

REV. ALLIE IRICK.

A JOURNEY  
ROUND THE WORLD

BY

ALLIE IRICK, EVANGELIST.  
LAMASCO, TEXAS.

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By Allie Irick, 1907.



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“And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world,  
and preach the gospel to every creature.”—Jesus.

“I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians;  
both to the wise and unwise.”—Paul.

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## A FOREWORD.

It was an epochal day in the history of the modern holiness movement in the South, when Rev. W. B. Godbey, the noted scholar, preacher and traveler, in company with evangelists Edward and John Roberts, and Allie Irick started around the world to preach full salvation from sin to the lost multitudes in the great mission fields, especially in India and Japan. The Holy Spirit guided this group of faithful men in a most remarkable manner. Everywhere their labors were crowned with success.——— They were not only made a blessing to the unconverted heathen, who with joy listened to their word of life, but were a great blessing to the missionaries who received from them the gospel of entire sanctification.

After an extended tour abroad, they returned to their native land to stir the hearts of the holiness people on the all important subject of missions. There seems to be, and doubtless is a Divine order in the holiness movement. When the revival broke out, first of all the camp meeting sprung up. Second, the holiness paper. Third, the holiness school, and, fourth, the missionary movement. In proportion as the spirit of missions and a burning zeal for the salvation of the regions beyond takes hold of the holiness people, will the great revival of full salvation spread.

Bro. Irick, in order to kindle and spread this holy zeal, has written, and sends forth this book, giving an account of their journeyings and work in the various mission fields.

May the blessing of God attend it, and rest upon those who puruse its pages.

H. C. Morrison.

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## DEDICATION.

To the millions who are "sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death," and to the saints scattered abroad, who are laboring for the evangelization of the world with a full gospel, and to hasten the return of our Redeemer and King, is this volume prayerfully inscribed by the author.

Dec. 18, 1906.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FAREWELL MEETINGS.

There is nothing that so stimulates and arouses the spirit of world-wide evangelism as the operating powers, so manifest in the modern holiness movement.

The forward trend, the aggressive spirit and the triumphant labors of present-day developments, only prove the possibilities which invite the advancing host.

It has been our sacred honor to have labored in revival work in many States and in Canada, meeting with most satisfying results in the salvation of many hundreds. But it was during the sessions of a State camp-meeting, where "great grace was upon all," and gracious manifestations of the great Spirit on "Missionary Day," during a sermon upon the "great harvest field, its ripeness, the possibility and opportunity for this generation," preached by a young but very devout man, that the burden, the conviction and call of my journey was clearly given and out-lined. We meekly bowed, prayerfully responded, and cheerfully accepted heaven's command.

Four years of incessant and fruitful evangelistic labors passed, but our call and convictions remained. Meantime a chain of Divine Providence had made it possible for our departure on this adventurous journey.

Having a full camp-meeting slate, covering a large area, and the time of our leave so near at hand, we cancelled some of the out-lined program, and began to

conduct missionary rallies, and hold farewell meetings preparatory to our departure.

Thus began a new epoch of ministerial activities in our life—that of laboring exclusively in the interest of foreign missions.

During camp-meetings held in Indiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and other States, where great victory crowned our labors, we had special meetings, connected with our proposed tour. It was in these services that the conviction and certainty of our call was made clear and impressive.

The diversity of denominational proclivity, and the corresponding Christian unity and congenial fellowship, was manifest. Our hearts were gladdened, thrilled and inspired as we labored among the Friends, Evangelicals, Holiness Christians, Pentecostals, Bands, Associations, just as easy as with our own Church, the Methodist Church.

Our farewell rallies, held in Providence, R. I., Birmingham, N. Y., Chicago, Upland, Ind., Indianapolis, Connersville, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and New York City, were all greatly crowned with power.

As our world-wide tour was not under the direction of a Church Committee, and as we had no financial fund upon which we could lean for support, and no private endowment to provide for our expense, hence it became absolutely necessary for us to receive public free-will offerings, to make it possible for our launching out on this perilous journey.

The people were cheerful and responsive, thus availing themselves of the opportunity of going to the mission field by proxy. Such is all giving, going, doing or daring, sending and sharing, preaching and

pressing in behalf of evangelizing the world—it is going in person, though it be another who hastens away to the field of glorious operations. Thus the work and the workers are inseparably related and beautifully connected. Such is the plan so clearly outlined in the Pentecostal program given in the Acts of the Apostles—very intricate and highly productive.

During our "Farewell Campaign," we met hundreds of saintly characters, useful spirits, intellectual giants, spiritual heroes, and withal mighty men and women, who are belting the lands, with powerful influences, healthy and wholesome examples, and who are leading triumphant lives, and whose minds and pens are sending out broad-cast, sound and needful literature.

They are also keeping pace with the rapid developments of the grand missionary movements, which are so strikingly characteristic of mighty spiritual epochs, such as those which shook the foundations of national corruption, social impurity, lifeless formality and universal apathy in days gone by. Thank God, the power that prevailed then, is now moving, melting, arousing and creating anew, and great triumphs, of which we get glimpses as we study the problem in the dawning light, await the advancing army.

The agitating and invigorating issue of world-wide evangelism, which is so apparent, is more eagerly the result of the pentecostal experience than was apprehended by a large bulk of the modern holiness movement, until of recent years. But it is dawning upon the great movement that the paramount consequence of "The Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire," ("They were filled—and began" missionary opera-

tions,) is our sacred privilege, our blessed possibility and our binding obligation, relative to the Church at home, to the fields abroad, to a lost world, and more directly relative to our ascended Lord.

Thus, our stay in the home-land was gradually being shortened, but our labors were abundant and fruitful, in the salvation of souls, in the response to our needs, and in the conviction and call of several talents from a life of apparent ease, comfort and self-contentment, to a career of usefulness, though fraught with persistent toil and fierce opposition. They will have limited social environments; amid vain philosophies, senseless and lustful superstitions, pagan worshippers, and the sad tramp of unsaved and unreached millions.

Our cause became the common concern, problem and burden of those with whom we were associated, and such should be the immediate result of all where this sacred gospel is proclaimed or professed throughout this vast nation of ours. For such purpose to be over-looked, over-run and finally thwarted, is a triumph of hell, resulting from the sad lack of proper and systematic association and co-operation among our holiness representatives in the home-land.

With the kindness shown us by Rev. A. J. Dolbow, of Wilmington, Del., we were invited to the great camp of the Holiness Christian Church, located just outside Philadelphia. It was here that such manifestations of God's power thrilled our souls, and as at the preceding and with the following places, our labors were not in vain.

The campaign closed with a service in a church located in the heart of great New York City.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DEPARTURE—ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

We had a burning conviction and a definite call, fanned into a flame of unquenchable determination, augmented by the triumphs and travels of four years since our becoming deeply conscious of our Master's will concerning such an understanding as we were preparing to assume.

The day, the occasion and the facts connected with departing from our native land were eagerly and anxiously longed and looked for.

There are many things connected with an occasion like this that will be impossible to numerate.

We were deeply conscious of many things which had confronted us previous to our fixed purpose relative to this extensive journey. Our unparalleled labors with heaven's blessings upon them, the open doors, the clamour for our humble services, and the magnitude of the growing work—all this we well knew we must break away from, for a season at least.

Still keen problems faced us, such as,

“Don't you think this trip is a little premature, and should be postponed to some future period?”

“How can you venture upon such an undertaking without some Board or fund to stand back of you?”

And again, “Have you taken into account the epidemics, plagues, famines, the exposures and the perils by land and sea with all of which you will come in contact?”

Regardless of these and other things we were enabled to exclaim with that great missionary apostle, "None of these things move me."

We are more ably prepared now to announce as we then felt in some measure that such conviction, determination and settled problems are more—mean more, cost more and amount to infinitely more then and forever afterward, than does sentiment or mere enthusiasm.

If opposition fierce and persistent could have turned our cause, the blessings received by saying "Yes" to the question "Who will go for us?" would have been forever lost, our heart would have missed the joy felt for four years by declaring continually and unswervingly "Here am I, send me."

Neither would it have been possible for us to have participated in the blessed seasons which characterized our farewell rallies, nor have known the overwhelming victories that crowned our hearts and hands during our journey in the Orient. It is best to have convictions, determinations and fixed purposes of the right and worthy kind, and then stand true.

A number who journeyed with us from Philadelphia to New York, who also participated in our two last rallies, above mentioned, were among the throng of human faces that formed a picture that will forever hang upon the walls of undying memory.

Many were the problems that demanded our time and attention, especially those which refer to our embarkation.

One forgets that he is in the center of such a metropolis as New York, amid towering steel buildings, thronging thoroughfares, mammoth business

blocks, magnificent hotels, and her flying elevators, the lovely parks, and great centres of culture. Not far distant is that world-renowned "Wall Street," but which called and perhaps does assume another name, by which the nature and character of its operations could be more easily comprehended. Then the great docks, shipyards, and the ocean-liners coming from many distant shores, and others now sounding the time of their departure—again one hardly realizes that he is in the midst of such commercial, national, social, political and moral—not to say immoral—confusion, when completing his plans for foreign travel. But as our time is limited, our hands are full and we must make all necessary arrangements indispensable to oriental journeying. Thus it behooves mortal men, possessing immortal souls, to make all preparations befitting to their voyage across the ocean of life and out into that distant land, from whence no traveler has ever returned.

The currency was exchanged for circular notes of equal value, which are good anywhere. Do you catch the point, reader? One has just the same in the orient (providing he doesn't dispense with it) as he had before changing his locality. Do you appreciate the philosophical and theological truth contained in this little piece of prose?

The garments needful for ocean voyage and for continental Europe were also procured.

This is sound sense, when we come to do and deal with common and natural things. Well, why not employ the same, yea that exceedingly needful agent, in the preparation for our final departure, and live on a good basis; then have a foundation upon which to die,

and be forever conscious that all things needful in eternity were procured during life?

It was Tuesday afternoon, August 29, 1905, that our little company gathered in the headquarters of Thos. Cook & Sons, on Broadway, where we had a blessed time. It was here that business matters were all adjusted and everything completed, and all were furnished with tickets, passports, currency notes and a fairly good understanding was now granted each one. Thus our minds were relieved and we were free again.

We spent the last night on American soil in a service in Bethel church, located in "greater New York." This was a fitting service, one of great grace and power.

A gracious stream of light and salvation flows out from this small, but powerful congregation. A lesson worthy of our note and adaptation.

Wednesday, August 30, 1905, was an eventful occasion, one that held our hearts in growing anticipation and swelling expectancy.

With our baggage marked and checked, the state-room secured, luggage carried and located in what was to be "our dwelling" for one week, we marched from the steamer's ticket office onto the great platform, where were a multitude of friends and loved ones together with the stranger, and thoughtless, careless crowd.

At 9:30 a. m., the first gong sounded, which indicated that one-half hour was all the time we had to remain on American soil.

It is remarkable how much can be said, and with what force, in such limited time and space, and to know the decided effects such will produce. One generally

says their best, and not a few say their worst, when their time and place bear limited allotment. You remember one's conduct in the garden, though it was a kiss, then our Master required of him to make haste and accomplish his purpose. Still others breathe words in their final separation upon which a nation can build their laws of administration, or upon which the Church of the living God can and will survive the terrific onslaughts of hell, and they can "never prevail."

In such brief intervals one invariably leaves off all their superfluities, things that never contribute real value and force, whether that be preaching the gospel or in any matter "pertaining to life or godliness."

The crowds are gathering on and around our majestic steamer, for the time has well-nigh arrived for our sailing.

The scenes which surround a ship, laden with friends and loved ones as they weep, waving their little white flags, and with those last and parting tokens, culminating in sobs, and deep sighs. With relatives embraced and with that affectionate and gentle kiss, the choking voice, tear-stained face, and with the very air almost rending with that shouting of "good-bye," "God bless you," then the waving of hands, banners and tear-stained handkerchiefs, all these form a picture furnished to our mental vision which will linger ineffaceably and bespeak more than tongue is able to tell or language to depict.

The last and long gong is now sounding. See! the hurrying of the ship's crew, hear their cries as they loosen and take up ropes and anchor, the commander

orders, and the decks are cleared of everything and everybody, not prepared for this ocean voyage.

Now hear: "Lift the gang-plank," "Loosen the rope," then with a tap of the steamer's great bell, the ponderous engines start, the mighty propellers revolve and hurl the mud and water, while our stately old ocean queen steadily but certainly moves forward.

The keen and ear-splitting voice of that massive whistle now tells us that we are free from the shore, and that all ropes, lines and connections are entirely disconnected and we are bound for some other clime, upon whose shores we hope to safely land one week hence. Such an expression as the last, had it been made some few years ago, would have received severe criticism, even laughed at. But you see, we are living amid the wonderful revelations of progress.

Who can tell, what the next half century will reveal?



الأهرام  
مصر



LE CAIRE. - Pyramide de Gizeh

K. 100-101

Pyramid of Egypt.



## CHAPTER III.

## OUR OCEAN VOYAGE.

There are laws existing—good and great, that must be wisely observed, and they cannot be lost sight of, or run over in a rough manner, for instance, that of preparations for a journey. Without this one will be stranded and fail in the accomplishment of their design. Such was the case of one person who was bent on joining our company round the world.

But upon investigation, he had no ticket, no money, no passport, and no understanding with the ship's company, consequently he failed to get any sort of audience or standing with the officials, and remained on the shore and was denied passage, though willing to work his way on board the ship.

This has some prominence in the Scripture, but is briefly explained as "zeal not according to knowledge."

We turn our faces toward the metropolis of the Occident, and gaze upon the multitudes thronging on the wharfs.

We point out dear Sister Storey (now in heaven) and many others "who accompanied us to the ship."

Now they are singing "God, be with you till we meet again"—it never sounded so sweet to our hearts—the very earth trembled with the chorus of that great throng. After the melody had died away, then the crew and passengers on board our ocean vessel swelled the chorus of "That will be glory for me." Then, to cap the climax, after this was finished, our little

band of four, shouted back the chorus, "You may look for me, for I'll be there, glory, glory to His name."

Now, all faces had faded from our view, the great "sky-scrappers" stood lifting their lofty heads high in the heavens.

Our hearts are full, our voices seemed choked, our eyes fairly flow with tears, and our souls are drawn out in deep meditation and sweetest pleasures, known only in secret devotion.

It is cool and cloudy, the fogs are settling down over America's greatest seaport, just like a pall of death.

Soon all the faces and forms of friends who are waving, and shouts of loved ones, are all enveloped within New England's mist.

We are now out in the Bay, steaming toward the surging sea. Now, fades from our eager gaze such mammoth structures as "The World," "The Park-Row" and the "Astor House."

Our vessel is applying her steam a little heavier and her speed is increasing. The great city is growing small, and dim as we glide farther away.

"The Statue of Liberty," which stands out in the Bay, with her high and noble face pointing towards us, seems to say, "Don't forget the land of liberty, the home of the brave, and the greatest republic that exists beneath the sun."

And we wanted to shout back, "Please accept our deepest admirations, our most loyal allegiance and be assured of our strictest fidelity and greatest love for thy law, thy government and thy great Commonwealth." Thus we sailed away, with such impressions

thrilling our minds, and with a prayer in our hearts for our loyalty to Jesus and His kingdom.

Do you think we were impressed with anything unfitting, as our nation gives common rights, which, if properly recognized, will insure peace and prosperity?

We passed Sandy Hook, where our great "Men-of-War" are drilled and great naval feats are frequently executed. This is essential now in order to be able to cope with other great nations of the earth—military and naval feats are not the stepping-stones to the higher civilization and general progress of nations in many instances chronicled on the pages of their history, but many times, are the product of anything else but hostilities.

The truth which we wish to make plain, may be illustrated thus: There appeared in her royal presence a young prince from some Asiatic tribe, and upon his inquiry, "What gave to Great Britain her power, strength, peace and prosperity?" (thinking of her great fleet and army, also of her wealth and culture) that illustrious Queen Victoria lifted from the side of her mighty throne a copy of the Bible, and softly said, "Here is the secret of Great Britain's power and progress."

It was well stated. A national respect for and observance of the fundamental laws of the Most High will secure national peace and progress; the spirit of industry and commerce will grow and cause this nation or any other to be the subject of the world's admiration.

It is no wonder that England has furnished some of the greatest preachers and spiritual reformers that have appeared upon the arena since the days of the

Apostles. Reverence and love for God's Word is the secret.

The shores of the home-land have faded from our view. Nothing but a surging sea greets our enraptured gaze—the wondrous ocean, with her boisterous waves and splashing billows.

Our steamer is the "Tuetonic" of the White Star line. She is more than five hundred feet long, her tonnage is 11,000 and her horsepower is 10,000. She has on board more than one thousand passengers, ranging from the first class down to the steerage company, the larger per cent. being the latter.

Our speed averages about twenty miles per hour.

Our traveling companions consist of three—Dr. W. B. Godbey, of Perryville, Ky., Revs. John and C. E. Roberts, of Pilot Point, Texas.

We retire to our staterooms, and dedicate them to our God, and pray that His everlasting arms shall hold the ship and preserve the passengers from storm and death.

Our hearts are sweetly assured of His presence and protecting care, for He who walked on the stormy crest of long ago, still reigns and rules both in heaven and on land and sea.

So we fear no evil, and we rest sweetly in His blessed control.

Now begins our life on the ocean. It is all new and awkward to us, but of course we soon find the key to all the combinations, and soon get adjusted to all the circumstances, and settle down, feeling at home.

After a few hours of rapid sailing we suddenly cross out of the Bay Waters into the ocean currents, and the transition is of such a character that one is

keenly conscious of the operation, for they command rather than request your most candid consideration.

The vessel begins her trembling and quivering, technically denominated as "dexterical motion," and one would almost conclude that it was changing its name, but not altering its value by calling it the "hysterical emotion," which vocation soon demands your most loyal (but not loving) devotion.

The "swell," as it is called by the sailors, is now testing our fortitude and ability to master the perplexing situation.

Just as the vessel plunged across the border-line that so distinctively separates the coast waters from the surging sea-currents, some exclaim, "What causes this awful trembling and heaving of our ship?" The answer was, that we were now out at sea, and the swell and currents of the ocean produced those sighs and groans of our tossing steamer.

Night is on, and we spend our first night on the old ocean. The magnificence and inexpressible beauty of the clear heavens is a scene well-nigh transporting to the eyes and soul.

Millions of twinkling stars from the first magnitude, to the tiny little dazzling speck. Then the soft moon-light, falling gently upon the bosom of the troubled deep, which seems to kiss away its angry spray and whisper: "Be still."

Next day is the Sabbath, and we are anxious to know what will be the order of the sacred day, out on the raging watery domain.

As we had conceded that, as a rule, all seamen or sailors, constitute that rough, thoughtless, careless and Christless mass of men who are accustomed to

storms, death-scenes, dark pictures and horrible sights, the common conclusion would be that very few genuine Christians would be found among this throng of men, who would stem the tide of worldliness, immoral conduct, and all sorts of wicked indulgences. But in this, one is surprisingly and joyfully informed to the contrary.

Divine services were conducted by the English clergyman, as this was an English steamer, and of course the service was of the High Church order. Naturally, we who had been used to our more simple but pleasant manner of worship, became somewhat embarrassed, and rather confused to know "when, how, and where," as we were not accustomed to "the books." But amid it all, we lost sight of the litany and "printed prayers," and opened our heart, caught a fresh vision of Jesus, and departed from that morning devotion with a larger conception and a stronger faith in "the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation"—a point one can adapt himself to in most any kind of condition, and remain inexpressibly happy and content, if his heart is right.

The days come and go, but they are full of events of endless variety, diverse in character and meaning.

The sea becomes rough and merciless from the human standpoint.

One who could survive the ravages of a rolling ocean, could accumulate enough material for an interesting essay, but perhaps if delivered in some localities, it might change the mind of some "ambitious Freshman," or effect a radical change upon the enthusiastic trend of "the energetic Sophomore."

If you are able to out-ride and live over the terrors

of sea-sickness, you will have time and opportunity to see some things, that will remain stamped indelibly upon your memory.

Should you prove to be a hero (for such you would be) and escape the misery of ocean-illness, you will have your sympathies taxed to their fullest capacity as you behold the touching scenes. But alas! as is the case most everywhere else, mere sympathy or human sentiment don't avail much nor atone for such an assaulting malady.

You will notice on board the ship when she first steams out of harbor, the gay, the proud, "the upper-tendums," the "bon-tons" and representatives of "the four hundreds" street, and carry the air of royalty and nobility, but you watch these society dolls and dudes, when the old vessel begins to groan, to roll and pitch like some western broncho, and when the angry billows begin to rise, leap and surge against our ship, and the wild waves sweep over the hurricane deck, then you will notice the extra coat of paint, powder and superfluity of curls and other things all fade and vanish. Very strange. Don't you think so?

Oh! how invigorating and wholesome is it to get out early, stand upon the upper deck, and throw back your shoulders and breathe deep and long until you fill your lungs with the good, pure, fresh, salty sea-breeze. There are a great many who should get out, open up their chest and inhale the fresh air, and then with meekness breathe a spirit of prayer and praise unto their Lord and Master for His tender mercies over them, and for His smiles and gracious blessings upon the work of their hands, upon their families and their entire land.

There would not be so much murmuring, complaining or general fault-finding, but a spirit of gratitude and appreciation would cause the glory of the Church to shine, and the power of its faithful members to be felt the earth around.

Reader, which is your choice in the matter? Your life proves the selection.

On an ocean voyage one has the opportunity for study, reflection and investigation as the various classes, colors and conditions of our race pass the gaze.

The old, venerable, saintly and thoughtful, then the strong, sturdy, robust, healthy and vigorous. Next the young, gleeful, active, cheerful and amusing, and the "Big Alexs," "Know-it-alls," over-bearing, assuming, attractive; the "Bell-sheep," the hasty, thoughtless and careless youngster; then there is that little busy-body, rattle-box, flirting and flippant, with but little taste for quietness, steady, gentle manners, or for those beatitudes belonging to the graceful and beautiful Christian womanhood.

Then there asserts itself that foul-mouthed, ill-mannered, uncultivated, tobacco-fiend with his colleagues, such as card-players, dice-throwers, wine and whiskey soaks.

But amid such a babel of characters as you come in contact with on such voyages as this, you will also observe the employed, studious, thoughtful, diligent, reserved, unassuming and saintly characters. What a benediction they are, and what lasting blessings they leave upon you, either on land or sea. Reader, to which company do you belong?

The fog-horn blows twice each minute. It sounds so lonely, doleful and like some funeral-knell. How



Mount Olivet — Church — Mount Olivet.

Mount Olivet.



blessed to have the constant assurance that no fog overhangs the soul's horizon, but all is transparent and clear.

The days are swiftly passing, and we are enroute to the land of our fathers and mothers—for England is our mother.

We have traveled now nearly three thousand miles on the great Atlantic since viewing land.

At midnight, September 5, we call at Queenstown, Ireland, but don't tarry long, so we are out again, on the trackless deep.

Now our enraptured gaze falls and feasts upon the blue-looking hills of Wales on one side, and the bold and bare rocky steeps of Ireland on the other, and the scenes are imposing.



## CHAPTER IV.

## LIVERPOOL—LONDON.

As we study the progress and speed of the world's civilization, we are at sea to know how to speak, where and what to say, unless it be a quotation from the sacred Scriptures, "that men shall run to, and fro and knowledge shall increase."

We remember from history that Columbus was two months in crossing the same expanse of water that we spanned in one week and less.

A retrospective view of the world's progress on the subject of navigations well-nigh startles, and what can be expected during the next century should our Lord tarry?

Just think, from the little row-boats to the majestic "floating palace," from the little tow-boat to the monster of the sea. And then think of their speed, from sixty days to only seven in crossing the very same waters, and who knows but the time is near at hand when it will be possible to cross the ocean—not in a steam-ship—but in an air-ship, not requiring three or four days for the journey?

Now our vessel sails proudly and stately into one of, if not the finest ports in the wide world—Liverpool.

At our right stand aloft the same majestic hills of dear old Ireland, while away to our left rising high are the beautiful mountains of Wales, with their blue covered slopes and towering summits.

Now the sea-gulls come out to greet and give us a

wide welcome to British soil by following after our vessel to catch the falling crumbs and refuse. You appreciate the sight of most anything, as your eye grows tired of skirting the ever-rolling ocean, and it craves for some object to gaze upon.

There is a certain kind of "Land-gull" which follows along after the glorious "ship Zion," and searches "for loaves and fishes." That is their only motive and purpose in life, and of course, they succeed in their attempt.

The water has become muddy and murky, indicating that land is nigh. This truth certainly holds good as applied in the spiritual sense.—Muddy water evidenced in the Christian's religious flow, bespeaks of his close relation to the foul soil of carnality.

Our passengers are all out in their best clothes, and with their best looks, and you know when "folks try" they can actually appear as if they possessed a superabundance of a general variety.

O how different the general appearance of those who are so easily changed from that description, expression and condition manifest among this company, when the storm-king was upon his throne, and was swaying his sceptre of authority over the sea, over the steamer and especially over its company, and as you look at them now you would almost conclude that we had a new company of passengers on board. But no, it is the same identical crowd, but with new appearance. Perhaps you have noticed this in different places than among a steamer's cargo. Do you recall at Church or at home?

Now what is that? Look yonder! What is it? Oh! it is that great city that all cotton-growers, speculators,

and cotton-thieves know just so intimately as did the Jews know of Jerusalem, or the Hindus know of Benares, or the wool-growers and sellers know of Lowell, Mass., or as the commercial world knows of "Wall street"—well, it is Liverpool, that city of cotton, and yet none grows there; but it evidently goes there.

Millions and millions of bales raised in our broad southland are exported there, and made up into fabric, and imported back to us, at imported prices, just as though we could not build our own mills, use our own material, consume our own product, and keep all this money in circulation in our own prosperous land, at the same time giving plenty of work to thousands of our poorer classes, who otherwise don't get it, as the situation appears today.

Why not every county in our great cotton sections, own and operate their cotton-mill, and be a scene of great operation and development, for the welfare of our Southern commonwealth?

We are having some demonstration on this very needy enterprise of recent years, only suggestive of what will follow in the near future.

Liverpool is said to have the finest seaport and harbor to be found. We notice that there is a large steamer just waiting our entrance into port that they may launch out en route for America's fair shores.

It is the "Baltic" belonging to the same company, owning ours. She is the largest steamer of the Atlantic, whose capacity is 24,000 tons, and she has on board three thousand passengers, bound for the United States.

Now, you see where the tide of immigration leads,

we had only one thousand on board for Europe, and that ship had thrice that number en route for the States.

Do you understand why?

You will observe great commercial vessels and merchant crafts swarming in and out of this great port, laden with cargo for many foreign shores.

Our huge vessel goes up alongside of the wharf, and the gang-plank is lowered amid the ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, flying of flags and shouting of sailors and enthused passengers. We devoutly thank the Lord, for His blessed care and keeping as we rolled over the briny deep, and soon with our luggage in hand, we step out and down from the faithful old ship on to the pier. Then we hurry away to the custom house and find the letter, corresponding with our name. There we place our luggage, and soon a man, with the air of an Englishman, appears on the scene, and proceeds to search our belongings. As a rule they don't spare, but just wade right in and they soon know just what you have, and if you possess anything "dutiabie," it will be found, and an account of such must be made. If you have nothing of this sort, your baggage will be marked accordingly. Then you are "a free man," and can do as you please, provided you behave yourself, just like you would if you were in Boston.

We are in Liverpool at 5 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, September 6, 1905.

Many thanks to the good English officials who have charge of the inspecting department, for their ability, kindness and speed with which they dispatched their functions relative to our being liberated, in order to

catch the "Grand Special," which was waiting for all passengers bound for London.

One is attracted at once with the quaint manner in which the houses are built and arranged. They are composed mostly of brick and built along the full length of a block facing the street and each house seems to be joined hard to the other. This is called in British America, "Terrace," or a house composed of compartments.

This city is famous for its commercial activities, and its factories and mammoth foundries.

Now the time has arrived for us to board "The London Flyer," of the great Northwestern Railroad System. The train runs alongside the wharf, and the passengers step right off the steamer onto the train. It is very conveniently arranged.

The bell rings and we start, en route to the greatest city beneath the sun.

The engines in Europe are similar to ours, but with some striking differences. They are light compared to our ponderous moguls of the north.

They are strongly constructed, and so built that their speed is hardly exceeded in any land.

We averaged more than sixty miles per hour, and had but two stops between Liverpool and London, a distance of 250 miles.

The coaches are composed of compartments, or cut-off rooms, throughout the coach.

These coaches generally have a plank running along the entire length of the car, on either side, and there are doors at each side of the compartment, opening from the outside, and each room has two rows of cushioned seats, which generally face each other, hence

there are center aisles as we have in the States, but they enter and pass out at either end of their respective apartments.

After about five hours of fairly flying, through beautiful meadows, excellent grain fields, and sweeping past many towns and quiet villages, we found ourselves right in the heart of great old London.

We are surrounded by coachmen, cab-drivers, baggage-lifters, hotel-runners, paper-sellers, guides of all descriptions, and what not. Fortunately, we found the Randall hotel, right near Victoria station where we arrived.

The blessing of perfect love is a wonderful sustaining, preserving and satisfying reality when thus literally covered with rattling and clamouring tongues.

It doesn't necessarily mean that perfect love expects one to love this babel of annoying masculines, but one thing is very evident, and that is, in the midst of this roar and mass of human voices and outstretched hands, one can be in a restful state of mind, with an unannoyed spirit, and great joy of soul, conscious of the fact, that there are no uprisings or misgivings, within. O, what a blessed experience known in Divine grace.

We greatly appreciate our arrival and restful hours.

Since our long voyage over the swelling, surging and boisterous ocean, we are glad to get where we can walk and not be zig-zaging about, and everything appearing as though it were falling. It certainly is a relief to get on the earth and view things as they really exist. You see the trouble was not with the things visible, but it was with the one gazing. Do you comprehend the truth implied therein?

There can be an infirmity of the eye, which gives the various and diverse appearances to objects about us. Then there may be such a thing as an obstacle just in front of the pupil that will give to the painting different coloring and shades from that which it really possesses. You will recall the cow, with her green goggles on. The result was she thought everything wore that kind of robe. You often hear declared, "There are so many hypocrites in the Church, I can't find the genuine Christian examples—it is all pretension or loud profession." Again you hear so lustily proclaimed, "No one can be made holy during their sojourn in life—utterly impossible. No one can attain to such heights of Christian graces; I don't believe in it; and all this craze about holiness sought—obtained and experienced, is merely loud profession and agitating to our peaceful fold." You see the trouble is with their visions. They can't see the thousands and thousands who are living and walking in the blessed comforts of the Holy Ghost, and "are made partakers of His holiness," and have the promise that "they might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." Yet that man couldn't see such blessed characters as our Lord has on earth and in the Church of today.

Don't forget that we are in London, the metropolis of the world, with a population of more than six million, and an annual increase of one hundred thousand.

London is the hub of the world's commercial and industrial activity. It is like a wagon wheel—London forming the hub and the spokes (various enterprises) running in their ramifying directions to all points of the universe.



Mosque of Omar—Jerusalem.



It is here that the financial strength of Great Britain—yea, of Europe—is located, with “the Bank of England,” the oldest and richest bank in all the world. The vault of this bank is under-ground and is so powerfully constructed that it is securely fortified against all burglars, robbers, and even dynamiting. It is walled with cement first, then stone, then a steel wall, and then the inner vaults. What if men prized their souls, their character, their homes and nation, as they do gold notes and national bonds; what a change would set in among the mass of judgment-bound immortals!

As our time in London is so limited, we must hasten about to even pay respect to the more important and historic places and objects of world-wide fame, not to mention the various and interesting features of this whirling, crowded, surging city of such profound proportions.

The city is situated on the river Thames, about sixty miles from the sea. It was founded about two thousand years ago by the Romans.

It is irregularly built, but contains an immense number of magnificent buildings, parks, squares and places of historic interest.

We at once launch out upon our exploration and investigation of the more important places and features of the city.

The vision is bewildered with the scenes, filling and crowding the streets, thoroughfares, lanes, alleys and the by-ways. Not just one, or a few, but all alike are swarming, with busy and ambitious mortals.

The car-lines are either under-ground or over-head which leaves the streets perfectly unincumbered for the tread of the countless throngs and for the dashing

and prancing steeds as they sweep up and down drawing those great omnibuses which carry from twenty to forty passengers.

We hurry away, to the royal cemetery of Great Britain—Westminster Abbey, the burial place of all royal dust of all nobles, worthies and illustrious persons.

Unequaled in historical interest is Westminster Abbey, founded in the early part of the seventh century. Here all the sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to Edward the VII., the present King, have been crowned in the ancient coronation chair, whose famous stone seat was plundered from the Scotch by Edward I.

The Abbey is built in the form of an irregular cross, and has two magnificent towers, each 205 feet high.

The architectural beauty, most especially of the interior can hardly be surpassed in all the world.

As we pass down these royal halls or aisles, we uncover our heads as we view the vaults, mausoleums, busts and slabs, that mark the silent dust of blood-royal nobility or famous characters of Church and State, stretching back many centuries past, but whose forms or sacred ashes lie here awaiting the sound of the resurrection trumpet to call them from their silent resting-place.

We are awe-stricken and feel the solemnity of the hour, as we gaze upon the tombs or slabs of such illustrious heroes and heroines as Burns, Gladstone, Elizabeth, Cromwell, Livingston, the Wesleys, Gordon, Longfellow, Shakespeare, Stanley and Wadsworth, together with hundreds of mighty men and of deeds, that will continue to bless this old dying world. Then

on the other hand, there reposes here the dust of hundreds whose lives and characters continue to work havoc upon the thronging multitudes of earth today. Such is the strange but powerful effect of influence.

The great organ that produces such profound and melodious strains of music is hidden and its majestic tones roll up and down these towering domes and finally die in yonder distant loft.

Just beneath the illustrious names of the world-renowned such lines as these appear: "The world is my parish," "The Lord buries His workmen, but carries on their work," and lastly, "Best of all God is with us." No need to mention names here. Sleep on, ye heralds of the cross!

Just across the street, on the bank of the Thames, stands the House of Parliament, whose dimensions are of gigantic proportions; founded in 1840. It has a clock tower 300 feet high with a dial 30 feet in diameter.

The tower of London is another place of thrilling interest, three miles distant from the Abbey, down the river. It is generally known as the Tower of London, but really it is a cluster of towers. The main building gives it the commonly-called name.

This is the most celebrated citadel in all Europe. It stands close by the river, and has a deep moat and a lofty wall surrounding, and then surmounted with strong towers and encloses about twelve acres of land.

The Tower of London has been in times past a palace, a prison, a mint, a fortress and a garrison, serving now as the last named. It was founded by William the Norman, about eleven hundred years ago.

The history of this place is dark enough. It has

been the scene of dark tragedies, wicked plots, bloodshed, sorrow, and untold suffering. Noble manhood and womanhood have sealed their faith with their blood, "Slain for the Word of God and the testimony which they held."

Not only are there to be found instruments of war and relics of by-gone days, but Great Britain's Crown Jewels are stored here, and guarded day and night, with all precaution possible.

We gaze upon these royal jewels which dazzle with gold, silver and all manner of precious stones, and think of the eternal "Crown that shall never fade away, reserved (kept in safety) in heaven for me."

You will notice, mounted upon his gallant war-steed Henry the Eighth, literally covered with shining steel, fortifying both man and horse from spear, arrow and the battle-ax. The modern invention of fire-arms and death instruments has thrown into eclipse the gallant pageant of many centuries forever gone.

Our next point of interest is St. Paul's Cathedral. The construction began 1675, and was founded by Sir Christopher Wren, at a cost of about one million five hundred thousand pounds, or about six million dollars.

It is 404 feet high, the diameter of the dome is 100 feet. There are 616 steps leading to the stone gallery under the golden cross.

Inside the dome is the famous "whispering gallery." You can hear a whisper one hundred feet away. When you are on the opposite side of the gallery from your guide, putting your ears close to the wall while the guide will softly whisper, "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and it required

over thirty years for its completion," the sounds are quite loud and accents are distinct. Wonderful is the power of man when thus permitted of our Lord.

The ponderous bell sends forth its deep and solemn tones. We enter the magnificent auditorium and hear one of England's great divines, as he performed his usual functions fitting for their manner of worship, but **we** were charmed and overwhelmed with the mighty peals of that mammoth organ, hidden away back beyond those massive marble pillars. O, how rich, deep, powerful, and effective, were its tones.

Now to the British museum we hurry—the largest and costliest one to be found. You will see the whole world in miniature. All ages and tribes both living and dead, spread out before your eyes, from the Egyptians, with all their compeers, down past the Roman and Barbaric ages, of all Asia, Africa and the two Americas. Millions of dollars have been spent in their research for the multiplied varieties of the worlds, animal and mineral, vegetable and physical species, all of which are to be found in the museums of London.

Passing down by Trafalgar Square, you will observe inscribed upon the great monument in large letters these words, "All in England are expected to do their duty." An excellent motto. What if all preachers and lay members in the Church would adopt such as, "All in the Church are expected to do their duty." Who could foretell the progress and triumph of her advancing host?

Our eyes long to see "City Road Chapel," a place well-known to all followers and lovers of Methodism. It stands back from the street about sixty feet, with

a few shade-trees in front. You will recognize the statue of that hero for truth and holiness, standing high on a pedestal in front of the famous chapel. The church is plain, strong and commodious, possessing a seating capacity of fifteen hundred.

We ascend the lofty, round pulpit, kneel and pray in the very place where that mighty man of faith and prayer would stir hell, shake the earth and receive audience with the King on high, in his passionate supplications.

At the front of the chapel, stands the Tomb of Mr. Wesley. We pass along a narrow yard and enter the square whose dimensions are about thirty by forty yards. This place is filled with tombstones. In the center is that of Mr. Wesley, and near him are the plain tombs of Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke and Richard Watson. Who can comprehend the glory and rewards, which will be granted these silent, sainted and illustrious worthies?

Time and space forbid our attempt of referring to the beautiful parks, lovely drives, the stately mansions, the royal palace, and the variety of London's great institutions of learning, centres of culture, and enterprises of philanthropy.

The revival of full salvation has a sweep and swing here that is being felt throughout Continental Europe.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

There is a degree of embarrassment, not to say, amazement, which a traveler, especially whose notoriety lays claim to the New World, feels while even in the continental portion of the Old World, as he attempts to carry on conversation with the people whom he thinks undoubtedly understand how to use and to appreciate the English dialect.

Perhaps this is all true enough and needs no comment, but it is quite certain that it matters not how clear, plain and distinct one speaks his words, he is conscious by the expression, action and the question which they invariably propound to you that is: "I beg pardon?" more usually simplified by "Beg pardon?" This little harmless but new and quite annoying custom, only serves to inform you that you were not well understood and you are kindly requested to repeat or readjust your form of expression. To illustrate: One evening in London we entered a restaurant, sat down, called for a menu card. This they didn't have. Then we proceeded to name and call for what we wished. We had a problem on hand to make them understand just what we wanted, but finally we succeeded. When settling time came, we had even a more difficult time to pay for our meal, then after we had settled, to cast over us a shadow, which perhaps they thought we would be sorry of the rest of our days, they said, "O, yes, you are Americans." To this we most cheerfully responded in the affirmative.

Bidding the world's great metropolis adieu, we take the train and hurry away. At night we change from the train to a steamer, and launch out to cross the English Channel, so famous for her storms and unpleasant sailing the year round.

Some of our party partake of a good meal; but ere our landing upon the other shore, many become so disturbed and actually become so generous as to "cast their bread upon the waters"—leaving a blessing for the fish.

It is late and the wind is high and cold. Soon our steamer begins rolling and trouble sets up among her passengers. For a while there was great hilarity—drinking and laughing on board, but even our "Watery Broncho" gets turned loose on those rolling billows, she snorts and groans as if death were approaching, then to a great extent that hilarity and reveling is turned into rolling, tossing, falling and a general commotion.

The boisterous and stormy characteristics of this channel are caused by the five different currents of wind ever sweeping upon its surging bosom.

Soon we land, our baggage is inspected, and now onto a rapid train, bound for the prettiest city known—Paris. Most all the railroads are of the narrow-gauge system, but they are so constructed that their light weight and excellent road-bed insure you comfort and speed that is hard to find east or west.

By this time we are recovering from the fearful effects that rough seas had upon the physical system, and can better appreciate the beautiful landscapes, with its rolling prairies, charming mountain peaks and sunny slopes, the clear flowing streams, and the thick-

ly sprinkled towns and villages, with their stately trees, towering spires and gorgeous buildings.

As we ride along through historic regions, memory is constantly employed, and recalls military heroism, moral and spiritual exploits, which command the world's attention, though centuries have passed since their mighty deeds.

We arrive in the capital and metropolis of the French Republic, whose population is now about three million. Paris is situated upon the banks of the mystic Seine.

The city is built similar to a wagon wheel, with a grand circle from which spring and run in every direction, great thoroughfares, street and boulevards, making it possible for the continuous enlargement of the city without altering the given plan.

The streets are broad, clean, and beautiful, generally paved with stone or cement. The origin of the word "Boulevard," which means "Avenue," has its beginning here, and has been transported to the Western World, with great taste and delight.

The more prominent of these thoroughfares, are Avenue Des Champs Elysus, Les Boulevards, and Boulevard De La Madeleine.

They are wide, white, level and imposing. There is a place for vehicles to run in the center, then a row of stately trees on either side of this, then comes the side-walks on either side, then the beautiful lawns, and lastly, the cozy homes. This is a picture of the modern wealthy avenues of Paris.

It is quite difficult, to walk on the side-walks in the central or business portions of the city, because of the hundred of little stands or tables, which sit out upon

the pavements, where coffee, tea and wine, liquors and cold drinks are served. This is called "the cafe system," better known as "the drinking system."

Paris has a wide-world fame for at least three things, namely, fine wines, fine music and proud women.

There are so many places of historic importance, also of artistic taste, we must give ourselves to investigation of those most prominent. You are charmed with the architectural magnificence and the stately proportions of most all buildings erected either for Church or State.

Beginning at the grand circle, from which ramify all the important streets, you will observe the Grand Opera—the largest and most costly of all the world. Then near-by is "The Grand Hotel," the most spacious and magnificent hotel in all the earth, said to contain more than seven hundred rooms or apartments. Of course we didn't put up here, neither did we care for such pomp and vanity.

Napoleon's Tomb is our next point of interest. It is said to be the finest structure of its kind existing. It rises from a base 147x75 feet, to a height of 162 feet. Its central arch is 48 feet broad and 95 feet high. Within, and upon the walls or columns, are inscribed in panoramic view, the many battles and triumphs giving the names of 384 generals who fought during the Napoleonic age.

This is one of the finest species of memorial expression that we beheld either in America or in Europe. It was erected in 1706, at a cost of several millions. Just above the costly tomb of the silent warrior shine from the various colored windows, rays of

soft and different tinted light, falling quietly upon the many colors of rare stone and rich furniture, producing a rare picture and whose qualities are hard to be duplicated. The variety of window-colors, emitting light to fall upon the stones and paintings that make this so rich and rare. We stand here with our hats in our hands and our heads bowed, as we recall from history the powerful heroism that made his name a terror to the surrounding nations. The tomb is well fortified by a high wall, with heavy artillery planted and with armed guards who patrol the grounds day and night.

Notre Dame Cathedral is our next object. This cathedral is of gigantic proportions. Its architectural beauty and historic fame swing it into great prominence. It was founded by Pope Alexandra III., in 1163, while the first building that stood on the same spot was erected in A. D. 365.

Its present dimensions are 390 feet in length by 144 feet wide, with two towers at the front, whose height is 224 feet. We heard music here, deep melodious and exceedingly effective.

The "Triumphant Arch" was built to celebrate the triumphs of Napoleon during 1805 and 1806. It is adorned with sculpturing representing wars of the first empire. Champ de Mars has a splendid parade ground one thousand by five hundred yards.

The Louvre, the national museum, said to possess some of as fine paintings as the world can produce.

The chamber of deputies, or, the French Parliament House, is a handsome classical building, with Corinthian pillars and sculptured pediment.

The Palace Royal, one of the most popular edifices of Paris.

