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BISHOP AND MRS. INGHAM.

(A Photograph taken by the Rev. A. R. Wood the day before embarkation.)

FROM JAPAN TO JERUSALEM

BY THE RIGHT REV.

E. GRAHAM INGHAM, D.D.

Sometime Bishop of Sierra Leone,

Home Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

LONDON

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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Dedicated

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF
MRS. C. L. BURROWS
OF ST. PAUL'S VICARAGE, BOURNEMOUTH
(LATELY CALLED HOME),
WHO PLANNED THIS MISSIONARY JOURNEY TO
THE FAR EAST

'Their works do follow them.'—*Rev. xiv. 13.*

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FROM JAPAN TO JERUSALEM

Part I.

ACROSS EUROPE AND ASIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE story of eight months of 1909-10 spent on the frontiers of Christendom is now sent forth for general information. It is the story of a soldier spared for a short time from his base of operations to see how the battle fared at the front and to encourage the fighting line. The importance of this record arises from more reasons than one.

A great many people are now travelling. They are found on all the great roads—north and south and east and west. They see what they go to see. Many of them, like the present writer, feel it to be their plain duty to write a book on their return! The reader must judge as to whether the ordinary globe-trotter has met with phenomena such as the following pages show forth. Travellers are very much at the mercy of their guide books. Americans and others who want to see Kenilworth or Fountains Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon or Tintern do not often pause to inquire as to how Church work is going on in those neighbourhoods now. They pass through parish after parish as they traverse our land without thinking of the spiritual forces at work there. They could not tell who the clergy are, how many the communicants, and how many are at school. We do not blame them. But if they think and observe at all they are quite sure that no account of this country would be complete that ignored these silent and less observed forces. It is obvious that it is even more easy to be unconscious of these things in Tokyo and Shanghai, in Calcutta and Bombay. Few noble towers and spires as yet in those centres attract the visitor's eye. Few spiritual leaders

as yet have attained there to the prominence of an English Squire or Rector or Dean. It is necessary, therefore, that those who know should point out that these spiritual forces are really operating—though in their initial stages—in these countries, and that they demand the close attention and call for the sympathy of the passer-by.

There is another reason why this record is important. Whatever the reader may think about Missions, it is obvious that something has happened within the last ten or eleven decades that has largely helped to revolutionize Eastern lands. Seeds have been sown that are producing indigenous growths of amazing interest. This new vitality is clothing itself with many of the outward forms that we have known all our lives and inherited from our fathers. It is possible to go into a good-sized building in Osaka and Hakodate, in Hang-chow and Ningpo, in Hong Kong and Canton, in Colombo and Madras and listen to what is practically our Book of Common Prayer in just as many different languages and dialects. What does this mean? It means that some among all these peoples have heard in their own tongues the wonderful works of God, and that they are saying with more or less of conviction, 'Thy Word hath quickened me.' And the greatest danger to these very modern growths arises from the absent-minded unthinking folk who have inherited their Christianity in their own homelands, who have never thought very much about it, who are nevertheless largely a product of it, and who find themselves either stationed in the midst of these outposts of the Church or casually passing through them. It is hoped that the story of these experiences will draw out sympathy for noble pioneers who are enduring hardness in these countries so that they may interpret our Lord to those who live there. It is hoped that some will learn to cultivate a little more sympathy with those who are for the first time learning, under frightful difficulties of environment and heredity, to lisp our creeds and confessions, chants and hymns. A little honest dealing with ourselves will cause us to remember our own slow growth as a people through many centuries and our very imperfect resultant moral stature withal. And so far from minimizing the evolution hitherto attained under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, it will more and more be borne in upon the mind that our fellow-Christians in these awakening

countries are worthy of the name, and need and deserve all the backing we can give them.

One other reason craves a few words. Many, it is hoped, will read this record who have never yet travelled so far afield. A journey like this should show how wide and smooth and easy are our modern roads, how close is the contact now, for good or evil, between East and West, and how urgent the call to watch these roads, and the so-called resources of civilization that go along them. It is hoped that some will rise from reading this story with the conviction that these opportunities are our Lord's plain call to personal service in these lands at so great a time as this.

And further, it is of unspeakable importance that the grave fact should be noted that, whether we like it or not, these Eastern folk are more and more coming into our midst, that they are examining into our ways and observing the trend of our lives, and that the time has come when perhaps the most effective missionary work for good or evil will be done by the rank and file of the community at home.

The plan adopted in the following pages has been to write a short Foreword on each main division of the journey and then to let the story speak for itself. To attempt anything like an account of Japan, China, India and the Near East would be an impertinence. But it is permissible to prepare the reader for the scenes to be visited and the conditions to be met, and that is all that has been attempted.

The journey was far from covering all the ground of the Society's Missions in the Far and Near East. Western China would have taken three months by itself. Several other important centres of C.M.S. work in China as well as Japan had to be left out. India was seen only in a few of its principal cities. Persia and Turkish Arabia had to be passed by. One or two centres only in Palestine and Egypt could be visited. And if the simple story of 'something attempted, something done' is provocative, and suggestive, and even appetizing in the direction of more inquiry, whether from books or by personal visitation, it will have been well worth while to print.

It is impossible to conclude this Introduction without a word of warm thanks to fellow-workers in all these lands who gave us of their very best in kindly hospitality, in ready consultation and in hearty co-operation. It is a very delicate thing to make public many things they did

and said. Nothing artificial has been attempted. Impressions have been jotted down as made at the moment. It is hoped that such impressions will make some sides of their life and work and conditions stand out before the reader's mind and be suggestive. When these good people come home they will not talk of themselves, there is all the more reason therefore that some one else should talk about them. But how imperfect the picture must be! How many a name has to be barely mentioned and its eloquent story remain untold! How many missionaries are not even referred to because the writer had not the good fortune actually to meet them!

One *word in season* claims mention here. There was nothing that the writer dreaded more in this visitation than the possible burden of hospitality it might lay on the already overburdened missionary. And in a preliminary circular letter, care was taken to suggest that a hotel or other shelter would be welcomed where mission-houses were full. It was not taken for granted that we could live on the missionaries. A little forethought in this direction in these days of quick and easy movement will be very desirable. It is so easy to ask for a letter of introduction to a missionary. It is so easy to forget that there are no hotels in many a mission-station. It is so easy to add thoughtlessly to financial burdens already hard to bear. It is unfair to worker and work to expect a missionary to become a cicerone. As one whose debt to them is very heavy, and only justifiable because of our intimate relations, this word in season is spoken for those who will never speak for themselves.

A word must also be said about *compagnons de voyage*, and about the illustrations. This journey could never have been undertaken but for the desire of the late Mrs. C. L. Burrows, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Bournemouth, that the writer should accompany her and her husband on a Far Eastern visit at their charges.

It is generally known that God in His providence ordered otherwise. But Mr. and Mrs. Burrows were anxious that their disability should not interfere, especially as the C.M.S. Committee had granted the necessary leave of absence, and several other circumstances pointed to the advisability of the visit being made. Mrs. Burrows died during the summer of 1909. The Rev. C. L. Burrows had no heart for such a journey at such a time. But he and his nephew, Mr.

Howard Sheldon, were able, as will be seen, to join the writer at Colombo, to go up through India, and also to proceed to Palestine and Egypt. It is to Mr. Burrows and Mr. Sheldon that the illustrations connected with those countries are almost entirely due. Their cameras would have been very helpful in China and Japan, but kind missionary friends supplied the lack as far as possible.

The doubt was expressed at the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference as to whether we had any right to use such terms as base, and front and fighting line. It was questioned whether there was enough seriousness on the Church's part in this warfare to justify the use of such terms. Let the query be a challenge to every reader of these impressions to endeavour to create a base more worthy of this holy enterprise.

In these journeys our C.M.S. home base, fighting line and executive have been for the moment blended through the circumstance of this visit. The Home Secretary who works in the Executive on behalf of the base went to the front. He is now home again with added knowledge, fresh inspiration, and a new sense of the necessary contact and fellowship that each department must have with the other.

It is true that the C.M.S. is only one handmaid of the Church of England. Other Societies are bravely standing for other sides of the work calling loudly to be done. And it has been a pleasure to foregather with their workers in Eastern lands. In no spirit of narrowness but rather of intensity, a final word must be said for the C.M.S. Simplification and co-operation in certain directions—both educational and medical—are in the air. A spirit of unity and fellowship is coming upon us. The Church herself is co-ordinating us all by her Central Board of Missions. But, however federated and however unified, let us for the work's sake maintain the spiritual principle, the individuality, the experience, the expert knowledge for which such a Society as the C.M.S. stands. The work to which we have set our hand in these countries needs the continuity of administration associated with C.M.S. It needs the spiritual ideals for which it stands. And those who read these pages should find that C.M.S. Missions, C.M.S. workers, and C.M.S. results make out a strong case for continued and increased support of and identification with the Church Missionary Society.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST STAGE.

Berlin, August 19, 1909.

WE left London (Victoria) on August 17, at 9.45 a.m., and had an excellent crossing to Flushing over a very smooth sea. Arriving in Berlin early next morning we drove to the Hotel Continental.

BERLIN.

At ten o'clock (August 18) we received a call from Dr. Spieker, a Berlin gentleman, to whom Sir John Kennaway had written about me. We were not many minutes before we got into very close touch not only over the recent visit of representatives of British Churches to Berlin, but also on the subject of Missions, concerning which he is an enthusiast. He came to say he had invited a number of friends of Evangelical Missions to meet us at their evening meal to-day, and would we come? This invitation of course we gladly accepted. After spending the day pleasantly in driving and sitting about, Dr. Spieker's motor came at 6 p.m., and we spent a charming evening. It was a first night of which this missionary tour will have no cause to be ashamed. Several striking features of the evening claim a few words. First of all, Dr. Spieker is himself quite a personality. A fine man with patriarchal beard, he told how he had learnt to value and believe in Missions from his experiences of them as a man of business in South-West Africa. 'But,' he added, 'I was converted to something else first, and the outstanding experience of my childhood was a sermon I heard at six years old. I can this day point to the spot where I sat. The text was, "Be joyful in the Lord always and again I say be joyful."' I had also an interesting talk with Herr Berner, president of the Berlin Missionary Society, on our German Missions in East Africa. Inspector Axenfeld feels strongly that the advance of Islam is a strong call to Evangelical Missions to unite forces as far as possible, and his

Society wants to encourage inter-denominational effort in the use of the press, and they want to do something to rescue lapsed Christians in danger of falling away to Mohammedanism. He may visit East Africa after the Edinburgh Conference. Other interests of the visit were Dr. Spieker's expressing the conviction that the word among the best minds in Germany at present was 'back to Christ.' The dinner was very simple but good. There was prayer and the 87th Psalm was read round the table immediately the meal had concluded. No one knelt, and on reaching the drawing-room each guest shook hands with the others, saying, 'May God bless your meal to you.' With quite an Apostolic benediction from each one, a pleasant evening came to an end, and the motor brought us back to our rooms.

Moscow, August 23.

We reached here on Saturday afternoon. The journey from Berlin was very enjoyable, and the atmosphere for summer was cool and pleasant. Leaving Berlin at 7.15 p.m., on August 19, we reached Alexandrovo at 1.20 a.m. and Warsaw at 8.5 a.m. We left at 10.5 a.m., and were now to be in the train without change till 1.20 p.m. next day—some twenty-seven hours. It was a pleasant ride through agricultural Russia. The country, however, is as flat as a pancake. Not a hill was noticed till, close to Moscow, the ground rose a little.

Moscow.

To our great convenience, the Bible Society's agent met us at the station. But this morning a further kind thing has been done. The Rev. Dr. Kean, whose Bible Society district includes Moscow, has come from St. Petersburg for his own business, and to show us Moscow. We are at a loss to understand such attentions. Having taken us to the railway people to verify our tickets and places, we drove to the Kremlin and spent the morning there. It was most interesting. The word *Kremlin* is a Tartar word, and means 'the fort upon the hill.' It commands Moscow. On entering through the gates, the first things we saw were the scores of guns that Napoleon had to leave behind him. We saw the rooms he occupied when he looked on Moscow burning all around him, and thus—all provision for his army being cut off—his retreat was forced upon him. We saw the Imperial

regalia, robes, chariots, thrones, audience chambers, bedrooms—all scenes of the late and preceding coronations, and the State Rooms were magnificent. The armoury was worth seeing, and so were the Imperial apartments with their beautiful floors of inlaid wood of charming pattern and shades. It seems that royalties in this country only wear a robe once. It is immediately ticketed and sent to some museum. Peter the Great's bed was in evidence, but most of his mementoes are in St. Petersburg.

After lunch we drove to Sparrow Hill, some four or five miles outside Moscow, and alighted at a magnificently placed chateau for a glass of Russian tea and to enjoy the view. Here Napoleon halted and looked down on the city and cried, 'Moscow is mine' (an illustration of the old proverb, 'Many a slip'). The drive was interesting also for the valuable conversation we were able to have with Dr. Kean. Asked whether he had seen the protest against Russian administration in the *Times* (published on the day of the Tsar's arrival at Cowes), he said, 'Yes! that may be all true, but out of perspective nevertheless. I know,' he said, 'Russian editors who deliberately take the columns say of the *Times* and *Telegraph* and cull from them all the blackest incidents of British life (murders, assaults, etc.), and dish them up together in their columns as a description of our ways. When remonstrated with they say, "Well, it is our only remedy."' He also gave us a new view of Siberia as a prison settlement. Except when plotters are arrested, and secrecy is essential for state reasons, families are allowed to go together. A man's sweetheart will come to be married to him in prison and travel by the same train and be kept informed of her husband's movements, and they are brought together at the end of the journey. A man arrested secretly and taken off unknown to his family became valuable as a clerk, and presently as a sub-manager, until at the end of five years he was completely trusted, and was asked, 'Would you like your wife and family to come?' He expressed his delight and, behold, they were forthcoming a station or two away! The authorities had anticipated his wish.

The feature of Moscow seems to be its Kremlin and its churches with gold, silver, bronze, blue and green minarets, everywhere surmounted by the Cross—the crosses mostly held at each point by a light chain to prevent them, in case of accident, from falling to the ground.

Moscow, August 24.

St. Bartholomew's Day—a fateful name in France—a day of blessing I hope for Sydney in its new Archbishop whom God bless to-day! We started forth this morning under the guidance of our kind friend, Dr. Kean, to complete our study of the Kremlin. We must have visited four churches marvellously frescoed and adorned, standing quite close to one another. The men in charge seemed most anxious to exhibit the costliness of the gold and silver and jewels which abounded. Upon hearing that in one of the churches there was unusual wealth of ornament, I begged Dr. Kean to say to the attendant, 'If we had this wealth at our disposal we might give the Gospel to the whole of China.' The response was, 'Ah, wonderful, yes! It is more riches than are possessed by all the merchants of Moscow.' So my appeal fell flat! The Church of the Coronation of the Tsars of Russia is very small, scarcely one hundred could get in or be so arranged as to witness the ceremony! We saw tombs of Tsars and Patriarchs and relics—even a foot of St. Mark the Evangelist. We also came upon priests saying morning prayers, and groups of peasantry genuflecting at the required times. We saw devotees of both sexes almost passionately kissing relics and pictures, and even little children touching the ground with their little foreheads and crossing themselves continually. It was all very, very sad.

Passing from the Kremlin, we next visited the Church of the Saviour—the finest and most beautiful thing in ecclesiastical architecture and adornment that Moscow possesses. It was designed and planned many centuries ago, but was not completed until about 1900. In all these churches, the altar is behind a golden door usually kept closed, and the chair of the Patriarch is still further at the rear, and slightly raised. Electric light is everywhere. We left these specimens of Moscow ecclesiasticism and religion, scarcely wondering that the Gospel light has spread so slowly, and grieving that its progress should be handicapped by such a travesty of Christianity. Oh! that all this great capacity for devotion could be directed to the true Object of devotion.

Passing from the churches, we soon found ourselves in a very different place—the Moscow depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society. I never felt more thankful for

that Society. We found in charge there the young colporteur who had met us at Moscow railway station and had helped us so much. The establishment consists of two fine rooms—one of which is a shop—kept beautifully clean, with a portrait of the Tsar on the wall. We inspected the various portions and versions circulated in Russia, and were informed that, of the New Testament alone, 100,000 copies are sold annually in the Empire, and of various portions, including some copies of the whole Bible, half a million. Dr. Kean told us that the Society pays to the printing office of the Holy Synod £10,000 annually, and to the bookbinders another £10,000 annually. They get back that entire sum (viz., £20,000) in annual purchases, but other expenses amount to another £10,000, and this last is the contribution of supporters of the British and Foreign Bible Society towards the letting of Gospel light into Russia.

This practically concluded our activities in Moscow. Fellow-travellers to Japan, viz., Miss M. Brownlow and Miss F. M. Freeth, have arrived and we all go on by the same train (D.V.) to-morrow. Before concluding my Moscow story I should explain that I owe it entirely to the Rev. A. Taylor of the B. and F.B.S. in London that we have received such attention from Dr. Kean. Mr. Taylor came round to see me at Salisbury Square and said he would like, with my approval, to request all their agents along the line of my route to call on me and render any service they could.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

FOR the benefit of intending travellers by the Trans-Siberian Railway, the following excellent description of that line is quoted *in extenso* from the *Times* of July 19, 1910 :—

Little was known by the travelling public of the Trans-Siberian Railway until the International Sleeping Car Company, in conjunction with the Russian and Chinese Eastern Railways, established what is called a through train to the Far East on the railway which begins at the Russian frontier town of Alexandrovo, or at Virballen, and travels over the broad gauge railway of European Russia to Tchiliabinsk, 2,311 versts from St. Petersburg. Here the two branch lines, one from St. Petersburg and one from Moscow, converge and connect with the Trans-Siberian Railway. From this station to Manchuria, a distance of 4,472 versts, the line runs right across Siberia through thousands of miles of forests and vast stretches of agricultural land, crossing several mountain ranges and mighty rivers to Manchuria. At Manchuria, the first station in Manchuria, the Chinese Eastern Railway begins, and as this railway was built on the five-foot gauge, and is operated by the Russian Government, no change is necessary, after once starting on the Russian railways, until Vladivostok is reached, a distance of 1,604 versts. The distance traversed from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok is therefore 8,387 versts, or 5,560 miles. As Alexandrovo is, 1,472 kilomètres (915 miles) from Ostend, the total distance from Ostend to Vladivostok is 6,475 miles, or from London to Vladivostok 6,611 miles. By the route *via* St. Petersburg, Moscow, Samara, and Irkutsk it is 5,900 miles from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, but by the northern route *via* Viatka the distance is reduced to the figure above mentioned.

The last rail of this great enterprise was laid on November 3, 1901, but the line was not opened for permanent regular traffic until two years later. Then came the Russo-Japanese War, which disorganized the railway service and ended in the transfer of the Port Arthur branch into the control of Japan. It is only, therefore, within the last two or three years that any attempt has been made to utilize this tremendous undertaking for commercial purposes. In London very little interest has been aroused in the regular operation of this railway, except among firms doing

business in the Far East—letters posted and marked by this route reach Peking or Tokyo in fifteen or seventeen days, instead of forty and forty-five days, the time required by the Suez Canal route—but in the East it is a matter of living interest and a topic of almost daily conversation.

Two through expresses—Russian State trains—and one train made up of International Sleeping Car and dining coaches are now running over this route, making three through trains weekly. Of these the International train is the most popular, because the attendants speak English, French and German, and because the dining car arrangements and food are admittedly better than on the Russian trains. Apart from these advantages, there is no difference, as all three trains seem to make the journey in about the same time, and as the Russian cars are equal in all respects to those of the International Sleeping Car Company.

En route to Vladivostok, August 31, 1909.

It is exactly a week ago to-night that we drove from the Metropolitan Hotel to the Moscow terminus of the Siberian Railway. It was a strange and busy scene in that midnight hour. One wondered whether we were rubbing shoulders with prisoners starting for Siberia; but ignorance was bliss. It seems impossible to get the simplest thing done in many of these Continental cities without such an endless amount of talk and hubbub. One official had enough English at command to say humorously to me, 'This is Moscow and not London.' It was a little painful to hear several bemoaning the fact that their luggage had gone astray. Though our space is small, we are, of course, alone, and, comfort of all comforts, we have all washing arrangements completely to ourselves. We are very like a big ship on land, and it is doubtful whether we oscillate much more than some of the record breakers of the North Atlantic service. This sense of being on board ship with cabins to ourselves and a common room in which to take our meals gives a considerable degree of *camaraderie* to the passengers. It is true there is no deck to walk, but this lack is happily supplied by the fifteen minutes' or so stop at a station some five or six times a day. The exodus from the train at such a time can only be compared to birds escaping from their cages, and one man tries to put in a mile walk, some one else is keen to buy bread, milk, fruit, eggs, hot water, and whatever will lessen the necessity of too many visits to the restaurant cars. These stoppages are a redeeming

feature in a journey that would otherwise be too sedentary. Already fears are expressed that the world's rush will soon do away with them. If so, much of the pleasure of the route will go.

We have some interesting fellow-travellers. Not only are our Miss Brownlow and Miss Freeth returning to Japan, but other missionaries are on board. I have had most interesting converse with educational missionaries of the American Episcopal Church, and of the Baptist body in Shan-Tung. I found much interest in my talks with a successful American lawyer, who has been taking a three months' holiday from his practice in Manila, and has gone round the world. It is easy to gather that, in the minds of all, we have come to unprecedented times in the Far East. Several Japanese are on the train, but thus far I have failed to get into touch. A Roman bishop and two priests are amongst the party. It is safe to say that all or most nationalities are represented. This means that we remain very much in compartments. On Sunday last I specially longed for at least some reading and prayer with the fairly large missionary party. But after consulting some of the keenest, we had sorrowfully to decide that it must be only by twos and threes, at the most, that any of us could get together.

To return for a moment to some of the talks on this journey. Without disclosing identity, let me say that I asked a certain knowing missionary how far in his opinion a visit such as mine to the mission-field was a thing to be encouraged. The answer was a qualified one: 'In theory excellent, but everything depends upon who comes.' Another, a very able man, who has been twenty-six years in China, told me he had been having a hard tussle with a merchant on this train who had spoken contemptuously about Missions. And this was the line my friend took. He met the man on his own ground, and showed him, on the utilitarian basis, what it would mean to China and to the European community for him to turn out of his school honest, God-fearing youths, who would do right from the best motives, and do their duty toward their neighbour. 'Now,' said he, 'if you will come to my place I will show you this kind of thing being done.' He added, 'I believe I have broken through his prejudice and he is coming to see me.' 'I have no patience,' he went on

to say, 'with the sort of missionary worker that sees the beginning and end of missionary duty in standing up with a Bible and preaching.' 'Why,' he said, 'I am always preaching. A few years ago I commenced building operations, and I said to my workmen, "Now this building has got to preach. All the work you put into it is going to be true work." I had my reward, one day. A Chinaman of some position came along and looked at the work and admired it and said, "Now I like that, it is true and real." I replied, "How can it be otherwise, since we are servants of the True, and the Spirit of the True is with us; we must be true." And I began from those same stones to preach to him Jesus.' It can be matter for no surprise that the Governor of his province gave him the other day £100 for his work. To this missionary's wife the Governor remarked, 'We don't object to our people becoming Christians if it means that they are to be all the better and truer Chinamen thereby, but we do object if the "Jesus religion" is to de-nationalize them.'

One other conversation is worthy of record. 'There is a type of Christian,' one man said to me, 'who will want a compartment in heaven to himself, who on board ship and elsewhere, is more cause of hostility to Missions than anything else. Such people will want the deck to themselves for some spiritual purpose, will go about singing, "Hallelujah," and then hold a prayer-meeting to pray for the children of this world when they in their turn want the deck for a dance!' This sounds a little hard and unsympathetic, but there is a considerable element of truth about it, and the great Master suffers most sometimes at the hands of His friends, who forget that the Spirit by Whom alone they can unveil Him to others is the spirit of love, joy, peace, long-suffering and gentleness. The missionary, or any Christian, is without doubt severely tried himself under circumstances such as these. It is so hard to know when to bear testimony, however unwelcome, and when to refrain. I think the great Master will help us here. Instead of rushing into the fray, let us cultivate the practice of looking up to Him for guidance, or a message.

It is time to turn to the scenery lying around and about this Siberian Railway. During the first three or four days after leaving Moscow the country was mainly flat. This flatness was, however, redeemed for us by the fact that

everywhere the scene was alive with men and women, and even children, gathering in the harvest. I cannot recall anywhere more pleasant pictures. In brilliant weather and cool air (in the shade), with the red dresses (mostly of the women workers, who preponderated) the scenes were full of life, movement and colour. Silver birches, such as you see in Norway, seemed to abound, and faggots from them were carefully stacked everywhere for the long winter. It was on the third night from Moscow that we came to the River Volga. We crossed it at midnight by a marvellous bridge of about the span of the Forth Bridge, and our car attendant called us to see it. On the same night we were called up a second time to witness what appeared to be a big town burning down not far from the railway. It seemed so terrible to pass on in such complete ignorance of detail!

My biggest excitement was at Tchiliabinsk last Saturday (August 28). Stepping down from the train in the early morning I was accosted by a gentleman in English who said, 'Is this Bishop Ingham?' It turned out to be Mr. W. Davidson of the Bible Society. As a result of a letter from Queen Victoria Street, he had also (like Dr. Kean) decided to combine some work in town and neighbourhood with waiting on me. But I was scarcely prepared for his proposal. He said, 'Now, your grace (it was the first intimation I had had of elevation!), I want you to come into the town and see our depository. It is quite near, and your train stops fifty minutes.' I acknowledge that while I believed *him*, I did *not* believe his information. But on his repeated assurances that the train would stay, and my wife not be condemned to go on alone (a week ahead of me!) I consented, and we were soon in a droshki, tearing over impossible pebbles: I found an extremely well-kept little house which consisted of Bible office, living room and kitchen premises, was introduced to a husband and wife, who seemed to carry God's peace on their faces, and it was easy to say, 'Let us pray,' seeking a blessing on work and workers. I found on rising, that the Russian agent (who could not follow me) gave expression through Mr. Davidson to some of the very words I had used in prayer. So we were well agreed! After a quick look round, I said, 'Now, I think I shall continue my conversation with you more comfortably if we get back, and you let me talk with one hand-grip upon the Siberian train.' When I found that Mr. Davidson had

travelled all night from Ekaterinburg to see me, in a third-class carriage, I was not sorry that I had made the effort, especially as I found my train still there. We did not stay fifty minutes, however, but only thirty! There were three workers of the Society besides on the platform—one in the act of selling his books—and I did thank God for them. One bit of eternal light in the midst of so much that was dark and strange! Around us on a crowded platform were Russians, Sarmatians, Tartars, convicts, but in the midst of all there was the same family grouping, the same love of children, the same affection that we love to see in our own land.

Approaching Vladivostok, September 4.

Unfortunately we passed through the Ural Mountains by night and so missed the best part of them, but we saw enough of mountainous country, even then, to please the eye very much indeed, and since Omsk in the early hours of Sunday morning (August 29), we have had every variety of scenery, and very much to interest. We thus passed into a region of vast pine forests. The Scotch fir (as we call it) with its picturesque red stems caught the bright sunshine beautifully as we passed along. Pretty rivers would often wind along the path of the train, wild flowers caught the eye, and here and there the approach of autumn was heralded by trees completely scarlet in the midst of the green. But the best scenery of all—scenery for which alone the journey was worth while—was immediately after Irkutsk. This is a very large place indeed, and here, with the greatest ease we were transferred to another train at the same platform, and a porter had very soon arranged our cabin luggage according to our corresponding numbers in the new train. Immediately on leaving the station, we found ourselves running along the borders of Lake Baikal. We looked across for several hours at magnificent mountain ranges on the north side of the Lake. Fine engineering had carved out for us a path sometimes through a tunnel, then around an unexpected curve, always returning to the margin of this great inland sea, and passengers told of sleigh journeys across, and even of telegraph stations erected in the centre where now its waves were reflecting the brilliant sunshine of late August. Even after leaving the lake we continued to move along in very elevated country, and emerged gradually into a region of rolling downs, perfectly bare, recalling those

behind Brighton. It was exactly like being at sea. You saw a big, smooth swell approach you, and lo ! it was gone and another had taken its place. This continued until, by 11 o'clock on September 2, the border town of Mandchuria was reached.

We had arrived in China. The usual Customs formalities were now gone through once more. They were not so strict as in Russia, but care was needed lest luggage should be left behind, as had been the unfortunate lot of too many on this train. The moment we crossed the border we found new conditions obtaining. At the vestibule of each carriage there is an armed soldier on guard, though usually asleep ! All along the line, especially at the small stations, there is a soldier, with fixed bayonet, at attention. At the same time John Chinaman has begun to be in evidence, sometimes doing portage work at the station, sometimes in the distance at work in the fields. What is the explanation ? The Russians own and guard the *railway*, but the *country* is a part of China, and we are told that Li Hung-Chang has never been forgiven by the Chinese for this concession to Russia.

Manchuria (as we are seeing it) is an unending plain, reputed to be very rich for cultivation, and doubtless thickly populated, but it appears that, partly on account of the Russians and partly through possibly superstitious feelings concerning the railway, Chinese habitations are mostly out of sight. The flat country came to an end, soon after Harbin (called Kharbine on our railway map). We stopped there at 11 o'clock last night (September 3), and several families, in some of whom we were much interested, left us then for different places in China. Since then we have come to very fine country again, and expect it to continue thus, and to become even finer till we reach our terminus to-night.

There remains one other subject upon which a few remarks may be useful. Let me briefly describe the daily life on the train. It is astonishing, in looking back over eleven days, how rapidly and pleasantly time has slipped by. It has been a memorable and enjoyable time. There is no doubt that a little judicious attention to the man in attendance on your cabin and in the restaurant car does make matters go smoothly. The impossibility of any extensive exercise renders it most inadvisable to visit the restaurant car too often. And the amateur marketing of a morn-

ing at the railway stations enabled us to get sufficient for a light luncheon and afternoon tea in our cabin. Thus the visits to the restaurant car for us were when we went for morning coffee and rolls, and when about 7 or 7.30 we went for dinner. The cabin is turned from a sleeping apartment to a day room for us, and *vice versa*, while we are absent at those two meals. The three bells (one on stopping, the second as a warning and the third to herald the moment for the departure whistle) are a great assistance to peace of mind, when having a constitutional on the platform. There is not very much difference between first and second class, but to have a room for two only, and, as stated before, the toilet comforts, are worth the extra payment. From all accounts this is the cheapest route, moreover, to the Far East. It is astonishing what delicious sleep can be enjoyed at night on comfortable beds, and as for the daytime it is abundantly full. We spend it mostly as follows: I am up and dress first. After coffee we have our daily Psalms and Bible-reading. Then I generally read aloud while my wife does her knitting. Only too soon comes the time for our extemporized *déjeuner*. After that the sun grows warm and (let us confess it) we are a little soporific. Then my 'Jane' gets ready the ever-reviving afternoon tea, after which we either resume our reading, do some necessary writing (as now), or look out on the lengthening shadows, glorious sunsets (sometimes), or pay a visit to some neighbouring friend along the corridor. After dinner it is impossible to do much. The restaurant car is in requisition for continual relays, so we cannot stay there, and our day room has become a very narrow bedroom, so we are not long (unless stoppage at a station happens) in getting to roost. Let me here anticipate a little, and then lay down my pen till after Vladivostok. At 2.30 on this day we shall again come to Russian territory at Pogranitch, which means 'town on the border.' The scenery will become grander even than now, nearer Vladivostok, and for an hour before arrival (at eleven to-night) we shall ride along close to the open sea—the first sea we shall have met since the English Channel.

Part II.

JAPAN.

CHAPTER III.

A FOREWORD ON JAPAN.*

SOMETHING is needed by way of introduction before we land in this remarkable country and at this important moment of its evolution. We are going to move up and down a land that has maintained its perfect independence for more than 2,500 years. We are only able to land today because a great national awakening has come.

The year 1853 will always be memorable in Japan for the visit of Commodore Perry. There followed upon that visit in rapid sequence such opportunities of knowing the outside world and such determination to obtain that knowledge as produced the celebrated Imperial decree of 1868 which it is worth while to quote *in extenso* :—

That a Deliberative Assembly be formed and all measures be decided by public opinion ; that the uncivilized customs of former times should be broken through, and the impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature be adopted as a basis of action, and that intellect and learning should be sought throughout the world in order to establish the foundation of the Empire.

The next important date was 1889. A Constitution was promulgated. Amongst other great changes, we find religious beliefs protected and ordered not to be violated. The significance of this will immediately be seen in these pages, and its recent character will give point and effectiveness to the experiences now awaiting us in Japan. Count Okuma, one of the most outstanding of the Elder Statesmen

* For most of the points mentioned in this chapter the writer is indebted to the Japan number of the *Times* newspaper, July 19, 1910.

of Japan, whom we shall presently meet, has lately written as follows :—

In the early days of national reform, countries advance bravely and enthusiastically on their course, but midway they are apt to falter ; their pulse grows sluggish and their energies flag. During the past half century the Japanese have freely and incessantly spent themselves in the working out of their national destiny, and not least in the two great foreign wars they have had to wage. There have been signs in some quarters of a certain exhaustion of mental activity, a certain relaxation of moral fibre, a certain tendency towards scepticism which it may be feared may act injuriously on social morality.

It is easy to read between the lines and detect what we know is an uppermost anxiety in many Japanese minds, viz., as to the permanent effect which increasing contact with the civilization of the West will have on the character of the nation.

It will assist intelligence if we go a step farther and find out what we can about the characteristics of the people through whose country we are to move. It is somewhat discouraging to be told, by one who has been a continuous resident for forty-three years in the Far East, that ' direct converse with the Japanese in their own language is essential to any intelligent study of their character.' But after reading the studies in character of this writer, we are convinced that there is another side to the usual Western conception as to those characteristics. He shows us, e.g., how truth and honesty can be there and yet not mark the particular class that has most dealings with the foreign merchant. Of native servants he says :—

It is with the servant as with the merchant. There are good and there are bad, and to say that the balance sways abnormally in either direction is to display rashness rather than discernment.

The people whom we are to visit are by the same authority described as a good-tempered race :—

A thousand events, each of which suffices to drive the average Occidental to liberal profanity, do not even ruffle the composure of the Japanese. One may live for tens of years in Japan without seeing an angry man or a doleful countenance. Nevertheless under these traits there is a kernel, and, if it be touched, the elemental passions blaze out with consuming fierceness.

Cognate to this we are told of the practice of imperturb-

ability—the cultivation of composure in the presence of all emergencies :—

Observers, ignorant of this underlying restraint, are prone to infer that, because a Japanese makes no outward display of grief over lamentable things, he is callous and *inhuman*. It is a false inference.

The features that will appeal most readily to us when we land will be their courtesy and cleanliness. It is very doubtful whether the gentle manners of the Japanese will survive permanent contact with the rougher ways of the West, but while they last, they add immensely to the picturesqueness of life and to the pleasures of intercourse.

There is one other characteristic, and unless we take it into account we shall fail to understand the spirit that animates the student life of the country. It is estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the youth of Japan are at school. So wonderfully is the educational machine graduated and co-ordinated that it has been playfully said that a child graduates every few days. The course of the ordinary elementary school is six years, and attendance is compulsory. Everything is done to encourage further study. Voluntary societies exist for protecting and encouraging school children, and in some cases for supplying poor children with clothes, books, stationery and other necessaries. School gardens have now become universal, and many schools cultivate a school forest which in its turn assists to maintain the school. Nature study is much in evidence, and picnic journeys of a whole school to historic sites are of frequent occurrence. We confess that we want to see at close quarters a system of education for which by general testimony Japanese youth will sacrifice so much.

There remains one other brief study of the people to be named before we let our missionary journey through Japan tell its own tale. The Rev. Arthur Lloyd, of Tokyo who has lately written on the religion of these interesting people, tells of the cult of Amida who is to his followers the all-embracing Buddha :—

Before anything was, he was. It was he by whom the worlds came into being. He is the father of all sentient beings, and all gods and Buddhas are but partial manifestations of him. Amida looked down and saw the unhappy condition of man. He took flesh and came on earth. He made a vow that he would devise

a means for the salvation of all. He accomplished his design, returned to his glory and now, in the paradise which he has created, he waits to receive the souls of those who depart hence in his faith.

We are told that this cult made its first appearance in the Eastern world towards the end of the first century A.D., and was brought to China in book form A.D. 147. It stirred up many devout hearts, and it has always been the glory of Amidaism that it preached the Gospel to the poor. It was impossible not to place on record such a marvellous semblance of the Gospel—surely some rays of the Sun that at that time began to rise on the world!

Mr. Lloyd says that no form of religious belief that has ever come to Japan with a real message to the heart of man—whether Confucianism, Buddhism, Amidaism, or Roman Catholic Christianity—has ever been entirely extirpated. He tells us that Christianity as now freely preached has had its undoubted influence. It has stimulated philanthropy, elevated the tone of home life, created a thirst for a higher realization of the family, and furnished men with noble, ambitious ideals. He says there are signs of an incipient movement towards religion throughout the country—a movement by no means Christian and yet undoubtedly due to and affected by the efforts of Christian workers.

In speculating upon Japan's probable contribution to the religion of the future, Mr. Lloyd concludes by saying:—

We will hope that that contribution will make for the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom which is in the hearts of men, which comes without observation and cannot be reduced to statistics, which is independent of all organizations and which has been defined as consisting of 'righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER IV.

IN JAPAN—OSAKA.

Sea of Japan, September 6, 1909.

WE reached Vladivostok late on the night of September 4 (our thirty-second wedding anniversary). It was pointed out to us that we should act wisely if we went straight to our steamer, which was lying near by, so, with our packages shouldered by Chinese porters, we found ourselves, after certain devious paths, at the gangway of the excellent ship *Mongolia*, which is now bearing us on towards Japan. It did not need many glances for one to see that we were fortunate in our ship. A little further acquaintance revealed the fact that we were fortunate in other ways. So few were travelling that the stewardess assigned to us two excellent outside contiguous rooms, spotlessly clean and quite roomy. There we enjoyed an unwontedly quiet night after the train, and by the time we were on deck enjoying morning coffee and roll we were loosing our hawsers and under steam for Tsuruga. All that we really saw of Vladivostok was yesterday, while we were making our exodus on a peaceful and bright Sunday morning. The town consists of groups of shops and other business places, hotels, a church or two, and there were other unknown buildings climbing up the slopes of a rapidly rising ground. But the chief interest of the place was its fortifications. The harbour is a very pretty one and is very strongly fortified. Thirty-six hours' steam will (D. V.) bring us to Tsuruga by five o'clock on Tuesday morning (September 7), and so far, by God's blessing, we have been able to keep to our printed itinerary. Never has the sea been more amiable, while sun and breeze and blue water and sky by day, with a waning moon and brilliant stars by night, are giving us two delicious days and nights before we face what will, no doubt, be the warm weather and the constant movement of our expected six weeks in Japan.

Osaka, September 7.

Very many impressions have been received since last night. The Russian mail boat treated us well, and it is with no wish to disparage their linguistic powers that I place on record a curious notice, in English, placed so as to catch our eye before landing in Japan this morning :—

The esteemed passengers are hereby informed of the order of the local authorities with regard to the following strictest prohibition : ' to take photos in town's or in Port's and Fortress's, nor any other kind of taking up ' !

It was a night that reminded us of our cabin sensations within a few hours of Sierra Leone, as we drew on to Tsuruga. Unable to sleep, I watched now and then from the port-hole the miles of fishing boats we had to pass as we drew near land. Each carried one or two lights, and it was quite an illuminated fleet. By 4 a.m. we heard the anchor go, and soon we were dressing. None too soon, for the Rev. C. T. Warren was on board soon after five, and by 6 a.m. we had had coffee, and were *en route* to the railway station in the well known jinricksha.

Instead of attempting a running description of scenes that have been described over and over again, let me put down rather a few first impressions on this eventful day. I expected a beautiful country, and I know I am going to be delighted with it over and over again. I expected progressiveness, and I see even more than I expected. Indications, however, of a far from complete evolution forcibly face the traveller, who sees on the one hand the up-to-date dining and sleeping car and on the other some very crude arrangements indeed along the line of railway ! It is safe to predict that all this will gradually be set right. But the outstanding impression of the six hours' ride from Tsuruga to Osaka was, that there was not a notice affecting the travellers, or a name of a station, or a record of places of interest for which one might alight at that station, that was not beautifully reproduced in English ! Side by side, the two languages spoke of alliance, and of a real wish on the part of the authorities that the travelling Briton or English-speaking man should feel at home. Perhaps the relief was felt the more because of the quite other conditions that had obtained throughout our 6,000 miles overland journey !

It was a great advantage to be met by the Rev. C. T.

Warren. And it is impossible to express all that he has been to us to-day. Thus it happened that no one (Miss Brownlow and Miss Freeth were of our company) was overtired on arrival, and we were fairly fresh to meet, and be welcomed by, quite a crowd of workers on the Osaka platform. One or two English missionaries, several Japanese clergy, masters and teachers of mission-schools, all came with bright faces to bid us welcome to Japan.

We had *en route* from Tsuruga passed through the scenes of a recent earthquake disaster; we now in Osaka found ourselves driving through large parts—one-fifth of the city—recently ravaged by a destructive fire. What can be said of the busy scenes, of the crowds on the railways, at the stations, in the streets,—their restless energies and their, to us, unaccustomed ways? This, at least, must be said, that nowhere did the power of the Gospel to ennoble and grace the countenance come so vividly to my mind, as when, after seeing many faces of many types of expression, the twenty or so Christian Japanese stood round our carriage to welcome us this afternoon! I thanked God to see here what I had often noted in West Africa, what Christianity can do for the faces of those who know something of its power. We were glad to reach this haven of rest—the first room we had sat down in since Moscow. Mrs. Warren gave us a right warm welcome, and a real afternoon tea followed upon a glorious bath.

Osaka, September 8.

Mr. Warren has been supplying me with a striking incident of the power of the written Word. A few weeks ago a letter came from a clergyman in Queensland telling of a Japanese cook whom the clergyman got to know in the hotel of the place. He had been struck with this man's attendance at church, and had endeavoured to get into touch with him, but difficulties of language forbade much explanation. When, however, the cook was returning to Japan, the clergyman wrote to Mr. Warren saying all he knew, and adding that it was clearly a case in which there was a distinct leaning to Christianity. Mr. Warren at once got into communication with this young man and he discovered the following facts. On Thursday Island some fellow-countryman had presented him with a Japanese New Testament and also with a paper entitled *The Light of the*

World (which, by the way, Mr. Warren started several years ago). But though accepting the New Testament, the Japanese cook never dreamed of looking into it until he found himself in a bush region with literally nothing to occupy his mind in spare hours. Under these conditions he took refuge in this literature, and was riveted by it. When the man resolved to use his Government 'permit' to return to Queensland, he sought baptism from Mr. Warren. He was passed on to the pastor of Trinity Church, Osaka, for preparation and for baptism. The result was that not only did the Japanese pastor, after further instruction, thankfully accept him, but he came to Mr. Warren and said, 'This thing has come about under your cognizance, and was at least helped by your publication, I think you should baptize him yourself.' He was baptized, therefore, last month, and has now returned to Queensland, and a letter of commendation has, of course, gone to the chaplain who, in the first case, commended him to Mr. Warren.

The first function in connexion with my Japan visit took place to-day, and was of a most pleasing and impressive character. Mr. and Mrs. Warren invited to afternoon tea the Japanese clergy and their wives, together with a few C.M.S. missionaries. The party taxed the accommodation severely. The introductory ceremonies, especially as regards the lady guests, were novel and amusing. 'Japanese Receptions' in Missionary Exhibitions have so admirably explained this that no more need be said. Tea and cakes were served first, and after that we started what purported to be a social function to receive us and commit our visit in prayer to the Lord. Mr. Warren, in a few happy sentences, spoke about us in Japanese, and then it was the turn of the Rev. P. G. Kawai to say to me a few words in English as from our Japanese fellow-workers. Mr. Kawai had evidently searched all possible records for some account of my past (especially Dr. Stock's *History of the C.M.S.*). He even brought out the text of the sermon preached at my Consecration as Bishop twenty-six years ago! He gracefully said that I was one of the first bishops to plead for the visit of missionaries to Native Churches and he rejoiced that I was now carrying out my own prescription. It so happens (and most happily) that the Rev. G. Chapman, who has laboured here as a C.M.S. missionary for twenty-five years, has arrived from furlough to-day, so

a few words of welcome were also accorded to him. Then came my first words by interpretation. Those who know the hard discipline of such speaking will pity me. The Rev. J. Fujimoto, a Japanese pastor who is kindly going to be my interpreter throughout, began his duties on this occasion, and I am sure did well. I have had a good deal of conversation with him, and as a result he will soon get into my modes of expression. He has never been farther north than Tokyo and is pleased to be accompanying us to Hokkaido. I was anxious to lead up to prayer, so after a few preliminary words, I spoke as briefly as I could on *a great presence* (St. Matt. xviii. 20), *a great promise* (St. John xvi. 24), and *a great condition* (St. John xv. 7). Mr. Warren told me that the prayers which rapidly followed one another showed real sympathy and feeling, as though some words, even by interpretation, had gone home. The gathering soon afterwards came to an end, and the usual genuflexions were renewed. Miss K. A. S. Tristram was able to be present and looked very fit, also Miss Freeth, our fellow-traveller, Miss E. B. Boulton and the Rev. C. H. Basil Woodd. These were the only European missionaries, the rest being Japanese.

Osaka, September 10.

The event of to-day has been a quiet dinner party at which the six Japanese C.M.S. clergy were invited to meet me. The object of this party was to give these men the chance to talk freely about matters they had on their minds concerning the work. So, after the ladies had retired from the table, we drew our chairs towards the balcony, and began. Mr. Warren and Mr. Chapman also withdrew in order that there might be the fullest freedom of speech. Mr. Kawai and Mr. Fujimoto were the chief speakers, and happily all could hear, though not all could readily speak English.

Amongst other points referred to was the plea for more English missionaries, men and women of culture and spiritual discernment who would be able to promote leadership out here. They say that the future of Japanese Christianity depends upon this. The opinion expressed by them has been expressed very strongly at a Y.M.C.A. Conference recently held here, and especially among the Methodists. We dare not refuse to respond to this plea. The mass that has yet to be moved and influenced in this land

is, they feel, far beyond their present resources and power. Returning to the drawing-room we closed an interesting evening with the Word of God and family prayer.

Osaka, September 11.

This morning at eight o'clock Mrs. Ingham and I repaired to the Bishop Poole Memorial School for girls in order that I might give the opening address of the term. My kind interpreter, Mr. Fujimoto, was in attendance, and the chapel (a large room reserved by Miss Tristram for the more spiritual functions) presented an animated appearance as we took our seats. The usual bowing took place, and it was evident that excellent discipline is maintained in the School. I am afraid I took a long time, but I had much to say, and it was a moment of unusual interest to me. The singing was not inspiring, but it has to be remembered that only a third of the girls are Christians, and we must thank God that so many non-Christian parents entrust their bright young daughters to such an influence as that of Miss Tristram and her colleagues. We went round the building and were much pleased with the excellent all-round teaching the girls receive. This school must be a real factor in forming the character of Japanese womanhood.

Osaka, September 14.

The constant succession of functions have been hostile to the quiet record of events. Saturday night (11th) saw another supper party, this time of the foreign missionary element, and I cannot say enough about the thoughtful and kind and effective way in which Mr. and Mrs. Warren are bringing us into contact with the entire Christian community. Sunday was a memorable day. Rain had fallen, and the weather was, for the first time, fairly cool. My three services and sermons were not therefore too trying for me. In the morning at 9.30, at the church of the Rev. P. G. Kawai, four congregations assembled in order that I might meet representatives of all. Mr. Fujimoto enabled me, I hope, to bring home to their hearts a message that I was only too glad to give. It was a very impressive sight, here in the Far East, to realize that I was in the midst of a congregation that had learnt to make our confessions and creeds and collects, our chants and hymns, and even, in some cases, our tunes, their own. It spoke of a Christianity and a Church

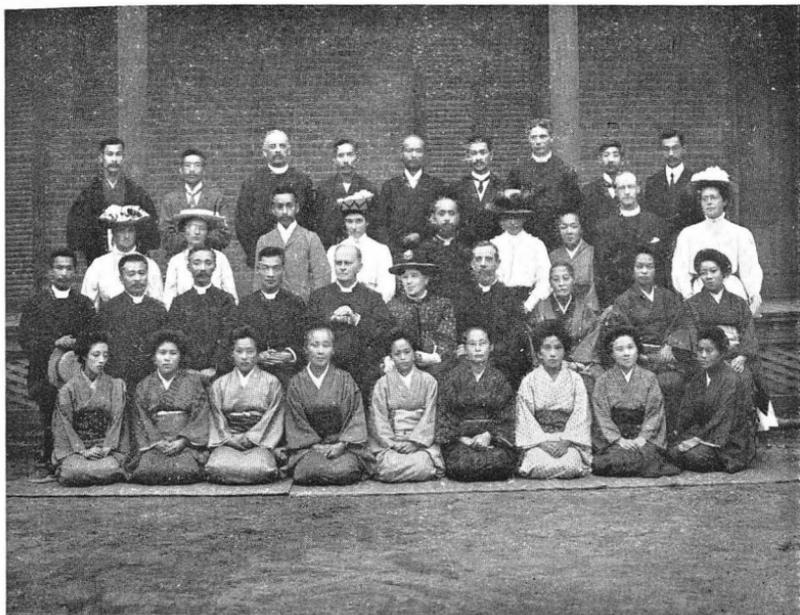
life that was taking root. In the afternoon at 4.30 in the chapel of the Divinity College we had an English service for English-speaking people, and I am glad to say that members of other bodies attended. It was a tremendous privilege to be actually touching a bit of 'the fighting line' with, I hope, a word of sympathy and good cheer. At eight o'clock in the evening I found myself again in Mr. Kawai's church for an evangelistic address to non-Christians. My friend Fujimoto again interpreted. My subject was, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' It was a wet night, but more came than was thought likely. I thought of the suffrage in our C.M.S. Litany, 'That it may please Thee to grant to some of us here present the joy of proclaiming Thy Gospel to those who know Thee not,' and for me the prayer was answered that night. Thus ended an interesting day which kept me in much prayer and thought.

I come now to yesterday (the 13th). The preparation of two lectures to be given at the Nara Summer School kept me busy all the morning, but from three o'clock in the afternoon I was in public. The first function was the funeral service (after cremation, as the disease had been infectious) of a Japanese youth. It was an extraordinary experience. The Japanese make a great deal of their funerals, and the Christians have perhaps emphasized them the more because the idea has obtained, and only dies slowly, among the non-Christians, that we crucify our dead.

The chief event of yesterday, however, was the 'welcome.' This also is a function dear to the Japanese heart. It was arranged entirely by the Japanese Church folk and was a 'welcome' to Mrs. Ingham, [myself and Mr. Chapman. The room used was a large one in the Bishop Poole Memorial School. It was beautifully decorated with flags, Japanese screens, plants, flowers and paintings. The Bishop of Osaka was present and occupied a seat on a raised place, on which we also, the three welcomed ones, sat. They began with prayer, Scripture and hymn. Mr. Kawai was again Master of Ceremonies, and he recited other portions of my history which he thought suited the occasion! Others followed with congratulatory words. The girls of the school gave two very sweet part songs *in English* as a compliment to us, and one Japanese lady sang an English solo. Then came an official welcome read by the senior clergyman, and this was

followed by my reply, assisted by Mr. Fujimoto again. Mr. Chapman briefly said his word, and after the Benediction we adjourned to another room for refreshments, and Mrs. Ingham was presented with a lovely basket of fruit and also some sweet things. Thus ended a memorable evening, which will always speak to me of the affectionate kindness of these people. They make a great point it seems of sympathy. Off-hand people must be a great trial to them. A lady missionary told me that the congregation with which she is associated have hardly forgiven her because she did not write to inquire about each of them after the Osaka fire, although they knew she was aware that they were really out of the area of the fire, though not far from it!

Early this morning (14th) we started after early tea in *kurumas* (jinrickshas) for the Momoyama School, a four-mile ride across the city. This is a school of real importance and is bound to exercise an important influence. The Rev. Basil Woodd is Chaplain and Treasurer, and Mr. Asano, a Japanese layman, is Principal. Nineteen years ago it began with two boys. We wonder if the C.M.S. missionary (the Rev. T. Dunn), now retired, realizes how God has blessed this institution over which he was the first to preside. It is to-day one of 300 secondary schools of its kind in Japan; with this difference, however, that it is run on distinctly Christian lines, yet has the Government licence, and boys who graduate from this school are at no disadvantage as candidates for employment in the various callings of life in competition with the graduates from any purely secular school. Many of the boys graduating (as the term is here) from this school occupy to-day excellent positions in Government and other institutions, and a close connexion is maintained with alumni by a New Year's letter, which is much valued. The school has now 450 boys on the books. More would gladly come but there is no room. These boys' ages range from fourteen to twenty-one or thereabouts. During the summer they wear white drill by order of Government, but on the first of October they all change to blue serge. This is the rule throughout the country. Everybody attending school (this or any other) must have a regulation cap and satchel, and one of the announcements put out yesterday in the fire quarter, that these would be supplied gratis to suffering families, was welcomed as a real relief.



OSAKA MISSIONARIES AND JAPANESE CHURCH WORKERS.
(The Bishop of Osaka and Bishop Ingham are seated in the second row.)



C.M.S. WORKERS AT NAGOYA.

