenal with its 7000 hands, and big dock-yard with perhaps an equal number, make the place busy enough. The first and second squadrons are both in harbour, and so bluejackets abound. They are very like our English tars, though perhaps more sober. There is comparatively but little drinking in the navy; and many of the men are, I imagine, more educated and intelligent than our bluejackets. It is a good field for work. The Japan Evangelistic Band have a special interest in the place, as Higuchi San, one of our workers, is in charge of the Mission Hall. It is a joy to see him once again. Saved five years ago at our Kobe Mission Hall, he has grown



THE REV. BARCLAY F. BUXTON.

A TOUR SOUTH

rapidly in grace—a dear, earnest, lovable man of God, always intent on the one thing only—the salvation of men. Mr. Rowlands, an old friend who resigned from the C.M.S. some few years ago, is doing a blessed work, though he has been here but two years. There are about thirty to forty Christians—members of his church—though other bodies are sharing the burden, and have little companies of worshippers. He has a nice little Mission Hall seating about 150. We conducted four days' meetings for Christians, and afterwards sought to reach the sheep that are lost. Last night the place was packed to the doors; about fifty were standing, and many were turned away. The opportunities are great, both for sowing and reaping. I sought to unfold the five wonderful things in John iii. 16—

Wonderful love . . .	God loved the world.
„ gift . . .	He gave His only begotten Son.
„ salvation . . .	Not perish.
„ blessing . . .	Have everlasting life.
„ way . . .	Whosoever <i>believeth</i> .

Six or seven responded by going upstairs into the inquiry-room; we were there till 10.45 seeking to lead them to Christ. I was ashamed that the response was so small, and felt that I was not speaking in the power of the Spirit. A public school headmaster, recently expelled for drunkenness, etc., was, I believe, truly converted. How true it is that sin alone

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introduces us to the Saviour. It is interesting to thus get in touch with souls. Let me give you the experience of one evening alone. Out of eighteen who came upstairs, eight expressed a desire to come to God. I waited to see if there were any others. A lady who sat at my right hand—the only one in the room except a Biblewoman who was with her—and who had been holding up her hand unnoticed, called aloud, “And me, please.” It is scarcely a usual thing for a lady to express herself so definitely or boldly in the presence of men; Mimaki San, therefore, dealing with her afterwards, was not surprised to find her a heavy-laden soul ready enough for the Friend of sinners. In the adjoining room her husband, a petty officer, also found peace at the foot of the Cross. They returned home together rejoicing in Christ.

Turning to a young man, I said, “Have you heard the Gospel before?” “Yes,” he replied, “often; and last at some meetings conducted by a man named Buxton, in Seattle, on the Pacific Coast, two or three months ago. I have just returned to Japan!” If the world is narrow, the providences of God are wide indeed.

Addressing myself to another, a petty officer on a cruiser stationed at Maizuru, I put the same question. “I have listened often,” he replied, “at the Ginza Mission Hall (C.M.S.) in Tokyo. Appointed for a

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year to the Wireless Telegraphy School there for special instruction, I frequently attended the Mission." He, too, seemed ready to repent and be saved; and I was as ready to point him to his Saviour and Friend.

FUKUOKA, *March 3*, 1911.—This is my first visit to this large capital of the whole of Kiushiu. We are taking a six days' Holiness Convention, and then six days' Evangelistic services in the large Methodist Church. Mimaki San is with me, and conducts the morning Bible readings. The church is nearly full in the evening, and a good number attend in the morning. I think it is the brightest *provincial* church I have seen. So many of these saints are on fire for the Lord. About six years ago one of the old ladies of the C.M.S. church had attended the Convention at Hamadera. She was greatly blessed, and filled with the Spirit. Returning home, she began to pray for a Revival and blessing on all the churches in the place. The next year Mimaki San and Mitani San were invited to conduct a mission. They went. God answered the prayer of His people, and opened the windows of heaven upon them. The following year Mimaki San was invited to conduct meetings for the C.M.S. Bible School in a neighbouring town. Miss F——, of the Methodist Church, brought a detachment of women too. Those were remarkable days, and God poured out His Spirit upon the people.

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Some of them returned here to strengthen the old lady's hands in prayer. Finally Mimaki San was invited to conduct meetings in the Methodist Church, which is the largest and most influential in the place. One of the first to publicly seek for blessing was the pastor himself; and since then the elders, deacons, and congregation have followed.

Several of the Christians are preaching on their own account in the places round. Methodists and Church of England meet together weekly for prayer for a Revival; and, humanly speaking, one of the main causes of it all is the prayer of the old widow lady who was blessed at Hamadera. She is full of faith and the Holy Ghost. She, and others, spend many hours in prayer and fasting for this place. It is a joy to be in such an atmosphere, where there is real life, and power, and victory. Those who oppose, I am well aware, do not hesitate to emphasise the divisions and friction that have arisen in the Church; but missionaries who are on the spot, and see the difference in the lives and spirit of those who yielded wholly to the Lord, can plainly testify that the trouble has arisen because some are unwilling to fall in line with God's ways, or have from the beginning opposed the work as not being in accordance with their ideas and wishes. The Lord came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword! Oh that the tide of life now flowing may break down every barrier, and flood

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these little churches with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost! And so I am here. The Lord is with us in the meetings. Several have come in from the country to attend, even from a distance.

March 8, 1911.—I have just met — —. What a change in her! The last time I saw her was four or five years ago, when we knelt together, and with strong crying and tears sought the Lord as her Sanctifier. How abundantly has God answered. We conversed together of the way God has led since then. It was beautiful to behold her joy, and assurance, and love. Nor was it less pleasing to hear the testimony of many about her work and service in the whole district. Much beloved, she is a constant source of inspiration and blessing wherever she goes. We had a hallowed time of praise and prayer together as we remembered the loving-kindness and tender mercy of our God.

I have just finished the first of the four volumes of that amazing book, *John Wesley's Journal*. Is there any other book outside the inspired writings that can more swiftly bring a man to his knees and make him cry, "Unprofitable servant"? What amazes one more than his intrepid faithfulness, his astonishing capacity for endurance and hard work, his tenderness of love, is his extraordinary power of being instant in season every hour of the day. This is incidentally illustrated on almost every page,

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but the following entry especially is striking and helpful. He says—

“For these two days I had made an experiment which I had been so often and earnestly pressed to do: ‘Speaking to none concerning the things of God unless my heart was free to do it.’ And what was the result? (1) That I spoke to none at all for fourscore miles together, no, not even to him that travelled with me, unless a few words at first starting out. (2) That I had no cross to bear or take up, and commonly in an hour or two fell fast asleep. (3) That I had much respect shown to me wherever I came, every one behaving to me as a civil good-natured gentleman. Oh, how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood! Need ye compass sea and land to make proselytes to this?”

This advice was all of a piece with the devastating “stillness” with which Quietists were poisoning meetings and societies everywhere. How wonderfully history repeats itself. Here in this Japanese city, 150 years away from Wesley and 10,000 miles from his sphere of labour, we find the same tendencies in the flock. I have been busy to-day interviewing little groups of believers, warning them, and encouraging them, and seeking to show them pitfalls in the way to glory—loveless zeal, spiritual pride, hothouse holiness, and all the rest of them. It is a joy to see men pressing on; to listen to their prayers and praises; and to seek to help them in their fight against the powers of darkness. Oh for more love and compassion and burning zeal towards the souls and bodies of

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men! Last night, as on the two preceding ones, we had good congregations of unbelievers. God was with us, and some came forward seeking the Saviour, though there was no great movement among them. Oh for that tender yet mighty breaking conviction of sin against the Holy One! Oh that we might see what Paul beheld!

*“Shepherd of souls! it is not thus Thou savest;
Nay, but with sorrows of the Son of Man.
Ah, with what bitter triumph had I seen them,
Drops of redemption bleeding from Thy brow!
Thieves, and a culprit crucified between them,
All men forsaking Him—and that was Thou!”*

I dealt personally with two young men; one had been inquiring for two months at the Presbyterian Church, but was last night, for the first time, truly convinced that he was a sinner, and also, I trust, that there was a refuge for him in the Friend of sinners.

NAKATSU, *March* 13, 1911.—Our meetings at Fukuoka closed last night. Some have pressed into the Kingdom. One man, whose wife is a Christian, had come forward three nights in succession to the “penitent form.” I believe that God did a real work of grace in his heart last night, and revealed to him Christ as a Saviour, as well as himself a sinner. He is a traveller for an insurance agency, and appeared a real thoughtful soul. I cry continually to God for fruit that will abide for ever. How awful to labour and have nothing that shall abide the searching test

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that must come to all our service! *Hæc sunt lacrimæ rerum.*

March 14, 1911.—As I have been round this large island, Kiushiu, with its nearly 8,000,000 souls, the need has struck me as being very great. Here in the north there is a group of five towns, practically now one large city of nearly 76,000 people, with not a single missionary, and only four Japanese workers. The largest iron foundry of the Orient is here; the teeming thousands in its factories and furnaces utterly ignorant and indifferent to the claims of God! And whose fault is it? Let me repeat again what I have often said in England—souls can be had for the reaping everywhere in Japan if the Gospel is preached in power. May the Lord speedily stir up and send out fresh labourers! Amen.

March 15, 1911.—We are often asked by students to teach them the English language—we as often decline for many reasons. My journal does not often take a sprightly vein, but I think I must send you home a specimen of epistolary literature recently given me by my friend Mr. R——.

“TO REV. ——.

“DEAR SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that the last Sunday was the most pleasant day, when I was favoured by you the happiness of enjoying the Divine Litany in the forenoon, while the afternoon seemed almost as a windfall, for during the occasion you condescended to deign a sort of social dinner by

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which you showed explicitly the fulness of benign, cosy, suave heart. I can make neither head nor tail about the cordial hospitality you vouchsafed to extend so far to me, in the very consequence of the swoon of exhilarating ecstasy generated among that function. It may be surmised that I took twin meals a day, the one esqualent dinner of fleshly diet; the other, spiritual banquet, or immaterial entertainment. I go so far as to assert that this course of events nicked upon my mind, as an indelible impression, which shall not be worn out or stamped out, if I shall have come to pay my debt to nature. May the Lord bless you to enjoy a perennial heyday and lasting prosperity. Please forgive me my inexcusable effrontery to express my heartfelt thanks for your inundating kindness, by means of such gruff billet as would invariably cast my impudent act in your teeth. I beg in the end you would on my behalf give my good humouredly compliments to the rest of your family."

EN ROUTE FOR KOREA, *March 23*, 1911.—I took my leave yesterday of the simple loving people of Nakatsu, where Mr. and Mrs. Dyer are working. I had gone for rest, but held two meetings daily for four days. God, I trust, honoured His word. Yesterday afternoon Mr. A——, an ex-Judge, called to see me; he, nominally a Christian of many years' standing, had been at all the meetings. His wife, a real earnest soul, had been blessed through Mr. Buxton, of whom she has a loving remembrance, when her husband was acting as Judge in the large island of Oku no Kuni. I found the old gentleman in real trouble about eternal things. I turned to Heb. xi. 4, and asked him if he were

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familiar with the story of Cain and Abel. He said he had never heard of it; but as I opened up the way of faith, through the blessed sacrifice of our Redeemer, the old man entered, I believe, then and there into the peace and joy of salvation. He rose from his knees in tears, with expressions of joy and gratitude on his lips. He told me the Bible had been nothing to him, though he had often read the story of the Prodigal Son; but it was only a pretty story until he heard me preach on it a few days previously. He then went home and read it over again, and soon began to see some of its heavenly mysteries. After he left me, two old ladies came to see me, one a nominal Christian baptized some years ago with her husband. She seems to have known nothing of the grace of God, but has, I hope, experienced it in some measure by this time.

Yesterday, before I left, a man from a large factory in the town, who had attended most of the meetings and has been awakened, came to see me. He was a great friend of one of the mechanics in the Kobe factories, who has been recently saved and baptized at our Mission Hall there. He prayed, and sought salvation with brother Miyamura the second night. Oh, may he go on till he obtains a real assurance of the pardoning love of Jesus, and press on to holiness and heaven!

Nakatsu is a very uninteresting, rather poor, dirty sort of town. The natives of the place are brusque



MR. S. MIMAKI.

A leading Japanese Evangelist.

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almost to rudeness, and conservative to a degree. But our brother, Mr. D—, has a nice field there; the Lord is with him, and giving him encouragement. Two young fellows in the factory who sought the Lord a fortnight before I went, give real evidence of true conversion. There are several bright Christians in the Church.

And so my tour in the southern island is over. As I have moved about I have been deeply impressed with the work that God is doing through Mission Halls such as ours in Kobe. At Saseho I met a senior lieutenant on one of the battleships, a most earnest, aggressive, humble-minded Christian. He was saved in the C.M.S. Mission Hall at Tokyo. I met another on fire for God and the souls of the lost. He preaches in the open air, and testifies for his Master in every place. He has made quite an important discovery—a process by which charcoal can be produced from coal instead of wood. He, too, was brought to the Lord at the C.M.S. Mission Hall in Tokyo. I found also in the church at Nakatsu a bright Christian saved at the Mission Hall of the Holiness Bible School in Tokyo.

Again at Shimonoseki, the port from which I leave for Korea, I find another earnest soul saved at our Mission Hall at Kobe. Passing through Kobe, he was detained for only two days, and came “accidentally” to the Hall, where he made that

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greatest of all discoveries, that he was a sinner. He was swift to find a Saviour, and as swift to testify of His grace.

Wherever we go we thus find blessed fruit abiding to His glory.

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March 24th . . .

. . . April 1st, 1911

CHAPTER VIII

*“If not,
blot me . . .
out of
Thy Book”*

“If not, blot me . . . out of Thy Book”

つみありはちんを
つみせよあまのつみ
たみはわがみあり
うみしむいなれば

(BY THE LATE EMPEROR)

*Have these my people sinned? yet why
Should they endure the penalty?
Am I not father to my own?
Are not my people as my son?
Come then, thou wrath of heaven, on me!*

CHAPTER VIII

A Visit to Korea

I ARRIVED here (Seoul, *March* 24, 1911) last night, after travelling some 250 miles from Fusan, the southerly port, through the most uninteresting country I have seen. Nothing was visible anywhere except low, rolling, barren, treeless hills, and a few rice paddy fields, dotted here and there with the thatched mud huts of the Koreans.

March 25, 1911.—I visited the Y.M.C.A. and saw the good industrial work they are beginning to do there. A wide-awake genial Canadian, with two young English mechanics, as well as two American secretaries, complete the staff. In the afternoon I visited the grounds of the South Palace, now uninhabited, where the old Queen was murdered several years ago. It is an immense place, containing several acres of courtyards and buildings. About a hundred of these latter have been removed, scores are still standing—gorgeously coloured, but fast going to ruins. The Court attendants numbered 7000. They all lived in the Palace, so the size of it can be imagined. This is only one of four such palaces.

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Two of the others are still inhabited by the old Emperor and the young one respectively, both of whom are practically prisoners.

I spent a pleasant evening with Dr. Underwood, one of the oldest missionaries in Korea. His story of the Lord's work here is fascinating. "Twenty-four years ago," he said, "I came to Korea, and there was not one Protestant Christian. To-day there are 200,000, *i.e.* one to every fifty of the population."

March 27, 1911.—I spent one of the most interesting days of my life yesterday. I certainly have never been to so many services in one day. Starting out at 9.30, I visited a large Methodist Church; the Sunday school was just closing. The people were hurrying into church, about 500 in all. I stayed for a few minutes, chatted with a young missionary in charge, and went on to a still larger church where some 800 were nearly all assembled. The adult Sunday school was just closing. I then went to another, not quite so large, where the service had not actually begun. From there we went to the Salvation Army. The Hall, not very large, was crowded to the doors; every square inch seemed full. A young cadet was bombarding; several English officers were present. Thence I went to Dr. Underwood's church in time to see the adult Sunday school classes in progress, twelve to fifteen in all. This was deeply interesting. I stayed for the service,

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when Dr. Underwood preached. The congregation here did not number more than 300, though the average attendance is about 400. After lunching with Dr. Underwood, I went to the Y.M.C.A., where about a hundred young men were gathered. This, I learned, was an unusually small gathering. I then went on to the Union Service for missionaries, and heard a useful sermon on Christian unity. In the evening I preached to an attentive and interested audience of Japanese. After the service, though we did not have an after meeting, one man stayed behind and asked to be prayed with that he might be saved. So ended my first Sunday in Korea.

I did not see the largest congregation of Koreans ; at Dr. Gale's church about 1200, I believe, meet every Sunday morning. Waiting on the Lord for my evening meeting, I strolled on to the verandah of my room. It was a quiet, starlit night, and through the darkness there reached my ears what I think is the sweetest sound I have heard in all my fourteen years' sojourn in the Far East. From all parts of the city came the sound of church bells. My heart rose in praise and adoration to God for the wonders of His grace when I recalled what Dr. Underwood had told me, that in Seoul and its *immediate* neighbourhood at least 10,000 every Sunday are to be found in the house of God ; while all over the

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city it was good to see, here and there, shops closed in observance of the Lord's Day.

In talking over the progress of the Gospel in Korea, one of the missionary leaders made a remarkable statement. He said: "There is scarcely a man or woman in the whole of Korea who has not had an intelligent presentation of the Gospel of Christ." I afterwards asked other equally experienced missionaries about this, and they thought the statement was a good deal too strong. I naturally demanded an explanation. He replied: "The people have been reached in the following way. I, for instance, am responsible for a district containing, say, some eight counties. At the beginning of the Korean New Year we have a week to ten days' Bible Conference for 500 to 600 delegates. As soon as this is over, we divide our forces and visit ten of the next largest towns, where similar Bible classes are held simultaneously, and attended by large numbers from all the neighbouring churches. When these are over, the third stage begins; all the churches throughout the eight counties hold similar gatherings, so that all the Christians get the benefit of these special meetings. Here the believers offer their services as workers, giving so many days. We prepare seven tracts, each one printed on a distinctive tint of paper, forming a series. These are taken round to the various houses, one a day for seven days, so that every house is practically

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visited seven days in succession, and thus all in the eight counties are reached in an intelligent way."

March 28, 1911.—We had a good time at our Japanese service last night. Seven persons gave evidence that they were seeking salvation. Oh that these good impressions may not pass away as a morning cloud! The friend of Sunday night was again present. This morning an old gentleman of seventy odd years, who was at the meeting last night, came to see me about his soul. He is well read, and *talks* agnosticism; but there seems a desire for peace in his heart, and a longing for hope in the world to come. He promised to read carefully St. John's Gospel. He lives in the country about seven miles away, and had come in to attend the meetings. It is a pathetic sight to see an old man of seventy years trying to find peace in the "City of Dreadful Night." Alas! vain task enough to wander through its streets, and seek to discover it there. The music of that city is only a "minor" of despair. Listen—

*"The world rolls round for ever like a mill,
It grinds out death and life, and good and ill,
It has no purpose, heart, or mind, or will.*

*While air of space and Time's full river flow,
The mill must blindly whirl unresting so.
It may be wearing out, but who can know?*

*Man might know one thing were his sight less dim,
That it whirls, not to suit his petty whim,
That it is quite indifferent to him.*

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*Nay, doth it use him harshly, as he saith?
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death."*

Relieved of my visitor, I called on ——. What a contrast! Here I found all the blessed certainties of the Kingdom of Heaven translated into a holy experience, and expressed in heart, and voice, and eye. Love and grace beamed from his countenance. I had heard that much of the present movement in Korea had begun through him. He told me his own deeply interesting story of how God had met him, and baptized him with the Holy Ghost; and then, after blessing other missionaries in his station and elsewhere, the Spirit of God began to work in deep conviction among the Koreans.

March 29, 1911.—To-day I have arrived at this now world-known Pyen-Yang, the third largest city in Korea, with about 40,000 natives and 10,000 Japanese. The missionary community of Presbyterians and Methodists is quite a large colony—about forty in all. I have just missed seeing a large class of 600 women who, in the slack time for farming, have come in for a ten days' Bible study, many walking long distances, 100 or even 200 miles, all paying their own expenses. There is indeed a wonderful work of God going on in this place. Twenty-four years ago there was not one Christian, or Christian place of worship. To-day there are 8000



W. H. R. TREDINNICK.
PAGET WILKES.

S. TAKEDA.
S. MIMAKI.

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Christians, *i.e.* one-fifth of the whole population, with seven churches all built and supported with Korean money. The large Central Church, with a membership of 1200, has founded 41 daughter churches in the country villages round about.

March 30, 1911.—Last night I visited the famous Pyen-Yang Wednesday night prayer meeting—or rather two sections of it, because it numbers about 2000, and so cannot be held in one building.

April 1, 1911.—Yesterday was an interesting Sunday. All the morning in the Presbyterian churches is devoted to Bible study in classes of men, women, and children. In the afternoon I went to the Central building and witnessed the admission of 125 men and women into the outward church by baptism, and afterwards partook of the Lord's Supper with 1200 Korean brothers and sisters in Christ—the greatest number I have ever seen at one gathering round the Lord's Table! This was only one of seven churches in the city. One of my most interesting experiences was to walk through the main street of the town and see so many shops on either side closed in observance of the Lord's Day. The Papists have a big church building with about 200 members! Many years ago they had more than double that number; but since French political influence has decreased, the numbers have greatly diminished.

Leaving Pyen-Yang, I came on to Songdo, the

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second city of the Empire. Here the work is in the hands of the Methodists. Mr. Collyer, an Englishman, is the leader. Numerically the work is not so flourishing as at Pyen-Yang, though about 2000 gather each Sunday for worship in the city; while there are 130 small churches in the villages round. Here I found the monthly gathering of fifty or sixty country preachers and colporteurs (only half the total number), and had the pleasure of addressing them two or three times. I preached to the Japanese at a branch office of one of the banks.