Time would fail us to pay written tribute to all the gorgeous Palaces, stately mansions and magnificent Imperial structures that abound in this city of immense wealth and fame.

We must not pass by the "Eiffel Tower," which is constructed of steel, and which stands upon four legs, covering an area of about four acres, and whose summit ascends about one thousand feet high. You ascend by elevators; the top platform is surrounded and covered with glass. Upon this dizzy summit one gets a charming view of this great city and its environs, whose landscapes are simply imposing.

The beautiful water of the Seine appears as a thread of silver. The spacious gardens, with their dense shade of green, and the national buildings of art, culture, history, church and state thickly dotting the river bank, and parks, and lovely drives, form a painting which hangs upon memory's wall not soon to depart.

You observe some things as you plod up and down the crowded streets of this "Queen of the East"—the populace love their wines, they delight in amusement and recreation, their taste for fashion and dress is exceedingly attractive and apparent. As a rule all fashion-plates and society fads, have their birth in Paris, and then are sent out to all Europe and America.

It is this city where all the famous (and maybe infamous, as far as the nature of the thing is concerned,) plays, dramas and fancy music, have their origin and then go up and down the earth wherever the drift of twentieth century society is rife.

The Sabbath is scarcely noticed here by the bulk of the inhabitants. If anything there is more wine-

drinking, theater-going (for many are open Sunday afternoon) pleasure-driving and general desecration than on other days.

The population of the Republic is about forty million, her commerce reaches approximately about one billion dollars. Wines are the most important export. She possesses a strong army and navy.

France, was and is the hot-bed of infidelity and Romanism. But it is a most pleasant and inspiring truth that the gospel is pressing its way through those thick walls of unbelief, prejudice and superstition, and there are a number of churches and salvation missions planted in the heart of this city, which is given over to worship of Bacchus (the god of wine), and souls are being saved, and others are learning that "the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin," and it is possible for them to obtain a clean heart in this life. Mr. McAll has about forty active and aggressive mission stations in this city, and the Lord is crowning them with blessed results.

You will remember that the infidel Voltaire one time declared with all emphasis as he sat in his own house in the city of Paris, "that one hundred years from now (when spoken) the Bible would be banished from the earth, Christianity would be repudiated, and the whole farce would be delegated as a relic of past ages."

What consummate ignorance is here revealed. This senseless prophecy has become the laughing stock for men and devils. Poor old Voltaire! He didn't know that the very same house where he uttered the above blasphemous statement, has become a Bible depository, where hundreds and thousands of Bibles and

New Testaments are bought and sold each year. This is like the Church dignitary who most positively affirmed that "the modern fad known as the holiness movement will die and be heard no more inside of ten years time." But you see he was short-sighted, unbelieving, prejudiced and uncharitable, for the great movement sweeps on with increasing power, speed and blessed fruitage, and that man's name is nearly forgotten. Who will know his name fifty years hence or who can describe the power, magnitude and success of the modern holiness movement at the expiration of the same time?

We pray for the truth-loving, Christ-serving, heaven-seeking and sin-hating worthies whom we shall leave amid the millions in this great domain, where priest-craft, sin and the devil hold sway, that my Lord will continue His blessings upon the noble work of their lands and give them a countless throng of immortals, who will meet and greet them in "the city not made with hands," and all may shout and shine around the eternal throne forever, for His name's sake. Amen.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ROME—NAPLES.

Having made an incomplete exploration of the French metropolis, with her imposing gardens, charming parks, majestic palaces, beautiful squares and stately residences, we turn our faces toward the far-famed little nation of Italy.

Our trains resemble those of England and dash along with most excellent speed. The scenery is lovely and we are ever delighted with the views of towering mountains, with their long slopes, carpeted with green and their lofty summits rising far above the clouds, and at times wearing a frosty cap, which makes them more majestic and grand.

We are charmed with the ever-changing views of Italy's splendid scenery.

Suddenly our train dashes into the longest tunnel in the world. This tunnel serves as a passage through the famous Alps, also forming a boundary-line between France and Italy. The distance through the entire tunnel reaches about eighteen miles and requires more than one half hour to make the run. It is a marvel to the engineering world.

Now we are on Italian soil. On we go, flying around sharp curves, and creeping along frightful precipices, and leaping over sparkling brooks, fed by melting snows and never-failing springs, coming down through rugged chasms, and fearful gorges. Doubtless, through this portion of Europe the mountain

scenery and lovely landscapes can't be excelled for beauty and glory.

We arrive in Genoa, a city of two hundred and thirty-four thousand inhabitants, situated on the sea-coast, a very wealthy and prosperous city.

Our vision is charmed as our train sweeps along the beautiful blue waters of the Mediterranean, as we are now en route for that old historic city, once called "The Eternal City," and which at one time ruled the whole civilized world.

We are flying along the sea-coast where vineyards stretch along with their loaded vines of finest fruits; as the old and familiar saying goes, "The vine-clad slopes of sunny Italy," well describes what we wish to express.

Early in the morning we arrive just outside the walls of Rome. A signal is given, and we are tendered a welcome into "The Mistress of the World"—old Rome. Our train halts, we pass out, and through the great station, and we are surrounded by a band of hotel-yellers, cab-drivers, relic-sellers, city-guides and what else we had no time to investigate. We lodge in "The Capitol Hotel."

Is it possible that we are in Rome, the home of the Caesars, and of the ancient warriors, statesmen, heroes and those gallant leaders who shook the whole world with their courage and power? Can it be possible that we are in a city which at one time had the world sitting at her feet, and whose glory and majesty filled the earth?

We are thrilled with scenery of ancient and historic importance. Our first place that demands our time and investigation is the Coliseum, founded by



Wailing of the Jews.



Vespasian, and completed by Titus. It was inaugurated by gladiatorial combats, continuing 100 days, in which 5,000 wild animals were killed. The dimensions of this colossal structure are: in circumference 1,800 feet, and two hundred feet high, and with seats slanting from a circle in the arena, 200 feet in diameter, running to the tops of the walls, forming a seating capacity of nearly one hundred thousand spectators, who would gather here from all parts of the kingdom to witness the horrible scenes, which would cause the cheeks of darkness to blush.

This was sport to their cruel and merciless hearts. It was here that thousands and thousands of noble, meek, and loving Christians were devoured by ferocious beasts, that had been starved for days in order that they would in an instant leap upon the innocent followers of our Lord, and tear them into mince-meat, all to gratify the Christless hearts of wicked emperors and infuriated rulers.

Oh, how our hearts and minds revolted at the ghastly horrors that were carried on within these walls under the sanction of imperial gaze and authority! What will the Roman power and administration have to answer, when the judgment discloses their bloody plots and murderous hearts?

It seems as if every stone, ruin, highway, and famous river wanted to tell you of some horrible crime that was committed near them, and we could read where there was no writing, and hear when there was no voice speaking. This is what memory will do when once these things have been made known, through the annals of history. We visit this famous—or infamous building a number of times,

at early morning and late at night. It matters not what time you come here, you are possessed with a solemn hush, and a death-like stillness as your mind sweeps back across the by-gone centuries and recalls the deeds of horror, the agony and untold sorrow and suffering of brave-hearted martyrs, whose heroic and blood-washed souls swept up and in through the portals of infinite glory, and of a yelling, blood-thirsty throng who gloried in such hideous scenes, the roar of the hungry beast, and the crushing of human victims. Such were some of the burning thoughts while in or around this gloomy old building.

Nearby is "The Triumphant Arch of Titus," erected in honor of his overthrow of Jerusalem. All great warriors and their armies were inscribed on gigantic walls, or on magnificent columns. This served to commemorate their bravery and victory, also would tend to excite the warlike nature of the rising generations.

The Pantheon is the only ancient edifice of Rome which is still in a state of perfect preservation. It was founded by Agrippa twenty-seven years B. C., and was erected for the worship of all gods. He was very liberal in his views, and had a degree of inner consciousness relative to "the only true and living God," but had broad views concerning worship, hence the margin.

Victor Emanuel who shook the Pope from his throne, (as then the Pope ruled the Church and state) is buried in the Pantheon. Wouldn't it have been glorious if Victor Emanuel could have completed his overthrow of the Pope from the throne of the proud, boastful and idolatrous Catholic Church? Well, King

Jesus will bring him down and he and his followers will stay down. (See 2 Thes. 2:3-8.)

The Forum is attractive, not so much for the beauty and magnificence of its ruins as for the history and profound importance that is connected with the place.

The recent excavations have brought the old Roman Forum to the world's gaze again—the place where trod the mighty Caesars and where they sat on chairs of marble, where the orations of Cicero enthused and excited the great throngs, and where Rome's great men walked, spake and met violent death, surrounded by royalty, pomp and glory.

There was the royal Senate, The Hall of Justice and Supreme Court together with great temples and apartments which compose the Forum. Within these halls gathered the diplomats, law-makers and royal rulers of by-gone ages.

We visit St. Peter's Cathedral, the costliest and most magnificent building in all the world.

It is 330 feet wide, 835 feet long, and is 448 feet high. It cost the princely sum of two hundred million dollars, and required two hundred years for its construction. It has a capacity of nearly fifty thousand worshipers who either stand or kneel, as there are no chairs or pews.

The square just in front of the Cathedral is said to have room for more than two hundred thousand spectators, and church and square thronged once in twenty-five years, the occasion is when the Pope approaches the door of "Universal Absolution," and breaks it open with a silver hammer and blesses the whole world, at the same time forgiving its sins.

Within this gorgeous structure you will behold idolatry in colossal form.

For instance, the great bronze statue of St. Peter stands upon a stone pedestal and on investigation, you will find the great toe of his right foot has been kissed away by the thousands of saints. The annual expenditures upon this temple of idolatry exceeds more than thirty thousand dollars. The Vatican stands joined hard by the cathedral. It is composed of eleven thousand rooms or compartments. This is the home of the Pope, also of three thousand priests, with their man and maid-servants. Because of a considerable process of red tape we failed in seeing the pope, and didn't lament the loss either.

The palaces of the Caesars, the Palestine Hill ruins of majestic buildings, remains of stately courts, and the outlines of royal squares are to be seen on this ancient summit.

The Catacombs were visited with great interest and appreciation. They are an underground graveyard, dug out of the solid rock, and with rich paintings and mosaics of different avocations of life, with joys and felicities of heaven, as well as tortures of the lost.

We are very desirous to visit the old Mamertine Prison, where Paul and Peter were incarcerated and from where Paul wrote and sent his letters to Timothy. Then we followed this illustrious apostle out from the city, through what is known now as "St. Paul's gate," and two miles away to Nero's block—the place of decapitation, where he exchanged his cross for a crown, and where the earth faded and heaven opened with infinite glory upon his enraptured vision.

It was very fitting for us to have visited the various places that mark events in the heroic career of the apostle while in and around Rome: First, his appearance on the old "Appenine Way," where met some of the brethren "thanked God and took courage," then in the dingy prison, where the two giants of immortal fame were bound, then to, "his own hired house he received all that came unto him, preaching," then to the judgment hall, where he was condemned to death, and then outside the city, to the place where he sealed his faith and fidelity to Christ and His kingdom with his blood, and now to follow his mortal remains to "the Church of St. Paul," where it is said that his sacred dust lies waiting the sounding of the resurrection trumpet. When completed, this church will cost about one hundred million dollars.

Time and space forbid our speaking of the vast improvements going on in this ancient and modern city.

The imperial garden, and the flowing fountains, together with the ancient aqueducts, four now in use, out of the sixteen ancient ones.

Rome's population is now above five hundred thousand. In the heart of Roman religion we have some churches very active and fruitful in winning souls to Jesus, and which are sowing seeds of true holiness of heart and life. But the needs and demands are imperative and commanding to "the work of the ministry" and the army of the Lord.

We sweep away down across the sunny slopes of Italy, amid the productive vineyards. As we speed away on either side the fruits are in quality and quantity very fine.

We soon arrive in Naples, which lies hugging the Mediterranean sea-coast, and nestling back upon the mountain which resembles a huge amphitheater.

The population of this city is nearly six hundred thousand, and is steadily increasing.

The commercial and industrial feature of this metropolis is quite unlike that of other Italian towns. Her merchant-fleet is an item of considerable importance. The scenery surrounding this city constitutes a painting of richest and rarest conception. The vine-covered slopes, with gardens of rich choice, beautiful villas, nestled amid tropical growth, the long streets, thronged with pedestrians, the charming shores of the silvery-shining sail-dotted, deep blue sea; then grand old Mt. Vesuvius lifting his smutty face more than four thousand feet.

A part of the city appears clean, white, airy and beautiful, while the other is low, dirty, damp, sickly, ugly and offensive. You will notice children, cats, dogs, goats, a donkey, dirt, flies, smoke, and a few pieces of their furniture all in one conglomerated mass. Oh! the filth, squalor and sickening fumes of these homes. And there are many hundreds of such places where the domestic animal claims his share with the owners of the estate.

It is quite difficult to make your way through some portions of the narrow and crowded thoroughfares, filled, as they are, with donkies loaded with fruits and vegetables.

Great old camels walk lazily along with their huge burdens, and the men, women and children in great processions fill the street. Beggars, young and old, meet and greet you at all turns and corners. Grapes and

figs fill the markets. Wines and liquors abound here, and the "tee-totaler" is a queer specimen within these regions.

The influx here is attributed to the congenial climate, the productive soil and rich tropical fruits.

Our hotel is situated near the sea-shore, where we enjoyed the flowing tides, the dashing spray and the roar and moans of the ceaseless waves, as they beat upon the rock-bound coast.

There are some very fine buildings, and also many important objects that command our attention.

First we must turn our faces toward majestic old Vesuvius. We hurry away a distance of ten miles, ascend the fruitful slopes and come within seven hundred feet of its fiery summit. Here we are forced to climb around the cinders and cooling stones. But few ascend without the assistance of one to four strong Italians, but we were fortunate enough to gain the summit without the help of any.

Now we are standing on the peak, four thousand feet high, and just at our side is the fearful fiery crater, whose dimensions are about two hundred feet across and thousands of feet deep.

We lay down and look over into the smoky, burning, roaring chasm. Listen to those distant thunderings, belchings and mutterings, then feel that quaking and trembling of the earth. When the smoke of the crater dies away, then we gaze down its fiery slopes and there seems to be no bottom. It appears as though the whole earth had been reamed out and nothing was left but a thin shell upon which we were now standing, and it trembled as if the pillars had given away.

Presently the out-gush of smoke, stone, cinders

and lava causes panic among the uneasy and terror-stricken spectators. Who, and where is that man who don't believe in the very hell described in Matthew, and in Rev. 21st chapter and the eighth verse? Let him come here and see and smell, feel and know that this is a literal burning "lake of fire and brimstone," and brimstone is nothing more than burning sulphur; and as we inhaled the fumes that arose from those volcanic depths, the truth of the statement in Revelation was more deeply confirmed.

We are furnished a scenery of the surrounding country from this lofty altitude, which is imposingly grand. At our feet and down its extensive slopes lie the vineyards and orchards that flourish on volcanic soil. Then the beautiful city of Naples with its environs lying close to the placid waters of "The great Sea," the distant blue-colored mountains and the deep blue sea, as she rolls on as far as eye can penetrate.

It is said that this mountain contains about 100,000 acres of fertile soil, and the larger per cent. is in vineyards.

It was at noon, A. D. 79, that the great eruption which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii in fiery sepulchers took place. They lay in their molten shroud for nearly eighteen centuries, practically unknown.

A hunter, with his dog, was searching for game, and the dog ran a rabbit into an open place, which, upon investigation, was found to be a house covered up. Since, there have been forty acres of Pompeii excavated. We walked down the old streets, gazed upon columns, statuary, paintings and gorgeous ruins of that once prosperous, wealthy and wicked city.

We turn our faces back towards Naples. Our



Jordan—The Place of Baptism.



mind is employed, memory recalls, and we reach some conclusions which upon arrival in the Museum of Naples are thoroughly confirmed, relative to the cause and disaster in August, A. D. 79.

The statuary explains why and how "the wrath of God" came to be "poured out without mixture" upon the cities of long ago. Now they are planting vineyards, gathering grapes and make wine and make drunkards on the very mountain, from whose interior, in the first century, poured forth rivers of fire and mountains of boiling mud upon the thousands. Strange are the thoughts and deeds of men!

At night from the balcony of our hotel can be seen the fiery streams from the threatening volcano, the glittering constellations, and the thousands of lights from street and residence up and down the slopes of the densely populated hills, upon which the city lies.

The natives are usually small and quite brown. They are lovers of sunshine. Women do about as much hard manual labor as the men.

Macaroni is the favorite dish among the populace of Italy. It is made, dried, sold and consumed here.

You will see great yards full of lines, loaded with macaroni swinging and the dust flying, and flies feasting upon these strings of dough.

The city market is a feature of interesting, as well as amusing note.

Since our visit here in September of 1905, the reader will recall the horrible disaster of not long since, when so many thousand were killed or wounded in the fearful eruption. Still men and women live in sight of danger, unheed the warning voice, live unprepared for life and for eternity, careless about heaven,

thoughtless about an awful hell, and forgetting that they will stand at the bar of God, and answer according to their lives and conduct while in this life, and will be judged and rewarded accordingly.

The population of Italy is approximately thirty-two and one-half million. In religion she is Roman Catholic, excepting about seventy thousand Protestant Christians, and thirty-eight thousand Jews.



## CHAPTER VII.

## GREECE—HOME OF THE POETS.

We bid adieu to the lovely climate and tropical fruits of Italy, and on board our train we go dashing across mountains and through fertile plains until we reach the sea-side again. We are delighted with the scenery that everywhere fills our vision.

Soon we arrive at Brindisi; where we take steamer for Grecian shores. Now we are out on the placid waters denominated in the Scriptures as "The Great Sea." Our course is soon leading us over into the famous Adriatic. She is known by the sailors as a storm-breeder, and is generally rough and boisterous. We had a heavy storm and some of our company gave away to the torture and terrors of sea-sickness.

We call at Corfu Island, which is a bold, bare and rocky island, but a beautiful and prosperous town stands out here mid-sea.

Our steamer sailed proudly into the beautiful little harbor of Patras, our first sea-port on Grecian soil.

We pass the custom-house examination and soon we are in our train compartment and go sweeping around the lovely coast-waters of Greece.

The grapes, olive-groves and productive gardens that stretch along our route, together with the blue mountains farther back and running down forming fruitful slopes to the quiet waters of the Ionian sea.

Our little "Flyer" sweeps around sharp curves, leaps over sparkling streams and climbs rugged steeps, until our eyes are greeted with the panorama of a

great city in yonder distance, with its white stone buildings, colossal domes, spiral towers, and famous citadel.

It is ancient, historic, famous, grand, old and greatly-loved Athens, the home of the king, capital of Greece and a great growing city.

We are en route for our hotel. You will notice in all cities and nations after leaving England that the name "Victoria" is greatly loved, perhaps because of the universal love and reverence for that beautiful, noble and illustrious Queen. Again it may be used as a name for hotels, to attract the eye of England's citizens.

Fortunately we were lodged in hotels of this name in many cities on our journey.

Now we are reminded that we are in one of the oldest civilized nations, her compeers being the Chaldean and Egyptian kingdoms.

This little nation, whose population numbers only two million and a half, or not so many as Texas, has an area one-tenth as large. There have been scourging armies and multiplied besiegements, yet this nation stands and is regaining much of her former glory, power and splendor as a nation and among the nations she commanded.

Athens has a population of 175,000 and is growing at a rapid rate. The present city was rebuilt in 1832, when this nation was wrenched from the clutches of her enemy. And the glory of our western cities can now be seen gracing this banner center of the intellectual world. Large white stone buildings, broad streets, beautiful parks, lovely drives and extensive business blocks—wholly upon the American plan.

We begin our travels and investigation of this famous spot.

We visit first the Acropolis, as it stands upon a high eminence overlooking the great city and surrounding country. The citadel and several temples were built here many centuries ago. The temples were erected in honor of the gods of literature, music and art. If you will notice closely, you may observe idols and temples in America, with throngs worshipping at their shrines—forgetting the God of their fathers, and bowing down to idols of art, music and intellectuality. One can get a view of the city and its environs from this lofty summit that is beautiful and impressive.

Just at the base and in front of the Acropolis stands Mars Hill, from whose summit that mighty Apostle preached one of the greatest sermons from one of the greatest subjects, to one of the greatest assemblies perhaps ever gathered in one convention. He wasn't afraid or reluctant to tell them that the inscription which they had written "To the unknown God," "whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him I declare unto you." He had no fear of their censure, or care for their praise. He was clear, sound, deep and out-spoken concerning the doctrine of the resurrection, and his manner of speech and doctrine silenced their fluent tongues and troubled their mighty minds.

We stand upon Mars Hill and gaze around over the hill-tops and slopes from whence rolled strains of sweetest music and voices of the world's greatest poets and orators.

The Temple of Jupiter, one of the World's Seven wonders, which was built twenty-five hundred years

ago, is of gigantic proportions, and is a magnificent structure, exhibiting in its ruins sublime taste and architectural beauty. It is four hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, the height being about ninety feet.

The tremendous marble columns are fifty-seven high and more than ten feet in diameter; there were one hundred and twenty of these fluted marble columns, but only twelve remain standing to this day.

Jupiter was worshiped as the supreme god by all the Greeks, hence this name and magnificent temple.

We go to the temple of Bacchus, the god of wine. This temple and god you will see in most all nations and cities of the earth. He had a great following in ancient days; and truthfully, he has lost no prestige nor following in modern times, for the rum and liquor traffic in all the world demonstrate that the shrine of Bacchus has his millions of most loyal and loving devotees. Athens is not the only city where Bacchus held sway, and where he is yet dominating with the scepter of intemperance, idolatry and immortality in this growing metropolis as is evident throughout the earth.

Hear the boisterous cry of the intemperance plaintiff: "We need the revenue that the liquor traffic gives, to build our cities, to strengthen the government, and to found and endow orphanages and asylums."

What folly and senseless arguments—what ignorance is here revealed. Just think—to accept revenue that comes from a traffic which causes crime, sorrow, suffering, tears, heartaches, blighted homes, blasted hopes, hungry children, heart-broken wives

and mothers, with a wrecked life, and a lost soul! Talk about receiving revenue from such a system that causes such wholesale damnation!

You will remember what the Scriptures declare concerning building "cities with blood;" the woes and pending wrath of an insulted God hang over it.

Do the liquor dealers or the nefarious traffic seek to care for the subjects of its unholy, indecent, unmanly and merciless system?

See the brothel, the filthy streets, the jail, the morgue, the potter's field and a devil's hell and you will secure material sufficient for proof.

The darkest picture, most dreadful and repulsive thought of the matter is that preachers remain silent in public and private, then walk up to the polls, cast their vote, which balances them up with the body-blighting, life-wrecking, home-cursing and soul-destroying intemperance movement. Again, church members, church dignitaries and self-posed Christian workers, will lease their property to saloon men, to sell liquid damnation, because they get "good rent," and yet these unspiritual lay members sing so sweetly and effectively "O, how I love Jesus," and then strike the stanza, "I am a soldier of the Cross," and amid testimony or exhortation, affirm that "We will soon take the world for Christ."

Now reader, weigh this problem, survey the situation, remember those implicated and then draw your conclusions.

Here is one,—it is manifest that the temple of Bacchus, is thronging with devout and energetic worshipers throughout our lands in this present day.

We are saddened and sickened at the wholesale

manner in which the Athenians continue their love and devotion to "the god of wine." One evening as we started from our hotel, upon reaching the public square, we were amazed, not to say startled, at the heart-stirring scenes that met our eyes. It was drinking, smoking, laughing and boisterous voices, and this all among both men and women, as they stood or sat surrounding little tables, scattering all over the large open square; the waiters were running and flying to and fro with wines and cigars to furnish the crowds which thronged the place. We felt as did one of old, "A city wholly given up to idolatry."

Our next place of interest was the old Stadium. This was ever famous to the Grecians for their plays, combats, races and exciting feats.

It was first erected more than three thousand years ago, and was attractive to kings and nobles, plain people and poor peasants.

The ancient building remained in ruins nearly fifteen hundred years. But the historic place is now the scene of a magnificent duplication of the old Olympic Stadium, only much larger and imposing.

Some ten years ago, the modern structure was completed for the inauguration of the Olympian games and gladiatorial combats to satisfy the Christless hearts of the multitudes who swarm to witness such exciting operations. The present building is twenty-four hundred feet in circumference and seventy-five feet across. The ring or the arena is seven hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, where the races and plays take place.

It has a seating capacity of one hundred thousand, and the seats are long rows of marble, beginning at



Nazareth--The Home of Our Lord.



one end—the entrance—and running back, and then with the great rear circle, after that continuing on the opposite side, until the front side is again reached.

Several hundred thousand came here to witness the opening of this new Stadium not long ago. So you see Greece is arousing from a silence of nearly fifteen hundred years, reviewing the ancient games for which she was famous.

The prison of Socrates attracted our time and attention. It was dug out of the side of a great rock, and enclosed with iron bars. This man was the greatest philosopher of all the ages; past or present. He was imprisoned here for preaching "The only true and living God." Yet he had no Bible; but the blessed Holy Spirit spake to his inner conscience, and thus he maintained and declared the truth, was imprisoned and finally poisoned with hemlock. It is said while he was dying the man who gave the fatal drug fell down, wept bitterly, and the great giant softly said, "Don't weep for me, for I will be above the clouds in a few minutes." This produced such conviction on that man that he repented and turned unto the living God, and lived and died a devout follower of the Lord. This was 500 B. C.

The temples of the Muses, Nike (erected in commemoration of the great victory of the Greeks over the Persian monarch) and the beautiful temple of Theseus, all line up before you, as you stand on Mars Hill, upon whose summit sat the mighty convocation of philosophers, and just across on the hill of the Nymphs, where so many small divinities were worshiped. The observatory is located on this hill, and the gigantic amphitheater, where the illustrious ora-

tors swept the multitudes like a cyclone with their fiery eloquence and burning appeals.

Time fails us to make mention of the King's Palace, the National Library, the Imperial University and the schools of law, science, of art and literature, all of which give grace and beauty to the city, and signify and illustrate their ancient love and taste for culture and science.

You will notice at a glance the beauty, splendor and magnificence of their architectural perfection, unsurpassed in all the world for taste and finish.

With reluctance we turn our faces from the hill-tops and slopes where sat the mighty philosophers who delved into problems of profound research, and from whose summits the poets sang in balmy days while the world sat at their feet.

We are pleased to note the progress and triumphs of the blessed gospel which are developing in Greece and and here in Athens.

The Greek, or the Eastern Church, is the popular and dominating one among the Grecians, whose general type of spirituality fails, as a rule, to exceed that of the Romish Church. O, how they need to learn by blessed, vital and joyous experience that "Jesus is Risen," and His holy life and blessed attributes are not delegated to stones, statuary, crucifixes, and powerless rites and ceremonies; but can be "worshipped (the soul's attitude,) in Spirit (the character of devotion, with life) and in truth"—the quality of service—full of love life and all in truth. This is blessed, and certainly is the divine method for man's approach and loving service to his Lord and Master. When will the Church which Jesus bought with His

precious blood, arise to her glorious privileges in the gospel and power of her Redeemer? When will she shake off the shackles of spiritual apathy and moral stupidity, put on the beautiful garments "of full and free salvation," and "look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Then she would startle the earth, stir hell, and cause all heaven to ring with her victorious shouts and triumphant tread. O, Lord speed the day "when the knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth as waters cover the sea."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## CITY OF "THE FALSE PROPHET."

We take the train in Athens and arrive in Pieraeus, the beautiful sea port of Athens, having a population of about thirty-five thousand. It is closely nestled on the charming Bay of Salamis, thickly dotted with ships and merchant boats.

It is on a high mountain near this bay where the Persian monarch, who marshalled the largest army ever mustered, numbering two million, five hundred thousand, being so confident of overwhelming victory seated himself on a throne upon a high mountain near by, that he might witness the overthrow of the Grecian fleet and army by his multitudinous throng.

His vast fleet was fairly swarming on the bosom of the Salamis and the great host of infantry all waiting for the signal to leap upon the little Grecian force.

See the monarch on his lofty throne as he sees his great army pass by at the base of his mountain, he weeps aloud and exclaims, "They all will soon be in their graves," and to his utter dismay and sorrow, the army that was advancing on toward his mighty host, pressed their way amid shot and shell, through bayonets and steel and carved into Persia's great army, until thousands lay dead upon the bloody battle-field on the plain of Marathon; meanwhile the heroic Greeks jump aboard the death-dealing ships of the proud and dreaded warrior, setting them all on fire. Thus came the overwhelming victory over

Xerxes and his host. Finally the old hero had to skip for his life. This chronicled one of the greatest defeats to the largest armies ever mustered and gave one of the greatest triumphs ever gained in military circles.

Now the land and home that claimed the greatest orators, poets, philosophers and statesmen that the world has ever produced, is fading away.

We pass out into, and up the Dardanelles, so famous in times of war between Greece and Persia. The waters are deep, blue and narrow.

After several hours of rapid sailing, we cross the waters where once spanned a bridge, known in history as the Hellespont, where that vast army crossed. It required several days and nights for their passage. It was near here that Xenophon, the historian, stood with his 10,000, known as "the hollow square," for they had been exiled from the charming soil of their native land, and were now en route from Persia to the Grecian shore, and after a weary march, on foot, of two thousand miles each way, making a tramp of four thousand miles, they stood on the lovely shore of the Archipelago and gazed away into the distance and viewed the Acropolis at Athens. History says, at this instant, they all fell on their faces, wept and shouted for joy, arose and pursued their journey and were greeted with a loving welcome in the Capitol of their beloved land.

What will it be when the blood-washed and Spirit-filled army stands on the Mount of Translation, and tired, weary and jaded from many long and dreary marches, fraught with privations, sufferings and stubborn conflicts, and they "Behold the land that is very far off and see the King in His beauty?" Don't you know their shouts of joy and gladness will send a

thrill through the domains of Pandemonium? It will rattle the air with their rapturous anthems and cause all heaven to gaze upon the exciting scene. Reader, are you ready for such an occasion; if not, why not?

The scenes along the quiet waters of the Archipelago present a charming view, with the beautiful blue-colored mountains coming down with a gradual slope to the water's edge, and the placid bosom, with cozy little towns dotting its shores.

We are out on deck all looking before the steamer into the distance and wondering what it is we see—towering turrets, great domes and magnificent buildings. The answer comes, "It is Constantinople," the capitol of the Turkish empire, the "City of the false prophet."

We have bid Christian nations adieu; upon leaving Greece we are confronted with Mohammedanism; and the next change will be heathenism. So you see the world has three grand divisions of her worshippers: first, Christendom; second, Mohammedan; third, heathendom. We were raised in the first, and having travelled through it, now we enter the domains of "The false prophet."

Our captain gives the signal that his ship is in the city's harbor, and soon we are tendered a welcome. The tug comes out after our vessel and we are pulled up near the docks. Presently there are scores of little boats and skiffs all around our steamer, wanting employment; some come for baggage and others for passengers. You will observe boats full of fruits, wares and many other commodities they wish to sell. Of all the clamoring, yelling, pulling, tugging, pushing, and

squirming of the boats and boatmen, it was in this beautiful sea-port.

Now we are on land, and are struggling, muttering and making signs the best we know how to get through the custom-house, for you will find in the Turkish government it is the hardest place to get anything, to do anything, and to get out when once you have entered.

You have to get your passport out and show that, and added to this, you are forced to hasten away to Chief of Police and secure a "Teskarah." This is an instrument of writing in the Arabic tongue, tells of your mission, your native land and the protection that you should have while on Turkish soil,—of course all these things cost something and you assume the debt. This "Teskarah" must be signed in all the important cities in Turkey where you sojourn.

The farther east we travel, the more vivid are the changes in the manners and customs of the people. The streets here are rough and very narrow, so much so that it is quite seldom you see streets wide enough for a carriage to pass through, hence most all the traffic is carried on upon the backs of the people or upon donkeys and camels.

Our room is on the fourth floor, thinking that this height would relieve us of the noise and the different odors which arise and spread their repulsive wings over many portions of the city.

Night is on and we are tired and really need rest, and this we thought we would enjoy, and made heavy drafts in that direction.

With all the various peculiarities that are so diverse

in their multiplied forms in this capitol, there is the dog question. We had always been a great lover of the canine family, until we lost nearly two whole nights of most coveted and needed sleep. We well-nigh dissolved partnership with this portion of the animal kingdom. One among the first sight that fills and holds your gaze, will be the throngs of dogs that literally swarm up and down this city. You will see old, mangy, dirty, fleecy crippled, dying, howling, fighting, bony, starving, ugly, growling, snapping, lazy, sleeping and miserable dogs. It will be dogs until you will long to get out to see something else besides dogs. Just about four o'clock in the morning when we are enjoying slumber so well, these old fellows quarreling in all directions, and they continue this miserable affray until (they think) all the inhabitants are ready to enter upon the duties of another day. Well, one of the greatest duties that we felt, the people of this city owed to their families, to the city, and to the reputation of their country, not to mention any special obligation upon them concerning the newly-arrived traveler, was to seize onto those howling curs and corral them far out in some woods, where they could be fed and where they could spend their days in howling, quarreling, scratching and eating. This would give the visitors a rest and relief when they come from Europe or America.

The next thing you will notice, is great crowds of men sitting around at convenient places on little low stools, with their long pipes, the stems of which run down into a bottle of water that resemble the little water pitchers used in hotels, the stem, or a tube, runs through the water and then back into the main stem.



Our Company at the Jaffa Gate—Jerusalem.



Thus the smoke passes from the pipe into the water and through the stem into their mouth.

The great loads that men carry on their backs and heads will attract your gaze. You will see a man coming down the street all stooped over with a great burden on his back and it tied on with a strap and fastened around the load and then looped over his forehead. His neck veins stand out and perspiration rolls off his face.

I noticed four men with a piano on their heads passing down the street.

Their business-blocks and stores are very small compartments. The clerk sits down on his ankles in his little room and can reach most everything without getting up. Of course the wealthy bazaars are larger, but on the same plan.

We cross the river and visit the "Imperial Bazaar." It is simply several blocks of houses, all under one roof, with hall-ways running in their ramifying directions, and the great department is divided and subdivided into stalls, stores and apartments, for the various articles, which they sell here in great quantities.

Upon investigation, we are informed that ten thousand clerks are employed to attend the business carried on in this bazaar; and we have no reason to question the statement, as we have visited Marshall Fields', of Chicago, and other great establishments in New York and London, and gazed on the crowds, but you will witness a throng of mortals swarming in and out of this place, hard to be found in any city.

For the first time in our lives we enter a Mohammedan Mosque.

We are quickly informed that our shoes must be

removed or a pair of sundals put on, or we are prohibited from entering, hence we become "subject to the powers that be," and draw on the slippers.

There are no seats within the Mosque. It is a large stone or marble structure with but very little furnishings, save a few lights swinging from the ceiling, and a few mats or rugs scattered over the floor.

You will notice on one side of the wall a niche or a place resembling an old-fashion fire-place leaving out the chimney. This is an index for the worshippers to turn their faces, for when the worshipper faces that niche in the wall, he is facing Mecca, "The holy city of the Mohammedans"—to which all Islam worshippers must turn their faces when in prayer, it matters not what land they are in. When it comes time for the Musulman to pray (and this is, as a rule five times each day) he kneels down three times in succession, meantime bending until his face touches the floor, then he rises to his feet, with his hands crossed behind him, and facing that niche in the walls, which directs his mind and heart toward Mecca, where Mohamet was buried, he repeats this: "I believe in one God and Mohamet His prophet" three times, and the worshipper has completed his service until the time arrives when this is repeated. Here is formality in the monotonous and disgusting appearance. O! how different it is. The time has come "When the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth;" and not be compelled to gaze toward some mountain or some city, but we can found an altar and "worship God in the beauty of holiness," in the home, church, open fields, the dense forest, on the stormy ocean or the flying train. Hallelujah!

There are hundreds going in and out of this old Mosque.

Don't forget this legend of the Mohammedans, relative to the dogs. Several hundred years ago, at one early morning hour, as the grand old "queen of the night" was swinging out in the western horizon in full glory and splendor, swaying her sceptre of royal brilliancy over the earth, at this instance some dogs awoke and began barking furiously and uproariously, until the inhabitants of the peaceful city were aroused and alarmed, and to their utter amazement they found that their enemy, with a great army, was fast approaching the city, and was planning a rapid besiegement of their great metropolis. Then they sprang to the situation and with all the force and courage they possessed, the enemy was driven back and the city was saved from the merciless hands of their advancing foe.

Thus the Turks attribute the deliverance of their great Capitol to the dogs who were barking at the moon, this awakened the sleepers and they discovered the approaching army. So the dogs are greatly admired and protected by the inhabitants of this land. You will remember that their flag has the moon in it, serving to refresh in mind and memory the dual interpretation of the triumph of that early morning of long ago.

Another object you will meet on the streets will be the continuous marching and paroling of soldiers. You will begin to think that all the folks have joined the army.

There is a great amount of commerce carried on between this and other countries, as is evidenced by the general variety of merchant vessels and coast-steam-

ers, whose cargo comes from and goes to many sea-ports.

Their inflexible love for policy regardless of principle, is powerfully illustrated in this occurrence. In 1860, when there were 12,000 Christians massacred in Syria, because of their love for and devotion to their Lord, by the blood-thirsty and Christ-rejecting Mohammedans, the French government interposed and dispatched a ship laden with soldiers and plenty of ammunition to the scene of horror. They quickly hung the governor and those implicated in the bloody affray, when, upon the Sultan's receiving information of the operations, he at once installed another man for governor, and as this one was frightened over the way the French handled his predecessor, that he embraced Christianity and utterly denounced the Mohammedan faith, and was admitted into the Greek Church as a member in good standing. The facts are, he was either frightened into his radical views by French soldiers, or an ambition for position, and the writer is persuaded to affirm that this man had but little sound, settled, and well-grounded convictions, and love for "The straight and narrow way," but acted on the impulse of steering from danger and maintaining his honorable position. He was like the boy who sold his father's razor. On being catechised for his disposing of the old relic the boy said, "Anything for the money, dad."

And now to further demonstrate and enforce my subject, when the intelligence regarding the governor's religious proclivities and actions had reached the Sultan, he subscribed to the situation, and permitted the newly-appointed official to remain in office and gave his sanction. If this isn't policy, tell me what it is.

It is similar to an actual occurrence which took place under our own observation.

It was in a prosperous State, we were conducting a revival meeting in a good-sized court house, and were entertained in a good preacher's home. He attended the meetings quite regularly and apparently enjoyed them, but after the service had closed one night, he very kindly remarked: "I heartily endorse your preaching and the doctrine you are teaching, for it is scriptural and Methodistic; I glory in your spirit and courage that enables you to preach with love yet with boldness the radical doctrines of repentance, restitution, reconciliation, regeneration and entire sanctification—these are all my doctrines, but if I were to preach them clear and definite as you, I would lose my bread and butter." Reader, you may draw your own conclusions from these incidents.

There are said to be about four hundred Mosques in this capital of the Turkish kingdom.

This city has a most charming location, situated on the lovely waters of the Bosphorus and Marmora, there are three parts to the city, two parts are located on European shore divided from the other by the Golden Horn; while one part lies on the Asiatic shore and is separated from the other two by the Bosphorus. The entire city, like Rome is built on seven hills. The history of this city dates back to 658 B. C. It was founded by Byzantium after whom it was called until captured by Constantine and then named after this illustrious character, and is called Constantinople, "The City of Constantine." There are many places of interest in this city. The Imperial Museum is worthy of your time and investigation. The palace of the

Sultan, with St. Sophia Mosque, where the Sultan worships, surrounded with bayonets and sabers while in prayer. What depth and power, do you suppose characterizes such devotion, with such environments? His secret body-guard does "the watching," while he does "the praying."

One more object we must call your attention to, and that is The Whirling or Dancing Dervishes. It is posing under the name of religion; and was founded A. D. 1245, by a descendant of the prophet's father-in-law. Each member must perform a rigid line of discipline lasting 1001 days before being finally admitted into the order. Their gyrating dance and jumping until they become exhausted, fall prostrate on the floor, is in the name of religious worship. We have some slight symptoms of this in portions of our own land.

The war office and navy yards are both of importance.

There is a striking scene at night from the beautiful harbor, looking toward the city from its water-front; ascending the gradual slopes densely covered with some very attractive buildings, costly in quality and beautiful in appearance, while the eye falls upon thousands of poor old shacks, which are seen in superabundance, one gets a vague conception of the horrors of the Islams, of their nation, and of their life, by studying history or reading current news, though they be replete with such dreadful facts, that relates to the oppression, suffering and decaying conditions of the Mohammedan religion and government.

But when you can mix and mingle with the people from those in high position down to the poor peasant

by the way-side, then you will come to know, see, and understand their manner and spirit of law and administration.

You remember that the Sultan is the supreme head of the Church and government, hence you conclude with what power and authority he is vested. This he uses with all the vigor and obstinacy that possess the heart of a rich and Christless Sultan.

It is said that the Sultan's annual income amounts to the princely sum of \$11,000,000. What then can be the value of his estate? Such folly about his being "God's greatest and last prophet on earth," commanding such wealth! What think ye, reader? Don't you honestly believe the devil has him deluded, together with his followers who claim such merits for him?

Now we must bid the city adieu with her 1,125,000 population, and with a closing word relative to the oppression of the Turkish commonwealth, and the cause of their inactivity in commercial and industrial pursuits.

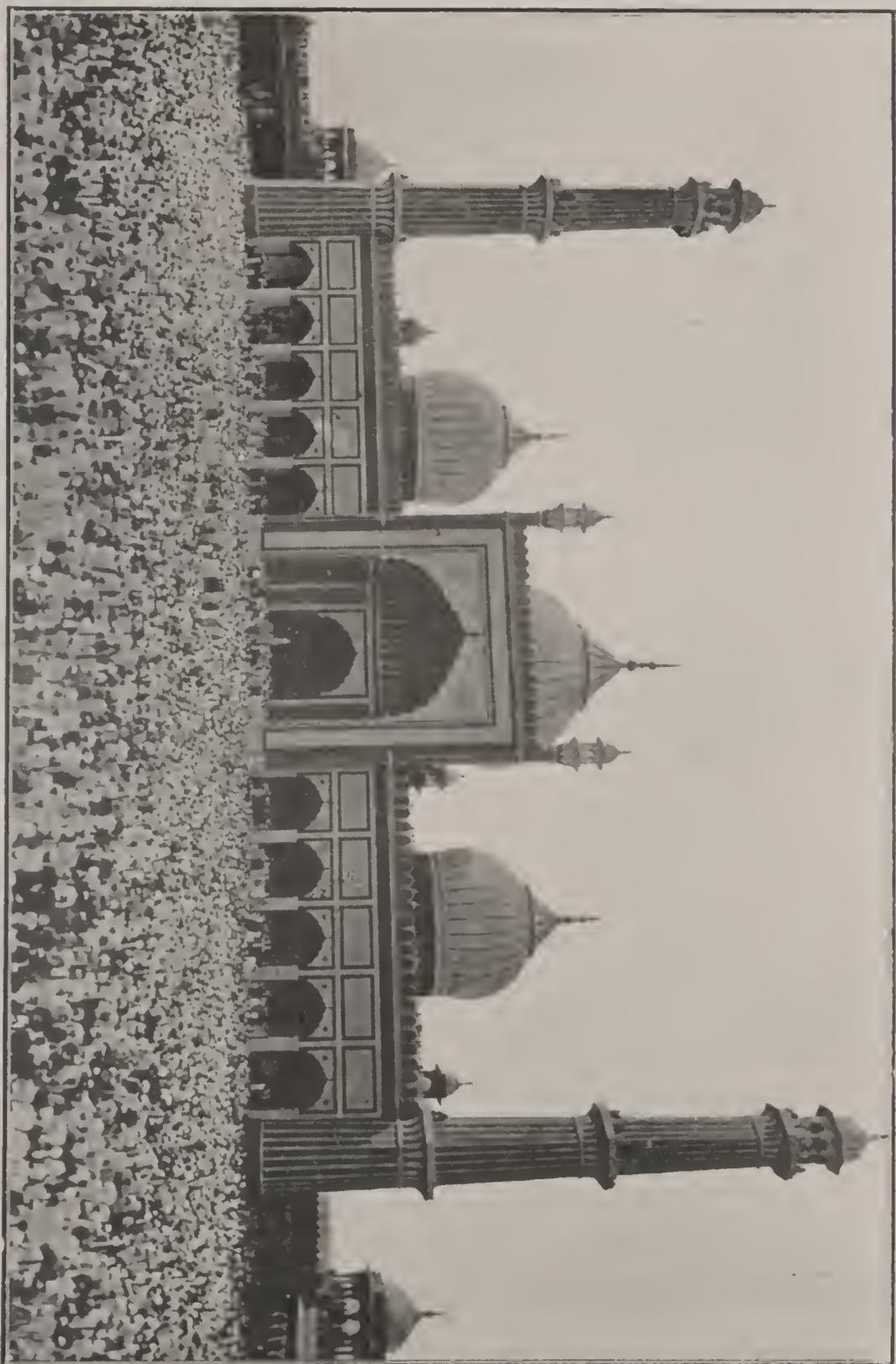
Their richest plains and valleys in the Holy Land are held by the Sultan as personal property, leasing the poorer sections for his loyal but suffering subjects to rent from him and pay large rents or till the land not so productive. Then in addition to this, the land and people are under such heavy taxation that the very spirit and name of industry and progress lies murdered in the dust.