Reaching the school at 7.30 a.m. we were at once supplied by Mr. Woodd with a short programme, showing different events that would occupy till after ten o'clock, so that we might get a fair idea of the curriculum. And we were intensely interested. First of all, at 7.30, there was morning chapel for the boarders, who, I fancy, are all Christians (there are at present about fifty boys who have been baptized). Immediately after chapel began a half-hour's Bible lesson. These were conducted in five divisions, Mr. Woodd being the only English teacher. We quietly passed from room to room, and found that out of 450 boys not far from the whole number were in attendance with their Bibles (in Japanese, of course) at these classes. When it is considered that this is *completely voluntary* and does not come within the regulated school hours, this was astonishing and delightful. I know that the sight stirred me very much! Then came outdoor exercises, and while the boys were being drawn up in the square for drill and the march past, we were regaled with tea and sandwiches and fruit by Mr. and Mrs. Woodd. Chairs were then given us under a verandah from which to watch some most interesting evolutions. The drill sergeant was a recently baptized soldier, named Cornelius, who had served in both the Chino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese wars. (Here it should be mentioned that the museum of the school contains trophies from these wars; the Government, for obvious reasons, supplies these trophies to all secondary schools.) Following immediately upon the drill was a gymnastic exhibition, the boys having to excel in this as well as in drill, before they pass out of the school. There were some splendid feats performed, and we were glad that the Government Red Cross Society next door (where 100 women nurses are receiving probationary training) was not called upon to send an ambulance! Then we passed on to witness a *jujitsu* contest (which I had seen before in England as learnt from the Japanese). Immediately after these outdoor exercises the ordinary lessons of the day began. We visited one classroom where Mr. Woodd was giving a conversational lecture in English. This was done in a very original and pleasant way. An English picture was unrolled, and Mr. Woodd called upon each member of the class to discuss it in English. 'What ages were the young people in

the picture? What race? How were these shown? What were they doing? What were the indications in the picture showing that it represented England and not Japan?' Some amusing incidents occurred, as when they were called upon to compare Mr. Woodd's age with mine, and, being asked to say how old I was, one young fellow said in English, very slowly and deliberately, 'I will suppose that he is something over fifty!'—very safe, and very merciful, I thought. Two other events also came within our nigh three hours' visit. The boys were gathered together in the great school-room to present an address to me, and for the inevitable address *from* me. I have been comforted in speaking by interpretation through being assured that my audiences value it as a good lesson in English, and many, even missionaries, watch with interest to see how Mr. Fujimoto will render it in Japanese! I am told that he does it faithfully and extremely well. I must say one word about the masters. First of all, the Principal, Mr. Asano, is a treasure. Without him, Mr. Woodd says, the situation would be unthinkable. He passed through the school and is now its head, and it is easy to see that he is an able and gifted young man. All the staff are Christians. One, the Natural Science master, with scientific carefulness, took fourteen years to feel his way to Christ, but he has now found Him and is one of the great spiritual forces of the school. He showed his butterflies, fossils, and botanical and other specimens with great joy.

Driving back through the city, Mr. Kawai made us alight for a short time at the gates of a great Shinto temple, a thousand years old. We saw a priest sitting comfortably writing at the receipt of custom. We saw a woman sitting on her heels before their 'Holy of Holies' with a new-born baby, giving thanks for safe deliverance. We saw one or two others washing hands, and even mouth, at the fountain, and then proceeding to offer prayers near the same spot. The temple is situated on a good elevation and commands a magnificent view of flat Osaka with high mountains miles away in the background.

The only other event of to-day was a deputation of Japanese clergy and laity to say officially what the clergy alone had said to me unofficially a few nights ago.



MEMBERS OF THE C.M.S. SUMMER SCHOOL FOR MEN AT NARA.

CHAPTER V.

IN JAPAN—NARA, TOKUSHIMA AND KYOTO.

Tokushima, September 18, 1909.

BEFORE allowing myself to write of my journey hither, some impressions of the Summer School at Nara claim to be recorded. We (i.e. Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Ingham and myself) travelled to Nara on Wednesday, 15th inst. The place is about thirty miles from Osaka. A brief but terrible rainstorm overtook us in our kurumas just before we got to Osaka station. When we reached Nara, however, we saw no sign of rain, and the heat there throughout our two days was very great, i.e. often 93° in the shade; but the gathering was extraordinarily interesting. I find that the Summer School idea in Japan began with meetings of catechists here at Tokushima. Archdeacon Warren developed the idea, and some eighteen or nineteen years ago the first C.M.S. Summer School was held. This year Kiu-Shiu workers joined in; I think it was my visit that led to this proposal being suggested and adopted. We found between seventy and eighty clergy and catechists, including the greater number of our European missionaries now in Japan, duly assembled. At what would appear to us a very cheap rate, the greater number were housed in a Japanese hotel, the entire middle floor of which, with sliding windows all round, was extemporized as a Summer School 'tent.' Our party was housed in a Europeanized hotel hard by, and, so far as the heat would allow us, we did very well.

THE NARA SUMMER SCHOOL.

Let me first describe the place. It is one of the beauty spots of Japan. Leaving the station behind, a few minutes' walk up a long street brought us to beautiful woodland scenes. Pleasant park-like conditions obtained. Deer grazed about and came up to us in the hope that we had brought some cakes for them, for purchasing which ample provision is made. A beautiful pagoda reminded us at

once that this was a sort of pilgrim centre. A long walk under scarlet painted archways (which against the ever-green Scotch firs and other splendid trees presented a striking appearance) brought us to a great Shinto temple, in a very thick and almost oppressive grove of trees. Hundreds of very old stone pillars with provision at the top for holding lanterns on great occasions lined the approach. Within, we were told that for ten *sen*, i.e. about 2½*d.*, a dancing girl would come out and entertain us with a religious dance! Other things, including quite a bazaar of curios, quicken the stranger's interest. These places are kept in excellent repair, to a great extent by the Government, as show places, and a very big hotel on European lines is now nearly finished, also mainly at the Government's expense. There is here, in addition, along another beautiful drive, a Buddhist temple. Here we saw what must, I think, be the largest Buddha in the world. From top to base the image is some seventy or eighty feet high. A temple was in process of being restored over its head to cover it in. The scaffolding even, for this purpose, is more elaborate than any I have ever seen. It alone must have cost (Mr. Warren thought) over £2,000.

On leaving these precincts the attendant handed me a book and pencil in order that I might enter a donation that would entitle me to a tile in the roofing of the new temple that would soon shelter this huge image. He was amazed at my refusal, and when I hinted that we were in Japan rather for the purpose of taking tiles off Buddha than to put them on, he failed to understand. He pointed to the names of many a Jones and Smith and Brown who had adopted tiles and had had their names inscribed on them, and I feel sure he thought me very mean!

Mr. Chapman, a missionary of the American Episcopal Church, occupies Nara as a mission-station, and he most kindly placed his church at our disposal, and was otherwise very sympathetic and kind. His Japanese assistant was also very helpful. Bishop Partridge (resident in Kyoto) is the American Bishop.

The plan of the Summer School was very much like that adopted by us in England. We opened the first evening with one or two addresses, including a welcome to myself and some words of reply. Each morning had its early hour for prayer, and after 8 a.m. breakfast came the Bible study.

After a short interval there was a main study subject, which, sometimes with and sometimes without discussion, lasted till about noon. Then came *tiffin* or lunch, and the afternoon was devoted to excursions, a short evening session concluding the day.

I occupied an hour on each of the two mornings I was there, with two lectures which, with much interruption, I had prepared for them. Let me only name my subjects. They were:—(1) 'Some lessons from English Church History'; (2) 'Further lessons from English Church History—showing the steps by which our Church is gradually becoming a missionary Church.' I wrote out every word, for I felt the importance of well weighing what I said at such a time and on such subjects. To my great gratification my chaplain, as I must now call him, and not merely interpreter, Mr. Fujimoto, copied out beforehand my lectures for himself, in order that he might study their adequate translation, and as a consequence I had the very best interpretation to my audience. I am told they will be translated into Japanese. If so, I am glad, for I have earnestly endeavoured to say words of guidance, warning and encouragement, which it might possibly not occur to others to treat in exactly the same way. What I mean is that I have consciously noted in these lectures some deep convictions that, at any rate, the C.M.S. would approve but which we do not hear often enough now. It would have pleased friends in England to hear the good hearty laugh now and then as some point made by a speaker went home and stirred the humour. Thank God, a laugh and a smile—aye, a sigh and a cry—conceal themselves behind no strange language. They tell at once of the deep unity of the race! Another thing pleased me much—the genuine affection shown by the Japanese for the foreign missionaries and *vice versa*. They sat and talked together so happily, and seemed rejoiced to meet so many from so many quarters.

At the early morning Communion in the American Church I only officiated so far as to give the Benediction. Although arranged for the Eastward position, Mr. Chapman did not in the least object to the act of consecration being performed *coram populo*, which I was glad to notice the Summer School adopts, and for which I hope we shall have a few churches left in England! Following as well as I could, with the Romanized type, it was a joy to hear the entire congregation reciting with a will the Nicene Creed. Arch-

bishop Benson's text at his C.M.S. Anniversary Sermon many years ago came back to me: 'The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.' I based on these my last words to the School, and I told them that I was going back to tell our C.M.S. people in England that we in our turn (i.e. our missionaries) had committed the old Gospel to faithful men, who would teach others in this land as we could not. When leaving our hotel yesterday afternoon to return to Osaka, we were completely surprised just outside the hotel gates by a friendly Japanese ambuscade. As we passed in our kurumas they started 'Banzai!' 'Banzai!!' 'Banzai!!!' the Japanese cheer, which means, 'May you live 10,000 years,' i.e. for ever! They not only did this, but deputed the Rev. M. Matsui to ride with us to the station and see us off. The School remains in session till next Monday morning.

Reaching Osaka about 5.30 we made our arrangements for this Tokushima visit, and left *via* Kobe by steamboat at ten o'clock p.m.

TOKUSHIMA.

Kyoto, September 21.

A very fair sized steamer, but with very public arrangements for accommodation, conveyed Mr. Warren and myself to Tokushima, which is in the province of Awa, one of four provinces of the Island of Shikoku. It was Mr. Warren's first mission-station and is, therefore, very near his heart. Bishop Evington, Archdeacon Warren and Mr. Buncombe have laboured there, and amongst ladies mention must be made of Miss E. Ritson, Mrs. Warren (widow of the Archdeacon), and Miss J. Mackie. The present missionary-in-charge of the work in the city and out-stations is the Rev. L. P. Hill, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland. Mrs. Hill unfortunately was away at Karuizawa, so I missed seeing her. In damp, steamy weather after a very moist night we landed, feeling limp, at about six o'clock in the morning of Saturday, September 18. A great change in my feelings was effected by Mr. Hill's warm hospitality in his little Japanese home, also by a lovely bath and a cup of tea. It was under those pleasing conditions that I sat down and described as above the Nara Summer School. In the

afternoon we walked to Castle Hill, and after ascending many scores of steps we finally reached, through wooded heights, the summit of the hill. We there had a magnificent view of Tokushima with its 60,000 people nestling on the flat ground all round this hill, and with the sea in the distance. The hill was crowned with a bronze monument to the soldiers of Shikoku who fell in the Russo-Japanese war. Hard by, there hung a huge bell, on which was inscribed in Japanese characters the names of all who fell in that war. Mr. Hill said it was quite touching the other day to watch an old woman searching everywhere (before the bell was hung) for the name of her boy. It made him think of another place where we all hope our names are written. She succeeded in what to me looked like a hopeless search, so utterly mixed and undecipherable did those characters appear. Our next visit was to the ladies' residence—the old mission-house, an excellent roomy house with verandah and garden, where Mrs. Warren and Miss Mackie gave us three men our evening meal.

The pastor of the flock here is the Rev. P. C. Nuki, whose name signifies 'to pierce,' and I am told he is singularly gifted with a power which makes his message find its way home. Another worker, Mr. Kashiwagi, has a history. His original name, which signified 'bamboo grass,' he changed after his baptism for one that means an 'oak,' and I am told he is just that. He forfeited the care and fortune of his aunt by being baptized, but when evil times came upon that aunt, and she lost her all, his was the shelter to which she was lovingly brought, and where she was cared for till she died. She was glad of the oak tree then! He and I were duly photographed together. It was the action of a moment for me to lock his arm in mine, but I am told it gave infinite pleasure. How little it costs to manifest the dearly beloved brotherhood that we are always talking about in church! A 'welcome' meeting (so dear, as I have said, to the Japanese heart) followed. The pastor's best and only upper room was cleared for it, and nicely decorated with flags (English and Japanese) and evergreens, and there by eight o'clock we found ourselves seated on our shoeless feet. The Churchwarden was Master of the Ceremonies. Mr. Warren acted as Introducer, and served up as much of my history as he deemed sufficient.

Sunday saw me preaching in the really beautiful church of

Tokushima three times. I am told that the Crown Prince, who was visiting here lately, spotted the church (which stands out well) as his steamer came up the river, and asked what building it was; upon being told, he praised it much. The afternoon address was to students at 2.30. Mr. Hill, Mr. Nuki and also the ladies had spared no trouble, and the result was that a congregation of students, both male and female, of a very representative character (including the headmaster of the secondary school in the city) filled the church. It was a rare and great opportunity—how intensely I tried to use it! It is a joy to speak of the Lord to those who know Him not, and to be very possibly sowing seed destined to bear fruit unto the Kingdom of God! At the evening service Mr. Nuki received a young man, a worker on the railway, into the catechumenate. This young fellow had been won through reading Mr. Warren's paper, *The Light of the World*, a second instance of conversion through this instrumentality that has come before me. I was so touched by the quiet steadfastness of the young man and his clear answers, that I could not help telling for his encouragement a story from the pulpit of how another had been brought to Christ in our Homeland, [and the boy thanked me for it later, and said he should always be glad he was received on the day I was there. It was urgently necessary, owing to important committees, that Mr. Warren should be in Osaka by next morning, so regretfully we had again to travel all night, and we reached home in time for bath and breakfast, and a day's committee work that gave me some insight into the affairs of the Mission.

KYOTO.

Kyoto, September 22.

We came here yesterday, the Rev. D. Marshall Lang being our kind cicerone. The two nights here, September 21 and 22, are regarded by the brethren as a little off-time for rest, and before passing on to-morrow to Hakodate, *via* Tokyo, it is necessary to record a few impressions of this ancient city. We are putting up at the Kyoto Hotel, quite the most comfortable hotel we have seen in Japan, and our rooms, on a beautiful balcony looking out over the city, with mountains in the near distance, are all that heart could desire—an oasis by the way.

My wish was to meet Bishop Partridge here, but unfortunately he has not returned from his summer mountain resort. His Secretary, Mr. Reifschneider, however, came to see us, and by his kind invitation we visited the Bishop's grounds, his Cathedral, and his institutions this morning. And I was particularly struck with the splendid sites the Bishop has secured for future development. He is a known orator and is regarded also as a missionary statesman, so I am the more sorry to miss seeing him. I may meet him in Tokyo in a few days' time.

Passing on, we visited the Dōshisha University. I had been particularly anxious to see it, because of the romantic story of its founder, Neesima, the Japanese Christian patriot, who in 1858, when only fifteen years old, found his way into the Light from reading in a book in the Chinese language, borrowed from a friend, these words, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' How he stole away from his country when it was at the peril of death to leave it, and after escape to China, worked his way to Boston, U.S.A., and there was received into the heart and home of Mr. Alpheus Hardy, the owner of the ship, whose aim in life was to 'make money for God,' is a story well known to students of Japan's renaissance. Knowing something of his splendid record I wanted to see this University. Sending in my card, the President, the Rev. Tasuku Harada, most kindly showed us over the main buildings, and after pointing out the picture of the little shed in which Neesima began his school in 1875 with eight students, he told us that over 1,000 alumni were now scattered over Japan in every sort of post and calling, not all, by any means, Christians, but all having breathed an avowed Christian atmosphere here for years, and there were over 800 young men now resident, and some 150 young women. We saw the chapel where they assemble for prayers day by day, and we gathered from facts that the President put into our hands, at what a cost of health, and even life itself, Neesima built up that splendid institution to a University standard. It is alleged to be undenominational, which does not in this case mean latitudinarian. A great battle has been fought and won on this point, and Neesima's evangelical and spiritual principles will, we are informed, be maintained. His memory is revered in Japan amongst a wide circle for : (1) his loyalty to truth, (2) his obedience to truth when he

found it, (3) his high and great aim, (4) his intense devotion to a great purpose, and (5) for his unwavering faith in God and conscious union with Christ. He named his college from the first the Dōshisha, which means 'the endeavour.' The President said, 'Mr. Neesima made an impression on the whole nation. He founded a school which has already changed the history of Japan, but its mission is only just begun. That mission is not simply to raise up educated men and women of noble Christian character to bless the world. It is a pattern and stimulus to Government and other schools of the true system and true foundation of education.' Surely we should pray that just such men may be given us in the Sei-ko-Kwai, and in the Native Churches throughout the world. This is just the sort of man the Churches need to have raised up in their midst just now.

Passing through the Dōshisha we came upon an American professor, the Rev. Mr. Learned, who was giving a Greek Testament lesson to two youths. Thinking possibly to guide us to a more *enthusing* scene he said, 'I wish you could see my wife's work.' We were soon on our way to Mrs. Learned (a really 'learned' family the President assured us), and found her in another part of the spacious grounds teaching Japanese baby boys and girls on the kindergarten system. Passing from there we inspected the outside of the many buildings of the Imperial Kyoto University, but we attempted nothing more. We were unable to see over the Imperial Palace, where Mikados have lived for many centuries, because it requires an order from the Embassy at Tokyo, and this we had not foreseen. This city was the capital of the Empire for over 1,000 years, the seat of Government having only in recent years been removed to Tokyo, whose name it will be noted contains the same letters.

We spent a couple of hours this afternoon in visiting Buddhist and Shinto temples. They are very numerous, Nikko and Nara alone rivalling Kyoto in this respect. The Honganji Temple of Buddha and the Kiyomiza Temple to the same were especially impressive, the former having vast spaces and magnificent pillars, and the latter being on the mountain side at a lofty elevation, and commanding a glorious view. There was less of mere flimsy decoration and more of real solidity than I expected, and

there was a great cleanliness and care observable. Here also, as at Nara, restoration was going on, but I learn from those who know that the credit of the temples was altogether insufficient for the outlay, and it became necessary this year to sell many of their most valued curios in order to make restoration possible. One teacup alone fetched the equivalent of £1,800! It is true that only here and there a few people are praying, but at funerals and festivals and other great occasions the real attachment of the people is seen. I was startled at the likeness of the Buddhist altar in several cases to those in Roman and some other Christian churches. There were the two or more candlesticks with candles alight; the two vases of flowers as in many Christian churches; and in the centre the Buddha. This, I am told by friends here, is one of the reasons why elaborate ceremonial is distasteful to our Japanese clergy, who plainly say they will not have it. In Kyoto we are told to expect to see Old Japan. Yet close under these temples we came upon a 'Fine Art Dépôt,' described as such in English. In sight of these very altars we saw a huge life-sized figure of the up-to-date young man in European attire and top hat; our kurumas, emerging from some primitive and narrow street, crossed the track of the tramcar driven by electricity; while English names for everything under the sun abounded! What does it all mean?

In the midst of this interesting day we have never once forgotten the Day of Prayer for Salisbury Square workers,* and this evening after dinner Mrs. Ingham, Mr. Lang and I had a little Bible-reading and prayer to synchronize with what our dear fellow-workers would be doing between eleven and twelve in the earlier hours of the day. Nor did we forget it was the Cycle day for Hokkaido and Kiu-Shiu.

* This day was observed by the Secretaries and staff of the C.M. House, Salisbury Square, as a Quiet Day. It was conducted by the Rev. S. A. Selwyn, Vicar of Sherborne, at St. Jude's, Mildmay, and the Mildmay Conference Hall.

CHAPTER VI.

IN JAPAN—THE HOKKAIDO.

En route to Hakodate from Sapporo, September 30, 1909.

THE impressions of seven full days have now to be recorded. A long railway journey by the day express past Gifu, Nagoya and Mount Fuji (12,365 feet) brought us to Tokyo by 8.40 p.m. on Thursday evening, September 23. At Hamamatsu the Rev. C. O. Pickard-Cambridge (an S.P.G. missionary) kindly met us. He remembered me at some function in England. I shall remember him as saying that there was an enemy more terrible than the language which gave him a lot of trouble, viz., 'the world, the flesh and the devil.' At Nagoya Miss D. S. Wynne Willson met us and 'also the kind pastor of Nagoya, whom I had met at the Nara Summer School. He brought us a basket of fruit. At Tokyo station we received a most kindly and genial welcome from Bishop McKim, the Presiding Bishop of the Sei-ko-Kwai, Bishop Cecil Boutflower, the Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Elwin, the Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Buncombe, the Rev. J. T. Imai and some others. Nothing could exceed its warmth. We drove in kurumas to Mr. Buncombe's where a warm welcome awaited us, and we were not long in getting to rest.

As we were not to start for the Hokkaido till 12.40, a fairly long morning was at our disposal on the 24th, and after breakfast Mr. Buncombe took me to call on Bishop McKim. Like other American bishops I have met, he was most kind and genial. He was good enough to show me his Cathedral and also his large high school for boys, where some 700 gather day by day, a certain number being boarders. He also showed me St. Luke's Hospital, their medical mission. Nothing so up to date in hospital appliances had I yet seen in the mission-field, and it was easy to understand what a boon such a building must be to missionaries and other foreigners in Japan. Mrs. Bickersteth (widow of Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth) was then in a private ward, and kindly received a brief visit from me. She has

been ill and will soon go to England to recruit. Walking round the Cathedral, I asked Bishop McKim whether there was any reason for the geometrical patterns in the stained windows and for the absence of any figures. His answer did not surprise me, but it pleased me none the less. It was of set purpose and in order not to confuse the ideas of the Japanese who would be in danger of regarding them as Christian deities.

Leaving Tokyo, with the intention of spending a few days there later on, we started from another station for the north soon after noon. Miss Brownlow (our fellow-traveller through Siberia) joined us for the journey. One or two impressions on the way claim a few words. The beauty and excellence of the cultivation pleased us much. By next morning, as we sped northward, there was a visible change in the foliage, the autumnal scarlet leaves providing a beautiful contrast with the other tints. A restaurant is an unexpected comfort on these long distance trains. The sleeping arrangements amused us a little. By nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 25th, we had reached Aomori, where we managed a sort of breakfast; but few things would digest, and, after a wait of one and a half hours, our steam tender was ready to take us on board the ship that would carry us to Hakodate, a distance of sixty-five miles. This was a most enjoyable trip, and all of us were quite happy in body and mind all the way. On one side of us, as we crossed the Strait, we saw the Pacific looking really peaceful, and on the other was our old friend the Sea of Japan.

HAKODATE.

After a delicious blow we reached Hakodate at 4 p.m., and were met by Mrs. and Master Lang, Miss Tapson, the Japanese pastor, and others. Poor treeless Hakodate, it was evident that something had spoiled its beauty. Three years, however, had run their course since the awful fire of 1906, and new buildings and the sound and sight of re-building were on every side. Walking up a short steep hill we found ourselves in ten minutes at Mr. Lang's house.

If any one knows Weymouth and the way in which a sandy isthmus connects it with Portland, they will easily

imagine Hakodate. Extend and widen that isthmus sufficiently to accommodate some 80,000 people, and you have Hakodate and its Portland, not exactly a prison, but a fortified position which sentries allow no one to visit. They have the Russian 'Long Tom' there from Port Arthur. As I looked down on the town from Mr. Lang's house, on my right was the Pacific biting deep into a Weymouth bay, and on my left the sea that after a few miles becomes the Sea of Japan. It was a comfort to know that two nights would be spent here, and we greatly enjoyed a very warm hospitality.

Sunday (September 26) was a busy day for me, and, the places being far apart, the three functions of the day kept me on the move! A Japanese service at ten o'clock with interpretation by Mr. Fujimoto, a young people's talk at Miss Tapson's at 2 p.m., and an English service for foreigners at 5 p.m. were my share. Mr. Lang had thoughtfully arranged (as Mr. Fujimoto had not been so far north before) for *him* to address the Japanese congregation at night.

We started on Monday morning at six from the Hakodate railway station for Otaru. This meant early rising indeed. We were now beyond the reach of restaurant cars, but a thoughtful hamper put up by Mrs. Lang kept us well supplied till 5 p.m. It was an enjoyable day and the scenery on both sides delighted us. Sea, river, mountain, lake and forest rushed past us in beautiful succession. We were now away from the rice-fields and sweet-potato patches, not to mention dozens of other vegetable growths, and were in a rougher and more highland region. Cultivation (where it was possible) was still in evidence, but there were miles upon miles of unredeemed country with doubtless great possibilities.

OTARU.

We were met at Otaru by Miss E. C. Payne and Miss G. S. Stevenson with their Bible-women and also by the Japanese pastor, the Rev. N. Honda. This is a town of about 85,000 people. It is a seaport with evidently much business going on. The usual grotesque contrasts are present everywhere, the most primitive habitations over against really fine villas in the modern style inhabited by Japanese and other merchants. Miss Payne kindly sheltered Mrs. Ingham and myself, but there was nothing for Mr. Lang but an extemporized bed in

the preaching house! Miss Payne lives in a *bijou* Japanese house with one foreign room, which was our bedroom. Miss Stevenson (with her Bible-woman) lives a short distance away. All of us were together at Miss Payne's for the evening meal, and there was the usual making the best of circumstances which we expect to find now amongst our C.M.S. folk. All was so nice, and refinement was all the pleasanter in such a setting.

Tuesday broke with heavy rain. They tried to prepare us for what this would mean in muddy streets, but no warning could have made us grasp the reality until we found ourselves in veritable 'sloughs of despond' making our way through the famous streets of Otaru! These ladies (like Mrs. Learned of Kyoto) feel that the kindergarten does meet a real need, and opens to them many a house that would otherwise be closed, and I thought Miss Payne's 'children's meeting,' as she modestly calls it, was well worth a visit. She would like to call it kindergarten, but she feels she has as yet had no special training for it. From there we toiled along to the church, and, for a week-day, a nice little congregation of men and women had assembled.

Leaving Otaru at 2.20 p.m. on this day (Tuesday) we reached Sapporo, the capital of the Hokkaido, at four o'clock. We ran along the edge of the extensive Bay of Otaru for the greater part of the time, and it was a glorious sea to look upon. Away to the westward of us (just in the same latitude) would be Vladivostok, where we had taken ship just over three weeks before.

SAPPORO.

The Rev. W. E. Reeve, who is in charge at Sapporo, met us at the station. Miss E. L. B. Norton also was there. We much regretted the impossibility of our giving any more time for further visits in the Hokkaido, and we are well aware how much we lose thereby, but all the more did I appreciate the keenness and pluck of our English missionary ladies who came (all of them) to be with us in Sapporo. Miss E. M. Bryant came a journey of a day and a half from Piratori, Miss A. M. Hughes a two days' journey by train from Kushiro, Miss A. Evans came six hours from Asahigawa, and Miss M. R. Jex-Blake nine hours from Muroran (which is, by the way, becoming very important as the centre of a branch of

Messrs. Armstrong's works from the Tyne). It was a lesson in distances, and at length we realized that the Hokkaido (the north way) is just about the size of Ireland, and, has at present only about twelve C.M.S. workers, mostly women! Sapporo is a city of some 40,000 people, and, besides being the capital, is the seat of an Agricultural University.

Wednesday (September 29) was a busy day. The first duty was with the missionaries (Miss Payne and Miss Stevenson had, by the way, come up from Otaru for the day), and we had a Bible-reading and a time of intercession together.

There an unexpected opportunity was given me of addressing the University students who come hither from all parts of the country. Dr. Sato, a devoted Christian, is the Principal. There is a staff of some eighty professors, and there are now some 800 men in residence, and I actually addressed some 500 of them *in English!* They would not have interpretation, as all the higher classes in the University profess to know English. How far I was really understood I know not, but I received warm thanks from Dr. Sato who saw us off this morning. It was very amusing to mark the interest with which the circumstance (quite unknown to me) of my picture and some letterpress being in the *Graphic* was noted by the authorities! One after another said, 'Have you seen your picture in the *Graphic*?' and it was shown in a triumphant manner which seemed to say, 'We are really quite relieved to find out that you are known and noticed in London.' Various professors showed us different departments of the University arranged in different buildings scattered over the spacious grounds, and in the Entomological annexe and also the Botanical we had abundant evidence of original and painstaking research. It is a remarkable fact that, though a state-endowed University, its teaching staff and also its traditions are very largely Christian. Contemporary with the Principal himself, and like-minded with him, is a gentleman named Kanzo Uchimura, who now lives in Tokyo. By Mr. Reeve's help I was able to make allusion to his career. Uchimura has written a book to show how he became a Christian, his first introduction to a missionary, his earliest contact with Christendom, how he retained his Christian faith in spite of Christendom, and the sort of

missionary he wants to see in his own country, to which he has now returned. I cannot refrain from noting down here a few sentences under each of these heads. His first introduction to a missionary came about thus :—

One Sunday morning a schoolmate of mine asked me whether I would not go with him to a certain place in foreigners' quarter, where we can hear pretty women sing and a tall big man with long beard shout and howl upon an elevated place flinging his arms and twisting his body in all fantastic manners, to which admittance is entirely free !

Here is his first impression of Christendom :—

At daybreak of November 24, 1884, my enraptured eyes first caught the faint view of Christendom. I descended to my cabin and there I was upon my knees. . . . As my previous acquaintance with the Caucasian race was mostly through missionaries, the idea stuck close to my mind, and so all the people I met in the street appeared to me like so many ministers fraught with high Christian purpose, and I could not but imagine myself as walking among the congregation of the first-born. It was only gradually, very gradually, that I unlearned this childish notion !

This man, as his book shows, came to have a singularly wise discrimination on this subject. He picked out Christendom's truly great men with singular correctness and said, 'I attribute the progressiveness of Christendom to its Christianity.' But he was impatient of the 'isms' he found in Christendom, and was thankful to get back with a simple unspoiled faith to his own country. Writing after his return he says this :—

With your Christianity sifted from your own 'isms' and your common sense well sharpened, and, best of all, with devils fought out in your own soul, I see no reason why missionaries should fail to do good to our Heathen. Heathendom has such missionaries (God be thanked) and it is crying for more of them. We soon take no thought that they are strangers. Even their very lack of our language is no barrier between them and us. Christianity is in their very eyes.

Here are words that deserve to be pondered. They give a fair view of the Christian Japanese mind to-day, and the closing quotation enforces the conviction expressed to me in so many quarters that this is no time to withdraw the foreign missionary from Japan, but he must be a missionary of the best sort.

My third function in Sapporo was to give an address, interpreted by Mr. Fujimoto, at shortened evening prayer in

the church. A good congregation gathered, and there was solemnity in the occasion, for their pastor died but a month ago, and the congregation are feeling very bereft. After service they gave me a social welcome in the Church Room hard by. Many kind things were said, and I urged them to hold together in this difficult time, and let their beloved Bishop find them on his return to Japan in his new capacity, a Church that could endure so severe a test without falling to pieces.

At eight o'clock this morning (September 30), many came to the station to see us off to Hakodate *en route* for Tokyo, and these reminiscences of the Hokkaido have been written during our day's journey in the train.

We are able to learn many things from fellow-workers as we move southwards. A conversation on Sapporo, for instance, brought out some interesting points, known no doubt to others, and yet they claim mention in these notes and may thus reach a wider circle. Sapporo without the Rev. J. Batchelor is like *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. He is now in England and returns *via* Australia next year. Mr. Batchelor is *par excellence* the missionary of the Ainu people. He was the first to reduce their language to writing, and he has given them the New Testament in that language. He has compiled a valuable dictionary of the language. Moreover he has been an intermediary of Government in the interests of peace. Recently the Emperor has bestowed on him an ancient and sacred order of the fourth class, and all are very proud of this. He is also an F.R.G.S. The Ainu people number only some 13,000, and they are not increasing. Of that number not more than 1,500 are Christians. They are rather down-trodden, and are snubbed by the Japanese. Their chief vice is drunkenness. Some bright cases of converts were mentioned, and much may be hoped for yet. I am told that Mr. Batchelor prophesies that in fifty years such as survive will be absorbed in the Japanese people.

It is astonishing how, without holding an 'experience' meeting after the Methodist manner, quiet talks over the Word of God and prayer bring out experiences. Mr. Fujimoto was led to tell us some of his early difficulties in the Dōshisha University at Kyoto. He had been baptized, but had adopted extreme views on Higher Criticism. He could acknowledge the one God and Father, but beyond

that he could not see. Various 'holiness' and other meetings were held, but he found no comfort in them. Mr. Barclay Buxton tried hard to help him, but still he had no real light. One day having been pressed hard to attend one of these meetings, he said to himself, 'No, I am going instead into the country alone to fight it out with myself and God!' He went and spent four hours in agonizing prayer to the God and Father for further light, if such light was really to be had. It was about 1.30 p.m. (half-way through the four hours) that a moment came which he says he shall always distinctly remember. He seemed to hear a voice saying, in the concluding words of St. John xiv. 1, '*Believe also in Me.*' He instantly took out his Testament and read straight through the chapter and on to the end of Chapter xvi., and he returned from that four hours a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ. God enable him to be a bright and strong witness to his own people in Japan in the days that lie ahead! His should be a fruitful ministry.

En route to Tokyo, October 1.

It was good to get under Mr. Lang's comfortable roof-tree last evening (September 30) after a long thirteen hours in the train, and a day that, towards afternoon, became chilly and wet. A good warm cup of tea and some food (followed by a comfortable night's rest) did wonders for us, and this morning rose bright and beautiful, and the air after the heavy rain was delicious to breathe. I settled up accounts with Mr. Lang, who had kindly been my cicerone (and I know not what else) all the way from Osaka. He of course remains now at his post, and we travel southwards with Mr. Fujimoto. Two of our ladies are also *en route* with us to Tokyo for the Conference and for other things, one of them, Miss Payne, our kind hostess at Otaru, having given up her summer holiday that she may attend the Conference.

CHAPTER VII.

IN JAPAN—TOKYO, HIROSHIMA, ETC.

En route from Tokyo to Toyohashi, October 6, 1909.

THE record of four days in the capital of Japan must now be written down before other events crowd in. Reaching Tokyo on Saturday afternoon, October 2, we were welcomed and warmly received by Mr. and Mrs. Buncombe at Tsukiji, where we remained till this morning.

Before entering upon the events of this visit, some general impressions of Tokyo may not be uninteresting. It is a city in transition. At one moment we were moving along through a quarter as narrow and old-fashioned as those of a country town; at another we emerged into a magnificent thoroughfare with wide side walks and a public way twice as wide as the Strand, lined with fine buildings, as fine as any we have seen in European cities. Such a street is the Ginza, which in all but its width would suggest the Strand. It is a splendid street, and Mr. Buncombe told us it was difficult to imagine anything that could not be purchased there. The city is about the size of London, with a little over a third of its population (something over two millions). Electric trams are everywhere, and a tram ticket, costing the equivalent of a penny, will take the traveller ten miles. If he has to change, the conductor gives him a transfer ticket and he completes his journey in another car without extra payment.

At all points scaffolding is in evidence, and immense buildings are in course of erection. Mr. Buncombe says he has never known it different, except that during the war all public works were stopped in order that attention and resources might be centred on that one thing. Horses and carriages seem to be mainly confined to private ownership. Motor-cars are to be seen, but happily they are at present few in number. Trams are used by everybody, and kurumas for places off the tram line. The crowding of the trams is terrible ;

they seem at times to be one mass of human life, hanging on at every point. The quarter in which the Emperor's palace is situated is very fine and open. Great banks, the War Office, the House of Parliament, the Admiralty, the British Ambassador's residence, the Imperial Hotel really *adorn* that neighbourhood. A huge opera house is in process of construction.

Tokyo is not rendered more beautiful by its electric wires overhead and its telegraph and telephone posts, which resolve themselves here and there into a tangled forest. The streets seen by us were most orderly. Nothing in the way of drunkenness or disorderly conduct was visible. Mr. Buncombe tells me the police are entrusted with a power of summary jurisdiction, up to a certain point, in dealing with things that happen under their very eye, and many minor offences thus never go farther.

The words and expressions intended to catch the eye of the English or American are both numerous and sometimes very amusing. Canals, as in Osaka, largely intersect the city, and Tokyo has its river 'Thames,' as much alive with craft of all sizes as our London river. Theatres in which historical scenes and incidents are portrayed are popular with the public, but even more so are the story-tellers' rooms. These attract many of the humbler folk and they are easily prostituted to immoral ends. Licensed brothels, most attractively built and furnished, exist within easy distance of the centre of things, and are a great temptation. It says much for the spirit of Tokyo Churches that a Y.M.C.A. of important appearance and great comfort is doing all it can to save young men from much that would otherwise degrade and ruin. It may be mentioned here (because left accidentally out of the right place) that on the occasion of the recent Osaka fire when one of the brothel quarters was burnt out, the leading Christians of the city waited on the authorities and presented a petition that these houses should not be included in any plans for reconstruction, or at least be removed farther away. The authorities have promised to discontinue them altogether! I am assured that the state of feeling is now such in Japan, that English or American missionaries desiring an interview with any members of the Government on matters they deem important would have it granted. The Japanese feel that the alliance with Britain and the understanding with

the United States are just everything to them. It is indeed an extraordinary and responsible moment!

The first function arranged for us was on Saturday evening (the 2nd), when the inevitable *kangei-kwai*, or 'welcome,' took place at eight o'clock. This was held in the upper room of the *Shimbashi-kyokwan* (the Whidborne Memorial Hall). This is a really excellent building, lately enlarged, and the scene of an active evangelistic propaganda, night after night, in the most crowded thoroughfare of the city, comparable as to its position to our old Exeter Hall in the Strand. The erection of this building was made possible by a gift of £1,000 to the C.M.S. by the late Rev. G. F. Whidborne, and the enlargement, to include an excellent second story, by another £600 given by Mr. and Mrs. Whidborne quite recently. Never was money better or more wisely laid out. Not to anticipate the scene of the following evening (Sunday), let me here only describe what took place on this Saturday night. Passing through the lower hall, where the preaching takes place, we went upstairs, took off our shoes and found ourselves in a large room guiltless of seats, but matted with that clean looking material which always has such a pleasant appearance in this country. First of all in Japanese, and then in excellent English, an address was presented, in which reference was made to the approaching Semi-Centennial Conference, and to the fact that, through missionary influences, Japan possessed to-day in many circles (some very high ones) Christian men and women. After I had made my reply through Mr. Fujimoto, sweets and tea were handed round and a pleasant hour and a half were brought to a close.

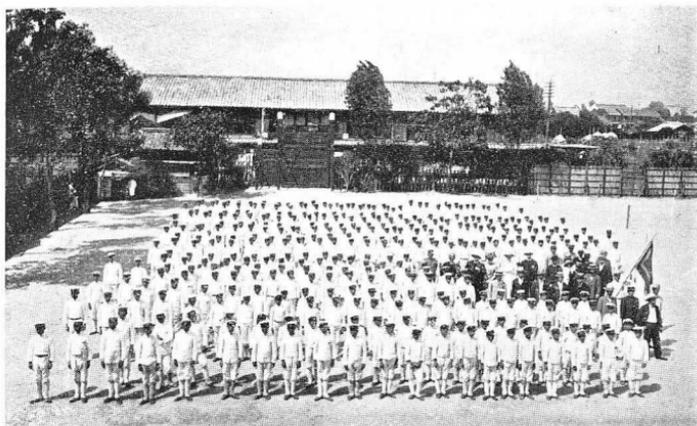
By 8.30 next morning (Sunday) we found ourselves in St. Paul's Church (C.M.S.) where some two or three congregations had come together to meet me. It was therefore a good assembly and an excellent opportunity. All was of course in Japanese. By 10.20 we had finished, and post haste we started for St. Andrew's (S.P.G.). This was in a hitherto unvisited part of Tokyo, along woodland avenues and pretty roads, and when we reached there we found that the church, church house (with lawns and gardens) and pro-Cathedral made a Church centre more important looking and cultivated and pleasant to look upon than anything ecclesiastical that we had yet seen. Here resided four S.P.G. clergy, headed by the Rev. A. F. King, whose duties take them sometimes out to mission centres around Tokyo while living here. The pro-

Cathedral is distinctly 'pro' and is of wood and used only for functions now and then, but St. Andrew's is in constant use the whole day long on Sundays, sometimes for a Japanese service and sometimes for an English one. This particular service was the English one, and an excellent congregation assembled, amongst whom were the Bishop of Osaka, Lady MacDonald (wife of the British Ambassador), and Miss Boutflower (the Bishop having to be in Yokohama on that day). The service being throughout in English and the singing entirely congregational it was a great treat to take part in it. I preached on the words, 'Assuredly gathering,' and afterwards was glad to be present at the mid-day Communion. Mr. King had us in to lunch after service, and about fifteen or sixteen sat down to table. After most kindly and hospitable treatment Mrs. Ingham and I started off with the Rev. W. H. Elwin for his house, some two miles or so in another direction.

Our way happened to lie through the official and Government quarter. We passed the great walls and banks and moats within which is the Emperor's palace, and only reached Mr. Elwin's house in time for the next engagement. This was to address the Chinese Students whom he draws around him on Sunday afternoons. These students had been often prayed for by us at Salisbury Square, and to meet some of them now was a great pleasure. About forty had come on this particular afternoon, and our meeting began as soon as I was ready. The first astonishment was that they were all in English dress and without queues. The next was that these boys, as they seemed to me, were some of them married men with young families. They had, many of them, thoughtful and refined faces, and with the aid of a good interpreter I think I made them understand. It was the first time I had heard Chinese spoken or sung. I thought they managed our 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty' very well, but I found out afterwards that Mr. Elwin is an excellent musician and teaches them very carefully how to sing. The baptized ones stood up on being asked, and those anxious to be baptized also stood at the request of Mr. Elwin, and he was surprised to find more than he had thought. The amazing possibilities of this influence one felt it was impossible to gauge, but one saw enough to be thankful that the Society sent Mr. and Mrs. Elwin to Tokyo. After my address was over, Mr. Elwin got a

blackboard and wrote out some English hymns, and after translating to them the meaning, he soon got them singing them to a well-known English tune, and they seemed to enjoy it much. After that, tea and cake were handed round and sociabilities began. I distinctly enjoyed my first contact with the sons of the land of Sinim. After a little time of quiet and some refreshment, we started for our next engagement. Before describing it, however, let me mention that Mrs. Elwin brought in her Chinese ladies (real ones) to hear my address, and that they seemed very happy with her.

The way was again very long and could not have been less than three miles. We reached the Ginza (Strand!) at 7.45 and found Mr. Buncombe's evangelistic meeting in full swing. Standing outside in the crowded thoroughfare were Mr. and Mrs. Buncombe and some Japanese workers, while within (on the ground floor) was quite a large congregation being addressed in Japanese. Passing up the aisle, I sat near the platform, and could watch the throng. People seemed to be always dropping in, and others dropping out, but interest was sustained till about 9.30. Mr. Fujimoto interpreted me as usual, and also spoke at some length on his own account. The singing was popular and well taken up. At 9.30 I noticed a general stampede. The greater number passed out, but a considerable minority passed up the stairs to the Japanese matted large room where our *kangei-kwai* had taken place the night before. I thought I would like to see what was going on, so after a few minutes I went up and found such a pleasant scene. Some thirty or forty were seated on mats, with low desks in front of them and Bibles opened, and Mr. Buncombe seated in their midst was 'expounding to them the word of God more perfectly.' This was the after-meeting. From this meeting of inquirers come the catechumens who eventually are baptized and attach themselves to some congregation. Mr. Buncombe is asking for permission to baptize them himself before passing them on, but he is strongly of opinion that the Whidborne Hall should *not* become a church, i.e. a place of worship for a regular Christian congregation; its use is for evangelization. I hope he will get permission, and I hope also that the Whidborne Hall will become nothing but what it is. Mr. Buncombe has seen this work grow up from its very beginning, and it is a witness for our Lord in Tokyo of the



MOMOYAMA C.M.S. BOYS' SCHOOL, OSAKA, ON PARADE.



THE WHIDBORNE MEMORIAL HALL, TOKYO.

first importance. Night after night he is there, and night after night (except Mondays) the place is filled with all sorts of people. Thus ended our Sunday in Tokyo and, after a cup of cocoa, we were glad to go to our rest, having been on the move since eight o'clock in the morning.

On Monday (October 4) Mr. Buncombe and I spent the afternoon in visiting the only other two C.M.S. centres in Tokyo: Fukagawa, where, in a small preaching place, excellent evangelistic work is being done; and, in quite another direction, the new church of Emmanuel (now nearing completion) which Bishop Lea of Kiu-Shiu, when he laboured in Tokyo before his consecration, brought to its present stage. He is evidently very much of an architect, and this building (arranged with a Church Room by way of ante-chapel) is quite a gem in woodwork, and is going to be quite an impressive church building. Returning to Mr. Buncombe's house I received in conference some dozen or so C.M.S. representatives at 5 p.m. Then followed supper, at which most of the C.M.S. missionaries sat down. Following that, immediately, was the weekly prayer-meeting in the drawing-room, at which I gave the devotional address. Miss King-Wilkinson, whom Mrs. Buncombe was to take to England *via* Siberia on Friday (as she is given only two months to live) actually came downstairs and prayed most impressively. All were deeply touched. Is she really as ill as they think? She was so bright and sweet to all.*

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

The last day in Tokyo (October 5) was the best. It was a day of almost constant rain, but in other respects it was one of extreme interest. I attended the two opening sessions of the Semi-Centennial Conference in the Y.M.C.A. Hall and was profoundly interested. The features of the opening sessions were thanksgiving and reminiscences. Bishop Honda and Bishop Harris of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Ballagh, Dr. Thompson and Dr. Imbrie (among Presbyterians) had most interesting matter to contribute, and they did it well. Whatever was in English I greedily followed, and for many a missionary meeting in the homeland I trust I secured material. Among those called upon in the afternoon to convey greetings from various bodies was myself. My greetings from C.M.S. were very well received

* She died one day after reaching England!

indeed, and were the more valued because, as a Churchman, I seemed to stand very much alone. In the evening there was a reception, and there again I was one of two or three invited to address the assembly. I followed Dr. Arthur Smith of Peking. Having sketched the procedure of the day, let me now mention some outstanding experiences.

Dr. Ballagh's opening address was most impressive. His first words were from the texts, 'What hath God wrought,' and, 'He thanked God and took courage.' He pointed out the obstacles to missionary work in Japan that had been successively removed, and it was impossible to hear the recitation of one after another without realizing how apposite were the great words from Holy Scripture with which he began. Bishop Honda was a peculiarly suitable speaker for the subject given to him, and he showed in an eloquent and convincing way what Japan would have been to-day apart from the missionary work of fifty years. None could have done this so well as a son of Japan, and his burning words will be welcomed by many. Perhaps the most helpful speech was that of the Rev. Dr. Imbrie of the American Presbyterian Mission. He divided the fifty years into three periods: (a) the period of awakening, (b) the period of reaction, (c) the period of recovery, which he alleged had now distinctly set in. God was in the awakening, God was in the reaction, and God is in the recovery.

Another speaker whose words and position claim special mention was Count Okuma. His venerable figure was impressive and he had a great reception. It was pathetic that he had to own himself not a Christian. So far as I could gather, his testimony (which was in Japanese) was in effect this, that Christianity was destined to be the religion of Japan, that he looked back upon the life and character of one Christian man (Dr. Verbeck), who had taught him English, as the most potential force for good in his life, although he had never preached to him at all, and he concluded by saying that if the future was to be theirs they must work as they had never worked before.

My pleasantest experience of all on this day was a couple of hours I spent in the company of Bishop Harris. Only a month ago his wife (an eminent Christian woman) passed away, and his venerable form was the more impressive because he carried about in his face that indefinable

look which such discipline when sanctified leaves behind. I lunched with him at the Imperial Hotel, and was deeply impressed with his converse. Bishop Harris is now no longer superintending the work in Japan, but is engaged in similar work in Corea. He gave me a pleasing impression of their people over there. Asking him whether their Christianity was in any way influenced by political considerations, he replied distinctly in the negative. He could only account for the extraordinary movement towards Christianity, and the devotion of the converts, notwithstanding much to discourage them, by characteristics in the people themselves that recalled the Lord's words, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' They have much to learn but they are on the right lines. The Bishop also said it was a mistake to suppose that the Japanese are a people without religion. And two facts, which others have since confirmed, were mentioned by him: (1) There are probably not a thousand houses in all Japan which do not contain a Buddhist or Shinto shrine as a witness to the faith of the family; (2) Buddhist and Shinto temples are no doubt now little more than show places, and the great gatherings in their precincts may be very much of the nature of a show, but it must not be forgotten that these very temples have become the centres of Christian propaganda. Nowhere are Bibles bought more readily than by the priests of these temples. They were used for the purpose of reinforcing their own teaching with Christian ethical precepts. Bishop Harris also said that the political and other friendly relations existing between Japan and Britain and America give to the representatives of those nations an extraordinary opportunity. It may easily be understood that conversation of such a character with one who has laboured so long and influentially in Japan was felt to be a great privilege.

One other experience of this busy day must be recorded. It was found possible to sandwich in, between the afternoon session and the evening reception another talk with Chinese students at the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Elwin had got a nice little number together. I gave them the best I could. I was again much drawn to them, and shaking hands with them afterwards, one or two stammered out, 'Thank you for the teaching.' I am told I had a first class interpreter. This concluded our engagements in Tokyo, and 8.30 a.m. next morning (Wednesday, October 6) saw us at the rail-

way station once more, *en route* for Osaka. Bishop Cecil Boutflower came to say good-bye before we left, and was as kindly and sympathetic as ever. He was starting for the Bonin Islands, which are some 300 miles off the east coast of his diocese. These were claimed successively by American and English ships as belonging to their respective countries, but were clearly shown to have been by right of previous knowledge and influence Japanese. An amusing story is told of the Japanese discovering in the islands two tablets which showed that American and English ships in the eighteenth century had imagined themselves the first arrivals and claimed the islands for their countries, and deporting the same to a Japanese Museum, where they are still to be seen (in Tokyo)! The Bishop is now consecrating the first church built there by the islanders.

One personality I should like to have seen in Tokyo before our departure. I had met Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Minister, in West Africa. I called but missed him. Lady MacDonald asked us to lunch the day we had to leave, so beyond seeing their important residence I failed to get farther.

TOYOHASHI.

En route to Kokura, October 14.

As already mentioned, we left Tokyo on the morning of Wednesday, October 6, for Osaka. *En route* we visited three C.M.S. stations, which shall be mentioned one by one.

The first was Toyohashi, which is a military centre six hours by train south of Tokyo. We could only give four or five hours to this place, but this was better than nothing, for it was impossible to pass it by. Never was visit more seasonable. Mr. Warren, who kindly came up from Osaka and met us at the station and took charge of us till we should pass on south from Osaka, had prepared me for this, and I was thus able to lose less time in making the Rev. and Mrs. J.M. Baldwin (who are Canadians) realize one's sympathy. Twelve years of work with, and complete confidence in, a Japanese catechist had lately proved to have been utterly misplaced, and the whole town knew what had happened and the congregation had lost heart. They had invited the new catechist and a few Church folk to afternoon tea to meet us, and I was asked to give a talk. I could think of no words that would fit so well as some reminders of our Lord to the Church

at Ephesus, and I hope [they were helpful. The catechist pleased me much. He is brave and also bright, and he is willing to face a difficult situation.

NAGOYA.

We left about seven o'clock for Nagoya, and at about 10.30 p.m. we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of Miss E. M. Trent, a Canadian lady (C.M.S.). The Rev. T. Makioka, a veteran C.M.S. missionary (a Japanese), is in charge of our work in this huge town of 400,000 people and the district around. Two nights were spent here. Our first visit was to Miss Wynne Willson's Bible-women's training home. We were very much pleased indeed with the whole tone of everything. The highest grade, or third year students, were out doing practical work, but we met all the others (about a dozen), and, as desired, I gave them a Bible study. We lunched there and then returned to Miss Trent's house, where at 4 p.m. there was a gathering of workers to meet us. The evening was reserved for a *kangei-kwai*, to which we have now become quite accustomed. Mr. Makioka did the honours well. He represents the Rev. H. J. Hamilton, a Canadian C.M.S. missionary, now on furlough, and his bright ways pleased me much. The Rev. B. P. H. Uno is the pastor of St. John's Church, Nagoya. I had already met him at the Nara Summer School. Some of the words he addressed to me deserve record. He regretted that owing to what is said by a small number of Japanese, the English and American newspapers have of late been saying that there is no longer any need of foreign missionaries in Japan. He held an exactly opposite opinion and was certain that facts were on his side. He begged me to make it clear to the C.M.S. Committee that in the interests of the Church life they desired to see built up they must not think of relaxing at this critical moment their evangelizing work. The usual courtesies followed, and then came a service (shortened Evening Prayer) at which I preached.

I met after service a very influential Church member, Mr. Fujita. His modest ways, sitting down on the mat like any ordinary person, would have concealed the fact that he is one of five Judges of Appeal in the land. He is a most earnest Christian and a great strength to the Church at Nagoya. Often he goes to Tokyo for interviews with the Emperor, and one was reminded of the providential

opportunities our Lord gave to St. Paul through his captivity in the imperial household at Rome.

GIFU.

Early next morning, feeling we had only just had a glimpse of Nagoya, we took train for Gifu. Driving through Nagoya by another route to the station we passed the castle, an impressive building, and some fine thoroughfares. A very slight earthquake was noticed by us at 9 p.m. the night before, which was our second shock experienced in Japan (the other having been in Tokyo). Gifu was reached by 10.30, and we were met by the Rev. H. Woodward. We knew Gifu by the Rev G. C. Niven's circular letters, and the story of the Blind School, and now we were to see for ourselves. Besides Mrs. Woodward and their little boy there were two ladies (honorary workers I think), Miss F. E. Gardener and Miss A. M. Henty. We were now in an earthquake neighbourhood, but the earth's crust was on its good behaviour. A very warm welcome met us from Mrs. Woodward. Our first visit was to Mr. Mori's blind school. Here some thirty or so Japanese blind people are being trained for massage and other life duties. Mr. Mori (himself blind) began this work some thirteen or fourteen years ago. Both C.M.S. and Government assist, and we were much interested to see practical demonstrations in a room prepared for the purpose. Delicacy of touch would specially seem to mark the blind out for this work, and blindness might very conceivably be an additional recommendation to the worker in massage in the eyes of some people. At any rate, they are in request, and Mr. Mori's pathetic devotion impressed us greatly. He is a very uncommon man. How wonderfully does our Lord lay one work on the heart of one and another on another! Here again a large party came together at Mrs. Woodward's for afternoon tea, and we got into conversation with them as well as we could. I spoke by interpretation. In the evening we had a well-attended service in an excellent church, built, I believe, mainly through the energy of Mr. Niven.

OSAKA AGAIN.