It has been a great privilege to become acquainted with some of the spiritual leaders of Korea, and hear from their lips of the work—its privileges, opportunities, possibilities, and coming dangers. I met Dr. Underwood, Dr. Gale, and Dr. Moffat of the Presbyterian Mission, and Dr. Hardie and Mr. Collyer of the Methodists, as well as many others less well known, but equally devoted and zealous for the glory of God. I think, therefore, my impression of the condition of things here, from such excellent sources, may be of some value. There are five great features of the Korean Church that impress me—

1. The love for, and earnest perusal of the Scriptures everywhere, and among all classes—men, women, and children. The Bible is undoubtedly *the* book of Korea.

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2. Their wonderful observance of the Lord's Day.
All Christians close their shops, and abstain from every kind of work—like Scotland in the old days.
3. The remarkable way in which the Koreans give to God's work. Almost all the churches are built with Korean money, and the pastors and workers are similarly supported. This is especially true of the Presbyterian work.
4. The personal service and desire to spread the Gospel among the people. Many of the leaders, who in the early days were taken up with Evangelistic work, are now called upon to teach, and instruct, and train workers.
5. The expectation and hope (especially in the Presbyterian Church) of the coming of the Lord. The majority of the missionaries also in the country teach it plainly to the people. This surprises me coming from Japan, as there, alas! things are very different.

Two other facts are happily characteristic—

There is the closest unity among all, whether Arminian or Calvinist, Presbyterian or Methodist—Canadian, Australian, or American. They have real love and harmony. The only Dissenters are the High Anglicans!

And, secondly, there seems at present to be none

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of that destructive and devastating Criticism—Higher, so called, and now so prevalent in Japan. This is indeed a matter for which we are profoundly thankful. May God long keep it away!

Possibly a few remarks as to the circumstances and conditions that appear to me to make so wonderful a work possible may be pertinent here—

1. The people are simple and primitive, and in many ways remarkably like children—in this respect *very* unlike the Japanese.
2. I gathered that the native script, invented by one of the Emperors nearly 600 years ago, was almost entirely unused when the missionaries first came to the country; the educated employing Chinese characters, and the mass of the people being unable to read at all. The missionaries unearthed it, used it in the translation of the Scriptures, and through it taught the people to read. The Koreans regard the Bible especially as their own book, the women being particularly delighted that they can read, and understand, and thus have a share in the Scriptures.

A few years ago, some educated Koreans, imitating the Japanese, began to write and publish in the vernacular script novels and novelettes. Many of the younger Christians were captivated by this style of literature, and began to neglect their Bibles. It took the form in most cases of patriotic tales. The Japanese stepped in and forbade both sale and publication, and further put an interdict on all Korean newspapers; so that the mass of the people, till they learn Japanese, have very little to read but the Bible.

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3. This leads me to another reflection—that inasmuch as true and undefiled religion has preceded education, the nation is getting a solid foundation of godliness before she is built up on educational principles. The disaster in Japan is thus made more obvious. She has laid her foundations in education, and it is well-nigh impossible to build upon such anything like a religious or moral superstructure.

One of the causes of England's greatness, I take it, is that there was a strong and solid foundation of true religion before ever advanced education was introduced. The psychological moment for reaching Japan was lost—shall I say for ever?—because THE PEOPLE were not evangelised. Her tendency has always been almost to deify intellect. The policy of seeking the influential and educated classes with a sort of *adapted message* has been disastrously popular. And yet I do not feel that the case is lost if only we will give up this vain task, and give our time and attention to the masses. Every Revival since the twelfth century onward speaks to us plainly, and Church history is as clear. God has always blessed and moved a nation through THE PEOPLE. In Japan the agricultural classes are practically untouched. Strange it is, that with all history and experience behind us we can still blunder!

Even the Chinese do not seem likely to profit by the lessons we ought to have learnt through the relative position of things in Japan and Korea. The craze for

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education over there is getting to fever heat. Professors and other high dignitaries in state, university, and society make tolerable Christians, and respectable figure heads for committees and religious institutions; but with some blessed and notable exceptions, they make mighty poor evangelists. Their religion is not infectious, and never will be; it is too dignified; they have too many and more important matters to attend to than the things of eternity. The man on the street, on the other hand, if he "gets religion," as our coloured friends observe, it is life and everything to him. He spreads it, and seeks to get others into its liberty and joy. It has been, is, and ever will be, true that not many mighty, or wise, or great, are called. I venture it as a suggestion, that so much of the modern movement in Japan and elsewhere seems determined to give the lie to that solemn warning; and if the high, and great, and mighty will not humble themselves to accept the old-fashioned Gospel as a little child, its teachers will clip, compress, and squeeze it into all sorts of shapes and sizes, until it appears acceptable in their eyes. I can only say what John Wesley said in another connection, "Oh, this sublime Divinity! I cannot away with it. Give me the simplicity of a little child."

November 1, 1912.—Nearly two years have passed away since the above entry. I think it may not be out of place to add here a few lines on the difficulties that

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have arisen since that time. All the world is familiar with the outstanding facts of the present situation. A large number of Koreans, mostly Christians, have been charged with complicity in a plot—real or fabricated—to murder the Governor-General. The whole affair as reported in the *Kobe Chronicle* and told by the missionaries is a very ugly story. Torture has been used to compel the prisoners to confess, or rather assent to, propositions of crime and supposed complicity suggested by the prison authorities; and now school teachers and pastors have been arrested, and in many cases, without any trial, have been transported to lonely islands. The charges of torture have been strenuously denied by the Japanese. The Korean Christians have been much intimidated; an unpleasant taste has been left in the mouth of all who have had anything to say and hear about the matter. Many of the most spiritual missionaries are declared, on the ground of the extorted “confessions,” to be implicated in the proposed assassination.

Arriving at Seoul from England on 20th October, I naturally made careful inquiries, and endeavoured to form an unbiassed opinion of the situation. Three facts are plain enough. (1) God is over all, and allowing the present trouble to sift and test His Church. (2) The devil rages against the people of God. (3) The Japanese Government are making a determined effort to check the spread of Christianity in the Peninsula, at least

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as organised by American missionaries. In the course of my inquiries I discovered what seems to me a very significant feature. I find that there has been practically no persecution, or arrest, of any Christians connected with the S.P.G., Salvation Army, Canadian and Australian Presbyterians, or other smaller English Missions. In other words, the British Missions have been entirely unaffected. Only the American Missions have suffered. This, I say, seems to me very significant.

A leading missionary told me that, in course of conversation, Lord William Cecil had repeated what Prince Ito had said to him with his own lips, "I consider that one of the gravest perils to Japan is the Christian Church in Korea." He went on to say that he did not regard Christianity in itself as evil, but that the Christian Church as organised in Korea, forming a point of cohesion outside the Government, was fraught with dangerous possibilities. He is further *credited* with saying that the Japanese Government and the Christian Church could not exist side by side in Korea. This position is rational enough. We can hardly expect a Government to have any spiritual outlook. From their point of view the situation appears alarming. If ever a *casus belli* arose with the U.S.A., Japan imagines that she has at her very doors a body of some 300,000 people, not only disaffected towards herself, but in

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avowed sympathy with a national enemy. To spiritual Christians who are familiar with the nature of the Korean work, this may appear laughable enough; but a heathen Government can scarcely be expected to see the humour. When she sees a body of "foreigners" coming into Korea, and wielding a powerful influence over the people, obtaining their confidence and affection; and further, when she reflects that the missionaries and the churches they represent have done no such thing in Japan itself, she is astonished, alarmed, and determined at all costs to put a stop to it.

The story goes that the leading magistrate in Sensen (a town in the north, where three out of every four are Christians) was asked how things were going in his city. He replied, "Don't ask me. Go and ask the missionaries; they rule in Sensen." He had but little to do. Quarrels and differences were settled before the Church, and not brought into the public courts—as St. Paul lays down in the Corinthian letter. This, of course, must be galling enough to the authorities. We can well sympathise with them, but not with their method of dealing with what they believe to be a dangerous situation. A more careful investigation would, I believe, show them that the movement is largely spiritual, and not in the main political; and that they would gain the affections and confidence of the people

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by encouraging and helping the Christian movement. But, after all, perhaps it is best as it is. Suffering and persecution have never hurt the Church yet, and surely never will. But I tremble for Japan. God will not suffer any to lay hands on His own elect with impunity. Oh that prayer may prevail for her—unhappy, foolish, and ignorant as she is! Unhappy, because so increasingly prosperous; foolish, because so proud; ignorant, because she knows not the things which belong to her peace.

Is it inappropriate to end this chapter as I began, and add the prayer-poem of the late Emperor?

*“Tsumi araba
Chin wo tsumi seyo
Amatsu kami
Tami wa waga mi no
Umeru ko nareba.”*

*“Have these my people sinned? Yet why
Should they endure the penalty?
Am I not father to my own?
Are not my people as my son?
Come then, thou wrath of heaven, on me!”*

Was there no sin before God in the land? Was that prayer never answered? In the midst of what I have above related, on 30th July 1912, the Emperor passed away, to give his final account unto Him who is no respecter of persons—King of kings and Lord of lords—the only Ruler of princes.

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May 10th . . .

. . . May 16th, 1911

CHAPTER IX

*A Heavenly Jewel
cannot be hid*

A Heavenly Jewel cannot be hid

あのみたますくにのひかりを
あはれはるるままごとくに
ましろたまもつるす
し

*A gem the Heavenly King hath set
To make His glory known,
I've seen upon a dunghill's crown,
And it is shining yet.*

CHAPTER IX

At a Japanese Exhibition

“FAITH is the master spring of a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies. Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss. He sends me to proclaim His ability and love. I want no fourth idea! Every fourth idea is contemptible! Every fourth idea is a grand impertinence.”

CECIL.

Oh, these fourth ideas! Is it not because this awful, and yet blessed triplet of faith, is so sadly dim and unreal, that fourth ideas are possible to a minister of the Gospel of Christ? I think the past few weeks have done much to strengthen my ever-increasing conviction that, to a missionary in Japan, fourth ideas ought to be both contemptible and impertinent.

KOBE, *May* 10, 1911.—I hurried back from Korea to give all my time and strength to work in the Exhibition now being held in Kobe. Many thousands are attending, and on some Sundays the gate-takings report 50,000 in one day. We secured, at considerable expense, a plot of ground a few yards from the entrance; and, having purchased a tent, we began

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operations. Ere we close we shall have reached, at the lowest computation, some 15,000 souls. I have rarely seen so good an opportunity for reaching the people. They come in well, sit down, and listen attentively, sometimes for two hours on end. We could have gone on each day from 9 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. if our throats were of brass, or our band of workers more than a mere handful. With one exception we have been alone. The Baptist Church has kindly taken one day off our hands, and so given us a day of rest once a week. We start in each day at 1.30 and go on till 10 p.m. The work has been very strenuous, but very blessed. It was said of John Smith, 1794-1831, that "he now began to study human nature as it *is*, rather than as it is delineated in books; . . . he became a man of bold and successful experiment on human nature, and ceased to estimate all preaching, and indeed all ministerial labour except as it produced saving effects."

I feel that two months' experience in this terrible work ought to be convincing enough—that all the specious theories as to the dignity of human nature may sound musical enough from the rostrum of theological seminaries, but a plain man may be pardoned if he compares them to sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Alas! I see no dignity in fallen humanity, but only sin and shame, darkness, devilry, and death! I use each of these words with intentional

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emphasis. And yet if our feeble efforts have helped to convince one more fearfully of these things, they have made me cry again and again, "Unprofitable servant!" "My leanness, my leanness!" With such possibilities, such opportunities, with such a God as our God at our disposal, and "all heaven free plunder to faith," why should not we see far more amazing triumphs of grace than we have yet witnessed? And yet God has been with us! We do praise Him for that!

John Wesley said, "I do not marvel that the Devil does not like field preaching. Nor do I. I much prefer a comfortable church, a soft cushion, a commodious pulpit. But where is my zeal if I do not trample these things under foot?" I can say the same about tent meetings at Japanese Exhibitions! Surrounded by Japanese bands (only those who have heard them can appreciate our feelings), circuses, menageries, Buddhist preachings, and many other weird and strange noises, the situation is not altogether improved by our own staff of singers (?)! or by one good brother who was called in to help us preach. He unfortunately brought his cornet, which he thinks he can play. He plays from ear—Japanese ear—two semitones lower than the organ, desperately flat anyway, and always out of tune with itself. As for the tunes he tries to tootle, the organist, choir, or congregation cannot in the least recognise them as having any-

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thing to do with what we are trying to sing. Imagine this, and remember that it sounds just ten times worse than anything your liveliest imagination can arrive at; then you may have a little idea both as to what we suffer, and how we wish, at any rate for the time, we were all good Quakers, without any musical instrument at all! We have learned to suffer in silence without betraying any visible emotion. I have no doubt, however, but that the congregation think it beautiful!

The work began on 2nd April, and God was very good in graciously giving us a sign that He was with us. On the very first night a poor would-be suicide was plucked from the burning. He, with his wife and two children, had been in Kobe about a year. Sin, profligacy, and debt had driven him to despair. He planned, therefore, to murder his wife and children, as he had no means for their support, and then commit suicide. He came home late one night, and went into the room where they were sleeping. The simple, innocent face of his little lad as he lay asleep unnerved him, and turned him back from his crime. He knew not what to do; but at length determined to send his wife and two bairns back to her home, and then put an end to his own miserable existence. He sold the few remaining household commodities, bought their tickets, took them to the boat, gave his wife all the money he had, and saw them off. Again his little boy

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spoke to his heart. "You won't be long in coming, father, will you?" were the last words he heard as he turned away with a sick heart, without God, without hope, without light, to end it all, as he thought, in the river. He wandered aimlessly along through the Exhibition grounds, and, paying his remaining pence at the ticket office, turned mechanically into the cinematograph show. How utterly heartless and senseless it all seemed! All was indeed vanity to this poor soul!

He came out, wandered on past the Buddhist preaching tent, listened to the foolish chatter of the poor old priest, turned away disgusted, and moved on, machine-like, till he found himself standing in a crowd at the edge of our Gospel tent. One of our young workers was speaking. Oh, those silent but mighty shafts from the mouth of Jehovah! "The wages of sin is death," was all he heard; but the word sank into his soul. He sat down, and all through the meeting, consisting of two or three addresses, he neither heard nor understood; but the words throbbed incessantly through his brain into his already broken heart. As the meeting closed, he rose to go. Takeda San was among the people, and happened to be at his side as he was leaving. He put his hand on the poor fellow's shoulder and begged him to stay. His eyes filled with tears as he sank back on to his seat; and before many minutes had passed, he had poured all his

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desperate tale into brother Takeda's always sympathetic ear. He had never heard the Gospel before ; but the Lord heard his first cry for salvation, and that night there was joy in heaven over another soul. Hell and Satan were once again disappointed of their prey. Almost over the precipice, but the Shepherd found His sheep ! He has been at every meeting since, and given his testimony many times to God's saving power. He returns home in a day or two back to the country, and hopes to lead his wife to the Saviour who has so graciously saved him.

It was Henry Drummond, I think, who said that after leaving the inquiry-room in connection with Moody's meetings, he felt like changing his clothes, so defiling were the tales of sin and shame that were poured into his ears. About 200 souls have been personally dealt with and prayed for during these past days in the tent ; and with perhaps the exception of half a dozen women, it has been one long weary tale of lust, and sin, and shame. Oh, what a Saviour ! How truly have we here proved that now as ever He is the Friend of sinners ; and that publicans and harlots find it easier to press into the Kingdom than the wise and righteous. Had I the pen of an attractive, as well as a *ready* writer, I believe I should be tempted to say good-bye to my last trace of singularity and write a book !! It has been deeply interesting to get down amongst the people after the meeting is over,



MR. S. TAKEDA.

THE REV. C. AOKI, Ph.D.

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and seek to lead them to Christ. Let me give a few samples of our experiences—

No. 1.—To a poor blind man sitting in the front row—

“Is this the first time you have heard the Gospel?”

“Oh no, I can read my blind man’s Bible!”

“But have you true peace?”

“I have been baptized, and am a member of the Congregational Church.”

“Yes, but have you real rest of heart?”

“No, I don’t understand really about God at all, nor about the existence of the soul after death.”

“Do you go to church?”

“Yes, nearly every Sunday.”

“Do you know that you are a sinner?”

“Oh yes, I know that! and I do want to be different; but it is so hard to put into practice true Christian teaching.” . . . etc.

Friends can imagine the rest; a poor struggling soul utterly ignorant of the way of salvation does not slip through the meshes of our net very easily. A few minutes later I saw the tears flowing like rain from those sightless eyes, as we bowed in prayer before the Saviour of men, who in the days of His pilgrimage had brought light to those who sat in darkness. As he went home, the poor fellow, out of his poverty, pressed 50 sen (1s.) into our hands in gratitude for what he had learned and, I trust, received!

No. 2.—Here is another. T— San first heard of Christianity when a schoolboy in his native town. He attended a lecture or sermon by Dr. — whose Christianity is almost, if not altogether, of the Unitarian order. Considering that what he heard was good, he thought he would like to join the Church, and applied for baptism, which was readily granted by the Japanese pastor, and so this “baptized heathen” was

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enrolled as a member of his flock. He knew nothing of his own sinful heart, or of the atoning work of the Redeemer. It was apparently but a new system of better ethics to which he consented. After coming to Kobe he entered the electrical department of a large shipping firm in the city. His religion, such as it was, he left behind him.

The first day of our tent meetings found him, attracted by curiosity and our drum, tambourine, and organ, in the front row of the evening audience. Here for the first time he both learned that he was a sinner, and heard of a Saviour's blood. Takeda San was swift to see his conviction and lead him to the Cross. He has never missed a meeting since then, and loves to testify of the Saviour he has found.

No. 3.—O— San is a newshawker ; he begins work at about 4.30 a.m. and so has finished well before noon. His grandfather was a Buddhist priest. His father keeps up the traditions of his family by earnestly believing in the superstitions of Japanese Buddhism. Within two years he lost his mother, two brothers, and one sister, by that grievous scourge so cruelly effective in this land—tuberculosis. He himself was stricken with it, and, seeking to find consolation in heavy drinking, he did not improve matters at all. The fear of death was constantly with him, as he looked forward to grapple early with this king of terrors. He endeavoured, alas! in vain, to stifle the thoughts of the coming struggle, by spending all his spare time inside theatres and cinematograph shows. All his takings found their way into these broken cisterns.

Not long since he passed by our open-air service and heard the words—

*“Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now ;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.”*

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As these hymn-fragments broke upon his ear, there dawned upon his darkened heart some gleam of hope. He was, however, too afraid or ashamed to enter either church or mission hall, and so continued wondering, but still frequenting the cinematograph theatres, until he found himself on one of the early days of the meetings inside our Gospel tent. He attended regularly twice a day for twenty days. All of us talked with him, prayed with him, and sought to lead him to Christ. He lied to us every time, always giving a fictitious name and a wrong address. I fear that by the end of the meetings we had all given him up as a "hopeless case." We were not very believing moreover, when on the last day but one, K—— San from Osaka, asking all who had trusted Christ to stand up, our friend the newsvendor started to his feet. He seemed a little nonplussed when K—— San requested all who had stood to speak a word of testimony for Christ. He had not much to say. But as he has since told us, the moment he rose to his feet, confessing outwardly his faith in Jesus, he received the assurance that he was born of God.

Later.—This conversion has been very remarkable. The Lord has not only delivered him from love of drink and taken away all his feverish taste for theatres and cinematograph shows, but seems to have definitely healed his body; and the dear fellow * loves to tell everyone everywhere of what the Saviour has done for him, soul and body. Hallelujah!

No. 4.—Takeda San, to a fine-looking young man who had come into an afternoon meeting and was taking up his hat to go—

"Don't run away like that! Sit down and have a talk. Have you ever heard the Gospel before?"

"Yes; I was at the S.P.G. Mission school for three or four years and studied the Bible all the time. I

* He has now entered our Bible School for training as an Evangelist.

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never saw or heard anything to interest or attract me in religion."

"But are you satisfied? Have you peace in your heart?"

"No! I am not satisfied!"

"It is not religion you need, but Jesus Christ."

"Well, that may be so; but I am in a large business house in Kobe, and do you think it possible to be a real Christian in business in Japan?"

Takeda San then had a long talk with him, showing him that when Christ saves He not only forgives, but gives a new life, with new desires and new power in the soul. They knelt together, and for the first time in his life from his heart and lips arose the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He had never prayed in his life before. God seemed to give him peace at once. He has continued in God's grace since that day. His wife is a nominal Christian, but never goes to a place of worship, and apparently knows nothing of saving grace. They have, however, started family worship; and he brings her—poor little painted butterfly—to the meetings. It was so interesting to find that her younger sister was saved some few months ago, through Takeda San, when he was taking meetings in the country.

No. 5.—A young married lady and her sister-in-law stayed behind one afternoon. I asked them if they had ever heard the Gospel before. "No," they said, "nothing"; though the husband, as we heard afterwards, was a baptized Church member. The younger, unmarried girl told us she had acquaintances who were Christians, but that she had never seen anything in any of them that ever made her in the least desirous of knowing anything about Christ. We had a long talk together, and they both seemed awakened. They came again and again; and finally on the following

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Sunday they sought the Lord and were found of Him. They give real evidence of a change of heart.

No. 6.—“Come and sit down and tell me your story,” said I last night to a young man, a regular attendant at the meetings.

“Well,” he said, “I was saved nearly a month ago and my heart is just full of joy to-night. My poor old mother, an ardent worshipper in the Tenrikyo sect, is much impressed with the change in my life—all the drink and tobacco have gone.” (The mother has been attending almost nightly since.) “I am a native of Sendai, and when I was eight years old went to a temple to be trained as a priest in the Zenshu sect (Buddhist). I was there nearly ten years, but got so sick of the whole business that I decided to leave. I was brought up to no trade, but obtained employment as a sort of bottle-washer in a doctor’s dispensary. There was not much prospect in this, so I came down to Kobe and stayed a few days with some relatives—much to their disgust. They vigorously urged me to go back home again, as they declared I should get nothing to do here. I stayed on, and got work first in the dockyard, and then on the railway as a common workman; and have since brought my mother down to live with me. No, I had never heard the Gospel before; but attended these tent meetings three nights in succession, and on the fourth night I trusted Christ to save me; life is all so changed and different now.”