When you are informed that their lands are under binding taxation, their fruit-trees are taxed whether they bear or not, and this tax must be paid, their rock-quarries taxed severely, their stock, their poor farming utensils, and homes are all claimed for tribute to

the government—I haven't told all—this will startle you and stir your heart. Think of it! While you are living in a land of liberty, prosperity, happiness and enjoying the blessed privileges of the gospel, there is demanded and collected from these poor starving and struggling subjects one-fifth of all they make, over and above the other taxes mentioned. Now take a retrospective view, with the unexcelled taxation upon the people, their lands, trees, quarries and stock, and then add to this system of thieving and extortion, one-fifth of all they make, which goes out of their honest toiling hands—now where and how do you see any place or material for industrial developments and when will there be, under the present system of robbery? Put the United States under a similar form of rule, and see how quick our great mills and factories cease to run, and cease to employ the thousands of honest and upright men.

See how quick the great merchant-fleets, which carry cargoes of our most valuable product to many foreign ports, would cease and their hulls would wreck on some wild-bound coast.

I am not at all surprised at the condition of the Turkish kingdoms, with their burdens, their degrading and decaying attitude, either as a church or State.



Mohammedans at Prayer.



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LAND OF EGYPT.

Now we turn our faces from the Ottoman's Capitol, and begin our voyage to "the land of Israel's bondage." We are glad to get out of and away from "the city of the false prophet," with the narrow, rocky and crowded streets; and the angry dogs, the tramping of soldiers, the calling of Mohammedan priests for prayer, and be relieved of the sounds and odors arising like fog from many quarters of this populous city.

We sail along on the placid bosom of the Archipelago, beholding the great wasting plains, and fertile valleys of the Turkish domain, apparently uncared-for and un-cultivated, the solution of which is hinted at in another chapter.

Now a word relative to the Mussulman's faith and practice.

They have their Koran as their rule for faith and life, said to have been revealed from heaven to Mohamet in A. D. 620, over in Arabia. But it is very evident that the entire Koran, was stolen from the Bible and revised into the present code, styled "The Koran," as Mohamet studied under an old priest during his days of isolation, and is said to have studied the Bible constantly, thereupon his leaving the old convent, he destroyed the Bible and soon had his (?) "revelation" of the Koran.

Their manner and conduct of worship and church-life is rigid and strict. It commands their fidelity, de-

votion and extreme watchfulness in performing their multiplicity of duties enjoined upon them. They are required to pray five times each day and fast during the day through the whole month of Rawadin, or November, and feast in the night. They seem most loyal and devout to their creed in paying and performing the variety of religious functions required in the Koran.

Mohamet claimed that Jesus was a good and great prophet, but not a Redeemer. Hence you see the Mohammedan religion is utterly without a Saviour, and is powerless to redeem man back to God. See Acts 4: 12: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." They claim that Mohamet is their prophet and that he received the last and highest commission from heaven to persuade, to invite, to warn and to compel men to repent, hence their love to kill and slay right and left, and they say, "The more you kill the brighter your crown will shine."

Now turn the picture and get another view of the problem under consideration. The women are compelled to live in their homes, shut in behind latticed doors and windows, and on their venturing out in the public, she is forced to veil her face that no man look upon her face. They usually wear long white robes hanging from their heads, with a little opening for the nose and mouth, then two eyelets, that they may see their way.

What think you, ye fair daughters of America, if this bondage were yours to endure?

As we view the glorious effects the gospel of our

Lord has wrought, and that which is developing within the new world, and then turn our gaze to far away heathen fields, and to know what marvellous changes are being wrought, we shout aloud, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," for this is what the gospel produces. The people of America should be the happiest, most appreciating, and loyal people of all the earth.

See their peace, prosperity and Christian privileges.

At last we pass close "The Isle of Patmos," too well known for this scribe to comment upon the sacred and historic transaction once enacted upon its bare summit.

We touch at a number of sea-coast towns as we are en route for Africa. Smyrna is a celebrated commercial city of Ionia, situated near the bottom at that Gulf of the Aegean Sea. This is an ancient city. It was a seat of one of the Christian Churches denominated in Revelation, as one of "The seven Churches of Asia." The present population is 180,000, and possesses one of the prettiest sea fronts and correspondingly as beautiful in its gradual ascent to a grand climax of towering citadel, away back in the distance, as can be found. At night the long sea-front, and ascending slopes, are all densely covered with white buildings, and sparkle with large and small lights. Our voyage over the deep, blue Mediterranean required four days. We have a conglomerated mixture of tribes and tongues on board our ship—Turks, Egyptians, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Italians, Greeks, Africans, Syrians, and some Americans. And the religious proclivities of the above varying with their tribe and tongue, such as Mohammedans, Catholics, (both Greek

and Roman) then the Zoroastrian,—Fire-Worshippers, then those of Protestant views,—the High Church, the Baptist, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, The Friends, and then some known as the Coptics and Orthodox Greeks. The situation simply supplied one with material for study, observation and at times much amusement.

The first thing we see upon reaching the northern shores of Africa is Pompeii's Pillar, standing near the sea-shore in the prosperous city of Alexandria.

It is 100 feet high and is a genuine monolith—meaning, it is a solid granite column 100 feet high, and was erected 600 B. C., by the Pharaoh of the 19th dynasty.

Alexandria was founded in 332 B. C. by Alexander the Great, and has a population of 300,000. Also it is the commercial center of all north Africa, while Cairo is the capitol of Egypt.

Alexandria lies on a plain but very little above the level of the sea.

We are now under the Union Jack, as Egypt has been under the British government since 1882.

As there is so little to be seen here, save the little donkeys, dogs, camels, the sands, hot sun, and the peculiar manners, customs and condition of the people, so we will board a train and hurry away to Cairo.

Now we are in the capital, also the largest city in Egypt, or in Africa. We remember that we are in the very land where the chosen people of the Lord were in long and bitter bondage for four hundred years, under the proud Pharaohs of many centuries ago.

The scorching sun and burning sands of this coun-

try are simply fearful. This land has been in a state of constant cultivation for more than 4,000 years.

River Nile is the longest water course in the world, measuring more than 4,000 miles in length, heading away back in the dark continent. The water is muddy—even at “low-Nile;” although thousands drink from its murky bosom. At this season of the year (October) the water is rising, better known among these people as “a high Nile.” The time of year has arrived for the semi-annual overflow of the Nile. These inundations come each year, in spring and fall, flooding the whole valley and scattering the richest sediment and forming the most productive soil in all the world, making this section of Egypt famous the world over, for the four crops raised and gathered each year.

It wasn't an uncommon sight to see one man planting or plowing his corn, while his neighbor is harvesting his grain or is gathering his cotton, all at the same time, and under your immediate observation.

When the land becomes the least dry, (as it seldom if ever rains here) they can start their old water-wheels, usually run by buffaloes, by walking around in a circle and pulling at the end of a beam which is fastened in a drumhead and this turns the wheel that has little buckets that fill with water on their downward turn and as the wheel rolls on around the buckets assume their upright position and at a certain point the water flows from the buckets into a trough and then off into ditches to the different parts of the field. You will notice in many places that men and women will dip water with pails and pour in the troughs that lead to the numerous ditches, instead of using the

wheel and buffalo, as the water in the canal is below the earth's surface, and must be raised to the surface by hand or wheel. These canals literally check the whole valley, and the irrigating of that great section is of great value and import.

The cotton of Egypt doesn't seem to grow tall, the bolls look small and the staple appears rather short, compared with that of our great South land.

They carry their produce from the fields to their homes or the markets on their camels and donkeys.

During harvest you will notice they harvest the grain with their ancient reap-hooks, and then bind it and stack in piles, then the camel comes along, kneels down on his "all fours," and he is loaded to deliver the grain on the threshing-floor, which is nothing but a rock surface where the grain is spread out and is trodden by the buffalo or oxen until the grain is all beaten out. Thence it is thrown into the air, and the wind carries the chaff away, while the grain falls fanned and cleaned onto the rock-floor. Then it is loaded on the camel and is carried to market. You observe great caravans of camels loaded with different products coming down the highways to town at all times of the day. The olives, figs, oranges and dates are here in abundance and oh, how delicious they are, and so very cheap.

We are so charmed with the depth of the soil, (said to be from ten to forty feet) the richness and productiveness of the land, that we are eager to learn of its value, and upon our investigation were informed that it was valued at \$400 per acre. Of course we didn't make any land deal.

The peculiarity and variety of dress and manners

will arrest your attention upon arrival, and will hold it as long as you remain in the land. Men with their red, white, brown and blue turbans, with their white, black, blue and brown loose flowing robes, and many of them with their staff (walking stick) in hand trudging along in companies, or in single file; then the women—off to themselves as a rule—with their blue and black, some veiled to the eyes and some all over; and others with no veil, walking in companies, generally bare-footed, dusty, hot and wearied. This forms a picture that ever hangs in the mind's gallery.

We arise early and set out for the pyramids, hurrying through narrow and crowded streets, and finally reach our tramway or street-car, which runs from Cairo, across the river and on to the pyramids, a distance of eight miles west from the city.

The great river is dotted with sail boats and other little crafts, that look shaggy and ugly. The waters are rising and spreading out into many parts of the valley, but our car-line is on a high embankment, and is densely shaded with the beautiful Acacia trees, which line either side of the road. This is so cool and pleasant for the weary and way-worn traveler, who has been treading on hot sands, beneath this hot African sun, and the air coming off from the great desert fairly burning his face. The beautiful tall palm trees stand straight, calm and majestic around over the fertile valley in groups; it certainly informs one that he is in the old world.

Our car halts, we are out and hurrying away to reach old Cheops, the king of the pyramids. A description of the largest will serve for all. They stand on the edge of the desert, close by the valley of the Nile.

Cheops—so named after its founder—stands over five hundred feet high and covers an area of thirteen acres, and then about twenty feet of the apex had been removed to make a platform upon which visitors might stand when reaching its summit. You stand on this lofty perch and let your eyes sweep up and down the great valley beneath you, with the famous river, as it slowly bends and threads its way from south to north as some cord of silver drawn down the land, then the beautiful groves, orchards, gardens and green fields, with the many little villages dotting here and there. And you lift your gaze and behold the magnificent metropolis Cairo, as she stands out against the horizon in meridian splendor. Now when you turn your back to this and lift your visions upon and across that great howling, wasting, burning and lifeless sandy desert, with its clouds of rolling, red sand and scorching waves of heat, it appears as though you were gazing across some ocean of smouldering fire.

This magnificent, yes, gigantic monument of cut and laid stones, beginning with a mammoth base and sloping to a sharp apex, was, beyond doubt, built by the antediluvians nearly four thousand years ago. They have survived the flood and the ravages of time and exposure; and yet they stand in a wonderful state of preservation.

In the center of the largest pyramid are the King's and Queen's chambers, where were interred their royal mummies, where they remained many hundreds years, but were removed in later times.

The passage-ways into these silent vaults are narrow, low and descending from the outside to the interior.



“Two Shall be Grinding at the Mill”—Jesus.



The ascent upon this veritable mountain of stone is an item of no little importance. You will be escorted by from two to four men, two lifting by each arm and one or two pushing from beneath. And ere your reaching the summit you will feel that you need just that number. There are three main places to rest as you climb its towering slope, and you wouldn't complain if there were that many more.

Upon your arrival at the summit, your guides and carriers will want to perform all kinds of feats to get your attention and money, the latter being the coveted prize.

It seems more difficult to descend than it was to ascend. You feel as though you would topple over on your head and go plunging down the rocky slope, but just remain calm, cool and steady; your strong and active guides will see that your foot doesn't slip, or that you don't become over-balanced, or that you don't go too fast.

One man from England purposed to mount the summit and descend again in so many minutes, all alone. Well, the crowning peak was gained, and now he had started down, and about one-third of the way down his foot slipped and he became unbalanced, couldn't catch himself and his body plunges down three hundred feet, and is picked up a mere pulp on the ground below.

Now we hasten over to another "Wonder of the World," The Sphinx, situated in about three hundred yards of the largest pyramid, between it and the edge of the Nile Valley, which is nearly forty feet below this level.

The Sphinx is a monolith—one solid piece of stone, carved in the form of a lion with the face of a virgin.

It is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet high. Doubtless it was the idol worshipped by the multitudes in antediluvian ages.

The temple of Sphinx near-by is one of the most magnificent structures in all the land. It is composed exclusively of that costly red granite exported from the cataracts of the Nile.

It was said that it required the labor of twenty thousand men, one hundred years to construct the largest pyramid, and there is no mechanical power in use today that could handle the gigantic stone that was employed in the erection of such as the pyramids, Sphinx, the columns and temples of Egypt.

You will notice boys and men with their donkies all around, and the camels are saddled and kneeling for you to mount the saddle, and upon your entering the saddle the old camel will grunt and groan, just like it was killing him, but he is not suffering—he is just giving expression to his joy and appreciation of receiving your attention and his selection.

Now to the Catacombs. After riding along on our little donkies for miles across the levees of the valley, we are en route to the oldest and first graveyard of the world, more properly called “the Catacombs of Egypt,” which was also the royal cemetery.

It is cut out of the solid rock, up just on the level of the desert from the valley, where water never falls above the floods of the great river.

You can walk amid beautiful rooms, apartments and hall-ways, all beneath the surface and hewn out of solid stone. In these rooms are the magnificent stone and granite coffins, better known as sarcophagus, measuring from ten to thirteen feet in length, and six

to eight feet wide, and eight feet high, composed of two pieces of red granite, the lid and the huge granite coffin. Within these were the mummies. All on the walls of the room and ceiling were figures of flowers, trees, fruits, animals, and representations of most all avocations of life—armies, fleets, great and noble men and women, inscribed, painted, or in Mosaics. It is said that such was written for the benefit of those who had passed away, and who now needed comfort and cheer.

All the mummies have been removed to the great museum at Cairo.

We shall in connection with the Catacombs speak of the museum, the largest and most historic in the world, excepting the British at London. The Museum of Cairo contains most all of the mummies, many of the beautiful sarcophagi, and royal dust that was preserved in the catacombs, and the statuary, paintings and sculpturing of the mighty ancients, are on attractive exhibition here.

We walk amid the dead and embalmed, gazing upon their forms and faces, appearing at times as if they wanted to speak, or haven't been dead a great while, but who had been silent for three and four thousand years.

We were informed that we were now looking upon the very form and face of Pharaoh, who ruled during the time of Israel's hardest bondage and glorious deliverance, the Pharaoh whose daughter found the infant Moses floating upon the bosom of the Nile, and who hired his (Moses') own mother to nurse the lovely babe, and afterwards "was trained in all the wisdom of Egypt." This very same Pharaoh is claimed to be

now before our very eyes. Can it be possible that we are looking into the very face of that mighty monarch, who has been dead about four thousand years? As we were standing by the side of the glass case containing this mummy, some "smart fellows," who act as if they knew it all, and had a patent right on the world's vocabulary, said in that irreverent, flippant and ungentlemanly voice and manner, "Will this Pharaoh ever be resurrected?" And Dr. Godbey, one of our traveling companions, said calmly and with a tone of loyalty to God and faith in his promise. "Yes, when the Angel shall sound the resurrection-trumpet, he and all others will arise from their long silence and meet God at the judgment." Those smart fellows turned and went their way.

We visit the site of ancient and historic Memphis, once the political metropolis of the Pharaohs, the city where Moses and Aaron supplicated for the freedom of Israel.

Just a few old ruins mark the bounds of that city the glory and splendor of which was made famous by the presence and palaces of the Pharaohs.

Date-palms abound here, and dates said to be the finest in the world, are gathered and shipped from this noted land. The date trees grow very high and have no limbs for more than twenty to fifty feet, then they are simply large leaves.

These Egyptians can run up these trees, (which, in size, resemble a telegraph pole) just like squirrels. They have a rope fastened around their bodies, and there will be a loop going around the tree, that as they climb the tree they hold by means of the rope, and on their reaching the top, proceed to fasten themselves,

and begin thrashing dates, putting some in their baskets and letting them fall on the ground to be gathered by others who have large baskets. When these are filled, the camel comes along, kneels, is loaded and with some one to go with him they proceed to market.

We ride along in these wonderful date-groves and from our saddles eat dates so sweet and delicious, until we are warned to desist.

Now we are standing beside a granite statue of Ramases II., the Pharaoh, who oppressed Israel in Moses' time. It is forty feet long and is ten feet across the shoulders. Mind you, it is one solid piece of red granite, with a shining polish. Three of us eat our dinner, all sitting on its breast, as the statue lies on its back upon stone trestles. Imagine the weight and cost of such an image. A little farther on is an image of his father, Ramases I. It is forty-six feet long, and other dimensions in proportion, made of one solid piece of white stone. How did they handle them?

Only a few other ruins can be seen of old Memphis, as the semi-annual overflows of the Nile have left deposits of sediment and soil all over the valley, causing an elevation of from ten to forty feet of all the plain of the river. This has forced the city of Memphis to be moved. The same thing necessitated the moving of old Cairo to its present site farther up the river.

We visit an old basement room in the crypt of an old coptic church which is said to be the house in which Joseph and Mary lived during their stay in Egypt, to save the precious infant Jesus from the edict of cruel Herod.

How unworthy we felt and our very hearts sank within us; then we remembered His mission, His life,

His departure, His coming and His promise—all for you and for me. O, the glory of that hour! What lessons from His Word by the Holy Spirit came and filled our hearts while in that silent room!

Joseph's well is dug out of the solid rock two hundred feet deep and sixteen feet square. There is a stair-way cut out of the rock running around, but just back from the well, where the people could walk down to the water and carry it up or use the means employed in drawing it, or both could be utilized in case of necessity. How long do you suppose they were digging this well, and how much do you imagine it cost?

The women do most of the hard work in this country, in fact they seem to be a mere beast of burden, while the men do the lighter and easier work.

O, the burden, oppression, sorrow and suffering of womanhood in the oriental world!

Cairo has a population of five hundred and seventy thousand, with a good sprinkle of English inhabitants. The Mohammedans have one or two very fine Mosques here, and their school here is said to contain several hundred studying the Koran and a number of other studies.

This city is Europeanized in many respects—the spacious hotels, many wide and clean streets, street cars, electric lights, and some English stores. Egypt has a population of about nine million and eight hundred thousand, and has an area of four hundred thousand square miles.

The religion of the ruling people is Mohammedan, but the Coptics number over six hundred thousand, and the Franks—or Christians more than one million.

There are a number of earnest, persistent, active

and loyal Christian workers in the cities of Egypt, who are doing most practical and efficient work for the Master, and on the other hand, there are others, who appear just to have a mere profession and the spirit and character of their work seem to add another plague to Egypt.



## CHAPTER X.

## IN THE HOLY LAND.

We bid adieu to the flies, hot sun, red sand and the rare fruits of Egypt, and turn our face toward "the promised land." Our train sweeps over a section of that great desert, running along close to the old caravan route from Egypt to Canaan, which doubtless the patriarchs of old trod, and where our Lord was brought during His exile in Egypt.

We soon arrive in the beautiful sea-port town of Port Said, a city whose population is claimed to be forty-five thousand and the growth is both rapid and remarkable.

This city is what we might term a "Cosmopolitan city"—that is, it is composed of citizens of the world. There are Americans, Englishmen, French, Germans, Italians, Syrians, Egyptians, and Africans living here. Their dialect and religion vary with tongue and tribe.

We are on the sea-coast of the largest sea in the world, and famous for its depth and bluish color.

You will see the American and English influence here in streets, houses, dress and manners.

This city forms the key to the orient, as all the great ocean vessels call and also coal here.

We embark on a French steamer, bound for the land forever made sacred by the life and presence of our Lord. The time required for us to journey from "Egypt to Canaan," was quite different from that of God's host of long ago.



HINDU FUNERAL PILE.

Clifton & Co

Hindu Funeral Pile.



In the Sunday school we used to see pictures of the various places, giving the historical and practical interest connected with them which created and awakened a great ambition to "view the promised land." This burning desire was intensely agitated upon our turning to the Lord, and from Him receiving a new heart. And again, when consecrating our all to Him forever and He cleansed away all sin by "The baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire," thus filling our heart with perfect love, and removing all the inner disturbances, this too added fuel to the fire—to visit, look upon, walk over and wander through the land hallowed by the footsteps of Jesus.

After one night and part of the three days sailing up the Mediterranean, we sighted from our deck, away in yonder's distance, "The hills of Galilee." Oh, how our hearts beat with joy. Our eyes quickly filled, and our voices grew heavy, as we gazed upon Canaan's fair lands.

Beyroute is our landing point. Because of our ship coming from Egypt, we were informed that the company of this ship were victims of the quarantine regulation. Our imprisonment lasted only twenty-four hours, and soon we are let out.

Beyroute is the commercial and financial capital of Syria. It is very prosperous, a well-situated and withal commanding and imposing view, as it sits along the sea-coast, and gradually rises up the mountain's side, to a lovely height. It has a population of more than one hundred and twenty thousand, with several thousand Christians.

This is the headquarters of the American mission (Presbyterian) in Syria. They have a great college

here, and other enterprises about as large as can be found in all the foreign fields.

The streets, as a rule, are wide, clean and paved. The side-walks are to be found here, not usually found in the old world unless influenced by Americans or Europeans.

We are now en route to Northern Syria. Our train resembles those in our native land, save not so large, but fair comfort and convenience it furnishes.

Oranges, lemons, olive-orchards and bananas abound here. We are electrified with the richness and productiveness of the soil when properly prepared and cultivated.

The mountains of Syria are denominated as the "Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon range," and are famous for their cedar, and the fertility of the soil, even from the base to their summit. The ancient custom was to terrace the mountain to retain the soil and cultivate their long slopes or plant them in vineyards and olive-groves.

There is considerable sign of industrial progress and development, but wholly among the Jews, Germans and French who are coming hither, and with all the speed and privileges granted them by the Sultan, are demonstrating what can and what ought to be developed in this country—a prosperous, happy, peaceful and industrious people.

We arrive in Baalbec, one of the oldest cities on earth. Baalbec was the capital of Baal-worship—worship of the sun. To this city the ancient idolaters, the kings and queens of several nations would gather to their annual festivities and pay homage to "the king of the day." Can you imagine the vast amount of

gold, silver and precious gifts that were brought here by the royal families to offer to the created instead of the Creator?

No wonder Israel became polluted with this system of idolatry as the glory and splendor flashed from this city literally decked with gold and precious stones. It is evident today, when men lose or forget "the God of their fathers" they resort to Theosophy, Christian Science, Mental Science, Spiritualism, Materialism, Socialism, and come-outism, all of which have a tremendous big following in our borders.

Doubtless the greatest and most magnificent ruins in all the world are to be found here. We will just mention a few of the more important.

The temple of Baal is one of tremendous proportions and exhibits splendor and beauty. Though it is in ruins, you will behold wonders in the architectural and mechanical exhibitions. There are solid blocks of stone here in the wall, which measure sixty feet in length, and are sixteen by eighteen feet in breadth and width. Who can estimate their weight and how they brought them from the quarries, which are nearly a half a mile from the wall in which they lay about twenty feet high?

In the quarries we measured a stone partially finished, it was seventy feet in length and sixteen by eighteen feet, and is said to weigh more than two million pounds, requiring forty thousand men to carry it.

We hasten on to Damascus, the capital of Syria, and said to be the oldest city on earth. We are delighted with the beautiful gardens, vineyards and orchards of Damascus, which are loaded with such delicious fruits.

It is said, "Visit Damascus to see real oriental life and customs." Well, our coming and seeing serves only to confirm the truth and importance of the statement. The variety of people and their manners and customs, their enterprises, industrial pursuits and domestic life, all constantly demand your gaze and comment.

We employ a good Syrian guide who is a devout Christian gentleman, and is very congenial, and who has been raised to explore, explain and journey up and down the land for the past twenty years. He is conversant with history, is a master of five languages, speaks English fluently, and his knowledge of the land comparing with the Bible in the most beautiful order.

We go through the streets and they are usually narrow, dirty, crooked and crowded, the children playing with dogs and donkeys, old ugly camels lazily winding their way, causing you to lean over against the wall to keep from getting run over or knocked down by their great loads.

There are several thousand silk looms in this city, run by women and little girls, the little tots doing their work with skill and energy. The silk that is made and woven in Damascus has a market in many nations of the earth.

The brass, silver and gold-shops of this city are a scene of considerable importance and activity. To see their little simple and ancient working-tools is strange but fascinating to one of the New World. Their little stores are simple and small, comprising a little room, with three even walls, the front and fourth wall being removed; this is used as the door,

and can be replaced at leisure. This renders the store somewhat burglar-proof, for they usually employ no windows. The general size of the rooms makes it easy for one merchant to attend to all business connected with that department and remain seated in the middle of the floor during the entire proceedings.

The olive-press can be found here, pressing the oil out of the olive. You must remember that olive-oil is highly useful and exceedingly valuable. It is used for medical purposes, table-use, and on the world's market is a commodity of no small import. The press is a large stone roller, with a beam fastened to it, drawn by a buffalo, and this roller runs around in a trench made of stone and cement. The olives are poured into this trench and the huge roller runs over them and the oil flows out beneath into a vessel.

The two historic and charming rivers, Abana and Parphar, to which Namaan quickly referred, when he was commanded to "go wash in Jordan and thou shalt be clean," are clear, cool and sparkling in the evening. You will notice great crowds as they gather on either bank of these lovely streams and pass away the time in conversation and amusement.

You will see the oriental life, with its manners and various costumes if you visit the native bazaars. The different colored robes, the red turbans, the sandals, veiled-faced women, or with water-pots on their heads, en route to or from the fountains. You will see the long caravan of camels loaded with grain or fruits, or returning home with one in the lead having a red cloth around her neck, and from this hangs a jingling bell, which all hear and follow. Then the little donkeys, so amusing, but used for most everything too.

The mulberry trees are of great importance, they are set out and cultivated in large quantities to feed the silk-worm, whose silk is so famous here in this land, as it goes to the different nations of the world

We walk out and visit Naaman the Leper's house. It is used exclusively as a Leper asylum, hence our visit didn't include an extensive investigation of the situation. We are anxious to visit "The house of Ananias." It is now used as a Latin Church. We hurry away to "street called Strait;" it is the largest and most important in the Syrian metropolis. The place on the wall, where that illustrious Apostle was let down in a basket, used as a mode of deliverance holds the traveler's eye.

It was in and around this city in 1860 when that terrible massacre of the Christians by the Christ-rejecting Mohammedans took place, when twelve thousand sealed their faith with their blood, and afterwards a French army invaded the surroundings and hanged the Turkish Pasa (governor) and others.

The population of Damascus is about two hundred and fifty thousand. There are many beautiful buildings and lovely gardens, the aroma of the flowers filling the air, and the fruits crowding the public marts.

We are enroute back to Beyroute. We enjoy the mountain scenery; grand old Mount Hermon with long slopes covered with green, whose summit is crowned with snow, stands more than ten thousand feet high. How majestic he looks!

We take ship for Caifa, a little sea-coast town below Sidon.

We visit Mt. Carmel, a grand old majestic mountain, forever made historic and sacred because of that

famous ministerial convocation, and especially because of that celestial conflagration, giving the man of God heaven's own approval to his doctrine and life.

We are in Canaan and in order to traverse the land, viewing and investigating the most historic and important places, we will be compelled to spend one month—and then our time is too brief for our own soul's satisfaction, but we shall hasten away. The size of this volume will not admit our recording but a few important features connected with our sojourn in the holy land.

We are enroute to Nazareth, the home of our Lord for nearly thirty years of His earthly pilgrimage.

The hills, valleys, mountains, plains and cities, towns and villages are all commanding to the mind and heart because of their historic and sacred relation and connection with the life and ministry of "The Man of Galilee."

Nazareth stands on the side of a considerable mountain. This city contains about seven thousand inhabitants, among them many Jews and Christians.

We enjoy our visits to the place where the angel conversed with Mary, then Joseph's shop and the synagogue where Jesus attended church while in this town.

You will observe the virgins with the water-pots on their heads, going to or returning from the fountain with grace and ease.

We mount our Syrian horse and start across the country; we visit Cana of Galilee, the place of the first miracle, "turning the water into the wine."

The land as a whole lies in waste and desolation. Of

course you will see the poorly cultivated farms and dirty villages only declare in word and appearance "Thy glory hath departed."

The great plain of Esdrelon, one of the finest and most productive to be found, with its thousands of rich and fertile acres, receives but very poor attention, and preparation for their crops. O, if they had some of our gang-plows, cultivators and harvesting machinery to work and to harvest their grain, what kind of yield would there be, with the fertility of the soil and its exceeding rich and productive land? The Sultan of Turkey either owns or personally controls this great plain. The farmers all live in villages, said to be done for protection, and go out and work their several fields.

We pass by where General Saladin defeated the last crusade in 1187, on Mount Hattan.

Presently our eye falls on the beautiful waters of sacred Galilee; that verse of song filled our soul—"O Galilee, sweet Galilee." Her placid bosom, reflecting the glory of an oriental sun, looked as though it were a sea of shining silver, surrounded by bold mountains on either side, and the influx and afflux of the Jordan at the ends.

We are in Tiberius, which has a population claimed to be seven thousand, a very dirty place, as great herds of goats, sheep and buffaloes swarm in and around this town.

We sail around over the beautiful sea which is six and one half miles wide, thirteen long and one hundred and seventy-five feet deep. O, how delightful these hours, and how precious the lessons gained from sailing, gazing and thinking over these placid waters!



Hindu barber

Hindu "Open-Air" Barber Shop.



We visit the site of Capernaum, and there are some vigorous excavations going on here. Already they have dug portions and revealed outlines of the Synagogue in which Jesus preached, and upon whose town such withering woes were cast. "O, thou Capernaum who are exalted up to heaven, thou shalt be cast down to hell." Literally and fearfully is this demonstrated. The city is actually down—down below the earth's surface, and the inhabitants long ago went out to meet their God, whom they rejected, despised, and insulted, by refusing the words of His blessed Son.

Our time spent on and around these historic and sacred shores were full of thought, meditation and research.

We hasten back to Nazareth and bid it adieu, only to journey to Samaria and halt here to view the ruins of once the capital of Israel, see the pillars of Herod, and the ruins of Ahab's palace.

Upon a high mountain between Samaria and Shekum while riding along on our horses, a cloud formed around us, and it resulted in almost a cloudburst. We were cold, wet and hungry, but remained thrilled with the scenery and its sacred significance.

We visit Shekum, whose population amounts to nineteen thousand.

The only real Samaritan synagogue in the world is here. By a special act of kindness we are admitted and handle the oldest copy of the Pentateuch known—said to be thirty-seven hundred years old; also a scroll of the New Testament claimed to be nine hundred years old.

We met the high priest and the officiating priest, who seemed very kind, gentle, and devout. They claim

the descendency from the Aaroniac priest-hood. On Mt. Gerizim they offer the paschal lamb and perform their annual feasts for they stoutly claim that it was on this mountain instead of Mt. Moriah that Abraham offered Isaac.

We pass along where Israel was assembled to hear the curse and blessing of the law as it was proclaimed to the vast throng assembled between Mt. Ebal and Gerizim.

Jacob's well is near. We appreciate our early visit to this sacred spot, where our Lord rested and gave a message to a hungry heart that resulted in its salvation and of the gracious revival that swept over a town and many turned to the Lord.

Shilo was where the Tabernacle stood for five hundred years, and where Israel would come yearly and offer their sacrifices unto the Lord. The location is high and of a commanding beauty.

We halt at Bethel where Jacob had that memorable dream. A little dirty and unattractive village marks the renowned spot. Just to our left is the old highway where the children of Israel had crossed Jordan and came up through the land.

We pass through Beeroth, the home of the two young men who killed Saul's son and brought his head to David, thinking it would please him, but to their utter dismay the king was displeased at their conduct, ordered that they be treated in the same manner. O, the power and law of retribution! "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

This little village only nine miles from Jerusalem is where the parents missed the "child Jesus" from their midst, "but supposing Him to be in the company

or among the kinsman." O, the multitudes posing themselves as Christians upon a close interrogation of their spiritual condition, they often say, "I suppose I am alright," "I hope so," and "I joined the church in good faith."

At Ramalla we visit and greatly enjoy our association with the Friends' Mission located here, singing and speaking to the students. Theirs is a noble, worthy and a needy work. The Lord is blessing their Bible school, mission and day schools.

After many days of travelling, all full of profit and valuable information, both to mind and soul, over mountains and plains in Galilee and Samaria, we are nearing "the city of our God." You remember as Martin Luther walked from Germany to Rome, to receive special blessings from visiting that mighty city, when from a lofty summit he beheld the great metropolis, fell on his knees and exclaimed, "Holy Rome, I salute you."

For the first time in life, from a lofty summit, we beheld the domes and spires, and our hearts melt, our eyes run full and our voice grows heavy as we repeat "Jerusalem, the holy city, I salute thee."

The tower erected by the Germans, on Mount of Olives, standing about two hundred feet high is the first object that arrests the vision from a distance. We pass many little but historic places as we approach the holy city, but positively space will not admit our comment on them, hence we are compelled to pass them by and hasten to the more important places and events connecting the land and Bible, which facts are perfectly harmonious and complete in their narration and appearance.

We approach the city from the north, from which side only the enemy could possibly approach the city with any assurance of capturing or besiegement, as on either side starting from the north begin valleys deep and wide, skirting around the city, thus rendering it unapproachable, save from the portion above mentioned.

Our eyes are upon the city of all cities, "the city of our Lord," "the praise of the whole earth," and toward which all eyes of all nations are turned. It is the central figure in Bible history, the glory of current history and the charm of all men and minds. It was the Jews' earthly paradise, the home of God's priest and prophets and around and over which all eyes both in heaven and of earth gazed.

Poetic David sang sweetly over this city of infinite splendor; the ancient seers spake eloquently and reverentially concerning the profound triumphs coming to her borders. The wise and saintly prophets broke out concerning the heart rending cries that were pending and which came and divested her of her glory and beauty.

The terrible woes of Jehovah were announced, and their coming and pitiful realities marked the desolation and sad lamentation that have left their expression upon land and people.

Jerusalem, once the pride and joy of heaven, the attraction of the universe and where our Lord shone in the shekinah of His glory!—Jerusalem, the city of glorious worship, the scene of sacrifice and service. O, Jerusalem, the city of our King. He walked in thy courts, preached in thy temple, walked down thy streets, passed through thy gates, met with thy in-

habitants, rejoiced with those who rejoiced and wept with those who wept, suffered with those who suffered, and helped thy poor, healed many of thy sick, brought light and glory to thy people, and He—our King—trod thy highways, climbed thy mountains, descended into thy valleys and “Went about doing good.” O, Jerusalem! your “Priests took council how they might slay Him,” your church leaders lost their opportunity, sold Him, and then turned Him over to a howling, blood-thirsty mob to condemn and to kill! Thus our King was treated within thy halls, by thy people and was crucified “out side the gate!” You killed Him, buried Him and then placed a guard about His silent tomb. But angels were dispatched from royal courts above, and their presence stilled and held into perfect silence the sturdy arms and quick nerves of mighty soldiers and our Lord and Master came out triumphant over death, hell and the grave, and now is alive forever more.

It was in thy precincts that the glory of the pentecostal dispensation was inaugurated, and the Christian Church was formed.

Again, battles, bloody and death-strewn conflicts, caused sorrow, suffering and desolation to crowd thy gates and leave the city in heaps of rubbish and ruins. What caused all this destruction and desolation to the greatest city and land of all the earth?

The sad responses, “You have crucified the Lord and put Him to an open shame,” you sold your Lord for silver, you traded your King for a robber, and you are in possession of your bargain—Mohammedan rule, oppression and darkness.

But lift up your head, ye ancient city, now in

mourning and humility, for thy King is coming in power and great glory. He will arise upon thee and lift this cloud of sorrow and suffering and that terrible yoke of Mohammedan bondage and servitude from thy neck. He will shed His light and beauty upon thee, as in olden days, and thy splendor and glory shall radiate through all the world. The enemy shall depart from thy courts, and the saints of the Most High shall dwell in peace within thy walls. The day of thy redemption draweth nigh. Look up and cast away your sins of disobedience and apostasy, turn your face from the past, confess thy cruel treatment toward thy King and He will forgive and restore you. He will roll back the clouds of spiritual darkness now hovering over thy priest and people. He will break the fetters of political and social bondage and lift the load of present rule, and restore thy people and Church unto her right and proper place to that of triumph, glory, beauty and power. This He will do, if you will only permit it to be done.

Time and place forbid our reference to all the sacred and interesting scenes and important places affording themselves in abundance, in and around this historical, wonderful, mysterious and charming city.

There is so much tradition, superstition and false opinions clamouring for the recognition of the traveler's eye and attention, until if he should believe and accept it all, he would be stunted, and conflicts of speculation, resulting in battles with a thing closely related to doubt, would be his lot. But one thing is pre-eminently true, and that is the land and the Bible compare in perfect harmony. This alone, is a scathing rebuke to infidelity.

We visit the Church of the holy Sepulchre, a place which all Greek and Latin Catholics together with the Coptic and Syrian Churches stoutly claim is where the place of crucifixion and burial of our Lord was, and all this is inside of the city walls. You will witness more idolatry carried on within this Church, or better known as "a Church of Churches" than can scarcely be found in any lands—that of image and material worship, such as the cross, stone images and the different places that they maintain were connected with the life and death of our Lord, especially His resurrection. When the facts are that the majority of all true followers of "the beautiful Nazarene" utterly reject the authority, history, location and regalia manifest in this Church. Upon arrival, you will notice "a hill" bearing the description given in the Scriptures situated just "outside the gate," "The place of a skull." It is the true Calvary. We are satisfied with its location, description and general appearance, that this is Calvary, where our price was paid and our salvation was purchased. The World's Sunday school Convention was aiming to convene upon or very near Calvary. When this intelligence reached the Sultan of Turkey, he at once decrees that a stone wall surround "that hill lone and gray," consequently a great wall encloses the place "where Jesus suffered and died." The convention failed to pitch their tent here, and but very few of its anxious delegates were permitted to enter upon the sacred summit. Upon our approach we found the huge iron gate open and no gateman present. Thus we were thrilled with the precious privilege of standing upon the sacred, solemn and memorable hillock. We shall never forget those hours, as we stood upon the

hill where the world's greatest battle was fought and the triumph upon which shall conquer earth and hell and will crown the saint, thrill the angels and cause heaven and eternity to ring with shouts of eternal victory—all through Jesus.

We visit the tomb of Joseph, where the King lay silent for the allotted time, and then arose in power, and to reign forever. We walk around the city several times, gaze upon the walls and their towers, visit the Mount of Olives, climb the German tower about two hundred feet high, and we from this lofty perch, look around on the sacred scene and then turn our gaze up into the blue heavens. Our mind recalls and our faith catches a new glimpse of that sacred promise, "He shall come in like manner as ye have seen Him go away." Again we are thrilled as this verse sweeps into our mind and soul. "His feet shall stand on Mount Olivet." At this juncture I feel such strong drawings toward our "home beyond the crystal sea," that we feel symptoms of heaven's attraction so heavy that we almost feel like bidding farewell to all of earth, and penetrate the beautiful heavens. But then we remember the millions of earth "living in darkness and the shadow of death," and "without God and hope in the world." Then we become reconciled to the situation, and recall the dignity of our calling and commission as a minister of the New Testament, then we cry out, "O, Lord make us indeed soul-winners and fulfil our mission in life and be ready to meet Thee with a shout at Thy glorious appearing."

Our visit to Jericho, Jordan and the Dead Sea was edifying, profitable and of valuable importance.

We passed the Samaritans where that deed of true



Modern Plowing in the Orient.



Christian religion was wrought. The universal principle and philosophy taught is, "Be administered to by the Lord with redeeming grace in the salvation of your own soul, and then turn out to ministering unto others, pointing them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and assist them in matters resulting in their benefaction.

The Dead Sea is twelve hundred feet below sea level. The density of its waters will admit your weight so that one cannot sink. This we tried.

At the ancient and historic ford of Jordan there was a sacred Baptismal service performed, when three of our company—the two Roberts brothers, and the writer received the solemn ordinance at the hands of Dr. Godbey, in the historic stream. What a blessed occasion it was! As we stood on Jordan's banks and sang that good old hymn,

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die,  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I."

Then after the rite was administered, all joined sweetly and softly in that sacred verse,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all."

This was at sunset, in company with our dragoon, coachman and guard, and the four above mentioned, which composed the little audience, and above all and with us was the sweet presence of Jesus. This was an epochal period in our lives.

Jericho is a little mud village of little interest. Bethany held our interest and gaze.

Bethlehem was a place of sweetest joy to us, as we remembered the blessed Son of God made His advent into the world in this quiet little village.

The Church of Nativity was a place of great interest to our hearts as also was the lonely, sweet, sacred and "solemn Gethsemane." O, the hours of silent prayer, meditation and heart-searching which characterized our visits to this silent scene, where the sorrow, suffering and supplication of "Jesus, the Man of Sorrow," made it forever sacred.

Hebron and its environs were enjoyed. We ate dinner under the designated ancient oak of Abraham, just at the top of "the plain of Mamre," before the angels visited the saintly patriarch, where by his tent they stood.

"The Valley of Eschol" is famous for the splendid quantity and quality of grapes yielded there. We enjoyed them so much.

Rachal's tomb stands on the highway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

Solomon's pools are of profound interest, on account of their size, completeness, utility and importance and enterprise.

We visited "the sealed fountain" mentioned in the Songs of Solomon. They are shut up, hidden; the water is cool, clear, healthy, pure, plenteous and is very valuable. This is all very suggestive in its relation to the Church and individual's life.

We had the inestimable pleasure and honor of conducting services in the Christian Missionary Alliance Mission. Rev. Thompson is the superintendent of the

Palestine district. It is a gracious circuit. We had a blessed time here, the thought of preaching "in Jerusalem and Judea and Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth," was gracious and thrilling to our hearts.

Of all the places in need of a preacher "full of faith and the Holy Ghost," and a church "filled with all the fullness of God," it is Jerusalem. O, the dryness, deadness of forms, the coldness and fireless worship and the good and great, but powerless sermons that abound in this metropolis of "world-citizens."

Dr. Johnson, pastor of one of New York City's Presbyterian pulpits, did some fine, arousing preaching, the very kind needed. The people would linger and thirst after the experience which he so beautifully and powerfully described—that of full salvation from all sin. But he would paint the picture or describe the beauty and practicability of such a grace and then leave them to wonder, wait and thirst—wouldn't urge them to then and there seek and obtain the deliverance which he so clearly taught.

Our twelve days' stay in "The Holy City" will ever be bright and blessed in our mind and memory.

The Mosque of Omar occupies the site of the temple, and no Jew is allowed within the temple grounds—the place where their priest performed the ceremonies, taught and commanded under the law, the place where the glory and presence of our God was ever manifest, and where the worshipful Jew rejoiced, now has become a place entirely closed from their footsteps and anxious eyes. Hence the Scripture is verified. "Their enemies shall possess thy gates." Now the wandering Jew can only approach to the outside of the

temple wall in a space some ninety feet long and ten wide. They gather once or twice each week and read the old Scriptures, cry, weep, pray and lament. It is touching, and our Lord will hear their penitent cry, and answer in mercy. Young and old, rich and poor—all alike meet here and cry, leaning against and kissing the walls which separate them from where the temple stood.