With Saturday morning (October 9) came another early start from the Woodwards' kind home, and we were in Osaka once more by 11.30 a.m., where considerable re-

adjustment of luggage awaited us both, but fell especially on Mrs. Ingham. In the afternoon I addressed the Divinity School, of which Mr. Chapman is Principal. There were about fifteen students. Mr. Fujimoto interpreted, and I spoke as straight as I could, for I see more and more that if our C.M.S. organization fails at this point it fails altogether. No sooner had I finished speaking than it was time to catch our train for Kobe. On finally leaving Osaka they gave us a warm and kindly send-off from the railway station. Not less than seventy or eighty people were there, and warm were the handshakes and kindly the words and bright the faces that left on our minds the last impressions of Osaka. Surely nothing but the Spirit of Christ could have done all this!

It was with a distinct sense of loss that we passed finally away from the home and thought and care of Mr. and Mrs. Warren. We owe them a big debt of gratitude.

The Bishop of Osaka was in our company, and we were then on a short visit to his house in Kobe till Tuesday last (October 12), when we came southwards. The Bishop has an excellent house and garden, more worthy of his position than any other such residence I have seen in Japan. It is his own, and was bought at a time when property was more easily come by than now. This is his thirty-third year in Japan! I was anxious to see a little besides C.M.S. work, and so I accepted his invitation to meet the workers of the S.P.G. who live and work in Kobe. Two excellently built churches were visited next day (Sunday), at 9.30 a.m. and 6 p.m. In the morning I spoke by interpretation, and in the evening I had a considerable foreign congregation and spoke in English. Twice on this day the Bishop gathered people socially around me, both at afternoon tea and after supper. This was in addition to a Saturday night missionary meeting in a lady's drawing-room. This again was capped by a Japanese reception in the Bishop's drawing-room next (Monday) evening. It was pleasant to be with one who so truly loves and values the Japanese people, and is trusted by them.

At Kobe on Tuesday morning at 7.12 a.m., the Rev. J. C. Robinson joined us. We had met him at Osaka, and we were to be under his care [at Hiroshima. Mr. Robinson is happy in being the pioneer missionary of the Canadian Church. The journey to Hiroshima was quite

delightful. It took eight hours. At Fukuyama we were met by Mr. Koyama, whom Guildford friends will remember in the C.M.S. Exhibition there in 1897. He stayed with us at that time and was very helpful. It was pleasing to hear that he was Churchwarden of his church in Fukuyama, and the leading Christian in the place. He brought us a pretty basket of fruit. About this point (three hours south of Kōbe) we began to touch Japan's great Inland Sea, and words cannot express its beauty! Winding in and out we skirted it till (last night) we reached Shimonoseki.

HIROSHIMA.

At Hiroshima we were met by the Rev. R. M. Millman and were conducted to the house which Mr. Robinson had vacated for him. Here we found Mr. and Mrs. Millman, and their little boy of three. They had made their home, as our missionaries always do, so homely and attractive by nice little touches, and never have we received more refined and gracious and thoughtful hospitality than from this little Canadian family. They are supported by a Canadian Churchman. Mr. Millman is busy over the language, and is, at the request of the authorities, teaching English for several hours a week in the Higher Normal School in Hiroshima. We went to supper (6.30 p.m.) at Miss A. C. Bosanquet's, with whom is living and working Miss E. E. Thorpe. They have a sweet little Japanese house with a Japanese garden attached, which they much value. After supper a *kangei-kwai* was held, and with Mr. Fujimoto's help there came a long address from myself. I found that one or two important people were present, and one seemed to get into touch with them.

Mr. Millman's house is just next to a large primary school. It was interesting to watch from our window what they did. From seven o'clock, on a wide, sandy compound, boys would wrestle or play baseball until a word only seemed to bring both boys and girls (who did not mix but had no wall between) to attention. Raised on an elevated platform, the headmaster then addressed them for five minutes. So far as I could hear from others, he told them they must do their duty well that day, must be orderly in their desks, put things away when done with, be attentive to lessons and persevere. How gladly would one have

seen even that five minutes used for some sort of religious instruction, but this is possible in none of the schools of Japan. Sometimes, if the headmaster wishes, a moral lecture can be given, and the grounds of morality stated, but it depends upon the headmaster. In one school a missionary friend has seen a Chinese saying written up, 'God sees everything and hears every word.' But there remaineth yet much land to be possessed in this respect!

We spent the morning of Wednesday (October 13) in an inspection of the Hiroshima Higher Normal School. There is only one other in Japan. Here from earliest childhood teachers are trained—every grade up to the end of the high school stage being in evidence on this one spot. One was again amazed at the attention given to English. We passed by a lecture room where Miss Bosanquet was lecturing on Tennyson. She is temporarily engaged to teach English Literature there. Some fifty youths have just asked to come to her to read *Pilgrim's Progress*. Thus opportunities arise and lead to better things. It would be difficult to say what branch of knowledge, except religion, was not in evidence in this Normal School. Yet in the library we saw Bibles and other books of a sacred character. The President who showed us round is a philosophic Buddhist. Further talks with Mr. Robinson brought out the fact that children in this country drink in historical and mythical teaching without one word of explanation as to where the myth ends and history begins. The one conviction they are brought up in is that Japan was a special creation of the Almighty. By the time they reach the middle school they unlearn all this, and thus they develop a critical spirit, and are apt to ask if anything at all is true. These things make our approach to them so exceedingly difficult. We also spent part of this morning (Wednesday) in a Daimio's garden. It is one of the most elaborate Japanese gardens we have yet seen. Lake and rock and foliage combined to make a pretty scene, and in the season when azaleas are in bloom it must be almost one mass of colour.

In the afternoon we went by train to Kure. This is a town on the Inland Sea of the type of Portsmouth or Devonport. It is a great naval dockyard, and its importance has greatly increased since the war. There is a population already of 100,000. Here Dreadnoughts are built, and between

five and seven o'clock in the evening I saw some 15,000 men march out of the dockyard gates from their day's work.

We went straight to the little home perched on a rock, not too easy of access, of Miss H. J. Worthington and Miss E. D. Preston. Such a warm welcome awaited us, and such kindly hospitality was forthcoming! They had asked one or two Japanese to meet us at supper (6.15 p.m.). One was a master of a middle school—a Christian man. He is a Sei-ko-Kwai man and feels strongly about it. He also remarked that he thinks it was premature for Japan some years ago to dismiss her foreign professors from the Universities. When asked why it was done he admitted that it was because of national pride. A very warm little *kangei-kwai* was given us in the ante-room to the preaching place, and at a shortened evening service at 8 p.m. I preached by interpretation. A Commander of one of the fleets and also the naval instructor at the Cadets' College (who are Christians) were of the number present, and we hope we warmed each others' hearts. We did not reach the Millmans' house in Hiroshima till 11.30 p.m. It had been a long day. But we were quite rested when ten o'clock next morning saw us saying farewell to the Millmans and starting for Kokura in Kiu-Shiu.

This day, October 14, has been one of the most enjoyable days we have spent. After an hour's journey we left the train for the Island of Miyajima, one of the show places of Japan. My wife and I greatly enjoyed our lunch out of doors. With land and sea and sky at their very best, and the air and shade delicious it can be imagined what a bright 'sit down' it was on the seashore under pleasant trees! We recrossed to the mainland at three o'clock and continued our journey. This meant a drive of some six hours. It was again a perfectly lovely scene, but night had fallen long before we reached Shimonoseki, where we crossed the celebrated strait in a steamer to Moji, the first town and railway terminus of Kiu-Shiu. Here we were met by the Rev. J. Hind of Kokura, and we gladly placed ourselves under his care. On the steamer we met Miss A. Griffin of Fukuoka, who is just back from furlough, and was but now reaching the end of her long journey. By eleven we found ourselves safely housed with Mr. and Mrs. Hind, and here I am now bringing these humble records up to date.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN JAPAN—KIU-SHIU.

KOKURA.

Kokura, October 16, 1909.

THIS town is rather of mushroom growth, and is situated just outside the Straits of Shimonoseki. Sitting by the sea last evening Mr. Hind told me of the battle of Tsushima, when the Russian fleet was destroyed. He heard the guns distinctly from his house in Kokura, the battle itself having taken place between 5 and 10 p.m. not twenty miles away. He showed me how strongly the Straits are fortified, and reminded me of the British attack on the occasion, now some forty years ago, when a British ship was fired upon here. Walking through the streets one was amazed at the number of temples. One was being restored, another was being built *de novo*. To-day a festival is announced to celebrate the placing in their sockets of immense wooden pillars now lying all ready. But for funerals and their attendant ceremonies [and the extortion practised on such occasions, Mr. Hind thinks the priesthood of Shinto and Buddha would decline. In taking a preaching place in a street it is necessary to contract out of the usual duty to contribute to the up-keep of the temples. The demands they make upon the credulity of the people is tremendous, and a venerable tradition gives added force. A short time ago a Buddhist woman was converted to Christianity. As she was living in a heathen daughter's house she was promptly put out of doors. It was cold and snowy weather, and she contracted a severe cold from which she died. The Buddhist priests were determined to bury her, but they could not get hold of the body. On such occasions a few ashes or a lock of hair would be considered enough personality to justify a funeral ceremony, so, obtaining possession of the poor creature's artificial teeth they held a triumphant funeral ceremony, and avenged themselves in this sorry way! At the time of the war,

bodies were cremated in Manchuria or outside Port Arthur in threes. Then they made three dips into the ashes, deposited them in three papers, inscribed the names, sent them home, and the funerals took place. This was always done except when fighting or other work made this method impracticable.

Here in a by-street in this temple-ridden place we resorted last evening to the small preaching place; we had Evening Prayer and I preached. A bright young soldier had walked three miles to attend. This young fellow heard the *Pilgrim's Progress* read before he went to the war. He vowed that if he came back alive he would buy one. So he came to Mrs. Hind and bought one. In due course he was baptized, and Mr. Hind frequently hears from people that this soldier has been talking to them about the Christian faith. We have met here Miss E. M. Keen and Miss A. C. J. Horne, who came to supper last night. I have had several interesting conversations with Mr. Hind, and have tried to study with the aid of a large map the immense area for which he is responsible in this island, which is just about the size of Ireland. He is both an evangelistic and a literary missionary. He has translated into Japanese such books as Trench on the Miracles and Parables and also Moule's *Outlines of Christian Doctrine*. He strongly feels that Japanese clergy with their exceptional gifts should do much more translational work in the interests of their own people than they attempt. We pass on from here this afternoon to Fukuoka.

FUKUOKA.

En route to Kumamoto, October 18.

Goodness and mercy continue to follow us. A pleasant two hours by rail brought us to Fukuoka by 6 p.m. on Saturday (October 16). We were met at six o'clock by Miss A. C. Tennent, who was to be our hostess. We have just left her standing in the midst of quite a crowd of Church members, who till yesterday were strangers to us but are strangers no longer. She dispensed to us a most thoughtful hospitality, and small quarters were amazingly magnified. Sunday was spent (morning and evening) among the Japanese Christians, and I believe we got very close to one another, because of a greater Presence than ours. They are warm-hearted people.

Hakata is part of Fukuoka, and is famous for its silk manufacture. We wish we could have seen more of it, but we had to pass on. Women Church members exceed the men here for some cause or other, but they are indeed zealous women. Miss Tennent told us of a young man, however, who had recently been brought under deep conviction of sin. He told the missionary worker that he had a great sin on his mind. He had once thrown a small child into the river and drowned it. The missionary said, 'Well, I think it is your duty to give yourself up to the police.' Now it happened that this youth had in the law courts a great friend. So he decided not to go to him lest he should use influence in his favour. He went therefore in the ordinary way and gave himself up. When he had told his story the police magistrate said, 'You had better go back and learn more of that good doctrine.'

KUMAMOTO.

En route to Shanghai, October 22.

The time has now come to wind up our Japan experiences. How imperfect have been the studies of its conditions no one realizes more fully than the writer. It is a little sad all the same to have to draw to a close. We passed from Fukuoka to Kumamoto. Kurume and Omuta lay in our path, but as there were no missionaries there, we elected to go ahead, and soon found ourselves on Monday (October 18) under the kindly roof of the Rev. Sheldon Painter and his wife. Kumamoto is a town of about 80,000 people, and lies rather under the hills which almost surround it. Mr. Painter divides with Mr. Hind the missionary superintendence of Kiu-Shiu. A *kangei-kwai* awaited us on that evening, and several kind things were said to me.

An opportunity arose here of addressing one of the eight higher schools of Japan. These schools come next to the University or final stage in the Japanese curriculum. Through the influence of the Rev. G. H. Moule (who is professor of English there) I received a hearty invitation from the Principal to address the young men in English on any subject I liked. The Professor who has charge of the English summed up my speech, I am told, by an excellent feat of memory and skill, and so even if there were Japanese among the 300 addressed who did not quite

understand my English, all must have received some clear impression. It was impossible to look into the faces of those keen young men, and not long for them to come out on our Lord's side! A few of them came, I am told, to the church where I preached in the evening, and Mr. Painter got their names.

Passing by the Castle grounds Mr. Painter pointed out a building in which the limbs amputated from wounded soldiers are preserved and labelled in spirits as a memorial of the late war! Surely never were memorials carried to greater length! Here also I saw graveyards with each stone decorated with some green thing or flower. These decorations were placed in bamboo receptacles planted in the ground. At a certain time, as is well known, all cemeteries are visited, renovated and decorated, and the Rev. F. W. Rowlands whom we visited next at Sasebo adopted the plan of observing All Saints' Day in this fashion among his Christians, in order to show them that we also remember our departed ones and decorate their graves because we not only remember the past but hope for the future.

SASEBO.

We reached Sasebo on Tuesday (October 19) and received a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Rowlands. They are honorary and independent workers.

Sasebo is quite a dockyard. A splendid land-locked harbour was full of warships. Long shelters on the shore covered Welsh coal against Japan's next war, her own coal making too much smoke. An evangelistic meeting was addressed by Mr. Fujimoto and myself in the evening. The place was packed and crowds stood throughout. It was an impressive gathering. There was the usual after-meeting upstairs. Some became inquirers. Mr. Rowlands told us that a place like this (where men come from a distance for dockyard work) is easier to work for that very reason, as the men are more lonely and more free away from their homes. Mrs. Rowlands showed us an ideal kindergarten school with every appliance, which a legacy from her grandfather had enabled her to erect.

NAGASAKI.

Next morning, 20th, we left for Nagasaki. This was at once our terminus in Japan and our port of departure for China.

Miss A. M. Cox and Miss F. L. Thompson met us at the station, and also the pastor of the small Japanese flock. We spent the remainder of the day with the above two ladies, and went with them to the Japanese service at night when I preached once again. Mr. Hind again helped us with his long experience. He told us, for instance, of the sort of thing that happened in that neighbourhood when a person becomes a Christian. On one occasion a family known to him had professed Christianity, and they were at once boycotted. Their house was surrounded by a hedge and cut off from all outside communication. There was a widow in the Nagasaki congregation who possessed some property of her own, and being in a position to defy public opinion she fed this family the whole period of the boycott, and had the joy of seeing the boycott come to an end. He also told us that in Kokura on one occasion the Buddhist priest, who was quite able to appraise the intelligence of his congregation, stated that the Government of Japan had decided no longer to tolerate Christianity, and that in a given time all professing Christians were to be killed. One family was much tried as a result, but happily they remained steadfast, and they soon discovered the lie.

We visited the great Suwa temple in Nagasaki, which is Shinto. This word Shinto means 'the way of God,' and Mr. Hind often tells the people he has come to show them 'the way of God more perfectly.' Our ladies and the Japanese pastor and warden came to see us off.

Passing down Nagasaki's beautiful harbour in this most comfortable boat (s.s. *Empress of China*) we saw the awful cliff from which some 3,000 Roman Catholic Christians are said to have been practically driven into the sea three centuries ago because of their faith.

For the first time since leaving England we had begun to move westwards, and the setting sun over our bows as we came down the harbour told us we were now on the way home, although that way must inevitably be long and winding. It was not without a sense of regret, and it was with prayers for my missionary fellow-workers from Hokkaido to Kiu-Shiu that I saw Japan slowly sinking below the eastern horizon.

Part III.

CHINA.

CHAPTER IX.

A FOREWORD ON CHINA.

En route to Shanghai, October 23, 1909.

WE shall soon land in China. Some few points, while we cross the narrow sea that separates China from Japan, will throw light upon the incidents of the next two months.

Not less marvellous than in the case of Japan has been the unveiling of this extraordinary people, and the great changes which contact with the West has recently brought to China have been stupendous indeed. The vastness of everything connected with this country paralyzes the mind. Its history is vast. Its area is vast. Its population is vast. Any attempt in a missionary journey of this kind to enter into detail is beyond both my power and my purpose. It is necessary, however, to bear in mind a few leading facts.

This great empire was opened to missionary effort only in 1844. When Morrison came to China in 1807 and dared to spend something over twenty years in translating the Holy Scriptures into Chinese he was there at the imminent risk of life. It was the treaty of Nanking in 1844 which really opened China to the West. That treaty gave to Britain possession of Hong Kong and the right of residence at five other ports.

Shanghai, which will be our first port of embarkation, was one of these five ports. Its first official (in 1843) was a British consul. By degrees, however, the manifold advantages of Shanghai as a port of trade attracted merchants of all nationalities, and from the banks of the Hwang-p'u

River arose lines of *hongs* and handsome dwelling houses which have converted a reed-covered swamp into one of the finest cities in the East. The number of foreigners other than English who took up their abode in the English Settlement of Shanghai made it necessary to adopt some more composite form of Government than that supplied by a British Consul, and by common agreement a committee of residents consisting of a chairman and six members was elected by the renters of land for the purposes of general Municipal administration.

A few words must be written about the general system of administration in the Empire itself. The Government has been described as a patriarchal despotism. The whole theory of government is the embodiment of parental and filial piety. As the people are the children of the Emperor so is he the Son of Heaven. It pertains to him alone to mediate between his father (Heaven), and his children who are his subjects. His sacrifices and prayers are conducted with great parade and ceremony. His whole life has been described as a continual round of ceremonial observances.

There are eighteen provinces. These are divided into groups, over each of which presides a Viceroy. Next to him come the Governors of the provinces. Under these again come the Treasurers. Then there are Mandarins, or magistrates, who are divided into nine ranks, each distinguished by the button worn on the top of his official cap. They are often wretchedly underpaid. In some cases they buy their offices, and recoup themselves by illegal exactions and bribes. This evil is further increased by the rule that they hold office for only three years, so that it becomes the selfish interest of these officials to 'get as much out of the people within their jurisdiction in that time as they possibly can.

The demoralizing effect that this corruption in high places has upon the people can be readily understood. Dishonesty and untruth prevail to a frightful extent. As the value of an oath is not understood, cruel forms of torture are resorted to in the courts of (so-called) justice. Where the torture of witnesses is permitted, it may be imagined, as is the case, that punishments inflicted on the guilty exceed in cruelty. The Chinese people are credited with being obtuse-nerved and insensible to suffering. But

even so, the cruelties perpetrated by Chinamen on Chinamen admit of no apology.

Side by side with this, there is a vast amount of quiet, happy domestic life in China, and filial piety is a leading and beautiful characteristic. The dependence on sons for posthumous duties towards parents and ancestors leads to the encouragement of early marriages. Female children, who cannot perform these duties, are little valued, and infanticide in their case is common in some parts of China.

As we shall be brought into contact with the extraordinary revolution now going on throughout China on the subject of education, a few words may be usefully added on the system that has hitherto obtained. Education in China has probably been more widely spread among the male population than in any other country. It is the only high road to honour and emolument and is therefore eagerly sought by those who are desirous of following an official career. Universal respect for letters has become a national tradition. The age-long system has been that no one could be classed as belonging to the 'gentry' or hold any Government office unless he has passed the first of the three great literary competitive examinations. Unfortunately for real education the only subject required of them was a knowledge of the *Nine Classics*, which they were taught to regard as the supreme models of excellence, and any deviation from the opinions or style of these Classics was heresy. The result has been that there has grown up in China generation after generation of men who have learned to elevate mere memory above genius, and whose mental powers have been dwarfed by this fossilized system. All this has suddenly come to an end. We shall presently see illustrations of the complete passing away of the old, and of the advent of the new. The greed for Western knowledge, and for a knowledge of the English language, will astonish us, and the information* that English is soon to be the official language for technical and scientific teaching makes us desire more than ever to see something of this interesting country and people at such a transition time.

* This has now been authorized by Imperial decree.

CHAPTER X.

IN CHINA—SHANGHAI, HANG-CHOW AND SHAOU-HING.

Hang-chow, October 28, 1909.

SITTING in a little room in the upstairs part of the Rev. G. W. Coultas's house, and looking out over the city of Hang-chow, I find this morning my first opportunity for recording some impressions and incidents connected with our arrival in this remarkable country three days ago.

SHANGHAI.

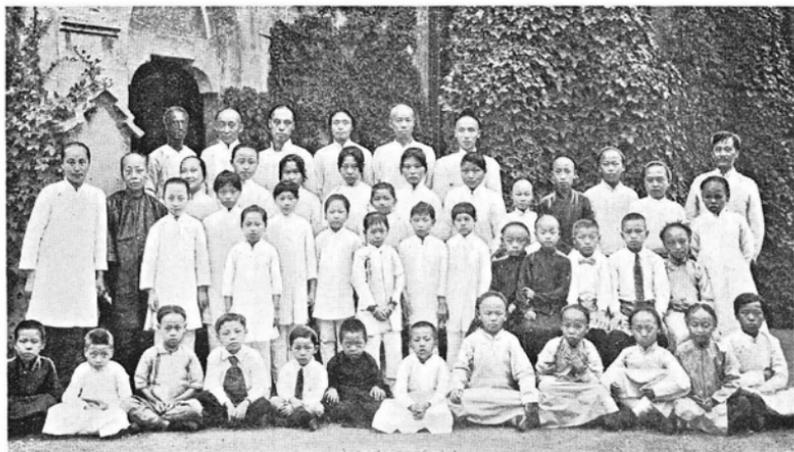
The *Empress of China* reached her anchorage at Woo-sung, many miles short of Shanghai, on Monday morning (October 25). A steam tender promptly received passengers, mails and luggage, and within an hour and a half we had passed rapidly up a river with low-lying banks about three miles apart. It soon became evident that we were approaching a big city. One or two Japanese warships, saluting and being saluted by Chinese forts, were the first objects to meet our eyes. Then came factories, then more warships, Chinese and American, and almost before we were prepared for it we found ourselves drawing up to the landing stage. The Bishop in Cheh-Kiang (Dr. H. J. Molony) and the Rev. C. J. F. Symons, our kind host, and some others were easily distinguished in the crowd, and they gave us a warm welcome.

How shall I describe Shanghai? It is a Western city with Far Eastern inhabitants. Take a big English city and put into the motors Chinese chauffeurs, put on the electric trams Chinese conductors and drivers, put at the street corners Indian policemen in the turbans of their country, fill the streets with Chinese people (a few Europeans intermingling), and you have the European quarter of Shanghai to which we were now introduced as we drove away rapidly in a victoria past fine open spaces, carpeted with green turf, to Mr. Symons's residence. There was nothing observable in this quarter

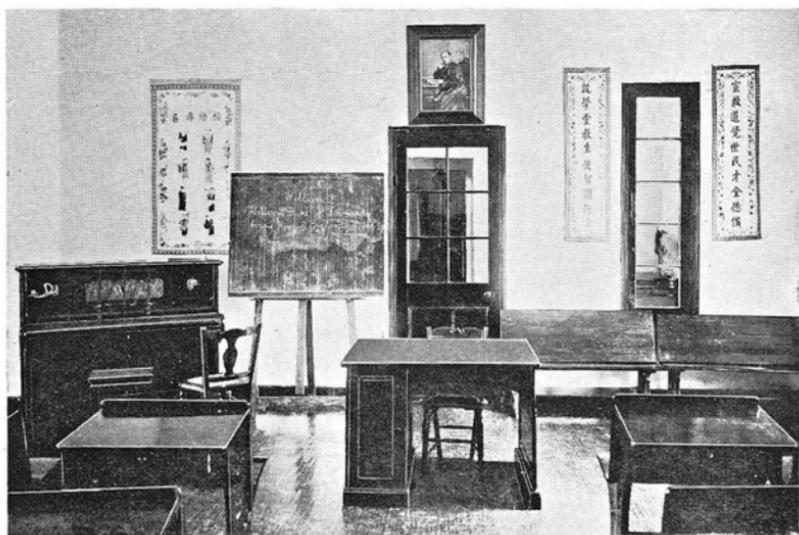
to distinguish it from any big Western city. It is a great cosmopolitan area which various treaty rights have placed under the administration of a foreign municipality, and it was curious to realize that we were in China and yet not within the jurisdiction of its Emperor!

Our engagements were not long in beginning, and, having landed at eleven, we found ourselves by 2 p.m. driving out, with Bishop Molony, to call on Bishop Graves, of the American Episcopal Church, and to visit St. John's University — a great feature in his missionary work. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, who are connected with this University (he being Science Professor), had travelled with us through Siberia, and it was pleasant to meet them again. We drove up to these imposing buildings, past a spacious and well-kept lawn, across which on one side was the College Chapel, and found ourselves at the Bishop's front door. He was at home but in his office. Looking to the left, there, sure enough, was the word 'Office' in big letters, about which there could be no mistake. I had noticed the same in Tokyo and in Kyoto, when calling on American Bishops. There is a moral in it. These men are not only intensely practical, but they let it be known to the visitors at their doors that they have work to do, and that they have no time for mere visits, with no serious purpose. Our visit on this occasion was on business, so we were not dismayed. I had met Bishop Graves of Shanghai in the Lambeth Conference, and was prepared to see a clean-shaven, vigorous, strong face, that soon brightened with kind recognition, emerge from the said office to greet us. He soon saw what we wanted, and with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper we began our tour of inspection.

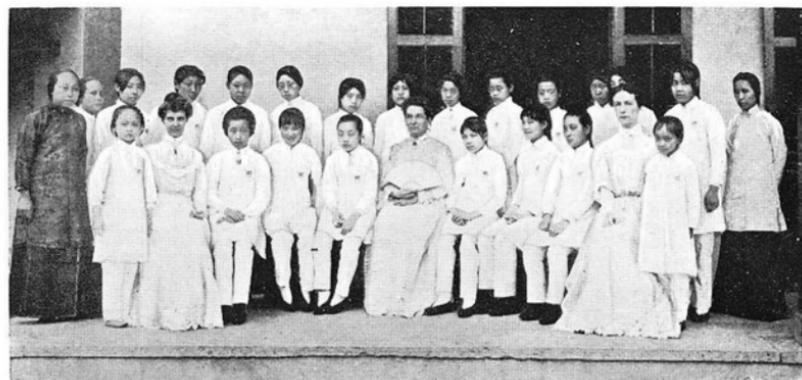
This is an astonishing place. As a piece of property it is a fine asset of the Mission, for the buildings would not disgrace a University city in the West. All is in the best style, and everything quite up-to-date. The very blackboards are glass. As fast as they can be turned out, here are trained China's future educators. The training is distinctly Christian. Students must study the Bible and attend chapel whether they be Christian or non-Christian. That this condition is not irksome or resented will be evident when it is stated that the alumni of this College, scattered over China, America and elsewhere, are its best and most practical friends. If a quadrangle clock is



SOME MEMBERS OF THE C.M.S. CONGREGATION, SHANGHAI.



THE MUSIC ROOM, MARY VAUGHAN HIGH SCHOOL, HANG-CHOW.



SOME OF THE GIRL SCHOLARS, MARY VAUGHAN HIGH SCHOOL, HANG-CHOW.

wanted they supply it. If new buildings have to be added, they club together and raise a sum equal to £3,000 to build it. One of these is called 'The Alumni Buildings.' The enterprise of these American Churchmen and their keen business methods and far-seeing, statesmanlike plans are most praiseworthy. There are about 300 now in the University, and Bishop Graves told us that when they pass out they will be not only competent in other ways, but will be able to teach English thoroughly, and will command a salary at once of 100 dollars a month. This is a fortune to them, and it illustrates the extraordinary character of the demand for teachers of English. But a short time ago forty dollars a month was a very high and unusual stipend for a schoolmaster in Shanghai. The fathers of these students would only be getting ten dollars. It appears that, while Chinese regulations about education are of an advanced character, the money dispensed for the carrying out of these regulations is usually exploited by the officials for personal ends, and chaos seems to reign. Under these circumstances, those who have an education policy and know how to carry it out, like these American Churchmen, are finding a great opportunity and meeting a tremendous need. A drive of four or five miles brought us back to the city.

Our next objective was the Y.M.C.A. buildings. Sending in my card we were met by the Secretary, and shown the spacious Memorial Hall erected in memory of the Chinese martyrs in the Boxer rebellion of 1900. This was the Hall in which the great Shanghai Conference of 1907 took place. Passing on from there we soon came to buildings where a Union prayer-meeting was to be held. This is a gathering of all the Protestant Missions for prayer, and here I was expected to say a few words and did so. Returning to Mr. Symons's house we dined at seven o'clock, and found several invited in to meet us. Immediately after dinner there was a reception, and a goodly number came. We retired to rest after having made very good use of our first day in China!

Next morning (Tuesday, October 26), I went after breakfast to Mr. W. A. H. Moule's Anglo-Chinese School to give an address. Though invited to speak in English, I preferred to make sure of being understood and spoke by interpretation. There are about 100 boys in this school. It is a day

school and is self-supporting. The young men, some of whom come from a distance and find their own board in the city, pay eighty-four dollars per annum each. This is further evidence of the desire for English that now obtains in this country.

We then paid a visit with Bishop Molony to the Cathedral. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pleased surprise this building gave me! To come upon a church designed by Sir Gilbert Scott (and said to be one of his best) in the Far East was a great delight. We were just in time for Morning Prayer, which the Cathedral School attends. The Cathedral was erected by the British mercantile community, who in earlier days had a great idea of what Shanghai ought to be, and nothing but the very best would suit them.

HANG-CHOW.

Passing out of the Cathedral we drove to the new railway station to take the train on the recently opened line to Hang-chow. We covered the distance (about 100 miles) in five hours, and it was nearly dark when Bishop Moule (just arrived from England) and Miss D. C. Joynt, and also our kind host, the Rev. G. W. Coultas, met us at Hang-chow station. Here we had our first introduction to real Chinese life. All along the way we had noticed mounds of earth covered with turf. These were graves; they are literally everywhere. Sometimes in mounds, sometimes in raised stone sarcophagi, they lie along the surface of the ground—never below the surface. The people prefer a hill or the side of some slope, although it is the priests who decide upon the place and time for a funeral. It was a weird scene as we moved in our chairs along the dark narrow streets of Hang-chow. We will call them streets, for there was room to get along, but little more. High unsociable walls were often on either side. Sometimes we emerged into a busy street and there the scene baffles description. The 'boys' who carry your chair are bound by law to shout at given times, and they are answered by other chairmen. Add this to the ordinary cries of the street and it will be imagined that the scene was a lively one!

We drew up at Mr. Coultas's door, and to come inside his compound was to discover an oasis indeed. Mrs. Coultas gave us a most kindly welcome, and we were glad to know that we should spend three nights under this

pleasant roof. After an evening meal, guests began to arrive. Mr. and Mrs. Coultas had invited all the members of the C.M.S. Mission to come and meet us, and chief among the guests was Bishop Moule. I was called upon to conclude the evening with a talk and with prayer, and Bishop Moule pronounced the blessing at the close.

We awoke next morning to experience a hopeless downpour of rain, which lasted without intermission till the following morning. But the weather was not suffered to interfere with the plans laid down for our visit. The chair-men had the exposure and we simply had to be carried (sometimes over and through deep waters) from pillar to post. After breakfast on this morning, October 27, we started for the Hangchow Hospital, which Dr. Duncan Main has so developed and made famous. It covers an immense area. No part of it can be seen from the street, but, when once inside the high walls, we found ourselves in a pleasant garden bordering on which on one side was the doctor's house, on another the men's wards, and on a third the dispensary and room and chapel for out-patients. A passage way leads to the women's ward. Near by again is the hospital chapel, a commodious building where a Union prayer-meeting is held week by week. Dr. A. T. Kember and his wife (with Dr. J. C. P. Beatty) are in charge in Dr. Main's absence, and the first impression we received as we were conducted round was the inadequacy of the staff for so big a place and so vast a work. This hospital has come to its present size and development from very small beginnings. It began as an opium refuge. Building after building has been added, and Dr. Main now has his eye upon other plots which he covets for the development of his Medical School.

Our next engagement on this day was a visit to Miss J. F. Moule's Girls' School. Here she is training some thirty boarders, not all of whom are Christians. They gave us a little demonstration of their various gifts and powers, and the girls presented Mrs. Ingham with a cushion cover which they had specially worked for her, and me with a marker with 'The Lord send peace' in the Chinese character. Miss Moule is a daughter of the Bishop. Passing from there we visited a boys' school which is run by the Rev. Henry W. Moule, a son of the Bishop. Mr. Moule took us thence to his own house, where the Bishop also resides and where he has lived for some forty years. It was indeed the

first house he went to in Hang-chow. The Bishop showed us many memorials of [his golden wedding and of the celebration of his eightieth year. The people, and indeed the whole diocese, seem to have been most kind and affectionate on that occasion. At a public function in this connexion a Chinese pastor, endeavouring to say the polite thing, remarked, 'Bishop Moule has been a model missionary. He has worn the worst clothes, he has eaten the worst food and he has lived in the worst house.' On calling to say good-bye to the Bishop before leaving Hang-chow I said to him, 'Perhaps we shall see you in England again next year' (alluding to a plan which he had favoured). 'No,' he said, 'I think not. I expect I shall have taken a longer journey before that time.' I have inserted these brief reminiscences about the Bishop because his personality impressed us, and it was inspiring to look round upon the Christians, and to remember that there was not one when the Bishop first came to Hang-chow.

Our next move on this pouring wet day was a visit to West Lake. This is a sweet spot some little distance outside the walls. We first of all visited the Home for Lepers there, which is an offshoot of the Hang-chow Hospital, and I said a few words to them. Then we went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Cornford, who live in a house belonging to the C.M.S. next door to the house where the Rev. T. Gaunt, now of T'ai-chow, had his school. The Cornfords gave us tea. Mrs. Cornford is a daughter of my friend the Rev. W. Clayton, of the C.M.S. Organizing staff, who lives at Reading, and Mr. Cornford (an independent missionary) had photographed my son on his bicycle, at Sandown, I.W., some twenty years ago, and gave me the picture! After tea we ascended Pagoda Hill, so called from a ruined pagoda on the top. On this hill are two sanatoria, one for Chinese patients, the other for foreign missionaries. Dr. Main has purchased this hill, whose relation to Hang-chow is much like that of Arthur's Seat to Edinburgh.

Returning from the West Lake, whose beauties were much obscured by the rain, we were soon in our chairs again and on our way to dine with Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Kember. Immediately after dinner there was a gathering of all the Christians of our C.M.S. Mission in the hospital chapel. A large number had gathered in spite of the rain, which continued to be incessant, and a sort of Chinese *kangei-*

kwai took place. The Rev. Hyien-Ding Yu delivered a welcome from the clergy, Mr. Ling, a catechist, spoke for the laity, and Dr. Liu (a very interesting man and of official rank among the Chinese) spoke generally of the hospital and of the need for industrial missions (which he stimulates himself). All spoke kindly about us both and about the C.M.S. Bishop Moule kindly interpreted for me. He subsequently closed the proceedings with his blessing. Thus ended a long and interesting but somewhat difficult day.

This day (Thursday, October 28) did not open well from the weather point of view, but it became finer as the day advanced. We secured an hour and a half after breakfast for writing, and it was a great boon. At a quarter to eleven we visited the Mary Vaughan Girls' High School for the daughters of the higher classes. Miss L. H. Barnes is in temporary charge. She is assisted by Miss J. C. Morris, who is Vice-Principal. Hard by is the house, once a small bungalow in which Miss Vaughan began her great work, where the English ladies reside. Miss Barnes, who had been so intimately associated in work with Miss Mary Vaughan, was an ideal show-woman, and it was pleasant to go round the new buildings with her. They are a splendid memorial, and are destined to do a great work for upper-class girls in China. Touching incidents were given us to show the deep impression Miss Vaughan made on Chinese women. We saw the girls in school. One is the great grand-daughter of a former Chinese Prime Minister who was a great favourite of the late Empress-Dowager. This will show the class aimed at by this excellent High School.

Passing from there we went to lunch with Miss D. C. Joynt and Miss E. Goudge. Then we went quite a couple of miles to call upon Miss M. Laurence, who has been about forty years in China, and has been recently very ill indeed. She dreads being ordered home, for she knows she would not be allowed out again. I addressed some Chinese whom she had invited to meet me, and with them was a Buddhist priest inquirer.

We were due at 5 p.m. at the Union prayer-meeting in the hospital chapel for representatives of all Societies. I was called upon to conduct it, and made it as much like our Thursday 4 p.m. prayer-meeting at Salisbury Square as I could. This was also noticed by others and I was glad.

At 7.30 we dined with Miss Barnes and Miss Morris, whose domicile was happily only next door to the house of Mr. Coultas. We met there the Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Sweet (American Baptist missionaries). They had been at the prayer-meeting and I had much interesting conversation with Mr. Sweet.

Ningpo, November 2.

Friday, October 29, was our last morning in Hang-chow. Mr. Coultas kindly went with me as I paid brief farewell visits to the Bishop, the Kembers, Pastor Yu, and Dr. Liu, and by eleven Miss Joynt took us to call upon a great lady of China, the wife of the inheritor to the Prime Minister, to whom allusion has just been made, Mrs. Wang Ven-Chao. Her husband is the fifth grandson but the eldest surviving direct descendant. He is in Peking just now, but she and her children and the secondary wives have to remain in seclusion till the days of mourning are ended. The period of mourning is three years and she dares not violate custom by being seen abroad till then. We saw the ancestral hall all draped in white (the mourning colour), with many ribbons hanging from the ceiling inscribed in Chinese characters reciting the praises of deceased, all written by great persons from the Throne downwards. Then there was the altar with its candles and flowers and the picture of the deceased in the centre. Miss Joynt has extraordinary influence over the ladies of this family. Mrs. Wang would allow her to take one of her little boys to England for his education if Miss Joynt would promise to stay there seven years and look after him. The wife smoked her cigarette while she talked to us, and seemed on excellent terms with the secondary wife, who also was in the room! We were shown through many fine rooms, but there was a sad mingling of magnificence with conditions not too clean. Miss Joynt reminded us that, but for the mourning, these people would have been very richly dressed, and beautiful and costly hangings would have adorned the rooms.

Passing along the street we happened to come upon about a dozen Buddhist monks before an altar with lighted candles (quite on the street). They were busy reciting what are practically masses for the dead. Some one had died three years ago, and the family of the deceased had been made to realize (probably by their priests) that insufficient attention

was being paid to the dead. Probably something wrong had happened. Perhaps some one was ill, and the priests had thus diagnosed the cause. Mr. Coultas, whose kindly manner never fails to draw a friendly reply, pointed out the uselessness of what they were doing. They just smiled, pointed to the heart and said, 'We don't trouble about results. This is a thing of the heart.' I wondered if he was really pointing to a receptacle a little below the heart! Thus does sentiment or greed rule the world!

Passing through the city we ascended City Hill, from which we secured a magnificent view of Hang-chow with West Lake, Pagoda Hill, and mountains and river in the distance. We passed also through the High Street of Hang-chow, and, narrow though it was, the shops were many of them quite excellent, and the colouring was all we could wish.

We had to cross the Hang-chow River, and our crossing was timed so as to get over before the bore arrived. The bore is spoken of as one of the seven wonders of the world. It comes in, a wall of sea, a sort of tidal wave, at the turn of the tide. Boats cease running when it is due. When half way across, i.e. about a mile on our way, we saw the bore rising up five miles off. We were assured we should be across before it could possibly reach us, but we came in for the weaker end of it. Our junk met it well, 'end on,' and beyond considerable pitching and tossing for a few moments there was no other inconvenience. This was not the case, however, on shore, where it flooded a number of small houses and farms too near the river. Not far from this river we came to a canal where two covered boats were waiting for us, one for Mrs. Ingham and myself, and the other a smaller one for the Rev. C. J. F. Symons, our most kind guide and courier. It was something like a return to West African conditions! But never in West Africa had we so comfortable a boat or such pleasant atmospheric surroundings.

SHAOU-HING.

By next morning (October 30) we found ourselves entering the city of Shaou-hing. Our waterway took us through the heart of the city. Marco Polo called it the Venice of China. The scene baffles description. Boats laden with every conceivable burden jostled us. Ludgate

Circus is peace and quietness beside it! In vain would the policeman's magic hand be held up here. All the more marvellous was the manner in which we emerged from tangles, and by 8.30 we were at the wharf near the house of our host and hostess, the Rev. and Mrs. H. Barton. We stayed under their kind roof till Monday.

We spent the forenoon of Saturday (October 30), a really beautiful day, at Mr. P. J. King's Anglo-Chinese school for boys. Passing through the city to it, one learnt that Shaou-hing is quite a literary city. It is famous for its lawyers. A Shaou-hing lawyer is supposed to be in every yamen in the country. It is also famous for its wine. But it is specially famous for its mock money. It is estimated that it disposes of £700,000 worth of this silvered paper money in a year. All along the main street we heard the sound of the hammer beating on the lead that is used for this purpose. That day happened to be dedicated to the God of Wealth, and I can testify that the worship of Mammon went on far into the night, for the last sounds I heard in the street that night were the sounds of the beating hammer. We saw *en route* a table laden with boiled pork, vegetables and other condiments, all being offered to some divinity in the open street. The scenes and smells around us were indescribable, all sewage matter having to await a buyer from the country to whom it is sold by measure! Reaching the house of Mr. King we found that he had, boarding in the compound, some thirty-four boys and young men, some from Ningpo, one at least from Hangchow, and others from elsewhere. These boys have determined (or their parents for them) to learn English, and this is a valuable opportunity which Mr. King seems to know how to use. I addressed them, and several of them by recitations, songs and otherwise showed me they had been well taught. Their pronunciation of English was really excellent. In the afternoon Mr. Barton had the general weekly prayer-meeting at his house—specially put on this day on my account. I conducted it by request. Members of other Missions came. Tea was served, and there was some sociable talk. In the evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. King.

Sunday (October 31) was an interesting day. At nine o'clock I officiated at an English Communion in the church in Mr. Barton's compound. At 10.30 I preached by interpretation at a Chinese service in the same. Between these

engagements I addressed some of Miss E. F. Turner's women in a class-room. At three o'clock we went to the other church, an excellent one built in Mr. King's compound by the Rev. R. Palmer, a former C.M.S. missionary, whom I have met in England. Mr. Symons preached in Chinese to a good congregation and I afterwards addressed the boys of the Anglo-Chinese School. Thus ended our Sunday's work and we enjoyed a quiet evening in Mrs. Barton's drawing-room, talking over many things.

Next morning was All Saints' Day. I remembered the Gleaners' Communion and public meeting. We were up at four o'clock, breakfasted at 5.30, and started soon after six to make our way by canal and river to Ningpo. Drizzling rain met us in the morning and followed us all the way. Mr. Symons was again our kind courier and guide, and the Rev. H. Clements, who has been four years out, came with us and helped us much the first half of this journey. We have not had many incidents since we began our journey yesterday morning, but we had one. For a long half-hour Mrs. Ingham and I stood under a miserable shelter at the end of a small village street separated from our friends and our luggage alike. We had crossed the river to a new canal. Mr. Clements, not quite knowing how or where to guide us, had begged us to remain stationary. When half an hour had gone and villagers began to come up to us and gaze at us with curiosity and with some merriment, we began to wonder whether we should ever be found again, and whether the old people would frighten the children into a rage with us, by telling them that we had come to cut out their livers or some other awful thing! But the half hour came to an end and we found things had not gone straight about the boats that were to be sent for us, and that thus delay had been caused. We passed the usual graves, which I find grow in height year by year as relatives bring a little more earth to cover them. We noticed some really splendid old memorial arches erected to virtuous widows who had committed suicide on their husbands' demise. We saw lovely hills and mountains, the sides of which, Mr. Symons told us, are in the springtime covered with azaleas in full bloom. We entered the Ningpo river early this morning. We had slept well on our mats, laid on hard boards.

CHAPTER XI.

IN CHINA—NINGPO AND T'AI-CHOW.

En route to T'ai-chow, November 6, 1909.

NINGPO lies now behind us, but its story must be told before other events crowd in. Three days and nights under the roof of Bishop and Mrs. Molony have been most restful and happy. Our steam launch dropped us off on the afternoon of Tuesday (November 2), just opposite the house where the Bishop is living in what is known as the 'Settlement'—the treaty place of residence for foreigners. The Bishop has not been able as yet to build his own house, nothing can be rushed in the Far East. An energetic missionary told us the other day that he had had to learn out here 'to waste time to the praise and glory of God'! One gets to understand this paradox after a while.

NINGPO.

The first engagement was at Trinity College, where the Rev. Walter S. Moule is the Principal. He has worked here for twenty-two years, first of all as assistant to Bishop Hoare and then as Principal, and it was a privilege to meet him. It is very many years since I met Mrs. Walter Moule. I remember her as a girl in the house of her father, the Rev. Prebendary Henry Wright, the honoured and loved Honorary Secretary of the C.M.S., and it was pleasant to recall old associations and memories. Mr. Moule is assisted by a Vice-Principal, the Rev. W. Robbins, whom I had known at Guildford. Mrs. Ingham and I, with our kind friend and guide, Mr. Symons, entered our chairs and proceeded to the College, which is on the other side of the river from the Settlement, by the Bridge of Boats, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Moule at their evening meal. Then came a special Communion, the record of which will not I think shock any one who tries still to communicate in the spirit of the First Supper in the Upper Room.

We spent the next day in the hospital and in the high school for girls and amongst the lady evangelists. Dr. A. F. Cole, who is a son of the Rev. Canon F. T. Cole of our

C.M.S. Santal Mission in India, is an enthusiast in his profession, and is also a very keen missionary. It seems that this medical mission owes its inception to Bishop Hoare and the Moules, whose resources and those of their friends have greatly helped it. We passed bed after bed owned by parishes and individuals in the Homeland. I wish I dared stop to mention them. The women's annexe was specially good. Everything, both without and within, was exceedingly bright and pleasant. Mrs. E. A. Walker, an honorary missionary evangelist, was at work by one of the beds, and the bright little Chinese matron, who has been recently brought through a serious attack of cholera, was also much in evidence. Miss F. A. Furness will assist as nurse when she knows the language. We had *tiffin* with Dr. and Mrs. Cole, and by 2.30 we were in the hands of the ladies next door. Miss A. Maddison (who is assisted by one of the two Miss Clarkes—twins—who are missionaries sent out from Australia by the Victoria C.M. Association) is head of the girls' high school. It is quite full: all the girls are boarders, and all are daughters of pastors and mission workers, and they appear to be receiving an excellent education. Miss Maddison hopes soon to give her girls more room, and it is urgently needed.

Perhaps the most striking experience of this day was the talk over afternoon tea, and later with Miss M. A. Wells and Miss M. E. Turnbull on their evangelistic experiences. Miss Wells was one of the Rev. S. A. Selwyn's workers at St. James's, Hatcham, in former days. Her plan of itinerating is to keep a sort of prophet's chamber with furniture of her own in various town centres of her district, and she visits them from time to time. Her stories of how this kitchen god was surrendered to her, how a suffering woman was persuaded to come down, at last, to the hospital and then did not want to leave it, and her description of Chinese customs were most enlightening. On one occasion, when the Boxer troubles were on, she mentioned to a Chinaman how anxious her mother was about her. He instantly said, 'You tell your mother that nobody will lay their hands on you in this town.'

We dined quietly with Bishop and Mrs. Molony in the evening, and by 8.30 Mrs. Molony was receiving a number of quite new people—officials (European) and missionaries of other Societies, who had come in by invitation to meet us.

It was a delightful hour and closed with a few words over the open Bible and prayer.

I spent Thursday (November 4) at Trinity College, and Mr. Moule and Mr. Robbins kindly placed themselves completely at my disposal. When our friends at home think of Ningpo College they imagine at once senior students passing through the usual courses of study. But here is something very much bigger and wider than that. Within the College walls we came first to a primary school where we found boys from twelve to fifteen years of age engaged at their Scripture lesson. Passing from them we came to the next department where young men from fifteen to twenty were being trained to be schoolmasters. Passing from these, we came to a practising school where a young schoolmaster, having passed through his training, was beginning to practise on boys in the elementary school before being sent out of the College to conduct a country school. A matter of four years must be imagined before we come to the next department of the College, viz., the divinity school or class: four years of practical work in a mission-school must be put in before the student can return to the College to take up the study of Divinity with a view to engagement as catechist and afterwards as pastor. This seemed to me to be a most excellent arrangement, and it appears that experience fully justifies it. We found the divinity class in session, and, as my guide was its proper teacher, I asked leave to sit down with them for half an hour to pick their brains. They were very bright and most communicative.

A word must be said about the beautiful College chapel that is so near completion and that is intended to be a memorial to Bishop Hoare. It stands in one corner of the chief quadrangle, and is an excellent design, while not extravagant. The architect, who lived at Shanghai, has alas! passed away before his work is completed.

We lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Robbins. Immediately afterwards, I walked to see the Rev. and Mrs. T. Goodchild. They occupy the house in which Archdeacon A. E. Moule was besieged in the time of the T'ai-ping rebellion, and two cannon balls, carefully preserved as heirlooms, were shown to me. This house is a very large one. Unfortunately the police buildings recently erected overlook it, and make life very unpleasant with their trumpet blasts and tattoo-

ing, etc., etc., etc. The next incident in this day was an interview which lasted two hours with four leading Chinese clergy. It had to be by interpretation. The closing event was a social function prepared for me by Chinese Church-folk. There was the inevitable tea-drinking and a speech by myself and a brief reply to me on behalf of the Church members by the Bishop. We then returned to the Settlement and spent the evening quietly with the Bishop and Mrs. Molony.

Since yesterday morning (November 5) we have been on the move. We left Ningpo by steamer at 10.30 a.m., and have been making our way southwards towards T'ai-chow-fu. Our course has lain mostly through islands, and we have been in a sort of inland sea. Yesterday afternoon we anchored at Chusan Island, a place which the British Government exchanged (wisely it appears) for Hong Kong. The insignificant town is overlooked by a very elevated Buddhist temple, to which we ascended by a flight of 112 steps. There we saw in a series of figures, arranged in amazingly realistic manner, the Buddhist hell. It was a sort of Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors.' We saw human beings enduring every sort of torture—sawn asunder, thrown to snakes, beheaded, gibbeted, and so forth; and in a tier above, other figures were rejoicing in placid and prosperous conditions that suggested an evolution from Purgatory to Paradise. We saw only one person who seemed moved to worship by these terrible sights. Altar lights and burning incense-sticks were everywhere, and we came away saying to one another, 'Something more than the mere perfunctory guinea subscription will be needed if we are to change all this!'

The Bishop is on a three weeks' tour in this part of his diocese. He is most assiduously learning the language, and so, also, is Mrs. Molony. It is well for us to see what a Bishop's missionary journey in China means, how that every detail in its arrangements has to be foreseen and provided for, and very narrow and rough places in the way of accommodation thankfully made use of. I heard much about the Roman Catholics in this district. It is not necessary here to record their doings, but they are of such a character as to make them feared and hated by the Chinese for their unscrupulous methods and ways. Their clever way of

acquiring property on all sides lays them open to much bad feeling.

TSING-LIANG-DAO.

Tsing-liang-dao, November 7.

It is Sunday night and we look back upon a day's work in one of the out-stations of the Cheh-Kiang diocese. We came on yesterday from Haimen by canal boat. It was rather a weary business. We left our steamer about one o'clock and started by canal before two. We reached here about 9 p.m., and we found very primitive conditions indeed. This is a Chinese pastorate station in which we are staying. We are surrounded by ricefields. Away in the far distance are fairly high mountains. These premises consist of a small quadrangle entered by a main gateway with a cross above it and texts written in the 'character' round the door. As we entered we stepped over the actual flat stones of an old Buddhist nunnery. Some parts of the old building survive. The C.M.S. bought the buildings many years ago. There is just sufficient accommodation to meet the needs of the pastor when he visits the place. There is also a schoolroom where the children of the village are instructed, and another room guiltless of windows except a roof skylight. There is on a third side of the quadrangle a very decent little church where we have had our services and gathered a fair number of people, and, approached by a ladder, are two unfurnished rooms where the two bishops deposited their camp beds and a few other resources of civilization. Here we made ourselves comfortable for the night, and we did not get on badly.

This morning there was a Chinese service and Holy Communion at ten o'clock at which I preached (being interpreted by the Rev. T. Gaunt), and at 3 p.m. Bishop Molony held a Confirmation. The *al fresco* arrangements for meals recall West African experiences and the past lives again! To-night the Bishop comforted the heart of Miss M. A. Wray (a C.M.S. lady evangelist) by promising her twenty-five dollars from his Diocesan Fund for some little comforts in these houses, such as glass in place of wooden shutters for the windows, and a rail to save her from breaking her neck on the ladder, etc. When bishops plead for their Diocesan Funds in England it seems to me to-night that they should be supported!

How I should like to get at the back of these Chinese

minds! They are so stolid and quiet and receptive, but they are not demonstrative. I am sure they think a lot; of what are they thinking?

En route to Shanghai, November 10.

We are to-night on board a small coasting steamer returning to Shanghai and we are looking back on our visit to T'ai-chow. The story of that interesting visit must now be told. But first of all we must get there, and that, as will now be seen, was no easy matter. It was not made more easy by the fact that Mrs. Molony had developed fever at Tsing-liang-dao. By Sunday night her temperature had gone up to 104° and it became a question whether she ought to be moved on the Monday morning. The Bishop decided to risk it, and fortune favoured the brave.

We rose (November 8) at 4.45 a.m., and soon all was bustle and movement. Early tea opened our eyes and by 6.30 our two small house-boats started on a long and weary journey by canal back to Haimen. What we aimed at was to catch the steam-launch that should take us up to T'ai-chow from Haimen. This would mean being there by two p.m., as the tide would probably prevent the steamer waiting for us beyond that hour. Anything more helpless than to sit and watch the utterly stolid canoe-man as he plodded along cannot be imagined. In vain did we plan to secure him extra assistance. It is contrary to the genius of the people to accept such aid. He has got the job, and he must carry it through in his own way, and at his own leisure. By 1 p.m. the situation became electrical. The canal had a way of winding round and round in the most exasperating manner. This is to deceive the spirits, we were told. Mr. Gaunt at this juncture volunteered to walk ahead while we crawled along, and to use his best endeavours to detain the launch. We knew that if he failed we must embark on fresh canoes in the river at Haimen and take two tides to get up to T'ai-chow. To make a long story short, we got on to the launch at 3 p.m. The steam-launch was in a most sorry condition, but never did we so truly enjoy the resources of civilization as when we rushed ahead and covered forty miles of a really beautiful river journey in four hours! To have seen two missionary bishops with one fever-stricken lady, and two other missionaries (Mr. Gaunt and Miss Turner) at afternoon tea under

these changed conditions would have been to look in upon a scene of contentment indeed! It was dark when we reached the city.