These are but a few samples of the scores we have dealt with. The majority had never heard the “glad tidings” before; though a few had received tracts, listened at an open-air service, and drifted casually into some church building for a few short minutes. One of the things that has been painfully surprising to me has

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been to meet Church members utterly ignorant of the way of salvation, and who in most cases have lapsed entirely into the world again. How can we expect the heathen to seek Christ, if those who profess His name have no assurance, or peace, or joy in believing, and, as far as we can judge, no experience of God's saving grace at all? Blessed as all this work has been, my heart is continually oppressed. I can only cry with the Psalmist, "Take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth." I marvel that He does not, and that He ever allows me to continue in His service. What a wonderful service it is—and yet despised by so many! I often think of the memorable words of the ex-cobbler Carey, pioneer missionary to India, when he heard that his son had been appointed British Ambassador at Peking, "Alas! my poor boy has *drivelled* into being an Ambassador."

The fruitlessness and poverty in one's ministry appal me. We have reached some 15,000 to 20,000 people, *not* Gospel hardened: and though we have reason to believe that some few, with whom we have had no personal talk at all, have found their way into the churches and will be baptized, yet after six weeks' strenuous effort we can only record some 200 as being awakened; and though all these have professed conversion, been prayed with, and sought God in prayer themselves, yet I fear not more than 25 per cent. put in a second appearance at the meetings,

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or, as far as we know, show evidence of having experienced real saving grace. And yet this painfully humiliating record has to be made. Alas! there is nothing pentecostal here! though we do bow before our God in the deepest gratitude that He has ever allowed us to be the means of bringing light and life even to one dark dead soul. Oh to realise Pentecost again!

*“Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining;
Oh, let my sound be stormy in their ears!
Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for straining,
Eyes that would weep, but cannot wait for tears.”*

May 16, 1911.—Our work is over at the Exhibition. It has been a heavy strain on all, and yet, of course, a great joy. We finished up with a praise and testimony meeting last night. Nearly sixty were present, and thirty-five of these had been brought in during the recent meetings. Several who had been saved were prevented from attending. The testimonies were bright and blessedly to the point. We began at 7.30 p.m. and I got home at 12.15 a.m. We could have gone on a good deal longer, for there was a real spirit of joy and liberty amongst us. Now comes the difficult part of shepherding these lambs. I think sometimes people in England have no idea of our difficulties here. The great industrial problems in Japan are as desperate as in England. The market is overcrowded with workmen. The work at the colossal dockyards and

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manufactories—twelve hours per day, seven days a week—shuts out the possibility of pastoral visiting; while the utter weariness of body ensuing this excessive toil renders attendance at meetings equally difficult. How are the converts to be taught and instructed, shepherded and fed?

The contrast of conditions here and in Korea is great. There they have none of these industrial problems—no dockyards, or factories, or crowded centres of labour. I imagine it is this difficulty of caring for the flock that drives so many Christian workers in Japan to leave the masses alone and seek to reach the official and student classes, who have somewhat more leisure at their disposal. I am so often disposed to faint at sight of these difficulties. John Wesley, visiting one of his societies, writes thus in his journal: “I found the society here steady, but not zealous. They cannot remain long in this condition. They must either go on or go back.” Steady, but not zealous! How aptly that describes many, and worst of all oneself! Oh for the zeal of the Holy Ghost! How can we inspire it into the poor, overworked, tired bodies of these newly born souls? Only God is able, and He will perform it.

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May 25th . . .

. . . July 11th, 1911

CHAPTER X

Heaven's Grace
comes only
to one who waits

CHAPTER X

Here and There

I HAVE been reading (Kobe, *May* 25, 1911) a striking passage in the *Memoirs of the Rev. John Smith*, an earnest Methodist of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and feel constrained to transcribe a paragraph :—

“He was displeased when persons prayed as if God were unwilling to bless; or when they spoke of unbelief as a mere *infirmity*. ‘It is an abomination,’ he said, ‘when men talk as if they were more willing to bless than God.’ Thus he showed how the most awful sense of the Divine sanctity and justice may accompany and grow with the deepest conviction of the Divine compassion, being radicated in the same common sentiment. ‘There is no impediment on God’s part,’ said he, in his own brief and energetic manner. ‘He has given us His Son.’ By thus firmly asserting the willingness of God to save, against all the temptations of unbelief, he urged and encouraged himself to plead with God for sinners. ‘It is by justifying God,’ said he, ‘*that I sting and stimulate myself to contend.*’ And again, ‘The necessity of wrestling arises not from the unwillingness of God, but from ourselves or Satan; God is the same.’ And thus his resolute purpose to justify God and to believe at all events that there is no hindrance on His part, since He has given His Son,

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was to him like cutting off retreat; it left him no alternative but to wrestle and prevail. This was the principle which he would never suffer himself or others to call in question. But in following it out, in still tenaciously hanging upon it, and pleading it, in spite of every impediment, of all that Satan could oppose or unbelief suggest—this was the conflict which we saw in him; this was that agony to believe, which I have heard him describe as so severe that it has been ‘as if soul and body were ready to part asunder.’”

Alas! where is such a spirit to-day? Oh for a justifying of God in faith! Oh for the power to “sting and stimulate” ourselves in prayer, till the heavens are opened and the power of God descends upon men!

May 26, 1911.—Before I was out of my bedroom this morning a man called to see me from the country—a Christian. He had heard of me through a friend. I found him struggling after peace and inward holiness. Alas! he had his eyes on the wrong place; but after two hours over the Word and on our knees, I believe he entered into the land of rest from inbred sin that remaineth for God’s people. Under the influence of modern theology he had been fast losing his faith in the atoning blood of the Redeemer. What wonder was it that he was in darkness? He went on his way rejoicing. May he be kept to witness of Jesus as a full and complete Saviour.

Tokyo, May 31, 1911.—I met one of my children in the faith—now a teacher in the Imperial Women’s

HERE AND THERE

University. Very busy, and separated from spiritual friends and influences, I found she had lost much of the joy she had experienced at her conversion. She is finding out that there is "a wilderness state" after the first joy of deliverance from Egypt has subsided. I pointed her to Canaan, and strove to show her Jesus as her Joshua ready to lead her in. She was much affected and wept before the Lord. Our time together was short, but she promised to see me again before I left Tokyo.

June 12, 1911.—Two series of meetings have closed. I trust that ten persons give real evidence of saving grace; while among the Christians there has been some blessing. One woman, who had almost decided to go to no more Conventions, burst out in joy and praise that God had revealed His power to her tired struggling heart. Hallelujah! She found out the secret of being able to give Him all her heart, and gain the blessed attestation that her gift was accepted, and that now she was wholly the Lord's.

This afternoon I paid a delightful visit to a Japanese Viscountess. She was at the last of my Bible readings yesterday. I found her as bright and humble as ever, walking in the light of the Lord's countenance. She was brought to Christ through Miss Carr, of the C.M.S., of whom she has the most loving remembrance; and, like many of us out here, longs that she should

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return to this land. She was eventually led into the blessing of entire sanctification through brothers Sasao and Nakada, and now most beautifully manifests the spirit of Jesus in all her walk amidst difficult surroundings. In the newspaper of the preceding day I noticed that Captain —— had had a very narrow escape of his life in the Army aeroplane manoeuvres. The machine was wrecked, and all its occupants injured, though none were killed. I discovered that he was younger brother to the Viscountess, whose husband is a Colonel in the Army, and is at present in Germany. The Viscountess has been able to lead all her five younger sisters to the Lord.

KOBE, *June* 15, 1911.—The Christians here are being kept and are moving on. Several, however, of those who were saved at the recent tent meetings have left Kobe for other places. How shall these lambs, with mere shreds of instruction from the Word, stand firm against all the seductive influences that threaten them on every side? Surely only God can keep them. One poor fellow, who used to hobble into the meetings every day, wrecked by sin, so paralysed that he could not speak articulately—the result of drink—has already gone to his last home—saved, I trust, at the eleventh hour. He was earnest to get his body restored and his daily suffering eased; but amidst it all I believe he had faith in Christ. He



THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

Resembling, though larger than, that at Kyoto.

HERE AND THERE

sent for Takeda San, who was able to visit him several times before he died ; and, though at first his relatives refused admittance, because they thought, poor things, that we wanted to secure his emaciated corpse for a Christian funeral, they eventually allowed us to visit him after we assured them that we had no such intention, but only wanted to comfort him and help him to rest in peace. Brother Takeda believes we shall meet him in glory. May it stimulate us more desperately than ever to seek and save the lost ! How God's children can rest if they do not see sinners seeking the Saviour, is to me an inexplicable problem. What has God given us life, and health, and strength for, if it is not to spend them all and every whit on poor blinded perishing humanity for His eternal glory ? Those words of Bramwell are continually in my mind—

“The love of Christ is my study ; but I am frequently at a loss to understand how it is that my love to Him is so small. I am sometimes ready to stumble at myself on this account. Am I right, can I be right, in this little love ? . . . Could I suffer long and still *love with a passion like Thine* ? I am crying to God daily, hourly, constantly to receive a thousand times more love.”

Oh, how short the time ; how precious the opportunities ; how solemn the responsibilities ; how bitter will be the regrets in that day that we have played so long, and so often, and so earnestly with what are no better than the shadows of Plato's cave !

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Would that all God's children might experience what an old writer said of himself on his awakening—

“I had a deep impression of the things of God; a natural condition and sin appeared worse than hell itself; the world and vanities thereof terrible and exceeding dangerous; it was fearful to have to do with it, or to be rich. I saw its day coming; Scripture expressions were weighty; a Saviour was a big thing in my eyes; Christ's agonies were earnest with me; I thought that all my days I was in a dream till now, or like a child in jest; and I thought the world was sleeping!”

June 27, 1911.—Yesterday, two friends from Scotland, requiring a guide to see the sights of Kyoto, asked me to accompany them and show them round. It is not much in my line, but I enjoyed my fellowship with them. The “lions” of Kyoto are almost all celebrated Buddhist temples. Japanese history has always been associated with its religion. On principle I never enter these “seats of Satan,” so I fear I made a very poor Hermes.

Amongst the celebrated sights is an immense image of Buddha, 60 feet high, to see which folks have the honour of paying. I preferred to remain outside and reflect on the extraordinary history of this monster. I take no offence when superior people smile at me for believing that the disasters ensuing its erection are more than mere coincidences or freaks of nature! Listen, and smile at my credulity! The

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image was first erected 160 feet high, in the year 1588. Eight years later, it was totally destroyed by earthquake. A few years after, it was recommenced. Hundreds of workmen were employed in its reconstruction. It was completed up to the neck; but as they were engaged in casting the creature's head, the scaffolding took fire, and the whole thing was reduced to ashes, temple and all. This occurred on 15th January 1603. Later on in the century, the famous Ieyasu rebuilt it again. It was 58½ feet high, of bronze. A few years elapsed, and the whole thing, including the temple, was demolished by earthquake. Again it was raised—this time of wood lacquered the colour of bronze, in the year 1667, and actually stood a hundred years. But in 1775 it was badly damaged by lightning. It was once more restored, only to be entirely destroyed twenty years later by the same agency. This did not damp these poor zealous idol-worshippers, and it was erected again in the year 1801. Since then it has stood awaiting the next earthquake, or other means God shall appoint for the destruction of that detestable abomination. Meantime heathen go in to worship! Christian travellers go in to admire!!! notwithstanding the fact that the gate money apparently goes towards keeping in repair this foul thing, the worship of which Christians at home send men and money to undo. Such is human nature in religion! Truly, *cerebrum non habet!*

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BANSHIU, MIKI, *July* 4, 1911.—I arrived here last night, in torrents of rain, to conduct four days' Gospel meetings in a little old-fashioned town three and a half hours from Kobe, six miles off the railway. The principal trade is smithying, and the manufacture of farm implements. The population numbers 6000. Oye San, one of our senior workers, has been here a year, seeking to preach and live Christ. As a result of his labours, I find four bright young Christians, associated with, and somewhat handicapped by, two older so-called believers of the Congregational Church. It is difficult to mix oil and water, but not more so than old-fashioned Methodism with modern Congregationalism. However, there they are, together for better or for worse! I hardly expected any at the meeting, but in spite of the rain the little hall was fairly full. I had much liberty in preaching on the Prodigal Son.

KOBE, *July* 11, 1911.—On the following night the place was packed to the doors. A heathen festival was on, so all the little town was out. I have seldom addressed a more restless crowd. I was much impressed with the exquisite curiosity of it all. The air reeked with the spirit of idolatry. And oh, the darkness and emptiness of the people's minds, who seem to have as much sense of God and sin, eternity and judgment to come as a wild ass's colt! What a labour it is to have to put spiritual content into the

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mind, as well as wake them from the sleep of death! To them, the words that convey to us the most solemn warning, or the tenderest conception of God's love, have as much meaning as "Timbuctoo." I spoke with great plainness and love on Zacchæus. They looked amazed, surprised, and with a "what will this poor babbler say?" sort of air. But I doubt if I reached their heart.

The next day, in the most intense heat, I spent in visiting and seeking individuals; and preached again in the evening, to a full house, on "the human heart." This did not appear above their heads. Several seemed awakened and came upstairs to hear more. I believe God honoured His word among us.

The following day I felt very poorly; the heat was very great. I managed, however, to have a meeting for a few women who are interested in the Gospel. In the evening, before the meeting, a carpenter came in to say he wanted to be saved. He had heard the Gospel before, and seemed a prepared soul. It was a joy to lead him to Christ. With difficulty I preached in the evening. We began at 9 o'clock. At about 10.30 ten came upstairs to seek the Lord. I forgot my weariness in seeing souls prepared to hear more, and desire salvation. Oh, what joy and inspiration is this! At 11.30, when they were gone, I was glad to "collapse" on to my bed on the floor, and there continue for the next forty-six hours. In the

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morning of the third day my carpenter friend, who keeps a little shop of "sundries, hardware, boot-laces, and other eatables," in the fulness of his heart brought me a bottle of wine! Dear fellow, he seemed so grateful, that he wanted to give me the best, at least the most appetising, out of his shop's produce. The wine was subsequently exchanged for lemonade, after various apologies and explanations. Another young man, who works in a small concern for making pumps, came round to Oye San with an offering of money in gratitude for what God had done for him.

I was unable to do anything that day or evening, so wired for one of our young workers to come and preach. I managed to crawl back to Kobe next day.

About fifteen souls were awakened, some of them enlightened; and time will show if any of them entered into life eternal.

What a rest if one could bring oneself to believe that those who have been truly saved could never fall away! But alas! if some are tempted so to think, work in Japan would quickly disillusion them! An entry in Wesley's Journal contains a striking reflection of my own mind in this particular. He says—

"At a little after preaching, one came to me who believed God had just set her soul at full liberty. She had been clearly justified long before, but said that 'the change she now experienced was extremely different from what she experienced then, as different as the noonday light from that of daybreak. That she now

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felt her soul all love, and quite swallowed up in God.' Now suppose, ten weeks or ten months hence, this person should be cold or dead, shall I say, 'She deceived herself; this was merely the work of her own imagination?' Not at all; I have no right so to judge, nor authority so to speak. I will rather say that she was unfaithful to the grace of God, and cast away what was really given. Therefore, that way of talking which has been very common, of 'staying to see if the gift be really given,' which some take to be exceeding wise, I take to be exceeding foolish. If a man says, 'I now feel nothing but love;' and I know him to be an honest man, I believe him. What then should I stay to see? Not whether he has such a blessing; but whether he will keep it."

The above reflection is continually illustrated in our work here in Japan. We long and cry for permanence and steadfastness, and, praise God, we see it in many; but we miss it also in not a few. I was going to write "more," but will not. And yet if friends at home could see the material, the surrounding temptations, the conditions of those among whom we work, they would marvel that anyone is saved and kept.

It was very interesting to find that many of those who professed salvation at Miki had attended our tent meetings here in Kobe, during the Exhibition.

Last Sunday, 9th July, we had "joy and gladness and a good day"—the first Communion Service held in the new Free Methodist Church, which consists solely of our Mission Hall converts. About fifty communicated. It was a solemn time. In the afternoon,

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eleven were baptized. We finished up with a splendid "open-air" at night. The people listened for one and a half hours with wonderful attention. It was far too hot to have a meeting inside the Hall, so our young workers and Christians buttonholed the people as they stood, and took them off, one by one, to a quiet spot to pray, and repent, and seek the Lord.

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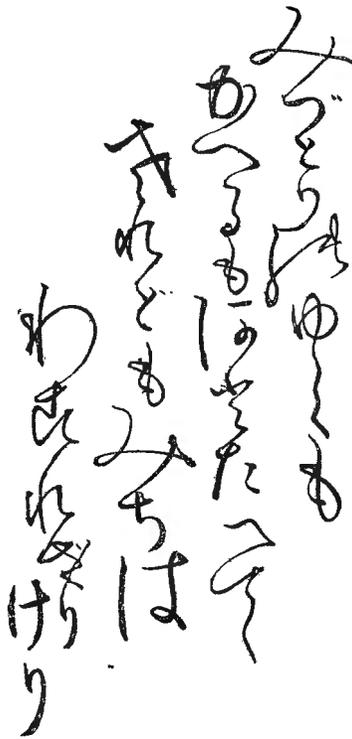
July 12th . . .

. . . Aug. 16th, 1911

CHAPTER XI

*Where there's
a Will
there's a Way*

Where there's a Will there's a Way



井の水をくむにゆくは跡なき道なり

*To fetch my water from the well
I go and come, I come and go.
No footprints bide behind, to show
The path my feet should tread; and yet,
Do you suppose I can forget
To fetch my water from the well?*

CHAPTER XI

Sunshine and Shadow

“AMONG the preachers assembled on the occasion, much concern was felt and expressed on account of Mr. Smith’s extraordinary and, as they could not but too truly augur, destructive exertions. It was agreed that he should be the subject of serious remonstrance, and that his new and interesting ties to society, he having recently become a father, should form the ground of expostulation. His old and valued friend, Mr. Methley, was to be spokesman, and he was to be followed by the serious and affectionate representations of the rest. While they were at supper Mr. Methley opened the business, and Mr. Smith listened with the most patient and respectful attention. As soon as the former had ceased he burst into a flood of tears, and at length replied, ‘What you say is all correct. I ought to put restraint upon myself; but oh, how can I! God has given me such a sight of the state of perishing souls that I am broken hearted, and can only vent my feelings in the way I do—entreating them to come to God, and pleading with Him to act upon and save them.’ Still weeping as in an agony, he continued, ‘Look round you, my brother. Do you not see sinners going to hell? And when I thus see and feel it, I am compelled to act.’ To this pathetic statement there was no reply, and all the company were melted into tears; and Mr. Methley was so deeply affected that, unable to restrain his emotions, he abruptly rose from the table and left the house.”

Memoirs of Rev. John Smith, 1822.

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Where is the God of this modern Elijah? Is He not the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Then why should not we have of His Spirit? Only sloth and unbelief can hinder. I feel I can say with Fletcher of Madeley—

“My heart is at present full of an advice which I have just given, with some success, to the Israelites in the wilderness about this place: spend, in feeling after Christ by the prayer of such faith as you have, whether it be dark or luminous, the time you have hitherto spent in desponding thoughts, in perplexing considerations upon the badness or uncertainty of your state; and come now to the Lord Jesus, with your present wants, daring to believe that He waits to be gracious to you.”

KOBE, *July 12, 1911.*—While in Miki, I was asked by a young convert to try and obtain deliverance for a girl, whom her father had sold into this infamous white slavery—known in the East as Government licensed vice—and I am seeking to get this accomplished through the Salvation Army. But it is exceedingly difficult, as the following incident will show. I write this that those who read may know the entanglements of sin and devilry in this land. It was told me by Oye San, who for some time was working with Mr. and Mrs. — in Kagoshima. Mrs. — was deeply interested in rescue work, and received permission to visit the hospital where these unhappy girls are treated when sick. She at times found there some who were

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anxious to get free. In one case the girl begged to leave her life of sin. Mr. R—, and the catechist, came to take her statement in presence of the police and the proprietor of the house of shame, who arrived with touts and hangers-on. The proprietor heckled and browbeat her, but she stuck to her point. The police sided with the wretched man, and expostulated with the girl, accusing her of lack of filial piety; but she declared it was her own wish, uninfluenced by any, to get away. The man was obliged to yield; but, refusing to have anything to do with the foreigner or the catechist, said he would deal directly with the parents. Mr. — could therefore do no more. The father lives in a distant part of Japan. Of course, the proprietor took no more notice, and did nothing.

Not long afterwards, Mrs. —, suspecting how matters stood, communicated with the father. He arrived; the girl was again visited; the police called, and the keeper. It was then finally decided that the father (who, it must be remembered, had sold his girl for about £70 or £80) should take his daughter home; and that the proprietor should make no claim for payment of money. This looked all straightforward; and great was the rejoicing of the girl and her deliverers. But the difficulty had only just begun. A few days later, a letter arrived from the girl saying that her father was taking her back, and

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proposed to sell her again at Kobe or some other place (presumably for another £50 or £60). The pastor saw this inhuman fiend. He bowed and smiled and made all sorts of promises, which meant nothing. In a few days he and his daughter started off by boat for home. When the boat had got well under way, what was his amazement and chagrin when he saw H. San, Mr. —'s catechist. The father's indignation was great, but he could not get away from him. They landed at Kobe for a few hours. In vain he tried to shake off the pestilent parson. But H. San was not to be escaped, and eventually reached the home of the man. Finding the father hopeless, and devoid of any sense of humanity, he approached the grandfather, and at length after much difficulty got the girl delivered.