When they cried out, "Let Him be crucified, and let His blood be upon us and our children," and when they asked for the robber instead of Jesus, they received the robber—and they have been robbed of their nation, their government, their rights and more specially of the sacred precinct—the temple, and now they have sorrow, suffering, persecution, no place or nation; but oppression and servitude is their portion. Why? Simply in selling Jesus they sold their all.

The population of Jerusalem ranges between seventy-five and one hundred thousand inhabitants. About fifty thousand are Jews, the others are Mohammedans and then the Europeans and Americans. There are said to be more now outside the walls than the population inside.

The immigration, especially among the Jews, to this land is on the increase. Notwithstanding the prevailing rules of the Turkish law, rendering it impossible for the Jew to possess land and not to engage in enterprising features too much, yet they come hither to live and to be buried, in the glorious city of our King.

We call on the Bishop of the Syrian Church—a Christian institution—and while in his beautiful compartments we talk and exchange our views upon vital subjects. Amid our social interview, the waiter serves

tea, after which he passes a package of "Duke's cigaretts," which we very calmly, but most positively refused. The Bishop was surprised and seemed troubled at our position on "the smoke problem," and he said, "Well, I was contemplating a visit to America, but if no one there uses or sells tobacco, I will decline my anticipated American visit." Now reader, study the problem and survey the situation, then wonder what next. Just think! The visit of a Bishop somewhat determined upon laws governing the tobacco traffic! But upon being informed that the tobacco-god had his multitudes of loving devotees both in the Church (what a pity) and among the sinners (bad enough) of America, his face seemed to catch "new light," and concludes by saying, "I shall endeavor to pay America a cheerful visit."

You see this tobacco curse has become well-nigh a universal plague within the pales of the Christian church. O, for the glad happy day of its emancipation and deliverance!

It is too bad the sound or sight of the locomotive was ever heard or seen upon the sacred soil of Palestine. But there are still greater railroad projects on foot throughout this land. We take train in the Holy City, and bid it a loving adieu with more reluctance than we did our own fair native land upon our departure for this long and perilous journey.

We turn from the city with its ancient manners and customs, peoples and religions. Our little iron horse goes galloping down the slopes, surges up the grades, and sweeps around the base of the Judean hills, dotted here and there with olive-trees, vineyards, gardens and grain fields, occasional villages

either of mud or stone, the terraced-side mountains and old ruins or some large building, marking the spot of some historic event, forms a set of paintings that constitute a small portion of the charming scenery to be enjoyed enroute from Jerusalem to Joppa.

You will observe the farmers using the one-handle plow as is mentioned in the gospel. These plows are usually drawn by the buffalo or bullock. We pass many places made famous because of some illustrious event during the life and ministry of Jesus and His Apostles, or by the mighty heroes of ancient days.

Our train soon rolls down the beautiful hills of Judea, and we go sweeping along the great plain of Sharon. This plain is exceedingly rich and productive. Great orange groves, figs, lemons and olives are the principal product nearer the sea, but back from the shores grew grain and meadows, great hedges of cactus are prevalent almost all over Palestine. The natives eat the pods and the camel feeds on leaf and pod.

We pass the site of Sampson's home-town, then to Lydda, which was the seat of an early Christian community. Joppa is the seaport for Jerusalem, and has a population of twenty-five thousand, and is in a flourishing condition. As around it are the productive gardens and orchards with a good degree of small grains. Then the commercial and industrial activities make this an important city. One of the most important disadvantages to be found to Joppa is its treacherous and exceeding dangerous harbor. It has a rocky coast, and a rough entrance, which renders large ships unable to get nearer than one and two miles from the landing.

We visit the house of Dorcas, that noble and illustrious "Woman, who was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." This queenly saint and graceful character fell asleep in Jesus; the young and struggling Church felt their great loss and not knowing how they could get along without this powerful and untiring worker in their Church, became exercised in heart and soul, having heard of Peter, who was at this time in Joppa, who was sent for in post haste, who came to the scene of death. Weeping and heavy with grief, he knelt down and prayed and in the name and power of Jesus who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," and she arose. Death met life and life conquered, and great joy filled their souls, The result was, "Many believed on the Lord."

The house of "Simon the tanner," by the seaside was visited. They claim that this is evidently the identical house so famous for the vision, the sleeping preacher, and narrative that is connected.

In the Alliance Mission we heartily enjoy singing and speaking to the school with the bright faced girls and boys. Then they sang so sweetly, although in their native tongue, but it was full of life, melody and the blessed Holy Spirit.

As our stay in the promised land is now limited, we must hurry around and get a few glimpses of Canaan. You will notice where the land and country are properly cared for, that good and inviting expression repeated in the Scriptures, can be observed at this time—"a land flowing with milk and honey," and "is abounding in corn and wine."

The Germans and French are making some marvelous developments in farming and gardening.

## CHAPTER XI.

## FROM PALESTINE TO INDIA.

We have hastily mentioned only a few towns, places and events, and described but little of these. It would have been utmost joy of our heart to have told more, especially of the land in which our Saviour was born, suffered, died and was resurrected, and from whose soil His sacred feet departed to the royal courts above. But as our long journey to the great East lies yet before us we are constrained to close our comments on the patrimony of Israel.

After prayer with the mission-workers, as the gong is now sounding, we hasten to the sea-side, and find the currents so swift, the tide so high, and the sea very rough and dangerous. As was mentioned, the condition of this harbor cannot permit the large vessels to enter port, hence we secure a small craft, which is manipulated by some four or six strong men. We four and our good and kind Christian guide are out from land, tossed about as though we would certainly capsize upon the boisterous bosom of "The great Sea."

Soon our ship has been reached by much struggling and wrestling of the boatsmen. We are on board our ship which will carry us away to Port Said. Our good guide leaves us crying, and we breathe a prayer for him that he will be as kind, honest, profitable and as good to those who employ him, as his thirty days of service rendered him to us. I must not



The Tower of Silence.



forbear to give his name and address, as in case you should visit the holy land, there is no better dragomen than Mr. Shukrey Hishmeh, Jerusalem, Palestine.

Our steamer rolls out and across the trackless deep. The shores, the beautiful mountains of Judea and the fair fields of Canaan are now fading from our vision. The sea roars and thunders as the waves and billows crash against our ship. The old ocean-liner groans and rolls as the angry deep tosses her about, and many of our passengers are growing restless and sick and turning white in the face.

We gaze in vain to see once more the sacred hills of beautiful Canaan. Good-bye sacred shores and fields of Palestine!

Port Said is built right at the entrance of the Suez Canal, and is not quite thirty years old, and has a population of more than forty thousand.

Here we had a very blessed revival, a number getting converted and others receiving the grace of entire sanctification, among whom were two teachers who had been educated in the Presbyterian College of Beyroute, and one very beautiful and accomplished young lady missionary from California; then a very fine cultured native of Ceylon. We labored more than ten days in all in this city with the Peniel Mission, which is a part of that great work carried on and honored of the Lord under the wise ministry of Rev. and Sister Ferguson, of the Pacific coast. The mission-workers of this city are Sisters Richardson and Triplet, and we had services with the Seaman's Rest, an institution and mission for the sailors and seamen. This is a great and needy field.

We are now on board the "Moolton," of the P. and O. Company; they run the largest and best ships out from London to India. A ship having a cargo of seventy tons of dynamite sank near the mouth, and in the gerat canal; this was exploded, that navigation be assumed, and in the meanwhile, there were from fifty to seventy-five large steamers gathered, who were going out East. This gave us a splendid opportunity to preach full salvation, which all converted people need, and for which their souls hunger after. The Lord gave His seal and blessed sanction upon our labors while in the Key-city.

From the deck of our ship we waved farewell to the many friends we had formed during our stay of evangelistic labors in this city.

We pass down the Suez canal, a wonderful latter-day enterprise. It is one hundred miles long, thirty yards wide and thirty feet deep; it was constructed at the enormous cost of one hundred million dollars. There were employed sixteen thousand camels to carry out the dirt and carry down the stone, as it is walled so as to insure against land slides. The entire canal is furnished with both flag and block-signals.

We pass where that old ship laden with dynamite exploded, and a great hole in the earth was torn by the explosives of that dreaded cargo.

Great Britain now controls and owns the entrance of the great Sea at Gibraltar. She owns and controls this canal and rules Aden and the gulf of Aden, hence you see her ships and sailors are in perfect safety from London to Bombay—her India possessions. All ships that pass in or out of this canal pay a good fee you readily see the value of this enterprise. Again, it

shortens the route and especially the time in going from London to Bombay, as the old route was, away down around the coast and southern point of Africa, and it required three months to go from London to Bombay and return, but now you can make entire round trip in forty days, a difference of fifty days.

You can see the hand of the Lord in this project, relative to the spread of His glorious gospel. Thus it will be that of our Panama Canal for United States to dispense the gospel to all Mexico, Central and South America. We as the Church of God on earth, must keep step and fill the open doors, as the new and mighty inventions and modern developments are providing for us.

Our majestic old ocean-queen sails slowly and steadily as we pass down the canal. The country is dry, sandy and hot. To our right (going) is Ethiopia and to our left, Arabia. The sun shines with tremendous glare and power, but at night the queen is robed with glory and charming splendor. The beautiful constellations that fill the blue, clear, heavens are undoubtedly more attractive here than anywhere in the Old World. It is no wonder that astronomy originated in Arabia.

Now we enter the Red Sea, and cross the path of the journeying host of God when enroute from Egypt to Canaan. This is better known as "The Way that Israel journeyed." We are pointed out the historic crossing where the mighty God with His omnipotence came down and swept back the waters with His breath, and the advancing host "walked over dry shod." But the pursuing enemy sought entrance into the open path, and on their vigorous attempt became over-

whelmed with walls of water, consequently were enveloped, and "they remain there unto this day."

The mountains of Arabia are bold, bare and gigantic. Grand old Mt. Sinai stands in the heated atmosphere with his frowning face on whose summit rolled smoke and flames of fire, and from whose brow leaped the quivering lightnings and peals of mighty thunders, and "Moses, the man of God" stood amid the solemn and august presence of Jehovah, who was now giving expression of His attitude and disposition toward sin, and inscribing with power and awful demonstration His law relative to man and his life and destiny.

The weather is extremely warm and oppressive, so much so that a great many men sleep out upon deck.

We pass down the Red Sea, which is several hundred miles in length, and varying in width, but not wider than thirty miles.

Aden is upon the southermost point of Arabia, and belongs to England, taken by way of retaliation on account of the mistreatment of a disabled ship by the natives. Great Britain hurried off down here in 1837 with men and means and gave the governing official a good flogging and took charge of the city and settlement.

The population is about thirty-five thousand, chiefly the natives, Somalis, tall and savage looking and with yellow mop-heads. Here, all steamers call and also coal.

The ship is surrounded and swarming with the natives, who come to sell Ostrich-feathers to the passengers. You will notice men and boys, with a little girdle on their loins sitting or standing in little long

and exceedingly narrow pig-trough boats, floating all around our great steamer calling out to our passengers on board "Say, misty, dime, dive!" He meant if you would pitch a dime over-board and let it sink he would dive off from his little sharp craft and find it away down in the deep; sometimes I would conclude he had got caught, or had come up under our ship and had become strangled and was drowned; but after a long time you would see his black head, then his brown body, bob up and he draws his hand over his face to clear away the spray, then lift the dime up, demonstrating his triumph. They have no clothes and no pockets and nothing but that little strip of cloth on their person, so they store the coin away in their mouth and proceed to renew the feat. Truly the scene is quite amusing and interesting.

Now we bid good-bye to Africa and start across the great Indian ocean, enroute to India; the distance from Port Said to Bombay is nearly four thousand miles.

Our steamer "Moolton" so named after a city in far away India was launched not long since, and this is her first trip East, consequently the elite Society, dolls and dudes, from London are the dominating human species. Still worse, we have on board a number of out-going missionaries, together with a number of returning workers who have been on "a home-leave," but now are enroute back to their respective stations of work. The two latter characters I shall refer to in a following chapter, hence will pass by and make mention now of some features respecting the company, minus our missionaries.

Our captain appears to be a devout, congenial Chris-

tian gentleman, but the principal part of the ship's crew are rough, unapproachable and given to unpleasant manners. The solid, deep, and serious thinking minds seemed to be scarce and rare articles, speaking from observation of the situation. Of course there are some noble spirits and beautiful characters on board, but the majority were of that craft which deals in frivolous, cheap "beggarly elements" and worthless amusements.

A "Sporting Club" was organized; they invited us to partake, which we modestly declined, but during a singing exercise we were invited to sing, and this we accepted. The Lord helped us to sing "Naaman the Leper," "Jonah and the Whale," also "Dying and away from home," all of which if sung in the Spirit, will produce a silent but peaceful effect upon the giddy and gay.

Service on board was conducted by a distinguished English clergyman of "The high Church," who gave a masterly message, but evidenced the absence of spiritual power. Thus the mind and attention were drawn to the appearance and the construction of the sermon, instead of the power and quality of the truth, which should command the eye, ear and heart of the audience.

After ten days swift sailing across the Indian Ocean we view for the first time in life "the land of idols," The state of mind, the feeling of heart and burden of soul can only be realized as you behold for your first time the dark domains of heathendom.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BRITISH INDIA.

It was early in the morning when our huge engines and great propellers ceased their revolving, and we gazed out through the port-hole of our state room, and our vision was filled with new and strange sights. The great city of Bombay was stretching out before us, on the shore up and down the charming coast for several miles, with the large government houses, university buildings and church spires piercing the air; then heathen temples with their usual flag-poles, and from these the red waving banner. The scenery becomes more charming as we behold the stately palms, banyan, and mangal trees, all of which are large, green and graceful.

We steam into port, enter and pass the government custom house, and now we pass onto the soil and shores of India. The scene on the dock was touching. There friends and loved ones were meeting, cheering and receiving each other, until we just threw ourselves into the operation and felt as though they were glad that we came that way. The tears of joy were free and plentiful. It did us so much good to witness the relatives and friends as they with joy unbounded, received their coming loved ones.

How glad and good we feel to be on land again. It is refreshing to the mind, and joyous to the eye to be engaged in seeing the strange street scenes and peculiar objects in all directions.

Bombay is the commercial and well-nigh the financial metropolis of India. The present population reaches about eight hundred thousand, and is on a rapid increase. There is little doubt that the West coast of India had trade relations with the Assyrian, Persian and Roman Empires, but the direct connections with modern Europe dates only from 1498. But it was not until in 1616 that the English appeared on the scene. It will be fitting here to tell the reader how came England into possession of India. It was directly the result of the formation and later the splendid operations of what was known as "The East India Company" which was composed of English merchants and manufacturers of England. They came here in 1665, and founded English colonies, erected large factories and formed a trade relation with the natives. This called for English troops to guard their fellow-countrymen and their property, and trouble arose between the settlers, and native troops and over the prosperous merchants and their developing enterprises, which resulted in steady but stubborn conquest by the British. City after city and territory after territory fell victims to the English army, but not so easy or without sturdy conflicts, bloody battles and long sieges, when great suffering, privation and death claimed their thousands from the Red-coats. But the grand climax of all battles, uprisings and demonstrations of riotous natives occurred in the more central provinces in 1857, better known throughout the world as "The Meeting of 1857," or the Sepoy rebellion. The British force at this time in India was only about forty thousand and that of the Sepoys numbered two and forty thousand. The centers of this bloody conflict were





Our Elephant Ride in India.

Lucknow, Cawnpore and Dehli. Cawnpore was where the rebels did such havoc among the soldiers and especially among the English and native Christians. They would murder them and then cast their bodies into wells. At Cawnpore we saw the place where a large deep well was located; the murdered Christians were thrown into it, and since that time there has been a beautiful stone wall built around it, and in the center of this wall, just over the well, and of beautiful workmanship, is a monument—the angel of Resurrection, and stands just over the well. Around the pedestal is this Scripture: “These are they which came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” It is appropriate and befitting to the situation and dreadful scenes connected with it.

Thus ended the rebellion in India to English right and rule, and but very little rebellion among the natives have been demonstrated against the power and authority of Great Britain on India's soil to this day. This will serve to explain the ways and means used by Britain in securing the great Empire of India. India claims three hundred million population. Of course this includes all nationalities, in this estimation.

The area is one million eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and four square miles. British and native troops number two hundred and thirty-eight thousand and in addition there are twenty-two thousand native reserves with fifty-eight thousand volunteers, and the startling number of ninety thousand semi-trained troops, above all the others, with all Great Britain has at her command, the enormous throng of

three hundred and eighty-six thousand strong in India. Who can estimate the expenses the army of India is to her Empire?

Bombay is the center of commercial activity, and is the principal landing from the western or from European nations for all India.

The Parsees, formerly inhabitants of Persia are the prosperous and influential population of Qurat, and Bombay. They are followers of Zoroaster, who, they claim, brought fire from heaven, and is kept burning in their consecrated spots. To this we will refer at another time.

The European customs and manners will be noticed in the buildings, streets, railroads, and in dress and general appearance among the more cultured and wealthy of the natives. But you will be greatly attracted by the poorer class, with their different colored robes, their manner of life and the various customs which will charm your gaze, more especially in the native parts and districts of the cities and towns.

Victoria Terminus is said to be one of the finest and most attractive depots in the eastern or western hemispheres. The construction, the material and architectural beauty, it is claimed, no nation can surpass, but as we had often gazed around and upon the Union Station of St. Louis, we take issue on the subject. The railroad enterprise of India cannot be surpassed for excellent road-bed, large steel, fast trains, pleasant accommodations and moderate prices in transportation. The telegraph system is of no little import, as there are but few telephone lines, but the telegraph is the means of rapid communication.

There are hundreds of large and small cities dot-

ting this vast domain up and down the famous rivers.

The form of British government in India is as follows: The supreme authority, subject to the control of the Secretary of State for India, is vested in the Viceroy and Governor-General, and his six councilmembers. These are the commanders-in-chief in India, and members in charge of home revenue and public works.

Then there are the lower rank of civil officers, such as police, justice and wardens, custom and government surgeons.

The commercial and financial aspect of India becomes gigantic in proportion, and powerful for its annual increase. The postoffice department shows the number of postoffices in round numbers is thirteen thousand, and with a grand total of annual letters, packages, parcels, papers and money-orders reaching five hundred and forty-six million. There are fifty-five thousand miles of telegraph lines, and in 1901 there were twenty-five thousand, three hundred and seventy-three miles under construction and operation, and the number of passengers conveyed in the year was one hundred and ninety-five million.

The financial feature of the government revenue is the enormous sum of thirty-seven billion dollars, and the total expenditure is about thirty-six billion; this leaves a grand total above all expenses of one billion in the treasury. The national debt of India is one billion dollars, and the railway and irrigation works, assessments, more than counterbalance the debt and usually leaves about sixty million dollars in the government's treasury. The principal products of India vary with the climates and zones, as

you may find all kinds of climates, temperatures and conditions of weather, land and people in this vast empire. Cotton, rice, sugar and tropical fruits in the southern portions, while farther up are corn, wheat, rice and vegetables, and still farther until the great mountains are encountered, where timbers, ores and precious metals are the commodity. The opium, poppy and tobacco fields abound, but more in the Bengali province. The banana, mangrove and guava are the best selection of fruits, but other kinds flourish in their various and respective sections.

Bombay, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Benares, Lahore, Madrass, Calcutta, Allahabad, and Darjeeling are the principal cities, but there are many score whose population rise above fifty to one hundred thousand that we shall not here name.

Most of the marketing or carrying of burdens is done on the ox or the buffalo-cart, while the camel and donkey have their usual place in the general routine of farming or public work.

Let us notice one of the native bazaars or markets of India. The main street is narrow, and crowded with pack-horses, loaded ox-carts, burdened donkies or camels, then men and women in their peculiar and varied colors and customs of dress and head-gear, and each with a load of fruits, vegetables or some commodity for the market. Then you will be halted to buy razors, knives, pins, buttons, stones, walking-sticks and handkerchiefs; they will persist in your buying. Men who sell pictures and post-cards swarm around you, to urge you to engage their services. Then perhaps a man can't use two dozen English words, or if he does understand English his caste will

not allow him to serve you as a general servant. For illustration, suppose you engage a Hindu man to be your guide and servant for three days while in one city; he will come to your room early, shine your shoes, brush the clothes, dust the room, keep your apartment neat and clean, but upon your entering the dining-room he fails to enter and see that you are properly cared for, you will observe other servants standing at the back of other men, then the question arises "Where is my servant, Why is he not by my chair?" The answer comes, his caste won't allow him to assist at the table; it would be a disgrace and a degradation should he thus break his caste. I mention this incident illustrating the life of Hindustan and their rigid rules and customs.

Back to the market. The stores are very small and lack in light and ventilation. The goods or wares are quite well packed away, and the salesman sits down on his ankles in the center of the little room on the floor, and is usually dressed in a very attractive manner, but on your approach he appears generous, polite and persistent in approaching you to make a bargain, assuring you all the while that all the good and great buy of him, and that his goods are the best, his prices the lowest and that no other shop in town does the amount of business. In fact they don't seem to run out of something to say.

I am surprised to see how clean they keep the roads swept, and their fields appear just after harvest as though no crops had been raised on the land in a long time. Why? Well they cut their grain with the old-fashion reap-hook—surely a three thousand year custom—and then the stubble is not two inches high;

and then after this all grass, no matter how short, and the stubble, is cut off even with the ground, leaving the ground bare.

The farming implements and their usage in India constitute a feature, full of interest and genuine amusement. The plow is of wood, many times from point to handle and to end of the pole that is used for the beam; but there are some iron points to be seen. It is mere scratching the earth's surface. It is drawn either by bullocks or buffaloes. The grain is reaped as above described and hauled into town or to the rivers and canals on wooden, two-wheeled carts of a heavy crude construction.

Women are to be seen on the streets and highways gathering up all the refuse putting it into baskets and taking it home, there it is dried into thin wafers and then is sold on the market for fuel. The women who make their living by this means, are usually of the lowest caste, but not necessarily of low morals, as the thought would perhaps arise.

Then the street-sweeper is a step higher in their caste-system. The road-system in India is an admirable enterprise. You can mount a bicycle or an automobile and travel for hundreds of miles on roads similar to the good highways of Kentucky.

The irrigation and canal system too, is no small feature, and deserves our reference. The value of irrigation works is sixty-five million dollars. Out from the Ganges, Jumna and Hooghly rivers run in their respective directions, lines and water-ways across those vast plains of most fruitful and highly productive soil, whose thousands of square miles contain many millions of India's toilers.

Little villages, made of mud, straw and bamboo, stand all huddled up so close that there will be about enough room for a horse, cow or a person to pass between their little mud huts.

As the natives seldom ever use windows or but one door, in their little hovel, and it is a common sight to see a house full of little half-dressed children and not at all unusual for them to be without clothing; the donkey, dog, goat, calf, and buffalo all around the same door. Then add to this unfavorable situation another plague of India, the big crow. They seem quite tame, friendly and very annoying, as they chirp so loud, and it is not at all unusual for them to fly into the hotel or mission-house and perch themselves upon the table, or in front of the mirror—that smacks of the peacock to be found in America, in its varied forms and species.

As in Palestine so it is here—most all farmers live in villages, and go out to work their farms.

The dress worn by the common native woman consists of a piece of calico or a better quality of goods about one yard wide and three to six yards long, this they begin wrapping around their bodies, and when finished, either end of the cloth fastens around the waist or over the shoulder. It is clean, neat and beautiful in its appearance.

Most all women veil their face when out in public and when at home live behind latticed windows or doors that the public's eye may not rest upon her, the woman's rights feeling have little place in the far East. But thanks be unto our God, the load and yoke of their oppression and bondage is slowly but surely lifting, and the day of their deliverance from

sorrow and mistreatment is certainly dawning, the light and glory of their Redeemer is, even now, penetrating those "Zenana-prisons," seeking their blessed release.





Gospel Itinerating in India.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE LAND OF RELIGIONS.

We propose that this chapter shall give the reader something of a panoramic view of the religious state and condition of the people of India in general. To undertake a careful and systematic investigation of the scores of various doctrines, philosophies, traditions and superstitions of paganistic teachings and practice, would make a volume larger than the one you hold. Again it is quite needless for us to confine our minds and thoughts to those multitudes of minor, nevertheless silly and sensual assertions of the heathenish mind and literature; but suffice it for us to mention in brief the religious sects, their code of doctrine, with a synopsis of their worship and disposition of their dead.

You will remember that India has been under the despotic hand and rule of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, but is now under British rule, which is light compared with darkness. Two-thirds of the people are Hindus, but their creed and dogma branches out until it embraces an endless variety of polytheistic and pantheistic superstitions, and whose monotonous mythologies are scarcely comprehended even by their higher classes.

India is truly a "garden of gods;" as one has well said, "Here meet the great speculative faiths of mankind. Monotheism, (the doctrine of one god) dualism (of two gods, one good and one evil,) Polytheism, (many gods), atheism (no god) and pantheism, (that

everything is God,) and these ranging from purest Monotheism to the grossest Polytheism. Almost every religious belief and form of worship may be found embracing Fetishism (the worship of stone, tree or animal for temporary relief; Animism (a doctrine teaching the appearances of the physical economy are produced by the soul,) Brahmanism, (the worship of Brahma as the creator of the world), Hinduism (a development of Brahmanism, as they believe Brahma as their great, and one spiritual being, but having three personal manifestations, as Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva, the destroyer and reproducer.) Buddhism teaches that all life is suffering, that suffering arises from indulging desires, and all hope for relief lies in extinction of existence. Jainism, teaches that inorganic matter has a soul, and that bodily penance is necessary to salvation. Parseeism, (fire-worship) Mohammedanism (belief in one God and Mohamet His prophet) and Christianity have all found a home in this fruitful soil." This will serve to the reader a very comprehensive view of the doctrines, beliefs and worship of the many millions in India.

But the dominant religions of the non-Christian faiths are the remarkable triad known as Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Hinduism, which embrace almost every phase of speculative thought and demonstrate most every form of human belief. These are holding sway among India's great throngs of hungry heathen worshippers, but must and will give way to the power and truth of our holy Christian religion, taught and loved by men and women "filled with faith and the Holy Ghost."

The Mohammedans in their usual long white and black robes, red turbans (caps) and sandals, their women with their veiled faces and in their red, black and white attire, praying three to five times each day with their faces toward Mecca, and with their plain but spacious mosques, and whose funeral procedures consist in decent burial, much and very loud and extended mourning, compose about sixty-two million of India's population.

The Hindus, who are noted for their religious devotion and superstitious notions, believing in Brahma in his three manifestations, and the doctrine of transmigration of souls, that is the soul passes into eight million, four hundred thousand species of animals before it reaches that heaven where the personal God dwells. So they offer sacrifices to Krishna to get rid of these perpetual transmigrations of soul that they may gain heaven without passing through this tremendous state of affairs.

They usually live simple, plain and unpretentious lives, save in their religious proclivities, in which they are proud, arrogant, boastful and deeply entrenched.

They are poor and usually very illiterate, especially the women, and the poorer classes, doubtless not one out of twenty can read—and this is a wide margin too. Their clothing consists, among women, of a long piece of cloth about one yard wide folded around the person, the men generally wear very little clothing, simply a loose flowing robe of different colors, or a small garment around their loins, all of which each person almost invariably washes in the river; as he goes to bathe each morning he will wash

the one that was worn, and will put one on similar to it, and let this one dry. But many times they put the same one on and it dries on their body.

They have their days and weeks of festivities varying in character and significance. The land is full of their temples, idols and altars. As the Scripture says, "Under every green tree"—this is the Peepil and Banyan tree that they call their "sacred trees,"—you will see from a distance that these are "sacred trees" from the flag-pole and the red waving banner from its lofty end, that the people coming down the distant highway or in different portions of the town, may recognize that it is a "sacred place" by the waving flag. Under the tree, will be found an idol or idols and altars and invariably the silent worshipers.

The Hindus don't believe in burying their dead, hence they cremate the dead bodies.

You will observe frequently upon the banks of the Ganges and Jumna rivers what is termed as "Burning Ghosts" where their dead are brought, laid on a pile of wood, then with the ceremony of some officiating priest the body is covered and set on fire; generally from two to four hours is required to reduce the body to ashes, these are, if possible, sprinkled on the bosom of their "sacred rivers." I have witnessed a Hindu funeral, and the entire cremating process, saw the relatives of the dead act as if nothing had occurred, laugh, smoke and go on with their silly nonsense, burn their own relatives and cast the ashes into the river. After this each one must bathe and wash his garment, come out and go home quietly. This is a faint photograph of more than two hundred million in India alone.

Buddhism had its origin in about the sixth century, B. C., by one Gautama, afterwards called Buddha, the enlightened, the sum and substance of whose doctrine is the necessity of man to become enlightened by meditation so as to assure a relief from that cessation of lives through which he must pass, and thus finally reach Nirvana, which puts an end to all re-birth. He taught universal benevolence and compassion, also emphasized the encouragement to education. The creed is pessimistic and atheistic, and has some excellent moral rules, not enough however to counteract the degrading and silly ones encountered.

This sect is not so numerous and flourishing as in other ages. But there are many very fine and costly temples throughout the land, and the image of Buddha will be seen sitting in one of three attitudes; he sits cross-legged, either with his hands in contact in an attitude of profound meditation, or with one hand pointing to the earth, or with both hands raised in the preaching posture.

They are strict in their adherence and devotion to their worship and various festivities. Their manner and custom of life in worship and disposition of their dead closely resemble the Hindus, but their number in India are comparatively small, being only nine million and a half, or not quite so much perhaps.

The Jains who maintain that bodily penance is necessary to salvation, and who believe matter to possess a soul and that a man's soul may pass into a stone. They are contemporary with Buddhism, their number reach only one million, three hundred and thirty-four thousand in this empire, where only they exist.

Sikhs are a reformed sect of Hindus, originated

near Lahore in 1460, their liberal views received in all ranks and castes without distinction. Their belief and philosophy are similar to that of the Hindus, and but very little difference in form of worship or doctrine of creed, but they differ in respect in the caste-system; this the Sikhs abolished. They number about two million, two hundred thousand.

The Animist, which means non-Ayran, once the dominating people of central India, especially during the invasion of the English, and who proved to be courageous and valiant warriors and were really the principal ones causing the terrible massacre of 1857, but who have well-nigh lost all soldier qualities and have settled down to a quite agricultural life. They number more than eight million.

India has a Jewish population of about eighteen thousand.

We come now to the Parsees, that stirring, enterprising and prosperous people who inhabit Bombay and Surat, with a population of nearly one hundred thousand. These are the only surviving original Persians who escaped the flood-tide of Mohammedan invasion and religion, hence they fled from Persia and came to India. They are followers of Zoroaster, who, they believe brought fire from heaven, and is kept burning under their temples and in consecrated places.

They are polite, industrious philanthropic, gentle, cultured and unassuming. Their business tact and persistence claim your attention. Their dress-custom is attractive, neat, costly and comfortable.

Their custom of disposing of their dead resembles neither the burial or cremation as we have referred to, but their manner is to expose their dead to the sun

and air, but it is more generally termed exposing to be devoured by vultures as is seen by "The tower of silence." There are five of these towers, the only ones in India. The largest one is two hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference and is twenty-five feet high, and cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At eight feet from the ground upon the encircling wall is an entrance which is reached by a flight of steps. Up and through this they carry the corpse. Inside the plan of the building resembles a circular gridiron, gradually depressed toward the center, in which is a well, five feet in diameter. Beside the wall that surrounds this well there are two other little low circular walls between the well and the outside wall. The spaces between these walls are grooves that radiate from the center like wagon-spokes. In these they lay the corpse, and the little walls that divide these compartments serve as a foot-path for those who attend to the placing of the corpse within these little troughs. There are three kinds, one size for adults, second size for the middle, and thirdly, the smallest size for infants. The corpse is laid in their respective groove, (having but a thin cloth over it) by four carriers. In from two to four hours the birds and vultures that swarm on and around this hill devour all the flesh, and nothing but the skeletons remain. This is left to bleach in the sun and wind until it becomes perfectly dry. Then the carriers of the dead, with gloves and tongs remove the bones from the grooves and cast them into the well. Here they crumble into dust. Round the well are perforations, which allow the rain-water to escape into four deep drains at the bottom of the tower. The fluid then passes through charcoal

and becomes disinfected before it passes finally into the near-by sea.

Their idea for thus disposing of their dead comes from their high regard for fire and water; this will not admit pollution by either custom of burial or cremation of their dead, hence their manner of exposing is clearly expressed. I feel rather repulsive to either cremation or exposure.

Now that my reader may have another view of the deplorable situation and condition of heathendom in India, let me inform you that most every object of the celestial, physical and vegetable kingdoms are most devoutly and humbly worshiped by millions who are "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death."

The cow, elephant, monkey, trees, birds and flowers, mountains and rivers, places and people—all are lovingly adored. The rivers, Jumna and Ganges, are both held and worshipped as "sacred streams," to which they make long pilgrimages and wash, bathe and worship in their currents or on their "sacred banks." To this subject we shall refer more clearly and illustratively in another chapter.

When you come to realize that there are more idols in India than worshippers, then you may conceive of the extent, in depth, power, effect and general significance of heathenish worship and paganistic religions upon the nation and their people, relative to their moral, social and religious life and character.

Most everything and everybody is branded with some kind of religion, which is empty, vain, silly or sensual in its incipiency, and ultimates in sorrow, sadness, darkness, death and eternal woe.

When we comprehend with proper understanding



An Indian Kitchen.



of heart and mind the loyalty and devotion that ever characterize the worship and worshipper in dark pagan lands, it casts a burning shame and a living rebuke upon the Christian world and especially upon the Church, for the stupidity, apathy, sluggishness, and criminal disobedience of her members and professed devotees.

If the energy, time and means were given to the advancement of an institution of such power and proportions as is found within the mighty church of God on earth, such as is everywhere apparent among the heathens for the furtherance of their cause, regardless of its nature and character of work, how long would it be until the clouds and walls of superstition and heathenish worship would melt; yea, would flee, before the on-sweeping and mighty flood-tides of gospel light, liberty and salvation? What will our answer be at the last day, for our neglect of duty, waste of time and opportunity, our failure in receiving the fulness of God as provided in Christ's atonement and our manifest careless and thoughtless condition of a lost world; and our very little endeavor toward evangelizing the millions who are bound with chains of blindness, ignorance and sin?

Here are some results of paganistic teachings and practice:

The Zana-life, or of Indian-widowhood—girls who were left widows at ten years of age, but who never met their husbands. You understand the parents betroth the infant-girl to some boy or man who, if he dies in her infancy, she is denominated and treated (this means great mistreatment) as a widow the balance of her days. Like those whose husbands they

were living with, but on their death also are among the sorrowing widows, their heads are shaven, and faces are veiled and they are forced to spend their days in a secluded manner, known as the "Zenana-life." This means to live behind latticed walls and doors, with no permission to mix or mingle with the public or to be even looked upon or spoken to by any, save those whom she must serve.

Then India's caste-system is another barrier of gigantic proportions, and one among the greatest hindrances to Christian work and workers on this field. But the gospel is adequate to the task, and is over-throwing these barriers and impediments.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## MISSIONARY—EVANGELISM.

In this chapter it will be our pleasant and cheerful delight to confine ourselves to the subject and object that gave rise to the call, preparation, and character of this journey around the world—that of “World-wide Missions,” or missionary-Evangelism.

As we journeyed through continental Europe and in Africa, beholding the condition of the land and people, some places appeared peaceful and prosperous, others dark and desolate; some places the Church and ministry manifested a good degree of spiritual power, and seemed active and aggressive for souls, and at other places they evidenced an alarming lack of life and consequently did but little more than merely exist. As we witnessed such scenes, our hearts and minds became greatly exercised in prayer and searching out our inmost being and crying unto Jesus for an entrance of speech, an open door for labor, and withal a very gracious campaign of fruitful labors in India.

Thus as we sailed over the Indian Ocean our souls were drawn out in much prayer for divine guidance and heaven's approbation upon our stay and labors in this needy land.

One of our party had secured the names and addresses of several missionaries just prior to our sailing, but in the meantime these were all lost, which left us without the knowledge of scarcely any workers on the field. This proved a two-fold blessing—it drove us

to our knees in earnest prayer, seeking for guidance to open doors, and the sweetness and inner consciousness of the abiding fulness of the blessed Holy Ghost, and of His assurance that our way would be clear, and filled with labors more abundant. We were in perfect peace and perfect rest of soul.

To give you an insight, will say that on our arrival in Bombay, we were welcomed with joy into The Seaman's Rest Mission, conducted by Bro. Havens. Here we had some blessed services. We were treated very kindly and were refreshed in spirit.

Purchasing some blankets, rugs and pillows which constitute our "Indian bed," which is customary for all travellers to carry along with them as they travel over India, we started out in our "Itineracy through India" for the Master.

We visit the Pentecostal Mission, at Vasin, about one hundred miles north of Bombay, conducted by Bro. Roy Coddling, with Misses Florence Williams, Mattie Long, and Miss Leonard. Miss Long is sent out by the Scottsville (Tex.) camp-meeting Association. Miss Williams is out from Louisiana, Miss Leonard from Virginia and Bro. and Sister Coddling from Tennessee under Bro. J. O. McClurkan, of Nashville, Tenn. We spend several days here with much profit, and witness great victory in seeing souls seek and obtain pardon and cleansing from all sin. The meetings with the native-workers in the villages were full of rich blessings from the Lord.

On our departure from this station, a few days later, the superintendent wrote us a letter, telling us that one of his native-workers who had been blessedly sanctified during our stay there had dropped dead on

the railroad platform. We praised the Lord that another trophy had safely landed.

Mukti is the name of a station, postoffice and village, where the great work of Sister Pandita Ramabai is located. "Mukti" means "salvation," hence properly used is Salvation Station, and this is the name, nature, quality and character of the work. It is marvellous in its founding, glorious in operations and beyond words to express, powerful in its present ability, and the future of such a work lies beyond our language or pen to describe, both for the spiritual impetus to the native and English churches throughout India, and for the salvation and training of hundreds of native women who will go out from this purely Pentecostal Mission "filled with the Holy Ghost" "to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ" through the length and breadth of India.

There are about seventeen hundred girls and about two hundred boys in this great institution. It is operated entirely on faith lines and the Holy Ghost has full control. The annual expenses reach away into the thousands and all received and cancelled on pure faith. This money comes from Europe, America and Australia. It was here that the great revival broke out upon the workers of India in the greatest power and effect. They pray here by the hours in bands for India's millions, and for mighty manifestations of Christ's redeeming grace upon India's Church and mission work.

Here, we had gracious occasions and triumphs for our Lord and in the interest of the gracious work under this wise, sagacious, humble and Spirit-filled woman. She was a high-caste Hindu lady, but was

saved and afterwards sanctified and called to found an institution for widow-girls to teach them Christ, and lead them into wisdom's way, and afterwards train them as native missionaries. She is meeting with some criticism, of course, but is having the constant approbation of heaven upon all the spiritual, intellectual, moral and industrial features of this eastern enterprise.

We certainly had touches of Pentecost here. We were treated so kindly and welcomed with such Christian-like manner. It was wonderful to see seventeen hundred girls and two hundred boys praying and others working with anxious penitents. The volume of these hundreds of voices sounded like "the rushing of many waters," and peals of distant thunder. We hear it yet, and will never forget that scene and those sounds of supplicating voices.

The beautiful daughter of Sister Ramabai was educated in New York state. She is a graceful character, highly cultivated and "filled with the Spirit." Her name is Mano Ramabai. The work will be carried on under wise counsel, as her aimable mother is doing now, should she be called away.

There are what are called "Praying Bands," who go out from this school, say fifteen in a band, and there are forty-five bands. They visit the different missions and churches and actually pray down a revival, for that's the way all effective and lasting revivals come, whether that be in India or America, in Europe or Africa.

There are these bands in different numbers out in various places well-nigh all the time, and they are simply stirring things where they go. Who can meas-

ure the power and extent of such a work upon the Church or nation.

Volumes could be written upon the character of this great woman, upon this institution and upon its possibilities for God and His kingdom in India, Ceylon and Burmah, but we must forbear.

Rev. Albert Norton is in charge of an orphanage for boys at Dhone. He has more than two hundred boys in school, and we enjoyed our visit and labors there very much. It was so blessed to see the eagerness with which these boys drank in the Word of the Lord.

A number were saved and a few were cleansed from all sin. Among those who received full salvation was a very devout young lady missionary, who had just resigned as one of the teachers from the Rochester (N. Y.) high school, and come out here to do mission-work. Also two of dear Bro. Norton's sons, who are well advanced and highly useful on this field, got hungry, felt their need and sought for the experience of entire sanctification, and both received "the Pearl of great price," and one who was suffering with that dreadful disease, consumption, on his receiving "the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire" shouted out in joy, "He has cleansed my heart and healed my body," and with a smiling face, putting his hand on his breast, said, "O! how good and easy I feel; I can breathe so easy and the pain is all gone. Hallelujah!" Our association here was precious and charming to our hearts. God bless and keep them at Dhone.

At Poona, we visit the "Taylor High school for girls." Sister Eddy, a noble and talented woman of

excellent ability and a lover of Bible holiness, is the principal of this college. We enjoyed witnessing for Jesus here.

Then we have charge of service in the large Y. M. C. A. building with a full house, resulting in a profitable time.

Now in company with some other workers, one of whom is dear Sister Worthiem, well known to the Christian Witness readers, who did much work out in Colorado and on the Coast, we run down to Bombay and are engaged in a series of revival meetings in Grant Road M. E. Church, the largest auditorium of Bombay. We are entertained in the beautiful home of Brother and Sister Guest near Byculla Station. Service opened, and we had a very gracious waiting before the Lord.

Rev. A. E. Ayres is the presiding elder of Bombay district. He is a fine, sweet-spirited and devoted man. He stood by us and did some valiant work. His work is large and keeps him going. As this Church had no pastor at the present, Bro. Ayers kindly invited us to accept the open door, but with a degree of reluctance we had to decline, for this is an opportunity to reach and help many hundreds. The meetings grew in power and fruitage; some were saved and others were sanctified. One man, a foreman in the railroad shops, who was seeking holiness, and seemed to be rather of the doubting nature, but was greatly concerned, went home one night but not with victory yet, so he prays until away into the night, and retires not satisfied. Next morning he arises very early and prays for the great grace and repairs to the bathroom praying all the time, and while he was in the



The Taj Mahal at Agra.



bath-tub he said "yes" to God and the glory of God overwhelmed him, and he shouts out "O! He sanctifies me, I know it is done."

Our work among this people and in their church was so gracious to our hearts. We thank Sister Worthiem for her kindness in introducing us to this truth-loving Presiding Elder, who tendered us such a warm reception and who so freely associated himself with this meeting.

We had one or two very fruitful and helpful services with the Christian Missionary Alliance. Young Miss Fuller professed the grace of holiness in our meetings while in Grant Road Church. She is one of the leaders of that branch of Alliance work in India. She possesses gifts and talents which render her useful in this worthy cause. At Sanjan, we visit Miss Lew Angel, who has charge of the Vanguard mission, comprising property valued at about nine thousand dollars, and about forty girls with their workers, and the Lord is giving them favor with men and rich blessings from heaven. This work is faithfully represented by Rev. C. W. Sherman of "The Vanguard" of St. Louis. We had gracious "seasons from the presence of the Lord" while here and a number found victory, and Sister Angel informed us later that a great work of grace had come to many.

These missions have conflicts and long sieges of terrible combats that people in the homeland know little about. It is not easy sailing or an avocation filled with flowers and sunshine, but amid tears, heart-aches, groanings, temptations, fiery trials, idolatry, and "spiritual wickedness," hot suns, drouths, famines, plagues, need of means, lack of association,

and communication with the saints even from the home-land, and many other things that we might mention, but must desist.

Now Gong is where the Friends Mission is located. We travelled most one night in an Indian-wagon to reach this place. But our warm welcome, Christian association and times of salvation repaid for any and all hardships we encountered on our coming or departure. This work is maintained by the direct operations of The Ohio Society of Friends. Miss Fistler is the leader on the field, assisted by an able corps of workers, both American and native.