T'AI-CHOW-FU.

T'ai-chow is a prefectural city of some 80,000 people, and so is called T'ai-chow-fu. Bright English faces shone out among the lanterns on shore. It was a wet night—rain has indeed been mostly our lot since we came to China—and so Mrs. Ingham and I were taken off in chairs to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt.

Something must be said here about missionaries' houses. We have already been in many, and we find that their outward appearance gives an impression of size and comfort and possibly extravagance that on closer inquiry is not sustained. Much is left after all to the missionary, whose refined feelings show themselves in many little and inexpensive ways in the details of the house and garden. How can we home-staying people grudge him the happiness of coming in out of hot, malodorous streets to find himself in a walled-in (for everything is walled-in here) oasis! Missionaries tell me that it makes all the difference between lasting and breaking down. I have never in all my life seen such awful streets or smelt such awful smells as in these Chinese cities, and, as we can bring no effective pressure to bear upon mal-administration and non-administration, it seems to me to be our plain duty to make our missionaries as safe and as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

To return to T'ai-chow. On Tuesday morning (November 9) we sallied forth afoot to pay several visits. First of all we went to see a Confucian temple. It is a pretentious enclosure, with some very picturesque roofing, but little else that was worthy of note. Grass grew apace in the various courts, nettles and other weeds flourished between the flagstones. We found ourselves approaching an innermost sanctuary, where the name] of Confucius was written within a carved casket in letters of gold and where his spirit therefore hovered. Some one was beating corn hard by and that was the only human sound or sight that we noted. Reverence, we understand, is unknown in matters religious in China. We came forth much impressed with the feeling that Confucius is not a [present influence, at least in T'ai-chow. We passed thence to the house of the Rev. and Mrs. E.

Thompson, where the Bishop and Mrs. Molony were staying. We were glad to find that Mrs. Molony was better. This is an excellent and almost collegiate enclosure. In one section stands an impressive church whose roof rises far above the surrounding houses of the city. In another section stands the ladies' house, and the boys' and girls' boarding-school for the children of Christian parents—as necessary a part of a mission centre here as at Ningpo or elsewhere.

We passed on from there to Dr. S. N. Babington's medical mission. Our road lay first of all along the city wall. This wall, which completely encircles the city, is about twelve feet thick and is pleasant to walk upon. Mosses grow prettily over it, and it is in an excellent state of preservation. Leaving the wall, we ascended a beautiful green hill by rock steps. Up the slopes and after a big climb we found ourselves at Dr. and Mrs. Babington's house. This is the prettiest and most pleasing medical mission we have yet seen. Hang-chow hospital, for example, is crowded within the high walls and dwellings of a thickly populated city, while here was a Mission in pure air, far above and looking down upon the city, and having much in the surroundings to please the eye. Dr. and Mrs. Babington are enthusiasts in their work. It is difficult to believe that this Mission is only a little more than four years old. It is astonishing to find that they get 300 out-patients in a week who are glad to come up the hill to be healed. Dr. Babington did for a time have dispensary work down in the town, but he found it too laborious for the staff to continue it. The beds for both men and women were well filled and apparently well supported. I read over the beds the names of parishes, Gleaners' Union Branches, Sowers' Bands and individuals. The beautiful cleanliness of everything must impress vastly the Chinese, who, however, quietly say of benevolent work like this, that they are glad to be able to furnish to the missionary an opportunity of accumulating merit! This would be very vexatious if it were really the thought at the back of their minds, which surely is not the case!

After luncheon, we came down the hill and I conducted a Union prayer-meeting. Here let me mention some steps towards union that have recently been taken by the C.M.S. and the China Inland Mission in this neighbourhood. They have drawn up a few simple and elementary rules to guide

their action both in the way of delimiting frontier and promoting co-operation. They have not intruded into any domain pertaining to the ecclesiastical authorities, but they have tried to prepare the way for better things. The spirit of union is at work, and it possesses a simple organization. Dr. Babington showed me the regulations and general prospectus of the Union Hospital at Peking. It impressed me very much both as regards the number of Societies that have combined, including the S.P.G., and also as regards the strong staff thereby secured. Some co-operative action of this kind in T'ai-chow and elsewhere is in the minds of these brethren. We had an excellent attendance at the Union prayer meeting at three o'clock. Nearly all the C.M.S. staff and all the available C.I.M. people came, and we had a solemn, happy and helpful time.

An hour or so later we went into the church for Chinese Evening Prayer. An excellent congregation had assembled, especially of men, and I gave a talk to the people, Mr. Thompson kindly interpreting for me. This ended, there ensued the final function of this busy day, viz., a reception of Chinese clergy, catechists and other workers (men) at Mr. Thompson's house. This was a really pleasing function, and I think the Chinese pastor and other workers quite opened out in their remarks about the work of the Mission. Both the Bishop and I felt that we and they seemed really to come closer together. Thus ended our day in T'ai-chow.

Yesterday morning (November 9) we were up betimes and I received all the C.M.S. missionaries, and some few Chinese at an English Communion at 7.15 a.m. and gave a brief address. Mrs. Molony, who had been so unwell, was there and seemed wonderfully better. At 9.30 under the escort of Mr. Gaunt we left in a launch for Haimen once more, a large number, including the Bishop, coming to the riverside to see us off.

We are now *en route* to Shanghai. We are on board a small coasting steamer and are taking three nights for the journey. We have no table and eat at the door of our little cabin as we can. Chinese are lying all around us in various positions. Sights and sounds are the reverse of pleasant. A cold north wind is blowing and we shall be reconciled to greater comfort farther on. This afternoon Mr. Gaunt and I landed at Chusan. This is an island that was once held by Great Britain,

and some British guns are still there. There is a British and French cemetery, and the Roman Church has excellent buildings, both church and schools. We went inside the church. The most outspoken Mariolatry and saint worship seemed to be the chief end for which the church existed. Preaching seemed to be unknown. Alas! alas! for the confusion arising from a disunited Christendom!

En route for Shanghai, November 12.

We reached Ningpo again this afternoon. It has been a glorious and almost cloudless day. Mr. Walter Moule met us on the wharf and sent a man with our luggage to the Shanghai steamer and took us all three to the College to tea. Mrs. Moule and he greatly refreshed us by their kindness and saw us off again at four o'clock. It was pleasant to see Trinity College in sunshine. I had also better opportunity than before to visit the dormitories and cubicles and was very much pleased. Mr. Moule took me to see a Buddhist temple almost next door. It is now not only a training college for priests but also an elementary school on modern lines. We saw all the most up-to-date maps and appliances. We found twenty boy probationers for the priesthood engaged in the good old game of 'tug-of-war.' We also saw most amusing Chinese drill which I fear would have drawn mocking jeers from a Japanese school. In the Reception Hall we found the daily newspaper lying about, while in the temple itself we saw an altar to Buddha with wisps of straw tied to the altar to denote the prayers presented. We also saw an altar to a Madonna and child, the Madonna holding an egg in her left hand as a sign that she could grant conception. There was another altar which reminded one of Notre Dame des Flots at Havre, where a woman sits on an immense fish in the sea, and those who desire blessing on maritime pursuits come to her. These altars are sadly like those of the Roman Church, and suggest that outward and visible signs such as these must by all means be kept away from our own propaganda. To pass from this Buddhist temple, with its poor attempts at modernized education, to Trinity College is like passing from stagnation and death to life and progress of the best sort, and I pray God that Mr. Moule will see more and more blessing on his labours of faith and hope and love.

CHAPTER XII.

IN CHINA—AT SHANGHAI AGAIN.

En route to Fuk-Kien, November 17, 1909.

WE have come to the last day in Shanghai, the great cosmopolitan centre of European and Chinese life, and it is now high time to record fresh experiences.

We returned to civilization indeed when we went on board the paddle-wheel steamer at Ningpo to come to this place. There was only a distance of about 140 miles to cover and it was done easily in the night. The vessel was something like the New York boats that ply on Hudson River, and we had a most comfortable time which our recent experience rendered by contrast all the more enjoyable. Landing at 7.30 a.m. (November 13) we were met, as we knew would be the case, by the ever thoughtful care of Mr. Symons, who not only sent his man to see to our luggage, but came himself to meet us. One of those things happened to me as I drove in a rickshaw through the town that might have had serious results. Before I knew what had happened I found myself measuring my length on the street. I looked and saw one wheel of my rather high rickshaw walking away by itself! I had unfortunately engaged a very old and disreputable one; indeed I was so dissatisfied with it that I took Mrs. Ingham out of it after she had taken her seat, and I ought to have dismissed the man, but thought it would not be fair. Happily I escaped with only a slight shaking, and was most thankful I did not collide with any trams or carts.

Four or five days at Mr. and Mrs. Symons's house were enough to show us what a C.M.S. Secretary's life is in the Mid China Mission. The house, which happily is a large one, is practically a hotel. It is also a Post Office and a Lost Luggage Department. Mr. Symons is, further, a commissioner of a very varied sort, and it astonishes me to mark the quiet, cheerful way in which he passes from one small duty to another. Mrs. Symons has her hands full with post office arrangements, which specially fall to her lot, and with nursing

those who break down. The house is really a receiving and clearing house, and it must require a clear head to be equal to all the personal attention, correspondence and displacement involved in such a position.

Sunday (November 14) was a busy day. At eight o'clock we had Early Communion in the Cathedral. I celebrated, and Mrs. Ingham and I went to the Deanery (the Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Walker's) for breakfast and to await there the next service. I preached at eleven o'clock, and it was thought to be an unusually good congregation. I had the privilege of speaking on this occasion for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and I believe they got a good offertory. At three o'clock I went to the Chinese church. It is of this church that Bishop Graves has now become 'Visitor.' I was immensely struck with both the little church and the congregation. The former is situated in the midst of an old disused, but beautifully kept, British cemetery, and it is leased to them for a nominal sum by the Municipal Council. Mr. Symons interpreted for me. I find that this congregation not only pays its own pastor, but contributes largely to the Chinese Church Missionary Society and also to the Shaou-hing Anglo-Chinese School. The pastor, the Rev. Kyi-Doh Dzing, is a most interesting personality. Bishop Moule told me a telling story of Mr. Dzing's father—a medical man—having come to him from the Roman Catholics years ago under deep spiritual conviction, and then having become a member of our Church. I preached in the evening at the Seamen's Church, which is just now being served from the Cathedral. Here is much warmth and heartiness, and I was glad to be there.

On Monday (November 15) we visited Medhurst College, belonging to the London Missionary Society. This college has only been at work for some four years and is another of the efforts to use the present zeal to learn English for the best purposes. We dined at the Deanery and met Bishop Moule again with several others. He is quite rejuvenated, and, with his really impressive personality and long experience, I anticipate he will be a great help in the reorganizations now proceeding. I am told that he is one of the most respected men in China at the present time, and I am not surprised.

Yesterday (November 16) was our busiest day in Shanghai. I was invited by the Directors of the Y.M.C.A. to *dinner*

with them. I found myself sitting down with not only the Rev. Dr. Taylor and two other foreign gentlemen connected with the Y.M.C.A., but with some dozen or more Chinese gentry who are directors. The lunch was a little too elaborate, but the two speeches by Mr. Wang and Mr. Isao were most impressive. Let me condense their words and record that this splendid building is now ten years old. It began as a one storey building, and there have been three periods of evolution up to this point. 'A thing that is bound to grow,' said Mr. Isao, 'cannot stop!' Leading merchants of Shanghai have just given their five, ten and twenty thousand taels respectively to enable the purchase of an adjoining piece of land, as large as that on which this building stands, for the purpose of catering for Chinese youths at an earlier age by three or four years than that of those accommodated here. When one sees how in China boys are engaged upon work that would never be given them to do in England, one is sure that there must be a real demand for this. Merchants would not thus subscribe if they did not know it to be a good investment in every way. 'We are stirred with one object,' again said Mr. Isao, 'to make men of whatever race know God in Christ.' Mr. Wang pointed out for my benefit the relation which Y.M.C.A. work should bear to Missions. He said that very few from the official class, and few also from the scholar class, have as yet accepted Christ, and this Association, which has branches in St. John's University (that of the American Episcopal Mission, see above, page 74) and elsewhere, becomes a natural rendezvous when students leave those places. This Association is, moreover, seeking to guide students who go to Japan, and also to America, and does not intend to leave them until they have found their chosen college centre. I also learnt the following most interesting fact from these men. The United States Government has lately returned to the Chinese Government the \$11,000,000 in gold that was paid over to them as indemnity for the cost of intervention during the Boxer troubles, and the Chinese Government, as an act of appreciation, has decided to spend this money on Chinese students, at the rate of one hundred students a year, while studying at American colleges and universities. This is to go on until 1940. It means that by that time 1800 Chinese students destined for important places in China will have spent four years or more in America under Western and in many cases Christian

influences! This Y.M.C.A. movement is spreading to other great cities, and cannot but disarm prejudice and diffuse a sense of brotherhood wherever it goes, which must greatly help the foreign missionary.

The Secretaries had an interview with me later, and informed me that they were far from satisfied with the quite small work they were doing for young Englishmen and other foreigners in Shanghai. At present they have only a small *social* centre. They want much more. They told me that Shanghai is a place where a young man who is condemned to live in hired lodgings has not a chance of living a decent life. Heathenism comes so close to Western civilization in this city that it is easy to be grossly immoral without in the least degree attracting attention. They wish therefore to have a large building so as to be able to let rooms to young foreigners at a reasonable rate, something after the manner of the 'Ingram' buildings in London. Formerly this was not so necessary. The merchants then had what was called the *hong* system (a 'living in' system), over their places of business. The pressure of trade has caused them to discontinue this, and young men now live where they can. This luncheon party concluded, I looked into the various departments, social, gymnastic, literary, etc.

I passed straight from the Y.M.C.A. to the headquarters dépôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Here were gathered by the invitation of the Rev. G. A. Bondfield, the Secretary for Shanghai, a really representative assembly. There were on exhibition all the various versions of the Chinese Bible or its portions, from Dr. Morrison's, published in 1823, to the present time. All the keenest missionary workers in Shanghai were there to do me honour, for it was a reception arranged *pro hac vice*. The Bible Society has done several kind things for me since I left England, but this was perhaps the most important of them all. Dr. Timothy Richard and Mr. Bondfield made speeches and I made my reply. Tea was served and sociabilities continued until it was time for me at 4.30 to go to the Deanery and address the Shanghai Cathedral Mothers' Union. To the ladies gathered there I spoke warmly on Mrs. Sumner's noble conception, and said some very straight words to mothers adapted to these difficult times and places.

I passed on from there to move a resolution in another part of the city on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Christian Literature Society for China. It was a large meeting, gathered in the new and excellent library of their impressive premises. Bishop Graves presided, and my speech on this occasion was happily the last I was called upon to make on this day.

Mention must next be made of my visit to the headquarters of the China Inland Mission. I expected to find something good, but I was not prepared for the excellent college quadrangle, with a fine front facing the street, that met my eye. Mr. Hayward, the Treasurer, received me and showed me round. Here I found a permanent hotel for missionaries as they come and go, grocery shops, stationery shops, luggage go-downs—every sort of thing that missionaries need, and all of the very freshest and best. These shops are self-supporting, and come in no way upon the funds. I saw Hudson Taylor's memorial plate with his well-known text, 'Have faith in God.' I saw the touching brass plate recording the names of fifty-eight missionaries and twenty children done to death in the Boxer movement. These were in the central hall, where meetings for prayer and for counsel take place. I could not help wishing that the C.M.S. had a more commodious headquarters in London for our world-wide work, and had more room to make missionaries as they come and go less anxious and more cared for.

Before leaving Shanghai I thought it my duty to call on Sir Pelham Warren, the Consul-General. His house and grounds occupy a very imposing and valuable part of the Shanghai Bund. Opposite to it is the statue of Mr. Margary, who was Consul-General, and who (having saved three crews in a typhoon) afterwards went across China to open up trade with Burma, and was foully murdered. I was glad to see it, because I have often met Miss Margary both in Sierra Leone, as one of Sir George Baden Powell's yachting party, and in connexion with C.M.S. work in England.

Sir Pelham Warren has been in China about forty years. Bishop Moule, who called with me, says that he saved very many of their lives by his firmness and wisdom in the Boxer troubles. It seems that immediately after that time he was invited by the Viceroy to fly the British flag from Hankow (up the Yang-tse) down to the sea,

side by side with the flag of China. Our Government refused to allow it.

One conversation held with the Chinese owner and head of the steamship line we are now travelling by is worth mentioning. He said, 'I have two sons in England, one is just finishing at St. Thomas's Hospital after having obtained a Cambridge degree, the other is at Birmingham University studying engineering. When young men of this type return to China and find place and power they will gradually replace us older men, and China will then go ahead very fast, but you cannot expect any great changes until then.' This sounds eminently reasonable, and all that one has seen goes to show that any faster pace would be unwise.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN CHINA—FUH-KIEN PROVINCE.

Fuh-ning, November 26, 1909.

WE have just reached this city of Fuh-ning, the headquarters of the Trinity College, Dublin, Mission—but before I say anything about it, earlier events claim precedence.

We anchored at what is called Pagoda Anchorage in the River Min on this day week (Friday, November 19). This is several miles from the mouth, but several miles also short of Fuh-chow. The scenery is distinctly impressive as we enter the river near Sharp Peak, on whose bare hill tops we saw several sanatoria belonging to various missionary and other foreign bodies. Bishop Price and the Rev. L. Lloyd had come down in a steam launch to meet us and convey us to Fuh-chow.

NANTAI ISLAND (FUH-CHOW).

Reaching the wharf of Nantai Island (an elevated lump of land overlooking the city) we were met by Archdeacon J. R. Wolfe and Miss A. K. Wolfe, and also by Mrs. and Miss Lloyd. It was nigh twenty years since I had seen the Archdeacon, whose guests we were to be, and as may be expected I looked forward to such racy stories as I connected with him many years ago. Shortly before reaching his house, which he has recently built at his own charge, we came upon a magnificent panorama made familiar to readers of the *C.M. Gleaner* by some good photographs, which I well recalled. The city, the river, and the mountains beyond, in the light of a bright sunset, made an ineffaceable impression. Mrs. Wolfe gave us another warm welcome, and it was good to know that we were stationary for three nights, and should be at the same house also for the close of our visit. We found ourselves in something of a sub-tropical climate. Loquat trees and bananas come to perfection out of doors. Other well-known shrubs and flowers which we knew in Madeira flourish here.

The first engagement, singularly enough, was not of an

Anglican character. It so happened that the American Methodist Episcopal body were just beginning their annual conference, and the Bishop thought it would be well for us to be received by it. Bishop Lewis (American) presided. Bishop Price, Archdeacon Wolfe, Mr. Lloyd and I were in attendance there by ten o'clock. We were most warmly received and all of us had an innings (we two Bishops by interpretation). Bishop Lewis warmly responded to our points. In the afternoon of this day we all attended a reception held in our honour at Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd's. Unfortunately I had left my voice in the China Sea, but I managed at the close of the social function to say a few words, and Archdeacon Wolfe commended our visit and the work of the coming Lord's Day to the divine blessing.

On Sunday (November 21) I preached at the British Church, a most comely and well-cared-for building, erected I believe in 1858 as a Consular church, and now served by Mr. Lloyd. The times are not what they were and fortunes are no longer made in tea at Fuh-chow, consequently foreign residents outside the missionary bodies are very much fewer. But a few did come together, and I croaked even if I did not quite preach. In the afternoon at 4 p.m. I attended the young people's service at Miss C. J. Lambert's quite remarkable Chinese girls' school (C.M.S.). I have yet to see the school work, but it was impossible to attend that Chapel service, and see the order and discipline and well-trained entrance and egress of some 300 girls, without being quite sure that here was education and influence of an unusual and most effective character. Foreign residents delight to attend this Sunday afternoon service. The responses were both simply and beautifully given (in Chinese of course). Even in a foreign language one could feel sure the girls had been told that the more solemn and weighty clauses (e.g., in the Creed) called for solemn and quiet expression. I preached to them as well as I could, and my voice emerged from the hoarseness better than I had expected; the Rev. J. B. Carpenter (C.M.S.) stood with me in the pulpit and interpreted. The climax was reached when four girl churchwardens, all in white and pink uniforms and ranging from twelve to seven years of age, presented to me the alms at the Holy Table with the quiet seriousness of veteran wardens at home! Tea followed, and Miss Lambert gathered in her drawing-room most of the foreign congregation. We left with an appetite for another visit—

next time to the schoolroom on our return (D.V.) from the up-country visit.

I went into the beautifully kept Fuh-chow foreign cemetery on Sunday evening, and stood with the Bishop beside the graves of the martyrs of Hwa-sang. The record was touchingly simple and all the more eloquent on that account. We attended Evening Prayer in the British Church without sermon, and it was a comfort at least once in the day to join in worship in one's own language.

LIENG-KONG.

Chairs and carriers were at Archdeacon Wolfe's door soon after nine next morning (November 22), and we made our way to the Bund to embark on the steam launch of a tea merchant, Mr. Oswald, which would take us the first stage of our journey. With Mr. Carpenter to assist us, we set off in good spirits for Lieng-kong, our first halting place, where also the Bishop was to hold a confirmation. Rain began to fall, and by the time we reached our destination it was evident that we were in for bad weather. We found four ladies at that station: Miss M. Searle; her sister, just arrived on a visit from Australia; Miss N. O. Marshall, who is doing nursing work; and Miss M. A. Onyon. It was interesting to hear that the sister from Australia had come on purpose to study the facts first-hand, and so to relieve her missionary sister from deputation work when on furlough. Here is a branch of service that some of our English sisters might take up! In tropical rain some fifteen women candidates with their stumpy feet had to go into the city through pools of water and awful darkness at 8 p.m. for the Confirmation service, and with marvellous cheerfulness they went and returned. The church was bright with festooned lanterns and flags, and the Bishop, I found, had learnt to conduct the entire service, including the address, in Chinese. There is no male missionary in Lieng-kong, and the loss to our cause is great. Excellent dispensary and nursing work is done by Miss Marshall. She longs for a women's hospital.

We passed on from Lieng-kong next morning (November 23). The sun rose after a terrible night in great beauty and freshness, and we had a glorious day's chair drive (walking of course now and then) to Dai-jong. Here we found a church in charge of a catechist. In a sort of 'prophet's chamber' upstairs, Mrs. Ingham and I arranged our mat-

tresses, and in the church itself downstairs Bishop Price and Mr. Carpenter made themselves as comfortable as they could. It is wonderful how many things can be done without on these occasions! A nice little picnic supper, with the ever refreshing cup of tea, by the light of a lantern, and prayers, brought the day to an end, and we slept quite as well as if we had been in a palace—perhaps much better! An early start was made next morning (November 24) in rain, but it soon cleared, and from that moment we have had throughout this thirteen days' missionary journey nothing but the most brilliant and magnificent weather—cold nights and warm genial days, such as we sigh for too often in England. It was also a beautiful day's march. We had our *tiffin* in a Chinese inn; what this means shall be described later on.*

LO-NGWONG.

Lo-ngwong was reached about 4.30. The ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S. received us to afternoon tea and supper with great kindness, and Mrs. Ingham slept at their house for the night. Here are Miss Watney, Dr. Florence Cooper, Miss Griffiths and Miss Jackson. While daylight lasted we saw over Dr. Cooper's hospital and the girls' boarding-school and the women's house, and we shall not easily forget the bright keen workers and work of this place. We were to see them again on our return journey.

Next morning (November 25), bright and early, we were off again, Mr. Carpenter, however, leaving us at this point to return to Fuh-chow. We had a glorious day's ride and walk over a very high pass. Nothing astonishes us more than the roads, wonderfully (though of course roughly) paved, and worn smooth and slippery by thousands of feet. They have been there for perhaps hundreds of years. As we mounted upwards we seemed to walk on air, exercise ceased to be fatiguing, even Mrs. Ingham doing very fair climbing indeed, and all around were such views as only the Fuh-Kien province with its constant succession of mountains can afford. We were on our way to the mission-boat of the Trinity College, Dublin, Mission. Its headquarters are at Fuh-ning, the objective of our present journey. Descending this high hill from an elevation of about 1,000 feet or more we saw the Rev. T. de Clare Studdert, a fine manly personality, approaching; he was to be our cicerone and much more for the rest of the way.

* See pages 108-9.

We soon made the acquaintance of the T.C.D. boat, an adapted Chinese junk. She was then embedded in the mud and would only float with the incoming tide in the early evening. Here at Hi-luang we saw more Chinese streets, more dirt, and smelt more smells. Finding a Chinese catechist in unusually isolated circumstances I addressed him by interpretation at the Bishop's desire and tried to cheer him up and give him a word of counsel.

We hesitated to enjoy the cabin, with its two berths, of this little vessel because it meant that the Bishop and Mr. Studdert were consigned to the kitchen (after the kitchen arrangements should be cleared away), but they would have it so, and by this morning (November 26) we had travelled some fifty miles of inland sea and creek and were drawing slowly near to the landing place for Fuh-ning. Twelve miles walk and chair brought us along a lovely road to the county town, the prefectural city of Fuh-ning county. Mountain and torrent, tree and foliage, fern and wild flower glowed under glorious genial sunshine, and made our hearts glad.

FUH-NING.

Fuh-ning, November 29.

By half-past three, streams of people—first of all two clergy, the Revs. W. P. W. Williams and J. Curtis, then Chinese churchfolk [with their pastor, and then schoolboys with crackers and flags—gave us quite an imposing welcome as they streamed outside the city walls, and we presented a gay scene as we all approached the gate together. Mrs. Studdert gave us a warm welcome. We found here at Fuh-ning not only educational work of a very elementary type for boys conducted by Messrs. Williams and Curtis, but also a very excellent girls' school under Miss B. A. M. Thomas. Boys and girls alike are boarders, and are thus under constant supervision. We found also a hospital for men and one for women under the care of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. Synge; and a women's home, which, however, could not be visited owing to an outbreak of measles. Women come to the station, as to other stations of our China Missions, to spend some days or weeks under instruction. Some of them are married women, others are widows; some become Bible-women, others return to their homes as ordinary Church members to live the Christian life. It seems to be a very useful and telling branch of work.

Here on this very spot the Roman Catholics had their

buildings 300 years ago ! Alas ! they have recently returned to Fuh-ning, and that returning nearly cost Mr. Studdert his life. It seems that a body of Chinese smugglers and pirates had picked a quarrel with some of our Christians on the coast. It was so clear a case of persecution that Mr. Studdert felt reluctantly compelled, rather against his judgment, to intervene. Upon this the smugglers approached the Roman Catholics at Fuh-wang and offered to go over to them one thousand strong and be baptized, and also to build them a church, if they would only take up their case. The Roman priests consented, and the Mission was thus re-established in Fuh-ning. But in justice to the Romanists it must be stated that the priest ultimately expressed to Mr. Studdert his regret that the riots which followed should have brought him into such personal danger. As in so many instances, they had set forces in motion that they found themselves unable to control.

The rule of this diocese is that there must be no interference on the part of missionaries or Chinese agents with law cases in which Christians become involved. Only when it can be clearly shown that it is a case of *bona fide* persecution will the head of the Mission approach the Mandarin. But now that toleration is the rule in China, the Chinese find other ways to persecute. They will seize a Christian's cow, or some of his pigs, or disputes will arise about rice fields, and, religion not being in evidence at all, it is difficult to show that it is a case of persecution for conscience sake. What under these circumstances is the Mission to do ? It should not surprise us that the cry is raised by some of our Chinese Christians that while the Romans, and even the American Methodists are useful, the Anglicans are useless for these purposes. We have lost Church members for this unfortunate reason, and may lose more. The Chinese say, and say correctly, ' We are by reason of our Christianity out of touch with the Mandarin and unable to use the usual methods of defence, and you to whom we have attached ourselves refuse to stand by us ; we are indeed in bad case ! ' It appears that in some parts of this diocese Peace Societies have been formed, composed not exclusively of Christians, and we must hope that they will themselves more and more take the principles of righteousness, truth, love and peace that our missionaries preach, and apply them to their local necessities themselves.

Mr. Studdert rightly says that it is not the dirt and filth or smells of China that try the missionary, it is rather the having to refuse so frequently to advance the Master's Kingdom by wrong methods, and to see people leave the Mission because the missionary refuses to be politically useful to them. On one occasion a large contingent arrived at Fuh-ning with the story of how they had broken up and thrown away all their gods, and how they wanted instruction in the doctrine. Mr. Studdert invited them to attend the daily teaching; presently they became 'hearers'; in a little while he discovered that they had hopelessly quarrelled with the Mandarin in their city. The Mandarin had demanded that a theatrical troop which these people had engaged should leave their service and play before his wife, who was recovering from an illness. They refused, complications followed, the town became too hot for them, and the Mission was sought rather as a city of refuge than for any other reason. People have come to Mr. Studdert bleeding with wounds inflicted by themselves upon themselves in order to persuade him the better to take up their case! When it is remembered that these people have never known such a thing as justice or fairness we must be patient with them. Their Mandarin (who is the final authority in their prefectural city) is a man who has bought his position for several hundreds of dollars. He is paid perhaps £50 a year (not more) by Government. His first work must be to recoup himself for his expenses. He usually goes to Fuh-chow, finds a secretary, borrows a huge sum from him, and then proceeds to settle down like an octopus on the county he is appointed to govern. No justice can be expected from such a source. The highest bidder gets his case. So complicated are the problems in this distressful country that it was remarked to me, 'a missionary may be thankful that he has to be dumb for two years after his arrival.'

We occupied Saturday (November 27) with looking through the Mission institutions and with talks to workers both Chinese and foreign. The mission buildings stand in an excellent and raised position near the city wall. These city walls are extremely picturesque. Nature clothes them with lovely ferns and wild flowers, and they often afford the only sanitary walk in the city; they command sometimes a lovely view. Here on the same night we saw the total eclipse of the moon just after she had risen. The Chinese

quite expected it and their drums beat until the dragon had disgorged the moon once more! No real excitement, however, occurred—Western science is making a difference!

On Sunday (November 28) we had services in the City Church and in the girls' school chapel, at the latter of which I addressed the missionaries at, I fear, inordinate length, being about to depart on the morrow and perhaps to see their faces again no more!

Fuh-chow, December 2.

We must not linger any longer at Fuh-ning. On Monday morning, November 29, we started (the Bishop, Mr. Studdert and ourselves) to return by partly the same route, and partly by a different one to Fuh-chow. Glorious weather still attended us. I dropped a piece of paper from my chair *en route*. Mr. Studdert eagerly asked me, 'Are you sure there are no Chinese characters on it? I remember dropping some once and it very nearly led to a riot. I am not sure that English or any other printing would not also give annoyance if picked up. They have such reverence for the written word.' I wondered what they would think of our waste paper baskets and littered floors in schools and offices at home! The T.C.D. boat again received us at the water side.

NING-TAIK.

A day's lovely sail brought us by midnight to Ning-taik, and we landed on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, to spend the day and night under the kind shelter of our C.M.S. ladies, Miss M. de Chal Boileau, Miss J. C. Clarke and Miss E. M. Scott. We had a very warm and bright service in the church in the morning; it was quite brightly decorated for the occasion. We had Holy Communion, and in the afternoon a conference and intercession for missionary work throughout the world. The ladies were as ever most hospitable, and we left them on the morning of December 1 for Lo-ngwong on our return journey, feeling that we had indeed had some fellowship.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN CHINA—FUH-KIEN PROVINCE (*continued*).

En route for Hong Kong, December 9, 1909.

A FINAL entry must now be made of Fuh-Kien experiences before Hong Kong and South China come into view.

That chair ride which was to Mr. Studdert and myself largely a walk—to him entirely so—from Ning-taik to Lo-ngwong was a great delight. In magnificent weather we lunched in a Chinese inn at an elevation of 1,300 feet above the sea. Let no one imagine that we called for lunch and that a waiter brought us a bill of fare! Bed (?) and board can indeed be had for a night and two meals thrown in for the equivalent of fourpence if one is prepared to eat the food of the country. But the foreigner merely, through his servant, claims a table—if one happens to be vacant—or a mud floor, and proceeds to unpack his basket, boil his water, lay his cloth (if he possesses one), and pay his few cash to the landlord for the accommodation. We have enjoyed several meals in Chinese inns, with faces of young and old peering at our food supply, gazing at our clothes and even feeling their fabric. We smiled at them, our missionary cicerone said a few words which sometimes reached a preachment, and then they understood what we were after.

We descended this high pass very gradually indeed on to Lo-ngwong and we were sorry to remember that this was to be the last walk with Mr. Studdert. Just outside the walls of Lo-ngwong we saw our good friend Mr. Lloyd (the Secretary of the Fuh-Kien Mission) coming to meet us, whose genial presence we were to have with us right up to Fuh-chow.

At Lo-ngwong we went to supper with Miss Watney, Dr. Cooper and Miss Griffiths at the C.E.Z.M.S. mission-house and spent with them a most bright and happy evening. What oases these spots are in the midst of this topsy-turvy country!

Walking along next day towards Dan-iong, where we hoped to lunch, Mr. Lloyd remarked, 'Some one has well said that

the best answer to Confucianism is China.' Looking on the field work of the people as we passed along he told us that it is computed that seven-eighths of the Chinese people are in debt to the other eighth, and that the fields they work are probably all mortgaged! He also said that a Chinese family in these villages will probably be living on 1s. 8d. per month, i.e. on about a halfpenny a day! Missionaries see strange things out here. It is well perhaps for us to realize how even under Protestant conditions the superstition of the people's minds yields but slowly to the light of the Gospel! Mr. Lloyd's genuine kindness of manner and word to the simple folk as he passed them, and especially to the children, patting their heads and saying a bright word, greatly pleased me. He tells me that these folk are quickly stirred and easily excited to a state of panic, and that foreigners cannot be too careful about their manner and their words. They are peculiarly liable [to be affected by false reports, and he thinks foreigners in many parts of China have sometimes had themselves to thank for the riots that have occurred. Conversing thus, we drew near by dusk to our Chinese inn at Dai-che. This was [on Thursday night, December 2. Many had terrified us about these inns at night. But I suspect Mr. Lloyd had had our room in this one well swept, for we had no fault whatever to find with it. We passed into an inner recess, somewhat raised above the other part of the earthen floor. We did not at all mind the sky being fairly visible above us, as some of us saw (quite close) insanitary arrangements that there was no attempt made to hide. It so happened that the Misses Jackson were *en route* to Lo-ngwong from Fuh-chow, and they also arrived at this inn shortly after us. We had a very happy supper time. Our two parties emptied the provision baskets, and after family prayer we were all glad to get to our windowless cells, almost rejoicing that the lantern did not give too much light.

We slept well, and by 7.30 next morning (December 3) we had breakfasted and started on our several ways—we for our last day's march to Fuh-chow. First of all there was a beautiful river up which we had to be punted for three miles, and then came a very high pass, not far short of 2,000 feet. It is quite useless to stop and dwell on the magnificent views that presented themselves as we rounded point after point. Fuh-Kien evidently abounds in such views. We visited our last Chinese inn on the sum-

mit and enjoyed our last *al fresco* lunch. After this we began our descent of more than three hours. A very agreeable surprise awaited us shortly before the plain was reached. Under the shade of fine trees we suddenly came upon an afternoon tea, most simply but prettily spread! What did it mean? Mrs. Wilkinson, with whom we were to stay at the medical mission near the North Gate of Fuh-chow city, had actually come out to meet us and, reaching the spot half an hour before us, had boiled the water and made other preparation. It was a beautiful and kindly thought and it cheered us in more ways than the physical. Two hours more and we were at the city gates. But here another surprise awaited us. Spread out in very effective ways were little detachments of boys from Mrs. Wilkinson's blind school. And others, including some Church workers, either fired crackers, waved the British and Chinese ensigns, or blew bugles and beat drums. The neighbourhood was made to know that something was on. The climax was reached within the city. There deafening explosions took place. Our chair coolies intensely enjoyed their importance as they felt themselves to be carrying such great people, and they showed it! As we swung into Dr. G. Wilkinson's pleasant compound and many gathered round us, I asked leave to do two things, viz., thank the Christians for their welcome, and also to say a word of kind farewell to the coolies who had been with us for some eleven days, and had carried us far. I thought that a word about that longer journey we all must take might go home to some heart, and with a small extra cash we dismissed them and placed ourselves under Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson's kind care for two days. There was little rest to be had, however. Quite a party gathered for the evening meal, but we finished fairly early with family prayer.

FUH-CHOW (CHINESE CITY).

Next day, Saturday (December 4) was indeed a busy one. Archdeacon Wolfe from the other end (Nantai) was early on the spot and we commenced by inspecting Mrs. Wilkinson's blind boys' school. Here were some sixty boys of varying ages, some of them sent from considerable distances and receiving under Mrs. Wilkinson's care a sensible equipment for life. One little 'chap was pointed out to me as having been found tied up to a tree in Singapore for

wild animals to eat. Another was rescued while actually in the act of being buried. It was good to see their industry and skill in mat making and other employments. This work began in a small room at Lieng-kong. It was then transferred to a wooden building here, and finally emerged into its present good quarters. Mrs. Wilkinson does this without any cost to C.M.S., but she sorely needs a reliable lieutenant. The drill of the boys was excellent and was most cleverly done. Passing from there we visited Dr. Wilkinson's hospital. It occupies a very good and cheerful position. We noted successively the Hoare ward, the Wolfe ward, the Welton ward and also the Elliott ward, and it was pleasant to come upon these familiar names. We saw the men's side and also the women's side and then we passed into the compound where the Medical School now approaches completion. We also visited Miss A. M. Wolfe's home for women who come to learn in mature life. It is a remarkable building quite Chinese in construction with the exception of Miss Wolfe's rooms. Miss Wolfe does a happy and useful work there. Attached to this is an excellent church superintended by the Rev. Dr. M. Mackenzie and worked by a catechist.

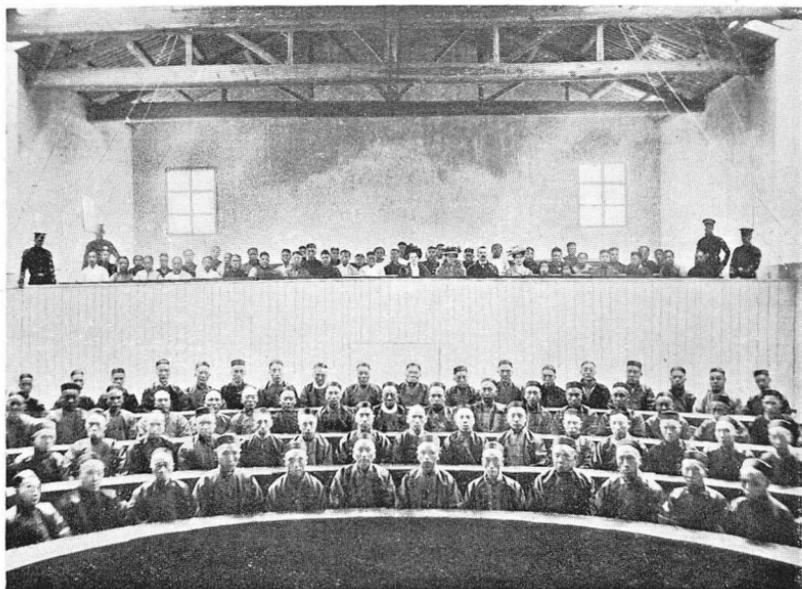
We had some little time left before *tiffin* so we walked along the city wall up a steep elevation to the hill called Iong-lan, the watch-tower. This can be seen for many miles around. On our way thither we had to pass through the upper storey over the North Gate. It was awful to see a dead man lying there. He had been dead three days. The Mandarin had been informed about it, and until he took certain official steps no one might interfere. It was only another strong reminder that we were in a heathen land. The 'Watch Tower' commanded a famous view from its ample galleries. Just below it, on a green mound looking out over the city, is a representation in stone of the Pleiades (seven in number). Here also were seven stone tubs supposed to be kept filled with water to keep the city from fire!

After *tiffin* we started off again. Our first visit was to one of the churches about which Archdeacon Wolfe is so anxious. It stands in the midst of the people but it has no pastor. We passed on from there to visit one of China's great examination centres. It was indeed an instructive place. Four years ago these vast paved spaces accommodated 10,000 young men! Cells for the students,

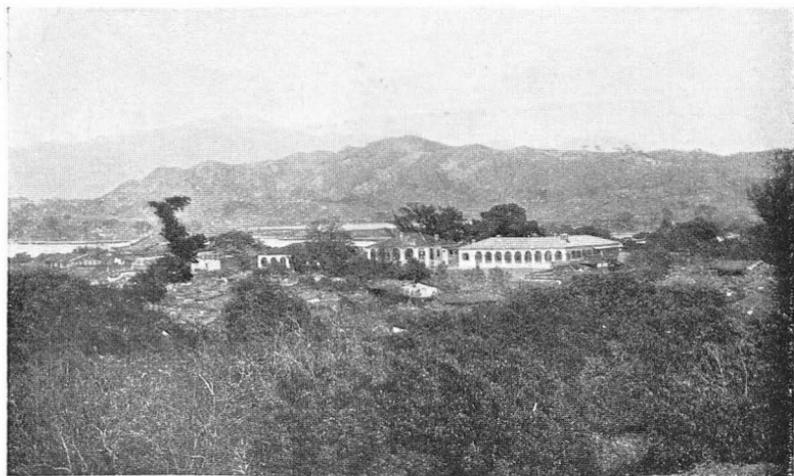
four feet square only, stretched along in endless rows. The bareness and narrowness was terrible to think of. Here in this little space the student who would qualify for a place in the Chinese Civil Service must live for nine whole days. Here he must cook his food and write and eat and sleep. Nothing but a narrow board for any of these purposes was available. One short walk to the end of the corridor under surveillance was allowed. Many died, and more fell out of the struggle too exhausted to proceed; the unsuccessful ones had to return hither again and again, even to old age, if they would aspire to be admitted into the ranks of China's gentry! All this has passed away. A new era has begun. These cells are to be pulled down within a year and on this spot suitable buildings for the Fuh-Kien Provincial Parliament and for an Agricultural College will be erected. Quite near these cells and in the same buildings we inspected the actual rooms in which the first Fuh-Kien Provincial Parliament held its session this very year. A change more sudden than such a Parliament represents cannot well be imagined. Till quite recently, for an ordinary member of the community to meddle with the affairs of Government was a punishable offence. To-day it is a citizen's right. Presently, either by representation from these Assemblies or in some other way, an Imperial Parliament will assemble in Peking. One of the Vice-Presidents of this Fuh-Kien Provincial Parliament was a Christian from Amoy. It appears that this gentleman made a strong appeal on this occasion for there being no creed distinctions or disabilities in the service of the State. Three other Christian men are known to have been members of this provincial Parliament.

We had thus seen curious illustrations of the juxtaposition of ancient and modern. We were next to see a provincial college in another part of this large city. It was the first institution of the sort that we had seen in China, and if a fine building, excellent lecture halls, scientific and other material can ensure good educational advantages, they will be here secured. But the contrast, even when passively contemplated, is amazing. A new era has really begun.

Our afternoon was still unfinished. And we were glad to spare time to see the Fuh-chow boys' school (American Congregational Mission) of which the Rev. L. P. Peet is now Principal. It is a splendid group of buildings, and



THE FIRST FUH-KIEN PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT, 1909.
(The gallery was set aside for visitors, among whom were some C.M.S. Missionaries.)



A WORK CENTRE IN FUH-CHOW CITY: THE MEDICAL MISSION.

many a young man now occupying an important position in Fuh-chow and elsewhere thanks Fuh-chow school and such men as Mr. Peet for the inspiration and edification of their lives. This school exercises a growing influence and that influence is of the best.

This busy day concluded with a service at which I preached in the church to which allusion has recently been made.* Mr. Peet kindly interpreted me, and he did so with the accent of one born in the country, as he actually was. Thus ended a hard day's work—full of interest and therefore of some degree of fatigue.

The next day, Sunday (December 5) was our last in this part of China and we spent it in Fuh-chow city. At the morning service Miss E. P. Kingsmill (C.E.Z.M.S.) told us there were five women present who had been rescued (four by herself) at the last moment from committing suicide by hanging. It appears that this is a most common attempt. It is made by widows on the death of their husbands and is encouraged by the neighbours who assemble in crowds to see it, and any one who attempts to intervene to prevent the consummation is in great danger from the crowd.

NANTAI ISLAND AGAIN.

It was pleasant to find ourselves by Sunday evening back at Nantai Island and under Archdeacon Wolfe's kindly roof again and surrounded once more with our luggage which we had done without for all but a fortnight. There now remained a few Fuh-chow functions, and then we must pass away from Fuh-Kien and on to Hong Kong.

Mention must first be made again of Miss Lambert's school. I had on a former occasion preached to the girls in their chapel; now we were to see the school at work. We lunched with Miss Lambert on the Monday, December 6, (and very soon after we witnessed a kindergarten scene with the youngest girls, and a calisthenic display by the older ones that surpasses anything I have yet witnessed in or out of England. 'When it is considered,' said Miss Lambert, 'that we can never take these girls for a walk, you will see how necessary all this exercise is.' And there was not a dull moment. Set to bright English tunes the girls did wonderful things, and visions floated before one's mind of how they would

* See page 111.

tell their children of these bright school days. 'Already,' says Miss Lambert, 'I have many grandchildren—old girls bring their little ones who call me grannie and do not yet know I am not a real one to them.' In almost less time than it takes to describe, the whole school presently gathered in the large schoolroom and then something happened which surprised us both very much indeed. When preaching to them on the text (Esther iv. 14), 'Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' I had suggested that they should keep the passage before them—perhaps on the walls of their school—for that indeed it was now a very unprecedented time. They had, as their own thought, worked the text in silk on scarlet satin, in Chinese characters, and now they presented it to me. They had also prepared one for Mrs. Ingham. It had happened that on the morning after my sermon the Scripture portion was the story of St. James's rich man with the gold ring (James ii. 2). Miss Lambert said to the girls, 'Now if we ought to humble ourselves as St. James said, why did I bring Mrs. Ingham to such a high place in the chapel yesterday?' The answer rapidly came, that office and work justified it, and upon this they decided to present my wife with a scroll containing in Chinese character these words: 'To esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake.' These were pleasing incidents and serve to show the moral atmosphere of this excellent school.

Next day, Tuesday (December 7), I visited the American Anglo-Chinese college under the presidency of the Rev. J. Gowdy. This is a fine group of buildings belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, now presided over by Bishop Lewis. The first beginnings of this effort were made possible by a gift of \$10,000 from a Chinese gentleman named Mr. Ahok, and I had full evidence that here the Chinese youth are being prepared not only for the new conditions that now obtain, but are being taught to meet them in the fear of God and faith in Him. The same morning I visited the school for non-Christian girls, carried on by Miss A. Fearon of the C.E.Z.M.S., and very excellent the curriculum seemed to be. It is astonishing that these ladies are so completely trusted by the mothers of these girls but we may thank God for it.

The last visitation we made was to the Rev. W. S. Pakenham-Walsh's Anglo-Chinese school. We lunched with

Mr. and Mrs. Pakenham-Walsh and enjoyed their sweet home, and many came together later in the afternoon to be present in the schoolroom to hear some speeches. Mr. Pakenham-Walsh showed me the small and uninviting room in which he had begun his school with nine pupils so short a time ago. He pointed to his sixty boys with thankfulness, and said they could be doubled and trebled if only it were recognized at home that this is the thing now to be done, in view of the present opportunities. When we were all gathered together, the boys presented me with an address on scarlet satin in the 'character' and a translation, well printed by them on cardboard, and also two other texts very prettily done.

No mention has been made as yet of one of the most respected and useful members of the Mission, Mr. W. Muller, the lay Secretary. I saw over his excellent office, just completed near his beautiful home, and I saw the go-down where missionaries can deposit luggage they do not require during furloughs, or when moving about. Mrs. Muller had us all to dinner on this our last night in Fuh-chow and a large number accepted her invitation. Mr. and Mrs. Muller are here at their own charges. They find they can make their income go as far again here as in England and they are glad to spend their lives thus in promoting the missionary cause. Mrs. Muller begs me to appeal to others to be ready to come in the same way and do likewise, for they cannot last for ever. They gave us a very pleasant evening and I closed it with reading and family prayer.

Wednesday (December 8) dawned with as lovely weather as ever we have experienced. In the afternoon some eighty missionaries connected with all the Protestant Missions in the city met at Archdeacon Wolfe's for a united prayer-meeting. This is a monthly custom; sometimes they assemble at one house, sometimes at another. I was down to give an address. I asked the Archdeacon if I might instead conduct the meeting and he gladly acceded. It was a very great and unusual opportunity and I thankfully tried to use it. At six o'clock we embarked on a steam launch for Pagoda Anchorage and Mr. Lloyd and Miss Lambert accompanied us to the ship.

Before leaving the Diocese of Fuh-Kien—a small portion only of which we have visited—it will be well to obtain a bird's-eye view of the entire situation. The work of the

Anglican Communion is carried on, entirely by the C.M.S., in the prefectures of Fuh-chow, Kien-ning, Fuh-ning and Hing-hwa—about one-third of the whole province. In Kien-ning and Fuh-ning prefectures, which contain thirteen counties between them, there is no other Protestant Mission at work. It would appear that a great responsibility lies upon us for these prefectures, as also for the counties of Lo-ngwong and Lieng-kong in the Fuh-chow prefecture for the same reason. In other parts of the Fuh-chow prefecture, such as the counties of Ku-cheng, Ping-ang, Hok-chiang and the Ming-au, as also in the prefecture of Hing-hwa, the American Methodist Episcopal Mission is engaged as well as the C.M.S. In and around Fuh-chow city the American Board (Congregational), the American Methodist Episcopal, and ourselves are at work. But our work is a very small affair indeed as regards evangelistic or pastoral effort. The evangelization of Hing-hwa prefecture and Hok-chiang county is very much in advance of what has yet been done in Kien-ning and Fuh-ning. There are about twelve organized Church Councils in the diocese. They cover some seventy-three pastorates in which the C.M.S. has 282 centres of worship. There are available for all this pastoral work only fourteen ordained Chinese clergy. There are three other Chinese clergy (in addition to the above) who are engaged in educational work. This year the Chinese Church members are contributing \$2,200 towards the support of clergy in addition to what they pay for catechists.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CHINA—CANTON.

On the Canton River, December 18, 1909.

OUR good ship the *Hai-yang* reached Hong Kong quite early on Sunday morning, December 12. It was pleasant to travel under the care of a kind Christian captain (Captain Hodgins). Many must have written of Hong Kong and its striking approaches, its magnificent harbour and impressive Peak hanging over the city 1,800 feet up in the air! The Rev. E. J. Barnett * met us at the pier, and we were soon being carried up the hill to St. Paul's College. This was Bishop Hoare's town residence, and here till lately the Rev. G. A. Bunbury had his divinity students. The city presented a massive appearance on landing. The buildings are extremely fine, built strongly it appears because of the oft-recurring typhoons. The streets are possible for electric trams only along the front, elsewhere the chair and the rickshaw are in evidence. Magnolias and palms showed that we were on the northern border of the tropics, but the weather was really cold, though sunshine was abundant.

We went to the morning service at the Cathedral, which is about the size of a large parish church in England, and is a very pleasant and well-appointed building. The organ is a fine one, and the service (partly choral) is rendered in a quiet and reverent manner. The traditions are Evangelical. The congregation was thought to be a good one, but the building was far from filled. The English community is about 3,000. I preached by request a missionary sermon, as it was the day for their collection, and the chaplain desired that I should use my opportunity thus. Passing from the Cathedral we proceeded to Mr. Barnett's residence up near St. Stephen's College. We found there the Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hewitt,

* Since made Archdeacon.

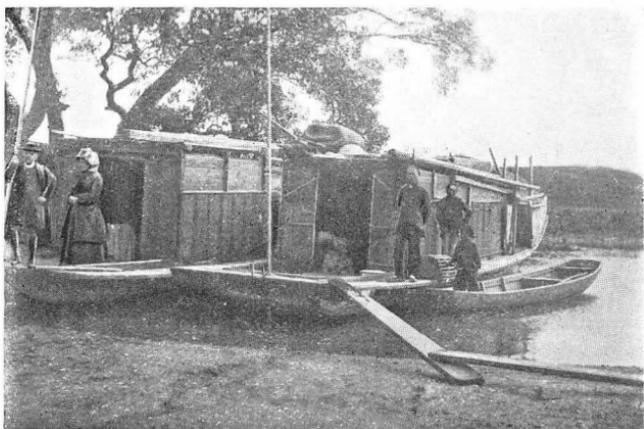
formerly of the Sierra Leone Mission, whom we were glad to meet. My next engagement was a sermon at St. Peter's (Mission to Seamen) Church, down on the front.

Much to my regret I found that we must catch the night boat to Canton, a distance by river of some ninety miles from Hong Kong. There was no other way of seeing Canton and the important work there before going farther up the river on a missionary journey which the Bishop and Mr. Barnett had in mind.

CANTON.

We spent Monday (December 13) in Canton. What a city it is! There are some two million of people, not counting the river population, who are a people quite apart here as elsewhere—they live and die on the water. It is said that there are several Missions at work here, but after two or three hours in the city, I saw nothing but our Pastor Mok's little upper room! Oh! the crowded streets! and the hurrying, busy multitudes! Our first visit in Canton was to Pastor Mok, who is a personality—hereafter to be more particularly noted. We found a very clean little group of buildings where he and his wife live and where thirty Christian boys are boarded and taught. This good man is responsible for the C.M.S. work not only in the city, but for a radius of some seventy miles around. He is full of energy to the finger tips, and I am glad to say that he went with us on our missionary journey. We visited a celebrated temple of horrors in the city. It is, in perhaps bolder form, the same sort of Buddhist hell we had visited in the Island of Chusan, in Cheh-Kiang. Anything more realistic in refined cruelty than what was there depicted in bold relief cannot be imagined. But no one pays any attention. A woman here and there may be seen on her knees saying some prayers, but it is a rare thing to see a man so doing.