This is a specimen case of what is going on all over the land. It is right through the fibre of the nation. In many cases the girls do not want to leave the life. In others the father sells the girl as the only apparent way of relieving himself from some heavy debt. But in any case the deliverance of these poor creatures is beset with indescribable difficulty; and anyone attempting it must be prepared to do so sometimes almost at the risk of his life, as the fiends who traffic in this business will use any sort of violence rather than be cheated of their prey. The Salvation Army have done good work, but were at the first attacked and beaten in spite of police protection. Through their good offices

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many girls got away. The actual law of the land allows freedom to any girl who expresses a wish before the police to the effect that she desires to give up the life of her own accord, uninfluenced by anyone else. But to get that wish expressed before the police, and then to get them to act, is, as I have shown, beset with immense difficulties. Truly the habitations of the heathen are full of cruelty. How long, Lord, how long? People say to-day there is no hell! Some have replied, "Then there OUGHT to be, if God is in heaven, and the 'ought' may be doubly underscored." Judson, the great prophet of Burmah, said of work among the Mohammedan and Caste Hindus: "When any person is known to be considering the new religion, all his relations and acquaintances rise *en masse*; so that to get a new convert is like pulling out the eye-tooth of a live tiger." Rescue work in Japan is not very unlike it. The Rev. U. G. Murphy has done yeoman service in fighting this great evil.

To-day O. San, one of the converts in the recent tent meetings, brought me ten shillings as a thank-offering. He said he had been thinking of all that his salvation had cost—not only of the price paid on Calvary, but how much we had been paying to bring him the message of eternal life. He is a newspaper seller, and earns twelve shillings a week. When pockets get converted, we may well believe there is a work of grace within. Reader, go thou and do likewise!

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July 13, 1911.—I went to call on M—— San this afternoon. It was beautiful to witness her simple, child-like faith. She talks to the Lord about everything, and finds Him faithful. She told me how precious He is to her soul. “The moment I open my eyes in the morning,” she said, “my thoughts fly instantly to Him. He is so near, so real, so precious to me.”

July 14, 1911.—Last night we began our tent meetings again. The heat is intense—95° in the shade at times, and damp withal. It is quite impossible to hold meetings indoors. Though the expense is considerable, we have hired ground and erected a tent without sides; decorated it on the outside with lanterns, lighted it with electric lamps, surrounded it with a fence of reed wickerwork, and in the space intervening it and the tent planted young fir trees, which gives the whole a delightfully cool appearance. Our Mission Hall seats are arranged around; and thus we have succeeded in tempting many of the hundreds who gather every night to get if possible a breath of fresh air. The tent has been full each night, and God has graciously given both the message and the power to reach the people. We begin at 8.30 p.m., and continue till nearly 11 o'clock. Hundreds thus hear the Word of life, and not a few are seeking salvation.

July 16, 1911.—I am on my way north to Karuizawa, to get a few days' quiet before our Summer

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Bible School begins. I always feel like a culprit as I leave our Japanese brethren to toil away in the heat, while I rest in the cool.

August 1, 1911.—Our first Japan Evangelistic Band Summer School has come and gone. The idea of having such was deeply impressed on me last year, after attending one of the ordinary denominational Summer Schools at which I had been asked to speak. I was pained at much that I heard there. The large majority of pastors and workers are disinclined to attend our Summer Holiness Convention, even if they were able to. It seemed therefore of the Lord that we should have a Summer Bible School, lasting one week, for Christian workers, pastors, and Bible women on spiritual and devotional lines. It was our first venture. I ordered the printer to strike off one hundred notices, expecting about forty to attend. The numbers were largely in excess of our expectation. As many as one hundred and ten came to the morning sessions, and nearly ninety in the evening.

Fifteen Missions or Denominations were represented—English Episcopal Church, American Episcopal Church, American Methodist, Canadian Methodist, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Oriental Missionary Society, Hephzibah Faith Mission, Baptist, Quaker, Congregationalist, Scandinavian Alliance, Scripture Union, Railway Mission, and our Japan Evangelistic Band workers. God graciously answered prayer in every way. At the close, it was

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a blessed sight to see as many as twenty-five pastors and workers kneeling at the penitent form, seeking the Lord with all their heart; and not in vain. As the days went on, the faces and whole attitude of many changed from criticism and curiosity, first to hunger, and then to holy satisfaction as they yielded to God, and began to find Jesus a complete, an uttermost Saviour. On Friday evening, as some thirty came forward to seek the Lord, it was touching to hear a little lad from the town, who had come into the meeting, cry aloud for salvation—his first prayer, faltering and delightfully unconventional, but from the heart; he seems really to have been found of the Lord, and has attended all the remaining meetings. He came to see me off at the station.

Another, a high school student, who had been hearing Christianity for four years, went back to Kyoto, a distance of some 350 miles, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

August 7, 1911.—I received the following letter to-day from a Japanese worker who was at the Summer School:—

“Hallelujah! Praise and glory be to the Lord Jesus! How can I tell, either by word or pen, of all the praise and joy I feel in my heart! It was yesterday afternoon that I was enabled to give Him all my heart, and the King of Glory came in. I can truly say that Jesus is my all in all. How can I refrain from proclaiming this glorious Gospel! And as I think over it,

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how can I put into words all the battle that went on within, ere I was able to receive the fire that burns and consumes all the dross within my heart? After coming to the meetings I was unable to sleep for three nights. The Lord searched, and searched, and searched my soul to its very depths. But yesterday afternoon the Lord got the victory. I have neither time nor space to write of it all, but must send you just a line. The year before last, while attending special meetings in Yokohama, I felt I had let the King of Glory in, and yielded; but since then, I cannot quite tell how or when, my old self-life has reasserted itself. I feel now that I had only yielded to God in intention, and that in reality I was seeking to use the Holy Ghost for myself instead of His using me. I realised that though with my lips I had often said I loved the Lord with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength, it was a lie before God, as I was loving another more than Him. But at last, when I yielded to Him, it seemed as though all my strength was taken away, and I felt helpless before Him while I got another to pray for me. But God dealt with me gently indeed. He cut very deeply, but I found His love a blessed anæsthetic as He took from me the hindering thing. I feel but a little child in the deep things of God. Pray for me, please. I praise Him with all my heart. Glory be to His holy name. Amen."

August 8, 1911.—To-day I have received news of the home-call of another who was saved at the tent meetings in Kobe, M—— San, a man of about fifty years of age. Soon after his conversion, which was exceptionally bright and clear, he was taken ill. Before this, however, he had by letter sought, I think with success, to lead back to Christ his only son, who was

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rapidly dying of consumption. He was a backslider, but began to seek the Lord again in his sickness. The father and son never met again below, though I trust they now rest together in Abraham's bosom. While the father was lying ill, he received a summons by wire to visit his now dying boy. This was impossible; but a few days later, getting news of his death, he endeavoured to go to the funeral. Arriving just as it was finished, he then lay down and died—another one gathered home to await my own crossing the bar. Oh, how I shall rejoice to see these dear children standing to welcome me there! He had a good deal of teaching before he came to our tent meetings; but had no idea of the WAY. It was easy to show him the simple way of faith and watch him enter in; and then to hear from his own lips the joy he so swiftly found. He never missed a meeting from that time till sickness overtook him. Two home-calls from among these new converts in a few short weeks! What need there is to buy up the opportunities!

August 9, 1911.—The London papers! Coronation scenes! What magnificence, pomp, and pageantry! unequalled, I suppose, in the world's history. And yet all that remains of it now is "a tale that is told"; while potentates and princes and all the mighty men who took part in it will in a few short years be only dust and ashes. "So fleets the comedy of life away." As with the man so with the nation—

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*Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*

But he that does the will of God shall abide for ever, and they that turn many to righteousness—"mean, unnoticed, and unknown" though they may be—shall one day shine as the stars in the firmament of heaven. What is the greatest potentate on earth but a sinner born to die—while the meanest of God's saints awaits his coronation by the King of kings.

August 10, 1911.—As I sit writing at my window I face the great Asama volcano, ten miles away as the crow flies. It has been particularly active this year. The muffled roar of its embowelled thunder, its never-ceasing volume of smoke and steam, and a few weeks ago a thick shower of finest lava-dust falling about us like rain, remind us that the fires are not yet extinct. Nature has been unkind to her this year. Her usual attire has been a grey raincoat; though often at evening after the work on this side of the globe is done, that past-master in art—the sun—has given us pictures of rare beauty. Two or three days ago, the old mountain, always barren and treeless, looked especially dull and sombre, as the sun, invisible all day, seemed to leave us without a smile; suddenly her towering volume of black smoke turned into a column of steam almost snow-white. At the same instant the sun turned out of his cloud-rack, and, pouring forth a

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torrent of fire, seemed to focus it upon Asama's crown. The effect utterly defies description. It seemed as though wave upon wave, billow upon billow of liquid fire moved majestically upward into the darkening sky. It lasted but a few minutes; and as our planet rolled on, the sun bade his silent adieu, and we were in grey-land once more.

I am writing at 10.30 p.m. It is a perfect, cloudless summer night. The moon is full. The air is still as death. Nature is asleep; but Asama is not. Tirelessly she is pouring out her wreaths of steam. Fortunately, the beauty of the moon is not quite cruel enough to eclipse the ruddy glow from the mountain's internal fires, reflected upon the first few feet of the rising column. For it has the appearance of a tiara of flame, fading imperceptibly into the silver of her thousand feet of steam, as it rises almost motionless, soft as a gossamer wraith, suffused with all the borrowed beauty that her majesty the moon can lavish upon it. How constantly in my heart and upon my lips rises the exclamation, "If His handiwork be of such transcendent beauty, what will its Maker be, when we shall see Him as He is, and these eyes shall feast themselves upon Him in ecstatic bliss for ever and ever! Hallelujah!"

August 16, 1911.—I did not expect to have to record Mount Asama's doings further; but, alas! a terrible gloom has been cast over the whole community.

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For many years it has been the custom to make pleasure pilgrimages to the summit. Leaving Karuizawa at 7.30 p.m., a party climbs the mountain, arriving soon after midnight, and after spending some time looking into the burning crater and waiting to see the sun rise, returns to Karuizawa at about 10 a.m. The night before last several parties started, inclusive of Japanese numbering nearly seventy. The following cutting from one of the daily papers tells the sequel :—

“More than one explosion had made itself evident during the early hours of the morning. There was but little noise, and as Asama had been rather active for the greater part of the season, nobody paid any particular attention to the outbursts. About 9 o'clock, however, Mr. Willis, of Yokohama, arrived at the Karuizawa Hotel in a condition of exhaustion. He reported that some of the parties had been injured and help was needed. Mr. Willis was so exhausted that he collapsed as soon as he reached his room, and was only able to give a partial account of the actual conditions. He reported, however, that the Rev. John Hail was seriously injured in the legs; that Miss Tripler was struck on the head; and one Japanese was probably fatally injured; while several others, both foreigners and Japanese, were suffering from bruises and burns, and were in a dangerous condition. At once a rescue party started out, accompanied by Dr. M'Cloy and Dr. Schwartz, with horses, jinrickshas, ambulances, and medical supplies. About 11.30 the Rev. — Hoekje arrived in a badly battered condition. He had been struck square in the face by a red-hot boulder, and was badly cut about the head and face.

“An hour later Mr. Sammons arrived, and gave a graphic account of the experiences of the party.

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He was suffering from a sprained knee, but otherwise escaped with a severe shaking. He said that the party were near the mouth of the crater taking breakfast about 5 o'clock when a terrific explosion took place. There was a tremendous shooting of steam, like the blowing off of twenty locomotives, and then red-hot stones of all sizes began to fall. Everybody took to their heels and ran in all directions. Mr. Sammons ran in the direction of the second crater, and was suddenly aware that a red-hot boulder, breast high, had struck about ten feet away. He stopped, dazed, unable to move, and then, looking round, he felt as if he were almost on a battlefield. Men were lying prostrate everywhere, either struck by the flying boulders, or stumbling over the stones in the mad rush for safety. One Japanese was killed outright; two others were fatally injured; while a fourth was in a precarious condition. Mr. Hail was badly injured, both his legs being crushed and burned. Apparently he had been struck by some heavy boulder and was quite helpless. Dr. Morris, from China, was fortunately unhurt, and stayed with Mr. Hail, but could do nothing to stop the bleeding as he had no appliances; so, after doing all he could, he had to watch him bleed to death, which occurred about 12 noon. He leaves a widow and four little children, the youngest being but a few weeks old."

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. . . Oct. 9th, 1911

CHAPTER XII

A Grace

that nothing

can mar

A Grace that nothing can mar



*Although the night in days of Spring
May seem to wrap my flowers in death,
Its darkest overshadowing
Can never stifle their sweet breath.*

CHAPTER XII

With the Children

“No man feels the value of the soul of another, who has not been made sensible of the worth of his own soul. No man discerns the malignity of sin in the world, who has not felt its bitterness and terror in his own heart. No man is awake to the peril of the ungodly, who has not trembled under the sense of personal danger. No man forms a correct estimate of the value of the atonement, who has not had the blood of Christ sprinkled on his own conscience.”—*Memoirs of John Smith.*

O Lord, write these solemn verities on the hearts of all Thy preachers, and most of all on mine. Amen.

KARUIZAWA, August 18, 1911.—I get good news from the Kobe Gospel tent. Takeda San writes—

“The tent work is being blessed. We are realising the power of God in the meetings, though we do not see such definite results as we would like. The brethren are enjoying it, and I think it is good training for them. On the other hand, we realise the power of darkness and that it is a real fight. One man who has been in prison three times, always under a false name, has been most brightly converted. He had sunk to the lowest depths, but his deliverance has been most thorough. Grace seems to have reached

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to the very depths of his heart. He is always testifying with tears of this grace. A few days ago, however, under stress of the most exasperating persecution he lost his temper and quarrelled with three fellow-workmen on the roof of a house where they were working. He seems to have got the best of it, and they took to their heels and ran. After they left him he was deeply convicted and broken before the Lord. He wept, and cried, 'I am lost! I am lost! I was saved, but I have thrown away my salvation!' He at once went to find the men, and humbled himself before them, confessed his sin, and asked them to forgive him. He came to the tent last night, but could get neither peace nor comfort. The next day he could do nothing. We sought to comfort him, but in vain. He went off to the mountain alone to seek God's face. The following day was Sunday; he attended the morning service in great misery. I spoke on the purpose of the Cross. He came back to our house for dinner, and afterwards, taking up *Richard Weaver's Life*,* was amazed to see how he, too, had backslidden after his conversion, and was restored. This greatly encouraged him, and he has now recovered the light of the Lord's countenance."

He writes again—

"Every morning we are having early prayer meetings from 5 to 7. The Lord is blessing us. Some of the new converts are very bright, and testify every evening. Last night we had a blessed prayer meeting on the mountain-side. Some twenty-eight persons were present. It was heavy at first and hard fighting; but the Lord prevailed. They were filled with the spirit of prayer and intercession. It was impressive to hear the new converts pleading for their friends and relations."

* A Japanese translation of RICHARD WEAVER'S LIFE-STORY, by Rev. J. Paterson, M.A., B.D. (London: Morgan & Scott Ltd.).

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But the devil is not idle. We feel his power and grieve. May the Lord strengthen us to pray.

ARIMA, *September 7, 1911.*—My summer vacation has been occupied mostly in meetings. It has been a great privilege to meet and know God's honoured servant, Rev. J. Goforth, of China. His addresses at Karuizawa were helpful to many, and now he has been with us at our Japanese Annual Convention. He, together with Sasao San, recently returned from England, took the meetings. More than 260 were present. Through his striking and powerful story, the people got a real vision of Revival; while brother Sasao's searching messages on the way of faith, and heart cleansing, and perfect love, from St. John's Epistle, brought many into real personal blessing. At the closing service, thank-offerings were given, or promised, amounting to Yen 620 (£63). We are looking forward for real result from these gatherings, as the workers and Christians get back to their homes and churches. It is such an encouragement to see the numbers increasing each year. I rejoice to see T— San, who was so brightly saved at our Komoro Summer Bible School, brimming over with sunshine and peace. Hallelujah!

September 20, 1911.—To-day I met one who was saved at a series of meetings I conducted a year ago. She was about seventeen years of age. Although attending all the meetings, she had been unmoved

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to the very end, ridiculing the whole thing, and determined never to be a Christian. In this mood she returned home. That evening God suddenly brought her into the deepest conviction and desire to be saved. She could get no rest all that night, and in the morning testified to her friends that she had decided to follow Christ. Without any clear instruction in the way of faith, God blessed her and kept her in His way. Three months later she began reading Brengle's *Helps to Holiness*, and here she was most clearly convicted for inward holiness.

I was amazed as I listened to this child of only seventeen years, with but two or three months' Christian experience, telling me how she had the keenest sense of need and longing for entire sanctification. For days she sought the Lord with tears for a clean heart; and at midnight, as she was waiting upon Him, "there came," she said, "the deepest peace into my heart. I cried aloud for joy. Oh, this is what I wanted! This is full salvation! The Comforter has come!" She could not sleep for joy that night, and on the following day told her friends what God had done. Three of them were at once convicted of their need also, and, seeking God with all their hearts, some days later entered into the same experience. Since then they have had some severe testings, some painful tumbles, but they are still walking in the light, softened, and humbled, and hungry, and proving that

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the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from *all* sin those who trust Him wholly.

TOKYO, *September 24*, 1911.—I am here again at the — School to conduct five days' meetings. In the semi-waking hours of the early morning, almost as in a dream, the words, "A root out of a dry ground," "Floods upon the dry ground"—Calvary and Pentecost—were brought forcibly before me. Oh, may it be so these days! The enemy of souls did not fail to suggest that this was only a dream. I was at once reminded of Job xxxiii. 14-17, and so was encouraged and enabled to ask in faith.

October 6, 1911.—My days have been too busy to allow of making any entry in my Journal. God graciously fulfilled His promise of "floods on the dry ground," and the work goes on. It was easy to speak, easy to pray, and easy to believe. I was busy after the third day praying with, and seeking to help, convicted souls. I saw about twenty of those who professed conversion last year, and about ten or a dozen new ones; while many letters subsequently received reveal God's gracious working in others with whom I had no opportunity to converse. As I listened to the stories of some who, after determination never to believe, were convicted directly by the Spirit of God, and heard of their sorrow for sin, "the mystic joys of penitence," the inability to be satisfied until they *knew* their sins forgiven, or were assured that the

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Comforter had come to abide, I recalled the Psalmist's prayer, "Make me to hear joy and gladness" (*i.e.* in heaven over one sinner repenting). I did take to myself the blessings promised to those "that know the joyful sound," and, unlike the Prodigal's brother when I heard it, felt it was altogether meet to make merry and be glad. Oh that there may be *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. I think it was Wesley who, on a visit to Oxford, makes the remark in his Journal: "I was grieved to find prudence had made them leave off singing. . . . I fear it will not stop here. God deliver me and all that seek Him in sincerity from what the world calls Christian prudence."

Altogether it was happy though tiring work—a little bit of heaven to see these children, varying in age from fifteen to twenty, seeking and finding the Saviour. The sight of their earnest faces, the quivering lip, the falling tear, the broken faltering accents in prayer, often followed by fulness of joy when some of them seemed almost on the wing for heaven, is luxury indeed. The worldling is welcome to his amusements, if only I may have joy such as this. Those pathetic words of Sir Walter Raleigh at the Elizabethan Court come repeatedly to my mind as I think of the worldling's life—

*"Where . . . strained
Sardonic smiles are glozing still,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And only sorrows real be."*

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One of the students, about eighteen years of age, who was converted last year, came to me hungering deeply for a fuller life in God. Her eyes were full of tears. In faltering accents she prayed; and then as I continued to bear her up in prayer, suddenly bursting out in praise, she cried, "Lord Jesus, I thank Thee! I thank Thee! I thank Thee! Never have I tasted Thy love till now. Oh, what love! Oh, what love! I thank Thee, thank Thee, Jesus!" I had never seen anyone more evidently baptized with His Spirit. The Lord has plainly laid hold of her to make her an instrument in the school. After I had left she gathered five girls for prayer, and has helped several into this deeper experience. The praying band has increased to thirty, I hear, and several who made no profession at the meetings, now broken and convicted, have fled to Him who was bruised for their iniquities. Many in their letters of testimony speak of her as having been *the greatest blessing* to them; and more than one who have called her to pray with and for them have through her intercession entered into liberty and joy.

A great cause for thankfulness is that the deepest part of the work began after I had gone. The leader of one of the classes said that she almost feared to take her class as the girls seemed as though they were in heaven.

Within the last week I went on to another school,

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in numbers far smaller than the other. I had no opportunity of seeing the pupils personally; and though they listened with the deepest attention, there does not appear to have been the least movement among them. I fear the Spirit of God was not there—or rather, as it seemed to me, He was grieved by some hindering thing. What it was I know not. Can it have been in me? A solemn thing is wasted service. May God search us and see to these things, that fruitless days shall not come again. It may be He will work after I have left. (I have since heard that God did a real work in a few.)

October 8, 1911.—Yesterday I was at the ——— School for lunch. I hesitate to write more, lest I should appear to exaggerate; but, as far as I can judge, God seems to have visited the school in somewhat of Revival power. There is a deep spirit of prayer. Meetings are being kept up among the girls themselves. The joy in many of them is unbounded; and since I have left I hear that some who were stubborn, opposed, and untouched during the meetings have since turned to the Lord. There has been not a little confession of sin to the teachers; while in more than one case Christians of long standing in the school declare they have never been born again till now. Within the past few days I have received a number of letters bearing testimony to what God has done in the hearts of many. Fulness of joy characterises most. Confession of sins

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hidden hitherto and unconfessed, but now eternally put away through the atoning blood, and an assured sense of being God's dear children, tempt me somewhat to enlist my readers' more intelligent interest and praise by reproducing the letters here ; but such might be hardly best or kind.

We fain would take from the lips of our blessed Master His words of praise and say, " We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

OSAKA, *October 9, 1911.*—The following cutting from to-day's paper is of interest. The last sentence is especially significant. It is headed "Religious Tolerance in Japan."