We witness the power of God here upon the meetings. Christmas day was spent here, and we all ate dinner in the native style—sat down on our ankles on the floor, and had “Curry and Rice,” the native dish, and our fingers were employed in lifting our food from the plate to the mouth, as was the ancient and is the modern custom among the natives. It was a little new and rather embarrassing at first, but we soon found out it was good to learn to “Be content with such things as ye have” and “Having food let us be content.” Our labors and visit among these noble-hearted and faithful workers, were enjoyable and of great enlargement to our vision and knowledge of the work on the field.

Our next field of work, which had been announced for some weeks was away up in northern India with “The Evangelistic and Industrial Mission” at Pilibhit with Rev. J. C. Lawson as superintendent. A holiday holiness convention had been announced which characterized our study and labors while in this young but growing work.

We arrived early one morning, were received with great joy and delight by Bro. and Sister Lawson, who are well known to the great Witness family.

A government opium house, that stood nearby, was secured to hold the first mid-winter holiness convention in for Northern India, under the auspices of The Evangelistic and Industrial Mission of Pilibhit.

Much prayer had been offered for this coming event. Conviction was on many of their boys, and the convention opened with fervor and a good degree of spiritual power. Sins were confessed, wrongs made right, restitution made, pardon received and full salvation sought and obtained; a goodly number of the boys and some of the native helpers, received great joy in the Lord.

This is a noble and needy work, one that is starting off well, and is destined under God, and properly conducted, as under the present administration, to wield great good to the cause, reach thousands of souls and help to hasten the evangelization of India.

The spiritual, literal and industrial are all carried on here with the greatest care, power and manifest success, notwithstanding the severe criticism, coolness and unkindly misrepresentations that these workers and this sort of work are receiving at the hands of some who shouldn't be employed in such an uncharitable, unpleasant and unbecoming manner and spirit of life.

Bro. Lawson is certainly qualified for such a work as he has been on the field in Christian work for about twenty-five years and possesses a large experience and conception of the need and character of both work and workers. India is hearing from the spiritual

tide and the industrial features of this work. A number of new workers from the home-land have joined them, and others are preparing to enlist.

We attend the North India Conference. We were welcomed and given a warm place among our brethren, and were invited to speak and sing. The Lord gave us an entrance. Bishop F. W. Warne, a Junior Bishop, presided with manifest ability and satisfaction.

We met some grand old heroes of the cross in this session, who have labored, suffered and rejoiced on these fields for thirty, forty and fifty years. How we reverence these blessed warriors of this sacred cause.

We were urged to attend the session of the Northwest India Conference that was soon to convene in Allahabad. We accepted it with joy and appreciation. We were engaged to conduct a series of meetings in the M. E. Church at Agra, for the English-speaking natives with Rev. F. B. Fisher as pastor. Bro. Fisher is an old student of Asbury; and you know the quality and character of the preachers who go out from that great institution—worthy, noble and efficient.

We had a blessed occasion of salvation here, a number were either saved or sanctified in “the precious blood.”

At Agra, is where that great “Taj” is located. It is doubtless the finest building of its size and quality on earth. I must make a slight reference to this world-renowned building. You first enter a large open court, and then pass into another beautifully decorated entrance and look down the avenues of trees, flowers, and lovely walks which are all laid off in squares and

pavements that are very beautiful. At the end of this avenue you ascend a few steps, and a little farther on you mount another terrace by a few stone steps. This terrace is one hundred yards square, and is paved with white marble, polished until it glares beneath the hot sun.

From the center of this elevated pavement rises the wonderful building. The main building has eight sides—four long, and four short sides. These are broken by entrances and recesses. In the center rises a dome which is two hundred feet from the pavement to the top, one of the most graceful patterns I ever saw, each of the smaller sides are surmounted by smaller domes. But under the great central dome there is the unobstructed elevation, and this apartment is a perfect circle. At each corner, outside, of this, there are smaller rooms. Now you are to remember that inside and outside of this great structure one hundred and eighty-six feet in diameter and two hundred and forty-three feet high is of the finest and whitest marble polished to the utmost. Upon the inner walls are carved most elegantly, flowers and foliage in relief. Still higher upon the inner walls are covered partly by flowers inlaid with precious stones of divers colors, on the outer walls, are beautiful inlaid work. The marble, screen-work that surrounds the ornamental tomb, on the paved floor, is rich and rare, in the workmanship and beauty. The real Sarcophagus is in the basement in the entrance of the building. This is overlaid and inlaid with precious stones. The Emperor lies by the side of his wife for whom he built this magnificent tomb. The echo in the great dome has been pronounced by men famous for extensive

travels, as having nothing to compare with it in the world.

We stood in the center on the lovely paved floor of this gigantic dome and ran over the major notes of the scale, or in unison; first sharp short sounds rebound from many points at once, and touch and roll away again, then turn bounding, and break into fragments as they surge around, vibrating and reverberating as if they were answering their own echoes; finally as if intoxicated with the beauty of the scene, they flee away in soft and dying tones around the lofty summit wall. You are left well nigh breathless; the eyes quickly fill, the voice chokes and the soul can hardly stay in its mortal tenement. The man who drew the plans and erected this building just after its completion was ordered to have his eyes put out, hence it has no duplication on earth. The time and number of men engaged to construct this was twenty years and twenty thousand hands.

A moonlight night at "The Taj" is simply a transporting scene. We have a blessed service in the large M. E. Church at Cawnpore. In company with the Presiding Elder of this district Rev. Robertson, we start for conference above referred to. We are cordially and warmly welcomed by Bishop Warne, the presiding officer and the many delegates. We are invited to have charge of the Pentecostal services of this session. The opportunity was large and auspicious for our privilege to preach, sing, and testify about the doctrine and experience of scriptural holiness. This we did to the best of our ability. The Lord confirmed His Word with convictional fruits that will remain all the time. I was urged by the Bishop and others to "de-

clare the whole counsel of God" and "preach the truth as it is in Jesus," and great grace was upon us. Scores were the seekers after holiness and some found glorious deliverance.

We had the hearty co-operation of Bishop Warne, many of the preachers and presiding elders in our labors during this conference session.

Truly we enjoyed our labors and fellowship among this body of worthy workers, and were treated with such tender care and were refreshed in Spirit not a few times.

We preached once or twice each day for a number of days, first to the English-speaking and then to the native brethren through an interpreter, with Rev. Buck, presiding elder, acting as my translator. These meetings were full of power and fruit.

We hasten away to the "Sacred Ganges and Jumma" which meet at a given point, where there is a large fort erected on the point between, with a wall running along parallel with the Ganges for some distance back from the water, giving a space of land about thirty yards wide, that the people may pass along between the fort and river down to the junction of the two rivers, a place held doubly sacred by all Hindoos, and where they struggle to reach, that they may bathe and worship, in the currents of those "holy rivers."

It was on the 24th of January, the greatest day among the Hindoo worshipers, and which greatest of days comes once in thirty-six years, they are to meet on the banks of these given streams. There were natives from Burmah, Ceylon and from different sections all over India. Some walked, others rode on horse, donkey, elephant and camel, while the majority came

by rail. There were two miles square of camps and herds of living souls, who came here to bathe and worship in and around these two rivers—to seek freedom from their burden of sin.

In company with most all the conference delegation, we stood upon the high walls of that great fort, and beheld a scene that will never be erased from our minds and memories.

It was solid acres of human beings of all classes, ages and conditions, rushing up and down the banks of these rivers, crying, shouting, praying, muttering and running, and pulling their way through those vast throngs of hungry multitudes, to get to the water, to bathe, thinking this would relieve them of that burden and guilt of soul.

The railroad authorities gave out to the public that more than two and one-half million souls, were in actual attendance on the grounds on January 24th. We can't tell you of the dark, dreadful and deathly scenes that were enacted on that day. The scene at times looked as if heathenism and its powerless idolatry was on the increase; and all hopes for India, had taken wings. But with Bishop Warne by our side we turned our eyes toward the crowd of redeemed native preachers and workers who were nearby, and then remembered the thousands back in their work. We got another view of the situation. But right in the midst of this heart-rending scene the gospel was preached and scattered and many inquirers received. You understand the very foundation of this dark colossal system is crumbling and is giving away—all before the blood-tide of Salvation, light, liberty and transparent glory.

We are now with our dear Brother A. Lee Grey,



Samuel and David.



and his corps of active and Spirit-filled workers. This dear man and his noble work are well-known through the Revivalist family. He hasn't been on the field but a few years, consequently hasn't the work located and established permanently yet, but is doing a gracious work in evangelizing and scattering healthy literature among the neglected masses. This mission is presently located at Arrah, in Shahabad district. Our stay with this royal company was delightful and edifying to our souls. The Lord gave us some rich seasons with these workers and their company of natives, most especially so during our itineracy out in the native villages, where there had never been a gospel minister or a Christian missionary before. O, the joy of preaching the message of salvation unto a people who had never heard of Jesus and His love! It pays to follow close to Jesus all the way.



## CHAPTER XV.

## MOUNTAIN-GLORY.

The intensity of the heat of the sun upon the great plains of India, and as for that, the extreme heat all over central and southern India, well-nigh forces our missionaries and workers to flee to the mountains, usually from June until September, to escape the scorching rays and rolling waves of India's heat, which becomes so intense until in many sections the workers (especially our American and English) are compelled to keep water thrown upon the roof of the Bungalow, (mission house) and this water runs down in front of the door amid a matting-hanging; this cools the air as it passes into the door, so the inmates can live during the hot months without going to the mountains.

But it is strikingly strange, but true, how the natives can go with but little on their bodies, and many of them bare-footed, bare-headed and bare-backed in this scorching sun. In company with Dr. Godbey, I start out to see the glory of "the everlasting hills," away up in northern India, among the Himalayan kings of the Earth.

With our Indian bedding, consisting of rugs, blankets, and pillow, we secure a third class compartment on the train, as you will remember in India, as well in most all the east; there are three and four different classes in the coach-department. The first class is similar to ours in America in comfort, at least, and

especially in price; then the second class, not so good, and not so high in price; the third class consists of smooth benches, with two small windows at either side of the two doors, one to be opened at each end of the compartment, and then just above the two seats, on either side of this compartment, will be found a seat that can be lowered to a level and suspended by chains, from the top of the car; this can be employed as "a sleeping berth," where you can spread your bedding, and spend the night in sleeping or rolling and bumping, and it is all "gratis." We mean that the "Pullman sleeper" will be free.

We go sweeping over the great plains, which now appear very dry and barren. For miles and miles you look across great stretches, seeing only a "sacred tree," with its lofty green foliage, lifting high up to break the monotony of the level lands. And again a little dirty village, consisting of mud huts, joined close by each other, with a temple spire or a flag-pole from the top of some tree that denotes its sacredness; this will relieve the wearied eye as you roll over these burning plains.

Irrigation transforms the dry plains into veritable gardens and rich productive fields. It will be observed here, as was in the Nile valley, the various modes used in lifting the water from these canals up into the little ditches, which separate and spread out to all parts of the field, beginning at the place of lifting.

The wheel is used, as was described in Egypt. It is drawn by the buffalo, then another means, is a leather bucket, which is drawn up from the water with a rope that runs over a large roller situated near

the top edge of the well or hole, and this is drawn usually by bullocks, and when the large leather bucket comes up to the top of this roller, it turns over and empties out into a trough that leads off into the ditches. Another way is, the old-fashion lever and bucket. The lever has a weight on one end, with a bucket to the other, and it swings on an upright piece in the center, and a boy or girl stands and pulls down the lever, the bucket fills and the weight raises the water and it is emptied into troughs. You see them by the hundreds up and down these valleys where the irrigating works are employed.

There are several places in northern India famous as summer resorts and places of rest and seclusion to the tired and worn worker. But where we are going, doubtless, is the most famous resort in all mountain location. It is "the city among the clouds"—Darjeeling. We leave the plains and begin our ascent of the foothills. Our train consists of little carriages accommodating from four to eight persons. It is the narrow gauge system—two feet track. The speed, either up or down exceeds not more than seven miles per hour, and usually ascends more than one thousand feet per hour.

Travelers are notified to take extra clothing along as they ascend the slopes of the Himalayan monsters.

The turns are very sharp and at each a fresh landscape of surpassing beauty is unfurled to your delighted vision. The sides of the mountain at this altitude are clothed with lofty trees and masses of jungle, with graceful tree ferns in the ravines higher up.

The cars pass around a spur which projects from the mountain, and the line runs on the edge of this

frightful precipice which is one thousand feet to its dismal bottom. Still higher up, we enjoy once in life, a perfect loop in our track. It is an extraordinary piece of engineering.

Away up on these lofty slopes are great tea-gardens with residences hugging close to these mountain sides, as if they knew that should they give away their ruin was inevitable. There are more than twelve million pounds of tea gathered and sold which is raised in and around Darjeeling annually.

We are now entering a double loop, perhaps the only one known. There are two perfect circles close by each other. This is interesting and refreshing. The zig-zag system is absolutely necessary to ascend many of the steep slopes.

In fifty miles the entire ascent is more than eight thousand feet and the larger per cent. of this is in thirty-five miles. We are eight hours in making the run.

We reach the city whose lofty location makes it famous for its surpassing scenery, pure atmosphere, mountain water and healthy habitation. We are now up in the very heavens—so cool, clear, fresh, delightful and refreshing to our lungs. Our eyes and our hearts catch a sweet strain and begin to praise the Lord. Our large hotel, with a large crowd calling for large prices, and giving but little in return, stands in a commanding position and in view of some scenery, simply charming for glory and beauty.

We arise before day, mount our Tibetan ponies, with a guide and a pony boy. We hurry away and still higher up "Tiger's Mountain," our ride and ascent in all making six miles one way. We must reach the

top of this mountain before sun-rise, and the idea is, to get one of the most charming and unsurpassing scenes that can be had on earth, to view the rising sun from Tiger's Mountain. This will permit you to gaze upon the grandest and highest mountains in all the world. We spur our faithful pony. The air is fresh and cold; frost covers everything and we are quite cold, yet we are wrapped well. At last the summit has been reached, just two or three minutes before the king of day rises from his eastern throne and begins his ascent of the blue horizon. On this mountain top are a number of men and women from many parts of the world. We have a large fire booming and we get good and warm so we can better appreciate the possibilities and honors of this hour—that of seeing the globe of transparent gold, rise and then turn into a disc of shining silver, and see him arise in gorgeous splendor to send his penetrating rays across these towering peaks and dangerous chasms, to the dark distant domains of cragged rocks, narrow gorges, and startling canyons, then sweep on and on illuminating deep valleys, dark pit-falls and distant woodlands.

His brilliant and dazzling face shines on and kisses the massive mountain-peaks into charming beauty. The snow-crowned summits appear in dazzling glory in the far away distance. The atmosphere is so clear and the horizon so blue, that it is easy to behold the highest of earth's altitudes from our lofty perch. Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world,—29,002 feet high—stands like some gigantic column of pure white marble with a large base, gradually sloping to an apex of snow-white beauty, and is one hundred

and twenty feet away, but appears to be within one-third of that distance. The second highest is Kinchinjanga Mountain twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet high, and is forty miles away. Many others not so high are in view. The views of unrivalled mountain scenery is unspeakably grand, and particularly that of Kinchinjanga, which impress the mind and heart more and more, every time they are seen. Too often, unfortunately, clouds veil the highest peaks for days, so that the eye can't feast upon the magnificent beauty as it rolls out in panoramic glory when you stand upon these lofty thrones and gaze far away upon these walls of white and transparent beauty. When the clouds roll away and display the bare granite summits, one looks over the lofty hills, and across a vast chasm to the line of perpetual snow, about seventeen thousand feet high, on the side of the stupendous Kinchinjanga. Above that rises a glittering white wall, and then it seems as if the sky were rent and the view is closed by enormous masses of bare rock. O, the indescribable and unutterable glory displayed as the brilliant rays of the rising sun, sweep across from peak to peak, from slope to summit, and these snow-white walls towering in the heavens reflecting in the morning splendor. What a vision we got of our mighty God and of our glorious Christ, as we stood upon this majestic mountain, and looked far away and still farther to the highest peaks which stand about twenty-nine thousand and two feet high, and many others, we thought, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains

in scales and the hills in a balance?" The answer comes back, "He it is that looketh on the earth and it trembled; He toucheth the hills and they smoke." "He that buildeth his stories in the heaven, and hath founded his troops in the earth; he that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them upon the face of the earth! The Lord is His name."

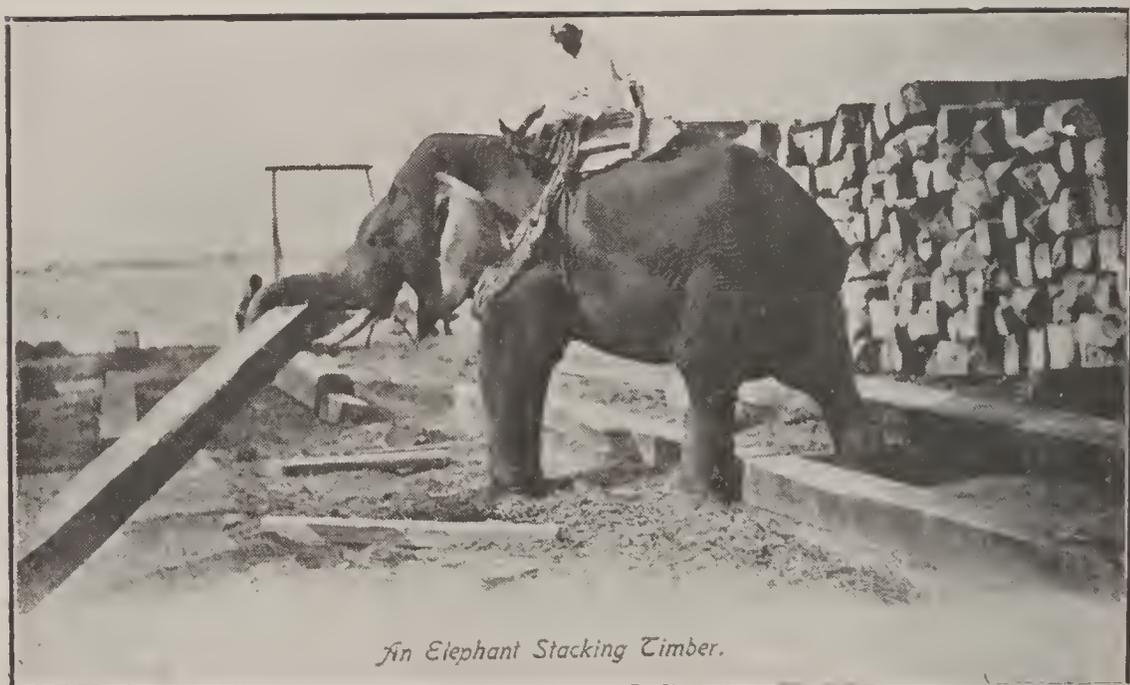
O, the beauty of this mountain scenery!

Away up on this dizzy summit we institute a prayer and praise service for the special benefit of our own souls; and when it was over, we felt like singing: "I am dwelling on the mountain where the golden sunlight gleams,  
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty, far exceeds my fondest dreams."

This was literally true, and the inner condition was well described by the verse just quoted.

With reluctance did we turn our faces from this charming scenery; but in a little while we would have been forced to turn away; for the clouds of mist were fast rising from the low-lands, and casting their thick mantels over the beautiful glaciers; in other words were closing this all out from our enraptured vision. How true and how often do these clouds of mist rise from our faithlessness our view is darkened, and the inspiration of life and labors are lost. But a close walk with Jesus will ever enable us, "to read our title clear;" and some of these glad days "when the day breaks and the shadows flee away," then we shall "see the King in His beauty and behold the land that is very far off" "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." Amen! Amen!!





*An Elephant Stacking Timber.*

An Elephant Stacking Timber, Bur mah.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## RANGOON, BURMAH.

We are unable to describe and refer to all the blessed occasions of which we were permitted to partake and enjoy, as we labored with the various missionaries and mission-stations, as well as with our church and our conferences, while we travelled up and down the great Empire of India.

We had a short visit and stay with Brother and Sister Scott, leaders in the Peniel Mission, which is located at Kharangoan. They have a lively mission here. The Lord gave us a veritable Pentecost while here. It was marvellous in our eyes and encouraging to us to press forward on our divinely-called and heaven-blest mission.

Benares is denominated as "The Holy City of the Hindoos." There must be more than one thousand temples. According to the census the city has a population of over two hundred thousand, and the annual visits of pilgrim worshipers are above one million.

We are now enroute to Calcutta, passing through fertile valleys and rich plains whose tropical fruits and enormous produce crowd the markets. Calcutta has about one million population, and is the capital of British India. Truly this is a "cosmopolitan city" being composed of world-citizens, citizens from among all tongues and tribes. This is a great city, with fine educational enterprises, religious institutions and industrial operations, which are not a few.

The stately buildings, crowded thoroughfares, beautiful gardens and thronging river-scenes, form some thought of the general activity and character of this city.

The Zoological garden here is not to be surpassed for beauty in arrangement, variety of its possessions, and quality of the contents. Our last night in India was eventful and one which will abound with fruit until the great day of accounts.

We were in company with a number of our missionary friends, who had gathered to give their blessing as we sailed away for fields. It was with Rev. D. H. Lee, Presiding Elder of Calcutta, in "The Lee Memorial School," where our farewell service for India was held.

My readers will remember, that this great school was built in sacred memory of Brother and Sister Lee's six sweet children that were translated from earth to heaven, during that terrible disaster of Darjeeling landslide: when so many were buried alive.

This is a great school where salvation and Christian training are the paramount and dominating topics.

We were received, as Brother and Sister Lee know how, and delight to tender the Lord's own. The service was one of power, interest and fruit. A number came forward and some prayed through to victory. This was but the beginning of glorious things. Bro. Lee wrote us twice afterwards, that about one hundred had gotten brightly saved or beautifully sanctified since our leaving.

With our friends on the wharf waving their little

white flags as we stood upon the deck of our ship sailing away we prayed for them and left with great joy filling our hearts.

We are now sailing down the Hooghly River upon whose banks stands the great city of Calcutta about ninety miles up from the sea.

Bishop Robinson, of our church, is on board and we enjoy his instructive conversation and Christian association. He is enroute to have charge of the conference of lower Burmah to convene in Rangoon.

It is warm on the Bay of Bengal.

Rangoon is located on the Rangoon river, and is the capital of the province. The population of this city is about two hundred and forty thousand, and is a flourishing commercial scene.

It is very warm here now, and this is February. The climate of Burmah for some distance from the coast, consists of wet seasons from May to November, and the remainder of the year is dry and extremely warm. The harbor of this city is excellent and very interesting as it is ever filled with all kinds of merchant fleets and commercial barges which are loaded with rice, timber, catch, hides, petroleum and precious stones; also piece-goods, silks, cotton, wool, liquors, tobacco and opium (all generally run together) are imported to the city and scattered over the country.

The Burmeses are a stronger and better looking people in general than the different tribes found in south-central Asia. They resemble the Chinese, but are without that sleepy and indolent look and slanting eye of the Chinese. They have a large square face, broad forehead, and built heavy and strong.

We had often read in geography of the wonderful

ability and utility of the elephant. On our arrival in Rangoon we were anxious to find the great mills where the elephants are employed in handling the timbers, and doing work that men are accustomed to do around these great mills. We found the mill situated on the bank of the great Rangoon river, where the large timbers are floated down in rafts and then caught and swung in along-side the mill. The mill and a large portion of the yards are covered with iron-roofing to protect the workmen from the power of that hot sun. The huge elephant has his long tusks. With a man on the ground to arrange a chain at the end of a timber, then a man upon the back, acting as his guide, the elephant steps up, takes his snout, and wraps the loose end of that rope or chain that is fastened to that piece of timber, around his tusk and then once around his huge snout, and proceeds to drag his load to the respective place. If it is a piece of prepared lumber he takes it to the stack of lumber and rests one end near by, then loosens his chain from his grip, then he steps back to the other end of the timber and places one fore-foot at the end, and then he steps forward with some speed, he pushes that timber quite a distance with only one attempt, and if the piece of timber were smaller he would use his snout in carrying and stacking; and this without any difficulty.

The manner of controlling or guiding them is both interesting and amusing. The driver sits just upon his shoulders where the Burmese cooley can sit, and, with his bare feet rubbing on the neck, guide that monster of beasts. Just a simple touch of the heel or either side of his neck is sufficient to inform him what direction to go and what speed you wish him to make. We

enjoyed very much our elephant rides while in India, and while there we had splendid occasion to learn just how the driver managed this animal with such propriety, ability and satisfaction. I would keep my eye upon the operations and motions of the driver's feet; there the problem was clearly solved—his heels were rubbing the elephants neck without scarcely any intermission, (for the elephant was lazy) until his neck had worn slick from constant contact of that heel.

You will see the largest sound bell that is in the world, here in Rangoon. The largest bell on earth is the one of Moscow, but that one is broken; the great bell that is sound and so powerful is here in one of the largest pagodas. It weighs eighty-five thousand pounds and six men can easily stand inside this bell; it is elegantly decorated, with beautiful carvings and paintings. The Pagoda is a Buddhist temple, and is built in the form of a huge bell—a large circled base, which gradually slopes to a very sharp point. The largest one has a circumference of thirteen hundred and fifty-five feet, and rises to a height of three hundred and seventy, and was constructed at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There are multitudes of small bells all over and through these temples. You are charmed at the variety and quality of their sweet chimes.

The dress and manner of life differ from that of India's tribes. You are attracted by the many bright and changing colors of their apparel.

We witnessed our first heathen marriage ceremony here in one of their temples. The bridegroom, with his party standing on one side of an altar, the bride and hers at the other side, while the priest per-

formed some ceremony; then the bridegroom steps out and kneels toward the bride and steps back, then she does likewise. Then each meet in the center of the square side by side. He is dressed with costly suits, and appears composed and serious, while she is dressed in shining silks, decked with glittering jewelry, and with her face painted snow-white. The priest goes through another short ceremony. Meanwhile fire crackers are popping, bells are ringing and the people are shouting aloud, until the party marches out of the temple.

Now one or two thoughts from this incident: Why don't the women of America do things right; and complete the work, if they aim to fashion after the heathen, (and this they are doing,) when they use paints, gaudiness of personal adornment, and many times lack in the suit.

Again there is an apparent absence of sanctity, sacredness in the divinely-ordered institution of matrimony observed among the present generation of our people—yea, less than is even recognized among Buddha-worshipers of far away Burmah. For an expression of the fearfulness, but accurateness of the above statement, please consult the record of United States during the last thirty-five years; nearly eight hundred thousand divorce cases granted by our laws and courts. Do you get the point? now listen—just across our northern boundary is Canada; in the same length of time not quite one hundred cases were granted. Now study the situation, and wonder where we will land at the present state of things in special regard to the utter laxity in present-day marriage. Christless homes, where all marriage vows and

obligations are trodden under foot; then the flood-tide of divorces, granted from causes other than the one that our Master referred to in His Sermon on the Mount.

Burmah is a province lying to the east of the Bay of Bengal. It is bounded on the north and northeast by China, on the northwest by Bengal and Assain, and on the east by Siam. The total area is about two hundred and thirty-six thousand, seven hundred and thirty-eight square miles; and has a population reaching nearly twelve million souls.

The country is drained by two large rivers and intersected by many smaller streams.

There is a beautiful mountain range stretching across this little nation and most valuable mineral and ores are to be found along this chain.

The forest of Burmah abounds in fine trees, and the most important are the rubber and another tree which is famous for its value.

Rice is the principal crop, and is said to be the best that is raised anywhere, and brings a better price in the world's market than does other high-grade rice.

The earliest European connection with this shut-in empire was as far back as 1519, when a treaty was formed between the Portuguese and the King of Pegie. Then factories were established in different sections of the country to work up the wonderful products of this newly-found land.

But in the seventeenth century all European merchants were expelled from the country, owing to a dispute which arose between the Burmese and the Dutch inhabitants. The Dutch never returned, but you are certain that the English fellows knew a good thing.

and they worked their way back. In 1698 the English merchants were invited to re-establish their factories and inhabit the land; this they fell onto like black-birds would a grain field, and because of many uprisings and constant trouble, in 1824, England declared war, and in 1825, it was captured and ceded to British rule.

The religion of the Burmese is Buddhism; about thirty-eight per cent. of its population are worshipers of Buddha.

We were greatly refreshed in spirit by coming in contact with the Baptist mission work, which is growing with exceeding rapidity and power in spreading the gospel of salvation, and to herald the message of "Jesus and His love" to all Burmah. It was in 1812, if our memory serves us rightly, when Adrian Judson, that illustrious missionary giant, came to this, then a wild, and almost an unapproachable field, where the needs were imperative and the claims binding, to launch the great missionary enterprise, among a people of great ignorance, poverty and deep-seated idolatry. This man grew into the very fibre and life of their needs, sorrows and distresses, and shared with the natives in their sufferings, also partook of their joys and blessings; until, he manifested through his character and conduct "The power of an endless life," and immortalized himself within the history, hearts and memories of this people. Now a great Christian work is in progress here—a result of one man saying "Here am I, send me."

Doubtless this mission has the largest printing establishment of any on the field. The gospel is printed and scattered in five different languages by this



Fuji Mountain Worshipped in Japan.



work, with a great quantity of good literature going out.

We are informed that our Church (M. E.) is making splendid progress in this open and needy field.

As Rangoon is off of the highway of the ocean-travel, hence sailing on the coasters and smaller ships that do a most limited and local work. Because of this very few tourists or travelers ever touch Burmah.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## SINGAPORE—SHANGHAI.

The gong sounds and we lift anchor and our ponderous engines start our gigantic propellers, which move our monster of the sea. We are steaming out of this beautiful port, with our faces toward the torrid zone.

The Rangoon River is wide, deep and muddy. On either side the rice fields abound, with their beautiful native growth. For a long distance out to sea, the murky influence of that river is observed. O, the powerful character, nature and effect of personal influence; whether it be good or evil, upon a nation, a Church, a community and the individual! Who has forgotten the example of Judas, relative to the Church and kingdom of Christ, or Annanias and his wife upon the Pentecostal movement, or of one Benedict Arnold upon his nation, or of Brutus among the royal blood, and it is the result of a muddy stream upon the sea of time.

Our direction is due south. Just below and off the coast of Burmah lies "The Straits Settlement." These, too, are a British colony.

We enter the charming port of Penang, which is the principal town of one of "The Settlements," known as Betel Nut Island. The population of this city is about two hundred thousand, and is a very pretty, clean, well-built, and withal a flourishing city. Population of the entire Straits upwards of thirty million souls.

After three months of continuous travel and amid the villages, towns and cities of India with their mud-huts, bungalows and villas of the Indians and Burmese, we are now prepared to receive and appreciate the beauty of Penang, with its clean, white and smooth streets, large and strongly built buildings, the delightful tropical growth that looks so green and fresh.

We visit a large school and mission here under the auspices of our Church, and were welcomed and treated with kindness. Here we meet the pure Chinese, as they are in dark China.

It was here that we ventured into a "Jinrikisha" for a ride through the streets.

We had seen plenty of them at Rangoon, but to save ourselves, we couldn't muster enough courage to get into one until we arrived at this seaport.

The word "Jinrikisha" literally means "A man-power carriage." They are constructed something after the model of a buggy, and have a top that may be raised or lowered as that of a buggy. Each one is designed to carry one man but usually two natives ride. It has two wheels, with good, easy springs, and two shafts, between which a man walks or runs as the case may be.

Imagine my feelings, as I sit back on a good cushioned seat and look down on my human-steed! I was literally and awfully ashamed of myself. You can talk slavery of other days, but the negro of the long ago South was a prince compared with the coolie of the modern Orient. This nation is tributary to Britain by right of purchase. It was purchased by the East India Company in 1785, in 1800 and 1867.

The principal products are rice, tobacco, cocoanut, rubber, pineapple, tin, copper and other minerals. The ruling heathen religions are Buddhism and Confucianism, the latter the principal religion of China.

Singapore is a beautiful city, with a commanding location, and is a prosperous metropolis of the tropics. This city divides the great East from the mighty West.

All ocean liners call and coal here. This is an interesting place, a scene of working men and women of various nationalities, and a landing of all kinds of classes, conditions and callings of a multiplied variety of earth's tongues and tribes.

We spend ten days of exceeding profit and pleasure in this city of such charming views, endless activities and ever-varied occurrences.

We conduct services in the M. E. Church and are entertained in the pastor's beautifully situated and inviting home.

Dear Dr. Godbey, who had passed through a severe attack of India-cholera, was well cared-for in Dr. West's hospitable home. Dr. West is the presiding elder and a godly man, full of good works.

The Lord gave us a gracious season of His grace while we remained here.

We are now under the Equator, in the torrid (horrid) zone, and it is warm, but is cooler just after the shower which falls most every afternoon.

The population of this city claims about two hundred thousand, composed chiefly of the Malays—natives—then English, French, Germans, Chinese and Japanese.

The modern plan of building cities is quickly observed in the construction of this one.

Broad streets, large business-blocks, beautiful parks and imposing gardens, with cozy dwellings—but most of all this is among the European quarters, and the usual crowded, attractive, oriental and peculiar condition of the natives continue here as in other lands.

The "Jinrikisha" is the most popular mode of city travel. You will see them by the hundreds, and at night the streets are glittering with these little buggies, with their lamps all burning and forming a beautiful street scene. Then the Ghary is a four-wheeled wagon that is closed in, and will accommodate four persons. This is drawn by their little horses.

The men who pull those little buggies wear little blue pants that don't reach the knee, and not having any shirt or jumper, their legs and backs are exposed to the hot sun. Their hats are of straw or palm, and resemble the old-fashion bread-tray. As these men go in a trot, you can see the sweat simply rolling off their bodies, and this gait they can keep up by the hours. Then when night comes they haven't made over forty or fifty cents, for they are hired by men who own and control these little buggies just like renting or hiring out a livery rig. And four and five years is their average life.

Great and awful wickedness is carried on and allowed by the municipal authority within this city, similar to that which cursed San Francisco, "The Queen of the West."

Great wagon-loads of pineapples fill the streets. The scenes around the harbor are amusing; the divers

kinds of toilers, the fishers, shell-gatherers, boatmen, and bums. As they get into a fuss and begin their muttering, my sides get sore.

Just across a narrow strip of water from us, lies the island of Java, where the best coffee in the world is raised and exported.

Why it is that a "Monsoon" of the Indian ocean, is called a "Typhoon" on the Pacific, is another of the countless host of things that go on unexplained and do just about as well as though all knew all about all.

Our steamer, the "Oceana" is of the P. and O. line. They run ships from London to Hong Kong.

We encounter a cyclone on the Pacific, that lasted four days. Our vessel plunged, rolled, heaved, and groaned as our storm was coming down from the north and was cold and furious.

We made very little speed, as it was a head-on storm and so terrific it looked as if the sea would swallow us, ship and all. But we pray, read our Bible and commit ourselves to Him "who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds His chariots; who walketh upon the wings of the wind." And we kept in an attitude of sweet praise, amid the raging of the angry deep. Many, yes, most all on board became very ill, as the result of the rolling billows, splashing spray, sweeping of the frost-crested waves, and tossing of our faithful ship.

Hong Kong is cited and all are glad. It was on this steamer on a bright afternoon, with a smooth sea, all out on deck and seemed cheerful; a number had surrounded a well-dressed young gentleman who had finished at Harvard, and was on a tour of the world.

He couldn't stand a rough sea, but a calm was now on, and he seemed to gather new strength and courage. During the conversation, the subject of the science or anatomy of the human body was sprung, and pleasing speeches were made and beautiful compliments passed upon its perfection of make-up, utility and ability of the muscles and nerves. Then soon it seemed that the trend and power of the whole assembly, with their descriptive energies, and eulogies, one and all, conveyed into that of the will-power, when this bright-faced and highly-cultured young fellow turned to his deeply interested audience, and said, "Yes, I know the will-power is a great and potent factor in the management of the human body; certainly it is great, grand and powerful, but I must sit down." The sea was moving things around. Do you see?

There are a number of islands, all around and near this great city. They seem to be large, bare and bold rocks, standing high up out of the water, occasionally with earth and a verdure of green, which makes them beautiful. These islands seem to be full of guns and death machines. The waters are deep and blue. Hong Kong Island was ceded to Great Britain in 1841, and Kowloon peninsula, on the mainland was ceded in 1860. Then in addition another territory in the mainland was leased in 1898 for 99 years.

You see this is England's strategic point, and these places are filled with forts, breast-works and mines; and you will notice great old "men of war" sitting all around here, waiting and ready for service and command.

The entire population of this city is about one hundred and fifty thousand, and of all the British posses-

sions nearly three hundred thousand. The strip of water that separates the island which Hong Kong is situated on from the mainland, is about two or three miles wide. Hong Kong has a very beautiful background. It is a mountain rising up about eighteen hundred feet and slopes down gradually to the sea; around and upon this the city is situated. Very beautiful are the surroundings.

The respective nations possess their section of the city, this is attractive as you witness the variety and peculiarity of their taste in building.

You are greatly impressed that the Western customs and influences are certain to sweep over the Orient and ultimately modernize the manners and customs of the far East.

A walk through the busy streets, and especially the business section of the city reveals a scene of wonderful activity, as you must know, that everything that is manufactured here, is made by hand or foot, or both. This is one of the largest and busiest ports in the great East.

Several "men of war." of various nations are lying quietly around in the Bay, hundreds of commercial and passenger ships, boats and barges swarm in and around over this beautiful blue water.

The little native boats, called "Sampan," are usually controlled and manipulated by Chinese women. They certainly know how to run them. There are said to be about fifty thousand natives living in these little boats around Canton.

We find excellent quarters just opposite the Post-office, at reasonable rates. We hurry away to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank to receive our mail,





The Greatest Idol in Japan.

whereupon "good news from home" greets us; and we rejoiced, "thanked God and took courage." This city is growing with tremendous rapidity and the reason is that the poor Chinese are getting tired of their life-long bondage of social cruelty, political monarchy and the oppression resulting from the restriction of ancestral worship, hence they repair here where they can work, make a living and save some money, as they are industrious and economical.

It has been pronounced by different ones, with all the natural beauty and the scenery that has been added by man in the stately buildings, lovely drives, charming parks, the green-covered slopes, beautiful dotted bay and withal the queenly-looking city as unusually wicked.

There are some noble and spiritual people in this great metropolis, but we know with Christless rulers in authority, who care but little for souls, the Bible, Christ or heaven, can they undo more in a minute, by their immoral conduct and rulings, than the Christian or Church can repair in months and years. Do you recall Sodom, Tyre and Pompeii and "The queen of the West?"

The time has arrived that we must get to our ship, which is now calling us to get on board. We step down to the water's edge, and there are scores of "Sampan" all around, urging us to get in theirs, and it looks as if a fight was inevitable between them. But away we go. Well now what a funny-looking thing this is, anyhow. The "Sampan" is about the size of a large skiff, but constructed differently, being longer and toward the bow, more pointed. It has a floor laid two or three inches below the upper edge. In the

widest part, which is nearer the aft-part than the bow, there is a square opening in the floor, and around this floor serves as a convenient seat, with sufficient space to accommodate four or five persons.

Over this part there is a circular covering made of bamboo slits, or some sort of matting. There are trap-doors through the floor, and under it many things can be stored away. Many times whole families live on these little crafts and serve for double purpose as a residence, and a means of subsistence. The family live upon it, and navigate it about in the harbor on errands that may offer themselves. The wife and daughter are quite as skillful and energetic in managing it as the man.

I have seen a woman, with a child strapped upon her back, using the oar, or spreading the sail, or using the bamboo-pole with great energy and tact.

The city of Hong Kong is a beautiful scene at night. As you stand on the ship's deck, situated out in this wonderful harbor and cast a glance around the water's edge, then upon the Bund, with the hundreds of shining lights, then with the gradual ascent of the mountain, behold the thousands of lesser lights, until away in yonder's distant summit, the glare of some arch-light will appear as if some great star had descended and made that his throne.

On board the "American Maru," we sail away for Shanghai. O, how good and delightful it is to be on an American ship, with American officers, eating American food in the American manner! Here is an analysis of the matter.

The recognized sociality of the West, the congenial association, the wholesome quality, the palpable varie-

ty of their eatables. Lastly, the freedom from an excess of the burdensome laws of etiquette. O, what a relief all this is to us.

It must have some truth in that old poetic adage, "Birds of a feather, flock together."

Our company is composed of Americans, English, Japanese and Chinese and some very choice characters of all nationalities above mentioned.

We anchor in the mouth of the great Yangste-kiang River. It must be from fifteen to twenty miles wide at the mouth, and very muddy.

We enter a steam launch and plow our way up this murky stream, a distance of twenty miles to the great city of Shanghai.

On approaching China, one is struck with the difference in several particulars. On entering you feel at once that you are in the presence of a great continent. In Japan you are confronted by bold mountains everywhere—here you see only a vast plain, elevated but little above the level of the sea. At Shanghai, many miles from sea, the tide rises and falls several feet, so slight is the elevation.

Now we are actually in great old China!

We are surprised at the vast amount of Western buildings, business enterprises, banking establishments, influence here in this great metropolis, in the streets, and many customs among the natives. But it all looks as though "old Memphis" had arisen from her long slumber and was trying to put on an American suit. A little out of the order of things, but you see this kind of thing will and must go on. Listen! "Men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase." This means a scattering of customs, social maxim,

industrial enterprises, commercial pursuits, and a general delegating of educational features, and best of all and greatest of any, it means the glorious dissemination and proclamation of the gospel and the formation of the mighty church of God in all the earth, among all tongues and tribes; and culminating in the return of our Lord to catch away His purified and waiting bride.

We are surrounded as we arrive on the Bund, with all kinds, colors, classes and appearances of men, representing as many avocations in life, such as guides, and picture and postal card-sellers and what else. We didn't take time to investigate, as the best policy is to press right through this "babel of tongues" and colors and pay little attention to their clamoring.

The population of Shanghai, both native and foreign, about three hundred thousand, with a tremendous influx which is on the annual increase.

O, the possibilities of the fire-crowned Church, in the vast harvest fields of China! Who is able to count her victories and measure the triumphs of this mighty institution, when under the call, commission and anointing of the blessed Holy Ghost among the millions in darkened lands

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

In undertaking to communicate to my readers, the facts, which are of principal interest relative to the vastness of this nation, the horror of their social oppression, and the bondage of their religious proclivities, also the inexhaustibleness of China's natural resources, the variety of their peculiar customs, and last but not least, the progress and triumphs of Christianity—with all these profound facts, I am keenly conscious of my inability to properly approach or present this subject and do justice to the land and people of whom I write, or to the host of readers who will expect a fair, clear and extensive description of the situation.

In order to form a solid and settled conception, and a practical view of the subject, it will be vastly important on the outset, to view the situation in the largest sense, and this consists in the area of the country, the vastness of its population, the natural resource, and general products of the soil; and a view of China's religion and civilization, after which a conclusion of the advancement of Christian work will be adduced. With these thoughts in mind, we will be quite able to comprehend what is contained in the caption of this chapter.

The area of China, including the entire empire is five million square miles, or one-third larger than United States, or equal to that of India and Russia

combined. When we remember the fertility and productiveness of this continent, and realize the influence that her commerce has had, is having, and more especially is destined to have upon the nations of the earth, then our vision will become somewhat adequate to comprehend its tremendous future. More vivid until this matter becomes to our minds and hearts, when informed that one-fourth of the world's population is within the territory under discussion. But China proper is not so large as was mentioned, but contains the larger per cent. of all Chinese population.

China is divided into eighteen provinces. Will you think, reader, of four hundred million souls, which inhabit the densely inhabited Empire of China? Listen! Permit the population of China to be strung out in one line, allowing for each one a foot of standing room; they would form a line seven hundred, seventy-seven thousand, one hundred and sixty-four miles long, or this column would form a line that would reach around the whole earth at the equator thirty times. Again, suppose you were standing at a given place, and this procession had to pass by, one at a time, and allow two persons to pass each second, it would require nearly seven years times to let this multitude pass. Then we are instructed that fifty million die annually from the use and effect of opium alone; now add to this, the approximate death-rate otherwise caused, and then multiply the answer by the many, many centuries forever passed, and then you will form some thought of an awful throng standing at the judgment, who came from China unprepared; and this is not mentioning those who will live and die in China's future. What a thought!