The streets of Canton as we passed on in our chairs became oppressive in their narrowness after a while, and it was with a sigh of relief that we crossed a bridge and found ourselves in Shameen, which is the foreigner's Concession. It is difficult to believe that it was (when conceded) a worthless sandbank. Being thought so valueless it was easily parted with, and today if sovereigns were laid over its whole surface it would far from pay for its value. British, French, American and German Concessions are side by side, with a common Bund,



OUR TRAVELLING BOATS ON THE CANTON RIVER.



THE VILLAGE ELDERS MEET US WITH TITLE DEEDS.



AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ANCESTRAL HALL.
THE VISIT TO THE INLAND VILLAGES, KWANG-TUNG PROVINCE.

or parade, facing the river, along which grow beautiful umbrageous trees, lawns stretch up to magnificent buildings, palms, magnolias, camelias and roses (when in bloom), and also chrysanthemums, brighten the scenery. A British church (served at present by the Rev. W. W. Rogers, C.M.S.) stands well to the front, and *amahs* (nurses) with the foreign babies wheel perambulators about. No Chinese unless connected with these great houses may cross the bridge to Shameen. Shameen has its own municipality like Shanghai, and is an *imperium in imperio*. We went across the river in the afternoon to take tea and also dine with the Rev. and Mrs. P. Jenkins (C.M.S.) and a most hospitable home it proved to be. For one thing Mrs. Jenkins gave us a glorious fire; it was extremely cold, we had colds, and we greatly enjoyed it. Here we made the acquaintance of the Rev. W. W. Rogers and the Rev. C. N. R. Mackenzie (both C.M.S.), who were to join our up-river party.

VISIT TO OUT-STATION.

By ten o'clock p.m. we had taken possession of a ramshackle but comfortable house-boat for our missionary journey, and nothing could exceed the kindness and forethought of Mr. Barnett and others in arranging things for us, even to the extent of making our beds! By daylight next morning a steam tug had taken hold of us and of another smaller house-boat, and we were taken some thirty miles farther up the river. On the smaller boat were the Bishop of Victoria (Dr. Lander), who had followed us from Hong Kong, Mr. Barnett and also Messrs. Jenkins, Rogers and Mackenzie. The objects of this missionary journey were twofold. There has been, it appears, quite lately in Pastor Mok's large district a drawing towards Christianity of some 900 people in different villages. This had come about in a singular way. A man in the village of Sheung-ling had some time ago been baptized by the Roman Catholics. He approached Pastor Mok with a request that he should come to his village and teach some people he had influenced. As a result some forty or so had been baptized and twenty had become catechumens. This has been heard of in other villages and has caught on. Many of these 900 have doubtless crude ideas, but it is not thought that they are actuated by political motives, and the movement is regarded most hopefully by our good Pastor Mok. One outcome of it is

the offer of three ancestral halls in three of these villages for divine worship. The Bishop of Victoria went up specially to dedicate them. Within two days (on Tuesday and Wednesday) we assisted at these three functions, and I spoke to the crowds of people at each one by the Bishop's wish. It was striking to see the elders of these villages coming out to meet us at the gate of the village, and to conduct us in. They also at the right time presented the title deeds, or their equivalent, to the Bishop for him to lay them on the Holy Table.

That all is not smooth sailing, however, may be gathered from two facts. In one village, Tam-po, a theatrical performance was arranged for by some malcontents sufficiently near the ancestral hall to disturb our devotions, but on the pastor speaking to them they consented to be quiet during the service and all went well. The other fact was not so pleasant. In a village some twenty miles away where the Bishop had some time since dedicated a small church, a gang of men from a neighbouring village had, three days before, broken the doors and windows of the church, besmeared the title over the porch with filth, torn books and thrown down benches, and beaten some of the Christian folk. At much personal inconvenience we had to spare Messrs. Barnett, Jenkins and Mok from our party, Thursday (December 16) in order that they might hasten over there and comfort the people and hear their case and give them some guidance. They elicited the facts as above stated, and to-day when we came down the river the Bishop and Mr. Barnett saw our Consul at Canton, and it is thought that if the Viceroy, on his suggestion, will see that the usual proclamation is put up that the Emperor of China allows his subjects freedom in religion, and if at the same time no compensation is asked for, the matter can be so arranged as to prevent further strife. The Consul was very reassuring. Thus I saw at close quarters some of the troubles incident to missionary work in this topsy-turvy country.

While the three brethren were absent the Bishop presided at a Native Church Council at Nok-tam-po, and very instructive the proceedings were. Reports of work at various centres were presented, and good speeches were made. Mr. Ing-Tin-Po, who is one of the St. Stephen's College tutors, acted as interpreter, and he was excellent in his personal influence in the conference as well. During

the day the question was raised of rendering some pastoral assistance to Pastor Mok. All agreed that he must have it, and the usual resolution was proposed to ask the C.M.S. to help with a diminishing grant. I then asked the Bishop's leave to tell the Rev. J. Macgowan's story as told me by him at Amoy; how that he deliberately returned the London Missionary Society's grant for Chinese clergy and went to his Council and told them they themselves must support their own clergy; how that he asked a woman Church member if she would assist, and being refused he said to her, 'Will you give me three cash a week?' she replied, '*Of course, but that is nothing*'; yet from this small beginning he had solved the problem of self-support. The Bishop warmly supported the idea that the Church should attempt something of the same kind here. There was a lively debate, Mr. Ing-Tin-Po arguing that for ages they had supported their temples without foreign money, and so on. Finally it was agreed that the principle was the right one and the Bishop was requested to appoint a small committee to draw up a working plan. Thus Mr. Mok is likely to get his assistant without foreign aid.

We landed at Canton once more on Friday (December 17), and found ourselves very soon on our beautiful river boat, leaving for Hong Kong at 5.15 p.m. After a speedy journey we landed early this morning at Hong Kong. Returning to this very striking place, one is reminded forcibly how it stands to South China as Shanghai to North China as a very important base of operations. An incident occurred the other day which illustrates not only the extraordinary language difficulties of China, but the place which English is taking here. Two Chinamen from different provinces met in Hong Kong. They both knew their own character, but neither could understand the other, and they were compelled to take refuge in 'pidgin' English! The Bishop of Victoria was lately being interpreted by a Chinese. He noticed that he did not seem to grip the audience in the least degree. On inquiry, the interpreter explained that he had been putting the Bishop's words into the best Chinese classics as being more consistent with the Bishop's dignity. The penalty for this great honour was that the Bishop had wasted half an hour's eloquence, for if the people are to understand they must be spoken to in the Cantonese colloquial.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN CHINA—HONG KONG.

Hong Kong, December 20, 1909.

A VERY pleasant 'welcome' meeting (Chinese) took place on Saturday afternoon (December 18) in the great hall of St. Stephen's College. Pastor Fok, a very venerable and elderly gentleman, was the Master of Ceremonies. The Bishop of Victoria and Mrs. Lander were present and the ladies of the Mission, including our own house party. An address of welcome, spoken first of all in Chinese by the pastor, and then read in English by a Chinese layman, was presented; very kind things were said and they came forth unadulterated from the Chinese mind. I duly replied, and I am afraid my reply, interpreted by my friend Mr. Ing-Tin-Po, took a long time. I had to congratulate the pastor on having done what others in other parts of China had failed to do, viz., acclimatize my name to the Chinese character. I found myself called Bishop 'Ying-han.' The first syllable standing for 'English' connotes greatness, the second means power over the mouth, i.e. as I interpreted it, 'greatly restrained and responsible utterance'—very good for a globe trotter! This greatly amused them, and I find that the Chinese are distinctly humorous and can enjoy a good laugh.

Following upon that came tea, which was quite a function, and immediately afterwards the Bishop and Mr. Barnett took me to see the site of the new Hong Kong University, not 300 yards, I suppose, from St. Stephen's College. The plans for the buildings have now been passed. The King has assigned to it a royal subscription of £300 per annum for King Edward Scholarships, and all is going forward well. The buildings will be on the spur of the mountain almost alongside with, and on the same elevation as, the Church Mission House where I am writing this, some seventy to one hundred feet above the main road. This is quite the

'West-End' of Hong Kong and the least covered with buildings, and the Governor has been happy in his choice. Yesterday, the fourth Sunday in Advent, was our last Sunday in China. At 8.30 a.m. I preached at the military service in the Cathedral. The band accompanied the hymns and chants, and it was good to sing 'God save the King' after the benediction. I endeavoured to say to my fellow-countrymen a word in season. At eleven o'clock I preached (by interpretation) in our C.M.S. Chinese church of St. Stephen's to a large Chinese congregation, and afterwards went in to Pastor Fok's house for the inevitable cup of tea. In the evening (although I demurred to the portage involved) I preached at Kowloon, across the water, on the mainland, but also in the British Colony. The Rev. H. O. Spink, a former curate of Bishop Lander's at Litherland, is in charge of this beautiful little church built by Sir Paul Chater, a munificent citizen of Hong Kong. He has only been here ten weeks and I feel sure he will do a good work. This morning I addressed the students of St. Stephen's College in their Scripture hour at nine o'clock, and I congratulated them that on this afternoon His Excellency the Governor would be formally opening the new wing of their college.

En route for Colombo, Christmas Day, 1909.

On Monday afternoon (December 20) Sir Frederick Lugard, the Governor of Hong Kong, opened the new wing of St. Stephen's College. It was a great occasion. It fell to my lot to move a vote of thanks, and Dr. Hokai, an eminent Chinese Christian gentleman, seconded it. As the Governor had pointedly alluded to his great hope that moral influences would not be wanting in this new University, and that St. Stephen's would be a great feeder to it, and had also said he hoped for religious hostels, I felt that it was the occasion for me to say that, while I could not answer for the Society,* I could say for myself that in my opinion such a hostel has now become an absolute necessity unless St. Stephen's is to fail in the great end for which it was founded. I also pointed out the fact that a hostel would mean three years added to the period during which spiritual influences

* An appeal for funds for this purpose has been put forth with the Committee's cordial endorsement and sympathy.

would surround its alumni. My remarks were received with great appreciation, especially by the Governor.

We had no sooner completed this function than it was time to start for St. Paul's College, where the Bishop and Mrs. Lander were giving an 'At Home.' This was really a missionary meeting under another name. After tea in the grounds, his Excellency the Governor presided over a very important gathering of Hong Kong residents who had accepted the Bishop's invitation. The Governor in his speech paid a tribute to the Society's work in many lands. When he began to allude to the Society having recently become more broad-minded I wondered what was coming, but he only went on to say that he rejoiced that it had widened out in the spheres of its operations and is to-day a medical, educational and industrial missions society, as well as evangelistic. He told me afterwards that he only wanted to draw me [by this remark, and he succeeded!

No sooner was this function over than it was time to start for the Peak, in order to dine with the Bishop and Mrs. Lander. They had invited us to stay the night so as to avoid having to return by the Peak Rope Railway at a late hour, but we begged them to let us stay at the Terminus Hotel on the top as we much wanted to breakfast with the Rev. A. B. Thornhill (son of a former Director of the C. M. Missionaries' Children's Home at Limpsfield, Surrey) next morning. The Peak Railway is, like that on the Rigi, somewhat alarming at first, but I am told that those who go up and down daily cease to notice it. All the same I wish they had two cables instead of only one! Several leading people met us at dinner and we spent a very pleasant evening.

On Tuesday morning (December 21) Mr. Thornhill guided us over a great part of the Peak, and we saw what British enterprise had been able to do with a high hill top. We got magnificent views in glorious sunshine and delicious air. We visited Dr. Sanders's hospital and went over it. I do not know whether to admire more the generosity of the sagacious merchant who founded it, or the wisdom and tact of Dr. Sanders in building up the hospital from its beginning. Singularly enough the name of this generous large-hearted donor was Mr. Granville Sharp. He died in 1899, and as the inscription near the front puts it:—'The hospital is erected in most loving memory of Matilda my wife, resident in this



BISHOP LANDER, BISHOP AND MRS. INGHAM, ARCHDEACON BARNETT AND THE HONG KONG CONGREGATION.

Colony from 1858 to 1893, who died full of love for every one, on the 22nd of August of the latter year.' The testator desired that the hospital should be built on the Peak. It was mainly for the benefit of British and American patients whose straitened circumstances rendered them unable to pay the heavy expenses attendant upon severe illness. The testator further declared :—' I desire that the hospital shall in all things be considered to be established as an absolutely religious and evangelistic institution and that every effort be made to direct the minds of the patients to the Gospel.'

Coming down from the Peak on this same Tuesday forenoon, Mr. Barnett met us at the base and conducted us to Kowloon. This meant taking the ferry steamer across the harbour to the mainland, but, as already stated, still within the Colony of Hong Kong, and then chairs for three or four miles to Kowloon city. Our first objective was the Victoria Home (C.M.S.), where Miss A. K. Storr, Miss W. I. Griffin and Miss S. L. Hollis have charge of a sort of orphanage and rescue home for Chinese girls who are friendless or have been thrown away by their parents.

We met there Pastor Fong, who, to our great comfort, spoke English quite well enough for conversation. He used to be in charge of St. Stephen's, Hong Kong, but was considered too old for it, and so was sent to Kowloon. But he has far from lost his energy, as will presently be seen ! He greatly interested me. He is a personality of the type of Pastor Mok of Canton, and I find that he prepared Mr. Mok for baptism and baptized him. Pastor Fong is a Cantonese, born and bred in Australia. In his young days he was an actor. He is one of the most trusted men in China. Fellow-countrymen in Australia constantly entrust to him money to buy for them small tenements against their coming back, and he does untold good in this and other ways. He has such a bright face ! I felt that we must call upon him, so after seeing over the Home we went into the native city and first of all saw his church. He has there, executed by himself, three pictures that help him to preach the Gospel to the Chinese. These are so arranged that, when looked at from one side, the beholder sees Abraham offering up Isaac ; from the other side he sees the brazen serpent hanging on a pole ; and when standing in front he sees the Crucifixion, and the **Person on the Cross has unmistakably a Chinese face !** Near

the church we came upon an almshouse! It was most simply arranged, beautifully clean, and harboured 140 poor and deserving people. I suppose Pastor Fong gets help for it, but it is in no sense under the Church Council. We then went to his house—quite the smallest in the group of buildings in which it stands, but spotlessly clean. We discovered that the pastor was something of a doctor, and at Mr. Barnett's suggestion he showed us his travelling medicine chest, made by himself. This was a case which unfolded in an unexpected way, and standing by it he said:—'This makes the people kind to me when I am up country.' He then exhibited two small boxes; opening a false lid to both he suddenly made them into a wooden bed; opening the true lid, out came mats, blanket, sheet and mosquito netting. Into the four corners he quickly inserted small bamboo sticks and presently his netting was perfect, and at my request he lay down inside. 'You see,' he said, 'this makes me quite independent and very comfortable.' I had to admit that he was indeed shod with the readiness of the Gospel! Let us only produce young evangelists of this type and the problem of the evangelization of China will be solved. I was charmed with this dear old man, who cannot be tempted away from his people. He lives for them and among them and nothing will bring him over to Hong Kong.

Our next engagement was at the Parsonage in the English Kowloon, quite near the ferry, where, in the afternoon, I addressed a drawing-room meeting for Foreign Missions. Mr. and Mrs. Spink were starting a Church Missionary Association, and I need only say about it that a good many turned up and Mr. Barnett and I were the deputation.

This had been a busy day, but more remained, for two Chinese gentlemen, Dr. Hokai and another, came to meet me at dinner. Their conversation was about the coming Hong Kong University, and as Christian men and Churchmen they were keenly desirous that I should press upon C.M.S. and those like-minded that a Chair of Divinity ought somehow to find a place in that University.

Next morning (December 22) at eight o'clock we breakfasted with Miss W. M. Carden, and I addressed at nine o'clock the pupils in her girls' school. These girls belong to the higher class, the school having recently been started at the request of Chinese gentry for their daughters who hitherto

had scarcely ever been seen outside their homes. It is called St. Stephen's Girls' School, and is a necessary complement of St. Stephen's College. On the same morning (Wednesday) I visited and addressed the Anglo-Chinese School for girls.

I lunched with Sir Frederick Lugard at Government House. It is a noble mansion, as might be expected, and its spacious reception room and corridors and lawns are worthy of the position. The Governor, after lunch, took me into his office and showed me the plans of the coming University which in two years from now will be *in situ*. He again repeated what he had said on Monday as to his anxiety for its moral tone and his hope that the C.M.S. would open its hostel quite near. Leaving Government House I went to St. Paul's College just below and addressed an immense gathering of young people (Anglo-Saxon) whom Mr. Thornhill had got together for a young people's missionary talk. The number was so great that I had to address inside and outside at the same time by standing in the doorway.

The next event, on the same Wednesday, was a Chinese banquet. It was given in the great hall of the new wing of St. Stephen's College. The guests included the Bishop of Victoria and Mrs. Lander, and some eighty people sat down. It was an up-to-date Chinese feast. Mr. Wong presided. The dishes were strange and some of them embarrassing, but we were not expected to finish all our little basins of food, and some of them I failed to attack at all. I did manage the shark's fins and the birds' nest, and I thought I did very well. The toasts were a most unexpected feature, and I do not think the King's health and the Emperor of China's health could have been proposed with more admirable dignity, in more loyal terms, and at the same time with more becoming reserve at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in the Mansion House! The toast of the evening was the Church Missionary Society with which my name was coupled. The moment I heard that speech I understood the meaning of the banquet. I was amazed to hear a Chinese Churchman, Mr. Mow Fung, in admirable English propose this toast. He took twenty minutes over it and never halted for a word. Its whole tone and spirit were really so sympathetic and altogether admirable and such a gratifying evidence that the aims and ends of the C.M.S. were coming to be understood

by the rising generation of our Chinese fellow-Churchmen, that no apology is made for inserting it in its complete form. We wondered rather at such an accurate conception of things, and subsequently discovered that Dr. Stock's *History of the C.M.S.* had been carefully studied beforehand.

Mr. Mow Fung said :—

Unaccustomed as I am to the very difficult task which my brethren have imposed upon me this evening, I rise with no small amount of trepidation at the thought of not being able to do justice to this very important toast.

Bishop Ingham, in the course of his address last Saturday afternoon, remarked that a public speaker should not take anything for granted. There is one fact about which I am absolutely certain, and I trust our guests will not feel that I am merely taking it for granted. That fact is, that I am voicing the sentiment of all my Chinese brothers and sisters here present when I say that nothing could afford us greater pleasure than this unique privilege of entertaining so many ladies and gentlemen of the Church Missionary Society, especially such prominent representatives of that Society as his Lordship Bishop Ingham and Mrs. Ingham. When thinking of what I should say here this evening, the thought struck me that if it were possible to entertain the entire members of the Church Missionary Society in a body, in a manner similar to this, what a brilliant gathering it would be. Just imagine a meeting of Christian soldiers, several thousand men and women of the finest and noblest type that England can produce.

But the Church Missionary Society was not always in the same grand position as it is to-day. Like most great organizations, it had a small beginning. Most of you are already well acquainted with its wonderful history, but a few brief extracts will not be inappropriate here. Nearly 111 years ago, to be exact, on April 12, 1799, sixteen clergymen and nine laymen met in a small upper room of a small hostelry in London and formed themselves into a Society for the purpose of propagating the Gospel in Africa and the East. Only twenty-five men, but every one of them dead in earnest and filled with the Spirit of Christ. These early founders did not find everything smooth and plain sailing. They were immediately face to face with innumerable difficulties. In those days, the English people were very much prejudiced against Missions to Heathen, especially Missions to Africa, and all the Society could do for two years was the printing and distribution of literature to cultivate an interest in the undertaking. Even the officers of the State and the Bishops of the Established Church, while not actually opposing the project, declined to give it any encouragement or support. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, the faithful little band of God-fearing men pressed forward, and, as with every undertaking which has the approval and blessing of the King of kings, success followed upon success, until to-day we find the Church Missionary Society one of the largest and grandest organizations in the world. It now has over 560 mission-stations manned by 1,400 missionaries, exclusive of native helpers. Its annual expenditure is

nearly £400,000 sterling—just think of this vast sum!—and the number of its Native Christian adherents is over 350,000. Its operations extend almost all over the world: in Africa, Canada, Persia, India, Ceylon, Japan and in China. As we gaze upon the defects and needs of our own native country, grateful must we be to the Church Missionary Society for all it has done for our people.

Let us pause for a moment to see what the Society has done and is still doing towards the evangelization of China. While it cannot claim to have sent out the first English Protestant missionary to our country—for Robert Morrison, who arrived in 1807, belonged to the London Missionary Society—the C.M.S. has been paying close attention to China's needs for over sixty years. In 1846 the first two C.M.S. missionaries were sent out, one of them being the Rev. George Smith, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Victoria. Since that time the number of its China missionaries has rapidly increased, and to-day we find the Society in six or seven provinces, with fifty-one mission-stations manned by a staff of 300 missionaries excluding native helpers. It would be almost impossible to name the number of Chinese converted through the instrumentality of the Church Missionary Society, but the number of Native Christians attached to it at the present day is estimated at over 20,000. We all have a more or less intimate knowledge of the work in our own immediate neighbourhood. The Chinese branch of the Anglican Communion in South China owes its existence entirely to the Church Missionary Society, and the flourishing condition of the Chinese churches in this Colony is a living monument to the devotion and labours of the missionaries who have worked among us in the past, and is a demonstration of the faithful and earnest work that is still being done by the reverend gentlemen and ladies whom we have around the table to-night.

My review of the Church Missionary Society's work would not be complete without some special reference to the men and women by whose instrumentality the Society has been able to accomplish so much. Every one of them has made some sacrifice, great or small, in coming out to the foreign mission-field. Every one of them has left behind a comfortable home and loved ones. And think of the hardships and difficulties most of them are called upon to suffer. First the uncongenial climate, and the uncomfortable ways of living and travelling in the inland villages. Then there is the difficulty of the language and knowing the customs of the people, an insufficient knowledge of either often landing them into trouble. Again, the discouraging experience sometimes of being criticized and socially despised by their own countrymen, especially in such places as Hong Kong, Shanghai or the treaty ports. We Chinese Christians here, who, I can say without any feeling of conceit, are in advance of our ordinary brethren, can and should understand and appreciate the difficulties of the missionaries, and should at all times do our utmost to support them. But, above all, think of the times, the occasions when they have been called upon to sacrifice their lives in the course of their labours. Ponder over the roll of Church Missionary Society martyrs who have laid down their lives in the cause of Christianity. See there the names of Bishop Hannington and others, who perished in Africa; see there the names of that

faithful little band of men and women who perished at Ku-cheng, done to death by our own countrymen. And even in our own neighbourhood, although we have not been called upon to suffer the same persecution as our brethren in the north and other parts of the world, we can name a number of noble martyrs. Can my Chinese sisters here forget Miss Johnstone, that saintly lady who practically alienated herself from her country to serve her Master in a far-off land? And we bow our heads in reverence when we mention the name of our late beloved Bishop Hoare. Truly, greater martyrs than he and the Chinese brothers who perished with him, cannot be recalled to mind.

And now think of the Christ-like spirit of love and forgiveness that characterizes the Church Missionary Society. Did the Committee ask for compensation for their martyred missionaries? No. Did the relatives of the martyrs ask for vengeance? Far from it. See how the orphaned sons and daughters filled the places of their murdered parents; see how the bereaved parent filled the places of her murdered children! Can you imagine a religion purer and more beautiful than that which makes such a feeling of love and forgiveness possible? Do not these true examples of Christianity inspire us to do more ourselves towards spreading it throughout the length and breadth of our country?

My brothers and sisters, remember that if China is to be evangelized it must be done by the Chinese themselves. For many years to come we shall still need the advice, guidance and support of the Church Missionary Society; but may I express a hope, which you will not deem proud, selfish or unworthy, a hope that should be in the heart of every Chinese Christian, that the day is not far distant when all the mission-stations in China will be manned and superintended by the Chinese themselves, when Cathedral churches will be in all the largest cities, and when each little village throughout the Empire will have its own congregation; when China will have its own Established Church with its own Bishops, and when the leaders of the Chinese will look upon the calling of a clergyman as that of the highest in the land. When that day comes the Chinese Churchmen will look upon the Church Missionary Society with hearts of gratitude for doing so much in bringing them to that position.

Yes, brothers and sisters, well may we be proud of the Church Missionary Society, that great organization which has done and is still doing so much for the enlightenment of the world in general, and which has followed in such a large degree the last command of our Lord and Saviour, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel.'

Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to have taken up so much time. I esteem it an honour, and it gives me great pleasure to propose 'The Church Missionary Society,' coupled with the name of his Lordship Bishop Ingham.

This speech of Mr. Mow Fung was not the only surprise. The banquet may indeed be said to have initiated an important social innovation. The fact of Mrs. Ingham's being with me had raised the question of ladies being invited,

and our Chinese friends decided on taking a step forward. Thus it came to pass, for the first time it is believed in Chinese history, that mothers, wives and sisters sat in public at a meal with sons and husbands and brothers, and not only so, but they even sat side by side with them! This was a startling innovation indeed, and they were quite alive to it. The toast, 'The Ladies,' given in Chinese and then in English, was one of the most brilliant speeches of the kind I ever listened to, and humour simply scintillated from every feature of the speaker's face! It was overpoweringly funny and yet by no means vulgar. It was worth going to Hong Kong if only for this historic banquet, even though some—not the Bishop of Victoria, who quite enjoys them—were not quite so well provisioned as usual when after midnight they sought their beds!

On Thursday morning (not too ready to get up!) we found ourselves at eight o'clock at Fairlea, breakfasting with Miss H. S. Fletcher, her sister who is on a visit, and also Miss L. A. Eyre, who has charge of the Girls' School for daughters of Christians. Again by interpretation I gave an address, and then we passed on next door to see and have a few words with Miss A. M. Pitts' Bible-women. It reminded me of a similar institution under Miss Wynne Willson at Nagoya in Japan. We lunched with Miss Pitts, and I addressed at some length the Mothers' Union under her roof in the afternoon, being interpreted by Mrs. Woo, mother of Mr. Arthur Woo, who is now studying in London, and is doing so much for his fellow Chinese students there. Mrs. Woo is a charming woman (a widow now) and a devoted mother. She is, moreover, an earnest Christian.

There remains one other function, not indeed missionary, and yet it claims a word, for it is a sign of the times. On this same Thursday evening the St. Stephen's College students had their first Christmas social. It was really what we should call a school concert. They took tremendous pride in its preparation: Chinese lanterns lit up the building outside from all points; flags, evergreens, artificial flowers, plants, and all sorts of devices adorned the hall, which had been the scene of so many functions this week, and Chinese and English music, songs and recitations followed one another in rapid succession, the whole proceedings ending with refreshments, blind man's buff and musical chairs! These Chinese are very human. They dearly love a joke and are

most funny. I am delighted moreover to see that in all their treatment of, and bearing toward, the foreign missionary there is nothing but the most respectful and affectionate feeling.

On Christmas Eve, the Bishop of Victoria and Mrs. Lander kindly spared time to come for *tiffin*, and I got in an hour's conference with him and Mr. Barnett.

It was regrettable that our ship must leave for Colombo on Christmas Day, but again Mr. Barnett did what he could to give us some sense of fellowship on that great day. He arranged for a special Communion Service at St. Paul's College chapel at 9.15 a.m. The Bishop came and celebrated, and I gave a farewell as well as a Christmas message from two words in the Christmas Day Gospel, 'Thou remainest.' Immediately afterwards missionary workers departed to their several duties and preachings, and Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt kindly accompanied us to the ship. In brilliant weather and delicious air the s.s. *Delta* (P. & O.) steamed out of that beautiful harbour, and very soon Hong Kong was below our horizon!

Two or three extracts from my note book may well conclude this part of my journal. A talk with the Rev. T. W. Pearce, of the London Missionary Society, helped me to realize better the extraordinary development of Hong Kong. It was ceded to us by the treaty of Nanking in 1842. The earliest traders on the spot were Scotch people. For two decades it was a most hopeless possession. About 200 people lived at Stanley, a village some four or five miles from Victoria, on the other side of the island. That number was perhaps increased to 1,000 in the fishing season. The harbour was infested by pirates. Signal Hill on the Peak was the spot whence the pirates signalled the unhappy ships that were doomed to fall into their hands. At the best Hong Kong was for long years a cave of Adullam for those who had made the mainland too hot for them. The foreshore, now so impressive, was only a tow path. The Chinese Government, with that remarkable astuteness that characterizes them in some ways, made the cession of Hong Kong a dead letter by putting forth a proclamation forbidding any Chinese to go and live there. It was the T'ai-ping Rebellion that made Hong Kong. Cantonese merchants flocked there for safety, and with their advent everything began to go ahead. This was about 1861. It has been only during the

last few years that Hong Kong has assumed its present striking appearance. Its harbour registers the biggest tonnage of any city in the world. This may sound extravagant, but one has only to see what a port of call it is to and from the Far East and Far West to realize that probably the figures are absolutely correct. 'British enterprise and Chinese sagacity,' said Mr. Pearce, 'have made Hong Kong.' He concluded a most interesting conversation by remarking that it has not been for nothing that the Chinese have been reading Chinese classics for ages. Confucius laid down for them their duty under almost every circumstance of life. The one thing lacking was inspiration. Christianity supplies that inspiration, and they will now become a remarkable people by virtue of that which they will contribute to the growth of the Kingdom of God.

From Macao, a night's journey from Hong Kong by one of these splendid steamers that run up the river, comes the following inscription from Morrison's tomb, which I was allowed to copy from Bishop Lander's note book:—

Sacred to the memory of Robert Morrison, first Protestant missionary to China, who after a service of twenty-seven years spent in extending the Kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer, during which period he compiled and published a dictionary of the Chinese language, founded an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and for several years laboured alone on a Chinese version of the Holy Scripture, which he was spared to see completed and widely circulated among those to whom he was so devoted.

He sweetly sleeps in Jesus. He was born in Morpeth, Northumberland, January 14, 1782, was sent to China by L.M.S. in 1807, was for twenty-five years Chinese translator in the employ of the East India Company, and died at Canton, August 1, 1834. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' (British Cemetery of the British Church, Macao.)

I cannot also resist transcribing here at the end of my Chinese experiences, some very striking words which I found written in English in pencil on the walls of the great North Tower of Fuh-chow city. They may possibly come thus under the eye of those to whom they are addressed:—

Young men of China! the future greatness and happiness of your vast Empire is in your hands.

Study! Obey the laws dutifully! Learn English, so that you can read books which will teach you many useful things. Do not listen to wicked people who advise you to break the laws and to become rebellious. Obey the wise teaching of your ancient wise men, Confucius and Mencius. Study diligently! Be patient! China will regain her rightful place as chief of the nations of Asia.

Help to obtain this noble and great object by just methods and by peaceful work. Violence and bloodshed do no good to a just cause. Obtain good by being and by doing good work.

Indian Ocean, January 4.

We left Hong Kong on Christmas Day. It has been a most delightful voyage thus far, and a complete change and rest. It is true that at Singapore we came within one degree of the Equator, and our course westward has only brought us to five or six degrees north latitude. Mrs. Ingham and I have thus been recalling our West African experiences of former days under the influence of the present inconveniently high temperature! We have had the N.E. monsoon nearly behind us all the way and that has diminished the breezes for us a little. At Singapore we received most kindly hospitality both from Bishop Ferguson Davey, and from Mr. C. E. G. Tisdall, who is the brother of the Rev. Dr. W. St. Clair Tisdall of the C.M.S. Persia Mission and of general literary fame. Mr. Tisdall kindly came down to meet us with a victoria and insisted on driving us to his house to breakfast and to spend a portion of our day there, the other and later portion having been claimed by the Bishop of Singapore. Mr. Tisdall is a Secretary of the Bible Society for the Singapore district. He and Mrs. Tisdall drove us in the afternoon to see the beautiful Botanical Gardens and also a Buddhist temple of quite unusual impressiveness. In the forenoon we took the opportunity of visiting the C.E.Z.M.S. Anglo-Chinese Girls' School near by, and we were particularly struck with its tone and the excellence of the teaching given. Probably in no school in China can girls understand and speak English so well, and their knowledge of Holy Scriptures also was excellent. Miss E. Gage-Brown was (unfortunately for us) in England, but the ladies in charge—Miss Abel, Miss A. Tolley and Miss Ryan were most capable and what we should expect C.E.Z.M.S. workers to be.

Next day (New Year's Day) we spent at Penang, another busy centre of British administration, but as the heat was very great we did not go ashore. Since then we have been pushing westwards very fast, and we are now within three or four hundred miles of Ceylon. This means that we hope to land at Colombo to-morrow afternoon. We have spent two Sundays on board and nothing could exceed the order and discipline and comfort of the ship. Divine service is the rule here. The Captain kindly invited me to officiate. Bright hymns were sung and I spoke a short word each time.

Part IV.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FOREWORD ON INDIA AND CEYLON.

TWELVE days on a P. & O. liner suffices to bridge the distance from Hong Kong to Colombo. It will take all our time to realize the absolutely new conditions that will now have to be met.

Our thoughts are to be concerned with peoples who are our fellow subjects throughout the region we are now to visit, namely, the Island of Ceylon and the great Peninsula of India. They amount roughly to some 300 millions—more than double the number which Gibbon estimated for the Roman Empire in the height of its power. But the British Government, like the Roman, has respected the rights of Indian Princes who are willing to govern peaceably and well, and about one-third of the country still remains in the hands of hereditary rulers. There are five leading families. We will classify them roughly under language.

They are (1) the old races of the South (Tamil, Telugu, etc.); (2) the Hill Tribes of Central India from the Bhils of Bombay to the Santals of Bengal; (3) the tribes of Indo-Chinese origin on the southern slopes of the Himalayas; (4) the high caste Hindus who have imposed language, religion and name upon the greater part of the country; and (5) the followers of Islam, the descendants mostly of Mohammedan conquerors.

It is important to know a little about the Brahmans of India. They were not merely the depositaries of the Sacred Books, the philosophy, the science and the laws of the ancient Hindu Commonwealth. They appear to have been also the creators and custodians of its secular literature. In order to understand the long domination of the Brahmans

and the influence which they still wield it is necessary to keep in mind their position as the great literary caste. Their priestly supremacy has been repeatedly assailed and was, during a space of several hundred years, overthrown. But for twenty-two centuries they have been the counsellors of Hindu princes and the teachers of the Hindu people, and they represent the early Aryan civilization of India. This must suffice as a preliminary study of them.

We have met Buddhism in China and Japan, and we are now visiting the land of its birth. Some few words at least are necessary about it. The period of its rise and spread ranges from the sixth century B.C. to the eighth century A.D. The story of Buddha has so often been told that mention need only be made of the spread of his tenets. It appears that a century after Buddha's death his followers had split up into eighteen or more sects. This religion spread over northern India. King Asoka (244 B.C.) did for Buddhism very much what Constantine did for Christianity. He organized it on the basis of a state religion. Buddhism never ousted Brahmanism, however, from any large part of India. The two systems co-existed as popular religions during more than a thousand years, and modern Hinduism would appear to be the joint product of both. The downfall of Buddhism seems to have resulted from natural decay and from new movements of religious thought rather than from any general suppression by the use of force. We shall see at Anuradhapura in Ceylon many signs of successful Buddhist missionary efforts. Impressive dagobas and pillars and caves will tell of a time (from 300 B.C.) when Mahinda was the successful apostle of Buddhism and when kings and people joined to create lasting monuments of their faith. But ruin and decay tell plainly that it has long since ceased to be a force.

Just about the time that Buddhism was being crushed out of India by the Brahmanic reaction, a new faith was being born in Arabia destined to supply a fanaticism that should sweep the country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin as well as from East to West. And it was not fifty years after the death of Mohammed before Islam made its first attack on India. Not much need be said now about a system that will face us far more prominently in the later chapters of this journal. But the fact remains that

Mohammedanism is a factor that cannot be left out of sight by those who would deal with India.

The story of our missionary labours in India is one which takes us back to the early years of the Church Missionary Society, and to Wilberforce's splendid efforts for the Indian Ecclesiastical Establishment in the House of Commons. It is true that Lutheran missionaries under the S.P.C.K. had laboured in South India in the eighteenth century and many thousands of converts were baptized, but the Missions, after the death of Schwartz and other leaders, languished, and at length only a few Christians remained. For some years prior to the renewal of the East India Company's Charter in 1813 no missionaries were allowed to work within the Company's dominions, and Carey, the famous Baptist missionary, had to take refuge in a Danish settlement.

Among the Government chaplains for India there were men like Brown, Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Corrie and Thomason who did what they could to prepare the way for future workers. Five C.M.S. missionaries sailed for India in 1814 and 1815, but the first C.M.S. agent in the country was an Indian, Abdul Masih, Henry Martyn's solitary convert from Mohammedanism. He was placed at Agra in 1813. Madras was occupied in 1814, Bombay in 1820, the Tinnevely Mission in 1820, the Telugu Mission in 1841, and the Punjab Mission in 1851. Great Indian administrators and civilians have been among the greatest promoters and friends of our missionary enterprise in that land.

Few facts in modern history are more thrilling than the steps by which the British became masters of India: the enterprise of the East India Company through long years; the gradual conviction, much against the will of the Home Government, that extension of the area governed was inevitable; the Mutiny with its horrors and its heroism; and the great Durbar at Allahabad on November 1, 1858, when Queen Victoria assumed the direct government—all leading up to the greater Durbar on the historic Ridge of Delhi in 1877, when the same great Queen was proclaimed Empress of India!

One other subject claims a few words if we are to understand the India now to be visited. That subject is Education. During the early days of the East India Company's rule the promotion of education was not recognized as a duty of the rulers. Then the missionaries arrived and

made the field of vernacular education their own. They were discouraged by the authorities, but they gave themselves, nevertheless, to evangelization and to the study of the vernacular dialects spoken by the common people. Government began to recognize its responsibilities about 1835, but the education imparted under its auspices has been purely secular, in accordance with the principle of religious neutrality as interpreted by its officers. Happily missionaries have continued to emphasize this necessary side of their work, and so have modified to some extent the evil results of the so-called neutral (secular) education to which Government committed itself. We shall visit many a mission-school and college in India and Ceylon and we shall be told that they are saving the country. There are signs that the Government of India itself is beginning to recognize this to be the case.

It is impossible not to ask why we English are in this historic and interesting land at such a time? A parallel suggests itself. At the dawn of the Christian era our own Islands lay in thick darkness. There was no cohesion, no unity. Tribe warred against tribe. At the very moment when the Roman Empire was being evangelized, when Roman roads were being used by the first missionaries of the Cross, those roads reached to Britain. Roman camps and legions were there. The Roman standard flew over a large part of the land. It was God's way of bringing to our Island the Evangel that has made us what we are. Another time has come. It is the day of the British Empire—an Empire professedly Christian. British roads, British regiments, British camps, British administration will everywhere be seen throughout the vast territory through which we are to move. What does it all mean? Surely India's day has come, and she also will (if we are faithful) be able to say, 'The day when these things happened was the day of our visitation, when the Evangel brought India also into the Kingdom of God.'

It will compensate the British for many hard words and hard knocks, and it will enable the sons of India to bear a little necessary friction and irritation if only this great thought is kept in view—that this thing is of God, and that all things will work together for good. It is in this spirit, and with these main facts in mind, that we now make our way, first of all to Ceylon and then up through India.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CEYLON.

Anuradhapura, January 12, 1910.

WE are pausing for a few hours here at Anuradhapura, amongst Ceylon's 'buried cities,' *en route* from Kandy to Jaffna, and it is time for me to record some experiences in this interesting island.

KANDY.

We anchored at Colombo on this day week (January 5), and it was pleasant to be met by the Rev. A. K. Finnimore, who was Organizing Secretary for some years in Kent and Sussex. He and his wife have now returned to Ceylon, and he has charge of Galle Face Church in the suburbs of Colombo. We three took train the same evening for Kandy. It was a little tantalizing that darkness had settled down, and the beautiful country was hidden from us as we ascended, but the fire-flies flitting in the shrubbery were quite fascinating. Before midnight we found ourselves at Kandy, with the Revs. A. E. Dibben and W. E. Rowlands, and Mr. A. G. Fraser, and one or two others on the platform at that late hour to welcome us. The Rev. C. L. Burrows, Vicar of St. Paul's, Bournemouth (see above, page 4), also joined us at Kandy and continued of our party for the rest of our tour. The Bishop of Colombo had written most kindly to the ship to ask my wife and me to stay with him and Mrs. Copleston at the Parsonage, Kandy. This is the Bishop's former spiritual charge, previous to his consecration, and he is now taking the duty of the Vicar who is absent in England. We were also invited by Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, so we decided to divide ourselves between the two houses. We therefore proceeded at once to Mr. Fraser's bungalow.

The next morning (January 6) was the Epiphany, and the Missionary Conference, which had begun its sessions the day

before, had arranged for Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in Trinity Church, which stands at the foot almost of the Trinity College slope. By request I celebrated, and I also spoke from the words, 'And it came to pass that as they communed together and reasoned Jesus Himself drew near and went with them.' By nine o'clock we found ourselves (Mrs. Ingham in the Women's Conference and I in the men's) as engrossed in the business as if we had, like the rest, been long residents in the island. Here were gathered in serious parliamentary conclave the entire missionary staff of the C.M.S. in Ceylon. In addition, there were present this year for the first time some four or five Tamil and Singhalese representatives, and for this and other reasons soon to be recorded, this Conference was an historic one. It was my first experience of a C.M.S. conference in the mission-field. In West Africa—in Sierra Leone, Lagos and Abeokuta—I had been chairman (by invitation of C.M.S.) of a committee or council for the administration of C.M.S. work. Here, however, was something larger and much more important. The Conference was divided (as I have already indicated) into an upper house and a lower house. I sat for a short time in the lower house (the Women's Conference) and I saw for myself the great advantage of their full and free and united discussions of those sides of the work with which women have to do. Their resolutions when passed went up as recommendations to the Men's Conference, and were either approved, amended, or rejected. As I sat there and listened to the keen and frank discussions I felt that I comprehended a little of what such a conference as this must mean to the missionaries in attendance! Here is, we will say, a matter that has been talked over, prayed over for a whole year or even more! Perhaps it has come up before previous conferences and the mover has been in a minority of one! What will happen this time? Members told me they had often illustrated the truth of the saying, 'All things come to him who knows how to wait.' But sometimes there has to be great disappointment. From the point of view of the best interests of the Mission, and for the guidance of the Parent Committee in London, I can see the great advantage of this conference system. I will go further and say it is a splendid opportunity for open discussion on the part of our fellow-workers in the mission-field. It is an excellent exercise of debating power, and it is a valuable discipline. The Committee in London

know that the matters sent to them are not the product of some visionary's brain, but something prayed over, thought over, well debated and discussed, and therefore worthy of their best consideration. It was a delight to me to mark the fearlessness as well as the good humour of the discussions I was privileged to hear. Sometimes of course the matters under consideration were such as I could not easily follow, but by no means all. For instance, the weary but intense subject of estimates was debated in a Conference of both houses, and I would not have missed that discussion for anything! A matter of some Rs.2,400 had to be somehow cut out of the claims for the following year. How could this be done? There then issued such a discussion on 'how to do without' as I wish not only the Parent Committee but all C.M.S. supporters in the United Kingdom could have heard!

On Saturday morning (January 8) I conducted the 8 a.m. devotional service in Trinity Church, and, as requested, we brought the intercession into line with the subject for that day in the programme of the Week of Prayer observed throughout the world at the beginning of the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser on two afternoons sent us round the neighbourhood in a carriage towards the evening hour, and we drove through Kandy's beautiful Botanical Gardens; it is unnecessary to say more than that we enjoyed 'the spicy breezes' under the nutmeg trees, and that we saw 'where every prospect pleases' sometimes in avenues of royal palms, sometimes in great tree ferns, sometimes in glorious distant views of mountain scenery. Kandy itself is some 1,600 feet above the level of the sea and its chief feature is a beautiful lake, over the brow of which is the Parsonage where the Bishop of Colombo and Mrs. Copleston welcomed us both on this Saturday afternoon. Traditions of the kings of Kandy hover around this lake. A small island is for instance the place to which one of them is said to have banished his wives when they were in need of discipline! Close to the lake is the temple containing Buddha's Tooth which worshippers come from all parts to see. There is I believe a feeling among missionaries that it is not well for us Christians to be too much in evidence there, as our very presence, to say nothing of the small moneys we pay, are taken by the Buddhists as in some real sense a recognition of Buddha. Near the lake is also the old palace of the kings of Kandy (dethroned by

the English some sixty years ago), now the residence of the Government deputy, Mr. Lewis, on whom I called.

I cannot speak too warmly of the charming hospitality of the Bishop and Mrs. Copleston. We remained with them from Saturday, January 8, till yesterday morning (January 11). On Sunday I preached three times—at 8.30 a.m. to a Singhalese congregation in Trinity Church, at 10.30 in the same church to English-speaking people, and in the evening at the parish church, St. Paul's, at which the Bishop (assisted by one of his Singhalese clergy) took the prayers. Excellent congregations gathered each time, especially in the evening, and I thanked God for three more great opportunities.

On Monday morning the Bishop drove Mrs. Ingham in his buggy (and I went by rickshaw) to Hillwood, Miss E. Bellerby's school (C.E.Z.M.S.) for the daughters of Kandyan chiefs. The view from the commanding eminence on which this school stands is simply glorious. Miss Bellerby was unfortunately confined to her bedroom and could not see us, but four English ladies received us, and I was invited to address the girls (some fifty-six in number) in English. The Bishop, in compassion to the very small folk present, gave them some of my points in Singhalese.

On Monday afternoon we had two important functions in the large hall at Trinity College. The first was a sort of missionary social, open to all comers (the Bishop had warmly invited attendance at the Sunday evening service the night before). It consisted of afternoon tea, some vocal and instrumental music, and then the Bishop presided over a missionary meeting—a function which I understand usually forms an item of the Conference week programme. Miss A. L. Earp (from South Africa, and supported by a South Africa parish) spoke and I brought up the rear, giving one or two facts connected with my recent visit to the Far East, as the Bishop himself had asked me to do. Immediately after this, and in the same hall, there was a Singhalese and Tamil reception in my honour and I said a few further words. This was not a prolonged function.

This morning (January 12) at seven o'clock we left the Bishop's kindly roof for Anuradhapura.

I have already referred to my meeting with my fellow-traveller and domestic chaplain, the Rev. C. L. Burrows. He, with Mr. Sheldon, his nephew, had reached Colombo to join my party on Christmas Day, and I found him at

Kandy the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser (his nephew having gone on ahead to India) on my arrival there. I need scarcely say how sympathetically Mr. Burrows entered into everything. My only fear for him was lest he should not be able to stand the extreme heat now prevailing, in spite of the fact that we are constantly styled 'cold weather visitors.' Consequently, when he brought to me the suggestion that, in order to make our next move, (to Jaffna) a more bearable one, we should, instead of going all the way by train, hire a motor to take us as far as Anuradhapura, I was disposed to listen both for his sake as well as for our own. We therefore started off yesterday morning at an early hour.

We motored forty miles and then breakfasted at a Government rest-house at Sigiri, where the rock caves and rock temple are. These Government rest-houses are an excellent institution. Each person pays twenty-five cents for accommodation and then pays simply for what he gets. There is no luxury but all sufficiency, and they must be a great boon to this island. After a short rest on the verandah we continued our journey. Another forty miles brought us to Anuradhapura, where we have decided to stay for the night.

ANURADHAPURA.

We have just been in the motor to Mahintale, and Mr. Burrows and I ascended countless steps to an elevation—a dagoba—1,000 feet above the level of the sea. These steps are at least 2,000 years old. We saw the remains of the queen's palace, we saw the king's tomb (still in good preservation), on the spot where he received the Buddhist missionaries on their first bringing Buddhism to the island. Everywhere stones and bricks innumerable spoke of past greatness. We had magnificent views of the surrounding country from various points, and other dagobas were seen in the distance. The ancient Bo Tree with its offerings of devotion attached we looked upon, but were not impressed by it. Our guide was a Buddhist. He could not in the least understand why we refused to subscribe to the restoration of some stone work underneath which one of the sacred hairs of Buddha's eyebrows, and, I think, a sacred gem are reposing. He said that other English visitors were more liberal and large-minded. As we retraced our steps and descended, one solemn word

of *our* sacred books came much to mind, 'Their memorial is perished with them.' For thus it seemed to be with those buildings whose ruins lay around. When I showed myself somewhat sceptical about the age (2,000 years) of the sacred Bo Tree, it was amusing to hear the Buddhist guide say, 'Oh, but Mr. Burrows says so in his *Buried Cities of Ceylon*.' It did not impress him, however, when my companion remarked, 'He is my cousin.'

Before closing the record connected with this place let me mention that the catechist called upon us and personally conducted us to the church he serves (a very nice building indeed). Here Major G. H. F. Mathison had worked and also the late Rev. R. W. Ryde, and here once a month Mr. Dibben comes to minister. We had prayer with the catechist and sought to cheer him in what seemed to be a post of considerable isolation.

It has been a great comfort to secure in the morning hours at our pleasant hotel in this place a little quiet time for the recalling of so many interesting incidents since we landed at Colombo a short week ago. We now pass on by train to Jaffna, which we ought to reach by eight o'clock this evening.

JAFFNA.

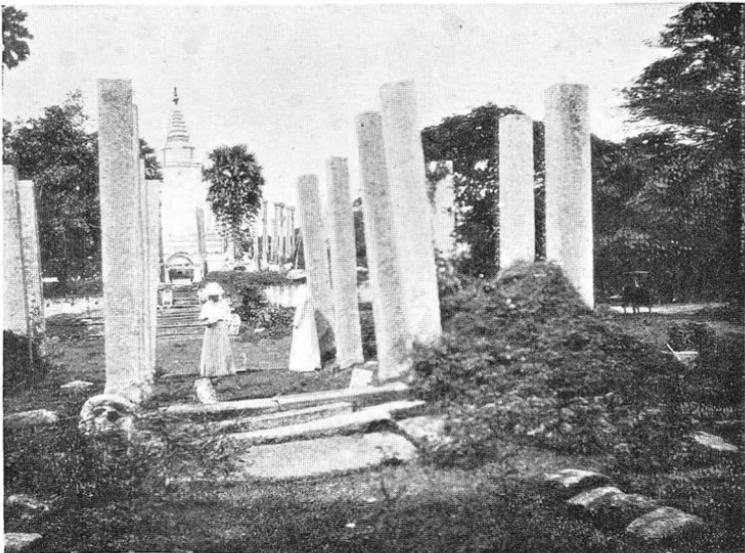
In the train, January 15.

We are now returning to Colombo, and I am anxious to record my impressions of two full and interesting days. The Rev. and Mrs. J. Thompson had, in view of our proposed visit, got excused from further attendance at the Conference and had returned home the day before. He had in an incredibly short time arranged a programme for us, and the first part of it consisted of a good 'welcome' at the station, a pleasant drive to the bungalow, a satisfying evening meal and a good night's rest, for all of which we were devoutly thankful.

We spent the next day (January 13) in Jaffna proper. At eight o'clock there was early Communion in Christ Church. We passed on from there to St. John's College, of which Mr. Thompson is Principal. Here in a somewhat extensive compound stand not only the buildings (such as they are) of St. John's College, but also St. John's Church, and the foundation of what is very soon to be the residence



THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDINGS, MADRAS.



BUDDHIST RUINS AT ANURADHAPURA, CEYLON.

of the Principal. Within the same compound, but well separated by a palm branch hedge are the grounds of the girls' school (under the charge of Miss E. Whitney) of which more anon. The contrast in some respects is great between Trinity College, Kandy, and St. John's. There is (at Kandy) an imposing English professoriate and also fine buildings. Here Mr. Thompson, who, like Mr. Fraser, takes no form himself, is the only Anglo-Saxon element. Mr. Thompson says that in seeking masters he looks for the very best men spiritually and intellectually for the work that has to be done, and he is thankful to find what he requires amongst the Tamils without looking towards England. We found some 300 boys assembled in the biggest hall at nine o'clock with the masters in attendance. I was introduced, and I hope I got into touch with them. We visited the dormitories while the boys and young men were separating to their class rooms. We then went into the six or seven divisions, and we received an excellent impression of the keenness and acuteness of the lads, as well as of the teaching powers of the masters.

One among these men must have special mention. His name is the Rev. S. S. Somasundaram. He has only lately received deacons' orders. He is a Tamil. His father was a leading man in connexion with Hindu temple worship in Jaffna. While still a youth in the Jaffna College (American) he was converted to the Christian faith. In order to remove him from Christian surroundings his parents sent him to Calcutta. There, however, he not only obtained a good degree in Calcutta University, but he fell in with a C.M.S. missionary, with the result that we have in him to-day in his native town a convinced Christian educationist who is also a clergyman of our Church. He has not been allowed to see his mother since his return to the island. His father is dead, but his brothers are strong Hindus.

'Plain living and high thinking' were the words that came to my mind and found expression as I surveyed the really primitive conditions of St. John's College. The Chinese would hesitate to send their sons to such unimpressive buildings, but I think they are serving their educational purpose better than many a Council school in England. Passing from the College we paid a visit to Miss E. Whitney and her sixty girls. Miss Whitney has been out ten years, having first helped Miss L. E. Nixon at Colombo and is now the

mainspring of this school, which, like St. John's College, is taught throughout by Tamil teachers.

Our next function on this day (January 13) was a social gathering of Europeans and Islanders at St. John's College at 4 p.m. It proved to be most interesting. Tea was duly served. Very many Tamil folk came, both old and young. I find that most people are struck with the spirit and 'go' of the Jaffna people. They seem to me more interesting, so far as I have yet been able to judge, than the Singhalese, the true natives of the island. As so many of them speak English well, I was able to have some general conversation. Some very fine-looking old men spoke very warmly of the C.M.S. The Rev. R. Pargiter's name was on the lips of several. One conversation I must mention. It was with a Mr. Hensman. How he came by his Western name I know not. He is a Christian man, but has many relatives who are non-Christians. I asked him what he thought of the present unrest. He said (and he is often in India): 'Concession will not cure it. The first man who is overbearing and high-handed with the people will undo all the effect of concessions made. The fact is, my people will almost worship the Englishman if he will treat them kindly and be sympathetic. But you find it hard to forget you are the ruling race. That is why I should think you would more easily make converts in China than in India.' One other remark by younger men who have graduated in India, 'Our people in North India are in a transition state. It is an awkward moment. But it will come right. If only the Bible had been taught from the first as a matter of course, no Hindu would have resented it, but your Government could not introduce it now.'