"Mr. Miyai Kanejiro, President of the Jimpu-kai in Koishikawa, was to give an antichristian address in a theatre in the town of Hiratsuka to-day, in compliance with the request of a section of the people in that town. It appears (the *Japan Mail* quotes the *Yamato Shimbun* as saying) that some days ago Mr. Tomita, Principal of the elementary school in Hiratsuka, acting on informal instructions from the educational authorities, took all the pupils to the Kasuga shrine and the Hachiman shrine to worship. Two girls named Imada Maki and Imada Chise, aged thirteen and ten respectively, daughters of Mr. Imada Tsuyoshi, of the Christian Mission, did not go to the school on that day, and their names were entered in the roll book as absent. Mr. Imada

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protested to the Principal, stating that he worshipped only one God as taught by Christianity. To worship a heathen god or ancestors was against his belief, and he had refused to allow his daughters to join the pilgrimage, acting on his religious belief. This protest excited some anger amongst a section of the townsfolk, who decided to invite Mr. Miyai and others to give a public address to inculcate the worship of Shinto gods and ancestors. Mr. Miyai has been interviewed by the *Yamato*, to whose representative he said that the matter could not be considered as a trivial local affair. It demanded serious attention, as touching the great question of Divine worship, an important element of national education.

“ When ‘ General ’ Booth visited Japan in 1907, the inscription on one of his banners read, ‘ Our banner, which dedicates the Japanese Empire to Jesus Christ. ’ He felt great indignation and gave a public address on the subject. Mr. Mukai Gunji was expelled from the Meiji University in 1908 because he had disclaimed the obligation of observing the Imperial Rescript on Education. The present affair must not be passed unnoticed, as the essence of the national education will be destroyed if such a state of things be tolerated. He will therefore try to stir up public opinion on this question. Mr. Takakoro, Director of the Common Education Bureau of the Department of Education, has also been interviewed by the *Yamato*, and is credited with having stated that the Department has not had to deal with a question of this nature since the Uchimura affair in the First High School some years ago. Since the proposed public speech is to be given under the auspices of the townsfolk, though school teachers may probably be interested in the matter, it is not a question for the Religious Bureau of the Home Office to deal with. As for the worship of *Ujigami* (Local Deities) it is explicitly mentioned in the instruction given to the local Governors by the Minister of



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was sentenced to death for committing murder. The sentence was commuted to twenty-five years' penal servitude. After serving eight years, he was converted; and during the remaining seventeen years committed the whole of the New Testament to memory; led many of his fellow-prisoners to Christ; and when he came out, left two hundred Christians and inquirers. He now preaches the Gospel everywhere, and is much used of God.

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Education. The matter is troublesome, as it will provoke a protest on the part of the foreigners if too much ado be made about it."

What does the last sentence in the light of what has gone before mean? I believe it reveals the real feelings of the people, and shows in more ways than one the determined attempt on the part of the authorities to revive ancestor worship and *ipso facto* a no less determined though secret endeavour to discourage the Christian religion. So the Japanese world wags on.

Since I last wrote, what amazing turmoils have arisen the world over! Wars and rumours of wars. Truly they herald the coming of our King!

I had the pleasure of meeting once more Kochi San, who has spent nearly half his life behind the walls of the great convict prison in the Hokkaido. Committing murder when about nineteen, he was condemned to death; and while waiting his execution (he could not read at the time) he heard, for the first time, from a Christian warder those life-giving words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." But, alas! as soon as his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life—twenty-five years—his good impressions passed away as a morning cloud. It was not till eight years later that he was again convicted of sin, and that without any human

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agency. At the same time, through a dream in which an angel appeared to him with the Bible, saying, "Take and read," he learned to read and once more turned to the Word of God. Powerfully converted, he committed the whole New Testament to memory during the remaining seventeen years of imprisonment. He was at once used of the Lord in bringing the message of salvation to his fellow-prisoners; but though he never once lost his assurance of salvation, and was instrumental in leading men to Christ, he soon began to discover the remains of sin in his nature. The words, "Love thinketh no evil" and "Love never faileth" were like a sharp sword in his bones, revealing both what he was and, by the grace of God, what he might and ought to be.

Without any teaching from man on the possibility, need, and way of entire sanctification in this life, he was taught of the Lord that Christ died to cleanse us from all sin, inward and outward, and that the Holy Ghost was able to fill us with perfect love. For four years he struggled with his evil nature—fasting, praying, and repenting again; till, in despair, after some hours of fasting in the intense heat, during which time he was mercilessly tormented with mosquitoes, he told us how, like a flash of lightning, God revealed to him the power of the precious blood to cleanse him from all indwelling sin. From that blessed day, persecuted and opposed, tempted and

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tried, he has never let go his confidence, and never found the Lord to fail, or His precious blood insufficient to keep him clean and sweet and loving; giving him power to lift up his eyes, like Stephen of old, to behold the Lord standing at the right hand of God, when troubles and oppositions and dangers have been flying like stones about his head. He has proved it true that the love shed abroad in his heart does keep him from thinking evil, even of his persecutors, and that it never faileth. He is travelling everywhere, in town and village, unattached to any mission, trusting only God for his supplies, and finding an abundant entrance into unopened places, where he proclaims a full salvation for the vilest sinner. God seals his service in no ordinary degree, for He has found in Him a man utterly devoted to both sinner and Saviour.

JOURNAL

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. . . Jan. 1st, 1912

CHAPTER XIII

*The Confidence
of Innocence*

CHAPTER XIII

More Country Missions

“THE *mode* of the Divine working is dictated by sovereign wisdom ; but the *degree* depends on the faith of the Church. God Himself determines whether He will descend as the dew upon Israel or as the burning flame ; but it is for His people to decide whether He shall come upon the single fleece while the rest of the floor is dry, or whether the whole of the camp shall be surrounded and gladdened by the scattering of angel’s food. . . . A spurious faith is to be distinguished from the genuine and Scriptural : first, by its want of success ; and secondly, by its hurtful reaction upon the possessor.”—*Memoirs of Rev. John Smith.*

May these golden words of that remarkable man of God stimulate our hearts to justify God and bring the blessing down upon His people. Why not? Oh, why not? Only that God-angering thing, unwillingness or inability or sloth to *lay hold* of God’s desire and power ; only that unreasonable smiting but thrice with the arrows of faith can stay or hinder the mighty Hand of God ! It shall not, must not be ! We must believe. Oh that all His people would say, Amen !

October 10, 1911.—The following story from a

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current Roman Catholic periodical, the *Koe*, may give some idea of their work in this land. One of their priests writes as follows:—

“About the ninth or tenth year of Meiji (1876-77), when working in the Niigata field, there were two events which I should like to relate, one of them ridiculous but joyous, the other an exasperating case of deception.

“The ridiculous but joyous affair was the baptism of an idiot, a man of 35 or 36—perhaps 40. I used to go out every month several times to the town of Gosen. On one occasion I happened to meet a most interesting idiot. He was a man of fine physical appearance, very gentle, and extremely fond of dogs. He usually had a string of ownerless dogs in train, and spent his days going about begging food for these protégés. If he were born an idiot, I would baptize him; and what a happy thing that would be for him! I had waited for half a year, getting the catechist at Gosen to make the necessary inquiries; and ascertaining that he was certainly a born idiot, I determined to baptize him. But how to carry out this resolve was the question. In the first place, since he was a fool, I could not talk with him; and who could tell what he might do when the water of baptism was poured on his head? In general he was peaceable and quiet, but he might become violently angry when the water was applied. There was nothing to do but wait an opportunity.

“About $1\frac{1}{2}$ ri (nearly four miles) on the Niigata side of Gosen there is a river-ferry, and on each side there is a tea-house for people waiting for the ferry. The place is called Manganji. On one of my trips I reached this ferry, and while waiting for the boat to come back across the river, I went into the tea-house to rest. There were a number of others waiting, and who should be among them but the above-mentioned

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idiot! Thinking it an opportunity not to be missed, I filled a tea-cup with water, and going up in front of him as he stood there singing a fool-song, I said, 'If you will drink this cup of water I will give you this twenty sen as a reward,' and let it glitter before his eyes. Showing intense eagerness to get the coin, he reached for the cup, when, dashing the water in his face, I recited rapidly, 'I wash you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost!' Finding himself dripping with water, he glared on me with angry eyes and seemed about to leap on me, but handing him the twenty sen piece, I said, 'Good fellow, wise man,' and getting out another twenty sen piece, I gave him that too. His anger melted into a laugh, and without knowing even to say Arigato (thank you), he passed along, again singing his idiot-song. The people in the tea-house said, 'This foreigner plays funny jokee,' and laughed immoderately. I laughed too, but my laugh had a different meaning from that of the unbelievers. The poor imbecile had entered the spiritual world by means of the rite that looked irreverent and like a bit of joking. He had received the blessings of the Saviour's blood and the gift of eternal life and fellowship in heaven with all angels and saints. I often think, when I have died and passed the pains of purgatory and entered the heavenly home, the first to greet me will be that poor idiot."

Alas! who can comment on a travesty such as this! Immoderate laughter were almost pardonable in us too, if the piteousness of the tale did not strangle it in our very throat.

*"And so they've voted the devil out,
And of course the devil has gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on?"*

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October 11, 1911.—I arrived at Chiba—a large town $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Tokyo, to conduct a few days' Gospel meetings for the Scandinavian Missionary Alliance. Miss ——, an American Swede, is working devotedly there. God is blessing the meetings. The postmaster is an earnest Christian. Every week he has a meeting in the post-office, at which 30 to 50 of the postal and telegraph officials attend, several among them being Christians. He leads the meeting.

October 13, 1911.—I met Mrs. O——, an earnest Christian. Her husband, captain of a river boat, was saved at some meetings I took a few years back in a neighbouring town. He contracted dysentery last year in trying to relieve the flood sufferers, and went home brightly trusting in Jesus. I was glad to meet his widow, and see her so true to the Lord. I called on an agent of one of the banks, and found him a "Mission school Christian"—a backslider he calls himself. I judge he has never had any real knowledge of grace—alas! a not uncommon experience amongst those who have been baptized at boys' mission schools.

October 16, 1911.—We finished up last night with a good week-end. The Lord has turned some to Himself—a post-office official, two students, a poor concubine, and one or two more young women—a strangely composite lot.

KOBE, *October 26, 1911.*—Back home again after

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several weeks' absence. On my return from Tokyo I spent a week at Nagoya—always a hard place to work in. We saw but little result of our meetings here, though the church was full. Only three or four sought salvation. One of the Christian women, however, was graciously blessed of the Lord; her joy and peace and love were unbounded. She had had a misunderstanding with the pastor of another church, and her heart was clouded with bitterness and rebellion. The Lord deeply convicted her; and with tears and the deepest brokenness of spirit she sought and obtained forgiveness both from man and God. I believe the Lord truly baptized her with His Spirit the next morning. Anyway, her joy was so full that she could not keep from praising God, and testifying to men how He had set her soul at liberty.

October 29, 1911.—We realised God's presence in a variety of gatherings. A wedding, a baptism service, the Lord's Supper, a funeral, and a red-hot salvation meeting to finish up with. The funeral—the first at our Mission Hall—was especially solemn, and owned of God. Takeda San, and others of our workers, had attended the old lady to the end, and found her very bright and waiting for the summons. Her son, a schoolmaster, is unsaved, but was much impressed at her death. He brought a large number of the masters and students of the Higher Commercial School to the funeral service. Kawabe San gave a most solemn and

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searching word on "Being dead yet speaketh." These men and boys had never before attended a Christian funeral, and were much impressed at the solemnity, and the holy triumph. The old lady's daughter, also in the scholastic line in Tokyo, is an earnest Christian. She truly rejoiced.

In the afternoon some eight men were baptized. We felt God's presence with us as we again praised Him together for giving us these trophies of His power and His grace.

October 30, 1911 (in the train).—I am again in the train, with Takeda San, on my way to a little old-fashioned village town five miles from the railroad. My last visit here was some six or seven years ago.

October 31, 1911.—We are staying at the house of one of the Christians. They got it into their hearts and heads that a poor foreigner could not behave like a sensible Japanese and sleep on the floor, on their beautifully soft quilts; but have actually ordered me a spring bed from Kobe—and a special cook who is serving Takeda San and myself a four-course lunch and four-course dinner every day! Fortunately, I do not take breakfast, so their generosity gets a rest. What would poor old Horace have written if he had come this way? Certainly not—

*"O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur boluscula lardo?"*



THE REV. J. NAKADA.
A leading Japanese Evangelist.

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Well! well! If a cup of cold water given to the least of His disciples is rewarded, what will such bounty bestowed on one worse than the least deserve? The simplicity of these loving country people is very sweet! But what is far sweeter is their zeal for the Lord. It is now the busiest time for the farmers, and yet some sixty in all are gathering for five days, at four meetings a day, to hear the word of the Lord.

This is one of the brightest little churches I know—pastorless withal. They are tired of the icy disquisitions of modern theology preachers, finding they get on better without them. The Japan Evangelistic Band pay them occasional visits now and again. I think if Paley had lived in Japan to-day he would not have greatly altered his famous dictum, "Morality has been preached to such an extent that there is scarce a moral man to be found in the whole kingdom." This is true outside the churches, and I fear not altogether untrue within.

It is a joy to meet some who were saved on our last visit in 1907. Two farmers are especially bright. One is full of the Holy Ghost. He is determined to get his dear old father saved at this time, and has spent hours in prayer for this purpose. The following is his letter written to me in 1907, after his conversion:—

"So many grateful thanks for your visit to us. Since that time I have been continuing in joy day by day, for at that time I obtained the witness that

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I was received of God. After leaving you at the ferry, I at once returned home and met with much persecution from my family ; but the Lord had already taught me by His own humility, when He humbled Himself before the poor Samaritan in asking from her a drink of water. Therefore I immediately submitted to them and asked them to pardon me ; but I continued to testify boldly that I had been born again and received of God. Then the Lord taught me through the Word in John iii. 16, when I was still wondering what would be the upshot. I saw thereby that I could not lead my family into His fold unless I was willing to give up my life. Again the word came, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13). From that time the Lord led me to give myself to fasting and prayer ; and oh, how He filled me with joy ! Showing me the spiritual meaning of Matt. iv. 17, I was constrained to cry out for my family still more and more. That night, too, I had a dream, and dreamed that the Lord appeared to me, and Himself gave me the word John iv. 14 ; at which I cried out with joy unspeakable.

"The next day the Lord encouraged me with Matt. ix. 14-17. I was therefore enabled to lay hold in faith with greater assurance. I was still further helped by Rom. x. 9-11 and xi. 13, 14. During these days of fasting I truly experienced the truth of John iv. 32, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.' As I continued weeping for very joy, and crying out unto the Lord, my family thought I was mad. They became very anxious about me, and had a consultation to know what they could do with me. On the third day I sent word to the brethren and sisters at Kagato, begging them to unite in prayer for me that God would strengthen me to keep on believing till I saw the glory of God. That evening they held a prayer-meeting for me in the church ; and a little later the pastor, Mr. Oda, and his wife, paid me a visit at my home. We

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there and then held a prayer-meeting at which the Lord worked in great power. Hallelujah! My wife and young brother both yielded to the Lord. I heard from the pastor that you were praying for me and my friends. Many thanks for this. I therefore just write these few lines to tell you of all the way the Lord has led and blessed me. Please praise and pray with me. So many thanks, too, for the book you so kindly sent."

To-day the farmer's wife came up to me and said, "I was saved in that room (pointing to the little vestry) when you were here last. Oh, I remember it so well!" She walks in every day, nearly three miles, reaching home each day about midnight, and always has a smiling face. This is our deepest joy, to see our children walking in the truth. Amongst others, I trust the father has now found his son's Saviour. Hitherto nothing would induce him to attend any sort of Christian gathering; but this time he has not missed a single meeting. His son is overjoyed. Two Roman Catholics have, I trust, found peace. They are sisters of Mrs. F——, whose husband was saved in our tent meetings in Kobe. I found them, as is invariably the case with all Greek and Roman adherents, entirely ignorant of God's way of peace.

November 4, 1911.—Very tired, I left the loving, simple-hearted people of Kagato. They put into my hand 30s. towards our work. May God bless them, and make that little church an increasing blessing to the whole countryside.

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KOBE, *November 11, 1911.*—On Monday, November 16, I joined Mimaki San for a mission at the Bishop Poole Girls' School in Osaka, and we have closed to-day. The Principal says she thinks thirty-one have been brought to the Lord. But, on the whole, we have not experienced what we did last year. I know not why! Is it that we did not give ourselves to prayer as much as we ought? What terrible things are wasted days! Ah, what can ever lay the ghosts of those precious years, and months, and days that our folly has so wantonly slain! Oh to be kept from that sad employment of merely marking time!

KURE, *November 15, 1911.*—Yesterday I arrived here to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. ———, very old friends. They have a bright little work. It seems indeed unnecessary for me even to think of assisting in such a place as this. Both Mr. and Mrs. ——— have the language so well, and are full of real Evangelistic zeal and love for souls. Still, it is a joy to be here. Kure is a large naval centre. Blue-jackets swarm everywhere, in addition to the thousands of workmen in the arsenal and dockyards.

November 21, 1911.—The meetings have been well attended, and there has been a nice spirit. I trust the Christians have been encouraged and blessed, and some others set Zionward. At the praise meeting last night one dear fellow said he had felt both afraid and ashamed to come to God, as he had villified and

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hated His Gospel for so long. He comes, I find, from near Matsuye—a place very noted for its antichristian feeling. He had been to hear of Christianity now and then, but had always come away more opposed and more bitter than ever. We praise God for saving him and changing his heart. The Lord has, I believe, opened the hearts of several women to receive the truth. In this vast city there are only four bodies at work—the C.M.S., the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist. In spite of all hindrances, the Lord blesses. Some time ago the — catechist was arrested for stealing money, which it was discovered he had been using for visiting houses of ill fame, while he was supposed to edify and shepherd the flock! The — work also is at present closed because the worker had to be dismissed for misdemeanour. The painful truth expressed in that clever epigram, “Your actions speak so loud that I cannot hear a word you say,” is, alas! patent to all.

KOBE, *November 27, 1911.*—Yesterday three more of our Mission Hall converts were baptized. One was M— San, a rough diamond, but still a diamond, unpolished, truly bright—once an ardent worshipper in what some have called heathen Christian Science. Of course, *all* Christian Science is heathenish; but then this particular form, “Tenrikyo” they call it, has a Japanese dress. Curiously enough, like its counterpart in America, its inventor was a woman, an old

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lady. The "scheme" began about twenty-five years ago, and it now has hundreds of thousands of adherents. M—— San is now as earnest for the Lord as he was in this peculiarly subtle form of devilry. It was beautiful to see his joy. Mrs. T—— and her sister were the other two. Mr. T——, her husband, was sent by his firm to spend a few months in Lord Armstrong's works at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He writes pathetically to his wife somewhat as follows:—

"I was always under the impression that one of the main causes of England's greatness, and the stability of the English character, was her religious life and training. I have been woefully disappointed. I have spent my Sundays since I arrived here in visiting the various churches. But the whole business appears to me lifeless and formal. I evidently must look elsewhere for the foundation of English life and character. Sunday is now to me the most irksome day in the week!"

His wife has recently turned to the Lord through Takeda San; and after obtaining her husband's consent, was baptized yesterday. She is naturally anxious that he too should be saved. He returns to Japan next month, without, I fear, seeing much, if any, real Christian life. I trust his wife's godly conversation will lead him to Jesus.

December 1, 1911.—My last two days have been spent in the process of moving into a European house, in order to welcome Mr. and Mrs. ——. Fortunately,

MORE COUNTRY MISSIONS

it is not a very arduous business. The whole performance only cost me 7s., which was apparently a very generous payment for the labour expended! While in the midst of counting the articles in my kitchen repository, investigating pots and pans, etc., I had a two hours' interesting visit from an inquirer who has been attending our meetings for some time. His occupation is that of fortune-telling, physiognomy, and other quackeries. He knows it is all fraud, and longs for peace of heart; but alas! his bread and butter! His sister is a Christian, and prays for him continually. He has a wife and six children; and though some of them are earning a competent wage, and according to Japanese custom would gladly support him till he gets something else to do, he is not yet prepared to break loose from the devil's entanglements.

December 27, 1911.—Christmas has come and gone again. We sat down, on the 25th, sixteen in number. On Boxing Day about eighty of us had a Japanese supper at the Hall, followed by a rousing praise and testimony meeting. The Rev. Herbert Wood, of Liverpool, reminded us of the five blessings in Psalm ciii. necessary for a Happy and Blessed New Year; while Mrs. Wood gave us a sweetly characteristic message. I had to interpret for Mr. Wood. Those who know his flights of Gay Street oratory will smile audibly. Some of our Mission rather maliciously observed that they were glad to see me up so many

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trees—or in so many holes, I forget which! This was cruel, to say the least of it, seeing that I am no longer their tormentor in the language exams.

January 1, 1912.—A HAPPY NEW YEAR! We had a solemn time last night at our Watch-Night Service, held after our last Gospel meeting for the year, in which I spoke to an attentive audience on the “fruitless fig-tree.” We bowed in the deepest gratitude for God’s unnumbered mercies. We were humbled before Him at the failure, the lost opportunity, the little power. We solemnly renewed our covenant with the Lord to live, and serve, and if need be suffer for our Master in 1912, as never before. We closed at 1.15 on New Year’s morning! What a delight it was to see, at that meeting, men who a year before were celebrating the New Year in drunkenness and debauch, now clothed and in their right mind; pouring out their hearts in praise and adoration, in humble confession and believing consecration before our blessed Jesus. “Truly it is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

JOURNAL

Jan. 8th . . .