China comprises a vast territory of fertile valleys and plains and river-bottoms. All of which compose one of the finest and largest canal systems in the world. This furnishes irrigating ability to great stretching plains and rich valleys, whose harvests and yields are famous for richness and productiveness, and in addition, these are gathered twice each year.

The mountains of the great Empire contain large quantities of mines and varying in value and quality as gold, silver, iron, white copper and lead, coal and zinc, together with a number of different marbles and precious stones.

The principal products of the land are the tallow, orange, plantain, tamarind, and mulberry trees, tea plant, lime, citron, lemons, pomegranite, a fig, chestnut, camphor tree, cotton, tobacco, and opium—all abound, as well as other native growth, but of which we shall not speak. It would doubtless tire you to further refer to the farmer's peculiar methods employed in tilling the soil, gathering the crops and the general dispositions of the products. Now we approach a thing of which little is known or even mentioned in history—the dawn of Chinese civilization, or in other words the beginning of Chinese history. The first account of the people and their appearance in this section of the world was as early, perhaps, as three thousand years B. C. The Chinese were a band of Turanian wanderers who came from the west into the basin of the Yellow River.

The civilization of China is perhaps older than any other of the world except that of Egypt.

When we are reminded that China's history, ancient, mediaeval and modern, is all conveyed into the

present state of affairs, with but little material change, until just at a recent date, the elements of a great change are manifesting themselves, bespeaking better days and civilization for China's people.

It is a strange fact, that with all the association, commercial relation, and observations that this Empire has had with other nations of the earth during the many centuries past, she utterly disregarded all the forms of law, ways of administration, means of governmental policy, the industrial and educational features and the general customs of the western world, and at the same time, have maintained in general those that characterized their ancient days up through the great roll of ages until this day of universal dissemination of modern art, law, science and industry, commerce, education and religious thought, old China, ancient China, and modern China, is arousing from her bed of stupidity, spiritual death, and national prejudice. We will refer to this more pointedly further on, and will confine our thought and attention to more modern manners and usages which meet your eye on every hand.

On landing in Shanghai, we hurried away to meet Dr. Parker of the M. E. Church, South, who has been here in China many years. The greeting, reception and kindness bestowed upon us was characteristic of a man of his piety, and spiritual power, talent, faith and works.

His bright-faced companion and grand old mother-in-law is known for her close walk with God. What a home! so bright, heavenly and admirable! Our stay was restful, full of thought, fraught with blessings exceedingly valuable to us. God bless them.



Riding in a Jinrikisha.



Why the General Conference doesn't make Dr. Parker Bishop over their great work in China is another strange thing and quite unknown. They need one—and they need him to fill the place, for he is able, a very blessed man of God and at the head of this great institution in Shanghai. Our association and conversation with this good old Southern family was most stimulating to our hearts. We will never forget it. We had “Tiffin” with them and departed amid their encouraging words.

We were greatly delighted with our visit and warm association with Bishop Bashford of our Church, who is the presiding officer over China. What a wonderful diocese and a great, good man to fill it!

Our interview with this noble spirit was full of practical instruction, and useful information tending upon the conditions of China. He informed us during the conversation, especially of two young native preachers, who had sought and obtained “the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire” as Methodist theology, hymnology and the discipline teaches it, the cleansing of the believer's heart from all sin, and thus qualifying him to do more effective Christian work. This they obtained and had set in motion revival fires, tides of transformation and great moral and spiritual awakenings had resulted, insomuch, that these two men were in great demand from many sections in other Churches and missions to come and pray down revivals and aid in the arousing of their work to greater life and power, as a personal experience and that they might be able to do more radical and aggressive salvation work. Well, if two men thus prepared can awaken such sentiment, arouse such animation, and command blessings from

heaven on such scales, what would or what could the Church do if she had what Jesus procured for her on the cross? A crime to live and labor without it.

Many of the native boats are painted, and all, from the smallest to the greatest, have an eye painted on either side of the bow of the boat.

On inquiry of this strange and superstitious custom, the Chinaman responds, "Boat must have eye, no have eye, no see, no go."

The native city, the streets are narrow, so much so that you could walk down the center and touch the walls or houses on either side. In such streets all the burdens are carried by men, and if too heavy, it is carried by two, suspended from a bamboo-pole. You will see one man with two buckets of water, one on each end of the pole, which is balanced upon the shoulder.

The wheelbarrow is a principal means of city-travel among the natives. This is pushed by one man and from three to six can ride. The Japanese have introduced the Jinrikisha, which is greatly admired and in constant employment.

Most all (if not all of any importance) cities are walled in with several huge gates, with great towers above. These gates are promptly closed at a given signal.

The great wall of China is fifteen hundred miles long, from twenty to forty feet high, and is wide enough on the top for four horses to walk side by side. Chinese history says, it required three hundred thousand men to protect the builders, and millions must have been employed upon it. Again, it is said

that this wall represents more labor than one hundred thousand miles of ordinary railroad.

The scenes in a native village or city streets will not soon be forgotten: the great crowds, the bright colors of their attractive apparel, the shortness of the female stature, and their interesting manner of dress. Most women in this section of China wear the pantaloons, with a costly jumper, and then their feet bound from infancy, until the foot is so small and dead, you would think at times they were using cork limbs, walking in such a stiff manner, O, the untold and indescribable suffering of China's girl and womanhood caused by the curse of binding their feet!

I remember to have entered a Chinese drug store where they could speak English, I inquired for a "Waterman fountain pen." He had them, but said, "Boycott American." I knew no pen could be purchased, for the pens were American goods, and China at this time had become agitated because of our Chinese exclusion law, so they boycotted American goods, and all goods now in their possession from America couldn't be disposed of until this law was lifted. Just prior to our arrival considerable trouble had arisen because of the action of some French Catholics, and it resulted in the martyrdom of several missionaries and Christians. This state of affairs brought a number of "Men of War" of several nations into the harbor of Shanghai, and you can see their glittering armor-plates, mounted guns, and shining steel, as the sunlight increases their luster and frightful appearance. But all has subsided and peace now reigns.

Who can comprehend the suffering of the faithful missionaries, loss of life, and the countless graves

caused in China, by the ignorance, superstition and wickedness of her millions? It is stated that there are more martyrs who will receive a martyr's crown, who will come from China's great battle-field, than all others combined.

We chance to see one of China's "War fleets," and it was a little interesting, but rather amusing. Their "Men of War" were largely constructed of wood, having sails, and but little modern fixtures of the iron-clad death-machines of the West.

As usual, you will notice on the war-ships as is observed on the small crafts—the eyes on either side of the ship's bow. Whether this is superstition or mere fancy, I know not, but it looks queer.

It is most remarkable and very striking to note the obedience, behavior and reverence of the children in China, toward their parents, their law and their religion. Upon each of above points, these children would teach America's rising generation lessons of greatest importance and value. It is affirmed that the children of China are noted for their life-long love and deep regard for their parents.

All cities and villages have jails, and the punishments connected with them are among the most cruel in the world. For small offenses the criminal must wear about his neck a frame of heavy boards, called a "cangue." The frame is about three feet square or about the size of the top of a center-table. It is made in pieces, so that it can be opened and the man's neck fitted into a hole in the center. The common "cangue" weighs about twenty-five pounds, but there are many so loaded with iron bars that they weigh as much as ninety pounds. Imagine your neck fastened through a

hole in a kitchen table weighted with iron, you can see how you would be punished if you committed a very small crime in China. You would find that the frame extended out so far beyond your neck that you could not possibly reach your mouth, and you would have to rely upon others to feed you. To make the thing appear more odious and disgusting to you and the people whom you come in contact with there are upon the top of the cangue, each side of your neck, long pieces of paper pasted, which fully describes the nature and name of your crime, and as you walk down the streets, the people stop to read it. Just imagine the crowds that swarm our cities and lands who according to the decrees of China would be loaded down with these frames with their crimes written upon them. Wouldn't it be an exhibition of the lawlessness and disobedience so apparent among the youth of our nation? The worst crimes that can be committed in China are those by children against their parents. America, where art thou? There is no other land where fathers and mothers have so much power and perfect control over their children as the Chinese parents.

For heaven's sake, don't ever be guilty of criticising the people of China when at large the American home becomes a scene of muscular movements, physical combats and in general a domestic Waterloo.

The punishment for striking a parent in China, is death, and if a son kills his father or mother he is condemned to execution by the slow process, known as dying by the inch. The man is tied to a cross and is slowly sliced into pieces. What if American parents should adopt such rule and authority in their homes

and over their children, say for one year's time. What kind of a change would there be in the home-circle, and in the conduct of our present generation?

Who hasn't seen some little ten year old boy or girl exert their power and authority over the parents and the entire household? Who can count the thousands of broken-hearted mothers and grey-haired fathers of our land which were caused by the wilful and persistent disobedience of one boy or a fast and unmanageable girl?

What if all men and boys of our land who have caused the untimely death of their parents, were thus dealt with, our country would be filled with a stench from the decaying odors of their hanging corpses.

Now to demonstrate the love that exists between the parents and children, I will insert this: A Chinese millionaire about forty years old was invited to dinner by the American consul. He replied: "I think I can come, but I must first ask mamma."

There are no better law-abiding citizens on earth than are the Chinamen. Their high degree of education is worthy of close investigation. This is found more especially among the men and boys, as the fairer sex scarcely ever learn to read or write. Hence you see the inestimable value of our Christian schools and missions that are operated upon purely scriptural and highly spiritual foundations.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SUN-RISE KINGDOM.

We sail away from China across the Yellow Sea and portions of the great Pacific. We steam into the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, whose population reaches nearly one hundred thousand, with more than one thousand foreigners.

Here is an American transport station. Many large battle ships lie around in the charming bay.

Our ship takes on coal here, and the process of loading certainly was interesting and yet repulsive to our minds. There will be many coal-barges pulled along side of our ships and rope or grass ladders will be formed and will run from these flat-boats up to the doors on decks of our ship, and upon these ladders will be stationed girls about three feet apart, and the coal is handled in little grass baskets, and these start at the bottom and go up this ladder as they are pitched from one to the other, until it is overturned in the coal-pit. As you watch the process it has the appearance of an endless chain. One thousand girls did this work.

In less than ten hours they loaded into our ship from those flat-ships, eighteen hundred tons of coal. O, the servitude of these Japanese girls! And they worked for fifteen and twenty cents a day.

Japan is a new world to us, new scenery meets and fills our vision at every point. New customs, manners, methods and people. How beautiful everything seems.

Our steamer is now anchored, and hundreds of Sampans gather around, eager to carry passengers ashore, and of all the yelling, muttering and roar of voices, it is among Japanese boatmen, who are clamoring for your attention or the closest place to the ladder of our ship so passengers can step down into their little boats, which are similar to the Chinese, excepting the eyes.

These fellows are very strong having great muscles, brown faces and fierce countenances. But they are very kind and accommodating. On our landing at the wharfs, we are surrounded by the owners and pullers of the jinrikisha, who will salute you with politeness that would be a credit to college students.

Nagasaki is the largest sea-port of western Japan, situated just in the mouth of the inland sea.

The beautiful blue mountains, with their hoary heads high in the heavens, and with their green carpet of pine forest, then the gradual slopes with their waving rice fields and lovely native gardens, truly presents a scene well-nigh beyond comparison—most especially when one has been accustomed to ocean-scenery.

The Japanese have a trite saying that “you can’t say ‘beautiful’ until you sail over the Inland sea.” Truly the scenery is grand and the vision becomes intoxicated, but we could not admit the full sense of the above statement, although there is much truth in the assertion. The sea became very tempestuous and the effect upon our company became a manifest malady.

Kobe is a great city with a population of one hundred and eighty-four thousand, with a stirring business enterprise and in a flourishing condition. Beauti-





A Holiness Bible School in Tokio.

ful clean streets, and tasty houses, lovely gardens and crowded markets produce some characteristics of a modern Japanese city.

We are pleased to note of the very excellent missionary work, being carried on in this city. God's blessings rest upon them.

After two hundred and fifty miles of travel down the charming Inland sea, whose scenery fills the vision with imposing appearances and inviting landscapes, we stream into the great harbor of Yokahoma. We pass near that old smoking volcano as it rears abruptly up out of the ocean; the smoke and cinder from the internal depths shot high into the air. We were informed that people lived out there and cultivated most all the land available, and all this just beneath the fearful and threatening crater above them. I simply said if the whole island were given me with the understanding that I must dwell there, I would be as kind in returning the favor by transferring the gift back to the donor.

Now to our left, as we sail, we behold one of the finest pictures and most imposing scenes, in the way of natural beauty that has yet met our gaze, especially among mountain-wonders; and this is Mt. Fujayama, as the accompanying illustrations represent. This mountain is of immense dimensions and rises to great altitudes. It is not of the usual mountain-range, but rises and stands boldly up out of the plain. It lifts its snow-crowned summit more than twelve thousand feet high. "Its snowy cap kisses the sky."

This mountain-queen can be seen for many, many miles at sea. The beauty of it appears in the extreme loneliness, as it gradually rises with beautiful slopes

which culminate in a sharp apex and then far down from the lofty summit hangs a mantle of purest snow, and appears like some glorious throne of royal splendor had been let down from the heavens, and now it rests suspended between the clouds and the green-covered earth—all in silence and surrounded with glory unutterable.

No wonder many millions unreached and unsaved souls of Japan pay tribute and reverence to this mountain, which appears so beautiful and eternal-like. They gather around and upon this "sacred mountain" annually, searching after peace for their burdened and hungry hearts. O, that the sun-rise Empire might get a glimpse of Him who formed this charming structure, and learn of His glory, love and power!

It is so easy for mankind to lose sight of the Creator and fasten their eyes and minds upon the created, and become worshippers at the shrine of nature, or devout servants in the natural and ordinary realm, but apparently ignorant of the supernatural and eternal realities of this life and the one which is to come.

How natural the trend of this age to exalt and emphasize more the visible, the earthly and the material, than it is to magnify, exalt and adore the invisible, eternal and omnipotent all-wise God.

You can see where materialism has its origin and where nature worshippers begin their idolatry.

With flags, flying at full mast, and all passengers full of joy, we steam into this famous harbor.

Now as we are in Japan, let us survey the land, observe its progress and investigate some conditions existing among the inhabitants from the standpoints

of religion and civilization; and then we shall have a clearer, broader and a better understanding of this prosperous and coming Empire.

The proper name for Japan is Nippon, the native name, which is used to delegate the hundreds of islands into one, and the word "Japan" was given to it by foreigners and not by the natives.

The Empire of Japan is composed of four large islands, and more than three thousand in all, hence the origin of "The Island Empire" is well qualified and needs no criticism. The total area of Japan is between one hundred and fifty thousand or one hundred and sixty thousand square miles.

The coast is generally rocky and difficult of access; and broken up by many shallow, though picturesque inlets. The surface is hilly and in some parts mountainous, and has evidently been upheaved by volcanic action.

Fujiyama is the highest peak in Japan; this is twelve thousand, one hundred and seventy-seven feet high. In July and August, when the snow melts off of this mountain, the crater at the top is eleven hundred yards long, six hundred wide and three hundred and fifty deep.

Earthquakes are common in Japan; the greatest was in 1783, which lasted twelve days and many towns were destroyed. The hills are mostly of sandstone, but cultivated to their very summits. Sand everywhere prevails in the soil.

The climate of Japan is generally healthy and suited to Western inhabitants. In the north the winter is long and severe; this winter (1906) they had snow up there, well-nigh high as the telegraph-poles and great

suffering resulted among the poor. But in the southern and central parts it is more equable and heavier rainfall.

Japan has not much gold, but there are vast deposits of copper, iron, silver and coal. It is said that there is a coal mine containing fifty miles of tunnels, all under the ocean.

Japan is a land of forests and flowers. There is no land in the world which has a greater variety of beautiful scenery. It is a country of mountains and valleys, which are clothed with verdure to such an extent that you hardly believe the whole empire was once covered with volcanoes. As it is, there are more than fifty steaming mountains, with many hundreds of others which may burst out in eruption at any time. One day as we were sitting in the office of the Holiness Bible School in Tokyo, we felt the house tremble and the walls sway. We asked what it meant, the quiet reply was, "O, just a common, every-day occurrence—an earthquake." The capital was visited by one, when there were two hundred thousand lives lost; this was nearly two centuries ago.

The population of Japan is nearly fifty million souls, with a rapid increase of inhabitants and foreign influx.

The Japanese are of a mongol origin, like the Chinese, are of the Turanian or Mongolian race, but with a stronger and heavier physique than the average Chinaman possesses, except in length. The Chinaman wears his head shaven close except a little place on top, where his cue is either platted or wrapped on his head, or hangs very beautifully, while the Japanese men wear their hair usually shingled quite close.

Japan was governed by a feudal aristocracy, styled Daimios, which literally means "Princes," who held the land, and kept a large number of servants and men-at-arms.

They numbered about two hundred and seventy, divided into six or seven classes, and their revenues ranged near five million dollars. From the first great families, the Shogun or Vice-emperor, residing at Tokyo, was chosen. The office of virtual ruler was founded in the seventeenth century. This Mikado, or Dairi (the great one) is descended, it is said, in a long unbroken line through males and females, from Jimmoo, the son of the gods, in the year 650 B. C. But in 1868 occurred the complete overthrow of the Chogun. The Emperor became the real ruler of the Empire.

On the 11th of February, 1889, the Emperor granted a European Constitution to the people of Japan. It is based on the German system, the whole power being reserved to the throne. A Parliament, however, was created, consisting of a House of Peers—partly hereditary, partly elective—and a House of Representatives elected by all males paying over fifteen dollars annually in direct taxes. This Parliament passes all laws and controls, "within certain limits," the finances. Judges can only be removed by legislative act; liberty of speech, and right of public meeting are secured. The royal palace is located in the heart of Tokyo and is surrounded by wide moats. Upon the water magnificent lotus flowers float on their large green leaves. Large bridges composed of marble cross the moats, and the entire palace-grounds are filled with flowers, walks, parks, drives and one-story buildings.

The Emperor's quarters in the palace are entirely separate and apart from those of the Empress, she has a complete court of her own, with her secretaries and servants. She is at the head of all movements for the advancement of Japanese women.

The soil generally is a rich, black earth; without a stone, suitable for growing cotton, every acre of which is carefully manured and cultivated by manual labor.

Rice, the staple food of all classes, is sown in May and gathered in November. Wheat, maize, millet, turnips and other vegetables are raised. Tobacco is grown largely, and is smoked by both sexes. Ginger and pepper are raised for home consumption.

There is no pasture, the land being too valuable to admit this feature, which is so famous in the West.

Evergreens are so common that the country appears cheerful and spring-like the year around.

The fruit consists of pears, peaches, plums, oranges, melons and grapes; the cherry abounds with its beautiful blossoms in May which the natives admire so much, but they are unfruitful.

Small horses of a hardy description are numerous and are known among farmers as "pack-horses."

Beautiful silk and crape fabrics, enamelled copper and melted vases are manufactured. These are very beautiful. Paper, of which it is said there are seventy-seven different kinds, is made, not from rags, but from the bark of trees; of it are made the screens which serve as walls in their houses, the lanterns and sometimes even the chimneys. They make good cabinet work, inlaid woods, and many other things denominated as "curios," lacquer goods, tables, chairs, cups and all house furniture, of which the average native

home contains but little. But the above and many other things that are made with taste and perfection of workmanship, have a ready sale in nearly all of the world's market.

Now let us turn our attention and time to some of the manners and customs of this prosperous people.

The Jinrikisha is the cab of Japan, and is used in the cities and very extensively in the villages surrounding.

The home-life is an interesting study. The Japanese live very simply, and though there is some difference between the rich and the poor, the mode of living is everywhere of the same general character, and a visit to, and description of one home, will serve as a type of the homes of Japan.

Usually the buildings or homes in the city are two stories high. It is an unpainted building, with a heavy roof of black tiles, supported by wooden posts, which rest upon stones.

You can see clear through the house and get a glimpse of a lovely garden lying behind. The outer walls have been pushed back for the day, for the sun is warm; and the air rushes through on all sides.

You see everything at a single glance and you will wonder if the family has moved out. The rooms are all here, but there is nothing like our American furniture to be seen. No tables, no chairs, no bedsteads, no dressers or side-boards, as we have in our homes. The Japanese sit down on little mats on the floor. They prefer to sit on the floor.

How clean everything is! The street or road in front of the house is kept clean; you can actually see yourself in the strip of bare floor which runs around

the house about two feet above the ground. This is used as a porch and the rooms just back of this are covered with matting of the cleanest white straw. This matting forms the carpet of Japan. Usually the mats are three feet wide, six feet long and one to two inches thick. A few usually double these and it makes the matting-floor to be two and three inches thick, which is very soft and pleasant to sit on, or to use to spread their beds upon.

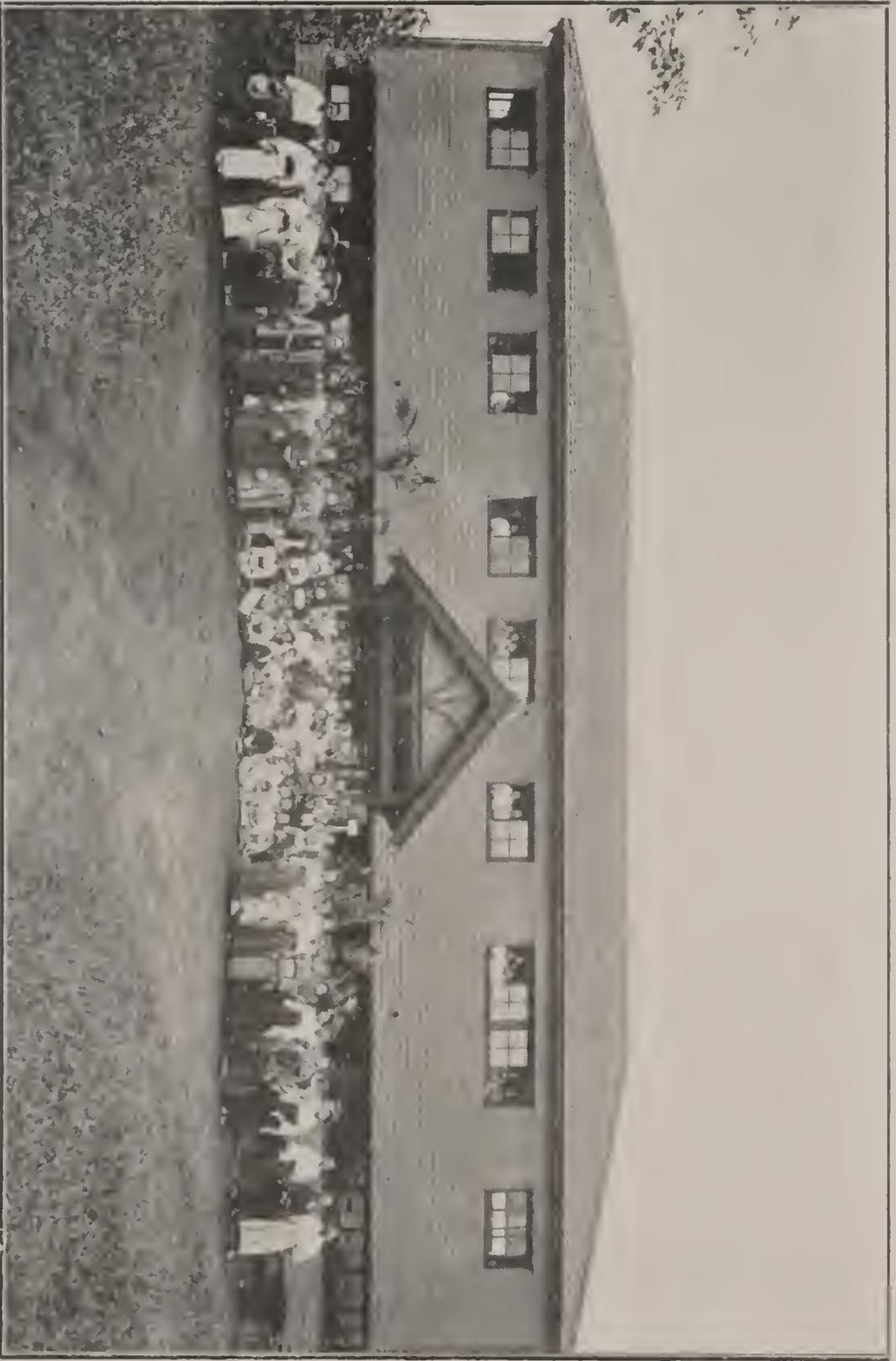
The house is heated by little brass-lined boxes, filled with ashes, in the center of which a handful of charcoal is burning. As there are no basements for furnaces, no chimneys or stove-pipes about this home, you see the process of heating the room. They have little clay ovens in which they put charcoal, and boil and fry over the coals.

Let us go into the house. As we approach, a little maid-servant comes to the front. She gets down on her knees, spreads out her hands on the floor, and her face rests on the mat in order to show you respect. The Japanese never wear shoes or sandals in the house, and we have learned already it would be far more polite for us to keep our gloves, hat and overcoat on, than it would our shoes, upon entering these homes.

The politeness and neatness in manners of even the men and maid-servants of Japan, rebuke the manners of many of those leading in social circles in our country.

So in our stocking feet we step up into the house, and take our seats on the cushion, as it lays on the floor.

Very soon some of the family come in. They bow



Heralds of Holiness in Japan.



low, getting down on their knees and bending again and again to the floor. As they rise, they suck in their breath with a loud half-whistling sigh, as though they were overcome by the honor which we are conferring upon them by calling.

We bow in return. Then the little maid-servant brings in a little box of charcoal and sits it down by your side, and then in a small tray she brings in, which contains a little tea pot and some very small cups. She gets down and offers it to us with a bow. We drink from them in Japanese style, sucking the tea in with a loud sipping noise to show that we like it.

The children come in; they are dressed like their parents, they bow to us in the same manner.

The children are very respectful and obedient, for to have a bad child in Japan is disgraceful, and all Japanese children honor their parents.

You will notice the mother take one of the little boys or girls in her arms, and rub her cheeks against theirs. It is this way, the Japanese show their affection. They do not kiss or seldom shake hands.

Yonder comes a little girl perhaps ten or fifteen years old, with a child tied onto her back. All in the streets and in parks, around temples and in yards you will see these girls carrying their little brothers or sisters around on their back.

We spend several nights in Japanese hotels, and this will serve as a full and complete description of our thought upon the home.

The Japanese are exceedingly clean, and most all homes have their bath-rooms. It is a sign of good breeding to ask a guest to have his bath first.

The custom is such that all the family, no matter

how many, the children bathe in the same water, and in the same tub, and the servants get in at the last. No soap is used until after getting out of the tub, and the body is finally washed off by pouring water over it with a basin after the soaping.

There are public baths in all the cities, and in Tokyo they number eight hundred, in which over three hundred thousand people bathe daily, at a cost of less than one cent for each person, so that even the poorest can keep themselves clean.

Supper is now ready. We all eat in the same room, but each one has his little table. It is not quite one foot high and about that large square. We sit on the floor as we eat. When each course is brought in the little maid bows very gracefully. A soup is made of beans, and with raw fish cut in slices and served with a queer sauce called soy, dark brown in color and made of a mixture of salt, beans and fermented rice.

There are some fruits and with a course, usually of rice and curry, which is the principal dish with the natives, in India, generally used in China, and is greatly loved by the Japanese. We are so fond of this dish, and they are so delighted to know it, that they bring us in a big, round, wooden box of the shape and size of a peck measure and this is filled with rice. The theory is that no one need go away hungry if he has plenty of rice. The rice is certainly good too.

The soup is served in bowls the size of a large coffee cup. We drink the soup by raising it to our lips.

The fish, salads and rice we try to eat with our chopsticks, but this we find to be a difficult task.

If you will take two slate pencils, balance them between the two first fingers and the thumb of the right

hand, and try to pick up grains of rice and bits of hash with the ends, then you can see what difficulty and genuine embarrassment it was for us to attempt our first Japanese meal. They seldom have more than two courses, and serve three meals a day—breakfast on rising, dinner at noon, and supper at sunset.

The supper is over; the family sit around on the floor and chat. Soon the servants go out to shut up for the night, by pushing the walls along in the grooves until each section meets and the rooms are all inclosed and put off in their given dimensions.

We have been wondering all the while where we would sleep, as no beds have been in sight. Our little maid comes, in her bowing manner; she slides back a board which hides a recess in the wall, and pulls out armful after armful of soft, thick quilts or comforts. She lays these on the floor, one on top of another, and turns down the last one for a cover.

We look for sheets, and are informed that the Japanese do not use them.

Then we wonder what we will do for a pillow, and we are introduced to a block of wood about the size of a brick. This stands on its side, and has a roll of soft paper on top. We are expected to put them under our neck, and let our head hang over the edge.

But no, we do not want "a creek in our necks," so we quickly dispense with this "hard pillow," and proceed to roll up our overcoats and employ them for our heads to rest on. We really tried the Japanese pillow, but soon found that they might do for the Japanese, but not for this American, so our coats answered and we soon forgot where we were and became lost in the jungles of dream-land.

## CHAPTER XX.

## JAPAN'S DEVELOPMENT.

Before we shall enter more fully upon the rapid progress and modern advancements of the Island Empire, we must refer our reader to some customs now in use which are old enough.

The Japanese sandals clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the street. They wear curious sandals of wood or straw, and their stockings are a kind of foot-mitten, in which the big toe has a separate place. During wet weather they wear sandals with blocks or legs on the bottoms, about three inches long, and it is said the whole Japanese nation becomes three inches taller whenever it rains.

The Japanese dress is peculiar, but usually beautiful and attractive. Both men and women wear long, flowing gowns extending from their necks to their feet. These are gracefully folded across the body in front, and are fastened at the waist with a sash.

The chief difference in the dress of women and men is in the sash, which, for women, is usually a strip of fine silk more than half a yard wide, and so long that it can be tied in a great bow at the back.

The gowns of both sexes are open at the neck. Girls are taught, at home and in schools, in walking to take short steps, and turn their toes inward, thus becoming pigeon-toed, as it were, in order that their garments would not divide as they step. The sleeves

form the pockets, being made full and sewed up at the wrist.

The colors of their clothes are modest in the extreme, and in riding through the streets, you will see silks and cottons of all colors, dark, blue, gray, bright and beautiful.

How busy every one is! As we go through the principal streets we find the stores and houses filled with workers, who seem never to tire of their toil. There are crowds at the shops buying goods, and peddlers by the hundreds carrying their wares through the streets, with a bell ringing, or singing their little familiar song to attract attention of residents or those in the streets.

There are porters by the scores with great loads on their backs, and servants carrying heavy baskets fastened by strings or ropes to the ends of poles which rest on their shoulders.

There are but few horses or carriages used in the cities, the Jinrikisha is the mode of short transportation as in the city and village travel.

You will see a huge cart loaded with wholesale goods, en route to the train from some large establishment. Its motive power consists of those two almond-eyed men who are harnessed in front, and the two others who shove hard behind with both hands and shoulders. Their muscles stand out like thick cords as they work, and the sweat rolls down their brown skins in diamond-white streams.

Most of the streets are watered by hand, as this method is employed in India, they using a goat or sheep-skin, and filling it with water and with a rope attached swing it around a man's shoulder and the

filled skin swings by his side. The neck of the skin is used in letting the water flow out, with his hand to grip and determine the amount used in sprinkling the streets; they go walking in all directions. It is slow but sure. Then you will see larger hides filled with water carried by the buffalo and a man walks by his side and governs the flow. This method will be found in India, Egypt and in Palestine, but here in Japan a simple bucket is used and the water is thrown by the hand. Just of late the modern street-sprinkler is taking the place of all the old methods.

The buildings look more like the bazaars of a fair than the substantial blocks of an American city. There are few larger houses, and a building rarely has more than two stories. The low, ridged roofs extend about three feet beyond the walls of the house. The outer walls are made in sections which slide in grooves back and forth: and during the day the front of each lower story is pushed aside so that the passer-by can see all that goes on within. The rooms are separated from one another by walls of lattice-work backed with white paper, through which the light comes.

These walls are also in sections which move aside in grooves, one inside the other; and in going from one room to another you push aside a section of the wall instead of opening a door.

The Japanese are naturally modest, but their customs are very different from ours, and you can see much of their family life as you walk down the streets.

Here is a slant-eyed maiden making her toilet. She sits on her heels on the floor before a little round

mirror, and primps and powders and paints her lips red while the people go by without noticing anything strange in the scene.

Next door there is a family eating dinner. They sit on the floor and each one has his own table to eat on.

Further on is a store. The merchant sits flat on the floor with his goods piled around him, and the floor is his counter.

His customers sit on the floor as they shop, and he takes down piece by piece, while they wait. The clerks and merchants all alike bow very politely on your approach and departure. You will observe that the hundreds of queer-looking men and women who pass are all good-natured, and they treat us as brothers. They smile and bend as they meet one another, and when we stop at their stores they bow again and again until we think they will break in two.

We try to be polite in return, but the Japanese back is more elastic than ours.

The horses we see are not larger than good-sized ponies. They are used chiefly as "pack-horses," though now and then we see one hitched to a cart and led by a big-hatted peasant. We notice that the horses are shod with straw shoes. The straw is so braided that it forms a round mat about half an inch thick, which is fastened to the animal's foot by straw strings running around the leg just above the hoof.

Each pack-horse has a stock of fresh shoes tied to his saddle, and the farmer who leads him looks now and then at his feet, and changes his shoes as soon as they become worn.

The distances through the country districts are often measured by the number of shoes which the

horses wear out while traveling them, and it is said that the average horseshoe will last for a walk of eight miles.

We observe that the farmers of Japan have not been greatly affected by our civilization. They think, act, and live, much as they did in the past, and we notice the customs of old Japan most everywhere.

We see Japanese women whose heads are shaved in order to show their grief for the loss of their husbands. They have no sign of eyebrows.

We see many women who look very pretty until they open their mouths; but then we notice that their teeth are as black as a pair of new rubber shoes.

They are farm wives who are destroying their beauty to show their husbands that they do not care for the attentions of others.

Doubtless if this custom was adopted in America the divorce curse that is deluging our church and home would be well-nigh settled.

We mean that the church wouldn't be loaded down with social and domestic scandals with a preacher whose voice is silent upon this growing disgrace, and the courts and papers wouldn't be crowded with deliberations that constitute the present business.

The men at work in the fields wear hardly any clothes, and we see some who have on nothing except a flat hat of white straw, large as a parasol, and a cloth tied around their waist. The women who work in the fields go barefooted and clad in big hats and blue cotton gowns. The men and women work side by side and the children have their share in the toil. How hard they work! They dig up the ground with a mattock and spade, then this soil is soaked in

water which they turn on their little fields, none of which contain over two or three acres; then the water is turned off, and they wade in this mud and sow their grain. They sprout in four or five days, and within a month, they are ready to be transplanted. The rice-fields have in the meantime been flooded. The farmers now take the young sprouts, and in their bare feet wade through water and set them out in the mud. They flood the fields again and again during the summer. They keep the rice free from weeds, and by the latter part of September the crop is ready for harvest. The rice-plants grow much like our oats or wheat. At first they are a beautiful green, but as they ripen they become a bright yellow. The straw is cut close to the ground with a sickle similar to those in the holy land, and is tied up in little sheaves which are hung over a pole resting on legs, so that the heads of the rice are off the ground.

The grains are pulled from the stem by drawing the straw through a rack which has teeth like a saw. The grains fall off and are laid away to be husked when required.

Tea gardens abound. The plants are cultivated in rows that look like hedges. They are from three to five feet high. The plants produce their best tea from the fifth to the tenth year, but some plants are said to live longer than the life of a man.

They are picked several times each year, and all the work connected with gathering, drying, steaming, rubbing, assorting and packing tea is done largely by Japanese women and girls.

Tobacco, barley, cotton, and patches of wheat are noticed occasionally. But we pass hundreds of rice

fields. Rice is the most important crop of the country, for it forms the chief food of the people.

The majority of the world's inhabitants eat rice and for at least one-third of them, it is their principal food.

The Japanese newspapers, like the books, begin at the back. Their columns are wider than those of our papers, and run horizontally across the page instead of up and down it. The lines run up and down the columns instead of across them, and you would begin to read at the top of a line instead of at the side. You read to the bottom of the first line, and then go to the top of the next one to the left, and so on.

In the past, the boys of the upper class looked forward to the day when they could go about wearing two swords, and when their chief business would be in battle-array, but now, "The pen is mightier than the sword," for Japan has become a land of books and newspapers. It has large bookstores and great printing establishments. There are nearly forty Japanese magazines published and devoted to law. There are scores of others treating upon the farm and home life. There are all kinds of scientific journals and newspapers sold in all the cities. In some schools, the translation of American text-books are found to be used, and as most all government officials, and the best business men of Japan understand and use our language, Japan is a stirring, thriving, and without a doubt a prosperous and aggressive nation. There is no question but what she is the leading nation of all the great East, notwithstanding the limit of her territory and small population as compared with China or Russia; Her natural resources are not to be compared with

her compeers, and her history as a civilization does not reach so far in the past as does great China, but the commercial activity, and the financial ability of this nation attracts world-wide attention.

The industrial features and educational institutions of the Sun-rise Kingdom calls for universal commendation, and deepest respect. Then with the mighty strides with which this nation and people are rising and growing as a nation, a government, and a great factor in the march of the world's progress—emphatically Japan has become the center-point of the world's gaze.

When it comes to law, science, art, philosophy, industry and education, Japan ranks with many nations whose history dates centuries before we hear of the Island Empire.

The universal taste for culture and science among the Japanese indicates characteristics which would have done credit to ancient Greece, or would now grace any nation.

Their love and respect for law and order gives material for any western people to imitate.

Their army and navy regulations and general operations make Japan famous.

First, famous for the amount of soldiers in constant service. All boys or men enter and enlist in the regular army at the age of eighteen, and spend three years of their life in soldiering, they learn all the tactics of war. Of course if the boy is physically disabled he is exempt from the army. Second, for the rigidness of army rule and discipline which they love and faithfully observe.

Third, for their indomitable and relentless courage,

as was demonstrated in the capture of Port Arthur, and their military and naval exhibitions simply assure us, that their power and place in the world's movements is becoming a matter of deepest concern and of startling amazement. It was only in 1853, when Commodore Perry, of the U. S. Navy, was directed to open communications with the government of Japan with a view to a treaty of commerce. It was during this period of Japan's history that the revolution between the Shogun and the Mikado was on. The Shogun's capitol was Yeddo or Tokyo, and the Mikado's at Kioto; it culminated in a fierce and bloody revolution, and one that cost the nation many millions of dollars; and in 1868 the Shogun was defeated, and was disposed of. The Emperor at this time was only seventeen years of age, and both immature and without experience. But he was taken possession of by the men who had made the revolution, and they were said to have been remarkable men. By their advice, he removed his residence and the throne from Kioto to Tokyo, where it abides today. Now opens up a procession of battles, problems and new epochs in the history of this wonderful little nation, such as the restoration of the Mikado, then problems that arose in his government in its relation to foreign nations. The treaty with United States must of necessity be followed by treaties with various nations of Europe.

This involved the residence of foreign Embassies at the capitol and ports; and it involved Embassies from Japan to other nations, as America and Europe; and it also involved the opening of an active commerce. With all these things it meant a new nation

with new laws, schools, arts, industries, methods and forms of government, which practically meant new civilization and religion.

It was in 1871 that the greatest change took place, marking the breaking up of the feudal system, and the organizing the new system of society. The army was then created; the French model was determined upon. A navy was created upon the English system. Railroads were started on the English plan. The educational feature was then investigated and Americans were called upon to assist in improving upon the scientific and mental problems, hence a good school system was well organized throughout the Empire, then came the founding of the Imperial University at Tokyo, which receives patronage from China and India. Now the whole Empire is consolidated, with a good government which possesses good laws and the revenues are administered by the central government, which appoints the governors of the provinces and provides for the internal police.

All this took place in eight years. The postal system is similar to ours. The government ownership of merchant-marine, railroads, and telegraph lines is a great and important feature in their government and serves to demonstrate its value and power as controlled under national operation. The building of railroads and street-car lines is a marked evidence of the marvellous advancements, together with the gigantic commercial undertakings and the unsurpassed developments in the educational and industrial pursuits of this "our door neighbor."

Many of the large cities are taking on the aspects of our great American cities, in broad and well-paved

streets, and excellent street-car system on our plan.

Then our banking system has become theirs within a few years past.

Many of our customs are observed here, in the building of houses, car lines, electric light plants, postal and telegraph items, school and business features; and then the dress manners and life of the western world are manifest here. Tokyo, the capitol, has a population of nearly two million, and doesn't cover an area as large as that of Chicago or Boston.

Beautiful scenery is to be seen in the great public parks and gardens where in the spring and summer, the ceaseless throngs repair for air, scenery, and amusement. The Japanese are a people full of determination, energy, courage and ambition; and also possessed with a keen intellect, strong mind, and with a Napoleon-like will.

But their grace and politeness of manners, and their love for modern civilization, make them the wonder of this age, and a marvel of the nations. To make mention of the variety of avocations, with their peculiar way of doing things, would command more space than can be allotted; and to accurately convey to the minds of my readers of all the strange and amusing customs, notions and manners, both in public and private life, in their social and domestic circles, and all the marvellous changes of modern Japan, would be a problem of such proportions that I am unable to assume, and care not to attempt, but will sum the whole study up in saying, "It is a wonderful nation with marvellous resources and products: and filled with a mighty populace and is destined to ascend high in the world's standard.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## EVANGELISTIC LABORS.

As the two preceding chapters have been devoted to information and a general observation of the natural and material aspect of "The Sun-rise Empire," and having confined our thought and attention to the intellectual and social problem of the inhabitants, in this chapter, we shall give our time, thought and observation, to the religious proclivities of the Japanese, and especially we shall direct your attention to the progress of the gospel, and of our labors and travels among the people.

Japan is boastful over the number of their highly respected idols. They claim to possess eight hundred million idols.

The prevailing heathenish religion is Shintoism; and Buddhism has a considerable following too. The word Shinto means simply the doctrine concerning God. There are many temples throughout the country; and the priests claim that they use no images in their worship. The history of it is said to go back to the beginning of things, and when the first god and goddess were evolved out of the primary elements, the gods and goddesses multiplied, and out of their fruitfulness the family of the Mikadoes sprung, so that the present Mikado is the representative of the divine presence on earth.

Hence you observe the greatest prevailing obstacle

against the more powerful advancement of the glory of evangelism among the inhabitants—which is the love, reverence and supreme regard with which the subjects of the Emperor hold him, as related to their religion and nation.

They think at first, at least, that Christianity means that they must turn traitor to their great ruler and denounce him without mercy; with this fanatical notion holding their minds, it takes time and mighty conviction, wrought by the Holy Ghost, to “turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God.”

When once they learn that Christ and salvation deal with sin, and deliver their soul from its bondage, (all heathen religion is the evidence of the consciousness of sin and the burning desire for a remedy and its application for their freedom from its guilt and power,) and that it does not call for disobedience and disrespect for their ruler, then you have an audience among this people.

It was in the sixth century of the Christian era that Buddhism entered Japan from China and Korea, and soon met with popular favor.

The moral code of the Buddhist in Japan, as in India, stands above criticism, but as religion both its dogmas and its practice as well, are evil, and only evil continually. It is idolatrous and superstitious in the last degree, and many of its rites and superstitions are as silly as they are abominable.

You are surprised to notice the striking similarity that exists between the images and shrines of Buddhism and Roman Catholicism in many respects—similar in modes of worship, in various but corre-



Preaching Beneath the Cherry Blossoms.



sponding usages of the "Holy Water," the burning incense, and the string of beads; then there are the images and the usual prostrations: when in these temples, beholding the general operations of priest and people you scarcely realize but that you are witnessing the carryings on of the priest of Rome.

The Buddhists have their purgatory, and the operation of procuring a soul's deliverance depends upon the amount of fee.

Wonder if Rome received her instructions at the hands of Buddhism, or did Buddhism study, graduate and evolve from the Romish system? Twin sisters—Paganism and Heathenism—their nature, character and effect relate so minutely one to the other; and both about as far from Christ and Bible salvation as the north pole is from the south.