Soon after 5.30 there was a general move to St. John's Church and quite a large congregation assembled. We had a few prayers in Tamil, some lyrics (Christian) and with the help of my friend Mr. Somasundaram (who interpreted me well) I preached to them. Thus ended a full day.

The next day was even fuller. At 8.30 a.m. we started—Mrs. Ingham, Mr. Burrows and I—for Copay, a place five miles away, where the Rev. W. J. Hanan is doing much the same work with an equal number of boys, though not so advanced, as Mr. Thompson is doing in Jaffna. By nine o'clock we reached Copay Church. Decorations (which, by the way, had been excellent at St. John's College the day

before) were here quite remarkable. A long path from the street to the church had been made gay with palms and flags, and banana trees specially planted at intervals. Some illuminated lettering made it clear that I was being honoured because of the C.M.S. A quite large congregation had assembled from many parts. A Tamil Communion Service followed. I preached (I fear a long sermon) through my kind friend's help again, and no less than 200 communicated as a pledge of fellowship. They seemed to regard this as a very important occasion indeed. After service an address was presented to me in the schoolroom. This was available because the day was a Hindu national holiday called *Typongal*, which being translated means, 'January rice eating.' On this feast they break all their pots and bring new ones into use for the year. After a few words about my present visit I think all were ready to go to breakfast, as it was near 11.30 a.m.

At 2.30 we started to visit the American Hospital for women and children under Miss Dr. Curr, a most able and enthusiastic Scotswoman, and we were particularly impressed with our first inspection of a bungalow hospital whose several parts were connected by corridors sustained by stone pillars, in and out and around, until we had covered quite a considerable space. We enjoyed a cup of tea before leaving, and felt we had met a true worker indeed.

We passed on to Nellore, some two miles south, and there found Miss F. E. Henrys at work in her girls' school. Each class had drawn a map of Africa on the blackboard, and as an act of polite attention to me and my past, Sierra Leone was the only place marked—quite in the right place, but much more magnified than it deserves. Miss E. S. Young, sister of the late Bishop of Athabasca, lives in the same house, and again we enjoyed the inevitable afternoon tea, for which I, at least, am usually ready.

Mr. Thompson, who had come to meet us here, soon showed he had something up his sleeve. He said, 'I have come to fetch you to look at the foundations of my new bungalow.' We soon found the architect in attendance with the plans, a table and chair, flags hoisted, all as though a foundation stone was to be laid! The end of it was that Mr. Thompson and I lifted the frame-work of the first door into its place, and our party had much pleasure in identifying ourselves with his new home. A word of prayer found

place as well. We then drove to the Y.M.C.A. and I delivered an address in English to a large gathering of men.

COLOMBO.

Palamcotta, January 21.

It was very refreshing at the end of our thirteen hours in the train from Jaffna to find ourselves on Saturday (January 15) under the roof of the Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Finnimore, at Galle Face, Colombo. Mr. Dibben kindly met our train and conducted us to their house. We had much re-arrangement of luggage to accomplish, two or three packages to send straight to England, and tickets through India to take, and but for Mr. Dibben and Mr. J. W. Ferrier, the accountant, we should have been in bad case!

On Sunday (January 16) I had three preaching opportunities. To the Tamil congregation of Galle Face I spoke at 7.30 a.m., to the English congregation at 9.30, and again in the afternoon at 5 p.m. Let me say that I am very much impressed with the importance of this Church centre. One keen member and officer of the congregation is Dr. Llewellyn Thomas, who remembered me years ago preaching at St. John's, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, during the incumbency of the Rev. Gilbert Karney. He is grandson to the late Rev. J. Thomas, the honoured missionary of Mengnanapuram, Tinnevely, and son of the late Rev. J. D. Thomas, of this Ceylon Mission. He is exceedingly keen, and is evidently a power in the congregation. The church seems scarcely to be unoccupied on Sundays more than half-an-hour at a time. No sooner does the Tamil congregation disperse than the English folk assemble. This does not mean, however, that British and Tamil do not mingle. They are all more or less mixed up in all the services. It is really a question mainly of language. It was a pleasant surprise to find amongst worshippers at Galle Face Mr. H. R. Arbuthnot, of Paddington, and his son who are just now in Ceylon. They came in to see us afterwards.

Monday morning (January 17) saw us by eight o'clock on our way to Cotta. This took us along roads we had not seen by daylight before, and it was pleasant to observe the buildings, bungalows and shady grounds of Colombo people. We found at Cotta, awaiting our arrival, a very large assemblage of old and young, quite filling the large church, and I

spoke to them by interpretation. We visited Mrs. Dowbiggin's school in the same compound. The situation of Cotta with its shady grounds, and its mission-house looking out through fine trees over a pleasant lake, is singularly pleasing, and it is a spot of which our workers should grow very fond. The Rev. and Mrs. J.W. Balding had invited four of the Ceylon clergy and their wives to meet us at breakfast, and we thus made great demands on their kind hospitality.

Passing on from there we next visited the C.M.S. Ladies' College, Colombo. Miss L. E. Nixon is its lady Principal. Here we were faced with an extraordinary contrast : on the one hand we found, represented by every shade of colour, the best girl life of Colombo, and it was evident by the attendance that the College was both popular and met a real necessity ; on the other hand, we wondered how such a college could be worked under such disabling conditions. Low roofs and consequently hot rooms, and the constant whirr of machinery in a factory across the yard, made the mid-day hour which had now arrived very oppressive and burdensome, and we wondered how Miss Nixon and her staff could stand it.

I snatched a few minutes to look in upon Miss V. M. L. Franklin's work. She has a refuge for Mohammedan women, and her arrangements are so thoughtful and well adapted, and moreover the home is so removed from public thoroughfares, that I can understand the comfort it is to these poor creatures. There is also a good school attached. Crossing the inland lake in a punt we were quickly back at Galle Face Parsonage.

And now the time drew near for embarkation. We 'took up our carriages', and by soon after five o'clock we were on board s.s. *Putiala* (British India Line), which left at 6 p.m. on January 17, for Tuticorin. The Bishop of Colombo it happened was holding a clerical gathering at Galle Face that afternoon, and he came out and assisted in giving us a bright send-off.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN INDIA—TINNEVELLY.

Palamcotta, January 22, 1910.

AGAIN we had delightful experiences at sea. Tuesday night (January 18) was perfectly glorious, with a growing moon, and a pleasant, gentle north-east monsoon, and a smooth sea. It was hard to go down to our cabin, where, however, we spent a good and restful night.

By 7.30 a.m. on Wednesday we were all transferred to a launch, and four miles steaming brought passengers and mails to the pier at Tuticorin. On landing we were met by the Rev. S. J. Evans (S.P.G.) and one or two of the local workers. The Bishop of Tinnevelly, whose guests we were to be at Palamcotta, had requested Mr. Evans to meet us. By ten o'clock we were comfortably seated in our Indian train.

PALAMCOTTA.

We reached Tinnevelly Bridge Station by noon, and we were little prepared for the welcome we received. It was difficult to sort people out. Amongst Europeans we noted the Rev. T. Kember (who has been forty-five years out here), the Rev. E. S. Carr, the Rev. L. G. S. Price, and also Miss A. J. Askwith, on whom His Majesty has lately conferred the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal. Many of the clergy and Christian laity of Palamcotta and of Tinnevelly Town were also on the platform. They approached us and placed over our heads fresh garlands of white jessamine and yellow chrysanthemum! It was a very warm welcome in more senses than one, and I saw at once that we had come into a real C.M.S. centre. Mrs. Williams had sent down a carriage for us, and by one o'clock we were at Bishopstowe. The Bishop himself was away from home, but was expected to return from a fortnight's visitations by evening time. Mr. and Mrs. Price (C.M.S. High School) met us at dinner that evening. The Bishop duly returned and he and Mrs. Williams

have left nothing undone that could conduce to make our visit both pleasant and profitable.

At 7.30 a.m. next morning (January 19), a very impressive carriage and pair, almost suggestive of a High Sheriff's equipage, drew up at the Bishop's door to drive us to the Sarah Tucker College and to wait upon us through the day. We were not allowed to question this or to contribute towards the hire. The Bishop overruled all objections and we had to submit. How this kind thought, repeated each day, has eased our path in our many goings to and fro can well be understood by those who have had experience of an Indian sun.

It is difficult to do anything like justice to our visit to the Sarah Tucker College. Miss Askwith's splendid work there for a period of twenty-eight years—now come to an end only to begin again in a more self-sacrificing manner in another sphere, (the Blind School,) to be mentioned below—is known to many C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. workers. Begun in 1860 for the purpose of training Indian women and girls as teachers, this is no longer its sole object; it was raised to a High School in 1891, and to a College in 1898. Forty-five branch schools for Hindu and Mohammedan girls in the district are affiliated to it, and all the women teachers of these schools are 'old girls' trained in the institution. The College takes a splendid place educationally in this part of India and its students take good degrees. Old students are scattered throughout India, Burma and Ceylon both as teachers and as married ladies in their own homes. The number who have passed out in the last six years is 600. The religious instruction and spiritual influence are all that can be desired. Miss G. M. Walford is in charge here as Principal, and Miss R. E. Howard conducts the Senior Department. Everything that can be imagined in a girls' college was successively shown us. I should add that Mr. Devadason, the science master, read an address to me and also interpreted my talk to the girls.

At noon on this day I presided in the great C.M.S. Centenary Hall at the annual meeting of the Bible and Tract Societies. It was largely juvenile but many 'grown ups' were also present, and again I spoke by interpretation.

We lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Kember. We then saw over Mr. Kember's Preparandi Institution for training catechists and schoolmasters. This institution turns out fifteen

men every two years. We also saw Mrs. Kember's boarding-school for Christian girls. This school used to be the care of Mrs. Sargent, wife of Bishop Sargent. This is really good work and it tells. We were glad to remember that Mr. and Mrs. Kember are the parents of Dr. A. T. Kember whom we had met at Hang-chow.

Passing on from here we visited the C.M.S. High School under the Rev. Ll. Price. Here some 300 boys are getting a first class education and very valuable work is being done. This school suffers from the disadvantage of having to be conducted, for reasons of space, in three different buildings, and these, alas! have been recently condemned by Government, so that a very anxious situation has been created.

After a refreshing cup of tea with Mr. and Mrs. Price in their bungalow, we drove to Miss Askwith's Blind School. This work has grown out of the Sarah Tucker College. Applications for admission for blind girls became so numerous that at last Miss Askwith determined to give herself wholly to this one thing. The Governor of Madras, Sir Arthur Lawley, took great interest in her plans, and not only gave her a large donation himself, and had a drawing-room meeting at Government House, Madras, but also obtained a substantial grant from Government. With this help Miss Askwith has bought twelve acres of stony ground in just the most desirable position for £35, and has buildings for boys completed and another set for girls near at hand under construction. The work is terribly needed. There are 34,000 blind in the Madras Presidency alone. Blindness is usually due to the utter carelessness and ignorance with which children are treated while suffering from small-pox. It is delightful to mark the many industries associated with this home. Some of the boys go out as punkah pullers at night, but this means that they must sleep during the day. They are much valued. Mat making is a great industry with them, and they have more orders than they can take. All are being most usefully trained, and they live such a happy life in the school.

This completed a long day's tour and we were glad to pause and consider. It must be explained that all day long we were garlanded almost wherever we went, and our carriage was quite a show when we returned to Bishopstowe.

Thursday morning (January 20), saw us at 7.45 a.m. at Miss Swainson's door. This is the home for deaf and

dumb (C.E.Z.M.S.). Our visit was a surprise. We pictured the deaf and dumb as no doubt sufficiently happy and contented but not as being distinctly bright and cheerful. But this we found to be the case. Our first visit was to the chapel. Miss Swainson found that a chapel was necessary as an object lesson to assist in these young people the idea of reverence and worship, and it has admirably succeeded. It was most touching to see public prayer conducted by signs. Miss Swainson had a large card before her with simple petitions on it expressed in very short sentences. She made the signs and the pupils all imitated. They were very effective. 'Thine is the Kingdom,' would for instance be done by all looking upwards and then crowning their heads with a wave of the hand round the head. So far as signs could speak, these spoke! We then visited the classes, and discovered that the children were not allowed to rest content with signs, but were called upon to enunciate sounds, and very clear ones both in English and Tamil were given forth. We then saw the industries and they pleased us much. They make all the school furniture and execute many orders from outside. There are 200,000 of these afflicted ones in India, and Miss Swainson, like Miss Askwith, has been awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind Silver Medal. She well deserves it. She then brought to us a young girl, both blind and deaf and dumb! Anything more wonderful than that girl's brightness and mirth and affection I never saw, and she is most intelligent. Somehow or other a permanent contact with her mind and soul has been obtained and the result is splendid. Miss Swainson expects soon to receive into the home a boy who is exactly in the same condition. His father cannot bear the sight of him, and only such treatment as is found here, and which would not be possible except in a home like this, will meet the case. It forcibly reminded us of the great Master un-stopping deaf ears and opening the eyes of the blind, as we went through this beneficent home. When Miss Swainson came back from furlough a few months ago she had instructed that the little deaf and dumb and blind girl should be kept in complete ignorance of her coming. She came in upon her, just touched her hand, and the girl rushed into her arms with complete intelligence and joy.

I passed on to Trinity Church where at eleven o'clock there was a litany and an address from myself to the Tamil

clergy, who were in their robes; alas! it had to be by interpretation.

At noon Mrs. Ingham joined me and we went to the C.M.S. Centenary Hall where I was presented with an address in the presence of a very large number of people. The address ably states the history and growth and spirit of the Tinnevely Church. It is on vellum and nicely illuminated, and was turned out by the C.M.S. Press here. It was read by the Rev. P. G. Simeon (one of the Tamil clergy, a graduate of Madras University). My reply was interpreted by the Rev. S. G. Maduranayagam, the pastor of Trinity Church, Palamcotta. We passed from this hall to the printing press and book depôt and we were much pleased with the activities of the entire establishment. It would be impossible to do without such an establishment in a Mission like this.

In the afternoon the Bishop of Tinnevely and Mrs. Williams received us and a large party to a 'social' at the C.M.S. High School. It was an admirably arranged function, and brought us into social contact not only with leading Tamils, but also with European residents at the station, and much handshaking went on.

At 6 p.m. there was an Executive Committee of the Tinnevely Church Council at the Centenary Hall, with the Rev. E. S. Carr in the chair. I attended and was pleased with business methods of the Tamil clerical and lay members.

On Friday morning (January 21) there was a Holy Communion service at 7.30 in Trinity Church in connexion with the C.M.S. Church Council and Conference. The Bishop celebrated and I gave an address. Immediately afterwards the Church Council began its sessions in the Centenary Hall. I sat with them and followed the proceedings as well as I could, but much of the speaking was in Tamil. We lunched at 1.30 at 'Daiasthalam' with Miss Max and met Miss Parker, Miss Franklin and Miss Williams. This is a Home for Bible-women and converts. We had some talk with the Bible-women. We noted with much interest how simple everything was and on Indian lines, and we find that the converts' home is no mere refuge, but a place where young women are trained either for the responsibilities of marriage or for women's work of other kinds.

TINNEVELLY TOWN.

But the chief event of this day was our visit to Tinnevelly Town. Our grand carriage and pair ever in attendance, by Bishop and Mrs. Williams's very generous arrangement, took us a five mile drive thither, and we drew up at Tinnevelly College soon after three o'clock. The Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Schaffter and their two daughters met us at the door, and decorations here and there showed us that our visit was regarded as an event. Some 600 boys and young men are being educated here. Not 100 of them are Christians, I believe. Mr. Schaffter reminded us that consecutively for eighty-two years Schaffters have presided over this college. Having spoken to the boys and seen them in their classes we went upstairs for a cup of tea, and Mr. Schaffter described to us the invasion of the College by the students of the rival Hindu College which occurred in March, 1909. Without any warning, supported by a surging mob, the students poured in. The Mission College students fled in all directions. The masters, headed by Mr. Schaffter, of course made a stand. Mr. Schaffter tells with some amusement of how a Christian master standing beside him at his study door held up a small naked knife with a challenge to them to dare lay hands on the Principal! This kindly intended amateur effort quieted them and they paused. They did not desist, however, until they had destroyed many windows and done other damage. Their object was to close the college. The Courts intervened and the ringleaders were punished. Moreover the Governor of Madras (Sir Arthur Lawley), when recently on an official visit to Tinnevelly, showed his displeasure by refusing to visit the Hindu College. They pleaded hard with him to go if only to scold them, but he declined to be persuaded. I am informed that he went to the C.M.S. Centenary Hall and spoke weighty and encouraging words to the whole body of Christians gathered there, addressed them as 'my dear brothers in Christ' and praised the Christians for their loyalty in the general riots and sedition that had occurred in Tinnevelly about that time. I am told that many Christians have been in request for offices of trust under Government owing to their attitude then, for it appears the Christians' refusal to rise caused the plot to fail. These facts need to be on record.

But to return to Tinnevely College. It stands four square in its own grounds, amidst shady trees and off the road, and it is deservedly popular. Mr. Schaffter tells me that the Government policy in closing all small schools, or making it impossible for them to go on, has had the effect of greatly increasing the demand for entrance to this college. It was a strange experience on leaving the college to find ourselves passing down a long line of students (who had by the way been regaled with sweets and excused their last hour in our honour) singing, 'God be with you till we meet again'—for more than two-thirds are Hindus.

One of the tutors of the College (a Hindu) undertook to show us the Hindu temple in Tinnevely, and thither we now drove. I need scarcely pause long over the description. Its size and architecture, and the life and movement quite astonished me. We passed extraordinary images of four-footed beasts, and other monsters. We moved amidst hundreds of pillars along great aisles, through garden and water scenes, and we paused to inspect the temple jewels with which the god and goddess are decorated on great occasions. Rubies, diamonds, emeralds and amethysts were there in great abundance, and they were said to be of great value. Emerging from this depressing place (which only served to demonstrate more clearly than I knew before the vested interests bound up with these age-long systems) we drove away. But none of us knew upon what a scene we should come. In the hour spent inside the temple the entire population seemed to have gathered, every bit of vantage ground was occupied, and police were wildly rushing here and there to make a path in the crowd for our carriage. We felt like being in a royal procession and we wondered why we should attract so much notice. This, however, was explained a little later. We discovered that all unknown to Mr. Carr this was a Mohurrum (Moslem) festival, and that some uproar was expected. Our carriage must have irritated the Moslems, but it is thought that the Hindus played us off as having honoured their temple with a visit. How far is it right to visit these places? I think that care needs to be exercised, and that the reason for visiting should be not mere sight-seeing.

We drove straight from the Hindu temple to our own Tinnevely church, and alighted under a canopy erected



A FAREWELL GROUP AT TINNEVELLY BRIDGE STATION.

(Reading from left to right the names are as follows:—Rev. C. L. Burrows, Bishop Ingham, Mrs. Ingham in carriage, Mrs. F. W. Breed, the Rev. E. S. Carr, and the Rev. T. Kember.)



THE ENTRANCE TO TINNEVELLY TEMPLE.

outside, beautifully hung with white lotus flowers. These are very lovely and most effective. A large congregation was awaiting us. And when the Bishop and I, with Mrs. Ingham and Mr. Burrows, were duly seated in chairs placed for us, the pastor read to us an address, and a Hindu gentleman rose and made a speech in which he said that Christianity was a great inspiration and a true benefit to his people! I suppose the Hindu does not possess a logical mind! They also sang a lyric in which our names figured very often. Garlands galore again covered us, and after prayer and a few words by interpretation to them, the Bishop gave the Benediction, and along quieter streets and roads we now made our way back to Bishopstowe.

The Bishop and Mrs. Williams entertained the Chief Justice (Mr. Spencer) and his wife with several Mission folk and others that evening to dinner, and thus we were brought into touch with another side of things.

January 24.

On Saturday (January 22), at 7.30 a.m. I gave a special address by way of inaugurating the Missionary Conference. This was held at Mr. Kember's, where we breakfasted later in the morning. I sat in Conference, which naturally was conducted in English.

In the afternoon of this day we went to a 'social' at the house of Mr. Appasami, a Tamil gentleman of some means, who is a retired lawyer devoting all his time now to Church matters. He interested us very much. For one thing it was pleasant to see the ways of an Indian house. We had what Archbishop Benson said was a great desideratum, viz., 'organized conversation.' Mr. Carr, who had planned this, got Mr. Appasami to give us an account of his conversion to Christianity, his being disinherited, his coming out for Christ in the clothes he stood in, his ultimate success as a lawyer, his father's being reconciled and re-inheriting him, and, lastly, his father's looking to the Lord on his dying bed. He introduced me to two Brahmans—one recently baptized who had been kept in chains by his people six months in order to keep him back from baptism, the other a very fine-looking young fellow of about twenty years who was preparing for baptism. I shall have in a few moments to refer to the latter again.

Next day was Sunday. I preached in Trinity Church, Palamcotta, to a very crowded congregation, and the splendid volume of voice in the Responses pleased me much. In the afternoon we heard to our dismay that after the congregation had dispersed and as the young Brahman referred to above was finding his way from church alone, in the wide public streets, to the house of his friends with whom he had been taking shelter, some fifteen or twenty people set upon him, kidnapped him, beat him and made off with him! Of course no policeman was near. This was a riotous proceeding and was punishable by law. Mr. Carr on hearing of this went off straight to the Inspector of Police and made his representation. When I reached Christ Church (the Bishop's small pro-Cathedral) to preach in the evening, I found to my relief that Mr. Carr's promptitude had saved the situation. The Inspector had tracked the family, had frightened them with threats of serious proceedings at law, and he was only just in time, for the young man was just about to be further deported to a safer asylum. However, in fear they let him go. I hear that when they seized him he said, 'You can trouble me very much, but you cannot change the purpose of my heart.' Thus very remarkably did we in Tinnevely come into contact not only with Heathenism as it really is, with sedition and unrest in the matter of the Hindu College, but also with those pains and penalties which, alas, necessarily wait upon our very successes in the mission-field. We pass on from Tinnevely with many thoughts of thankfulness, for we have seen a living Christianity at work.

CHAPTER XX.

IN INDIA—MADRAS, CALCUTTA AND NADIYA.

In the train for Calcutta, January 27, 1910.

TAKING up the thread of events once more, a brief word should be said about our first considerable train journey in India. Maps teach geography as to position, but they cannot make one realize distances. Leaving Tinnevely at 9.30 a.m. on the 24th (Monday), we were in Madras at 7.30 a.m. next morning. We had covered over 350 miles. We stopped a short time at two interesting places, Madura and Trichinopoly, both which we should have liked to explore. Canon E. Sell and the Rev. W. D. Clarke, the Tamil pastor of Zion Church, Madras, met us at the station, and the Bishop of Madras sent his factotum to attend to our luggage.

MADRAS.

Madras, as we saw it, is a somewhat straggling place, with wide roads, well-shaded in many parts by umbrageous trees, magnificent buildings here and there, but constantly descending to very primitive structures indeed. The 'Bishop's House,' as it is called, stands in very spacious grounds, and is more worthy of the name of palace than some bishops' residences in England. We were met at the steps of the verandah by the Bishop and Mrs. Whitehead and we at once felt we were welcomed. After prayer and breakfast, and in view of the fact that we had only one night to give to Madras, the Bishop claimed me for a long talk on various matters connected with the work. He kept me in conversation for a couple of hours and one felt it was well worth while. He praised the statesmanlike policy of C.M.S. in the matter of the District Church Councils.

There is a paper called *Servants of the People* edited by a

Mr. Gozakele. The ideal of the National Movement, which this paper supports, is service for 'the people,' and those who go to the people win influence with this movement. The editor of this paper said to the Rev. V. S. Azariah the other day, *à propos* of his work among the Telugu masses, 'Why, you are *doing* what we are only *talking about* !'

Something must now be said about our doings in Madras. We visited, for instance, a zenana prize-giving by Lady Benson for daughters of zenana ladies. There were great decorations and several interesting features of Indian life passed before our eyes. Tamil lyrics were much in evidence, and, as the custom is, the names of the principal guests were cleverly woven into the choruses. From there I went to speak at the annual conference of the National Missionary Society of India, and received a kindly hearing. This was held in the Saththianadhan Memorial Hall. I hope the movement will take hold.

Yesterday morning (January 26) we went at 7.30 to Zion Church for prayers and an address to such members of the congregation as could be got together. It was interesting to look round and note (by the memorial tablets) that the late Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan ministered here for thirty years. Mrs. Clarke, the pastor's wife, is his daughter. We repaired to Canon Sell's for breakfast and met several Indian clergy and lay folk. Amongst others I met Canon M. G. Goldsmith, Mr. Lazarus (editor of *The Christian Patriot*), and the King's Advocate (a Tamil). We had prayers together after breakfast which I conducted.

We next visited the Madras Christian College, the well-known institute of the Free Church of Scotland. The Principal received us and deputed one of the masters (Mr. Pitterdrigh) to take us round. There are 800 students. The school course is fifteen years, and then there remains three years for the highest—collegiate—course. Boys and young men were here from all over South India. We saw the Fenn Hostel adjoining. It is now under a good Tamil man and his wife, and there are some forty boarders. New buildings are being erected, and they seem to be urgently needed.

We left Madras at 4.30 p.m. to-day (January 27) for Calcutta. The Bishop of Madras and Mrs. Whitehead had been most kind and hospitable, and it was a great advantage to have had so much intercourse with the former at so early a stage of our Indian tour.

Allahabad, February 8.

The journey to Calcutta covered something over 1,000 miles, and took us one day and two nights, or forty-two hours. It was very dusty indeed and the discomfort was increased by delays on the line necessitated through the non-existence of restaurant cars. The attempt on the part of the railway authorities to fit in dinner here and breakfast there usually failed altogether, but as the line is only about five years old they will improve.

CALCUTTA.

Our Calcutta visit claims some careful description. The Rev. E. P. Herbert, who is responsible for C.M.S. work in the Howrah district of Calcutta, on the other side of the Hoogly River, most kindly came out one station to meet us, so as to explain the district through which the train was passing and to get into touch. The Revs. E. T. Sandys and A. H. Bowman were on the platform when we arrived. We soon found ourselves in the quiet precincts of the Old Church just behind Dalhousie Square. There used to be a spire to the church and I think it would be well for purposes of advertisement to replace it in a safer way, for the church is quite out of sight. It was inspiring to recall that this was the spot where the first thoughts of a Church Mission for India, which eventually led to the foundation of the C.M.S., took shape. A chaplain of this church communicated the idea to Charles Simeon of Cambridge, and this led to the subject being ventilated in the celebrated Eclectic Society in London, out of which C.M.S. was born! It was good to go round the Old Church and read the mural tablets that told the story of Brown, of Grant, of Martyn, of Dealtry, of Wilson, of Corrie and of Cotton.

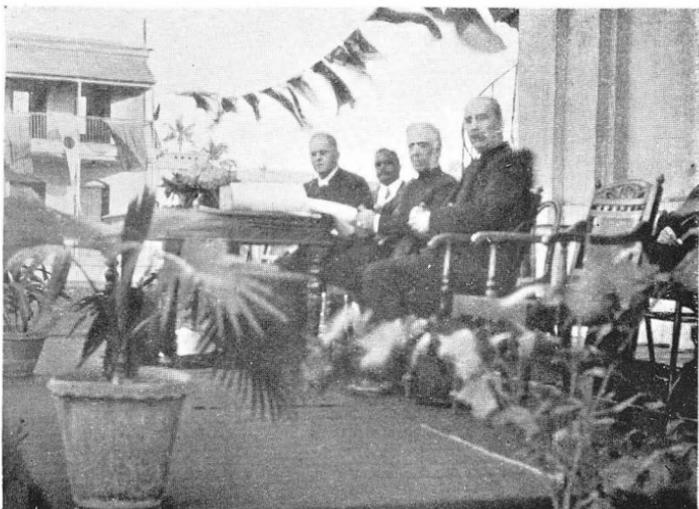
The origin of this Old Church is very interesting to trace. Mr. Sandys told me of Kiernander's Mission in Madras some 150 years ago, of how General Clive invited him after the Battle of Plassey to come up to Calcutta and begin work here. The Old Church, 'Beth-Tephilah,' the house of prayer, became the centre of his Mission. Eventually financial difficulties brought this property into the hands of the sheriffs, and Mr. Charles Grant came to the rescue. The Rev. David Brown (it was he who jointly with Mr. George Udny and Mr. Charles Grant wrote to Simeon *re* a Missionary Society)

kept up the ministries here till the East India Company allowed the church to be the seat of a chaplaincy. Thomason came out in 1806, sent by Simeon, and the chaplaincy lasted till 1869 (there were always two in residence at a time). In that year the trustees, on the advice of the Rev. E. C. Stuart (now Bishop Stuart of the Persia Mission), came into touch with the C.M.S. The C.M.S. Secretary was to be one of the chaplains and the Society was to provide him with an assistant. This is a singularly effective sphere of influence. Mr. Hadow has a great opportunity. The church is close to the very best part of Calcutta, and within a very few hundred yards of the Viceroy's Palace and the beautiful *maidan* or public park.

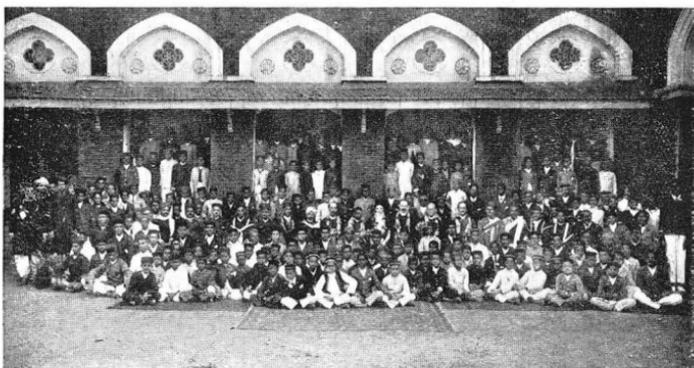
Mr. Sandys took us across Dalhousie Square to see all that remains of the Black Hole of Calcutta. This is a railed-in space not more than twelve feet square. Here on the night of June 20, 1756, the British Governor of Calcutta and 145 others were shut up. Only twenty-three came out alive! This was by order of Suraj-ud-Dowlah. Clive dealt with him a year later at Plassey. Lord Curzon during his Viceroyalty was very keen to mark the sites of important events, and I am told that he did this at great personal cost. It is due to his efforts, for example, that here and there inscriptions appear over houses saying that 'so and so lived (or died) here.' This has been done not only in Calcutta, but in many parts of the country, and I think we have reason to be grateful to him.

Mr. Sandys had organized our Calcutta visit very thoroughly, and the first function was the annual meeting of the British & Foreign Bible Society, at which I was the principal speaker. The Bishop of Calcutta was present and the attendance good. We drove past the Viceregal residence (which puts Buckingham Palace in many ways into the shade) and drove across the wide and expansive *maidan* to the Bible and Tract House, an admirable building well furnished and well placed. The Rev. A. Willifer Young is the Secretary and he has the work well in hand.

Next morning (January 29) we drove out to Kalighat. Here is a temple to the goddess Kali, which is supposed to give its name to Calcutta. We were brought face to face for the first time, in their relation to Hinduism, with those material conceptions of the origin of life, the symbols of which are met with here at every turn. It was a gruesome



THE METROPOLITAN OF INDIA PRESIDING AT THE CALCUTTA
' WELCOME ' MEETING.



THE ROBERT MONEY SCHOOL, BOMBAY.



THE PESHAWAR MEDICAL MISSION.

place. It was clear that here was no deserted or decaying worship, but something that drew thousands and tens of thousands to it from time to time. We saw for the first time a burning ghat, close to the Hoogly. A dead body was awaiting cremation under the most elementary conditions, and a small crowd of men were sitting in a circle haggling about the price of the logs that were to be used for the work. We turned from these scenes and were glad to get away from them as quickly as possible.

The great event of our Calcutta visit was the gathering in the C.M.S. College grounds on the afternoon of this day. It was quite a C.M.S. demonstration. The Metropolitan presided, and around us on the very spacious lawn were gathered fully 600 people, representatives of all departments of C.M.S. work in that heathen city. It was a very striking scene, enlivened by the banners and little flags carried by the young people and by the beautiful flags of all nations which were hanging in the midst of the green trees, and as one surveyed the splendid stretch of lawn with high school, missionary residences and other buildings abutting, one felt that here was space for growth—growth that is sure to come. Addresses were presented to me in four different languages! This function was interspersed with music and choruses, and all was splendidly done. It was dusk before I had made my reply, and then we adjourned to the C.M.S. church in the same compound for Evening Prayer and a short address from myself. The church was beautifully decorated and one felt that it was all intended to manifest to the Parent Committee and members of the C.M.S., as represented by me, the cordial sense of relation to them which is felt by these Indian Christian folk. To my great surprise these addresses were destined to be placed in a beautiful sandal-wood case with a silver inscription which Mr. Sandys had so kindly prepared. From the College grounds we drove straight to the Palace to stay with the Bishop of Calcutta and Mrs. Copleston over the Sunday.

On Sunday (January 30) which was my birthday, I went to early Communion in the Cathedral (opposite the Palace). I preached in the forenoon at the Old Church and in the evening at the Cathedral. There were excellent congregations at both services.

NADIYA DISTRICT.

At 5.45 a.m. on Monday morning (January 31), we took train for Krishnagar. We debouched a little and by the aid of a railway trolley, on which we all either stood or sat, we ran down the line a short distance to Ranaghat (the Rev. Dr. C. G. Monro's medical mission station, opened by Mr. James Monro, C.B., after his retirement from the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police). This Mission has within recent years been taken over by the C.M.S. It is in a little village composed of mud buildings with thatched roofs. There are 1,000 similar villages within easy reach. Dr. Monro is ably supported by Dr. G. B. Archer. The former has not only this work on his heart, but his mind is at present much exercised on the subject of what he calls 'the convert problem in Bengal.' He does not think this problem can be solved apart from well-organized industrial work. He says, 'It must be on a sound financial basis. It should also be run by a company of Christian men alongside of but separate from the Mission, and then the missionaries would be free to devote themselves to their legitimate work of spiritual teaching and training, and the converts, earning an honest livelihood and at the same time being taught, would grow into stronger men and women ready for the Master's work.'

Leaving Ranaghat we passed on to Krishnagar. The Rev. and Mrs. E. T. Noakes had prepared an excellent welcome for us. Evergreen arches, flags, boys of the High School lining the drive up to the house, girls of the C.E.Z.M.S. at another point, to say nothing of the drum and fife band that escorted us from the station—these kindly attentions made us feel we were welcomed indeed. Church, mission-house and school are fairly close together in a pretty compound, and we went into the school and had some words with the boys.

So soon as breakfast was over three two-wheel gigs stood at the door to drive us eleven miles in all the heat of mid-day to Chupra. Here we were received by the Rev. and Mrs. W. V. R. Kamcké, and here again we were escorted by a band to their house. We found ourselves in a Christian village, an important industrial centre, to which several missionaries and Indian workers had kindly come to meet us. The Rev. E. C. Smith, for instance, came a distance of forty miles! He is brother to the Rev. F. S. Smith, C.M.S. tutor at

Islington, now resigning.* Here again we were in the centre of a vast village population. Mr. Kamcké had organized a large 'welcome' meeting for the evening, when an address was presented, and very kind speeches were made, lyrics were sung and a characteristic native gathering came to an end. Mr. Kamcké manages an industrial school which has excellent machinery, and turns out splendid work. Some thirty of the boys of the High School find employment here.

We drove away next morning (February 1) by the same road to Krishnagar, and after a visit to the C.E.Z.M.S. schools, we took the train back to Calcutta. From beginning to end this visit was delightful.

A night in the train from Calcutta brought us by early morning on February 2 to Bhagalpur. This was the last part of Mr. Sandys' Calcutta programme. Much had to be left out. We had to omit Santalia. We passed Burdwan during the night.

BHAGALPUR.

We were met at Bhagalpur by our friend the Rev. J. A. Cullen, whom we had met in our Summer School at Portrush two years ago. He drove us to his bungalow, where Mrs. Cullen gave us a welcome *choti hazri* (little breakfast). We spent a delightful day. We saw all we could of this interesting place. There is a fort here, through whose grounds we drove, where Alexander the Great, when he was in the Punjab, had an ambassador. We called on the Rev. and Mrs. H. Perfect, who kindly put the other two members of our party up. We went to see our C.M.S. High School (under the Rev. Sihar Kumar Tarafdar). We saw the C.M.S. Leper Home, a most pathetic sight. This is a great centre. A Commissioner resides here. He rules over eight millions of people, and there are in all about 130 Europeans residing in Bhagalpur. The great event of this day was a tent meeting at which an address was read in the presence of a large assemblage, both European and Indian. I made a fairly long speech. Tea followed and pleasant converse with many friends of the Cullens, who I was glad to see were willing to be made acquainted with their work.

* The Rev. F. S. Smith died in July, 1910.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN INDIA—BENARES AND ALLAHABAD.

Lucknow, February 11, 1910.

MOGULSERAI is the big station on the main line from Calcutta to the Punjab where you change for Benares. There we changed in the early morning of Thursday, February 3, and after a light breakfast in the refreshment room, in another twenty minutes we were in Benares. Crossing the Ganges by a railway bridge we got a bird's-eye view of the scenes by the river-side with which pictures had made us so familiar, but the thing that astonished me most was the blueness and apparent clearness of the Ganges water. The properties of this water are not merely the boast of the pilgrims, but I am told that in the Law Courts of Benares and elsewhere the native officials refuse to have any other water, on the ground that it has properties of a medicinal and tonic character that makes filtering quite unnecessary !

BENARES.

The Rev. and Mrs. H. W. V. Birney kindly received us into their bungalow. A handsome carriage with scarlet livery was in waiting for us at their house. This had been placed at our disposal for the two days by the Maharajah of Benares. This kindness we understood was owing to the fact that the two sons of his Prime Minister are at Jai Narayan's School. We were most grateful for the attention. We drove out to Sarnath, where during the last ten years wonderful remains of a Buddhist monastery have been excavated. Here the Buddha himself preached his doctrine about 250 B.C. Magnificent carvings, huge pillars and fine statues are lying about in much confusion. The polish of great granite columns is wonderfully preserved. A museum is in course of construction on the spot to receive the more remarkable of the specimens. A great *stupa*, like the dagobas of Ceylon, stands hard by, covering no doubt some relic or other. The Government have shored it up here and there to prevent disaster. It was solemnizing to think of

us—five or six Christian men and in some sense missionaries to India—standing amidst all this ruin. Two thousand years ago all was activity and movement. Now all vestige of Buddhism has departed from Benares except these remains. The Church of Christ is here; what use shall she make of her opportunity? With these thoughts well in mind we drove back.

Next morning (February 4) we had a most interesting experience. We drove as near as possible to the water side. We then descended (about 7.45 a.m.) the steps that lead down to the river. The morning sun was by this time just strong enough to gild the domes and minarets of the city. We got into a boat with an elevated deck on which were placed some wicker chairs. The rowers underneath quietly plied their oars, and we slowly moved along the front quite close inshore. Ceremonial bathers were everywhere. Here we saw a man sitting nude under a canopy so as to get money, and he had done this for two years. There we saw a high-caste man as he left the water dipping his finger into the river and touching his two eyes, his ears and his mouth, thus consecrating them to his god for the day. We saw offerings of flowers being brought down and put into the water. We saw here and there a small procession of pilgrims descending the steps who had apparently just arrived by train. Symbols of generation were everywhere, being besprinkled by people who sought for the blessing of procreation. We saw a bed of spikes, but the fakir who usually lies on it was away from home! We saw the outside of the famous Golden Temple, and, peeping in (which was all that was allowed), we saw rupees let into the pavement in great profusion, and crowds moving in and out and around. We saw the Cow Temple, and the sacred calf having an uncommonly good time of it. Activity prevailed on all sides! We saw a pool of water, the filthiest possible, called Siva's sweat! It is never changed, and people were bathing in it! The bright sun, the cool air, the blue water of the Ganges, with the clear blue canopy above, made, it is true, a pleasing scene to the merely superficial observer, but to those who look below the surface how unspeakably sad! The view from the river disclosed really handsome architecture, varied carvings, delicate minarets belonging to Mohammedan mosques; and no two buildings were in the least alike. Just as we were passing the burning ghat we saw a great pile of

wood. The Rev. E. H. M. Waller pointed to two feet emerging at the bottom, and we perceived that the burning of a dead body was about to begin. It was soon in flames, very effectively done, and we left the bonfire blazing close by the water's edge. Certainly this may be called one of the sights of the world!

During this day we visited Miss Goetze's Orphan Girls' Home, with 170 inmates. Then we passed through a gateway and came at once upon the C.M.S. Normal School for girls. This is under Miss E. R. McNeile (who is a granddaughter of a former well-known Dean of Ripon). Here we found ninety girls under instruction. They are from widely different places, and are being trained to be teachers. There is now a great demand for female teachers, as the Government is taking up women's work. They pass from quite junior classes to the graduating class.

We also visited, of course, the C.M.S. High School known as Jay Narayan's, founded in 1813 by a Maharajah of that name, as an act of gratitude for curative help received from an Englishman. It is a beautiful and touching story. In an extant letter the Maharajah tells how, many years before, he had fallen ill and, leaving Calcutta, he came to reside at Benares and used every possible means known to Hindus to get well. He tried several European surgeons in vain. At length a Hindu, who had been very ill, procured some medicine and advice from a merchant, Mr. G. Wheatley, by which he obtained a cure. Mr. Wheatley subsequently gave the Maharajah a New Testament, and the Maharajah purchased from him a copy of the Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Wheatley recommended some simple medicines, but advised him above all that he should apply himself to God, praying that He would lead his mind into the truth and also grant him bodily healing. The Maharajah writes:—'I complied with his advice and obtained a perfect cure.' He goes on to say:—

When I asked him what I should do for the name of Jesus Christ, he suggested that I should found a school for the benefit of my countrymen for education in English, Bengali, Persian and Hindi. I raised a fund to supply Rs. 200 a month for the endowment of it. Afterwards Mr. Wheatley became the first schoolmaster. Mr. Wheatley's method was first to instruct my family in Christianity and pray with them, and then to teach the English language to the scholars who attended. He continually taught me that from joining in prayer and reading the Scriptures no loss of caste was involved, but piety would be increased.

The Maharajah goes on to tell how, shortly after, Mr. Wheatley died, and how he was led through various inquiries to one of the C.M.S. Reports. This Report determined him upon making the Calcutta C.M.S. Committee the trustees of his school. His house, which cost him Rs. 48,000 in building, was appropriated for a school-house, and so his desires of many years were duly accomplished. He made earnest request to the Society 'that they would send out men of learning, who may be able to satisfy the inquiries of the learned of this ancient city on subjects of science and history as well as of religion.' I have made these extracts from a letter over his signature dated August 12, 1818. I was much pleased with all I saw of the school (it was holiday time). I am delighted to know that it maintains so high a position, but I think that opportunities have been lost, and that this instead of the Hindu College of Mrs. Besant might have been the leading institution of Benares to-day. The school is of the bungalow type. There are fine long corridors, an excellent large hall, a good library and a science laboratory. There are also now new buildings for vernacular classes.

We passed from here to the Hindu College. It was once a Maharajah's palace. Everything is of course very magnificent and complete. It has an English Principal. Pure Hinduism is taught, and Hindu worship is daily rendered. The quadrangle where the students live is quite a sight. Lovely flowers and a beautiful lawn delight the eye. We visited the great hall and inspected Mrs. Besant's picture at the top. Mr. Waller looks upon this Hindu College as standing for one of the necessary phases of Hindu evolution towards something better. He maintains friendly relations in games, education matters, etc. Perhaps in consequence of this, there is a more kindly feeling in Benares towards the Jay Narayan School which has now 400 pupils, and the number is increasing. The Hindu College has about 800.

ALLAHABAD.

Agra, February 15.

We left Benares on February 5 (Saturday), and reached Allahabad soon after mid-day. A most kindly welcome awaited us from the Bishop of Lucknow and Mrs. Clifford in their hospitable home, situated in a sort of Cathedral Close with a beautiful though small Cathedral (small I mean in com-

parison with an English Cathedral) hard by. It was such a treat to drive into their garden with its handsome wide lawn in such good condition, its *parterres* of flowers, lovely roses, and wreaths of begonia. That garden was throughout our pleasant visit a great enjoyment. The Bishop received our entire party (of four) and his hospitality was of a very generous kind. On the eve almost of his departure and resignation it was the more kind of him and Mrs. Clifford to receive us.

We drove out in the afternoon to Muirabad. This is the Christian village (with a very nice Anglican church in its midst) which that good man, the late Sir William Muir, planted at Allahabad with Christian families from Agra after the Mutiny. We called upon the Rev. Hari Narain, the pastor, who was once a high-caste Brahman, and he told me with a bright face how the Rev. G. B. Durrant, one of the Secretaries of the Society at Salisbury Square, had prepared him for baptism. We also called on the ladies of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission (Z.B.M.M.), Miss Smith (sister of Mrs. Birney) and another, who do excellent work in a mission-school. Hard by their house is the beautiful Lady Muir Memorial Hall upon which no expense has been spared. This hall is used for all kinds of meetings and I shall have to record one of them presently.

Next day was Sunday. I preached in the morning in the village church of Muirabad, at noon at Trinity Church, Allahabad, and in the evening at six o'clock in the Cathedral. At the last named service the Bishop of Lucknow gave the Blessing. There was a large congregation. I met at supper at the Bishop's Mr. Sorabji, who had impressed me so much on Exeter Hall platform some years ago. He superintends the Cathedral Sunday-school, and it is hard to find anything in which he does not seem to take some leading part. He is now starting for England on the Indian student question.

Next in order comes the record of our visit to the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel. The Rev. W. E. S. Holland, the Warden, met us and we started at once for a walk round the corridors, and here and there we paused for a casual word with the men, some of whom showed us their cubicles. These are quite small, with the simplest accommodation for bed and table and chair. No attempt at luxury was to be seen. There is an evident independence of spirit among the men, and yet they seemed on excellent terms

with the Warden. Some incidents of our walk round revealed a little of the difficulty necessarily attending a work of this kind. Mr. Holland, for instance, quite inadvertently put his foot against a brass jar and so very nearly upset some caste arrangements, but happily it was not observed. Presently three men approached and passed on to their morning meal. Their manner was so distant that we called Mr. Holland's attention to it. He explained that they had just bathed and were now going to eat and were in mortal terror lest somehow our presence should defile them and necessitate another bath! The isolated kitchens into which they disappeared and which served as their breakfast room were not inviting. But here Mr. Holland showed his wisdom. They desire at present nothing more than this, and anything like a Common Room would break up the hostel. We saw fresh buildings going up, one of which is a central dining hall which I ventured to name 'the hall of vision,' as it is at present in advance of the demand. We then had a good talk over the work. He told me that for some twenty-six vacancies the other day he had over 200 applications.

I had an hour's talk in the forenoon with the Bishop of Lucknow. Among other things we spoke of the proposed College of Study. There is a strong feeling among younger missionaries that the ordinary missionary has not made a sufficient study of his surroundings in India. A more intelligent and sympathetic study and understanding of the great ancient philosophies and religions is most necessary. The idea of a College of Study was first started by Canon Westcott, of Cawnpore.* The idea is that there should be in one or more places of India (where men, both Indians and Europeans could go) those who are experts in the philosophies of India, who could prepare missionaries for a more wise and sympathetic contact with those among whom they will work. The Bishops of India have applied for a certain sum to be assigned from the unappropriated Pan-Anglican grant for this purpose.

There were some other interesting doings in Allahabad. The British and Foreign Bible Society through the Rev. T. S. Wynkoop arranged a very pleasant reception at the Bible and Tract House. I spent an interesting hour there and after tea spoke a few words to the assembled guests. I met Canon Nihal Singh, who enjoyed recalling the reminiscences

* Now Bishop of Lucknow.

of his English sojourn at the time of the C.M.S. Centenary. His stay with Prebendary Fox and his talks with Dr. Eugene Stock were evidently a bright memory.

Another interesting function was a Study Circle at Bishop's Lodge under the Bishop's own chairmanship. Several laymen, including a general and a Government inspector of schools and men in various other civil positions were present, and it was pleasant to see such men coming to study deep things with the clergy. The subject was, 'By Whom all things were made' (Nicene Creed). Mr. Waller opened. He approached it from the side of the Mohammedan objection to the idea of God having a Son, and also from the side of Hindu Pantheism. He said he had no clear ideas himself when he came out. He had cleared his views by the necessity of defining them in the light of these philosophies.

A Gleaners' Union meeting and social function combined was organized in the Lady Muir Memorial Hall on Tuesday afternoon, February 8, and I was chief speaker.

We left Bishop and Mrs. Clifford with a feeling of deep gratitude to them for a most delightful visit. Sir George and Lady Knox, who met us at dinner at the Bishop's on one of our evenings, had kindly offered hospitality to two of our party, but the Bishop would not divide us. Sir George, by the way, is a very staunch pillar of Trinity Church, and he is now one of the veteran members of the judicial profession left in India. He is a brother of the Bishop of Manchester, and, I need scarcely add, a warm friend and supporter of the C.M.S.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN INDIA—LUCKNOW, CAWNPORE, AGRA, DELHI AND
PESHAWAR.

Delhi, February 17, 1910.

WE travelled by night to Lucknow and reached my friend the Rev. A. J. Harvey's house, Zahur Baksh, in time for *choti hazri* on the morning of Ash Wednesday, February 9. This is an old Lucknow palace, now sub-divided and parcelled out to different missionaries, which the C.M.S. was able to buy for a song from Government after the Mutiny. It could not be so purchased to-day.

LUCKNOW.

My first visit in Lucknow was paid to the Isabella Thoburn Girls' College (American Methodist Episcopal). We drove from there to see some of the sites in connexion with the Relief of Lucknow. We saw the Martinière College which remains intact, but the Queen's Palace, Dilkoosha, where General Havelock died of his wounds and whither the women and children were brought after the Relief, is in ruins. We saw a pillar marking the spot where Havelock, who came out from the Residency, and Colin Campbell, heading the relief force, met. Close to this was Sikandra Bagh, a large enclosure behind high walls. We saw the corner where the British broke in and massacred 2,000 of the enemy. The grounds all about this neighbourhood have a park-like beauty and all is kept by Government in excellent condition. But the place of places to be visited in Lucknow was the Residency, where for three long months some 3,000 of our fellow-countrymen were at bay under terrible fire until the relief came. The enclosure is a mound—very little more than that—and it was amazing to think of its being held effectually and for so long a time. Several bits of ruin remain standing, and gracefully over them floats the dear old Union Jack. We could distinguish the upper room in which Sir

Henry Lawrence was killed by a shell early in the siege. We went down into a crypt, where the women and children spent those weary months. We saw the ruins of the church which had to be turned into a hospital. We saw the spot whence 'Bob the Nailer' fired his galling shot into our camp. We saw the famous Baillie Guard gate. We stood on the redan. Thirty feet (at the outside) was the height of the highest part of this Residency. We stood in the cemetery into which we were told no Indian is allowed to enter owing to some bad conduct in the past. We stood by Sir Henry Lawrence's grave and read the words composed by himself, 'Who tried to do his duty.' Graves of whole families, including many young girls and little children, were everywhere. All funerals had to be conducted (sometimes I suppose with the shortest service or with no service) in the dead of night. It was moving to the last degree to stand and imagine the harrowing scenes that must have been enacted here. By contrast, nothing can exceed the care that Government takes that all around shall now be restful and beautiful. Lovely green lawns, well watered, bougainvilleas, begonias, hibiscus, and other flowers and shrubs make the scene very sweet and pleasant, but the marble monuments here and there tell their tragic story of how there were 3,000 all told when the Mutiny began on July 1, 1857, and when the Relief was effected in September only 1,000 were left.

Leaving the Residency we drove to the Imambara, which was built in 1784 with the object of affording work in return for famine relief. The hall is filled with mirrors and chandeliers, and contains the throne of the king covered with beaten silver. Here is the model of the grave of Hussein made of gilded paper and renewed year by year. There is no particular interest attaching to this building, but there are some fine proportions and good conceptions in its architecture.

As I have said, this was Ash Wednesday, and having attended an early service in Hindustani in the morning we had the Communion Service in English at the C.M.S. Church in the compound at 6 p.m., and I gave an address. There was a very good congregation and I rejoiced in the opportunity. Mr. Harvey and his wife had some people in that evening, and we were thankful for talks with the Revs. E. H. M. Waller, J. C. Harrison, and S. R. and Mrs. Morse, and Mr. J. McIntosh, all C.M.S. missionaries, and with the Rev. and Mrs. H. Menzies (chaplain) whose father was a

missionary in Sierra Leone. We had also visits from some Indian friends, among whom must be specially mentioned Mr. Phillips, the Treasurer of the Native Church Fund. He has lived in Lucknow for over forty years.

A visit was paid on Thursday (February 10) to the High School for boys. It is the best in Lucknow. Mr. Morse is the Principal, and there is an Indian head-master. Here are some 400 boys, of course the great majority non-Christian. I addressed the school when assembling, and also spoke to the senior division in the Scripture hour. Much reconstruction is going on here, and all is being greatly improved.

On Friday (February 11) we paid a very interesting call upon the Rajah Sir Harnam Singh and Lady Singh. He is the only Protestant Rajah in India. There is also one Roman Catholic Rajah. Sir Harnam and his wife received us very cordially into their very pleasant and cultured home, and we exchanged many thoughts together. He and his family are interested in all evangelical work. His son was at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge. Sir Harnam Singh was a guest of Queen Victoria in 1887 and of King Edward at his Coronation. There was a missionary garden-party this same afternoon in the Chaplain's (Mr. Menzies) grounds and both the Judge, Mr. Chamier, and Sir Harnam with their ladies were present.

Let me not forget to mention among the last of the sights in Lucknow another Imbarara that we visited—the tomb of the first king of Oudh, the driving of whose successor from his kingdom seems to have caused the rebellion (not Mutiny) in Lucknow in 1857. It is highly decorated and stands in lovely grounds not far from Havelock and Colin Campbell's meeting place.