. . . Feb. 29th, 1912

CHAPTER XIV

*Conviction
of
Sin*

Conviction of Sin

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*Although the world may never guess
The shame and sorrow of my sin,
This brings no peace to my distress,
My heart is guilty still within.*

CHAPTER XIV

A Tour North

“How is anyone to know the false joy from the true? Well, Missis, I can't say. I think folks can't know unless they try. As far as I know, it's a kind of joy that makes you ready to let all the world trample on you and never mind a bit. It's a joy that makes you feel as if you could forgive your greatest enemy, and indeed as if no one could do anything so hurtful to you as to be worth calling an enemy, because if they only felt what you feel they would like to be your brother at once. It's a joy that lifts you above all the joys of the earth as if they were poor forgotten dreams, and makes you ready to stoop beneath any burden or trouble in the world because of the hand that fits on the yoke. It's a joy that makes you feel lower than the lowest upon the earth, because you've been forgetting and neglecting Him who died for you ; and it's a joy that makes you feel higher than all the things of the world, because He loves you ; and it's a joy that the whole world cannot take away, but the heart full of pride or breath of sin can dim and soil and stain. If we lived in it always, we should be as meek as lambs, as busy as bees, as happy as angels, and as brave as Master — ; and when we lose it there is nothing to do but to go back to where we found it, to the Lord who won it, to the Almighty who gave it. For we're as weak as Samson with his hair shorn without it ; and as strong as Samson when he took up the city gates when we've got it. And though it's never to be found

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by looking for it, it's always to be found by looking for the Lord."—*Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan.*

That is a good motto for the New Year—Fulness of joy!

KOBE, *January 8, 1912.*—A lovely day! We are passing the world-famed Mount Fuji, clothed just now with its ermine mantle sparkling in the sunlight. Those lines—

“ . . . *A royal coronation
Of the monarch of the mountains by the Priestly Sun*”—

seem just to describe it! The “consecrating sunlight” is especially radiant to-day.

TOKYO, *January 11, 1912.*—“So it was always” (Num. ix. 16) was the message Mrs. Wood gave us at our all-day Council Meeting to-day. “Always dying,” “always confident,” “always rejoicing,” “always abounding,” “Lo, I am with you always.” She herself is such a beautiful exemplification of the “always” life, that it was sweet to hear it from her lips.

Friday, January 12, 1912.—I went to address a class of girls who are living in a hostel kept by Miss —— of the —— Mission. They appeared more diverted than convicted; though four followed me into another room to hear more of the way of salvation. Did they “touch the hem of His garment,” I wonder? Anyway, they sought Christ in prayer, and I trust that one or two at least found Him. May it be so!

A TOUR NORTH

January 13, 1912.—I had the privilege of seeing something of Mr. Cuthbertson's work. He invited me to speak to nearly 150 men in the Police Training School. It was a fine sight, and finer opportunity, to have an hour's bombardment from the batteries of Divine love, to so splendid a body of men. I opened fire from that mighty howitzer, John iii. 16. We had no opportunity for dealing personally with them, and so we wait for the spoils of war in other days. But our brother Cuthbertson has a blessed opportunity. He needs, and I trust gets, much believing prayer.

MORIOKA, *January 19, 1912.*—Here I am, fifteen hours north of Tokyo, in ice and snow. I had expected to return to Kobe, but there seemed a call up here, so I came up by the night train. It is entertaining to watch the boys and girls skating and snowballing everywhere, and having such a good time. Morioka is a town of 35,000 people. American, Episcopalian, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and the Brethren are all at work. There are a great many schools and educational institutions in the place, the inmates whereof I generally find are a dangerous element in the Church. "Swelled head" and "anti-missionary fever" are the two complaints most common to young men of this type, and it makes work very hard! I fear Morioka is no exception to the rule. Oh, when will love to one another appear the sweetest thing

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on earth, the only thing to be sought with all our heart!

January 21, 1912.—At the afternoon meeting six young women sought, and I trust were found of, the Lord—four hospital nurses and two High School girls. They seemed deeply convicted, and could not pray for weeping. I encouraged them to believe.

January 23, 1912.—A good day. The daughter of a wealthy man in the place came to see me and talk about her soul. She wept much in prayer, and found it difficult to believe she was “accepted in the Beloved.” I believe she finally laid hold and went away rejoicing. Her home, poor child, is unhappy enough. Concubinage, and all its attendant miseries—her father and mother both earnest devotees of Buddhism—produce material for making it worse than a penitentiary! In the afternoon Mrs. Y——, the wife of a High School teacher, professed to find the Lord. She seems a simple-hearted woman, though I hear she had been much opposed to the Gospel. In the evening four schoolboys who had been hearing the truth some time from one of the teachers—an earnest fellow recently brought to Christ—came into the inquiry room and asked for forgiveness of their sins in prayer; while T—— San, a young dentist’s assistant who had never heard the Gospel before, though he had attended the present series of meetings, I found deeply moved and convicted on the second night,

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and now ready to give himself and all his sins to the Saviour.

January 29, 1912.—Last night I finished four nights at the Presbyterian Church. The pastor is a godly man. Originally a servant in a missionary's house, he worked his way up, and is now a respected and useful minister. The church was well attended, in spite of snow and ice. Four or five souls publicly sought salvation. One lady, the mother of a young school teacher, gave herself to the Lord, much to the joy of her daughter; and a young man, who had never heard the Gospel before, seemed truly convicted of the Spirit and turned to God.

January 30, 1912.—I have been busy all the morning seeing some who have, I trust, been born again during these days. My heart is moved continually at their need. There is no pastor to the church. How shall they not but faint in the way? I have been much encouraged seeing the permanent, abiding work here of Mrs. Goto (*nee* Kawashima), one of our old workers. I am now in the train, on my way to a small town of 8000 people, for three days' meetings. Oh that God may save! The appalling need of Japan and its rural districts is continually on my heart. The home people seem so little able to realise the need, and their privilege of service. I suppose but few are aware that both Africa and India are better evangelised than Japan. The figures, as given in

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Mott's atlas, stand thus:—In Africa, one in every 180; in India, one in 350; and in Japan, one in every 750, are professing Christians. Recent statistics show that there is a district in South Japan of three-quarters of a million without any missionary; while there are hundreds of towns, with a population ranging from 5,000 to 10,000, totally unreached, and where the Gospel of Jesus is yet unknown.

February 1, 1912.—In the train to Sendai.—I have just left the simple-hearted brethren of Hanamichi, —only a handful, but unaffected enough. I had only time to begin to know and love them when I had to leave. The meetings were well attended. Diversion at hearing a “foreigner” talk in Japanese was no doubt more apparent than conviction of sin; but I believe the Lord was able to save. One young school teacher seemed deeply convicted, and I believe converted. Others also professed to seek and find! The worker in charge, having no use for Higher Criticism, keeps the poison from his flock. I had a pleasant hour with one of Uchimura Kanzo's disciples—the first I have ever met. First trained for the Buddhist priesthood; then sent to a Normal School for training as a Government schoolmaster; graduating thence he served his time as a soldier; becoming a civilian once more, he acted as schoolmaster, when after his conversion he insisted on teaching the children about God, and heaven, and the things of eternity. He

A TOUR NORTH

was then officially dismissed and disowned by his family. Now a bookseller, newsagent, and strawberry gardener, he has had a fairly wide experience!

He told me his life story—his hatred of foreigners; his ignorance of Christianity; his religion of morality and patriotism, which to his woeful disappointment he found did not work, at least after the boys got away from his influence; his blind feeling after God; and eventually his conversion through Uchimura Kanzo's writings; his persecution; and now the universal esteem in which he is held by many! Like his teacher, Uchimura San, he has not much use for churches and missionary institutions; though I could not find any bitterness of spirit towards foreign missionaries which some say exists in Uchimura. I found it sweet to have fellowship with him, and he carries the light of God in his face. I do not remember meeting any Japanese whose face was more wonderfully lighted up with joy and peace. There are other disciples of Uchimura here, though they are not all like this brother. I regret that he does not have much fellowship with the other Christians of the place, and never attends their meetings.

MITO, *February 7, 1912.*—I am getting three days' rest here, which is delightful. On the 3rd I reached — to take three days' meetings at the — school. The Lord was with us. Amongst others who, I trust, were found of Him, three of the elder

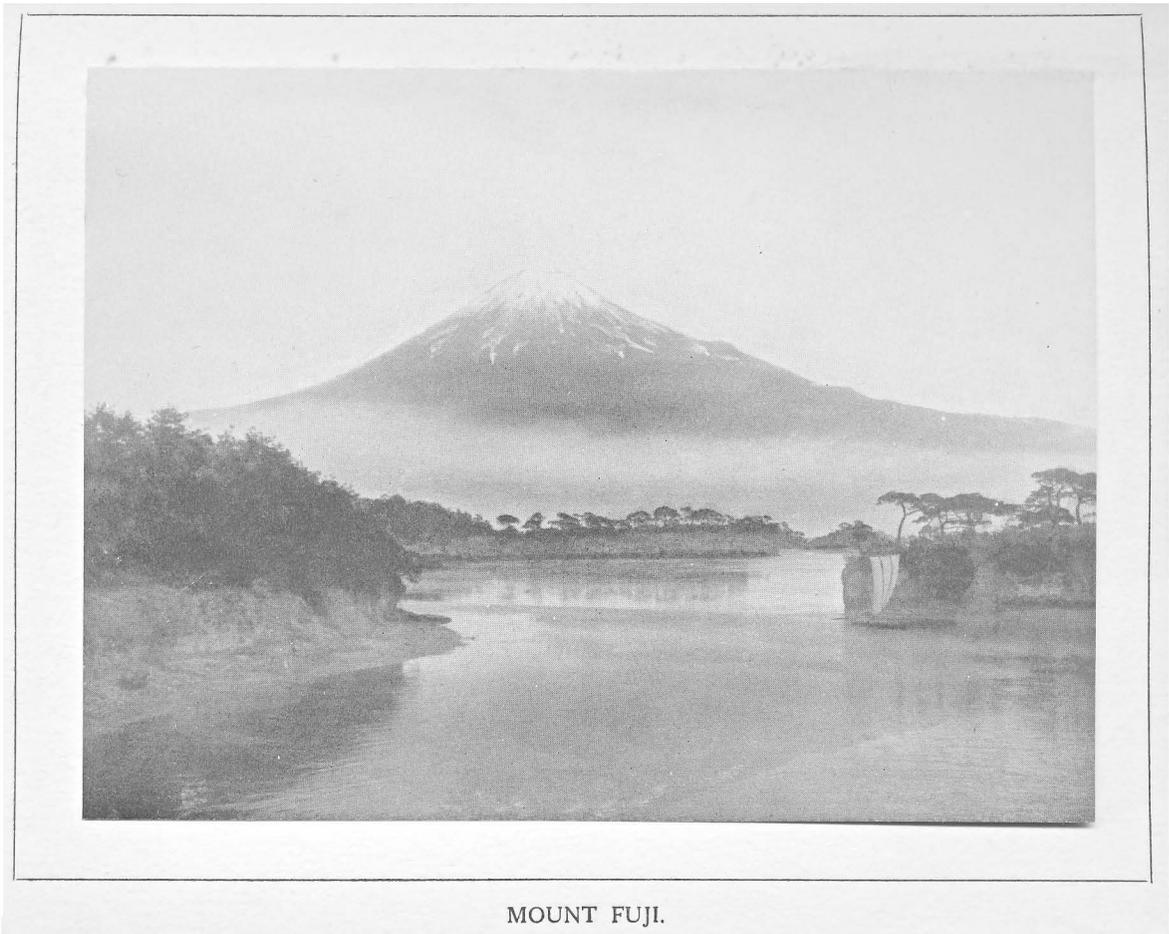
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students, who had gone through the school untouched, were broken down. One of them, a quarter Eurasian, attended only one meeting on Saturday. She was under the deepest conviction all that day and the next. On Monday afternoon she could stay away no longer. Some missionaries met her on her way to school to see me. She was riding in a jinricksha, weeping bitterly. I found her very ready to look unto Him who was bruised for our iniquities. The two others, both wealthy and of good families, yielded to God the same day. One of the latter is meeting with not a little persecution. Her father threatens to turn her out of house and home if she becomes a Christian. May the Lord keep them true! I preached in church twice on Sunday. Without having any after meeting, three came forward to the front asking to be prayed with and seeking salvation.

I came on here very tired yesterday. My dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Binford, are doing their best to kill me with kindness!

February 8, 1912.—I came across two charming little Japanese poems—one on “Prayer,” the other on “Weariness of Life.” The first on “Prayer” is as follows:—

*“Inorite mo
Shirusbi naki koso
Shirusbi nari
Inoru kokoro ni
Makoto nakereba.”*



MOUNT FUJI.

A TOUR NORTH

Those who can appreciate its epigrammatic beauty will not thank me for my clumsy translation, which, however, may give some little idea of its meaning to folks unlettered in things Japanese—

*“Why, why is Heaven silent still,
When I have prayed so long?
Ah! answerless the silence speaks,
And tells me that the heart that seeks,
The heart, the heart is wrong.”*

The second is very beautiful on the “Restlessness of the World,”—a striking example of Japanese pessimism:—

*“Nami no oto
Kiku majiki tame
Yamagomori
Ku no iro kawaru
Matsu-kaze no oto.”*

I feel that I have injured the beauty of the former. I may do more injury in appending the following translation of the latter:—

*“Methought that I at rest would be,
Could I but live alone
Upon this hill-top, where the sea
Makes no distressful moan.
Alas! alas! the sougbing breeze,
Through every pine tree, mocks mine ease.”*

I am glad that we can bring these dear people tidings of a Saviour, who can not only purify the heart and make it a home of prayer, but can be a resting-place to everyone that finds only sadness in wind and wave.

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February 9, 1912.—I think I wrote in my last of the attitude of the Educational Department towards Christianity, and pointed out the determined attempt, while posing as professedly neutral in religious matters, to support and bolster up Ancestor and Mikado worship. Since then a new development has appeared. Mr. Tokonami, the Vice-Minister at the Home Office, declares that the State must take a deeper interest in religion. Education, he declares, has proved futile to improve the morality of the people. He has now convened a Conference for the 25th instant, of Shinto, Buddhist, and Christian leaders, and at first hinted at some coalition and manufacture of a State Religion; but he has since withdrawn this. In any case, thirteen Shinto, fifty-six Buddhist, and seven Christian leaders are to meet at the Home Office for discussion of the situation.

We have, alas! travelled far from Apostolic Christianity! Just imagine the Mayor and Corporation of Ephesus calling a Conference of Religion, and inviting Alexander the Jew, Demetrius the silver-smith, and St. Paul, to have a friendly conference as to the best method of producing religious feeling and good morality among the townfolk! Imagine St. Paul on the receipt of such an invitation! But of course those "benighted" days are gone! We are voted "back numbers" unless we are prepared to smile at those solemn words of St. Paul, "The things

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which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils." Oh for a breath from heaven that shall scatter these despicable compromises! May we at any rate be faithful to our God!

KOFU, *February* 10, 1912.—Arrived here, in this beautiful scenery, to work at a Mission School which I visited a year and a half ago.

February 12, 1912.—Had a bright, busy, and blessed day yesterday. Eight or ten people were seeking salvation after the evening meeting.

February 13, 1912.—We are having good times at the school. This afternoon I took a large women's meeting at the church. There was a glad response as I spoke on the forgiveness of sins as the only way of return to God, and sought to point out its Divine philosophy. Several came forward to seek the Saviour.

February 14, 1912.—In the morning I spoke to the unconverted, and in the afternoon to the Christian girls. There was a spirit of brokenness among them, as with tears they sought the fulness of the Spirit. When I asked those to hold up their hands who were convicted of having wronged others, or had sins to confess or straighten out, either in their homes or toward their teachers, ten responded as a promise to obey God at any cost, and make confession and restitution at once. It was difficult to stop the meeting. I was glad afterwards to meet

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with — San, whose letter I sent home about a year ago, and has been issued in leaflet form. She is very bright, and God deepened the work in her heart at this time. She is a sweet, simple child. Truly there is no purer joy in the world than to see one's children walking in the truth.

February 16, 1912.—Yesterday I had a heavy day. We had a meeting in the morning, 8.30 to 9.30, followed by personal work. At 11 to 12 noon I had another meeting, and then hurried to get a little lunch. At 1 p.m. I went to the church for more personal work. I hastened back to the school at 3, where I was kept busy with personal interviews till 5.30; just managed to get some food, and then hurried off and caught the 6.30 train for a small country village 1½ hours away; met in a small cottage sixteen to twenty railway men who are seeking the way of life; caught the 10.15 train back, and got to bed about 1 a.m.

February 17, 1912 (in the train to Tokyo).—Yesterday was a busy day at the school. I was sorry to leave the children this morning. Letters from — tell me how full of joy are the three who were saved the other day. One writing says, the more she is persecuted and opposed the stronger and more happy she is. The mother of one of the others says, that though she has been an earnest Buddhist all her life, she has never had the joy her

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child has got. How true it is that "the joy of the Lord is your strength"!

ISEBARA, *February* 19, 1912.—I am very tired after two months' travel, finishing up in a Japanese hotel where conditions of living are none of the easiest to a foreigner. I fear we did not get much accomplished here, though one or two professed salvation. Two or three neighbouring pastors came in for morning Bible reading. One is a dear fellow, bubbling over with the joy of the Lord. He told us how God had blessed him when a pastor up in the Hokkaido, through Sasao San. "His flock very much objected," he said, "to his doing some definite repenting." They argued with him that it was *infra dig.* for their pastor to humble himself like that and make public confession of sin. His reply, he told us with a most delightful chuckle, was: "Well, you see, I'm very sorry for you that you've got such a pastor, but it can't be helped. I want to go to heaven with you, and therefore there is no help for it (*shikata ga nai*). You would not like to go to heaven without your pastor, would you?" This was irresistible, so they let him do his repenting and weeping before God in peace, who speedily filled him with joy, and has kept him full ever since. It was like a breath of fresh air to hear him praise and pray, and see him seeking after the souls of the lost. Oh for more like him!

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February 22, 1912.—I hurried back to Kobe to catch sight of —— (an old friend) and ——, who are being deported from China by order of the British Consul, because they refused to obey his orders and leave their station. They have the most amazing story to tell of arbitrary and insulting treatment. I found them full of the joy of the Lord that they were counted worthy to suffer for His name.

February 29, 1912.—Back in Kobe again. It was delightful to have the opportunity of addressing, in Yokohama, nearly one hundred women, either doing Bible work or in training. I trust that God blessed them. I met here three or four of our Kobe Mission Hall converts. On my way down I stayed off at Nagoya, and had the joy of meeting Mrs. K——, who was so graciously blessed the last time I was there.

It was an unexpected pleasure, too, to meet Major Guise, whom I had not seen for sixteen years. He is interested in the Scripture Union, and is holding meetings among the children in various parts.

Alas! through stupidity of a tired head and heavy pen, I fear my Journal is painfully monotonous, in spite of constant change of place and scene, though I am glad to say not of work. I rejoice that I have but a single task: that of seeking to save that which is lost. I have no time to describe scenery, or write interesting descriptions of Japanese characteristics.

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The precious days and nights are hurrying by, and it seems we get so little done. I feel like crying out to the hurrying days, what an old Japanese poet did, in such exquisite language, to the summer moonlight night, eight hundred years ago—

*“Natsu no yo wa
Mada yoi nagara
Akenuru wo
Kumo no izuko ni
Tsuki yadoruramu.”*

*“Fair Summer Night, come wait awhile!
Haste not so soon away!
Ah, when so lovely, why so swift
To fly before the day?
Are there no clouds to spread their couch,
And tempt the moon to stay?”*

Would that Time could wait, and give us space for repentance and undoing, and more preparation for those days when Time itself shall be no more!

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March 24th . . .

. . . April 21st, 1912

CHAPTER XV

*Old Things
are*

passed away

Old Things are passed away

Old things are passed away
I care not as in days gone by
To hear the Hototogisu's cry:¹
For I have heard a sweeter sound—
A human voice that tells around
The way of life and liberty.

¹ *The Hototogisu—a sort of nightingale, whose dismal cry is a great favourite of the Japanese—is supposed to come from Hades, the spirit land.*

CHAPTER XV

A Glimpse at Difficulties

PASSION SUNDAY.—A fitting day for identification with our Blessed Lord in burial and resurrection (Kobe, *March 24*, 1912). We saw some eight of our Kobe Mission Hall converts baptized, simple work-a-day folk, but with a history full of sin and need and conflict; just as real as life anywhere, and more fascinating than the yarns of any fiction I know. I mentioned that at our last Baptism Service we had an ex-Buddhist priest from Sendai. He told us how in those days his heart was like a perpetual funeral; and that though he escaped from the temple, and got a berth as bottle-washer in a hospital, he felt no better, "for," said he, "I was as miserable as a hospital patient all the time." He came to Kobe, got work as a coolie on the railway, and heard the story of the Cross for the first time at our tent meetings. Salvation was to him a real thing. With peace within and victory without, he at once began testifying for Jesus; and to-day he had the joy of seeing his friends baptized—one a sweet lovable lad of twenty, who spends much time over the Word. His other friend,

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S— San, since his conversion has grown quiet, serious, and spiritual. They are both working on the railroad.

— San is warder in a large prison. He was first awakened at one of our open-air meetings, and some days later thought he would set out and inquire at some church for further teaching. Ignorant that our Mission Hall had any connection with the “amateur salvationists” he had heard on “Theatre Street,” he came there one day, and soon found out his happy mistake, and got even more happily converted !

— San, the only woman among the company, a homely little body, is the wife of a railway porter. Her only and much-loved child was saved at our Mission Hall some years ago ; and though she allowed her to be baptized, she took but little interest in those things. The girl, however, has left home for training as a worker ; and the little woman, overcome with loneliness, came to the Hall, and in a short time found peace with God. Her husband, too, has been brightly saved. Her child is happy indeed at answered prayer !