Great temples, some very costly and famous, are to be found in some parts of Japan. The temples of Nikko are wealthy, costly and venerable, as many thousands repair here for worship.

Then there is a temple in Asakusa, Tokio, which doubtless is more famous for the throngs who are ever swarming in and out of its open gates, between sunrise and sunset.

Prayers are offered to the gods of various temples in this fashion. The prayer writes his petition on a piece of paper, reduces it in his mouth to the condition of stiff pulp, which he makes into a ball, and this he throws at the Prayee. If the ball sticks, the petition is favorably received; otherwise it is denied.

Similar to this in India the worshiper has a written prayer which he hangs on the "sacred tree" and on its remaining amid the blowing winds, it is receiv-

ing attention, but if it blows away no attention was received from the gods.

As we stand in this old dingy looking temple we witness the hundreds coming in and bowing down before some god of wood or stone, say their prayers and pitch their offering over into the pit. We are sickened and grieved at heart at their anxiety for soul rest, and no possibility of finding it in these forms; also the laxity and stupidity of the great Church in her efforts and power to "throw out the life line," and to point them to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and lastly to view the magnitude of the work which must be accomplished soon, as these vast throngs of immortal souls will soon be in eternity. O, the burden of soul and heaviness of heart as we gazed upon those multitudes, who are seeking after relief and freedom from the burden of their heart and mind!

We have said that the moral precepts of the Buddhists are above criticism, and no doubt there are some who are more or less influenced by them, but the general tone of morals is very low. Impurity abounds. A missionary physician in charge of a dispensary, said he had a very large practice and that at least eight-tenths of all the cases that he treated were diseases which were the direct effect of licentiousness. He further states, that in proportion to their numbers as large a proportion of these cases were of the Buddhist priest as of any other class.

This will serve to give you an insight of sufficient scope and depth into the dying and decaying religions that have held Japan in their grasp lo, these many centuries, but which must and which are giving away beneath and before the certain rising currents of power,

glory, beauty and exalted civilization which is the true characteristics of "the gospel of Jesus Christ unto salvation" for both Jews and Japanese. Hallelujah!

The result of the direct power, life, and operating influences of the gospel, the Church and especially the Spirit-possessed Christians with and among the people of Japan for many, many years was demonstrated in forming the treaty of commerce with the United States in 1854, when Commodore Perry, with warships, steamed into the beautiful Yeddo bay, and from the bow of his ship, he read aloud the 100th Psalm, and with all his sailors on board sang an old Christian hymn; this was the weapon that prospered in the opening of that nation, not only to our great commercial activities but also it was the beginning and glorious epochal period of the Church at home, when she could, alongside of commerce, enter this field of golden grain and launch an enterprise that culminated in the present condition of Japan; and will ultimate in the sun-burst glory of God's kingdom, which shall disclose the folly and curse of heathenish rites and ceremonies; and lift the people to a greater, higher and more noble plain, both in Church and State.

In many sections the temples are old, ugly and appear greatly dilapidated. While in others there are costly, beautiful and well-preserved ones. But apparently the former marks their taste, thought and state of mind as relating to their former manner of worship.

Near Yokohama is the celebrated Dia Butsu, which means "the great Buddha." It is a colossal image, forty-four feet high, at the largest part twenty feet in diameter from front to rear, and twenty-five feet from side to side.

It is of fine bronze, cast in sections, the metal not being more than two or three inches thick, so that the image is perfectly hollow.

From the foundation one can ascend inside by means of a ladder, which you can ascend and find yourself in the bosom of Buddha—which is Nirvana, the heaven of the Buddhists.

This statue is of such tremendous proportions, that even the thumbs are three feet in circumference and his thumb nails measure four inches by six; and it is said that two men can easily sit on his thumb and then have room to spare, and that its eyes are three feet in length and are of solid gold.

You may be surprised to know that in some quarters the temples have been deserted and now are used to preach the gospel to the natives or used by them to teach school in.

Having arrived at Yokohama, we were met by some of our beloved missionaries, we were soon on shore and passed the accustomed examinations. We entered the train and started for Tokio, a distance of eighteen miles over a railroad which was the first built in Japan, constructed sometime in the seventies; now there are about two thousand, two hundred and forty-two miles of roads built, and under construction about nine hundred and fifty miles.

To show you that glass windows are new to the natives of the interior, you will notice three large red lines, painted horizontally on the windows of the train coaches; this serves to inform the natives, that glass is easily broken, and there is something besides an open place; unless those red marks were there, just as

apt as not one would shoot his head or thrust his hand right through the glass.

We are welcomed and received with joy and Christian kindness that we shall not forget. O the sweet association and fellowship known only by those who have entered into that state and grace of perfect love and the Canaan land of Christian perfection!

We are entertained in the warm and happy home of dear Bro. and Sister Kilbourne, formerly of Chicago. We shall never forget their kindness, care and help. Then there is their happy daughter Lila, and son Edwin; they are so bright and joyful in the Lord's service out here.

Brothers Cowman and Kilbourne, are at the helm of "The Oriental Missionary Society" which has its seat of general operations here in Tokio, but which embraces all of Japan, Korea and China.

There is a large Holiness Bible school here that is conducted on Pentecostal salvation rules and methods; and is operated on strictly radical and scriptural holiness lines.

There are more than one hundred young men and women who come here and receive or maintain the definite and distinct "two works of grace" as the Wesleys taught and died with; and then they are thoroughly drilled in salvation work, and are sent out to the different sections of their native land to superintend mission work and carry forward the work, getting the people saved and sanctified, after which they teach them the secondary things of a secular nature, such as teaching to sew, cook and learn music and other useful features of industry.

We mix and mingle with the students and teachers

in revival work, during our campaign in and around Tokio, and during our stay and labors we found them—one and all energetic, enthusiastic and profoundly spiritual.

In addition to the most worthy Bible school, they publish "The Electric Messages," a full salvation journal which is the official organ of the society, is published in English and gives news direct from the fields of missionary operation, and is full of pithy, juicy, fiery letters, testimonies, reports and information from the native workers, stations and the missionaries; this paper is securing a wide attention among the holiness people of America and England.

Then, they have a number of wide-awake mission stations in Tokio as well as many others scattered up and down the empire.

Our labors while in Japan were principally among this noble and aggressive society who are distinctively known in all the empire for their soundness on the powerful doctrines of the Scripture, especially those essential ones, such as repentance, restitution, regeneration and entire sanctification; also the blessed and inspiring doctrine of the soon coming of the Lord.

The power of God was manifest upon our labors while here, as we had never witnessed before.

During our campaign, which lasted nearly seven weeks, there were more than four hundred seekers for the blessings contained in "The double cure"—pardon of sins, and the complete cleansing of their hearts from all sin, and these numbers were seeking God in the missions which are under the operation of the above society.

It is certainly refreshing and stimulating to the

soul to see with what eagerness and appreciation these precious hungry souls respond to the call and conviction given by the Holy Spirit.

How delightful to our souls to give out the messages of the Lord through the interpreters—Brothers Kurumada, Sasao, and Saito. These are three wonderful men, and God is greatly using them in giving out His glorious gospel along with the host of singers, preachers, workers and helpers, which constitute the Spirit-filled army who are making Japan to feel the currents of God's power and the glory of redeeming grace.

Then Rev Sasao, edits the "Tongues of Fire" in the native language; this is a red-hot holiness journal; and is doing untold good in agitating the gracious doctrine, experience and life of holiness among the native Christians. This man is called "The Moody of Japan." God bless him, he is in co-operation, heart and soul with this full and free salvation mission work.

In company with Rev. E. A. Kilbourne, and our interpreter, Rev. Saito, we started out on a missionary itinerancy up to some of the stations in the country.

We visit Utsunomiya, where they have a station that is doing work for God, but where the workers meet with sin, darknes and spiritual wickedness. We greatly enjoyed our labors here where souls were brightly converted and sanctified. Then to Hachioji, another station, here the Lord gave heavenly manna and souls rejoiced in His grace.

During our evangelistic work among these several stations, we observed two or three things, that we wish to call your attention to, first, the universal hunger,

especially among the middle and lower classes, for the Word, and bread of eternal life.

Undoubtedly, their faith in the old religions is certainly dying out and they are losing their taste and interest in immoral priests, vain philosophers and utter lifeless and helpless gods; and now their heart and soul is turning "from idols to serve the true and living God."

Second, the manifest humility and obedience as is taught and so highly emphasized in the Scriptures.

Third, their zeal and love for souls when once saved.

I have never met with such untiring and persistent Christian workers, as we find here.

Fourth, one among the first things that a seeker or inquirer does on coming to the altar, is that, he reaches down and pulls his pipe from his belt, or thrusts his hand into the large pocket in his sleeve, and gets out his cigarettes and either throws them away or gives them to the missionaries who dispense with them on short notice. Now where the doctrine of full salvation is clearly preached the people in Japan clean up and out—first to get or to keep pardoned, then they seek and obtain a clean heart.

What kind of an example is this for thousands of preachers and church members in enlightened and Christianized America?

Fifth, the eagerness and reponse with which the truly converted accept, seek and obtain the blessed experience of holiness. The gracious experience of "Christ-crowned within" is the glorious privilege of every child of God, whether in the Eastern or Western hemisphere.

We visit a session of our conference that convened in Tokio. We were happy to meet and to converse with Bishop Harris, the presiding officer.

He informed us that the work of the Church in Korea, was simply gracious and fruitful.

He further states that, "The work of evangelizing results in the salvation of more souls, than can be baptized and taken into the Church because of the need of more pastors."

We were treated with kindness and Christian courtesy, while among this conference body; and will not soon forget our joy and profit that we gained by forming the acquaintance and association of such a body of preachers and workers as constitutes this conference.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## HOME-WARD BOUND.

With many urgent calls to visit different stations of various churches and especially mission stations up and down the land, our hands and hearts, and time were consumed with the continual work in the campaign as described in the last chapter, so with all this gracious chain of work, we were not able to respond to but few other calls, as our time was limited for Japan; but we visited Brother and sister Smelser who are leaders of the "Sent of God" mission in Yokohama.

Their mission is located on a theater street, where many hundreds are thronging by the door.

We sing some and then preach through an interpreter to a good size, and appreciative audience.

It was simply marvellous. One thing is very certain, and that is, if your interpreter is not clear and free in his own experience, it matters not how hard you try to explain and enforce the need and sacred privilege of getting sanctified wholly through the precious blood of Jesus, the message and its fire seems to fall lifeless on the ears of the hearers.

The same is true in America with a preacher who, hasn't a conscious witness that "The blood cleanses from all sin" when he attempts to preach on the gracious state of grace, which he does not himself possess; the sermon seems lifeless of tone, depth of

power, clearness of doctrine and beauty of grace; and the audience fails to respond, and spiritual apathy seems to dominate.

Our short stay with this station seemed to have been fruitful in immortal souls plunging into the fountain of life, and how sweetly they would sing

Tada shinze yo  
Shindzuru monona  
Tarensé, Mina

Sukuwaren,—which means, “Glory to His name; glory to His name; There to my heart, was the blood applied, glory to His name.”

We are greatly surprised and yet delighted to observe the amount of western influence upon this city of Yokohama. The tide of prosperity and the great influx of western civilization is forming this city into one like one of our thriving centres of America.

The relation that this city has with other nations in their commercial pursuits makes it famous and also quite conspicuous in the eyes of different countries.

There is some faithful work being done here, but not what might or ought to be, as we view the need and the marvellous opportunity for missionaries and a good, solid and aggressive station to do work for the Master, in meeting the various ships, with their hundreds of passengers and sailors and doing personal work, and by coming in touch with the thousands of seamen and preaching Christ unto them; and at the same time keep the mission running on full salvation lines.

I rather think that Brothers Cowman and Kil-

bourne will install workers at this strategic point. The present population reaches nearly two hundred thousand.

The new town is numbered by houses and not streets, thus—"No 86, Yokohama."

We are delighted with our visit through the native Bazaars of this city—they are a long and narrow room, perhaps ten feet wide, and on either side are the Japanese curios of wood, tin, brass, paper, copper and cloth. You will notice that most all the clerks are girls, who are very polite and neat in their manners and deportment.

You continue in this narrow hall-like room, winding and turning and passing clerks and great quantities of goods. Eventually you come out just a few feet from where you entered; and on the same street.

We are now in Tokio, with our beloved missionary friends, with our luggage on a cart, and all ready to go. We bid our friends adieu, and with all the energies we possess, as the students are shouting out to us, some in English, "Good bye," "Goody bye," and others in their native tongue, cry out "Say-o-nara," the meaning of it is, "Since it must be so," and the noble girls and boys are bowing so gracefully unto us, we feel too ungrateful and utterly unable to respond with any degree of manners and politeness. As we walk away from that blessed Bible school amid the shining faces and cheering words we feel to say, "Behold, what God hath wrought." We shout back—"Hallelujah," and some respond "Praise de Lawd," and "Glory to Jesus." It was a sight and occasion worth all that came across our pathway that seemed to contest our rights in this life. God bless the work in Tokio-Fuka, Japan;

and all others who are striving to magnify our coming Redeemer.

This seems to have closed our actual missionary tour, for nothing but water and a few islands intervene between us and faraway home-land.

It has been our glorious honor of witnessing between fifteen hundred and two thousand souls, seeking the Lord in the pardon of their sins or in sanctifying of their souls since our leaving America, in less than one year. Glory to His matchless name forever!

It is strange, but so blessed, that in such a short space of time to form acquaintance, create fellowship and become cemented in faith, works and co-operation, that you don't realize the depth and value until you are forced to break away; then you can begin to feel and know the blessed mysteries of sanctified association! I mean that unity and fellowship which grows and flows from a heart made clean, and a life filled with the fragrance of the Holy Ghost.

What wonderful days and gracious weeks were those spent in the Master's service, while thus we tarried in "The Sunrise Empire." We shall never forget the wondrous seasons of Divine grace upon our poor hearts as we were associated with that host of sanctified students with their teachers as we labored in Mission No. 1, and Asakusa Missions, also during the street or open-air meetings, which were usually conducted in the great Neno Park, where thousands of young and old, rich and poor, men and women, repair to stroll and gaze upon the beautiful cherry blossoms, to rest and be amused.

It is here that a crowd of the students—all on fire—come with their musical instruments and play and

sing our full salvation songs in their native tongue, then they turn loose a red hot stream of testimonies and preaching of God's word to that vast throng who have gathered all around us, until there is but little standing room for us, then we are invited to sing some song in English, which attracts the ears of most all young Japanese boys, who are eager to learn all the English they can, so the crowds increase. Then we are asked to give a message; this we do and our interpreter gives it out to the throng of eager, and spell-bound souls in torrents of zeal, power and faith.

It is simply marvellous to see the effect of this open-air work in scattering tracts and portions of the Scripture. The Lord is crowning this people and their work, with "fruit that will remain."

It was 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, April the 28th, 1906.

Our friends, Rev. and Sister Whitney who are laboring in connection with the society mentioned, Sister Minnie Upperman, Brother Kilbourne, daughter and son, together with Bro. and Sister Smelser, gathered on the shore with us, when we hired a "Sampan" and put our baggage in and all sailed out to the great Ocean-queen.

It was a very tender cord that bound us to these millions of souls, and to the great work now in operation on radical holiness lines; and for these dear workers who are laboring against odds and ends that the people in the home-land know but little about. Their crowns will shine with fadeless luster, and their capacity for the sublime wonders of glory and grace will eclipse that of the comon rank and file of the Christian world.

You will see steam-launches of various sizes, colors and character as they plow their way up to our great vessel,—some are the steamer's launches, others are hotel, government and private launches,—but all loaded with friends and relatives to bid some fare-well and others were those who are to cross the Pacific.

I remember just at the shore where had congregated a great crowd of fine-looking Japanese, men and women, the women were dressed in their modest and beautiful attire, while the men, doubtless merchants and bankers—were dressed out in Prince Albert suits with tall silk hats.

When one very distinguished Japanese banker walked along the stone pavement that intervened between the custom house and the waters' edge, there was formed a line on either side of him, and as he passed down the aisle, and down the stone-steps to the little platform which is lower, they all bowed three times, very gracefully and he bowed as he walked, then after he was on the launch this bowing was renewed until the little boat bore him out of their sight.

We notice some differences in the customs of the people on their departure. The Americans and English shout, "Good bye."

The Greeks, as a rule, kiss the top of the right hand on their separating.

The Turks raise their right hand across the forehead and say "Salum" and the Japanese bow gracefully and shout back "Sayonara."

Our scenes around the ship are shifting and important in their various aspects. The heavy cargo is about all boarded, the great quantity of baggage is now going into the hold of the ship. Fruit and curio-

sellors are flying around on their errands; the mails are now coming on, and this is a great item; the decks are crowded with relatives and friends talking,—choking,—attempting conversation, and others weeping.

Sailors and officers are rushing and dispatching work, which must precede our long journey.

The great gong sounds and friends are dividing and the decks are being cleared of all who are not prepared for this perilous journey.

We talk fast, until our heart seems to get into our throats, and our eyes fill—our friends give us their blessings and kind cheering words.

Now the whistle blows and every one goes down the long ladder that runs down the ship, so the people can descend to the launches and Sampans.

Our anchor is lifted and we start on our long, long voyage, which is more than six thousand miles.

Our flags are all flying at full mast, and our mammoth engines start the gigantic propellers which move our steamer forward.

Our kind friends are waving their little white flags and shouting to us until their voices fail to reach our ears, and until distance separates us, we bow our heads and breathe a prayer for them, and the work of their hands, that the Lord will continue His gracious manifestations and operations upon their work and workers as has been so clearly revealed in the past.

O, the possibilities of the modern holiness movement upon the ripened fields of Japan!

Who can describe the triumphs of the Church, if she only was “filled with faith and the Holy Ghost,” as she would march across these battlefields where paganism, sin and superstition reign.



Grey-Hounds of the Pacific.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

## PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.

We passed out of the beautiful bay, with the many and various classes of warships waiting in silence for the word that would cause a stir. O, the vast difference in the battle-ships of Europe, America and Japan compared with those of China. The great empire has the population, but little Japan possesses a navy that would wade right through that of her next-door-neighbor whose family out-numbers them nearly ten to one.

We pass close by the first-class battle-ships "Ohio" and "Wisconsin." They lower the flag as we steam by, and in response we lower the great flag on our huge vessel.

What a monster of the navy is the "Ohio" with her glittering, death-dealing guns, shining steel, smoking funnels, and with her impenetrable armour plates!

As we gaze upon these dreadful and frightful looking monsters of war, we wonder what the next twenty or thirty years will reveal, using the present material that is now before our eyes for foundation?

Seeing the tremendous inventions within the marine circles of the past thirty years, who is able to foretell of the certain revelations and startling inventions that await even this rising generation?

Who would have thought the greatest part of wars and terrible conflicts would have been transferred from the land forces or hand-to-hand combats to

watery plains, and bloody battles caused by modern "men of war?"

It appeared until very recently that a nation's strength and possibilities were vested within her army; but the secret now seems to be formed in the power and equipment of her navy.

We bid farewell to the great city of Yokohama and her famous harbor, where scores of great ocean-liners are streaming, ready for their long voyage, or others just arrived.

In our childish mind we used to wonder that so many ships crossing and re-crossing the ocean, how they kept out of one another's way; and we were the more surprised as we crossed to know where all the ships had gone, for we had passed or seen scarcely a single one during our great voyage. At times you will almost conclude that you are clear out of touch with the world in which you were born, raised, and had been preaching and travelling through, but now you seemed to be on a globe of trackless, moving, rolling, thundering and dashing water.

Now the glitter and glare of the works of men are hidden from our vision; all the artificial and deceptive has been eclipsed, and the "beggarly (poorly) elements of the world seem to have faded from even our natural eye, all the surface-like, light and frivolous, certainly have been enveloped in the mighty deep. The roar and din of commerce, industry and society has died away beneath the thunderings of Jehovah upon this vast domain of His creation.

The rush and clamour of speculators, financial thieves and oppressors of the poor appear to have made their last dash before our eyes; all the earth has vanish-

ed, the charms have lost their grip and attraction; and the material and natural things so common fail now to respond or to meet with any sort of reception in our awe-stricken and infatuated soul or mind. One will say, "All that's fancy or imaginary and will not stand the test." Well, we are aware of this being a mental panorama or a visionary picture, but the truth of the matter, when properly applied, is that when a soul launches out, severs all connection with the worldliness of this age, then he lets down his net into the deep and all the elements of carnality are removed from his heart by the all-cleansing "blood of the everlasting covenant" and then he joyfully receives "the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire," in all His blessed fullness, which not only cleanses the heart, but at the same time will clarify the vision and illuminate the mind, so that the beauty, glory and majesty of our God will ever fill and thrill his enraptured gaze.

The world, with all it possesses or professes, will have no charm for,

"That soul, that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes."

But it will proclaim as with the poet,

"I am drinking at the fountain, where I ever would  
abide,  
For I've tasted life's pure river, and my soul is satisfied.  
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, nor adorning,  
rich and gay,  
For I've found a richer treasure, one that fadeth not  
away."

It is very certain and evident that when a soul is transplanted from the kingdom of darkness to that of light, the logical sequence and natural inference would be, that his life would be full of light, and free from darkness. Again, if according to the Scriptures, one is "not of the world even as I am not of the world," he must belong to and represent another and subsist upon that mysterious but well-known hemisphere. Then to clinch the truth and draw the line, which separates the heaven-bound citizen who is yet in the world, from those who are of the world—worldly and in the real sense—are its own, we will quote the descriptive standard clearly given in "Thus saith the Lord:"

"Love not the world, neither the things in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in Him."

Now this will locate and fully photograph every person, just their condition of heart and relation of life to heaven or of the "world which lieth in wickedness," and then to forever make the contrast vivid and positive it is added, "He that is a friend of the world is an enemy to God."

You see we are to be in the world, but really living in one new and very distinct from the one visible to the natural vision.

O, the visions of our God which fill the eyes of the soul as we roll over this trackless domain! What revelations of His power and majesty we receive as we glance over the surging, stormy deep! What blessed seasons of communion we have, as we are shut out from all the world, but shut in with such sacred environments and gracious relation—all with our Lord!

How luminous the word, glorious and strengthen-

ing the sacred truth! O, how sweetly are we assured of His presence; what blessings in prayer, and how high and profitable are the hours and days unto our souls as we plow across the rolling billows.

Many days have passed with nothing in sight but the surging waves, heaving billows, and the continued sweeping of the restless spray.

But we never tire of standing on the highest deck where our view will be unobstructed and gaze far out upon the stormy bosom and remember the promise is, that all who perished in this vast world of water will at that day arise and appear before the judgment seat of Christ, when the trumpet sounds. O! what an innumerable army will march from the coral depths of the mighty ocean, to meet their record, and to receive their reward!

Without an event of danger or loss of life we are safely guarded and preserved by the everlasting arms over and around our ship. We have travelled about four thousand miles since our eyes have feasted upon the beauty of the land or the vegetable kingdom.

We are anxious to see what we have read of in geography and in other works, and that is "The Paradise of the Pacific." One would naturally think that this referred to the beauty and character of the great ocean of that name. But you are informed that the word "Pacific" doesn't properly and fully express the true nature and character of this ocean at all times. True, it is not as a whole so stormy as other oceans, but when we tell you it was on the Pacific that we encountered our four days and nights of storm, and the old vessel would crack and creak as if it would snap in two, and we were certain of a watery grave. But

our Lord who stilled the storm on Galilee, "spake to the winds and they obeyed Him" during the roaring of the troubled deep and "all was a calm."

It was on Sabbath morning, so clear, cool and beautiful, that we stood on the upper deck looking upon an island of small dimensions, but composed of volcanic rocks and lava. It arose in a bold and bare manner, with gigantic stone walls and towering summit; and but little soil, if any, could be detected.

It was literally covered and high above were swarming birds and sea-fowls.

It must be a haven to rest the wearied pinions of millions of birds.

O, how delightful for these little tired birds and for the great old sea-gull to light and rest, then rise and pursue their journey! This is the nearest thing that resembles land that we have seen since our departure from the beautiful little island empire of over four thousand miles on the trackless ocean.

How good it is to gaze on that little island of rock and it swarming with fowls!

What a fortress for the innocent birds in times of storm, and when the ocean is gushing out her spray and foam, to fly thither and dwell under its protection! Then such a beautiful haven for them to rest and warble in the sunshine and sing the hours away!

Now the ocean is calm, smooth and looks like a sea of silver, the waters are deep and as you observe closely, are blue as indigo.

One will be surprised to know the various colors of the water in different portions of the world. The Atlantic is clear and usually rough.

The Mediterranean Sea is deep and exceeding blue,

while the Indian ocean appears rather a little milky, but of a placid bosom unless during the "Monsoons" then veritable cyclones ensue.

The Bay of Bengal is calm and of a mixture of clear and bluish color.

The Red Sea is well-named. The name of the Black Sea is not detracting from the truth of its nature, and the Yellow Sea has a proper name. While that of the Pacific is deep, clear, blue and placid, however storms of great fury and destructive power are encountered on its bosom. Now our ship is passing a school of small islands of volcanic origin. They appear rough and unapproachable.

There is a sprinkle of vegetation and timber of a native growth to be seen here and there forming a picture of value and which is greatly appreciated by one passenger at least, and judging from the crowds and their maneuvering, you would conclude others were of the same taste as the writer, regarding the scenery now before our eyes.

May the 7th, we arose early to meet with a clear, bright and balmy morning; and found we were entering the charming and interesting harbor of Honolulu.

The city's background is certainly majestic and grand, with towering hills possessing a rich carpet of green, dotted with elegant cottages and interspersed with gardens of greatest choice and taste. Then slowly we descend amid beautiful residences and large courts and squares containing a variety of fruits and flowers of rare and valuable taste and aroma.

Still, we descend until we walk the spacious streets, behold the large public buildings, and see revealed the absence of oriental and historic ruins and splendor as

we have been accustomed to walk amid; but we notice taste and concern for beauty and elegance, capacity for and appearance of peace and prosperity fully outlined as we stroll the streets, or take a street-car ride, or pass through the government houses and gaze upon the churches and the institution of culture for both head and heart. We are in Honolulu, capital of the Hawaiian Island, whose entire population of the city and islands reach about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, and the tide of immigration from China, Japan, and America is giving an increase of hundreds to the inhabitants each year. Our ship brought several hundred Japanese here to work on the tea plantations of the islands.

The islands are owned and controlled by the government of the United States. They have their governor and officers as constitute the State staff.

The mineral products of the islands are coal, iron and copper.

The products of the land are rice, tea, beets, cocoa palm, bananas and grapes, then the variety of fruits and flowers make it appear as though you were still in the Orient. The foreign and native shrubbery is the stately palm-tree, beautiful magnolias, whose blossoms capture the vision and whose odors intoxicate the smell, abound in the lovely lawns and imposing parks.

We are delighted with the magnificent government houses, the postoffice, executive quarters and official departments which are striking in beauty of arrangement and attractiveness of appearance.

The commodious hotels and the spacious mercantile and commercial buildings reveal the rapid progress

and growing prosperity of this little territory, away out there surrounded by the rolling Pacific.

We feast upon the beauty revealed in the wide and clean streets, the beautiful shade trees, the cozy dwellings; and then turn to view an excellent street-car system purely of American construction and operation. A large water-supply, an excellent light plant and a public school system. All this and other institutions of culture, learning and training, together with several beautiful and commodious churches which are growing along with the progress of the country. We enjoy it. Then the industrial and commercial activities of this city almost lead one to feel as if he were in a prosperous city of our fair South-land. We visit the Aquarian, where you can see living specimens of every variety of fish to be found in the ocean of this climate. This is to be reached by an electric car line from the city up the sea-side.

We walk out on the shore and watch the ceaseless and restless waves as they come rolling in and break upon the rock-bound coast, and sing their dying anthems, while others hasten on and catch up the sorrowful refrain. Thus time and tide go on, waiting for no man.

Reader, what you and I do, we must do now, for our opportunity will soon be forever gone.

The natives here resemble our American Indians. They are brown and usually stout, healthy and appear intelligent and industrious.

The influx of Chinese and Japanese seems to be on the rapid increase.

The climate is warm and congenial.

They have some frost upon the highest mountain

peaks, but as a rule it is a perennial spring-time which produces tropical fruits and flowers and a charming climate the year around.

We had several light, but very refreshing showers while here, which seemed to have added new beauty and glory to everything about.

Peace and prosperity appear at every turn, as you witness the modern advancements among this people.

We stepped into a holiness mission which is located on one of the principal streets of the city. It is a beautiful, large and well-equipped hall, suitable for salvation work.

We were sorry that we failed to meet the leader of this work.

Upon investigation we found that their song books used in the mission were the "Songs of Praise and Victory," published by our noble Christian Witness Company, of Chicago.

We observed that the books were worn and torn from use.

This is a hopeful sign of the general life and activity of a mission,—that of worshipers and their delight in singing.

We were informed that this mission stands for Bible holiness, and is greatly owned of the Lord, in the salvation of souls.

The leader is the widow of a wealthy banker of this city: her name is Mrs. Bishop.

The harbor is crowded with merchant-fleets and fishing boats, and a few large steamers which are unloading and taking on cargo.

There seems to be a new company getting on our

ship. They are anxious to gaze upon the horrible sight which San Francisco presents.

Hawaiian Island is of tremendous value and importance to the United States, and she is destined and determined to make them a paradise indeed, for the rich and those who have retired from the world's activities, that they may repair hither and feast upon the tropical climate, with its delightful fruits and flowers the remainder of their earthly pilgrimage.

But with all the commanding beauty, the congenial climate and valuable fruits, and famous flowers of this city, I don't care to live here, for there stands just behind the proud and prosperous metropolis of the Pacific a threatening volcano,—that's enough for me. You may move there and abide, but please let me remain from under the shadow of such danger. There is plenty of room elsewhere.

As you stand upon an eminence and gaze over the situation with its vast city and the charming native growth of bright green, then the excellent harbor, dotted with boats, then farther away to the distant fields and orchards, until your eye sweeps over and around it all, then with the grand rolling Pacific to form the frame, you are struck with the thought that the whole picture of such beauty had either been let down from the blue vaulted heavens, or else it had arisen from the depth of the briny deep.

Truly it is

“The paradise of the Pacific.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## OUR MAJESTIC STEAMER.

We are sure a great many of our readers have never yet been permitted to sail on the ocean. Others have never been on the seaside and gazed upon the mammoth ships, and many may never have the opportunity of either of the above, so we thought it good to mention our ship and some things carried on in connection with it in ocean-travel.

First, to give you an idea of the travelling done in this age of the world, I will simply and briefly mention this one instance. On our arrival in Hong Kong, we hurried to the office of this ship's company, and—we shall believe in answer to prayer—just got there and had booked for the last stateroom, when right behind us came a crowd seeking a voyage by the same ship; and we came on and spent nearly two months in Japan before the ship that was to carry us to America had come by after us. I mean to say that we secured our passage to America by way of this ship, over two months before it left for that country.

The name of our ship is the "Manchuria," named after the Province of Manchuria. She has a sister ship whose name is the "Mongolia," built, owned and controlled by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Our vessel is six hundred and sixteen feet long, or over two hundred yards. It is about eighty feet wide, and from the top of the sky-light to the bottom

of the ship is more than seventy-five feet. Her ponderous engines are twenty-seven thousand horse power, and her displacement is twenty-seven thousand tons. Now to give you a still larger conception of the tremendous size and power of this ship, I must inform you that she burns one hundred and fifty tons of coal every day, and it requires thirty-six Chinamen to shovel this coal. They work alternately with six in a gang, and this work stops neither day or night, as long as the ship is travelling.

The speed of the vessel is usually determined by the amount of fuel used.

It requires four thousand, five hundred tons of coal for fuel to burn in her furnaces, in running from Hong Kong, China, to San Francisco, Cal. To add yet still greater proportions to this huge picture before your mind, let me mention what we farmers call "the smoke-stack," or the funnel of the vessel; it is one hundred and fifty feet long and is eighteen feet in diameter. You would see that this is needful too, if you could see the clouds of smoke which roll from the furnace below and which boil out at the top, and then go rafting off until it evidently is enveloped in the sea.

The engines are of the compound quadruple and double expansion make. From the top to the bottom of the engines measures more than forty feet, and there are iron ladders of several flights to ascend and descend about the engine to aid and keep it in perfect order.

Now go with me to the bottom of ship. We are walking on the bottom of this great ship and perhaps we are thirty or forty feet below the surface of the sea, and nothing but one thickness of steel which forms

the hull of the vessel is between us and the mighty ocean depths. But that steel is fully one inch thick and usually is doubled. We walk to the rear end, and notice two mammoth steel shafts coming from the center of the ship, and are elevated a little, and they lay along either side of the steamer near the bottom.

They run along the rear and project on the outside of the ship; on the ends of these great shafts are fastened the mighty steel propellers which, while revolving force the ship to go forward or can be reversed and will draw the ship backward. These shafts are more than three hundred feet long and measure twenty-two inches in diameter. The engines are fastened to them and the engines turn the shafts, these turn the propellers and the propellers force the steamer forward. Who can imagine the weight of these shafts? The engine and boiler rooms occupy the middle of the ship from the bottom and well-nigh up to the top, and either side and each end will be found various departments.

At each end of the ship it is called the "hold of the ship," in this the cargo and baggage is stored. Then at the very bottom of the ship are the store rooms where are kept all the fruits, vegetables and foods, then there is the refrigerator where meats and all fresh fish are kept on ice.

Then the next floor above this is where the steerage class have their bunks: and when the sea is so rough that they are not admitted on the bow decks, they are forced to stay inside these dark and filthy closed-up departments, and if the ocean is angry for several days, the odors of these places become offensive and exceedingly foul. One day, we, in company

with others, took a walk down and through these quarters, and we found most all kinds of tongues and tribes, classes and conditions of men and women, appearing very dirty and repulsive in their taste and appearance. Now we pass up from the steerage department to the first class sections of the vessel.

The steerage class is not allowed to come into the first cabins or onto their decks. The ship in this department, is cut up into rows of staterooms varying in size: halls and stairways run in many directions. Our stateroom is iron or steel but is painted snow-white with some richly painted furniture, such as washstand, toilet case, clothes racks and chairs. Our room is large enough for three beds—half-beds—and one sofa.

We can push our steamer trunk and grips under our beds. The beds are of steel frame, with modern side-boards, excellent springs and the best of bed suits. Our room is well carpeted and is beautifully lighted by electricity; you are also furnished with electric bells.

There is a servant who attends to your room, who keeps it clean dressed, your shoes shining, and will answer the call of your bell.

Now the gong sounds for dinner. We will walk with you to what is named "The second dining saloon." I remember when we first boarded our ship in New York, I was walking around through it, I came to the above name. Well—I drew back and soliloquized, "I won't be caught in a saloon, and I'll get away quickly."

Well, of course I learned better soon and came

back to this specific place, three times each day until we landed.

It just meant that this room was where the second class passengers ate their meals, and had no earthly reference to a place where they sell and drink liquid damnation. The only trouble was, I didn't happen to know the difference then.

Now we are in the first class dining saloon. It is a large room, well ventilated, lighted, carpets in between the tables; there are electric fans over you, cushioned chairs, and the table-linen and ware are beautifully arranged. The officers of the ship usually occupy the seats at the ends of the tables; and they are systematically separated and divided all over the dining room. Chinese waiters, all dressed alike with their cues hanging down their backs; and at the tap of a bell, all the waiters start for the middle end of the larger room where the courses for the meal are served. For your benefit I will here insert a list of one meal that you may see how they feed people on the ocean.

### DINNER.

Thursday, May 3, 1906.

Hors D'Oeuvre

Caviar Toast.

Chutney,

Horseradish,

Soup.

Puree of Lentils,

Consomme,

Fish.

Baked Yellow Tails,

Wine Sauce.





Taylor High School for Girls—Poona, India.

## Boiled.

Pigs cheek with hominy.

Brisket of Beef, horse radish sauce.

## Entrees.

Chicken Fricassee, A la American,

Epigrammes of Lamb, with Peas,

Calf's Brains Vol au Vent,

Queen Fritters, Sauce Sabayon.

## Roasts.

Prime ribs of Beef an Jus.

Loin of Veal, with dressing.

Gosling, Apple Sauce.

## Vegetables.

Green peas, snow potatoes, stewed tomatoes,

Boiled tomatoes.

## Dessert.

Chocolate Pudding, Vanilla Sauce, Cranberry

Pie, Plum Pie, Nabisco Assorted Cakes,

Preserved Chow Chow, Bartlett Pears,

Nuts, and Raisins, Crackers, Cheese,

Milk, Tea, Coffee.

## Fruits.

Oranges, Bananas, Apples and toothpicks.

Now reader what do you think of this?

No doubt you will want to take a journey. Your plate is changed for most all those courses. It usually requires one hour to serve dinner and sometimes one hour and a half.

Of course the wines were not mentioned in the above list for we don't use them and it is extra from the regular course. Yes, and it most generally turns one from the right course too. There are usually

three meals served each day, with a lunch which the waiter brings to you, while you are in bed at early morning, unless you order him not to, then at four P. M., another one is served.

Well, you would certainly make "a god of your stomach" if you were to give way to all the eating rules on these large ships. There are all the equipments of the modern city hotels equally furnished on these vessels. Toilet and bath-rooms, barber shops, bakery, carpenter shop, music-rooms, card-tables, and the "smoker" is attached. Yes, a regular old filthy, sloppy, vulgar "saloon" is, as usual, crowded and to be found in a very conspicuous place.

Gambling and immoral conduct sway their scepters in portions of the ship.

We have spacious decks to walk or sit upon. Divine service is usually held in the magnificent music room. We have on board, about one thousand passengers, many of whom are of the steerage company; but there are several hundred in ours.

We had on board several preachers of different orders and names. We had good services on board the ship both Sabbaths, as we arrived at the desolated city the last Sunday there were no services. We greatly enjoyed the seasons of grace during these services. We had two splendid sermons, full of thought, seasoned with grace and scholarly information, and were delivered with pathos and power.

We recall as we were sailing from Singapore up to Hong Kong, on a Sabbath we had a very polished clergyman of the "high-Church" to fill the pulpit, and, as he knew, that Dr. W. B. Godbey of the M. E. Church, South and we young men of the M. E.

Church, also Bishop Selew, of the Free Methodist Church and his noble companion, with some missionaries, formed a part of his audience, he began and opened up at length to inform his audience that "the doctrine and experience of holiness was progressive and could not be obtained at an instant as some teach, but it begins in the regeneration of a soul and continues until "we awake in His likeness;" and it is misleading to teach, to urge, and invite the people to instantaneous sanctification, but incite them to go on and grow in grace." Well, we felt like saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." But here is Zinzendorfan theology, and men of brains and wide observation who swallow it and turn to proclaiming a system of mere thought which dishonors Christ, clouds the atonement, grieves the Holy Spirit, and impedes the work of God, both in the individual and of the Church. We have serious minds, thoughtful hearts and noble characters on board; then too, we have a giddy crowd of laughers, card-players, dram-drinkers, cigarette-smokers and busy-body fellows who seem never to have a serious look or an hour of quiet study. But as we drew nearer the city of sorrow and sadness we thought this jolly set would surely become sober for manners' sake anyhow, but to our overwhelming surprise there was a "dance on the upper deck" the last night, prior to our arrival. We repaired to another part of the ship for study, prayer and meditation. Then at our usual hour we retired devoutly thanking God that all the desire for such frivolities as were rife on our ship had been taken away and we cried unto Him for a closer walk and that our life might speak for Jesus. We investigat-

ed and found out from the manager of the Freight Department that they had a cargo of opium—alone—of five hundred thousand dollars value, coming from China to America. What think ye? The Chinaman says, “we give opium for cigarettes.”

The Church should respond, “we will take your scoffs and cruel treatment, but we will bring you ‘glad tidings of great joy’ and a Saviour from all sin.”

Will close this chapter, with this incident. Of all the remarkable occurrences that have taken place during this wide-world voyage was on May the 3, 1906, when we crossed the “International date-line.” This line has its beginning away up in the Behring Sea, and runs in a Southern direction and ends away down in the Southern ocean. The strangeness of the event is, that we had two Thursdays in one week, or eight full days in this week. The cause is revealed in the fact of the world being round and is comprised of 360 degrees, and the world revolving once in twenty-four hours, and we were travelling toward the rising of the sun and hence we were gaining one hour in every one thousand miles that we travelled; and as it is about twenty-five thousand miles around the earth at the equator, hence you see in our circunnavigation of the globe, we gained one day. There must be a general dividing line through the world somewhere, and it was drawn down the Pacific, this was necessary to have a starting point and many centuries ago this line and the given direction of it was agreed upon in Rome, and that this line should be called and known as “The International date-line,” and that it should be the dividing line between the Eastern or Orient, from the Western or Occident. It was Thurs-

day when we arrived at this line, and on our crossing we met the Thursday that was now dawning there, hence our two Thursdays.

If we had been travelling the other direction, we would have lost a day, instead of gaining one.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## HOME-SWEET HOME.

In the harbor of Honolulu we observed a craft of the old model, which was directed by wind and sail, and the speed and certainty of its going depended entirely upon wind and wave. Then again, we recalled that at another time, we were forced to lie in port "waiting for the tide to come in" so we could go out on the current. Reader, has it ever occurred to you that there are throngs of church members who assume a neutral position on most all the subjects that agitate and especially such as provoke opposition as that of Bible holiness, isolation from wordly fraternities and cleanliness of personal habits? These folks remain silent and unpronounced, but when a revival-wave sweeps down from heaven upon an humble, earnest and energetic congregation and the work of God flourishes in that Church or association, then you observe these floating crafts coming in on the spiritual tides; but you watch these fellows; they will be like the boy who was walking down a crowded street. He was observed in the middle of the thoroughfare stalking along and gazing on the large buildings on either side. Someone from the sidewalk called to him, "Hello there Sam, where were you raised?" He lowered his vision and responded, "I wasn't raised, I just floated down the river, on a raft with dad." You get the point? They just float along and soon float out.

But a very beautiful and striking significance in

our great ocean vessel and that of a person who has been "filled with all the fulness of God." The steamer does not depend at all on wind or wave, but simply applies the power that she possesses and fulfils her mission in life; so does the individual who has "The old man crucified," and is in possession of "The Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire," and is living in the center of his Master's will. He does not depend on feelings, circumstances, environments or surroundings, but he, "With a conquering tread, will march ahead and trust God to roll the sea away."

We arise early, it is the Sabbath. What a beautiful clear day! All are out and upon the upper deck, gazing and using field-glasses, trying to see the first glimpse of our native land—America. We have observed that all the giddy, gay and frivolous conduct of those dancing dolls and dudes have changed into a serious state of mind. Why is this? It was while we were in Tokio, Japan, doing revival work when a cable-gram flashed through the ocean and broke to us the sad, sad news of the deathly disaster which befell "The Queen of the West;" and as we are now so near the horrible scene, many of our passengers on board are stricken with great grief—some doubtless had friends or loved ones who suffered in the sorrowful event.

Deep solemnity rests upon all. The ocean has become smooth and our vessel rolls on without noise or any variation. It was 10 o'clock on Sabbath morning, May the 12th, 1906, that our eyes first caught a glimpse of America—United States—our native-land. The charming mountains of California fairly intoxicated our vision for a while.

Soon we cross the dividing line, that is so distinct and contrasting as it separates the coast waters of the Bay from the "wide-wide sea."

We see in the distance a small boat that seems to be anchored, anyhow it is quite still.

Our monstrous old whistle fairly jars the ship as it announces its nearness, and that steam is cut off. We glide along everybody is out and gazing upon the distant blue hills, and toward that little boat. Finally our ship comes to a standstill, and that boat steams up closer. Pretty soon their flags all go up; no sooner is this noticed than from our four great masts, fly flags and banners of their respective color and character.

Every eye is upon that man, who is climbing down from the small ship now he gets into a small row-boat and is brought up to our steel monster and ascends our ship on a rope ladder. O, how glad we are to see him. He ascends to the pilot bridge and takes charge of our ship and guides it safely into the harbor. O, won't it be glorious, reader, for the Pilot of Galilee to meet and greet us, as we near the eternal haven and land our vessel safely in the harbor of sublime rest? O, I must be there! Reader, are you certain that you are ready for the glorious meeting and reception that awaits the blood-washed throng?