It remains for me to tell about an informal conference on evangelistic work which Mr. Harvey convened at his house for my advantage. Perhaps it will make for clearness if I merely sum up various opinions expressed by missionary workers who kindly came in to meet me. They said in effect that India wants the opportunity to express itself; that the whole unrest is a symptom of a desire to express itself in new conditions; that there is no sense of a personal God, and therefore no sense of sin; that the Indians are a very teachable people, it is always possible to get a hearing; that an Indian fellow-worker, who is spiritual and a conscientious

worker, is far better than an English fellow-worker; that one or two European evangelistic missionaries might be withdrawn with advantage if thereby the grant for catechists could be doubled; that if the South (Tinnevely) would send up a Tamil Mission to help the North it would be well received and do a lot of good; that an evangelist would like to be free on occasion to take all his agents to a given spot and help a mass movement, concentrating on one point. The question was asked 'What is at the back of the evangelist's mind in his approach to a non-Christian? Is he afraid to press him to come out, knowing that he would throw himself on the evangelist for employment?' Missionaries admitted there was something in this, and it was thought preferable in some cases to delay baptism, and wait for say a dozen inquirers and baptize them all together and so let them help one another.'

CAWNPORE.

We left Lucknow by the 9.25 a.m. train for Cawnpore *en route* for Agra. Canon Westcott most kindly met us at the station a little before noon on Saturday (February 12), and we drove up to his house. He was most kind. We breakfasted with him at the S.P.G. Mission-house and forthwith started on a visit to the workshops and the College. There are 120 students in the College, seven of whom are Christians. It is a feature of the moment that mission-colleges are popular with the peoples of this country, and we trust the reason is the right one.

We visited some grievously sad spots in Cawnpore. Many have written of the well, down which over 200—mostly women and children—were thrown by Nana Sahib's order, dying or dead, because he knew that relief was near at hand. We saw the spot on one side of the well where these were massacred, and on the other side of it the very tree on which General Neill hanged 200 men after compelling them to lick up the blood of the Europeans whom they had slain. The wonder lay in the fact that it was only a little more than fifty years since these awful things were done! Around the execution tree are planted spiky cactus plants. The peace that reigns around is unbroken by any noise, for the well is in the midst of beautiful, well-kept gardens. A sergeant (English) came to unlock for us the gate to the well. I said to him, 'Are you not afraid lest some act of desecration be

perpetrated some time or other here?' He said, 'Not while I am here, Sir!' And I am sure he meant it.

We passed on from here—a distance of two miles—to the Memorial Church, built in memory of the victims. The building is now used for military services. It is touching to read the inscriptions all around, names by the hundred everywhere, especially around the apse at the east end. We walked under Canon Westcott's guidance to the Battery Ghat where the great massacre took place just as, by permission of Nana Sahib, the British were entering the boats to get away. I think we were sickened with murder and treachery for one day, and we were glad to drive to the railway station and rest there awhile before our train should take us to Agra. It is well for us to reflect upon the cost of Empire! I have only seen fragments of India, but I am bound to say that the world being what it is, evidences are visible on all sides to show that in this (on our part) unsought bit of Empire the Government is of a most beneficent character. Recent experiences in China suggest that a short residence there would persuade many Indian malcontents that they are uncommonly well off. We reached Agra by 10.30 p.m., and were met by the Revs. J. P. Haythornthwaite and H. B. Durrant.

AGRA.

Sunday morning (February 13) came very soon, and by 8 a.m. I was starting for the Hindustani service in St. John's Church. There was an excellent congregation and I spoke by interpretation, the Rev. J. N. Mukand being my interpreter. I am afraid my sermon was long, but it comes over me again and again as I face these peoples, 'It is now or never! I shall never pass this way again!' After a fairly quiet Sunday I preached again in St. Paul's Church in English at 6 p.m., and we had a good congregation. This is a beautiful church and was set on foot by Sir Henry Lawrence amongst others.

On Monday morning (14th) we gave ourselves up to sight-seeing. We drove at 7.30 a.m. to the Taj Mahal. Many have written about this wonderful white marble building with its pure white dome and its four lovely minarets at the four corners, its beautiful setting of green provided by the park in which it stands, and the lacework of delicately carved marble in the central shrine. All this was done in

order to honour the last resting place of the body of his favourite wife by the Emperor Shah Jehan. This was about 1630 A.D. It is said that twenty thousand workmen were incessantly employed in this work for twenty-two years. It is a most impressive structure and repays repeated visits. The marvel is that such pure whiteness and such delicate tracery should be so perfect after over two centuries and a half.

We visited Agra fort the same morning. This was built by Akbar, who was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, and had a reign about equally long. This fort, or castle as it should be called, is a perfect Windsor Castle on a much extended scale. The fort has a circuit of over a mile. One of the gems inside is [the Pearl Mosque, added by Shah Jehan in 1648. It is said to be one of the purest and most elegant buildings of its class to be found anywhere. Then we came upon the Diwáni-Amm, the great Durbar Hall. Here Shah Jehan and his successors held their public audiences. Mr. Haythornthwaite described this congeries of palaces and mosques and halls, lighted up with thousands of electric lights, and otherwise adorned, when Lord Curzon entertained here the Ameer of Afghanistan some two years ago. It must have been a magnificent scene. In all parts of this vast pile successive Viceroys have reverently tried to restore what was actually necessary. Great taste and great expenditure are evident on all sides.

In the afternoon of this day we visited Sikandra, where the Rev. W. B. Collins has charge of the C.M.S. Boys' Orphanage, which is practically an industrial school. It was, I believe, from here that Sir William Muir transferred many families after the Mutiny to Muirabad near Allahabad. A church stands in the midst of the Society's property. The boys do excellent work with the most imperfect plant possible. It is the policy of the Mission to strengthen this industrial department very much indeed, and from all I could gather I have no doubt they are right. Such ministries are an essential part of missionary work, so long as caste rules ostracize converts to Christianity from Hinduism.

We found ourselves at Sikandra very close to Akbar's tomb, designed and built I believe by himself. This also stands within pleasant grounds which were used on this particular afternoon for a Sunday-school prize-giving at which (invited by Miss S. Bland) I officiated. It was in-

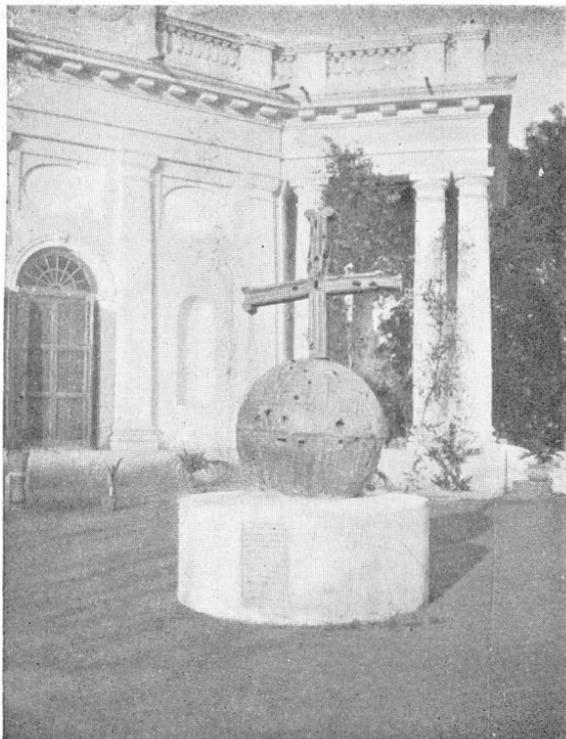
structive to see Christian life pulsating in Indian youths destined to build up something better than Akbar did on this spot. The Roman Catholics, who have their Archbishop in Agra now, have been here 300 years. Akbar, who was a liberal-minded man, tried to get a sort of amalgam of the three religions that strove for mastery at his court—Hinduism, Mohammedanism and Christianity—which latter, however, could only have been in Roman dress.

Next morning (February 15) I went to St. John's College. Very recently an excellent and quite necessary step has been taken there. Mr. Haythornthwaite's very success has been a cause of some embarrassment. There are now in all some 1,100 students, but owing to the inadequacy of the accommodation they are dreadfully scattered. One or two contingents are taught in hired buildings, one in the next street, and another two miles away! An important step was taken when the Rev. Norman H. Tubbs was transferred from Allahabad to manage the junior classes. For some time he had to wait for college class-rooms to be vacated before he could bring his boys into them, but it was soon recognized that this would not work, so they now have their classes simultaneously. I was much interested in all I saw this morning. First of all there was the calling over, and woe to the boy who was not inside the small classroom where the boys gathered in batches for that function; he lost his mark. Woe to the boy who disappeared round corners between calling over and class! Nothing is passed over, but the discipline is imposed in a spirit which the boys appreciate as just. After uniting with the boys in the opening prayers out of doors, I passed into a very fine college hall where the Principal reigns supreme, and gave an address to the college students as distinct from the school boys. I then made a circuit of the lectures being held for the students. And here also I realized that we have a big institution that has outgrown its clothes. It must have new ones. All were hoping for deliverance from their cramped condition and for room to grow by means of a plan recently sent home whereby the College will be transferred to the site adjoining the new Hostel for Hindu students, which will form one wing of it. This site is opposite to the Principal's house, and has a splendid piece of ground around it—an excellent position. The Rev. A. W.

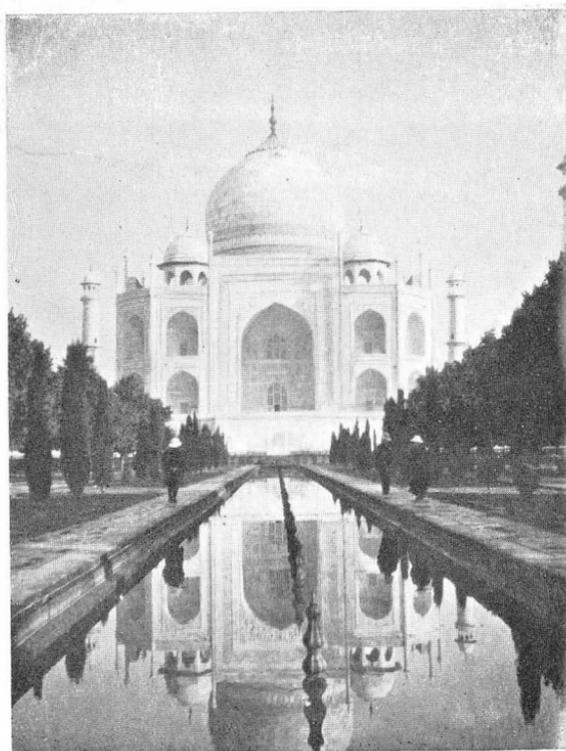
Davies, one of the missionaries on the College staff, came to the decision during my visit to give the C.M.S. £5,000 for this object. The Government will contribute largely, and I cannot express the joy that has come to Messrs. Tubbs and Waller, or the feeling of encouragement it gives to the Principal, to see this essential enlargement within such measurable distance of being realized. Truly it was a happy moment for our Agra visit.

I also visited Miss A. F. Wright's Victoria High School for girls. It was pleasant to meet one whom I knew as a child, the daughter of a former Honorary Secretary of the C.M.S. The building is really a splendid one. It is for the daughters of Christian families, and I was very much pleased with all I saw. I gave them a short address. Miss Wright and her colleagues are doing an excellent work, and she is not only a force in the school, she is also a force outside, for she as Hon. Sec. of the Allahabad C.M. Association organized a missionary meeting held the same afternoon in the Judge's grounds, at which Mr. Durrant and I spoke. Mr. L. Stahlschmidt, who is in charge of the modern or business side of the College work, is succeeding Miss Wright as Hon. Sec. of the Association during her furlough.

I have one more Agra experience to record. This was a motor drive next morning (February 16) to Fathipur Sikri, twenty-two miles away. The famous mosque and palace here are the Emperor Akbar's great work, built as a thankoffering for the birth of a son. It is an amazing pile! A Government rest-house within its walls, called the Dak bungalow, enabled us to get provender and rest. I suppose that in the complete tour on foot from quarter to quarter we must have walked quite a mile. Royal apartments, women's apartments, hall of audience, great mosque, the marble tomb of the holy man through whose intercession the birth of Akbar's son was believed to be due, bathing place, games' quadrangle, rapidly succeeded one another, and many were the pleasing surprises. The pathetic consideration is that although some 7,000 villagers squat round the pile and within the walls, no one inhabits these grand apartments. They are just a show place. We came across one inscription in Sanscrit which reads thus:—'King of kings, shadow of God, Muhammed Akbar the Emperor, on his return from conquering the kingdom of the South and Khandesh, came to Fathipur in the forty-sixth year of his



THE ORB AND CROSS AT DELHI.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

reign (1601 A.D.) and proceeded from thence to Agra.' On the opposite are these striking and self-condemnatory words:—'Jesus, on Whom be peace, said, "The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion"'!

En route from Delhi to Peshawar, February 19.

Two days' complete rest and change at Maiden's Hotel in Delhi, have quite refreshed us, and the policeman with his 'move on' has not seemed to be quite so near our elbows.

DELHI.

The story of Delhi is to the Briton largely the story of the Mutiny. Visits to the leading sites were a matter of course. A very few words will remind our friends of the scenes of September, 1857. We passed through the splendid halls, chambers and bath rooms of the kings and queens of Delhi, and saw the steps by which they made their escape when our attack was successful. One magnificent hall was the scene of a ball given in honour of King Edward's visit to India as Prince of Wales. We drove along the celebrated Ridge occupied by the British troops for so long, and passed Hindu Rao's house around which the battle raged so fiercely, and inspected the monument erected in memory of those who fell.

We visited Delhi's great mosque, the Jama Masjid, which is well placed above some forty steps. The two great minarets and its noble square, sometimes filled with 10,000 worshippers, are the main features of this great mosque. We saw, I hope with sufficient interest, various relics of Mohammed, including one single red hair of the prophet's beard under a glass case. We visited John Nicholson's monument—a strong face and form, as well it might be. He was killed in the hour of victory in a narrow street of Delhi; we saw the spot. We visited the Kashmir Gate through which the British made a successful rush. And we came at once on St. James's Church, a rotunda-looking building built by Colonel Skinner, and at the time of the Mutiny occupied by the mutineers. In the well-kept churchyard is the brass globe with a cross surmounting it, made into a monument; this stood at the top of the church and was

riddled with bullets which the mutineers amused themselves by putting into it. I saw no bullets in the cross. The church within is very quiet and restful. There are many touching monuments here. One text was especially *à propos* :— 'The Heathen are come into Thine inheritance—Thy holy temple have they defiled,' etc. No one would dream now that this place had been so defiled! A little farther on, by the roadside, was a monument to nine resolute Englishmen, under Lieut. Willoughby, who blew up a magazine rather than give it up to the enemy, killing five of themselves and many of the enemy. How sad and yet how great these memories are! Let them remind soldiers of the Cross that we serve our Master in a land that has witnessed bravery for our earthly sovereign of no common order.

By an unfortunate misunderstanding, we saw but little either of the Cambridge-Delhi mission or missionaries. The leaders were away, and one or two who were in residence were, we can well believe, more than busy. But we did call.

We are, as I write, gradually ascending towards Peshawar. We effected a junction with the Rev. P. Ireland Jones, the Secretary of the C.M.S. Punjab and Sindh Mission, at Lahore at 7 o'clock this morning (February 19), after we had spent a night in the train from Delhi. He has been delightfully interesting. Crossing the Chenab a little while since he told us that Government had converted 12,000 square miles of waste land by means of irrigation from this one river. It is now a great wheat growing region, and has in four years' time repaid the expenditure of half a million sterling spent upon the construction of canals, etc. Who shall say our Government is no good? We have come in sight of the Himalayan slopes, and great snow fields are open to our view under the sunshine. We had tea at Rawal Pindi, which Lord Kitchener has made into a great military centre. We saw extensive manœuvres going on. We also saw some Pathan games and a great crowd looking on. We are in what is to us a new India, [and we are greatly interested. Surely these Afghans on the railway station platform are of Jewish origin! There can be no doubt about it. The air is very cold and the weather delightful. The scenery constantly changes. We are due at Peshawar at 8.15 p.m. and we seem to be up to time.

PESHAWAR.

In the train from Peshawar to Lahore, February 23.

The story of the Peshawar visit has now to be told. Dr. Arthur Lankester, having occasion to come down the line to see a sick case, joined our train and gave us a foretaste of Peshawar. Sunday (February 20), was an active day. It was decided to make it as far as possible a quiet day for workers who had come from Bannu, Dera Ismail Khan and elsewhere, so I was four times in evidence. We had early Communion at the C.M.S. church in the city, at which I gave an address and celebrated. A word must be said about the church. It is built after the style of a mosque, but the dome is of course surmounted by a cross. The sight of that cross in such surroundings was a distinct relief, for we felt ourselves to be in an Asiatic city. Afghans and tribesmen of the frontier were everywhere. Camels, donkeys and buffaloes jostled one another. Here and there a woman might be seen closely veiled, and all was most 'barbaresque.' Inside this well-placed church, built in the Rev. T. P. Hughes's time, all was reverent and restful. Great care has been expended upon its fittings. Carved woods, after the style of the country, 'made a good finish' here and there. Women still sit behind the purdah; unless this were allowed few of them would be permitted by their people to attend. In this church the 8 a.m. service was in English; at 10.30 I preached to an Indian congregation, Dr. Lankester interpreting: at 3 p.m. I conducted a quiet hour for workers; and at 6.30 I preached in the cantonment church, the chaplain of which is the Rev. H. W. F. Fagan.

Monday morning (February 21) found me at the little chapel attached to the mission house, giving a sort of opening address for the sessions of the District Council. Close to this house is the Edwardes College, of which the new buildings were opened only last month. It is well built, suitable to the country, and well proportioned. Every detail is well thought out. Nothing is wasted on ornament, and yet it is very comely. Twenty students are already there, and great are the hopes that it will not only meet an urgent need, but keep out a rival Mohammedan college which is threatened. Passing from there we visited the boys' high school. Here in an historic build-

ing, in which once Afghan Governors from Cabul resided, I found 345 boys of all ages assembled for roll call and morning prayer. Mr. C. F. Hall is the Principal of the school, and the very sight of all those strangely-clad sons of the North-West Frontier made one sure that his was no easy task. I spoke a few words to them, and shortly afterwards saw them in their several class-rooms. This school should be a good and reliable feeder to our new college.

We passed on to Dr. A. C. Lankester's medical mission. We were in time for the out-patients' service, which the doctor conducted himself. His address was a model of directness, fervour and brevity, for, as he says, it does not do to make them impatient. Of course it was in Pushtu, but somehow I did not feel 'out of it.' There must have been one hundred or more fine stalwart men, Pathans, but no women. They had come in mostly from beyond the mountain frontier, and they would go back, none without a Gospel leaflet and some of them cured. Drs. Lankester and R. J. H. Cox had their work cut out for them that morning, but like other busy people the former had time to show us several things. Passing by many beds with the names of English and Irish parishes over them, we learnt the careful system by which he keeps touch with cot supporters, sending to them every half year the names of those who occupy the cot. I learnt that for half an hour daily, from 9.30 to 10 a.m., the whole of the staff withdraw from their duties, to apply themselves to the Word of God and to prayer. This is the first instance I have come across of such a practice. Does it arise from the fact that (which is unhappily not the case in all hospitals) the whole staff is Christian? Dr. Lankester will not have any others. Passing into the operating room, I learnt that all of its bright up-to-date fittings were the gift of Prebendary Fox. The position of this medical mission is altogether admirable. Within six acres are grouped the various hospital buildings, and—on a higher elevation but quite close—the bungalows of the European staff. In the centre and crowning all is a huge tomb—quite three centuries old. Ascending by many steps, a platform is reached immediately under a spacious dome, whence an uninterrupted view can be had northward and southward and eastward and westward. By

the aid of the glass, Jamrud Fort on the actual frontier was made out. Behind lower foothills we saw great snow peaks in the dim distance, while around us, next at hand, there was beautiful sub-tropical bloom.

Dr. Lankester had a striking story to tell about the way in which this excellent property had come into C.M.S. possession. Several letters to the Government authority had either been met by a *non possumus* or by a promise that 'the matter shall have due consideration,' until, shortly after General Sir Edmund Barrow came, Dr. Lankester decided on another sort of approach. He wrote a personal note to the General, whom he had met once or twice; and said this: 'On any day, at any hour, I will show you the site I want, and get you back to Government House punctually in exactly twenty minutes.' An answer came, 'I am very busy, but if you will keep time I agree.' The result of this personal inspection of a piece of ground, which had gone to waste and was the depository of rubbish, was that the Governor reopened the whole question which the Cantonment Committee had closed, and after some hard fighting against severe odds Dr. Lankester gained his case. There is no one who does not now rejoice in his success. This was only four years ago. Imagine the delighted interest with which he discovered in the Log Book of the Mission the other day, after all the buildings were completed, these words:—'February 12, 1855. It was agreed that the best site for the mission-station was the ground near the large tomb outside the Lakri Mandi Darzawa and known as Synd Khan Ka-burg. The military authorities would not sanction the occupation of this site but recommended the Mackeson estate.' Perhaps some people prayed about this, and lo! after fifty years it came to pass.

On the same day we lunched with Miss A. J. Dawson, Dr. Mary Townsend and Dr. Marian Mayfield, of the C.E.Z.M.S. It was pleasant to remember that I had been chairman at Guildford of a meeting at which Miss Dawson spoke. She is now, alas! a great sufferer. It was also pleasant to be reminded that Miss Townsend is niece to one of the pioneer C.M.S. missionaries of that name to the Yoruba Country. She comes from Exeter. These ladies have an excellent hospital for women in the heart of the city. Near their house—which is also historic—my attention was called to a very insignificant building over which was

written in English and the language of the country these words: 'Society for the Propagation of Islam. *Any one who desires to adopt the Mohammedanism can be embraced here*'!

Another important engagement of this busy day was a three hours' session of the Peshawar District Council. I gladly attended by invitation. Then at 5 p.m. came tea in the garden to meet workers in the Mission, both English and Indian.

At six o'clock we went in to the Rev. M. E. Wigram's little chapel, and he conducted a missionary meeting at which Indians gave some account of their work. One striking story I will record. Our Pathan clergyman of Peshawar told us of an interesting incident connected with Jamrud Fort. Two Christians there—of the sweeper caste from Clarkabad Christian village—came to him two years ago and asked for spiritual help. Then one or two others—weak Christians—were brought out, and others became Christians. The Bishop of Lahore had just confirmed as a result ten men and one woman, and the life and testimony of these despised Christian sweepers had drawn a Brahman, a mullah and a Mohammedan of good family to become inquirers. Of our visit to these people I shall presently tell.

KHYBER PASS.

And now I must tell of our picnic in the Khyber Pass! It sounds sufficiently sensational, and it was as sensational as it sounds. Dr. Lankester thought it would never do for us to come to Peshawar without going up the Khyber. So he spared us the Tuesday (February 22). We had three tumtums or tongas, which are two-wheeled dogcarts with seats front and back. Our journey going and returning covered forty miles. Only on certain days in the week is a visit to the Khyber possible. Tuesday was one of these days, on which the wild tribesmen themselves guarantee to the British Government that order shall be preserved in the Pass and no looting permitted. On these days therefore a caravan for Cabul leaves Jamrud caravanserai in time to get through the Pass to Landi Khotal before dark, and a caravan also reaches Jamrud from Landi Khotal and Afghanistan. We timed our journey so as to overtake the one caravan and meet the other. The sight beggars description. Reaching the frontier we found

it was necessary to show our order from the Government on which each of our names was entered, and we had each to sign and say how far our permit allowed us to go. The extraordinary thing was that we saw the Indians everywhere and the English officer nowhere. At every point one realized that danger was around. Blockhouses, watch towers, walled villages came into view. Jamrud itself is not unlike a modern turret ship daubed with mud all over. I think the outgoing caravan was a mile in length. Such strange, sometimes fine, looking people! Great loads of merchandise were being carried. Our terminus was Ali Musjid, where the Pass begins to narrow a good deal. We had no sooner squatted for lunch than the down-coming caravan began to arrive. Dr. Lankester happened to recognize a political officer who was passing, and obtained permission for us to drive after lunch half a mile farther to a spot where the Pass is at its narrowest and most dangerous point. A non-commissioned officer (Indian) at the sentry box on the road offered to sit in our tonga to secure our safety. When he finally alighted Dr. Lankester offered him a rupee, but it was courteously yet decisively refused.

All that we saw made us very proud of our British way of dealing with these tribes. It is as follows. The Afridis and other tribes agree to guard the Pass for caravans on certain days, and also to furnish a certain number of men for the Khyber rifles (a fine body of men whom we saw march past), and in return their villages receive a subsidy from Government. It works well.

On our return to Jamrud the 'sweepers' were waiting for us at the caravanserai door. We saw before us a huge square in which the incoming caravan would squat for the night. Just off the square lived its custodians in a sort of court. The Christians had a little room which was laid with country cloth in which we all gathered for prayer, and a talk from me. This was their little church. I was deeply interested, and spoke with feeling about the missionary who said that, 'God Who began a good work would finish it unto the day of Jesus Christ,' and I begged them, living as they did on such a road, to keep the road for Christ until it became, instead of a highway of robbers, a highway of holiness.

We returned to Peshawar in time for the closing session of the District Council, which proved to be unusually interesting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN INDIA—LAHORE, AMRITSAR, TARN TARAN AND BATALA.

Lahore, February 26, 1910.

WE reached this important capital city of the Punjab on Wednesday evening, February 23, from Peshawar.

After refreshing rest we sallied forth on Thursday morning to visit colleges and schools. The Forman College, of the American Presbyterian Mission, came first. It was a great pleasure to address the students for nigh half an hour in English, and also to feel that I was understood. It was in a capital auditorium, and the fine, manly tone of the Rev. Dr. Ewing, the Principal, as he opened with the usual morning prayer and as he addressed his 400 young men, greatly pleased me. These men are drawn from all parts, and are mostly non-Christians. They get very plain speaking, but so long as their religion is not attacked they resent nothing.

We passed from here to the Government Training College, where 200 men a year are turned out to staff the Government schools in this part of India. There are some 900 boys in the schools attached to this college, and these we saw also in their different class rooms. Several things immensely pleased me. First of all the Principal (Mr. Knowlton) and the Vice-Principal are thoughtful Christian men, who also serve the C.M.S. by being on our Corresponding Committee here. Then again I noticed that the different class rooms had mottoes very prominently placed thus: 'Serve God,' 'Let your first thoughts and your last thoughts each day be of God,' 'Evil beginnings make bad endings,' 'Waste not, want not.' These sayings may leave much to be desired, but it was a comfort to find this much about religion in a Government school. Mr. Knowlton said Government do not wish to exclude religion but only theology from their schools. Happy the school where the *personnel* is Christian! The building is immense. There are two grades, secondary and primary, and two sets of hostels for the two grades, and

all is in keeping with the sort of life and work to which the men will go forth.

Passing on from there we visited a girls' school (Government) in the city. There Miss Bhoze, a very gifted Christian lady (Indian), has under her care 900 girls. The building is a massive and characteristically Indian one. Very picturesque scenes presented themselves as one looked round the raised floors opening out upon the grand staircase, girls with costumes of all colours sitting round their teachers. Happy they who first trained Miss Bhoze! And—pleasant to relate—the two elderly ladies who were her teachers are at this moment her guests from England in this interesting old house. We ascended the roof, where many of the girls sleep in the hot weather, and whence we obtained a magnificent view of this fine city and far beyond. It seems almost incredible that only two or three years ago the city had to be seized by the military authorities and certain men were deported for sedition, and that the English residents were under warning to flee to an arranged place of safety!

This day was to me a memorable anniversary. On February 24, 1883, I was consecrated Bishop of Sierra Leone in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. How I thank God and take courage, and how earnestly I pray that our Lord will send a faithful and strong chief pastor to that diocese!

CLARKABAD.

Yesterday (February 25) we went by train to Clarkabad. How shall I describe this place? It is a Christian village under the general management of Mr. H. E. Clark, son of the late Rev. Robert Clark, after whom the village is called, and under the spiritual care of the Rev. C. M. Gough. These brethren met us at Ganieki railway station, and took us straight to the ladies' house. Miss M. L. H. Warner (formerly of the C.M.S. Niger Mission) and Miss A. H. McCubbin (C.E.Z.M.S.) laid themselves out to be hospitable and kind. This village system interested me much. Clarkabad is not only a Christian village, but it is the district centre for 7,000 other villages. Within the larger and smaller villages which form Clarkabad, there are very many families who rent houses and land from the C.M.S. Their system of selling their fruit as soon as it comes into blossom, the purchaser taking charge of the trees, keeping birds and other robbers away night and day, and then picking and carrying

it away, was most amusing, as we heard it described. Mr. Clark told us that all payments of rent and other dues are in kind, and that he has to seal, as it were, the corn piled up on the land as the reaper leaves it and deport it and turn it into money. The village has had its serious troubles—not to say rebellion—when its inhabitants struck because their groundless claim to freehold rights in the houses they occupied could not be recognized, but now all is quiet. Village schools for boys and girls are flourishing. Industrial work, also for boys and girls, is provided and succeeds. The village is a 'going concern,' but it means considerable office work. Mr. Daud Singh, son of the late Indian pastor, told me he had thirty-five books to keep written up! They had a mission there lately, and very deep spiritual work was done. It seems to me that, provided the right administrators are forthcoming, this village system is admirable in a caste and non-Christian country like India, where Christian people can grow up together, make their mistakes together, and overcome them together. They have a most primitive system of Church discipline. The thing desiderated by our Communion Service exists here, and we saw the palings in the church which divide off the folk under discipline, and I even saw an excommunicate grave! Walking round with Mr. Clark, I came upon a pathetic scene! Some Christians were filling in a grave in which the body of a plague-stricken relative had just been buried! I paused to speak a word of comfort to them from the Gospel story, and also offered up a short prayer that the Lord would go with them as they turned away from the grave.

LAHORE.

Amritsar, March 2.

We lunched on Saturday (February 26) with the Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Wood. He is the Vice-Principal of the Lahore Divinity School, and I had some useful conversation with him. After tea with the Rev. and Mrs. Edmund F. E. Wigram and a drive, I found myself at a Union prayer-meeting, held every Saturday night, presided over by the Rev. D. J. Fleming, Vice-Principal of Forman College. Both Mr. Burrows and I spoke a few words between the times of intercession. It was good to be there.

Sunday (February 27), gave me three opportunities. I celebrated in the Divinity College Chapel together with Mr.

Wigram; I preached (he interpreting me) at the C.M.S. Church (Trinity); and I also preached in Lahore Cathedral at six o'clock in the evening.

Before passing on to Amritsar there are two or three more points about the Lahore visit that call for more or less full mention. I had the pleasure of meeting our C.M.S. Missionary, Mr. S. E. Stokes ('Brother Stokes'). Mr. Western of the Cambridge-Delhi Mission has recently joined his Brotherhood, and so has Mr. Branch, trained at Islington College. These three came to breakfast with us in Lahore. Two days before, they had been formally admitted to the 'Order of the Imitation' by the Bishop of Lahore in his Cathedral. I had half an hour's talk with these brothers, and also prayer with them before breakfast. They were anxious to show me their rules. They explained that these rules are so drawn up as to prevent a man becoming a full brother until he has had a couple of years' trial, and also from withdrawal without a full year's notice as to such intention. They live on five rupees each per month, but they gratefully accept native hospitality when offered them.

I should like to mention next an incident that greatly pleased me in connexion with the Forman College, to which allusion has been made. Mr. Fleming, the Vice-Principal, is, like his chief, a devoted Christian. He believes in social service, and that *doing* leads to *being*, on the principle that 'if any man wills to do God's will he shall know of the doctrine.' He has a large non-Christian element in the College to deal with, and his influence among the young men is great. He impresses on them the duty of doing something day by day to help others. He has, for instance, a few who visit hospitals and write postcards for the sick patients. He tells them to make it their business to inquire about the sanitation of their villages, find out what has been done and what requires to be done, and I am told that there is a splendid spirit of altruism growing up as a result.

I must not close my account of Lahore without mentioning that I proceeded straight on arrival at Lahore at 10 p.m. by the Bishop's own invitation to call upon him. I found him unusually tired after a long and trying day; but he waited up on purpose to see me, and after a little talk he took me into his chapel, and with some others we had evening prayers.

ASRAPUR.

We visited Asrapur (Abode of Hope) *en route* to Amritsar, Mr. Wigram accompanying us. This is a village centre which the late Rev. H. E. Perkins planted twenty years ago. Some sixty Christians live together to strengthen one another's hands. Miss Bhoose, an Indian lady, carries on an excellent little medical mission which is aided by the C.E.Z.M.S., and the Indian pastor, who greatly interested us, not only told us the story of Asrapur, but described the methods by which it seeks to distribute light and love amongst the 120 villages which lie immediately around. Some five or six years ago he conceived the idea of inviting people from the surrounding villages to a sort of annual convention at this place. It takes a good six weeks of quiet organization each year to carry this out, but it repays effort. Some 800 people usually attend. They sit down (mostly men) for two whole days. If women come, Miss Bhoose lodges them. The method adopted is for each one to contribute what he knows and values in spiritual things, but controversy as such is avoided. Each one speaks out with perfect freedom his own convictions, and there it is left. The pastor in return is now receiving invitations to other villages, to which he thus comes, not as an intruder, but as a guest. I should mention that friends enable the pastor to feed these people and lodge them for the two days. It only costs some Rs. 60, as the lodging is a simple matter. It can be imagined what a powerful influence this little village of Asrapur must be. It is the first purely Indian work I have seen. Miss Bhoose is quite splendid. She and her sister in Lahore (to whom allusion has been made above *) are excellent illustrations of what Indian Christian women can be and do. She was telling us how, recently, friends came together to celebrate the starting of this work by Mr. Perkins. It was instructive to listen to one and another recalling Mr. Perkins's influence on their minds. One said, 'The thing that made me take my first step into Christianity was when I saw Mr. Perkins sitting down on the ground selling Christian literature for one or two pice.' Another said, 'The thing that touched me first was when going out for walks with us he stopped sometimes and prayed'! How unconscious to ourselves is our personal influence! We spent a delightful four or five hours

* See page 189.

with these excellent people. Miss Bhoose lives in Mr. and Mrs. Perkins's old house.

We reached Amritsar (pool of immortality) on Monday evening (February 28). The Rev. D. J. McKenzie and Dr. A. Jukes met us at the station, and we were soon at the Church Mission House and received a delightful hospitality from Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie. We had been warned against Amritsar houses because of the dampness arising from the ground. It appears that the whole of this plain is affected, and that Government is intending to make some attempt to deal with the situation. Nothing has been really right since the floods some little time ago. Water is reached some three feet from the surface. Some say the canal system is responsible for it. Unless something is done, this beautiful and wooded district will become uninhabitable. This is a place of many memories, and Robert Clark is perhaps the most fragrant of them all.

TARN TARAN.

We spent a most delightful day yesterday (March 1) at Tarn Taran with the Rev. and Mrs. E. Guilford. They had laid themselves out to be kind, and music, lyrics, tea and a deputation from the town followed one another in swift succession. Flags were along the road near the mission-house by arrangement of the town authorities, and one saw that the whole place knew that it was being visited!

We drove out to see the Leper Village, as I could not help calling it. It is a more appropriate name than 'Asylum,' as the place with its regular roadways, lined with trees and flowers, its houses in line and yet separated for purposes of ventilation, with the church in the centre of all things, suggests a village. I gave three addresses, one to the 210 lepers, another after the presentation of an address by the town magnates, and a third to the marvellous crowd dressed in literally all colours and styles that made the lawn look most picturesque at tea-time. Turning to other matters, Mr. Guilford says he would like to persuade Government to try a Christian regiment. He believes that such a step would bring out the dependableness of the Christian Indian. He ridicules the idea of there being a National Movement afoot. He says it would be truer to say that several nations in India are in keen competition as to who will be top dog. He told us that he arrested the glib tongue of a mob orator the

other day thus,—Mr. Guilford asked him if he really wanted to drive out the British and if he realized what would immediately happen? He replied that he had no intention of going so far as that, and indeed he had not thought so far ahead. But, said Mr. Guilford, 'I have, and if you persuade the people you will find you have set on foot a movement against us that you will not be able to stop and the British may have to leave, but what will happen? The Ameer of Afghanistan will come down here, all the Mohammedans will accept his lead, and they will eat all you Sikhs up before breakfast.' Mr. Guilford says it is possible to get many a wise word in thus here and there, and it does good.

AMRITSAR.

Amritsar has as yet been only partially visited by us. We met Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Browne, and we have seen their hospital. Never have I seen such warm affection as Dr. Browne seems to inspire in his patients. The people do respond to sympathy and affection. We have been to the C.M.S. Alexandra School for Christian girls, and lunched with the ladies—Miss M. J. Price, Miss L. G. Howard, and Miss A. W. Elwin (sister to the late Bishop of Sierra Leone). This is a splendid building, and of the same type as the Victoria High School at Agra. It is possible sometimes to measure progress through the knowledge of a little local history. Dr. Browne told us the other night that in the old days before the Punjab was annexed it was a very solemn thing for an inhabitant to go to Lahore: he always made his will beforehand, and there was a sad farewell taken as of one going to die, and whenever citizens were so happy as to return safely the rejoicings were great indeed. Now a girl can go and return in safety by train in the day! We had much conversation on the beneficence of British rule also.

In the train for Meerut, March 5.

Looking back upon the Amritsar visit there are some other incidents that claim notice. Excellent institutions are at work there. The high school for boys in the city has a fine opportunity for influencing character, and I was especially glad to find a hostel for young men in connexion with that school, over which the Rev. C. L. Richards (son of the Rev. Dr. W. J. Richards of the C.M.S. Travancore Mission) presides. I visited that hostel and was very

much pleased. The Girls' Middle School under Miss M. E. Jackson (C.E.Z.M.S.) is doing a good work. All the pupils are Christians, and Miss Jackson inherits a splendidly organized work built up by Mrs. G. T. M. Grime, now at Kotgur.

BATALA.

We visited Batala on Friday, March 4, and were the guests of the Rev. and Mrs. F. Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. T. Tyndale-Biscoe respectively, for we divided our party between them. Mrs. Ingham and I were with the former. Memories of Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) were everywhere. Immediately we drove away from the station we saw in large letters 'A.L.O.E. Hostel for Boys.' This hostel was most primitive in appearance, but supplied all that was needed, viz., shelter and care for boys attending the High School which she had started in the town of Batala. We visited that school. Miss Tucker named it 'The Plough' and a picture of a plough is its sign. We found it a busy hive of industry. The head-master is a Christian, but out of some 400 boys the vast majority are non-Christian, and, alas! as yet only very few of the masters are on our side. No doubt good breaking of hard soil is done here. Batala has some 30,000 inhabitants, and about eight are actually dying of plague daily! The head-master fears he may have to close the school for a short time.

Close by this school is the Batala C.M.S. church. Here Miss Tucker worshipped, and here we saw her mural tablet, which states that she was the first English missionary to reside in Batala; this place had previously been an out-station of Amritsar and was visited from there. Mr. Lawrence showed me a map which he had drawn showing how remarkably Batala stood in the midst of a great village system representing 300,000 people. While on one side of Batala it may be said that there has been pretty fair evangelization, on the other side nothing whatever has been done.

We visited the Baring High School, which is housed in an old palace. Here reigns Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, brother of the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, C.M.S. missionary in Kashmir. He has some sixty Christian boarders and a few day boys. The old palace has a capital roof from which on clear days there is a fine view of the snow-capped Himalayas. The horizon was misty, but we could decipher some of the great snow-fields. The feature of special interest at the Baring High

School is the school chapel. This was the work of the Rev. Egerton Corfield, now Organizing Secretary for the Diocese of Ely, and it reflects immense credit on him. I was delighted with this chapel. It is just the sort of place around which a schoolboy could weave hallowed associations.

We passed on from the High School to see the ladies' quarters (C.E.Z.M.S.) hard by. Here we found the very rooms that Miss Tucker had built for herself, and where she sat and worked and prayed and wrote. Very close by we found ourselves standing by the grave of this gifted and devoted woman. The inscription is touchingly simple. It records just the name, term of service (seventeen years), and then the words, 'A missionary of Jesus Christ.' The Lieutenant-Governor's wife had that afternoon visited the simple grave in a motor, and one felt glad that as many as possible should know of and honour such a worker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had arranged for a tea-party on their pretty lawn, and a subsequent address from me. Their house has been playfully called the 'Hampton Court' of the district, but here again the Society possesses an old property that was acquired 'for a song.' Mr. Lawrence told us that it cost about as much as it would now take to build a stone wall round it. The Rev. Dr. H. U. Weitbrecht adapted it to missionary uses, and no doubt added considerably to it. The lawn was by this time in good shade, and a pleasant hour was spent in converse with lady workers, among whom I was glad to find Miss Sherwood, sister of the head-master of St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, and other ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S. There were also a good number of Indians, including the Indian pastor of Batala, the Rev. Paras Nath, who lost wife and children in the Kangra earthquake, and was in it himself. It was surely no mere fancy of mine that he had a scared look! I gave my talk by interpretation, and when our host Mr. McKenzie (who was with us) had offered prayer, it was time for us to go to our train for Amritsar.

We left Amritsar this morning (March 5) for Meerut, where we were to spend our last Sunday in India. It was a thirteen hours' journey, and we enjoyed the more our cordial welcome from the Rev. and Mrs. J. A. F. Warren at 9.30 p.m.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN INDIA—MEERUT, NASIK AND BOMBAY.

MEERUT.

En route to Nasik, March, 7, 1910.

SUNDAY (March 6) dawned on us all too soon, and it was necessarily, I suppose, for me, an unrestful day. I found a large Indian congregation at 8.30 a.m. in the C.M.S. church hard by. Mr. Warren had got as many as possible together. There was also Holy Communion, and many communicated. I gave a rather long interpreted address.

Relays of workers were coming in, some to *tiffin* and some to afternoon tea, and I felt scarcely ready when (by 6.30) I had to preach at the Station Church—the very one in which the soldiers were at church unarmed on Sunday, May 10, 1857, when the mutineers took their opportunity, and the Indian Mutiny began. This is one of the five or six chief military cantonments of India, and troops now attend this church fully armed and with nine or ten rounds of cartridges to each man!

Mr. and Mrs. Warren were very thoughtful for us, but as we could only spare the Sunday I saw little. Mrs. Warren showed me her indeed fast growing Christian girls' boarding-school, but it was impossible to see Mr. Warren's High School of 400 boys in the city nor the hostel work in connexion with it. On Sunday night we had to sleep in a railway carriage which was drawn up at a siding, and which on Monday morning began its long journey to Bombay. We slept as well as circumstances would permit.

Indian Ocean, March 13.

The last four or five days in India partook, I am afraid, of the nature of a spurt, and it has been literally impossible to find opportunity for recalling events till now. Thirty-nine hours in the train between Meerut and Nasik in Western India must be left largely to the imagination. The fact that we were sole occupants of a compartment, on bad springs, however, made the journey very

much more tolerable to Mrs. Ingham and myself. Mr. Burrows and Mr. Sheldon were equally fortunate. At Manmad Junction we had to change trains for Nasik. We met on the platform the Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Ison. It was kind of them to meet us for a few minutes. Miss L. Wood of Aurungabad also met us and travelled with us to Nasik.

NASIK.

The Rev. W. Wyatt, who is in temporary charge of our Christian village of Sharanpur (House of Refuge), met us at Nasik, and we drove thither, a journey of six miles, through considerable heat at noontide. We managed to put a good deal into the afternoon (March 8). Under Miss C. B. Hiller (the lady superintendent) and Mr. Wyatt, we saw the schools before they had broken up for the day, and very excellent they were. We inspected useful industries for the boys of the village, such as printing press, carpentry, etc., and mineral water manufacture. We learnt with pleasure that the neighbourhood is largely supplied with what it needs by the work of these boys. We liked the little church very much. We learnt from Miss Hiller that she was hoping soon to introduce some weaving industries for the girls.

But the ordinary reader will be asking, what about this village, and what is its history? The answer takes us back to the East African Slave Trade and to the Rev. W. Salter Price. African boys who had been rescued from slave dhows by British ships in the Indian Ocean and landed in Bombay, were brought here in 1860, and this gave the village its name. From here Dr. Livingstone obtained his 'Nasik boys' to accompany him on his last great journey. But Africans have long since ceased to come here. The village, however, still remains. Christian orphans and other friendless Christian children are taken in from different parts of India, and steps are being taken to recover possession of lands which have been let to local farmers, in the working of which it is thought the boys could easily make their village self-supporting. It is an eligible spot, part of a huge tableland 1,900 feet above the sea level, and the 200 boys and girls live a happy and useful life here. It was gratifying to be told that Nasik boys do very well when sent out to situations on the railway and elsewhere, and they have earned a good name. They had organized quite a *tamasha* (show) for us, and after a walk through the village (after tea) we came at

6 p.m. into their largest hall to be fêted. Garlands were brought by the boys and thrown over us, bouquets were given us, betel nuts were placed in our hands and sprays of perfume waved over us. This was followed by music, choruses and recitations. Finally an address of welcome was presented to me, and I had to make my reply, which I did with the aid of one of the Indian pastors.

Next morning (March 9) at seven o'clock we said good-bye and drove off in a little victoria, very kindly lent, to the Nasik station *en route* for Bombay. How delicious the air was! A long shady road led almost up to the railway. These gracious banyan trees planted with such careful regularity are only one more evidence (seen everywhere) that the Government think for the people in ways that probably would not occur to themselves.

I must not quite leave the village of Sharanpur without at length mentioning what has been constantly on my mind to record, viz., the immense indebtedness of missionaries in all places I have visited to Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, for their seed consignments. There is one chorus of gratitude everywhere for their greatly appreciated annual gifts, which, over and above the pleasure afforded, are also of great value for the maintenance of health.

Nasik itself was a mile and a half away, and I could not get time to visit it. Alas! we do nothing to evangelize it. The late Dean Farrar's father was stationed there, but this is only one instance of depletion and retrogression that I was destined to hear more about from the Bishop of Bombay a few hours later.

BOMBAY.

Three hours more of railway travelling brought us to the island and city of Bombay. A somewhat rapid descent from the Western Ghauts gave us one or two striking views. Bombay was a portion of the dowry of the Portuguese Infanta Catherina when she married our Charles II. It was a poor thing then. It is a rich possession now! The Bishop of Bombay had endeavoured to postpone a certain confirmation in order that he might be at home during my visit, but it could not be managed. He found, however, that he would have a little time to spare if I could come at once from the railway to his Cathedral office. There we met (on Wednesday, March 9) and he was good enough to give me a kindly

and straight talk on things C.M.S. He concluded by requesting me to officiate on his behalf in the farewell of two evangelists at Girgaum Church on that same afternoon. He begged me to express his own great regret at his inability to be present, and to emphasize his own conviction that India must be evangelized by Indians.

First of all let me describe Girgaum. A few days ago it was to me an obscure name. It is now a pulsating centre of realized activities, all circling round C.M.S. It is an admirable bit of wise concentration. In the centre of all things stands the church which Canon R. S. Heywood serves. Here at 8.30 each morning there is shortened Morning Prayer, followed by less formal prayer with C.M.S. Cycle subjects in the vestry. The churchyard is beautifully kept—green grass and rows of verbena and phlox and other flowering plants looking so bright with the ever present hibiscus and trailing bushy bougainvilleas. All round this church are C.M.S. buildings. First to be mentioned must be the mission-house with its busy C.M.S. office at one end of the verandah. Close by, are the new and up-to-date buildings of the Robert Money School. What a happy thought it was to sell the old buildings and concentrate here! Not only have these new buildings been thus erected, but excellent hostels for young Indians in city employ have been acquired. These two hostels are under the Rev. D. L. Joshi's care, and they seem to be most valuable acquisitions. Then there are the Kennaway Buildings, named with his consent after the Right Hon. Sir John H. Kennaway, the Society's President, and built mainly for European habitation, where extremely good accommodation can be got. They are nearly full. There is another building, let now I believe to the Z.B.M.M., and there are two centres for girls' schools, of whose nearness we were at times a little too conscious in the mission-house. We felt as we walked through this retired enclosure that here is a strong centre, that an atmosphere can be created here, and associations built up. It is a place that is sure to become a sacred memory to both the young men and young women who frequent it.

Our first function on this afternoon of March 9 was a 'welcome' meeting in an excellent church hall—another and hitherto unmentioned building in Girgaum. Mr. Athawle and Dr. Joshi (son of Pastor Joshi), two really able and

rising men, one a barrister and the other a doctor, had organized this reception. Being a Bank Holiday a good attendance was possible. Both these gentlemen made kind speeches. We were duly garlanded and presented with bouquets. Tea was served. My speech was made, and by 6 p.m. we all went into Girgaum Church for the dismissal service. Canon Heywood had arranged for me to use the form recently issued by the Central Board of Missions in England, and with one or two verbal alterations it answered very well. There was a good congregation. I addressed the two evangelists who were being taken leave of, and they were duly set apart. But the real interest of the service lay in the fact that this is a distinctly forward movement on the part of the Marathi Church of Bombay, and that the two evangelists were not ordinary men. It seems that last year (1909) Rs. 1,277 had been given by our Marathi Christians for religious purposes, while the Gujerathis gave Rs. 275. This new vigour thus exhibited so stirred and inspired Messrs. Athawle and Joshi that a forward movement for evangelistic work was set on foot. For this work Rs. 350 have been guaranteed by the District Church Council over and above their pastorate contributions. Canon Heywood has reminded them that, as they now fulfil the conditions, they can claim an equal sum from the William Charles Jones Fund. Without pausing to particularize further the steps by which this evangelistic fund is being built up, let it be sufficient here to state that it is a *bona fide* step forward, and has given the Indian Christians a new interest in aggressive work. They decided to have their first dismissal service in my presence, and it so happened that it fell to my lot to take a leading part.

Some little account of the two evangelists is sure to be of interest. Mr. Krishnaji Horraji Shinde is a Maratha by race. His family belong to the Ahmednagar Collectorate. After passing the Government Vernacular Public Service examination he was employed as a bailiff for six years in Khandesh. He then resigned service and joined the Teachers' Training College at Poona. Subsequently he became a teacher in a private school in Bombay. He came into contact with Christian truths while teaching Marathi to a Methodist missionary, and was deeply stirred. He came under the influence of the Rev. A. Manwaring (C.M.S.) and was baptized in the Girgaum Church (now Emmanuel) in

1892. Soon afterwards, he joined the C.M.S. Divinity School at Poona, and has since worked zealously in all our districts except Aurungabad. During the great mela at Nasik in 1895-6 he brought several *sadhus* (holy men) to Christ, but his chief work has been in connexion with the Gujerathis in Bombay.

The name of the second evangelist is Mr. Appaji Palliak. He was a Brahman priest of Puri Puri Kchildari, a village at the foot of the Chandor range of hills, about forty miles north of Nasik. While carrying on his priestly duties he became friendly to one Shanker-rao, the *kulkarni* or village record-keeper. This man was of Unitarian principles. Both of them joined hands and opened a private school in that village. In 1894 they happened to go to Nasik city, and one evening they heard Mr. Joshi and his colleagues preaching at the riverside (Godavery). They also attended at the preaching hall the same night. Next morning they sought Mr. Joshi out at Sharanpur. After a long conversation they professed themselves ready to take food with him and his friends, as they had lost all faith in caste. Mr. Joshi, however, said it would not be right to do so as they had to go and mix among their own people. He supplied them with milk (which is a non-conductor of pollution), gave them a few tracts and directions, and advised them to go back to their village and think the matter well over before making up their minds. During Christmas of that year they returned to say they were quite prepared to come over. But in order to test them further Mr. Joshi sent a couple of catechists to their village, who further instructed them. By this time the villagers had become suspicious. Appaji the priest could not carry out his priestly duties conscientiously. The village was made too hot for the two catechists, and when it was threatened to burn their tents, they were compelled to shake off the dust from their feet and depart. The two young inquirers soon found that they must leave everything behind if they wanted to follow Christ, but very rightly the priest was anxious about his widowed mother and two younger brothers. One of the two boys, a youth of twelve, he managed to place at the C.M.S. Orphanage, Sharanpur. Returning to his village, Appaji found that the people had made up their minds to persecute him. Shanker, his colleague, had been abducted to another village and was kept

in close confinement. My friend Mr. Joshi (to whom I am indebted for this story) told me that on learning this about Shanker he moved the Chief of Police to search, but with no success. Returning to Nasik Mr. Joshi tells this story :— 'The same night (about 4 a.m.) a knock came to my door at Nasik. Somehow I felt it must be Shanker. It was indeed he. God had wonderfully brought about his escape. He was in the custody of a *bania* (a merchant), and God so touched this man's heart that he not only connived at Shanker's escape, but actually supplied him with his railway fare.'

There remained now the widowed mother and the youngest brother of Appaji, both still unrescued. I shall let Mr. Joshi tell the story in his own words :—

We made up our minds to rescue them at all hazards. I took with me Appaji, Shanker and a stout-hearted mission teacher. I engaged a tonga belonging to an African Mohammedan. We contrived to arrive near the village at about 11 p.m. Three miles from the village we left the main road, put out our lights (it was pitch dark). Two of us stayed by the tonga as the place was frequented by tigers. Appaji and the schoolmaster went to the house of detention. They managed to wake up the old mother and the little boy without disturbing the rest. They were secretly conveyed to where the tonga was. The mother was offered the choice of remaining behind or of accompanying us to Nasik. She chose to come with us. We then drove for our lives some fifteen miles and then rested in the travellers' bungalow. On February 10 the two leaders Appaji and Shanker were baptized by the Rev. A. Manwaring.

Shanker is now working as a catechist in another Mission, and the young boys are now clerks in Bombay. Appaji, after undergoing training and working for some time as a catechist, is now taken up by the Bombay District Council as their evangelist to work in the island of Salsette, which, like Bombay, although an island is undistinguishable from the mainland. So much then about the personalities 'dismissed' by me on this occasion. The story should enlist sympathy and prayer.

Some little account of the area now to be evangelized by the Bombay Church will be interesting. Here also Mr. Joshi helps me. The area defined lies alongside the Bombay and Baroda and Central Indian railway. It is about thirty miles in length. It is practically the whole of the western part of the island of Salsette, which is next to the island of Bombay. This island has been famous in the past for

its foreign trade, and as the theatre of the struggles of various faiths. To mention no others, Bassein itself (in this island) was once the northern stronghold of the Portuguese. Here thousands of Hindus were forced or induced to become Christians. Ruins of churches, monasteries and colleges within its walls testify to Roman activities. The rise of the Maratha power, however, checked the progress of the Portuguese. Bassein was recovered from them, after a stubborn resistance (eighteenth century), by General Goddard. Thousands of baptized persons were received back into Hinduism when the Portuguese power there came to an end. Many still remained Romans and were allowed to settle down under certain conditions. The treaty of Bassein (1802) gave the British their first foothold in this much coveted island. In recent times a large number of Roman Catholics (oppressed by the priests) forsook Christianity and accepted Hinduism. They have formed a Hindu sect of themselves, calling themselves Sangars, probably a corruption of Saint John's Community; they number over 5,000 scattered around Bassein. One object of these evangelists will be to reach these people, and if possible win them to Christ. They have already been visited, and seem anxious to have schools. The American Marathi Mission have recently withdrawn from this field, and no Mission is at present working in the district although it is so close to Bombay. The island is getting rich on account of this proximity. May they soon receive the true riches.