— San and his son were two others. A few years back, his daughter, a girl of sixteen, was saved in a country village in the island of Awaji, where they were then living. He persecuted her much, beat her when she came back from church, and more than once turned her out of doors nearly naked ! Not long since they moved to Kobe. She was very desirous of

A GLIMPSE AT DIFFICULTIES

becoming a worker in the King's vineyard; however, she waits the opening of the door, and until then has got a place at a large Telephone Exchange here. She then brought her brother, about twenty-five years of age, to the Mission Hall, and had the joy of seeing him at the penitent form. The father was now aroused and interested, when he saw his boy giving up drink, gambling, and other "husks that the swine did (and *do*) eat," and actually allowed one of our cottage meetings to be held in his house. The dear old man got wonderfully converted at that very meeting, and spent not a little time in writing to the various shrines and temples that he frequented and patronised, declining their further interest and favours. His smile is almost as shiny as his bald pate, which is saying much! It was sweet to see the joy on the face of the dear girl as she watched the father who had persecuted her so bitterly, together with her profligate brother, go down into the waters of baptism. Joy in heaven! Yes, and on earth! on the faces of the saints, in our hearts, and on our lips, as we look upon what will one day be our "crown of rejoicing." Pray for their keeping and their progress.

Two more young men, both influenced by other converts, convicted at the open-air service, and saved within the walls of our dusky, dingy little Mission Hall, complete the number. This is a great joy to our hearts, that the Christians spread the flame, and

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testify of Jesus; and so others seek and find the way.

Good Friday.—To-day I received the following from a young convert, thirteen years of age, who was saved about two months ago when I was in — :

“MY DEAR TEACHER,—It is now 12 midnight; all the rest of the family are fast asleep. I have just got out of bed for a few minutes to praise God; so I have lit the lamp, and now sit down to write you a few lines. I know you are being kept in God’s grace, and used of Him to His glory; and so I am glad! As for myself, I can only say I am kept too; and ever deep down in my heart there wells up a spring of deepest peace and joy; so be at rest about me. I am His dearly loved child; and every day He gives me in abundance His grace and power. Dear teacher, share my joy! My heart glows with His love. Blessed love! And I am able to love everyone—yes, everyone I meet, even my enemies, those who don’t love me. Oh, how I long to live and work for His glory! Of course, I have no strength or wisdom of my own, but through His strength I believe I can. For even now I am able boldly to confess Christ, witness for Him before anyone, and tell them I know I am His child, and that I am a true Christian. How can I help praising God! What a happy child I am! I am just full—yes, full of thanksgiving. Oh, how I long to communicate this joy even to one soul, either a friend or a brother, or my parents! For this I am much and continually in prayer. When I remember my own stubbornness, and opposition to the Gospel, and the love of God, and how, in spite of all, He saved even me, surely God can save them! . . .

“On the 24th inst. there is to be a baptism service at the church, and several will be baptized then.



A GROUP OF COUNTRY MISSIONARIES.

A GLIMPSE AT DIFFICULTIES

I have spoken to my father about it, and asked his permission. He was very angry, and said he would not allow it on any consideration whatever. I replied that baptism was only an outward ceremony, and did not make me a Christian. I said that I was one already. He wouldn't listen to such rubbish, he said, and persisted in saying that only baptized people were Christians. He would listen to nothing more, and finally replied that if I persisted in being baptized, I should leave his roof for ever. Oh, my dear teacher, I can do nothing but pray! No word of *mine* will ever change my father's heart. I feel that both my father and all my family will only be moved and influenced as they watch my life, and see the beauty of the Gospel manifested that way. I am praying for this with all my heart. My dear teacher, I do ask you to pray for me very specially also. I long to be baptized on the 24th. Please pray for me, and for my father too. It has just struck one o'clock, so I must close.

“P.S.—Once again I ask for your prayers.”

Easter Sunday.—I preached to our congregation of fifty souls on the seven blessings which our Risen Lord bestows upon believing believers.

I called this afternoon on —— San, who has not long returned from England. In his absence his wife has been converted and baptized. She is very anxious for his salvation. I sought, and I think succeeded, in learning his line of thought. He was educated at a Mission school here, and so was acquainted with the letter of the Bible. As he persisted in saying that Shintoism, Buddhism, Christianity, etc., were all of the same order, and he could find no difference, I at

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first failed to discover how a man with any knowledge of all, or indeed of any, of them could make such senseless observations. I found, however, that without any religious sense, and still less acquaintance with philosophy (he did not even know the difference between Atheism and Agnosticism, and he had no idea of what Pantheism was), his mind was lying in the direction of a sort of Positivism. He regarded all the various forms of religion, and their respective objects of worship, together with their system of morals, merely as means to an end; whether there was any objective truth in them mattered little as long as they fulfilled the purpose of all ethic, and all religion, viz. of bringing the "poor sufferer" to a knowledge of the "ultimate." He did not use the word, as he apparently did not know it, but always spoke of it figuratively as the "Summit of the Mountain" to which he was climbing.

When I asked him what this "Summit" might be which he said was above God, and Buddha, and above all systems of Ethics, etc.—was it a subjective state, or an objective reality? was it the generalised conception of humanity? was it personal or impersonal?—he gave a bewildered smile, and began meandering again towards his invisible Summit.

How any man of educated intelligence could be satisfied with such a dreary Pantheism, in the face of all the overwhelming evidence of Intelligent Design

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in Nature, which Modern Science has thrown on the screen, utterly amazes me ; but, to use an Americanism, it did not apparently “phase” him in the least.

I think Frederic Harrison might have found abundant discipleship in Japan !

Still, the ground is cleared, and if I meet him again I can now use the Sword of the Spirit upon him. For only that can disillusion such a man, to whom the objective existence of a Creator, the absence or presence of design in creation, the problem of agnosticism or Revelation, or even the possibility of treating Atheism as being thinkable, are all alike the merest trifles, utterly unworthy of contemplation, as compared with the sublime possibility of *himself* arriving at his invisible, intangible, incomprehensible Summit of no one knows what, and so be lost, no one knows how, when, or where, in the great Nirvana—a final absorption of all personality in the great impersonal mind. Truly, there is no accounting for taste ! Perhaps Tennyson, in his “Palace of Art,” best describes this haughty soul—

*“I take possession of man’s mind and deed.
I care not what the sects may brawl.
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.”*

It “made me feel tired,” to use another refreshing Americanism, and I came away rejoiced, inwardly and outwardly, that the lines of my heritage of service lay

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in pleasanter places—among the poor, simple-hearted folk that know their sin and their need of a Saviour.

YONAGO, *April* 12, 1912.—I have not been here for ten years. How easy to let memory run riot! But I forbear! For the sake of those who read my Journal, platitudinarian soliloquy shall keep the contents of its silence to itself.

The *nightmare* of *mal de mer* in the Japan Sea is a thing of the past; and we can now travel here by train, hot and smoky, through sixty-five tunnels!

In view of the coming Evangelistic work at the Exhibition to be held here next month, the Church asked us, in commemoration of Miss Nash's twenty years' service, to conduct five days' Holiness meetings. Takeda San is with me.

The meetings were well attended; and though there was no especial manifestation of Divine power, God has graciously brought some into a deeper experience of grace; and others who have been inquiring the way have been brought to the Lord of life.

MATSUYE.—I came on here for two days, and had a happy though busy day on Sunday. It was a joy to preach in church to a congregation of seventy people, though I recognised but few of them. Its faces of ten years ago had gone!

In the afternoon I addressed a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and the Church Bible Classes. God graciously honoured His word, and several came

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forward seeking the salvation of the Lord. It was a joy also to see the result of Mrs. Wood's visit the previous week. It was encouraging, too, to see how God is using Miss Coles among the women and girls, even though she has not the language very perfectly at present. Still, she is making excellent progress in that.

Memories of ten and fifteen years ago thronged me everywhere, though "the faces loved long since and lost awhile" met me no more.

KOBE, *Sunday, April 21, 1912.*—This afternoon I visited a marine architect—a great friend of my Positivist friend of a few weeks ago. I found he had once been an earnest Congregationalist, but has now given up everything except a vague Deism. The Titanic disaster made an easy opening to speak of the solemnity of life, the feebleness of man, and the need of God as our refuge. He had abandoned all belief in the miraculous, all faith in Divine revelation, and all confidence in Christ as a Divine Saviour. He owned his dissatisfaction and sense of need; but I fear the cost is too great. His wife is a beautiful Christian, and prays much for him. I tried to show him from Luke vii. 47 the Divine philosophy of the forgiveness of sins as being the only way back to the knowledge of God. He seemed impressed with the fact that the basis of all true character—humility, gratitude, and sympathy—is only possible to the man

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who, though unpardonable, is yet pardoned; and who, though unworthy of any forgiveness, is yet forgiven fully, freely, and in love; and who can retain an abiding consciousness thereof by the inward operation of God's Holy Spirit. I ask my readers' prayers for this man.

What a "creed of tears" is Agnosticism! Unthinkable as Atheism may be, I had sooner stand with poor Shelley on Mount Auvert and write *ætheos* after my name than subscribe to such a conception of the Divine. As Dr. Fitchett strikingly says—

"Agnosticism bids us see sitting at the crown of the Universe a Figure shrouded in mist through which breaks no gleam of light. He—or it—hidden in the heart of that darkness is the Father of our spirits. He *could* give us a revelation of Himself. Nay, He has so made us that the desire to know Him is part of our very nature. . . . But He who has put that impulse in us placed it there that He might jest with it. He hides Himself from His offspring! He has put, as if in mockery, the instinct of worship within us . . . yet it is an instinct that lies! It has been created only to be cheated!"

Daily in this land am I impressed with the utter darkness of men's understanding, as well as the depravity of the heart, the ruin of the will, and the prostitution of the affections. It is doubly desperate because men fail to realise the fact.

The difficulties and disappointments with us are so many, and so commonplace, that I take it too much

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for granted that readers of my Journal know them all. Are the roses so full of blossom that they hide the thorns? Not from our eyes at any rate, or from our hands as we stretch them out in faith and service. I know I ought to describe more faithfully the failures that follow, and the difficulties that beset us. Well, here are some. The other day I came across an epitomised statement of these in general by a Japanese worker. He says—

1. The Government thinks Christianity dangerous.
2. The educated classes think it an old-world superstition.
3. The masses of the people object to it because it interferes with ancestor worship.

The Government, moreover, are seeking to encourage this popular sentiment as a check to individualism. As a rule, the individual Japanese is in bondage to the family. Again and again we are told, "I cannot accept Christ until I have conferred with my father, husband, mother-in-law, etc.," as the case may be. Individual responsibility to God is the foundation of Christian Ethics. Confucian Ethics know no such thing. The family is the unit and not the individual. The highest duty of a man is to the State. The Government strongly enforces the recognition of this principle; and so, realising that the most efficient way to check individualism, and thus hinder the Gospel, is to strengthen the family

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tie, it is seeking to revive the spirit of ancestor worship. This, it imagines, will stem the oncoming tide of labour troubles! Perhaps it may for a time; but the pocket, even in Japan, is a more solid factor than the sentiment *patrum veneratio*. So much for the difficulties in general. In particular they are legion. Everywhere I find the better-class people more and more contemptuous of Christianity. The masses are so hard worked that they have little time even to think of spiritual needs. But I suppose it is everywhere the same. As the end draws near, the battle gets fiercer. In addition to all this, superstition and idolatry abound on every hand. They still retain a strange, relentless grip upon the people.

Walking down the streets of Tokyo, on a cold winter's night, you may be surprised by the sight of a dozen figures dashing past you clad in a single thin white linen doublet, to the clanging accompaniment of a noisy handbell. On inquiry you find they are ardent devotees of a Buddha called Fudo Sama, in search for health either for themselves or some relative. These *Kan-mairi*, as they are called, run from one shrine to another. In the temple yard they bathe in icy water, again don their single robe of white, and run amain to another shrine, where they repeat their douche. They not infrequently die as a result of this amazing asceticism. It is certainly a kill-or-cure remedy.

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In Japan there are still gods and goddesses galore. The Greek Pantheon was an ill-populated affair as compared with the Japanese. Foxes, snakes, badgers, and other animals are the intermediaries between the 88,000 gods and men; while deified heroes and demi-gods of varying ranks and grades, family gods and village gods, national gods, gods, too, newly made in the smoke and thunder and carnage of the battlefields of Manchuria, and gods of the Imperial house, are enough to stagger even the most ardent mythologist. Alas! the trams and special excursion trains crowded with hundreds of thousands of pilgrims on their way to shrine and temple, reveal all too plainly that paganism is still a mighty force in civilised Japan. Can any Western mind account for the strange contrast between modern civilisation and the grossest superstition of Japan's millions? Prof. Lloyd in his book, *Every-Day Japan*, in a few sentences very pertinently gives us this side of the picture. He says—

“ We might have found some of the same contrasts in the days of Christ and His apostles, had we visited Imperial Rome. On the one hand, a newly established Empire, built up, on the foundation of an Imperial house which claimed Divine descent, by the labours of men of great culture, refinement, and of the loftiest spirit, of Horace and Mæcenas, of Cæsar, Augustus, and Germanicus; on the other, in the slums across the Tiber, the crassest of superstition and the most

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degraded of religions. Substitute Japanese names for the names of these great ones, and you have, save for the one fact that the Japanese is more æsthetic than the Roman, an exact replica of Imperial Rome in the Japan of to-day."

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May 12th . . .

. . . June 24th, 1912

CHAPTER XVI

*Heaven's Grace
cannot be sullied
by Earth*

Heaven's Grace cannot be sullied by Earth

天の光は海に落ちても
なまじき水に濁らぬ
うづる水に濁らぬ
あはれ水に濁らぬ
し

*Where'er the moon's unshadowed rays
Fall seaward from a cloudless sky,
No stain upon the water's face
Can ever mar their purity.*

CHAPTER XVI

Light and Darkness

ARIMA in May! That is enough description to anyone who has been there in that month (Kobe, *May* 12, 1912). On the 4th we found ourselves climbing those beautiful hills along the winding road amongst lovely azaleas, mauve and scarlet, festoons of wistaria, feathery gossamer of spiræa, and exquisite green of maple and pine, all smothered in sunshine as warm as an English June; while away in the distance the sea was just visible, though swathed in the silkiest summer haze you ever saw. The only lack was the silence of the woods. Not a songster gave us anything except now and then an insipid twitter, or the irritating trill of the Japanese nightingale—irritating because its note, though luscious enough, stops almost before it has begun. A globe-trotter once observed, “It’s such a pity that some stupid clown always scares it away when it begins to sing outside my window.” No; the only music we heard as we trudged along were water-voices. From above, the spluttering patter of water threads, as they dangled and dabbled the rocky ledges at our side; and below, the roar and rustle of

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the mountain stream, tearing through the pines, sounded cool and pleasant enough, if not as musical as our English feathered friends.

We gathered fifty-three persons in all for our Annual Conference in this lovely spot. Our business meetings were practically *nil*, and so we were able to give all our time to waiting on God. The days were all too short. Mrs. Wood's messages were very fresh. We shall not soon forget her word on Stephen looking up into heaven. Mr. Sasao was deeply searching as he showed us what conformity to the image of Christ might mean to us. His addresses on the "Suffering Captain," and the "Suffering Soldier," were used of God to us all. It was a time of the sweetest harmony, love, fellowship, and encouragement. Some said they had never been to any gathering that had meant so much to them. We give praise to Thee, O God!

May 29, 1912.—To-day an old gentleman—an earnest Christian—called to see us and solicit our aid. In a neighbouring town of about 40,000 people, given over almost entirely to brewing and idolatry (the beer is called by the name of its famous idol), there was a flourishing, self-supporting company of Christians which met in a commodious church building. The recent pastor, an exponent of modern theology, soon found his congregation dwindling. As they could no longer support him, he resigned. His substitute, a

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student from a neighbouring theological college, well versed in the latest deliverance from Germany, fed (perhaps I should say poisoned) the flock every Sunday for awhile, until his weekly congregation had dwindled down to one old woman and the old gentleman who brought us this dismal tale. The youth from the theological academy has naturally ceased to appear; and so the poor old man begs that the Japan Evangelistic Band makes itself responsible for this unhappy wreck in any way we can. If the pathos of the story were not so great, the humour would be irresistible. The church stands empty, the flock scattered and peeled. Bravo, ye German critics! Alas, poor travellers to Zion!

“Sirenum voces et Circa pocula nosti.”

Everywhere we find what Dr. Torrey calls the “eternal hope nonsense”—the main stock in trade of certain modern teachers. Milton, I fancy, has located its origin aright when he puts its sentiments into the mouth of Satan and makes him say—

*“The son of God I also am, or was ;
And if I was, I am ; relation stands :
All men are sons of God.”*

This is only one, alas! of many appeals for workers, which I am sorry to say we cannot supply. One missionary writes for three, another for two, and several for one—all of which we are compelled to refuse.

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TOKYO, *June 2, 1912.*—I addressed Mr. Cuthbertson's Police meeting this afternoon on our blessed hope—the coming again of “this same Jesus.” All seemed interested, some astonished, one or two, I hope, blessed. I spent a pleasant evening with two old friends—O. St. M. Forrester and W. H. Elwin. The former has just come to China, and is now working for a time among the students over here, till the storm in that poor, distracted kingdom has blown over. It was interesting to talk of old friends, old times, and, above all, the old paths from which so many are everywhere departing.

I saw F—— San, who was converted some two years ago. She was then, and has since been, full of love and joy. I found her to-day not so bright; there seemed a dulness in face and manner. We prayed together, and with tears she sought the Lord's face. A month ago she had been induced to go to a theatre, and ever since had been getting cold. She was fast losing appetite for her Bible and spiritual things. My heart went out to her indeed.

June 4, 1912.—To-day I met —— and I enjoyed a time of fellowship in the things of God. She speaks in such an artless, simple way of the Lord's dealings with her soul. She was much blessed at Karuizawa last summer, and she told me that since that time God had taken away all desire for the theatre, and that she had determined never again to take the

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girls under her charge to that abomination. How the Lord's children in general, and His messengers to the heathen in particular, can go to a place of such pitiful associations, which, at its very best, never rises beyond impersonating the ways and fashions, foibles and follies of a world which has crucified their Divine Lord, passes my comprehension. I leave its justification to that amazing piece of inconsistency—the human heart; and to those “saints of the world” who apparently have discovered that strange secret of being able to serve two masters. Is not separation from the world vital to godliness?

June 5, 1912.—I preached at the Fukugawa C.M.S. Mission Hall on the four things impossible to man—entrance to the Kingdom without a new birth; repentance without the drawing of the Father; approaching to God without Christ; and lastly the service of two masters. At the close I offered free salvation to a poor prodigal, who, though knowing nothing of the Gospel in his head, seemed prepared in heart to understand, believe, and be saved. I went this afternoon to the school where we saw so much of God's grace and power last autumn. I saw some of the missionaries in charge, and — San, who was so richly baptized with the Spirit. She is still bright and happy and loving her Lord. God has used her much in the school. It was beautiful to watch her face, illumined with the light of heaven, as we talked of Divine things. Can

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there be greater joy on earth than to see our children walking in the truth? If there is, I know it not!

After returning, T—— San, a young dentist assistant who was saved when I was in Morioka in January, came from Yokohama to see me. He seems true and bright—another confutation of that idle conceit that a man must be thoroughly instructed in the principles of Christianity before God can save him. He entered the church out of curiosity to hear a “foreigner” speak, without ever having heard a word of Christianity before. On the second night he was convicted of sin, on the third he sought and found the Lord. Since then he has witnessed a bold confession. He seems to have a calling for the work.

KARUIZAWA, *June 6, 1912.*—Here I am in Karuizawa—a village of about 750 people, dirty, untidy, wicked, and irreligious. The one and only temple has been turned into a school; their god is their belly; they make all the money they can during the two summer months when nearly 1000 “foreigners” come for their holiday. They spend the remaining ten in gambling their takings. Such a place ought to be an excellent pond for Gospel fishing; but, alas! the inconsistencies of *us* foreign missionaries, many of them real no doubt, but more of them imaginary; and still more real and frequent the delinquencies of the “foreigners’” chefs—a race of rogues only equalled, I believe, by British footmen—stand very large in their



FIGHTING THE LAST GREAT ENEMY—"MORE THAN CONQUEROR!"

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vision. The occasion of my going was the opening of a new church building, erected mainly for the large number of Christians (?) who flock there in the summer months, as cooks, and maids, helpers and assistants of the large missionary body, numbering perhaps 200 in all. Is it unbelief that suggests little can be done? But surely God is enough for even these things!

TOKYO, *June 11, 1912.*—I returned from Karuizawa. I fear they have been idle hours. On the first day Mr. Norman, Okuda San, and myself made ourselves ridiculous by standing in the village street, trying to sing and notify the people. A stray dog or two, a few children, and one or two idlers made up our audience. The evening congregation of the first day numbered fifty adults, to see what this foreign babbler might have to say. I fear my words were writ upon sand. The second night, in torrents of rain, only produced an audience of twenty-five; while the third and fourth nights gave us eighteen and twenty respectively. The place lay a heavy burden of prayer upon me during the five days we were there. I can only leave the message and the people to Him that judgeth aright. The folk appeared not to be diverted, or awakened, or angry. Alas! what a multitude of posterity the ancient Gallio hath!

KOBE, *June 17, 1912.*—Death, that great undoer, is amongst us. I forget if I spoke of the mother of the ex-Buddhist priest. She was a sort of honorary

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“catechist” of the Tenrikyo sect, most earnest, poor soul, in her endeavours to proselyte to this new way—a sort of heathen Christian Science. She was, however, deeply impressed with her son’s conversion and change. She attended our meetings since last spring. All of us spoke to her at times, but to no purpose. Much prayer was offered. She seemed to retain nothing that was told her; and her heart remained untouched. During Miss Penrod’s visit to Kobe, however, God suddenly awakened the poor old lady; with a feeble faith she fled to Him who was bruised for her iniquities. The change was most marked; a settled peace came into her heart, and a strange look of rest into her eyes. To-day she is dying of intestinal cancer, but it is good to witness the rest and peace of heart as she talks of going to be with Jesus. Blessed be God to save at the eleventh hour!