Now, land is on either side of us and we are passing into "The Golden Gate," so famous the world over for its charming beauty and unsurpassed splendor.

We start that sweet chorus,

"Where the angels wait, at the golden gate.

To conduct us there, to the mansions fair:

We're marching on."

The light house is to our right as we go forward.

Forts are to be observed higher up on the slopes. Our vessel steams and seems to weep and mourn over the loss in the stricken city which we are now slowly approaching.

We are halted by the government custom officer and physician, who come on board and proceed to examine both passengers and their baggage.

O, the sorrowful scene that filled our vision as we turned squarely toward "the city of destruction" and gazed upon the vast plain of fire-swept streets and great business-squares. The scene becomes more dreadful as we draw nearer. It is a panorama of devastation and death. Away up on yonder hill, whose summit contained one of the greatest hotels and some of the most elegant residences and palaces of the city, now stands in colossal ruins; and as the eyes sweep down the slopes where once stretched beautiful homes, back from the clean white streets studded with lovely shade-trees, it now appears as some stubble-field that had been swept by the angry flames.

It was safely estimated that ten miles square had been completely swept by fire, and in many instances there remained nothing, but the ground upon which the houses stood.

After hours of hard work our "Grey-hound of the Pacific" was safely landed in the docks. O, the scene that now fills and captures our gaze, the tears were free and unrestrained; how our hearts melted at the surroundings.

See! what a throng of friends and loved ones had gathered on the wharf to greet the company on board. O, how the tears of joy and sorrow flow from thousands of eyes! No one is afraid or ashamed to weep, or

for their tears to flow, though surrounded by many hundred weeping. Our noble-hearted captain was greatly troubled all during our long voyage of more than six thousand miles, over the sad news.

But from our high deck, we observed his beautiful companion and sweet-faced little daughter as the weeping captain pointed them out. They stood shouting something that was hardly understood, and waved their handkerchiefs and cried for joy.

The Captain had lost all he had in a material sense,—but his wife and daughter were spared; this, well-nigh overwhelmed him with joy uncontrollable.

Others received sad, sad news of their friends or relatives who succumbed to the merciless flames.

We had no one to meet and greet us, as many of our company had, but we really did “rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep” this day.

When at 5 o'clock p. m., Sunday, May the 12th, our gang plank was lowered and the gates were opened, the scenes that followed we shall never forget. Loved ones embracing, friends meeting and greeting each other. Some sobbing aloud, and shouting “Hello there,” “I am so glad to see you again,” “God bless you,” “Well you are here at last,” we simply stood by ourselves away upon the deck, leaning over the rail and viewed the touching situation.

It looked like the great crowd down on the platform had turned to white, waving handkerchiefs. What a sight!

O, the tender reception that is given a ship that is laden with precious cargo!

What will the scene be, when the grand old “Ship Zion” sails majestically into the royal port and the

angelic bands, with their harps of gold thrill the celestial harbor with music unutterably glorious; then that innumerable company of blood-washed souls swell the chorus,

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.”

This scene well paid us for all the conflicts, privations, trials, hardships and exposures that we had encountered during our journey around the globe.

So it will be that the certain and coming event, that we slightly referred to above, will repay us all a thousand-fold for all the misunderstandings, misrepresentations, stubborn conflicts, persecutions and sore afflictions that may meet or overtake us in this life. But then we will sing with the poet.

“I’ll sail the wide seas no more. The tempest may sweep o’er the wild, stormy deep. In Jesus I’m safe evermore.”

Fortunately the great postoffice was spared in this dreary waste of surrounding ruins, and we hastened away next morning from our ship and received “good news from home,” telling us all were well and were looking and waiting for our return. This gladdened our hearts.

As there was no place to stay in San Francisco, unless we would take chances in going over to Oakland to find hotel accommodations, our only hope was to remain on the ship and according to the great kindness of our Captain we remained on the ship until next

day—all without charge. Many thanks to his kindness.

We went on a visit to Oakland and met dear Bro. and Sister Ferguson, who are at the head of The Peniel missions, a great work scattered up and down the Pacific coast; also they have mission stations in Egypt and India.

We had arrangements made to conduct a series of meetings in their large mission hall, in San Francisco, but with the city and their property the program yielded to the cruel fire.

But we were greatly refreshed by meeting these servants of the Lord and a band of their faithful workers.

Back to our ship, with our baggage all out and on the platform below. We are forced to return to our staterooms, where we slept, read, prayed, shouted and rejoiced "with joy unspeakable and full of glory" during our great voyage over the mighty ocean.

We turn away with emotion, bidding farewell to the many friends that we formed while on board the steamer. We take train out from Oakland and start on our "journey home."

Good bye great old "Manchuria," who brought us safely across the bosom of the great deep, and now landed us in,

"My country, 'Tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing!

Land where our Fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride!

From every mountain side let freedom ring."

America; the land of liberty; the home of the brave, great and growing America—my home, happy and

glorious. The greatest republic beneath the sun, great in government, in power for good, and for evil, great in peace and prosperity. I am happy to be a native of this land.

We chose the great Santa Fe route which stretches down across "Golden California," the land of fruits and flowers and across the broad sandy wastes of Arizona, then into New Mexico with the sweeping plains, upon whose bosom could be seen beautiful lakes, surrounded with stately trees and graced with imposing cities, royal and grand, but on your approach this picture seems to move forward with corresponding speed.

It is called a "Mirage"—an optical delusion, the eye laboring under deception, which is largely caused by the vastness of the plain, the rolling heat, the burning sands and the brightness of the sun, all forming a mere picture to the eye. It is said that many have been known to perish and die as they attempted to cross the plains and their water-supply gave out, when the sight of these "Mirages" would fan the burning thirst into a flame of untold pain and suffering.

O, how like the deception and delusions of the devil; as on the plains of life, he draws his attractive paintings before the vision of the ambitious youth, when they set out to journey to explore the beauties so charming, but ever in the far away distance; and on their approaching only find out that it is yet ahead. On they go in search for mere fancies and die in their vain attempt, seeking pleasures, finally perishing "In the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

Our long train of ten great coaches is filled with survivors of the San Francisco disaster and a few travellers.

It requires three monster engines to pull us up the great mountains. In Colorado, we leave off two engines and one sweeps over the great plains of Kansas, with her waving grain-fields and beautiful meadows.

It was May the 20th, we arrived at "Home sweet home," met our parents and friends with joy and gratitude beyond words to express. Praise the Lord!

Now we shall rest and enjoy the sacred association of our loved ones at home, for a few days. "Praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

"O, that men would praise Him," for "The earth was full of His praise," and "all thy works shall praise thee," because "The earth was lightened with His glory;" and the glory of God is the light of the celestial world.

Now let us look back a moment, over our journey in which we have travelled over forty thousand miles, on land and water; and by the mercy of God we escaped all sea-sickness and were preserved from plagues, pestilences and epidemics so very prevalent in the old world; were kept from the burning sun of India and the threatening ailments, and amid tempestuous seas we were sheltered under His care and protection and remained "in perfect peace."

We were blest with the sacred privilege of walking on the soil forever made sacred by His presence. In the holy land, we were most joyfully blest in witnessing so many souls getting saved and sanctified, during our labors and travels abroad; and now we have returned to our native-land and now gathered around the pleasant family-circle of good old home; all the way

around enjoyed good health, and now are in splendid health.

Our hearts melt before Him, we fall at His feet and worship. We feel like catching up the angelic chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," and ring its glorious anthems to all the world.

Reader, you have followed me on a journey, perhaps that you will never make yourself, and you have observed that we were brief and very limited in our information and description of the countries, the people and their manners, customs and religions, but only sighted you to a few out of the countless number and varieties.

We, in conclusion of this volume, hope to produce some information, bearing upon the great missionary cause, which was the object of our journey.

Trusting you and the writer will be counted worthy to join the blood-washed army, who "will see the King in His beauty," "and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Amen and Amen.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE HARVEST-FIELD.

As we attempt to survey the profound and stupendous magnitude of this problem, our mind becomes bewildered, and our hearts overwhelmed with the undertaking.

There is so much involved in the task, and there are still greater issues involved in our silence and inactivity upon this the greatest of all pending issues—that of “evangelization of the world in this generation.”

If the Church (we mean all Christians of all Christian bodies) would widen their view, enlarge their comprehension and magnify their limitations until they would embrace the Pentecostal fields of activity—“The regions beyond”—and adopt the spirit and letter of the motto that made one illustrious to all generations to come, “The world is my parish”—when this characterizes our present institutions then we may “thank God and take courage,” that we are pressing on toward the standard of Apostolic preaching, praying, living and laboring, as a Church and as individuals.

When we view the situation as it stands today, it means, in order to face the problem squarely, and approach it properly, then stand steady against the stubborn persistence of the threatening floods of universal indifference, stupidity and criminal neglect, then the dark and deathly currents and foul waves of paganistic superstitions, the gloomy and helpless form of heathen





Hindu Boy.

worship, the traditions of vain philosophers, and the curse of heathen priesthood,—to meet this and many other things, just as dark and repulsive, there must be power brought to bear, concentration of effort, uniting of forces and perfect faith and loyalty on the part of the Christian world, to ever shake the foundations of sin, break down false worship, rebuke the devil, arouse the millions from their sleep of sin, cast out of them evil spirits, and fill them with the blessed Holy Ghost, and make the old earth tremble beneath the tread and power of “them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called.”

This will enable them to fulfill that glorious prophecy, “For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

Jesus invited, rather commanded His disciples to “Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest,” and to draw the limitations, if there be any such, our Lord clearly defines and marks the boundary of the missionary enterprise, when He says, “The field is the world.”

The need of this age is, for the Church to lift up her eyes from those things which tend to secularize and centralize her life and activities; which cluster around her more especially in the home-land.

The common tendency is to contract our vision, as touching the scope of the great commission, which was a positive command not to become self-centered, or self-contented or narrow in missionary operations, “Go ye into all the world,” is the rule and code for all the Church and for all generations to come.

Now let us “lift up our eyes” and get a glimpse of “the field.”

The population of the world today is a grand total of over sixteen hundred million immortal souls for whom Jesus died, arose and now intercedes at the throne. And approximately from this vast throng we must withdraw about ten hundred million who are denominated as heathens "and without God and hope in the world."

You see with about two-thirds of the earth's population yet "in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity," it requires that we should be at "work while it is called day, for the night soon cometh when no man can work."

There are about three hundred million Roman and Greek Catholics in the world.

There are about one hundred and seventy-five million Mohammedans with nearly fifty million Jews, and between one hundred and fifty million and two hundred million embraces all the Christians of all the Protestant world.

Thus you see the great battle and glorious triumph of evangelizing the world, with "the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation," must be, and is delegated to a very few compared with the vast throng which pose under the name of religion. But we are informed that we are in the minority while among the vast concourse of men, who are identified with this old world that is filled with corruption. For Jesus says, "Fear not little flock for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

To get a better and more practical understanding of our subject, let us observe some sections of the field in a more systematic manner.

Beginning with China, whose population reaches

four hundred millions of souls, and not over fifty thousand Christians, and less than two thousand missionaries, preachers and their wives who are engaged in preaching Christ unto this immense throng. There are fifty million who die annually from the use of opium alone, in China.

Christian Missions in China date back to 1807, when Robert Morrison, known as the "last-maker," came to Canton. After seven years of hard work and living like the natives, he baptized his first convert, and completed the translation of the New Testament. Joined by William Milne, they two, in 1818, gave to that empire the whole Bible. Converts began to multiply; between 1853 and 1871, their number had increased more than twenty-fold. Five years ago, it is said, there were over thirty missionary societies at work in the Celestial Empire, with several hundred missionaries and teachers, over one hundred stations and five hundred out-stations.

The China Inland Mission, which was founded by that sainted J. Hudson Taylor, is attracting world-wide attention for the character and quality of work that is being done on the field. There are other independent, yet unsectarian missions which are doing work for the Master, in snatching souls "as brands from the eternal burnings." China is open to the proclamation of the gospel.

The "walls" are down and "every one can go straight up before him."

The evangelizing of China means the evangelizing of all Asiatic tribes.

Just to think of the unsurpassed artificial water-supply; the grand canal which is six hundred and fifty

miles long, is but the largest of four hundred which form the highways of that great Empire for travel and transportation of their products, also supplying irrigation.

The religion of China is principally Confucianism, which was named and founded upon the fundamental rules that Confucius taught.

He was born 550 B. C., and doubtless was a great philosopher and leader among his people; and the system of their religion is the ancestral worship. In every house are to be found tablets and shrines, and it matters not how vulgar and immoral the people, or how vile and filthy the house, the shrine and worshipper are there.

The Chinese are a nation of Atheists; and with all their high civilization, a nation of gamblers, opium-eaters and drunkards. They usually claim that "women have no souls," and the birth of a daughter is held to be a calamity and disgrace.

Well, what should be said concerning their marriage? It is said that, "In forty towns about Amoy, Mr. Abeel found two-fifths of all the girls destroyed in infancy—drowned or buried alive—and commonly by the father."

Another says, "Probably more than half the families of Foochow have destroyed one or more female children. Those who are not killed or exposed are sold in infancy for wives or slaves. The husband may beat, starve or sell his wife, and women are constantly driven to suicide."

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India has a population of three hundred million,

and there are about two million Christians, and this is not counting the Catholics.

There are about thirty-five hundred missionaries, preachers and workers in actual service.

India was said to be the "Gibraltar of Paganism," appearing unapproachable for a long time, but our God formed a wedge that opened the bronze gates, and now the glorious gospel light is shining on, and penetrating into the depths of the decaying, dying and despicable religions, which have held those millions in their cruel grasps many centuries.

The "East India Company" was granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth, and trading began between the London merchants and East Indians.

The forming of this Company and the nature of its enterprise really became the wedge which God used in opening India's doors to the Christian Church and the preaching of the gospel. Also it meant "the leaven" that was working, forming and pointing to what became "British India." And this effectually meant and yet means the possibility and accessibility of India's evangelization with "the gospel of the kingdom."

There are a number of undenominational and interdenominational missions in India run and operated on radical holiness lines.

Rev. A. Lee Grey, of Arrah, India, has the only active and especially holiness mission in a district where there must be between fifty and seventy-five thousand souls.

What if this dear man had the prayers, sympathy and hearty co-operation of the great host of holiness people even for this specific field of labor? What

would be the triumphs and joy of souls on earth and throughout eternity?

We mention the above, as one instance out of the many that could be cited for illustration of the opportunities, and glorious possibilities of the Church or movement in the home-land, also the open-door, the need and demand for workers on the field.

India has a great population of those stubborn fanatical Mohammedans, who are rebellious and unapproachable.

The Catholics are gaining considerable ground and prominence among the people.

It gives us great joy to chronicle this statement, that the great cause of our Lord is marching with tread, power and fruitage.

The caste-system was, for a long time, an unsurmountable barrier, and almost unpenetrable, by the missionaries, but the railroad system of India is serving to break their caste rules. Now the high-caste Hindu sits by the one side of the low-caste and once despised Indian.

The Zenanna life of Indian widowhood was a subject of great and dreadful import. Just how to reach the millions of widows in India with the gospel, whose number reach several million, and many, many thousands of these widows not five and ten years old, but who are shut in behind latticed doors and walls to spend their life in poverty, ignorance and slavery; and should they venture out in public they are not allowed to speak to man or permit men to see their face. But the Lord has opened up doors for lady missionaries to enter into their shut-in-rooms, and break to them "the bread of life."

Pandita Ramabai's great work at Kedgaon, India, was started and is run in behalf of this class, with other institutions doing similar work.

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Japan, with her fifty million population, doubtless has become the storm-center of marvellous missionary operations.

The key that unlocked the Sunrise Kingdom to the preaching of the wondrous gospel, was given into the hands of the United States.

The gates to the Island Empire were bolted and securely barred for many centuries. In the middle of the sixteenth century, a great leader of fame from the papal Church, visited Japan and it was reported that vast numbers were converted to his Church and even nobles and princes being among the converts.

In two years' time it was said that twelve thousand more were baptized.

It was in 1587 that a decree went forth to banish all Christians, but the Romish converts defied the government and this ended in a bloody persecution, and in 1612, it was when so many hundreds of Christians were put to death in Japan.

Edicts were issued forbidding Japanese to leave the Empire, and here is the remainder of the Imperial decree:

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan and let all know that the King of Spain himself or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his own head."

This sort of condition and state of affairs continued

until 1853, the United States sent Commodore M. C. Perry with an expedition to demand protection for our ships and their crews, and secure a treaty for the purpose of commerce.

It was on the Sabbath day, he, with a squadron of seven warships, and as is described in another part of this book, succeeded in making the treaty which was signed March 31, 1854.

Thus Japan was not only open to the trade of the world, but to blessed gospel and Christians of all nations.

The sun yet shines, and continues to warm the earth, and the King of Spain died many years ago; but there are Christians on the earth and the gospel has lost none of its power, our great God is on His throne, and the gates of Japan are wide open; and blessed be God, that old edict is a "dead letter."

The Kingdom of Jesus is spreading, and is "taking root downward and is bearing fruit upward" in the glorious progress of Japan.

There are over forty thousand Protestant Christians in this kingdom.

One great event in the history of Methodism in Japan is that of a uniting of all branches of Methodism throughout the Sunrise Kingdom.

We were greatly delighted to take note of the gracious revival spirit that seems to pervade and stimulate the missionaries to more radical and aggressive salvation work.

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Africa, "the dark continent," so denominated, with her two hundred million and only a few score thousand of Christians.

It has been said that there are three hundred and upwards of dialects spoken in Africa into which the Bible has not been translated yet, and vast sections where no missions and missionaries are to be found.

Bishop Selew, of the Free Methodist Church, who had been in Africa attending some Conference sessions and who was on our ship enroute for China, gave us good reports of their work in that dark continent.

There are a number of full salvation missions and missionaries that are sending excellent reports from their field of labor.

Rev. and Sister Hundly, of Cape Town, Africa, well-known throughout our coast, are at the head of a new, but a splendid and fruitful work.

That heroic Livingstone entered from the South to explore the unknown, and open a path for the following missionary, and after forty attacks of fever died on his knees in a grass hut amid the deathly swamps in 1873.

This was the beginning of Africa's Evangelization.

O the triumphs which result from the faith and obedience of one loyal soul! Who is it, on entering Westminster Abbey, when at his feet, a marble slab is observed with the name of "David Livingstone" on it, feels hesitant to withhold saying "Peace be unto thy dust," or to walk hastily by?

One thing is evident, if God calls and sends a Livingstone to pioneer a work for His glory, no Stanley can check or turn his course. What was true in one instance, must be the motto of the forward mission movements of today if the "Great Commission" is observed and our Lord glorified.

Africa is open to Christian life, labors and literature. Praise the Lord!

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Russia with her one hundred million, is practically closed to all Christian work.

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Tibet, with several million is yet behind closed doors and "sits in darkness and in the shadow of death."

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Turkey with her thirty million and with but a few "who know the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering."

The work of the Christian Church is extremely difficult and slow in the Ottoman kingdom.

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France, Spain, Portugal and Belgium and Italy, all of whose population reach one hundred and forty million—all of which are Catholics and with but a small number of Protestant Christians.

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Korea, the "hermit nation," is now wide open to missionary evangelism, and a gracious work is "sounding out to all the world."

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South America, with her fifty million, claims only six thousand converts.

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Mexico, so close by us, with twelve million inhabitants and lays claim to only about forty thousand Christians.

We are happy to note the new full salvation missionaries sent out by the Texas Holiness Association to open up a work in different parts of the country of Mexico.

We shall hear of gracious advancements, and fruitful operations from these missions not far distant.

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There are the West Indies, where hundreds are without Christ, but our dear Brother Moulton has a number of lively missions, scattered on these several islands; and which work stands for definite holiness of heart and life.

There is Cuba, with a population of two million, with but few energetic and aggressive workers, but we are happy to know that Brother Edwards has a gracious and growing work upon this island. He is putting out a full salvation paper in connection with the work.

We meant to say that Brother Moulton, of Bridgetown, Barbados, West Indies, is the editor of a most excellent and helpful holiness journal.

There are said to be more than one thousand islands totally untouched by the gospel or Christian influence.

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We won't mention Britain and America. Now reader, don't you think that we have cause and alarm to open our eyes, lift and enlarge our vision, then "look on these vast fields," and take more definite action regarding the evangelization of these millions of unreached and untouched souls?

It is carefully stated that there are two hundred mil-

lion more heathens now than there were in the world one hundred years ago.

China has fifteen hundred walled cities without a missionary in them.

With a glance that we have taken at and "on the fields" in this chapter, we shall devote the following one, to the general qualities of missions and missionaries which have come under our immediate observation while on our journey around the world; not for criticism, but for a better understanding of what constitutes the work and worker of the Pentecostal type.

It was our delightful pleasure to have been associated with many noble characters, deeply spiritual, highly cultivated and eminently fitted for the great work that was under their charge, who were both in and out of the Church, and whose labors were abundant in the kingdom of Jesus. Heaven's blessings are resting upon them.

O, the joy in praying for these laborers!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## MISSIONARY-TYPE.

There are missionaries, then there are other missionaries—all of which carry along their variety of peculiarities, qualities and corresponding characteristics. It is not our thought to make a written display of all these and all their general differences in opinions, methods and minor features which constitute present operations. But the message from our heart, and the thought bearing upon our mind is a scriptural, spiritual and a God-called missionary, if we shall be able to get the photograph of such a character, as is so clearly, fully and so powerfully described in the missionary statute, known as "The Acts of the Apostles," then our ideal will be furnished and will be freely imparted in this chapter.

Really, foreign missionary work is but evangelizing on a larger, broader and more systematic scale. It is the revival fire leaping over human-made boundaries and stretching across the bosom of the ocean; and wading into the "Regions beyond," doing the same work, but in greater forms as is evidenced at home.

There should be, and there are positively no limits to the time and locality of the mission of the Church, "the work of the ministry," and the powerful triumphs which the gospel, in this or in any other age, no more nor less than was out-lined for the early Church—"The uttermost part of the earth" was their field and

bounds of operation. That is the only limit to and for the Church of this day.

Now let us turn our attention to some important features of a Pentecostal missionary.

First, he (or she) has a very clear and definite experience of salvation, they possess the direct witness of the Spirit, assuring them of their acceptance with God.

Reader, you would be greatly astonished to know the vast numbers of workers out in the heathen world who are laboring earnestly and toiling along amid the darkness of heathenism who are utterly destitute of a positive personal experience of Divine grace in their hearts and yet whose zeal and devotion to the work seem abundant. We are not finding fault, only stating some existing facts.

How can one who has no definite and abiding knowledge of personal and present salvation within his own heart, tell, invite and insist that others "taste and see that the Lord is good?" It takes, and it absolutely requires experience for a preacher, teacher or missionary to preach from "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation," and "Be filled with the Spirit," "The old man is crucified," "We are more than conquerors," "There is therefore now no condemnation," and thousands of other Scriptures—all full of a glorious testimony of a personal experience.

Reformation is good and has its proper place, but it never can produce any sort of moral change in the nature of the individual, but there must be that supernatural work of divine grace, evidenced in the transformation of the soul, usually termed as the "new

birth," when the person is "turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God; and receives forgiveness of sins," and when he is "translated from the kingdom of darkness to that of light and of His dear Son" and is born into the kingdom and family of God, by the direct operation of the Holy Spirit—all of which embraces the value and meaning of reformation and that of transformation. The former being usually denominated the human phase, and the latter characterizing the work of God, in the salvation of the soul.

A growing pestilence of this age is, the liberal way and looseness apparent, in receiving members into the fold of the Church, who are without any testimony or knowledge of experimental salvation.

The consequences are a heavy load on the Church of unregenerate members, who are ignorant of redeeming grace, unadjusted to the life and purpose of the Church, not in harmony with the word and with but little or no conception of spirituality; the outcome is worldliness, spiritual apathy and inactivity, threatening our defeat as ministers and laymen.

This sort of condition is sorely and painfully lamented throughout the lands, by thousands of our great and useful clergymen and are associated in their struggle to cast this mantel from our work by strong, devout and thoughtful laymen up and down our borders.

It is an evident fact, one which is beyond dispute, that the true and prevailing character and condition of the Church in the home-land determines to a large degree the state and condition of the one on the foreign fields.

I mean to say, the Church on the foreign soil reflects the glory and power of the Church back home.

You see the vital union existing and what relation each one has to the other.

To illustrate more fully and forcibly the truth.

The great mercantile establishment sends out across the lands their representatives, who are thus properly qualified to go in and out before the commercial or business world, and in addition to the needed qualifications of these men, they are carefully fitted out with specimens of the goods in stock, owned by the great firm. Do you see the business proposition and its effect upon the world as is evidenced in the character of these travelling salesmen and the absolute necessity of producing their samples?

The Church, with its preachers, teachers, missionaries and workers, both men and women, at home or abroad, are (or should be) the representatives of God and His gospel and kingdom in the world.

They are to possess proper qualifications to appear and "walk before God with a perfect heart" "in the midst of a crooked and preverse nation who should shine as lights," and should "shew ourselves a pattern of good work," and bring "an example of believers," then add to these blessed features of qualification, the all-essential and absolute consciousness of salvation from sin, which will enable the person to fully and properly represent the work of God, and be an example of His wondrous grace to poor lost men. This leads us to the next thought in the character of the missionary which is, The Divine Call.

We believe in and teach that God calls men and women to the work of His vineyard, it was so in the earth-



Some Children in a village where I preached last year. These children have on their best brown suits. The houses are their homes.



ly ministry of Jesus, and it was so in latter times when God chose (or called) "some pastors, some teachers and some evangelists"—and evangelist in this sense is not confined to certain jurisdiction, section or locality, but the definition in a scriptural interpretation means, that, "They went everywhere preaching the word."

Just as clear the call from heaven unto men to preach the gospel in America or Europe, just so clear and emphatic is the Master's call unto men and women to preach the everlasting gospel to India and China or elsewhere, saying, "Whom shall I send or who will go for us?"—this is the call of God for missionaries to the distant fields.

The nature and character of the preacher's work, largely determines the condition and state of his heart,—we give what we possess.

There are thousands over the lands who have been clearly called of God unto definite and distinct work, who have failed to respond, consequently have grieved the Holy Spirit, wounded their own convictions and have become powerless in their life, and the sad pathos of this fact is that hundreds of these numbers claim the exalted grace and life of entire sanctification; and, at the same time, living in a constant state of rebellion and fatal disobedience to their Lord. An awful pity.

A minister of no mean reputation, fell in company with another very clever preacher of tact and refinement.

Mr. A——, after a general run of conversation, interrogated Mr. B—— as to his spiritual welfare, and the train of words and thoughts gradually swept back to the time, place and important events connected with their conversion.

Mr. A——, put a close but a very fair question to his wondering friend, and it was this, “Bro. —— were you ever clearly and consciously regenerated from God, and have you the witness of the Spirit dwelling in your heart—is your soul in sweet assurance of divine acceptance?”

Bro. B—— (in deep study) finally lifted his eyes upon his silent but waiting friend, and said, “I will make the story short, but, I will make it plain, I was educated for and began the practice of law, and was meeting with satisfactory results. Rev. ——, a very distinguished evangelist, came to our city and began a series of meetings in one of our leading city churches, great crowds thronged to hear and among this number I was found.

One evening that great divine delivered a lecture of profound thought, power and with logic and fire, and the results were—a number of our leading business and professional men arose and confessed Christ. I was among that company. I soon dispensed with the practice of law and straightway took on myself the profession of preaching the gospel, and I am thus now engaged.”

Who is it that can't detect more than one mistake in the above narrative?

First, no certain definite or absolute knowledge of personal salvation or dealings of God for the heart.

Second, merely human choice was observed in his changing of profession and all this resulting in no power and fire which made preachers of old famous, and were dreaded by earth and hell.

Who has any more right to disobey or drown the call of heaven upon their heart for a definite work

either at home or abroad than they have to swear and at the same time profess to maintain their loyalty to their God and His word?

When a soul, who realizes that God is speaking to his heart, begins to assume the aspect that one of old exclaimed when faced with social environments, domestic surroundings, and the ties of nature,—“Woe is me if I preach not the gospel”—then you will hear of and have more “Farewell meetings,” more outgoing missionaries and more money would flow into the treasuries to send to their support.

It was on our journey to and during our stay in the various mission fields that we had occasion to meet, come in contact and form some conception, relative to some phases of mission work and the missionary.

We are safe in affirming that any preacher and all preachers, any missionary and all missionaries should be thrilled and ever-possessed with the gracious knowledge and a testimony of experimental salvation, saving them from sin, and then a clear, deep and abiding divine call from heaven on their hearts to the work of heaven's choice and selection.

It was not a few times that we came in touch with characters on the foreign field, who were there merely as their choice and selection of profession and position for the time being.

We are of the opinion and conviction that no person should be on the heathen fields, doing work—no matter about their talents and natural ability, who are not in possession of saving grace.

All workers, teachers and trainers, regardless of their ability or character of their work, should be able

to give constant testimony to the power and effect of redeeming grace, to those whom they meet.

It was on ship, during our long ocean voyages, that we had time and opportunity to meet and learn some things about those who pose as "missionaries" going out to teach and instruct heathens.

We had on our ship, going out to India, young lady missionary workers, helpers and teachers, who engaged in the dancing and frivolity carried on, while on the vessel, and yet going to "teach" the poor lost heathen.

O, the pity and sorrow that such a state of things is existing! And the way to bring this sad state of things to a close is, to "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the vineyard" who are "filled with faith and the Holy Ghost;" they will spread the missionary fire among those loyal and faithful ones who are now on the fields, which reinforcement of fire and power will refresh, inspire, encourage and give them new energy to press the great work; and with the growing and spreading of all the work and workers on the field, will rebuke that spirit and life of secular, domestic, social and commercial activities all without the spirit of the Master, which seems to be asserting itself upon the fields beyond.

The variety and diversity of work and workers abroad, is essential and highly productive in connection with "Missionary evangelism," but our burden and plea is that all these various places and professions on the field should be filled with men and women who are living in vital touch and relation with God and His Church.

We mention another important item in the life of

the prospective or out-going missionary, his unyielding and undying confidence and faith in God's word.

For when once on the field, you will see and feel the need of a mighty faith in the word of God, and His power to redeem from sin.

Again, you will meet the currents of false religions, with their traditions, philosophies, history and superstitious teachings, and all this taught by thousands whose minds are strong and deeply-fixed; and for one to meet these black torrents, he must be grounded in truth, filled with the Word and faithful to all its gracious claims.

Now we have deferred for the last, the greatest and all-important essential element in the life and character of the missionary. It is the real qualification for life and service, and this is strictly and absolutely "The Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire," which positively sanctifies the soul, and qualifies for service.

We simply don't mean "Power for service," when we refer to this sacred baptism as is so generally taught, observed and comprehended abroad.

But this "The promise of the Father," which is the inheritance of the Church, provided in the atonement of Christ and the specific work of the out-pouring of the Spirit, is the cleansing of the believer's heart from all sin, and filling him "with all the fullness of God."

The blessed consequences are, a heart free from sin, a "life hid with Christ in God," and power and liberty of soul and spirit to perform the will and work of God.

This gracious work of divine grace will not only cleanse the heart from all sin, but will burn out all desires and appetites for the worldly associations, frater-

nities and habits, such as so many preachers and church members in America are accustomed to indulge in, and such as will be observed, practiced by many preachers, that we met while across the deep sea. What a curse and plague upon the preachers of this age in this Christian land who are all tied up in secret societies and under the bondage of carnal habits. They are to be a pattern or "example of good works" to all the people. Does the above apply?

What should and does constitute a Pentecostal preacher, worker or missionary and this means a clean heart, a holy life and it filled with the blessed Holy Ghost, also forms the character and condition of one and all, either in the home-land or across the sea.

Now, let us collect the various items and see what is the sum and substance of our photograph.

A clear case of regeneration of the soul, a positive and powerful divine call to the harvest field, with some natural and acquired ability, and a mighty and unshaken faith in the word and power of God to hold one steady and true.

Then "filled with all the fullness of God," producing a clean heart, a holy life and qualifying the individual to accomplish the work that his Master has called him to do.

"He commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father," "But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high," but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you! and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

“And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance.”

“Be ye filled with the Spirit,” “and He said unto them go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” “The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land, but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”

“Then said I, here am I, send me.”



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS.

It is a most hopeful sign of our approach to the Pentecostal life and labors which constituted that of the primitive Church, in the present day operations of the Church, relative to the millions who "sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death" across the sea.

When we ascertain with proper conception and appreciation, what is the place and object of the Church in the world, then our view regarding the distressed condition of our fellowmen who are delegated as the heathen, will be clear, larger and centralized upon their needs, their only hope and remedy. Our concern and concerted action in their behalf will result in our nearer walk with our Lord, and work among the millions.

The place for the Church in the world is wherever "man is to be found." The relation of the Church to the world is beautifully described by the relation that the ship maintains to the ocean: the ship was made to put in the water and accomplish her mission in sailing and bearing precious cargo over the stormy deep—but it was never destined that the ship be burdened with parts of the sea. Do you understand the truth implied and where it needs applying in this age of the world?

What would this old world be without the Church—God's great institution? Let echo answer what?

Again, what would be the power, glory, splendor, and tremendous triumphs of the great Church on earth, if the worldliness were all eliminated from her sacred folds? If such were the gracious and earnestly prayed-for day, here will be the true characteristics when thus she is cleansed and then filled: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

It has been said that a Church prospering in revival work at home, takes great delight and occasion to press her claims and demonstrate her love and concern for the heathens who are without Christ.

You may prove this example by reversing the rule.

Search out the churches or missions which are doing loving, faithful work in relation to their ability, who are living under and amid the immediate blessings of the Lord, and their borders are being enlarged, their stakes and cords are widening, and showers of heaven's benedictions are manifest upon their preacher; and the Church with all her departments are operated for the glory of God.

Revivals of great depth, power and abiding faithfulness, grace the courts and borders of this church or society. We know by personal observation that the truth and value of the above statements have illustrations throughout our land, that no one thinks the subject overdrawn or misleading in its information or application.

We don't care to enter upon any discussion of the general operation and government of each or any special missionary society upon their respective fields,

neither in their bearing or relation to their Church or society at home; neither do I aim to speak relative to the field, its extent and limitations in respect to one or more missions of the different Christian bodies operating on the same field, but our time and attention will now be devoted to the great missionary movements, taken in a panoramic view, their relation to the world, their direct association with the Church and their special attachment to the great cardinal doctrines of the atonement: as each one sustains to the other: and the gracious effects these modern movements are having upon the native Church on the foreign field.

It was in 1806 one summer day in a beautiful valley away up in Massachusetts, that five young men—college-students—met out under the little maple grove, as was their usual custom, for quiet prayer and study. While out beneath the maple trees, a threatening cloud began to rise, and the thunder and lightning forced the little group to seek shelter under a haystack in a field near by. Here they talked and exchanged their views, relative to the moral darkness and spiritual blindness in the heathen world.

One of the party proposed that they should do something to send the gospel to the heathens of Asia, and all agreed to make an earnest effort. However one of the band thought it premature for any definite action on their part, saying the missionaries would be treated with cruelty, but others contended that it was the will of God to carry the gospel to heathen's dark domains.

There, under that old haystack, while the storm was raging around them and all hell was being

aroused over the considerations of those five illustrious and adventurous heroes, all heaven over them was waiting to sanction the worthy decision.

While a little divided in their propositions and decisions, Samuel J. Mills, said, "let us pray over it, we can pray here, under this haystack while the storm is passing and the sky is clearing."

All knelt, and one after the other raised his voice in petition for foreign missions. Mills became enthused and prayed that the Lord might "strike down with his lightnings the arm that should be raised against a herald of the cross." What love for truth!

Two years later, as a result of this prayer meeting, the first foreign missionary society in America was formed.

Thus, the haystack had become the birth place of a great movement that should form a new epoch in the history of the American Church. Who can comprehend the growth, power and fruitage of the great and varied missionary societies founded and launched upon the fields of operation since the decision beneath the famous stack of hay one hundred years ago? Who can calculate the marvellous changes upon the religion and condition of many millions of the earth, the formation and development of new civilization, all resulting in raising the people from a barbaric state up and onto the plains of a civilized nation? All of which is the direct power and influence of the gospel of the Son of God.

Who can estimate the throngs of heathen worshippers who were "snatched as brands from the eternal burnings," and have been "redeemed by the precious

blood of Jesus" and are forever housed in heaven, since the formation of that first society?

We are unable to here give an historic account of the founding of other good and great societies with their several boards upon which system they choose to operate. But suffice it to say that, all our great Christian bodies have their respective missionary societies, who are marching forward in their work on the fields beyond, with growing interest and increasing fruitfulness.

We rejoice in the fast growing and manifest spiritual advancement in the work and workers of our church missionary societies throughout the breadth of "The regions beyond," we can hardly forbear in quoting some statistics of some of our larger and older societies, in the various nations, which have been observed in the past few years; but we will with reluctance desist.

But at this juncture we wish to speak of the glorious developments and progress, which characterizes the modern holiness movement relative to the evangelization of the world. As Church history is replete with the epochal periods of the life, power and fruitfulness of the Church, also chronicling the state and stages when the Spiritual power, revival fires, the fearful denunciation of sin, clear proclamation of the grand fundamental doctrines of the Bible and general activity of the preaching, living and practical results of the Church all ran at an exceeding low ebb.

The great Reformation, headed by Luther, which swept over the Christian world, bringing unto the Church and home the blessed doctrine, experience and life of "justification by faith," causing a mighty

triumph for truth and the kingdom of heaven among men, was truly a glad, happy and a glorious emancipation for the Church and individual in that day, and is of infinite value to the same, in this good day. What Christian student of the Bible or Church history, orthodox faith and a lover of the same, fails to note that the Reformation, good and great as it was, did not herald to the world in its general teaching but one of the great essential and cardinal doctrines of the atonement and that was the doctrine of "justification by faith" or free grace for the penitent soul provided in the sacrifice made on Calvary. This is a glorious and a stupendous gospel, one which has its place and work that can not be constituted by good deeds, church membership or ceremonial performances by the best of moral men and women. It is a work of divine grace, creating a new heart and making the person anew—this doctrine and gospel is needed to be clearly and fearlessly proclaimed in pulpit, press and pew, that, "except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Be it understood, now and forever, that this phase of the gospel is absolutely essential to all men in all the world, and must be preached clearly, and enforced with irresistible power upon the people, and that this is a perfect work in its gracious sphere, and we are not underrating or assaulting its sacred precincts by the preaching, teaching, emphasizing and insisting upon the plain, clear and positive scriptural doctrine of holiness of heart and life, as is provided in the gracious atonement.

We all know the two-fold aspect of the atonement is the purchase of pardon for the guilty, but penitent sinner, which absolves his guilt and the joy

and light of heaven breaks in upon his heart. Then purity or holiness of heart is for the believer and the truly converted, this is a work of God in cleansing the believers heart "from all sin" and restoring him "unto the image of His Son."

Our theology is clear upon these great and essential doctrines; our hymnology is crowded with the gracious poetic truth. Listen for an illustration:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy wounded side which flow'd,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath and make me pure."

And once more, hear the strains of good old hymns rhyming with truth and melody:

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;  
 I want thee forever to live in my soul;  
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

We close with this sweet famous strain that came from the heart of immortal Charles Wesley:

"O, for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free,  
 A heart that always feels thy blood,  
 So freely spilt for me!"

"A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect and right, and pure and good—  
 A copy, Lord, of thine."

Thus you see Theology, hymnology and universal

Christian experience must and does perfectly harmonize. The Church remained practically silent or unpronounced upon this great doctrine and experience of Scriptural sanctification for many, many long years, but the doctrines of the holy Scriptures cannot and will not remain shut up or hidden from the multitudes of thirsty Christians. So it must be proclaimed in clear and definite tones by the Church.

Hence you observe another great epoch in the life and history of the Church. It was when she awoke and arose to the magnitude of her glorious inheritance in the gospel of Christ. She found out that it was her blessed privilege to be cleansed from all sin as well as to be pardoned of actual transgressions. Who is it that doesn't know, love, and feel the mighty currents of spiritual life and power which swept through the heart and soul of the Church and home, known as the great Holiness Revival that rolled over the earth like some cyclone, in the days of Wesley and Whitefield.

This gracious moral and spiritual movement brought such power and triumphs to the Church, and such glorious victory to the life of the individual, that the great institution called "Methodist" is a part of the result, and their distinct mission in the earth is framed in the words of its founder, "To spread scriptural holiness over these lands "and this gracious gospel is not confined to that section of God's great Church only, but others caught the fire and began the loving and loyal messengers of the twofold gospel."

This movement continued to sweep over Europe, and finally the flame became so tremendous in proportion and extent that it leaped over the Atlantic with

the coming of Asbury, Whitfield and Wesley, and others, until it began to blaze up and down the Atlantic sea-border.

The record of this work baffles all description or estimation in the thoroughness of work, power and fruitfulness of service and in the advancement of the Church in America. Then there came a lull in the church, a spiritual drouth and laxity in doctrinal and experimental preaching.

The power and piety of the Church in general became manifestly weak, the blessed, old-fashion doctrines seemed to be lost sight of in the pulpit ministration, and a great dearth appeared in the borders of the Church of America. At this juncture and condition of affairs, God raised up and called out such men as McDonnald, Inskip, Palmer and Finney to proclaim and testify to far and near the grand old doctrines of pardon for the sinner and holiness for the believer. The result, in certain parts, was a great revival of salvation sweeping over the lands and thousands were converted and sanctified wholly through their ministry.

The great National Holiness Association was founded for the promotion of scriptural holiness throughout the lands.

The earth has, and is feeling the tread and power of this association for the good and glory of the church and kingdom of our Lord.

Other associations are formed in different parts of the land and holiness schools and colleges were born amid the glory and progress of the marching movement. These institutions have taken on such power, proportion and usefulness until they have adopted

into the "letter and spirit" of their life and operations that of "World-wide aggressive evangelism."

The outcome is, not only full salvation colleges and papers, rescue homes, orphanages, home-mission and the dissemination of needy and wholesome literature, but it has developed in the organizing, operating and growing of holiness missionary societies, both in the schools and the various associations of our lands.

The great Holiness Union, Rev. L. P. Brown, Pres., founded by that Prince of preachers, Rev. H. C. Morrison, is moving forward upon the missionary line in a most definite and aggressive manner.

In our various holiness schools such as Asbury, The Bible School, The Meridian Colleges, The Texas Holiness University, Taylor University, and the Central Holiness University are missionary societies organized and hundreds of the students are studying and preparing for the "Regions Beyond."

The Holiness Union of the north is taking advanced steps relative to work on the fields far away, and they have now quite a few workers there doing noble work.

"The Student Volunteer Movement," which is composed exclusively of various college students who have banded themselves together into a missionary body, for the evangelization of the world do not send any one, but they are trained in the various colleges and go out under some regular board to the fields of service.

With these full salvation missions and missionaries on the foreign fields, they will scatter the fire of a full gospel and the native Church catches the flame, which goes unto the native audiences.

The hope of the world's speedy evangelization lies in the fact that the missionaries have and publish a pentecostal experience of heart and life then the native preachers and workers get sanctified wholly, and spread the glad tidings of full and free salvation to all their tribes.

The modern holiness missionaries are not and should not antagonize those of our Church and sister Churches. But their aim and purpose in life should be the proclamation of Bible holiness for one and all, and scatter the doctrine and experience in song and paper, in literature, in life and labors to and through the various Churches who have missions and workers on the fields.

There should be a closer relation and deeper unity in co-operation among the associations and missionary movements of all the holiness people, especially as a body in the South-land, in a representative sense at least, so that there would be held annually a great missionary convention composed of missionaries, teachers, preachers, workers, students and leaders among our various associations and institutions of our land where the great missionary problem could be observed from every standpoint, and a hearty union and Christian fellowship be thus formed between one and all, such as will result in greater action and victory. Not that such does not exist now, but that a larger, deeper and a more vital union may redound.

Who can tell of the great triumphs which await this generation of sanctified talent if they prove faithful to their Lord?

Let us one and all do our duty in life, and our reward in heaven will be glorious.







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