The significance of this first dismissal service will thus be seen. This forward movement is under the inspiration and guidance of such men as Messrs. Joshi (father and son), Athawle and others. Let us follow it with much sympathy and prayer.

POONA.

On Thursday night (March 10) we started (perhaps with a little reluctance) for a brief visit to Poona. This is a city of some 100,000 inhabitants considerably over 2,000 feet above the sea level and about 100 miles from Bombay. We had really had enough of railway travelling in India. We were promised that we might dress at leisure in a siding in Poona next morning. But at 6.15 a.m. the Rev. H. W. Lea-Wilson stood at our door and said, 'You have ten minutes in which to be out. The carriage is going on.'

How far he was correct I never could discover, but we tried to obey. Such a scrimmage for clothes and bags ensued as baffles description. One scene clings to my mind's eye. The carriage is being backed down past the platform. Mr. Lea-Wilson is shouting to the guard to stop waving his green flag. A pause is made. Mrs. Ingham commits herself to the arms of a coolie who has not changed his clothes for some time, and we, some in one way and some in another, get safe to *terra firma*—having dressed in five minutes!

Not in too smiling a frame we repaired to the Divinity School for *Chota hazri*, and, somewhat comforted, we went to our several rooms to complete our disturbed toilet. At 8 a.m. we went to early chapel, and to students and others who came together I gave an address, suggested by our great railway climb from Bombay, on the words, 'And Jesus went up into a mountain and there He sat with His disciples.' We were kept going till 1 p.m. visiting girls' schools, talking to Mr. Lea-Wilson's four deacon students, and so forth. St. Helena's College under Miss Sorabji was of course the *pièce de resistance*. This is a high-class school. We were invited, not to speak, not even to listen to what the young ladies could do, but to hear lectures all delivered by women lecturers—one by Miss Sorabji herself, on the growth of the British Empire, on the products of Britain illustrated by maps drawn on the floor, the girls and boys placing a reel of cotton on Manchester, a pair of shoes on Northampton, and so on, until one could hardly see the map for products! Other demonstrations followed and we spent a good hour there with great profit. The teaching is really first class.

I feel with Canon Heywood that Poona is a position of strategic importance. Here is the capital city of the Deccan, a thickly populated region, a fine elevation and excellent climate where from time to time Indian workers should come into our Divinity College to renew their faith and increase their knowledge and get fresh inspiration for work in Western India.

BOMBAY AGAIN.

On the way to the pier on Saturday morning (March 12) we visited the new buildings of the Y.M.C.A. on the Fort. They are under the able care of Mr. Dennis, whom I knew

in Guildford. Here, in the best part of Bombay, business men can get bedrooms at most moderate charges and use the comforts of this splendid building. One thanks God that there are such places! What a salvation to young men! We also called again at the Cathedral, and took the opportunity not only to look round but also to thank God for many mercies in India and to commend ourselves for the westward voyage now to begin. I am sorry to remember that the outstanding architecture of that interesting old building, going back to the seventeenth century, is punkah machinery that is much too obtrusive. Imposing monuments are everywhere. The eastern apse is the most pleasing and impressive part.

Canon Heywood, who was always most kind, met us at the pier for a few last offices and good-bye. We were then medically inspected, women apart and men apart, pulse felt to see if we had any signs of the plague, and were then passed on to our tender to go on board our steamer for Port Said.

Bombay pleased us much. It is a very fine city. There are large buildings and great spaces, fine avenues and good sea views, and we felt that, even if it were true that it was (as the Bishop said) a city where Satan dwelleth, it was also true that 'God had much people in that city.'

I write on the deck of the s.s. *Egypt*. We are crowded with passengers, mostly military and civil. The sea is smooth. The breezes are pleasant. The ship is steady and everything contributes to supply that delightful restfulness for which we hoped in this interval. Sunday was our first day out. Mr. Burrows and I were requested by the Captain to take the services. We had Holy Communion in the music room at 7.30 a.m.; Morning Prayer and sermon in the saloon at 10.45 a.m. when I spoke for ten minutes; and we also had Evening Prayer and sermon at 9 p.m. in the second saloon when Mr. Burrows spoke. All services were well attended.

Part V.

THE NEAR EAST.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FOREWORD ON PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

WE are approaching the last stage of this missionary journey. It is impossible to have moved through the Far East at such a time without longing for our Christendom to be united and strong—yet what are we going to find? Here on our right as we steam out of the Indian Ocean is Arabia. And we shall be reminded again and again in the next three weeks of the 'reproach of Islam'!

Some words we have heard at Salisbury Square come back to the mind:—

Islam is the only one of the great religions to come after Christianity; the only one that definitely claims to correct, complete and supersede Christianity; the only one that categorically denies the truth of Christianity; the only one that has in the past signally defeated Christianity; the only one which, in several parts of the world, is to-day forestalling and gaining on Christianity.

It was a case, the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner tells us, of the survival of the fittest. 'Take Egypt,' he says, 'as an example—any single country might serve equally well. In the seventh century Christianity had little hold on the masses of the people. . . . Among the Christians there was no unity, and no real exhibition of the Spirit of Jesus. The rapid success of the Arab invaders was largely due to the welcome they received from the Native Christians who hated the Byzantine rule not only for its oppressive administration, but also—and chiefly—on account of the bitterness of theological rancour. Is it a wonder,' he asks, 'that when the Moslems came with burning zeal and a faith summed up in the simple truth of the unity of God and the mission of His prophet Mohammed, combined with other advantages, many Christians turned in utter perplexity and weariness from the

controversies and misrule about them and embraced the Moslem faith?'

Turning into the Red Sea, Africa now and then comes into view. Memories of Sierra Leone, Lagos, Yorubaland and the Islamic advance there come back to mind. More than 5,000 miles across are the struggling Christian Churches of which the writer had for some years been an overseer. And the Moslem advance, then a danger, has now become a menace!

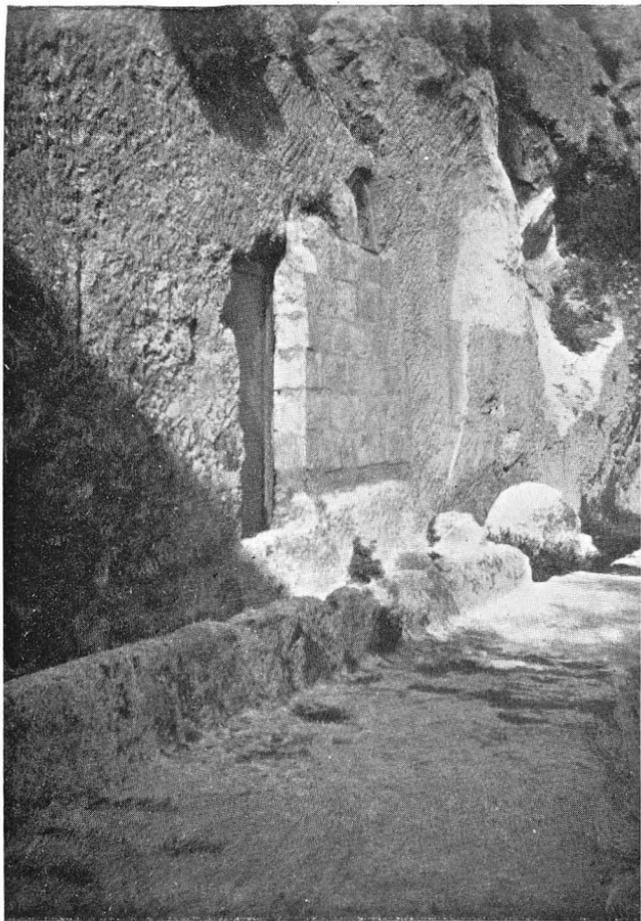
Yes, Mr. Gairdner is right again! 'It needs to be burnt in upon the Church at home that East, Central and West Africa are the greatest battlegrounds between Islam and Christianity in this twentieth century.'

We shall presently land at Jaffa and go up to Jerusalem. And it will be Holy Week. Nothing could more fittingly conclude such a journey as we have made as such a visit and at such a time!

But we should be sorry for any of those Indian, Chinese and Japanese fellow-Christians with whom we have foregathered to be with us. For we shall feel the reproach of Islam, yes, and the reproach of divided Christendom more intensely than ever there! The sacred memories associated with that land, the inspirations, the new hope for the world that came from Bethlehem, Nazareth and Olivet have made us long to go there and see it even in the midst of its desolations. And because there will be much to sadden and depress, we shall go with our gospels in our hands and shall find that the Lord has mercifully anticipated these things for us, and assured us that another time is coming when Jerusalem shall be 'trodden down' no more.

We dread to meet the ecclesiastical conditions that obtain in the holy city. They will remind us of the discounting that comes to our message from the superstitions, strifes, divisions and deadness of the Churches! And we shall go back to England pleading more passionately than ever with the Church to realize that she exists for the evangelization of the world, and that she will only have the full power of the Holy Spirit for unity and for spiritual life and service as she is ready to yield herself to the full task for which she was sent into the world.

Islam itself has surely a message for the members of the



THE GARDEN TOMB, JERUSALEM.



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE, JERUSALEM.

Christian Church. When the hint given by its own practice is spiritually fulfilled, and Church members, whether they be administrators or soldiers or merchants or mechanics or clerks, are sent forth to their spheres of work to make them into spheres of spiritual influence—then and only then will the world see the sort of witness our Lord meant when He said, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto Me,' and then will the Churches know as never before the real presence and power of the Lord.

From the Holy Land we shall go down to Egypt for a few days. We want to see MacInnes and Gairdner and McNeile and others in Cairo and to learn something more about their heroic struggles under conditions, we are sure, of unexampled difficulty. And we hope to make our exodus from Egypt with a new power for service not only in the interests of the lands that have been successively visited, but for that Kingdom of God which can only be gathered out as true witnesses are sent to them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE HOLY LAND—JAFFA AND JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, March 24, 1910.

It is with feelings quite different from any I have felt in any other place, that I take up my pen for the first time in the Holy City. Thank God for letting me have the fulfilment of what had seemed an improbable dream !

Before I enter upon immediate events, it is necessary, for the sake of continuity, to go back a few days. The voyage from Bombay was delightful. Even the Red Sea was kind. It was indeed almost too cold towards the last. How little one realized its great length—some 1,300 miles from Aden to Suez ! When entering the Gulf of Suez in beautiful weather we gazed upon the bare and grassless slopes and peaks of the Sinaitic range, but darkness came down upon us before the actual peak, identified as Sinai, could come into view ! Of course we thought much about Moses and his undisciplined hosts and their crossing of the Sea on foot. The captain, of our vessel, an earnest Christian man, thought it probable that the passage by the Children of Israel was far up the gulf and not far from Suez itself. It is easy to imagine that, amidst these arid sands, the sea in those days may have gone farther into the isthmus now pierced by the canal, which is about eighty miles in length. Speculation, therefore, on this subject is not very profitable. We passed, however, the old caravan road from Syria to Egypt, along which the Holy Family may well have journeyed !

We spent our second and last Sunday on board (March 20), in passing through the canal at the regulation speed, which is only about five miles an hour. The Captain gladly allowed Mr. Burrows and me to hold the usual service at 10.30 a.m., but of course he could not leave the bridge. We were obliged to land at Port Said that same night, as the *Egypt* was proceeding on her voyage. The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife and family were joining the *Egypt* there.

The Bible Society, as in so many other places, was very much in evidence at Port Said. The pandemonium, when we anchored and the 'coalies' came on board and passengers began to try to land, baffles description. Mr. Hope, of the Bible Society's depôt, supplied all our needs. He came with a bright word of welcome, and with his steam launch, and soon we and our luggage were at the Customs, and his good name and influence operated successfully on the official mind, for none of our things were opened, and by eleven o'clock we were at our hotel.

We had great difficulty in finding accommodation on the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Jaffa on Monday. We learnt at Cook's office that she was engaged for Prince Eitel's suite, and that only one cabin was available (an officer's cabin), for which we must pay extra. We did not dare delay, so Mrs. Ingham and I stowed ourselves away in a small cabin in the forecastle, which, though small, was clean, while Messrs. Burrows and Sheldon contented themselves with the saloon sofas. It was well we did this, for we had the smoothest possible voyage and the most perfect landing at Jaffa next morning (March 22), but we had no sooner landed than the wind got up, and although eighty passengers arrived the following day they could not land and probably have not landed yet! The Rev. H. Sykes, our Secretary at Jerusalem, met us at the ship, and also Dr. J. M. Keith of the Jaffa Medical Mission. Miss E. E. Newton had sent to invite us to stay with her for the night, our two companions being with Dr. and Mrs. Keith. We spent at Jaffa, therefore, a very pleasant and busy day. It was both windy and dusty, and it soon became evident that a storm was brewing. Everybody who lands at Jaffa is bound to recall its wonderful history. To me it was the town of the world vision of St. Peter, the town of miracle (Tabitha), and also the gateway of the Holy Land. Memories also of the Crusaders and their noble but mistaken enterprise—aye, and of many a historic landing and departure in much earlier times, came over the mind.

JAFFA.

Our C.M.S. work here is not large, but such as it is, very interesting. Let me now record our doings. Our first visit was to the schools. We have 138 boys in actual

attendance and 115 girls. Some, of course, are Greek Christians, some are Moslems, some are children of our Syrian Christians. Mr. Sykes and also Miss M. B. McConaghy showed us some bright children (both Christians and Mohammedans) learning with other knowledge the True Learning. It so happened that the first song the little ones sang to us was 'Low in the grave He lay,' with its bright resurrection chorus. Coming upon other influences of the morning and in Holy Week it greatly stirred me. I could not help telling the young people that it was the very best word I could possibly hear on landing for the first time in the Holy Land!

We passed on to the hospital, and Dr. Keith took us through the men's and women's wards. They were quite full, and it was touching to see the beautiful and appropriate texts painted on the walls and passages by the hand of the late Miss Newton, who had bequeathed this hospital to the C.M.S. It occupies one of the very best sites in Jaffa, and commands an excellent view.

In the afternoon Miss Newton took us to the Russian Church, built, tradition says, over the house of Dorcas, and built certainly as a memorial of her and her good works. We saw and went into a rock-hewn grave, which is shown as hers. We ascended the tower and looked over orange groves full of fruit and blossom together, and saw in the near distance the plain of Sharon. We could just see the foot of the hills that lead up to Jerusalem, but by this time there was a very strong wind and much sand in the air, and the view was therefore disappointing. We drove past some Jewish settlements which had a very progressive look. Dr. Keith told us that when he came (about ten years ago) there were 4,000 Jews in Jaffa. To-day there are 20,000.

We found time to call on Miss Arnot (a Presbyterian lady), who has for fifty years been a trainer of girls in Jaffa. She was unable to see us through indisposition, but her ladies showed us round. The girls (who of course board there) sang to us and I briefly addressed them. What a telling influence on woman's life this school must have exercised all these years!

There remained one other function. Miss Newton (who was unable to be sure we should arrive on this day) had invited, with much dispatch, all the Christian folk she could

reach to come to an evening social, both to meet us and for me to address them. Miss Newton lives in her own house, and she has built a beautiful central hall in it (upstairs). It makes quite a handsome drawing-room, and is entirely dedicated to gatherings of this kind. By this means she has become quite a centre of unity in Jaffa, and many spoke to me of the value of such gatherings. A large number came together, and I felt that we really had the Jaffa Church in that upper room! I gave my first talk in the Holy Land, and I thought there was a good deal of responsiveness.

We left this kind roof quite early next morning (March 23), and caught the eight o'clock train for Jerusalem. The journey took four hours, as the progress was slow. The first part of the journey was over the plains. We then ascended higher and higher until we reached Jerusalem, which is actually 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. No wonder we felt cold. The weather was by this time very wet and stormy and no one could land at Jaffa.

JERUSALEM.

Here we are at last in Jerusalem! We are under the kind care of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Ellis, of the C.M.S. Bishop Gobat School. The valley of Hinnom lies just below us. This house is built upon the scarp of the rock of the old wall, but it is outside the present walls. The village of Siloam is in sight, and the Hill of Evil Counsel is in front of us. We can see the Bethlehem road winding up the hill, and hope to travel along it in a day or two.

Our first engagements (in pouring rain) were afternoon tea at the Church Mission-house, and, immediately after that, an address to the students of the C.M.S. English College at its breaking-up function before the holidays. The Rev. W. Stanley is Principal. I have also addressed the boys in the Bishop Gobat School. They come from many different places in Palestine, and the greater number understand English well. There are about ninety in attendance, all being boarders. The arrangements are marvellous when one considers how the class-rooms have had to be arranged in subservience to very limited conditions of space.

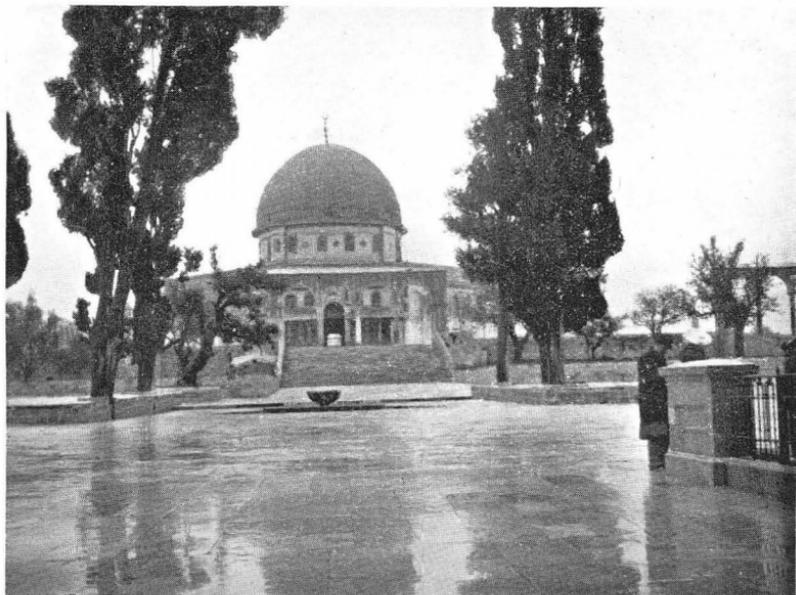
I should state that on the day of arrival I called on Bishop Blyth, and was very kindly received by him. He invited

me to preach in St. George's Collegiate Church on Easter Day; he also asked me to do a little Episcopal work for him which will be recorded in due time.

Easter Monday Morning, March 28.

Good Friday (March 25) [in Jerusalem was a day I shall never forget. The weather was very cold and stormy. I preached by Canon J. C. Brown's invitation at Christ Church, Mount Zion, belonging to the London Jews' Society. It is a very nice church, situated just within the Jaffa gate and opposite the Tower of David. There are really three towers—Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne. Christ Church, it now appears, is actually built upon the foundations of Herod's palace, some portions of the gardens of which are still to be seen near by. We had a good congregation and I preached from the text, 'He delivered Jesus to their will.'

The afternoon was a little finer, and we were able to gratify a great desire of mine, viz., to visit Gordon's Calvary and also the Garden Tomb. On our way thither we visited the Jews' Wailing Place under the outer Temple wall. Sure enough some wailings against the wall were going on! Some were reciting prayers out of a book, others were depositing in the recesses of the wall little bits of printed paper. We saw nails driven in between the huge stones—'nails in a sure place,' Mr. Ellis remarked. Passing away from here, we went to the 'Green Hill, without the city wall.' It is a high mound, perhaps over forty feet higher than the road below, and is just opposite the Temple area. It is outside the walls. It is now a Moslem cemetery, and this fact keeps it from being built over. It is beautifully green, and from the summit there is a magnificent view over the city. When standing beneath it, the face of the hill towards the city presents the appearance of a *skull*—forehead, eyes, nose and mouth can be roughly traced—the eyes very clearly—and Colonel Conder of the Palestine Exploration Fund gives his verdict in its favour. We picked some wild flowers on this hill, and I took out my Greek Testament and read from St. Luke the actual story of the Crucifixion, and then Mr. Ellis, Mrs. Ingham and I stood together and we had prayer. We happened to be the only people on the hill at that moment, which was a wonderful circumstance on a Good Friday afternoon. The proximity of the Temple area surprised



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR AND THE TEMPLE AREA, JERUSALEM.



GORDON'S CALVARY : THE PLACE OF A SKULL.

us. The winding roads from city to country beneath enabled us to realize how the passers-by would see what was happening and revile, as we know they did.

Coming down from the hill Mr. Ellis took us to the Garden Tomb. We have not as yet visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and I will say nothing about it until we do. But I am bound to confess that this Garden Tomb just underneath Gordon's Calvary deeply impressed me. Where there is such acute controversy it would ill become me to dogmatize. I must leave the facts to impress others as they impressed me. We entered a garden, and soon came upon this tomb cut out of the rock. It had been covered up till some sixty years ago. It was full of rubbish. The authorities of the British Museum, after examination of the rock, certify that no decomposition has ever entered into it. It is a grave evidently prepared for a husband and a wife and child. The man's grave alone was finished and had a marble coping separating it off from the other. It was solemnizing to think that we were perhaps gazing on the very place where the Lord lay! Certainly those were well advised who combined to buy this garden and garden tomb for £2,000. The aim of the trustees is simply to keep this spot in decent repair, and to preserve it from superstitious uses. We felt we had spent a very unique Good Friday afternoon, and certainly the quietness and decency and simplicity of the sites comforted me much.

I now come to Easter Eve. Mr. Sykes drove me to Scopus Hill, nearly in line with the Mount of Olives. The weather continued to be very stormy and uncomfortable. We drove there to inspect a possible site for the C.M.S. English College.

Easter Day was, alas! another stormy day and very cold. I attended Christ Church, and celebrated. Canon Brown preached. It was a bright and helpful service and there was a large congregation. In the afternoon we went to Bishop Blyth's. At 4.30 p.m. the Easter service was held in St. George's Collegiate Church. It was a very bright service. Choir boys and men were in greater force than one expected to find in Jerusalem. The service was perfectly plain until after the Lord's Prayer and then it became a Cathedral service. I preached on the Emmaus Walk. There was a good congregation, and many were strangers. The dear old Easter hymns and special Psalms moved me

much, and I thank God for my Good Friday and Easter in the holy city.

March 29.

Yesterday (Easter Monday), in the midst of storm and rain Mr. Ellis took our party to the Temple area. We spent an extraordinarily interesting morning there. The vast spaces were very impressive, and one could understand words in the Gospels referring to the Temple courts and to walking in them. We next visited the Dome of the Rock which stands over and protects the great natural rock which has always been understood to be the summit of Mount Moriah. This live rock encircled by beautiful filagree railings with a truly magnificent dome overhead quite fascinated us. Here must have stood the Altar of Burnt Offering. Indeed the imagination almost staggers under the abundance of thought! We were able to get down under this great rock and it was pointed out that it was hollow underneath. A large hole was indicated through which the blood of the sacrifices would have flowed. There was much to remind us that the Moslem was the present guardian of this historic spot, but there was no attempt to deface our holy memories, and I confess I was less tried by their presence and pre-eminence than I had expected to be. We visited the Mosque of Aksa, a vast building in the Temple precincts which was erected as a Christian church by the Emperor Justinian in 536 A.D. The Moslems have succeeded in altering its cruciform character, but sufficient evidences of the fact remain. Beautiful Turkey carpets were laid throughout both this mosque and the Dome of the Rock. This may have been in anticipation of Prince Eitel's visit, now very near. We also visited King Solomon's stables, a vast place underneath, and possibly we gazed on the Horse Gate where Queen Athaliah was slain. We next visited Bethesda, just outside the precincts. We descended very many steps and came upon what is believed to be the actual pool whither impotent folk came in our Lord's time. Perhaps, after the Dome of the Rock, the most impressive place visited yesterday morning was Gabbatha. This was unearthed by a converted Jew some sixty years ago. He became a Roman Catholic, and erected the buildings (now Roman) that stand over it. We were received by the sister in charge who showed us (behind the

altar) the very walls (possibly) of Pilate's Judgment Hall. Farther down again we came to the actual pavement showing the very game, graven in the stones, that the soldiers would perhaps be playing when they cast lots for His vesture. This Pavement is about seven feet below the present street. A portion of the arch that spans the Via Dolorosa, called Ecce Homo Arch, was shown us inside the chapel. We could not doubt that we were now standing near where our Lord was condemned to be crucified. We also saw in the corner of the Temple precincts nearest the city the foundations of the Tower of Antonia that was so much in evidence in St. Paul's history.

BETHLEHEM.

We have to-day (March 29) visited Bethlehem and Olivet. It has been most intensely interesting. The Roman, Greek and Armenian churches and altars that competitively group themselves around the Manger Cave, marked by the silver star that was so mixed up with the outbreak of the Crimean War—all this was painful in the extreme. Many must have felt the same. What a commentary on the deplorable divisions of Christendom for instance is the fact that in the Church of the Nativity, built by the Empress Helena in the fourth century, there is an ancient font of that same period kept locked by the Moslem authorities because the Romans, Greeks and Armenians quarrel as to precedence in the use of it! How terrible to see armed Turkish soldiers on guard night and day to shoot down any Christian who takes an unfair advantage of other Christians in a Christian church! How insulting that the priests who say their many masses daily in front of the Manger Bed (where some fifteen lamps of silver are kept constantly burning) are rudely stopped short by the soldier on guard if they exceed their time! We saw a window nearly smothered by cobwebs. On inquiry, we discovered that those cobwebs must not be cleared away because no one set of Christians may claim the right to do so as against another, and I was told that if I should have attempted to remove any of those cobwebs I should have been promptly fired upon! Was ever more pitiable spectacle than this? O Lord, how long? We of course visited the cave where Jerome lived more than thirty years and translated the Bible into Latin and died. His bones were removed to Rome. It was with a sense of

relief that we emerged from these underground places into God's light once more, for I should have explained that we had to proceed by lighted tapers which each carried in his hand.

We now repaired to the C.M.S. boarding-school, and found Miss M. Brown and Miss K. M. Elliott cheerfully at work in a pleasant C.M.S. building, looking southwards over a magnificent stretch of hills and villages. Probably we were looking out upon the fields of Bethlehem where the shepherds kept watch by night. We knew we were gazing upon country of which David knew every inch. We thought also of Boaz and of Ruth. Bethlehem continues to be a fruit-bearing country and the people are a rosy and hardy race. Miss A. H. McNeile has just started for her much needed furlough and we are sorry to miss her. Some forty-two girls are under training here as teachers. They come from many parts, and they go out even as far as Egypt. In addition to school work, the ladies visit the women in the town, and they have some 300 of these on their visiting list who gladly welcome them and are most responsive. We passed Rachel's Tomb near Bethlehem and the site has much claim to be considered authentic.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This afternoon we went to the Mount of Olives. In glorious sunshine, but very keen air, we saw perhaps the most magnificent view we had ever seen. On one side of us were the Mountains of Moab, the Jordan and the Dead Sea all well in view, with Anathoth visible some distance away, and Bethany and Bethphage under our very eyes. On the other side were the Holy City, and the Temple area and the Dome of the Rock, and the hills circling round. Imagination again ran riot, and I abstain from recording the scenes so sacred that passed before my mind's eye! Romans and Greeks and Germans and Russians are in possession here. Curiously enough we were shown (within an octagonal ruined church guarded by Moslems) a small oblong space, closed in by kerbstones, on which our Lord's feet last touched this earth. We drove along by Scopus and by the road that was made for the German Emperor when he visited the Mount of Olives some years ago.

Jerusalem, April 1.

We started on Wednesday morning, March 30, for Jericho, but by the time we reached Hensman's Hotel the weather

continued so cold and rainy that we decided to go no farther. As Mr. Burrows and Mr. Sheldon wished to go on we had to be satisfied with 'sending them to Jericho' while we took refuge in the hotel, and kept ourselves warm there all day.

JERUSALEM AGAIN.

Thursday morning (March 31) rose bright and beautiful with a complete change in the weather! After breakfast I went to see Dr. Masterman and his London Jews' Society hospital. It is a first-class hospital. It is also very thoroughly appreciated by the Jews. Great judgment has been shown in construction, and the wards are quite delightful. Dr. Masterman is an ideal chief. He pointed out two most interesting features. The lady nurses are delivered from all housekeeping cares by the appointment of a stewardess, a German lady who discharges these duties to the advantage of the work. I saw also a kitchen devoted entirely to Jewish cooking. When Jews are here, during Purim or on the Day of Atonement or at Passover time, they are surprised and pleased to find that their hands are not forced in this matter. This seems to me a very wise arrangement.

Returning to our hotel, Mrs. Ingham and I gave ourselves a most delightful drive out on the Jericho road. The warmth and brightness of a delicious day improved our condition amazingly. Our drive took us out at the Damascus Gate, across Kedron, past the village of Siloam and around the northern spur of the Mount of Olives. We passed through Bethany and of course paused to gaze and meditate. We were implored to alight in order to visit the tomb of Lazarus, the house of Martha and Mary, and also the house of Simon the Leper, but we preferred to satisfy ourselves with a general view. There is a pile of flat-roofed buildings looking from an eminence down the road leading up from Jericho that showed (some of them) an appearance of great age and in some cases of ruin. Is this 'the village over against you' of our Lord's last journey to Jerusalem? We drove some little distance down the Jericho road hoping to meet our two friends. The country becomes very wild and rocky and increasingly desolate, and the descent is continuous and in some places very steep. We met no robbers but were soon joined by our friends (including Mr.

A. E. Mitchell) and with them drove back towards Jerusalem. We soon came upon two sudden turns in the road that brought Jerusalem strikingly into view. Here, or at a somewhat higher point of the same bend, the Lord looked upon Jerusalem and uttered His great tearful prophecy of its doom. All this was most solemnizing. Somewhat reluctantly we alighted at the bottom of the hill and entered the Latin Gethsemane. It is very disappointing. The Greek one just above is even more disappointing. Entering the Latin garden we found the entire centre occupied with brilliant *parterres* of the usual garden flowers. The only redeeming feature in this garden was the great age of several olive trees. Some must have been 1,000 years old at least. Mr. Mitchell pointed us to a meadow of green grass with olive trees a little nearer to the Damascus Gate where old oil-presses have been found. It is thought that the existence of these (in view of the etymology of Gethsemane) makes it probable that that is the real place. Should this be correct there would be now three sacred sites (Gethsemane, Calvary and the Garden Tomb) that have been remarkably preserved from ecclesiastical elaboration and sect competition and left in nature's simplicity!

Yesterday afternoon we sallied forth again and visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This was, it may well be understood, a painful experience. The several features were as follows. At the entrance Turkish soldiers were (not offensively but no less really) on guard. We came first of all upon a long slab surrounded with many hanging lamps and candles. It was the slab on which Joseph of Arimathæa anointed the Lord's body. We saw Russian pilgrims kissing the stone and priests reciting litanies before it. We went into the actual sepulchre, made into a veritable fairyland, with lamps and candles. Every moment people were pressing through the low doorway to kiss 'the place where the Lord lay.' Genuflections, prostrations and vigorous crossing were going on all about us. We ascended some steps and were presumably at Calvary itself. The silver socket was the object of much worship, where the Cross was inserted into the ground, also a correct oblong cutting in the marble to represent the earthquake, which must have been very precise and clean in its operations from the straight lines we saw. We next descended into the Empress Helena's chapel, and to a cave still farther

down, and saw the aperture from which she showered gold on the workmen who excavated the three crosses. We saw various Greek, Roman and Armenian altars in their several churches where masses are constantly being sung. We also saw the Chapel of Abraham. This is a little outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We saw the place where the holy fire descends and is caught by runners to take it to Bethlehem. Some time ago a strong minority in the Greek Church urged that this celebration should be explained to the pilgrims as not meaning that fire comes from heaven now, but that it is commemorative of an actual descent in an early century. This proposal was overruled on the ground that such an explanation would cause fewer pilgrims to come! But what will happen when some day the deception is fully known.

One other visit made yesterday was to Miss J. Wenham's C.M.S. Moslem girls' school. It is a day school and she has about 120 Moslem girls under her charge. We went up on to her roof. It is exactly on the walls near the Damascus Gate, and the view at eventide over the whole city was one which I shall never forget. The view extended far beyond to the Mountains of Moab and the lights and shades were marvellous.

Last evening I conducted by request the devotional meeting with which the Palestine C.M.S. Spring Conference began its sessions. I should think some thirty or thirty-five missionaries were present, and it is a privilege to be getting to know them. This morning the regular sessions began at Mr. Sykes's house, men upstairs and women downstairs, and Conference till Monday night next will be for us the order of the day.

We have called to-day on the Consul, and left farewell cards on the Bishop, and there remained only a lecture on my Far Eastern visit at 8 p.m. The iron room behind Mr. Sykes's house was filled, and very kind words of farewell were said to us by him and also by Mr. Stanley on behalf of the meeting. Canon MacInnes from Cairo turned up and was present. He returns to Cairo in time for our visit.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE HOLY LAND—NAZARETH AND LAKE OF GALILEE.

Jaffa, April 9, 1910.

WE left Jerusalem early on Tuesday morning (April 5), and a very pleasant and pretty journey by train brought us to Jaffa by noon, and we found a note summoning us again to Miss Newton's. Embarking at three o'clock, in a good sea, we ran up to Haifa in the night, and were soon ready for our drive to Nazareth. I went first of all with the pastor to see his school and church site. I also called on Archdeacon Dowling, but he was away. I saw, however, the doctor of the Bishop's medical mission and his wife. Miss Scott accompanied us to Nazareth and was very helpful and kind.

NAZARETH.

We were met at the entrance to the town by the day school boys, who sang a hymn, and further on at the foot of the 120 steps that lead up to the Orphanage by the girls' school, who also sang. The ascent to the Orphanage from the town, and including the steps, is very formidable, and our lady workers must feel it. We were received at the top of the steps by Miss M. A. E. Newey and her staff, and the Orphanage girls. Miss H. M. E. Scott, Miss M. T. Myers and a Syrian lady (who has been there for thirty years) are Miss Newey's helpers. Miss F. A. Brownlow also works here, but was absent in Jerusalem for the Conference.

After a delicious cup of tea, made the more refreshing by our long drive from Haifa and the sirocco, which has a very drying effect, the Rev. A. Mansur (of Nazareth), Mr. Burrows and I went up by the garden gate and climbed to the summit of the hill, along the slopes of which, in a sort of amphitheatre, Nazareth is built. It was nigh to sunset. Carmel, the Mediterranean Sea, the plain of Esdraelon, Sephoris, Cana, Shunem, Nain, Mount Tabor and much more, were all well in view. It is impossible to conceive of our



C.M.S. MISSIONARIES' CONFERENCE AT JERUSALEM.



CONFIRMATION GROUP AT NAZARETH.

Lord living in Nazareth and not coming to this lovely, breezy, grassy and flowering hill top, 1,500 feet above the sea, for prayer and meditation, and as the sun went down we got on our knees for a little time of prayer. It was a pretty sight to see the Orphanage girls come in to prayer that evening (and a little hymn singing which I conducted. The building is really a splendid one; the central hall most dignified. The flooring throughout is white marble. I was comforted on learning that the C.M.S. did not pay for it, but I learned later from Dr. Torrance of Tiberias that no other flooring really lasts in this country. It is beautifully done.

At nine o'clock the next morning I held a Confirmation in Christ Church, Nazareth (C.M.S.). There were twelve disciples! It can be imagined how I should feel such a service in such a place. Mr. Mansur interpreted.

After seeing some parts of old Nazareth in the possession of the Latins, including the alleged Pillar of the Annunciation, and having seen the Virgin's Fountain—the central spring of the town—still in use, we drove away towards Tiberias. There is, a little away from the present town of Nazareth, a cliff that is very steep and severe, which might answer the description in St. Luke (iv. 29), if we may imagine a good walk and talk first. The Roman church, now on the site of the old Jewish Synagogue (as alleged) was shown us. This is the centre of the present town. We passed through Kefr Kenna (Cana) and went in to see our small day-school there. Cana-el-Jalil, however, is thought to be a more probable site of the Cana of the Wedding Feast, if name survival counts for anything. Anything more lovely than the wild flowers cannot be imagined! The road soon became no road at all, and was very trying. We reached Tiberias about 4.30 p.m. Cook's personally conducted tours might well have put us out of doors for the night but for our thoughtful dragoman. We got three boating times on the lake, one of them a short one that same evening (Thursday, April 7).

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Next morning at seven we rowed to Tell Hum, close to where the Jordan enters the lake (the north end). Grassy slopes that would easily fall in with the description of the Miracle of the Loaves were shown us on the east of the Jordan.

Bethsaida, near the plain of Gennesareth seemed clear, also Magdala and Dalmanutha, but our thoughts lingered much on Bethsaida, the home of Peter, James, John, Philip and Andrew. We were amazed at the magnificent columns and stones and foundations at Tell Hum. We could see the 'pot of manna' design, the grapes, and also a masonic design of two triangles intersected. If this is the Jewish synagogue of Capernaum, it was surely the one built by the Roman centurion, and it witnessed some of our Lord's greatest teachings—a most hallowed spot! But *the* feature of the Lake of Galilee is the silence that has come down upon it. Shores that once teemed with life are now deserted. Here and there one will see a Bedawy horseman, a few camels feeding, goat herds, etc., but scarcely a dwelling is visible, and least of all on the old sites! The woe of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum has descended! At Tiberias we saw a boat just come in, and the fisherman selling the fish that were in the bottom of the boat and on the shore. We saw nets laid out to dry. Hermon with its beautiful snow-capped heights looked down upon us from the north, two days' journey away, very much as the Dent du Midi looks down on the Lake of Geneva. The cliffs of Gadara looked at us from the opposite side. We came back to lunch, and at twelve noon we started again and rowed to Samach at the south end of the lake where Jordan flows out towards the Dead Sea. There we joined the Damascus and Haifa Railway.

The railway journey back to Haifa took us by a very pretty and interesting route. We crossed the Jordan by a bridge, and saw it in a very turbid condition. We passed Beth-shan, on the gates of which Saul's body was nailed up. We saw fateful Mount Gilboa. We crossed the rich plain of Jezreel gradually opening out into Esdraelon. We saw the ruins of Jezreel. We saw the place of sacrifice on Carmel, and the slope up which Elijah's servant would go for a view of the sea. We saw the Kishon flowing just underneath, where Ahab's false prophets would be slain. Wild flowers were everywhere. Jewish colonies dotted the landscape here and there, very neat and progressive looking. We were soon on board our Austrian Lloyd steamer that is taking us now to Port Said. Glorious weather and smooth seas have accompanied us.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN EGYPT—A WEEK IN CAIRO.

The Mediterranean, en route for Home, April 18, 1910.

WE have just made our exodus from the land of Egypt, and before impressions become indistinct there must be some further noting down of experiences—the last in this memorable tour.

One day and two nights on board the Austrian-Lloyd s.s. *Graz* from Haifa were really pleasant and restful, and we reached Port Said sufficiently early on Sunday morning (April 10) to get to an hotel and spend a quiet Lord's Day. Canon F. W. A. Strange is the chaplain; his church is small and bijou, and after the style of the mosque, and somehow it pleased me. It seemed in touch with its environment. Port Said itself, however, has nothing ancient about it, being built upon the rubbish thrown up from the Suez Canal.

On Monday (April 11) we took train for Cairo and within four hours we found ourselves in that busy, fairly ancient, and yet intensely up-to-date city. Anything like *description* would invade territory that others have more ably and fully explored. My task here, as elsewhere, is to record *impressions* made on my mind, either by persons or places. The persons will mainly be missionaries—the places, either C.M.S. institutions, or scenes to which missionaries have taken me.

It was pleasant to meet Archdeacon R. H. Walker of the C.M.S. Uganda Mission at our *pension* (Rossmore House), which treated us well. He is on the way home from Uganda and (I am glad to find) in excellent health once more. His brother had come out to meet him. Canon R. MacInnes, in returning from Jerusalem, a day or two after us, was unfortunately quarantined at Port Said owing to there being plague somewhere in Syria. Happily the presence of two Bavarian princes on board his ship altered the situation, and after eight hours the quarantine

came to an end! This was much to our advantage, for Canon MacInnes, in addition to many other gifts, is quite an Egyptologist, and so an excellent and reliable cicerone.

Our first visit was to our C.M.S. hospital in Old Cairo. We found the Bishop of Gippsland staying with his son, Dr. E. M. Pain, our medical missionary there, and we greatly enjoyed going round with father and son. The outstanding feature of the hospital work just now is the large number of anæmia patients, both men and women, who are in for a three weeks' treatment. This anæmia arises from some sort of creature getting into the foot when treading the wet rice-fields. The skin is not so impervious at such times and this gives the insect its opportunity. It gradually poisons the whole system, and would before long bring about death. Dr. Pain's treatment is extremely popular among the fellaheen. We saw 220 men in the hospital. A careful and complex system of dieting, pill-taking, lying flat on the back, and walking in the courtyard for a given time is followed out, and it is rather impressive to see great strong-looking men in their ordinary clothes which (to their delight) Dr. Pain does not require them to change, submitting so willingly to the prescriptions. In all cases, unless some other malady complicates matters, they go away cured. Dr. Pain complained that much excellent work done in the hospital is rendered fruitless by reason of the fact that there is no proper evangelistic work in the places to which the patients return. He says rightly that every medical mission needs to be supported by good evangelists in the villages from which it draws its patients.

Our next engagement was a Confirmation in Old Cairo. This was taken by the Bishop of Gippsland. It was a long-standing promise to his son who had become godfather to one of the candidates, and it was a most impressive service. Three young men were confirmed—all converts of our C.M.S. Mission—one an Egyptian, another a Turk, and the third a Syrian. The Bishop's parting word to them on 'Our help is in the Name of the Lord' will not be forgotten.

On another day we visited the boarding-school for girls, which is under Mrs. E. B. and Miss J. E. B. Bywater. They have some forty-five girls living with them and under instruction, and a number of them are Moslems. This school is in the best part of Cairo and must exercise

a good influence. All the teachers are Christian, and both here and at the hospital I came across evidence of the good influence of the C.M.S. Nazareth Orphanage.

From here we went to see the C.M.S. English Book Depôt. It was opened a month ago and is well placed and most attractive. It is a sort of C.M.S. and R.T.S. combined, and is very popular. In a small room adjoining this shop I attended one evening for a few moments one of the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner's disciple classes, and said a few words.

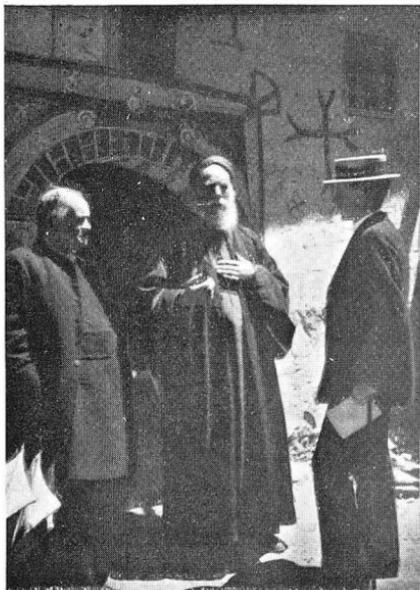
From the Book Depôt we went to see Miss G. M. Western's work. She has not only a girls' day school in a good part of Cairo, but a teachers' training department as well. I addressed them and found them most interesting and intelligent. In the outer court of this school I attended one evening a lantern service for men. This service appeared to me to be excellently adapted for its purpose. A very keen fisher of men (formerly a member of the Greek Church) acted as doorkeeper. A keen layman (a Moslem convert) was preaching. Chairs were placed about. Any Nicodemus could come in and sit down and leave again quite unrecognized, although a fair-sized moon was shining, and I am sure good work must be done by these means.

We also visited in Old Cairo a Coptic stronghold called Bablun. This is held, with considerable reason, to be the Babylon to which St. Peter makes allusion in his Epistle (1 Pet. v. 13). Some think this Egyptian Babylon was founded by Jews after their return from Babylon, very much as English colonists have founded 'New England' and 'London,' etc., across the Atlantic and elsewhere. We entered this stronghold by a great gateway, which bore clear marks of considerable antiquity. In order to enter, we had to descend several feet to the old Roman pavement, exactly as we did at the Gabbatha (Pavement) in Jerusalem. These walls, still standing, but pierced and battered, were besieged by the Moslems in 640 A.D., and history tells, alas! that certain Greek Christians assisted the Moslems. We passed into narrow streets with buildings on both sides and into a dilapidated Coptic (which really means Guptaic or Egyptian) Church. It so happened that mass was being said. There was a complete absence of the usual idolatrous concomitants of Roman altars, but incense was constantly being swung. Assistants in ordinary clothes read selections or chanted *Kyrie eleison* with many repetitions.

The painful thing was that no one was really attending. Every now and then during the ceremonial a server would turn aside to show a visitor a curious piece of carving. Sometimes the celebrant himself inserted a short dialogue with the assistants into his mass! Seeing we were passing on, another came and took us downstairs under the altar, where, by the aid of a candle, we saw, perfectly carved in rock, what is possibly the oldest church in the world. We did not accept the statement that here the Holy Family hid from Herod the Great, but we could well believe that the church (which was a cave) might possibly mark the place where they lived while in Egypt. We also went into a Jewish synagogue hard by. It contains what is supposed to be the prophet Jeremiah's tomb. (Jeremiah is supposed to have died in Egypt.) This synagogue has been bought and sold several times. The Jews at present possess it. Passing along the narrow street as we left this stronghold, Canon MacInnes met a very nice and pleasing Coptic priest, to whom he introduced me. The priest immediately assumed that I was at least the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he took the opportunity of lecturing me on the shortcomings of our Government with respect to Egypt. He besought me to make use of my great influence with the Government. England, a Christian nation, had been in power in Egypt for twenty-five years and had as yet done nothing for the Copts. I ventured to remind the priest that we could not forget, in dealing with Moslems, that very many millions of Moslems are the subjects of King Edward, and that though we could not do all he would wish, the general tendency of our administration was in the direction of freedom and fairness between man and man. But twice he drew his hand across his throat and said, 'That is what is going to happen to us unless you prevent it.' Unfortunately, I find upon inquiry that there is much real reason for this fear!

Before finally leaving Old Cairo we visited Douglas Thornton's grave in the English cemetery. Very well chosen are the words standing out so distinctly from the pure white marble kerbstone, 'Yea, and if I be offered on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice.'

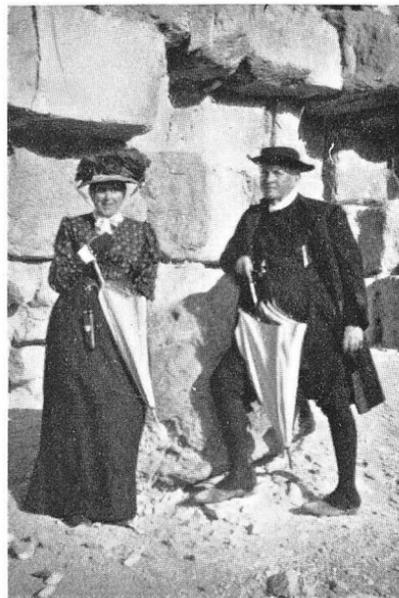
Canon MacInnes took us on the Thursday evening (April 14) to the Citadel to see the sun set over Cairo, the Pyramids and the sands beyond. It was a striking view.



A COMMISSION FROM A COPTIC PATRIARCH.



AT DOUGLAS THORNTON'S GRAVE.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

After the beautiful marble mosques of North India, the alabaster one within the Citadel did not impress us, but it looked unusually cosy and comfortable within. The Citadel is in our hands, and it is understood that it is provisioned for a long siege. Let me put down here some incidents related by our cicerone as we stood and gazed. After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir (which is nearer to Port Said than to Cairo) 200 British horsemen rode at lightning speed for this Citadel. They entered Cairo, dashed up to the Citadel and with a stern voice of authority demanded entry. The door was instantly opened in panic. The British found 3,000 Egyptians under arms inside. Instantly the order was given, 'Ground your arms.' The 3,000 were then marched to the door and sent unarmed into the town. No sooner was this done than our 200 cheeky but brave Britons almost fell with exhaustion from their saddles to the ground, and were soon fast asleep!

Another visit paid (this time under Mr. Gairdner's guidance) was to El Azhar mosque and university. Unfortunately there is a strike on—the students against the authorities. It appears that the food question is the cause. The students consider that plentiful moneys and endowments are in the hands of the authorities which should provide better feeding for them. This strife was still proceeding, and so we were only allowed to gaze through doorways into the great quadrangle within, but we saw enough to enable us to picture the men, to the number of eight or ten thousand, sitting at the feet of the Gamaliels. I have carefully inquired as to the missionary character of this university. Mr. Gairdner calls the missionary element 'as dead as nut-ton.' Only in so far as that a Moslem is always essentially a missionary is this university a missionary influence.

Mr. Gairdner also took us to a remarkable street of mediæval Cairo where lattice almost actually meets lattice on either side of the street. We also entered the chief house in the street, and saw the courtyard, the dining-hall, and the harems of a leading 'Haroun al Raschid' of those old times. All stood as it did, and we could not have had a better guide than Mr. Gairdner. He told us that the *Arabian Nights* took all the facts and scenery from Cairo and transferred them to Baghdad. I think Mr. Gairdner would positively enjoy taking up his permanent abode in a house and street like this!

Canon MacInnes found time to take us, on Saturday morning! (April 16) to the Cairo Museum. He too was a first class guide. The Egypt of the Pharaohs stood out plainly before us, and the kings of many dynasties in their mummified forms. It is amazing to see what the tombs and sands of Egypt have disgorged! Illustrations, in marvellous skill and accuracy, of life in all its branches stood out before us. Museums are usually tiring places. It was impossible to tire on Saturday morning, but one did regret that such skill and workmanship had been expended by this interesting people, in the plenitude of their power and greatness, on graves!

The visit to the Pyramids and the Sphinx calls for only a record of the fact. Where so many have given in better words their impressions my words need only be few. I cannot say I was disappointed at all, but one requires to stand and gaze and to come again in order to take in all their vastness and their hoary look, and all one can do is to wonder and ask questions, to which no really satisfactory answer comes! The Pyramids would, however, be more impressive if the cry for *baksheesh* and the touting that goes on around them could be silenced.

The visit to Cairo culminated on Sunday (April 17) in an ordination at All Saints' Church which Canon J. H. Molesworth, the chaplain, kindly placed at our disposal for the purpose. The candidate was Mr. William Wilson Cash, whom Archdeacon Ward, of Alexandria, had examined on behalf of the Bishop in Jerusalem. I promised the Bishop, when in Jerusalem, that I would ordain him if he passed. Mr. Cash has been eight years in Egypt as a member of the Egypt General Mission. He is working with Dr. Harpur at Menouf. He was telling me of a school he is just opening there. The school fees come to fivepence a month, bed and board being found by the boys themselves *on the school premises*! I was gratified to be allowed to hold so interesting an ordination on the last Sunday of my tour! Canon Molesworth was most sympathetic about the service. Canon MacInnes presented, on behalf of the Archdeacon, who was detained in Alexandria as his curate was away. I had to preach the sermon as well as ordain; my text was, 'Men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom,' which I told them were wanted everywhere from West to East, from North to South.

CONCLUSION.

If the reader has followed thus far, there will be some willingness to continue a very few steps farther as the writer records in conclusion some of the impressions with which he drew nearer the Homeland.

A little leisure on the deck of the liner brought to light the fact that there was such a thing as a daily paper, and attempts were made to get once more into touch with home events. It was sorry reading just then. Everybody seemed to be quarrelling! Statesmen were ranged against statesmen, Commons against Lords, and never had things looked worse for the unity and stability of country and empire. Men who walked the deck were asking one another what was going to happen?

We all know what did happen. Within a few days of our return the King died. It happened during those first sad days that a friend was addressing a large gathering. He said, 'It was a very good meeting but rather depressing, for everybody was in black'!

During those days the writer of these records addressed many meetings, and everybody was in black. But so far from being depressed we reminded one another that 'our common sorrow for a common King proved that we were after all one family. We were blood relatives, we had the same history, the same traditions, the same destiny.' And in so saying we were but voicing the revived national feeling, for that death was unifying to the whole Empire. Well, that is something to the good. We must, if we are to work any deliverance in the earth, refuse to fall out by the way.

But something more is wanted! It is not enough to be a citizen of the British Empire. No real impression for good on those countries we have visited is going to be made except in the degree in which we realize citizenship in the Kingdom of God! And the weak spot in missionary enterprise to-day lies in the want of an adequate base of operations.

One great encouragement which marked for the writer

a fitting finale to this personal visitation was the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in June of this year (1910). We know now that the base of operations is larger, wider, better instructed, more resolute and more united than we thought. We looked into the faces and heard the wise and burning words of men who are determined 'to give God no rest till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.' We know that in the United States of America, and on the Continent of Europe and elsewhere are men and women who are more numerous than we, and doing more than we have yet attempted. And we thank God and take courage, and desire to be provoked to more love and better works.

But how has this Conference with its unity and co-operation come about? It is part of the divine blessing upon some degree of revived obedience. Such a conference would have been unthinkable a century ago, would have been impossible even ten years ago.

We shall see greater things than these! But we shall only see them as we keep close to our Lord, get a true vision of Him as Saviour, Lord and King, as we catch His divine Spirit, and as we are quickened and taught and edified by His Holy Word. Any unity or co-operation that does not come to us along these lines will not be the unity of the Spirit and will not really serve the Lord's cause.

Many of us hope that the Anglican Communion may in these coming days find increasing fellowship with such as were represented at Edinburgh. We have been compelled once, in order to preserve primitive doctrine and usage, and our Catholicity, to assert ourselves as definitely Protestant. The time may be near when we shall, without losing our Catholic heritage in Creeds, Sacraments, or Church order, become far more closely federated with those who are, like ourselves, members of the same Holy Catholic Church. May the Lord hasten it in His time so that 'His way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations'!

We have now come all the way from Japan, by way of China and India, to Jerusalem. May these pages help many in the power of the divine Spirit and Word that once went forth from Jerusalem, to find their way as messengers of the Churches to India, China and Japan!