At the beginning of the year, during some special meetings, a woman’s feet were stayed by the Lord at one of our nightly open airs. She was impressed and attracted, and came to our Mission Hall. Awakened, convicted, and converted in a few short hours, it is proved she was born of God. Her position as a lodging-house keeper made her very busy, and so attendance at the meetings was seldom; but through the personal visits of the workers she has pressed on in the way, and has led her dear child of sixteen years to the Lord. The father is still an earnest idolater.

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Both his wife and child have begged him to turn to the true and living God, but in vain. To-day, as brother Takeda and I were talking together, Mrs. Takeda arrived in haste to call him to the child's death-bed. Less than three months ago she was taken ill with rapid consumption. Her victory over death is sublime. A fortnight ago she had a vision of the Cross, and woke her father to see the sight. He, of course, beheld nothing. "Ah!" she said, "it is because you don't believe in Jesus!"

Yesterday, when in great pain, she told us how the Lord appeared to her, laid His hand on her brow, and said, "Fear not, I will be with thee." Her face beams with the light of heaven as she waits for her call. Her feet have begun to swell, and she is in great agony. Her lips can now only repeat that blessed name, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! How sweet to have before our eyes what St. Bernard so beautifully describes—

"Jesus mel in ore, melos in aure, in corde Jubilatio!"

Yes, Jesus is the same to-day, everywhere, and to all that will put their trust in Him. Maekawa San, one of the workers, calling yesterday, said her face was like the face of an angel. Her longing desire is to see her father saved before she goes hence. She clasped his hand last night, and with faintest whisper begged him, weeping, to come to Jesus. And so brother Takeda hastened off. The father is much broken

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down, and has asked him to go. Once again, as it has so often been, death to one shall be the gate to life, to the other of life more abundant. Hallelujah!

June 18, 1912.—"Why should I believe in Yaso (the vulgar name given by the Japanese to Jesus), the son of a fallen woman?" was the blasphemous utterance of a proud university student, not many weeks ago. To-day, as he is facing a consumptive's death, different words are on his lips. Mrs. K——, a lady recently saved through Takeda San, found her cousin in deep trouble. Well-to-do, a widow not long deprived of her husband, she now learns with sorrow that her boy is stricken with that awful scourge tuberculosis. Placed in a hospital, all is done for him that can be. He has injections of serum every other day, costing 30s. per injection. Within a few weeks £90 has been spent on him. But, alas! he finds the world cold enough. His friends have forsaken him! Not one will go near him! Hearing of his loneliness, Mrs. K—— went to visit him, and found him deeply touched that the only people who were not afraid to visit him are the despised "Yaso" folk! He is anxious to hear and know more of their God. Brother Takeda, always full of love and sympathy, went to visit him yesterday, took him by the hand, sat by his bed, stroked his wasted cheek, and found him hungry enough. I believe he is near the Kingdom. This is but a sample of service which the

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Lord Jesus is allowing our dear Kobe workers to do for Him.

KOBE, *June 20, 1912.*—I visited, to-day, the dear girl, S—— San, and found her truly glorifying God in the fires. She has rallied a little. Her face, when not contorted with pain, was wreathed in smiles; and in between her fits of coughing, distressing indeed to witness, she looked up and said, “Oh, what joy! what joy!” Ever and anon she broke out into song—“He’s the One, the only One, the blessed, blessed Jesus.” She could not get beyond a line and a half, and then, wracked with pain, she relapsed into silence; or, closing her eyes, she would now and then breathe a prayer. She so clings to the Lord’s children, and begs them to remain. Immediately facing her as she lay in bed were the idols her father worships. Oh, how she hated them! She never rested till her eyes had watched him take them down one by one. These closing days of victory have been a blessing to many who went to that little ante-chamber of the Eternal.

June 22, 1912.—Press of work on the eve of my return to England, and a spell of under-the-weatherism, kept me in all yesterday. This morning at 4 a.m. S—— San passed into the presence of the King, where there is no more pain, and where sorrow and sighing have for ever fled away!

THE JAPAN SEA, *June 24, 1912.*—I hardly expected to finish my Journal on shipboard *en route* for

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England, but so it is! We had a good week-end. On Saturday a meeting which our Salvationist friends would call a "Salvation Social" served as a sort of farewell meeting to me; and the dear crowd of sixty saints were far too busy praising the Lord, and telling of His wonderful works, to remember the usual pleasantries of these parting seasons, that savour not a little of foolish flattery. There was a happy freedom amongst us. One, a seaman, a nominal Christian of the third generation, whose parents and grandparents and two brothers were and are true followers of the Lord, got up and said in sailor free-and-easy fashion, "Well, I believe the walls of Jericho have really tumbled this time." The rams' horns of the particular case in question, he went on to say, were the little broken voice of S—— San, as she gasped out fragments of praise and prayer to her Saviour. He said he could not but yield and follow her to heaven. There were many more bright and breezy stories of God's redeeming grace.

On the following day, Sunday, about eighty gathered in the morning at 10 a.m. to pay their last expression of respect to the remains of S—— San. She had only seen fifteen summers on earth, and only three months in the service of the Lord. It was a solemn and yet happy time. At its close we passed by the coffin, and looked once again on the now lifeless face. Calm and peaceful it lay within a halo of white lilies,

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with her little New Testament resting opened on her breast. We sang her favourite hymn, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," and "He's the One, the only One," as she passed on to her last resting-place till the resurrection morn. Oh, what a dawning that will be! At 3 p.m. we gathered to the number of about sixty to witness our quarterly baptism service. Eleven were received into the Church of Christ—eight men and three women. God honoured this His ordinance. Before drawing near to the Lord's Supper I preached on Luke xxii. 13, and sought to show the preciousness of partaking of that holy feast of the Lord.

1. As a pledge of the oneness of the Body.
2. As a remembrance that we were redeemed by suffering.
3. As a seal of our forgiveness.
4. As emblems of Divine Love.
5. As a reminder of the cleansing power of the Blood.
6. As a call into the Holiest of All—an invitation to commune with unveiled face.

The Lord blessed that hour to all our hearts. In the few short hours of my last week-end we touched, and tasted, and beheld all that is most sacred and precious to our souls:—

A blessed entrance into His Church triumphant—
with death robbed of its sting before our eyes.

A happy entrance into the Church militant—sin

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robbed of its power in the hearts and lives of these trophies of Divine grace.

Communion and fellowship around the table of the Lord—living witnesses to a living Saviour. “Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name!”

Higher Criticism
and the
Mission Field

CHAPTER XVII

CHAPTER XVII

Higher Criticism and the Mission Field

I HAVE been urged to add to the foregoing pages a few remarks on Higher Criticism and the Mission field. The subject is a wide one, demanding more space than can be given here. It is, moreover, intensely pertinent, for nowhere do the assumptions and conclusions of the Bible critic appear more important than in an environment of heathen religions. It is now almost universally considered as a mark of enlightenment and intelligence to regard all religions as expressions of the Divine; while the distinction between Natural and Revealed Religion has in the minds of many disappeared almost to a vanishing point. In other words, to use the language of a great thinker—all forms of religion are either “correlated phases of one life” or “necessary stages in one process of development”; and although Christianity is the crown and glory of all religions, yet there is but one Divine principle seeking to find expression through them all. On the other hand, to insist that there is a wide and impassable gulf between Natural and Revealed Religion is regarded in many

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quarters as the mark of an unenlightened and narrow-minded ignorance.

In speaking of Higher Criticism, two schools are generally recognised—the more destructive and extreme on the one hand, and on the other, a party of more moderate views which appears satisfied with accepting some of the so-called “assured results” of *textual* criticism. And yet the sympathy of the thoughtful and educated layman will always lie with the more extreme party, as being more consistent and logical. The moderates, while fearful of being considered fifty years behind the theological times, and so accepting the work of the *textual* critic, are yet apprehensive of adopting the advanced position demanded by the more consistent logic of their more destructive brethren.

Before speaking of the practical effects of these modern theories in the mission field, as we have seen them, a few remarks on the underlying principles of Higher Criticism may not be out of place, because these principles and the distinction between Natural and Revealed Religion are not only closely related to each other, but have the most vital connection with our presentation of the Gospel to heathen peoples.

Leaving alone, then, the mere textual onslaught as being altogether secondary, we find that the foundation and stronghold of Modernism is its view of Evolution. It has indeed been calmly assumed without any adequate proof that, as a matter of fact,

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Religion has moved in the three stages of Polytheism, Pantheism, and Monotheism, and in just that order. If this be so—a fact and not a theory—then it is obvious even to a schoolboy that the Old Testament has to be reconstructed and the Monotheism of Gen. i., as appearing in the dawn of History, is utterly misplaced and at best is but the pious fraud of some later reformer.

On this foundation the most rational theories of Criticism rest. Those theories may be extreme and offensive to the sober-minded, but at any rate they are consistent and reasonable. Demolish the foundation, and much if not all of the superstruction tumbles therewith. For as regards mere *textual* Criticism, it would be just as easy and no less plausible to prove that “Endymion” and “Hyperion” were not the work of one and the same author, as that the Pentateuch was compiled by half a dozen different redactors. Textual Criticism may be made to prove anything its perpetrator pleases! No! the serious question to be answered is as to the truth or falsity of its underlying principle—the Evolution of Religion. This is the real issue at stake. Has Religion moved in these three stages and just in that order? Was Polytheism the beginning? Did Pantheism emerge as by a process of natural development? Is Monotheism the final and beautified product of the two preceding? In other words, is there no qualitative distinction between Natural and

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Revealed Religion? Is the difference merely one of degree and not of kind? Are the things which the Gentiles sacrifice to idols offered to devils, as St. Paul declares; or, as the modern theologian asserts, are all religions the expression either in "correlated phase" or "necessary stage" of one underlying Divine principle in man?

Perhaps no one has made a more masterly statement of the theory of Evolution of Religion than Prof. Edward Caird in his Gifford Lectures. His deductive philosophy carries more conviction than the so-called scientific inquiry and somewhat slovenly thinking of Prof. Max Müller, who has treated of the same subject. Were this the place, it would be interesting to dwell on Prof. Caird's view of Evolution in general; and though we cannot discuss it fully here, we may at least note that he virtually gives away the position he is seeking to establish, when he admits—

"The transitions, from motion to life, and from life to sensation and consciousness, are qualitative; and the endeavour to extend those principles, which enable us to explain the lower terms of the series, to all its higher terms, is doomed to inevitable failure. Thus the general faith that the world is an intelligible system requires to be justified in a different way in every new science. Physics and chemistry have secrets which cannot be unlocked with a mathematical key; nor would biology ever have made the advance which in this century it has made, without the aid

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of a higher conception of evolution than that which reduces it to a mere mode of motion. And if the effort which is now being made to explain the nature and history of man is to succeed, it undoubtedly will require a still higher conception or principle of explanation."*

His attempt to re-establish his position by making a distinction between a "higher and lower conception of Evolution" surely makes a throughgoing Evolutionist smile at the attempted compromise. But passing on to his application of the principle of Evolution to Religion, we find that the moral flaw in his argument is far more serious and no less apparent than his defective metaphysics. His position, to state it briefly, is that "the identity of human nature in all its various manifestations, in all nations and countries, . . . implies that these manifestations in their *co-existence* can be connected together as different correlated phases of one life, and in their *succession* can be shown to be the necessary stages of one process of evolution."†

What does this, when translated in more concrete terms, imply? Surely it can only mean that Hinduism, for example, with its obscenities, Mohammedanism with its slavery, polygamy, cruelty, and fanaticism, together with the fetishism of the pagan African, are "correlated phases of one life." It means that the early religions of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, with

* *The Evolution of Religion*, vol. i. p. 5.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

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their superstitions, absurdities, and immoralities, Phallic worship with its unmentionable rites, are "all *necessary* stages in one process of evolution" (the italics are mine). One would think that the dreadful import of Prof. Caird's pregnant phrases had but to dawn on the mind, and every moral instinct would rise up in revolt against such an interpretation of supposed facts. I say "supposed facts" because his reasoning collapses here no less seriously than in his view of Evolution in general. After asserting that "different religions are in many cases at least to be regarded as successive stages in one process of development," he says—

"Though there may be great difficulties in placing the different religions in any definite genetic relation to each other so as to exhibit a complete scheme of development; though, perhaps, it is an unattainable ideal to arrange all the forms of religion according to such a scheme, yet there can be little doubt or controversy as to the general direction in which the current of history has run."*

But what serious-minded man will be prepared to erect so top-heavy a superstructure as the Evolution of Religious Theory on so flimsy a foundation as this? The professor's phrases—"in many cases" and "the general direction in which the current of history has run" and "perhaps it is an unattainable ideal," his "though's" and "perhaps" and "little doubt" and

* *The Evolution of Religion*, vol. i. p. 56.

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“great difficulties,” etc.—can hardly warrant his dogmatic assertion that “the successive manifestations are necessary stages in one process of evolution.” Perhaps he intends us to look to Prof. Max Müller for the classified and convincing data in support of his startling premises. Alas, he expects, and we look in vain! The plain man who is asked to substitute for the eternal verities of Divine revelation these unstable inferences of a modern philosopher, and build thereon a superstructure against which his whole moral nature revolts, may be pardoned if he decline the favour.

The inductive method of Prof. Max Müller does not yield any more satisfactory result. Until a more absolute proof is forthcoming, provided by an almost omniscient acquaintance with the data of religious history, it would be impossible to induce any certain principles from the limited and undigested data available even to such a savant as Prof. Max Müller. No, the inductions of the science of religion on the one hand, and deductive theories of a Hegelian philosophy on the other, are equally unconvincing. If, then, the theory of the Evolution of Religion breaks down, surely the demand for the reconstruction of the Old Testament goes with it. The chasm between Natural and Revealed Religion remains, and the modern fashion of speaking of heathen religions as lower forms of Divine revelations disappears. Certainly, to many of those who for many years have been brought into close contact

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with the living death of heathenism, be it Buddhistic, Pagan, or Mohammedan, that fashion does appear an unmeaning and mischievous sentiment!

I pass on to speak of some of the practical effects of Modern Criticism as we have seen it in the mission field. They are, alas! continually before us. As the Japanese Church is comparatively small, it is obvious that there can be but few leaders of distinctive ability, and therefore the majority of those who are occupied with Higher Critical theories have taken them second or third hand from English and German text-books. I fear, moreover, that many of them have but a superficial understanding of the matter in hand, and yet do not on that account hesitate to speak *ex cathedra*. Alas, the dogmatism of the Critical School carries them away, and intellectual vanity considerably helps in the process. There seems to be with it so little real perusal and study of the Bible itself. Most of the time is given to books about THE BOOK.

One very earnest and successful evangelist told me the other day that his brother—a graduate of a leading Theological College—had informed him that he no longer had much use for the Bible. On asking him how many times he had read it through, he received the significant reply, “Not once.” Lectures, theological treatises, and magazines told him all he needed to know about it!

Not many years since I became acquainted with

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a young European resident in Japan. He was very earnest, self-sacrificing, and devoted in his efforts to lead men to Christ, both Japanese and "foreign." I knew of none more wholehearted in the service of the Lord. To-day he never attends a place of worship, and has given up all his work for Christ. Meeting him not long since, I inquired of him with some care. Attendance at a leading Japanese church, where modern theology is taught, disabused his mind, he said, of all such narrow religious notions as he formerly held. He has no more interest in religion, and I fear Christ is now nothing more to him than a name. He himself attributes his "fuller light" to his acquaintance with modern criticism. A missionary told me quite recently of one of the leading and most earnest young men of his church. Desiring to be trained as a worker, he was sent to — Theological School, where advanced Biblical criticism is taught. Within a year he had left convinced that there was nothing in Christianity after all, and the last I have heard of him is that he is dying of consumption, without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world.

Not long since I met a graduate of another theological college, where criticism of a moderate order is presented to the students. After finishing his course he was on the point of giving up his intended ministerial work. He did not know that he really believed in anything at all.

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Another who graduated at the same college I knew well before he entered—a bright, earnest soul-winner. He returned home after three years, cold, dead, formal, and unhappy, and it took some years before he regained his zeal and love for the Lord, if indeed he has ever fully recovered it at all.

In the year 1892 there was an unusual work of grace on the Pacific coast of U.S.A. amongst the Japanese. Some of those who are to-day the most spiritual leaders in Japan were saved at that time. Among them was a man remarkably converted, whom it was soon evident that God had chosen as a special instrument. He was much used of the Lord in America amongst his own nationals, until some years later he returned to Japan. Here he was appointed English teacher in a large Mission school. Almost at once a Revival followed; both teachers and students were convicted of sin in no ordinary degree. Many were converted and saved of the Lord. His next appointment was to the pastorate of a country church. He had not been here long before all his old fire and evangelistic zeal had disappeared. He shortly afterwards resigned and returned to America.

In 1911 Mr. ———, one of my personal friends, who told me the story, and who himself was one of the converts of the '92 Revival, visited America for some special meetings. He had been very intimately acquainted with him in the early days of his Christian

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life. Making inquiries as to the whereabouts of his old friend, he learnt to his amazement and sorrow that he was keeping a house of shame in the town of —. With the greatest difficulty he contrived to meet him, through the good offices of a mutual acquaintance, and begged him to tell him the story of his downfall. It appeared that after leaving the Mission school for his new pastorate he was induced to read books of modern criticism, in the hope, we presume, of making himself more intellectually fitted for his task. The result was spiritual bankruptcy. The solemn fear of God, the quick sensitiveness to sin, swiftly disappeared, and he found himself robbed of all life and power. “You may pray for me,” he said to his old friend, “if you believe in it, but I have given up all that sort of thing long ago,” and so they parted; but not before my friend, in the entrance of his house, had got down on his knees and poured out his aching heart for this poor deluded and unhappy soul.

There is neither space nor need to speak of many more who have given up all thoughts of the ministry, and all faith in the Gospel, after graduating in theology from a seminary where Higher Criticism is taught and defended.

One other instance with a happier sequel must suffice. — San, after finishing his theological course, and filled with modern views on the Bible, was

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appointed to work in a certain town where he found that his church or residence was opposite a Buddhist temple. Watching the old people go in to worship, he said to himself: "These people look far happier and more contented than I am; why, then, should I seek to disturb them with a teaching that brings me no peace? What folly it all is!" He was shortly after taken very ill, and brought near to the gates of death. Here, face to face with the greatest and most unfailling of all tests, he discovered that he was in no wise prepared to meet his God. Unsaved, he at once found out the dreadful fact. God graciously restored him to health, and with it gave him the grace and determination to forsake all his supposed wisdom. He resigned his ministerial work, left the city and went to another institution for a truer preparation, where he eventually was converted to God.

My pen is not Quixotic, nor am I writing at random. For, as another Missionary of ripe experience said, when I asked him if he knew of any instances of theological students losing their faith in Christ, as well as abandoning all thoughts of the ministry, "Why, the history of — College abounds in such instances!"

Many others, moreover, who have not given up their ministerial work, remain in the churches to scatter, I fear, seeds of scepticism and unbelief.

Turning from individual cases to a more general

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survey, one can but deplore the employment of advanced critics in so-called Evangelical seats of learning.

Not long since a Japanese professor at a certain theological college, which itself is by no means free from the presentation of moderate critical views, was discovered to be so outrageous in his opinions and teaching that he was asked to resign. He was immediately, without any demur or apology, invited to occupy a chair of theology at another theological seminary.

I myself have heard with my own ears the lectures of a well-known professor of yet another institution which could only be termed appalling.

In talking over the condition of affairs with Missionaries of ripe experience, I find them of the opinion, with myself, that one of the crying evils is the literature placed at the disposal of young theological students. Only saved from heathenism a few years at most, without any careful training in the perusal and study of the Scriptures, they are plunged into surroundings where all the vapourings of German, English, and American critics are at their disposal. It seems the proper thing nowadays to stock the libraries of theological colleges with this kind of literature; and these young men, already predisposed to a sort of think-as-you-please attitude, find plenty of *pabulum* for their intellectual pride. They are in some respects hardly to be blamed, for unless a course of teaching is

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adopted, to counteract and show both the moral and metaphysical defects in the underlying principles of Destructive Criticism, what can prevent an untrained and uninstructed mind from swallowing wholesale the wisdom of German savants when their college library abounds with their learned volumes.

These, then, are some of the results as we have seen them. For sixteen years I have been labouring in this country, and have travelled many thousands of miles in all directions, met Missionaries of all denominations, seen all kinds of work, mixed with Christians of all classes and persuasions, and have never yet seen or heard of any individual or any body of Christians brought nearer to Christ, and made more earnest or intelligent workers in His Kingdom, through the influence of Modern Criticism. I have, on the contrary, seen and heard of many bewildered, deceived and spiritually ruined thereby. It is the consensus of opinion among the most earnest workers, that wherever it comes it brings blight and paralysis into the churches. The present condition of weakness and lack of evangelistic zeal and devotion can unquestionably be traced in some large degree to its desolating influences.

In conclusion, I might add that in my judgment the more moderate school of Criticism is the more dangerous of the two—for inasmuch as a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, the less extreme

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A BAND OF EVANGELISTS.

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views lack, as it seems to me, the foundation of real solid thinking and tend to divert the mind from the problems concerned and the real issues at stake; and so, while satisfying it with supposed solutions of mere surface and textual difficulties, rather hide the evil of that modern apostasy which denies that there is any qualitative distinction between Natural and Revealed Religion.

It is not long before the honest and more thoughtful mind, finding itself dissatisfied with a mere superficial explanation of things, makes its way into the deeper jungle of Destructive Criticism, there to lose, in some cases for ever, all its confidence in God and His salvation.

The only hope is that the day is not far distant when the spiritual laity of our home countries, who give so liberally to the support of God's work in heathen lands, will make a strict and searching inquiry as to what is being proclaimed in the name of the Everlasting Gospel, and yet which is, alas, in some cases so far removed from its spirit and its truth.