

AMONG ASIA'S
NEEDY MILLIONS

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STEPHEN J. COREY



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Five hundred Japanese women coaling a steamer at Yokohama.



Where East and West meet. This Japanese woman is using both the Japanese and the American method of caring for her children.

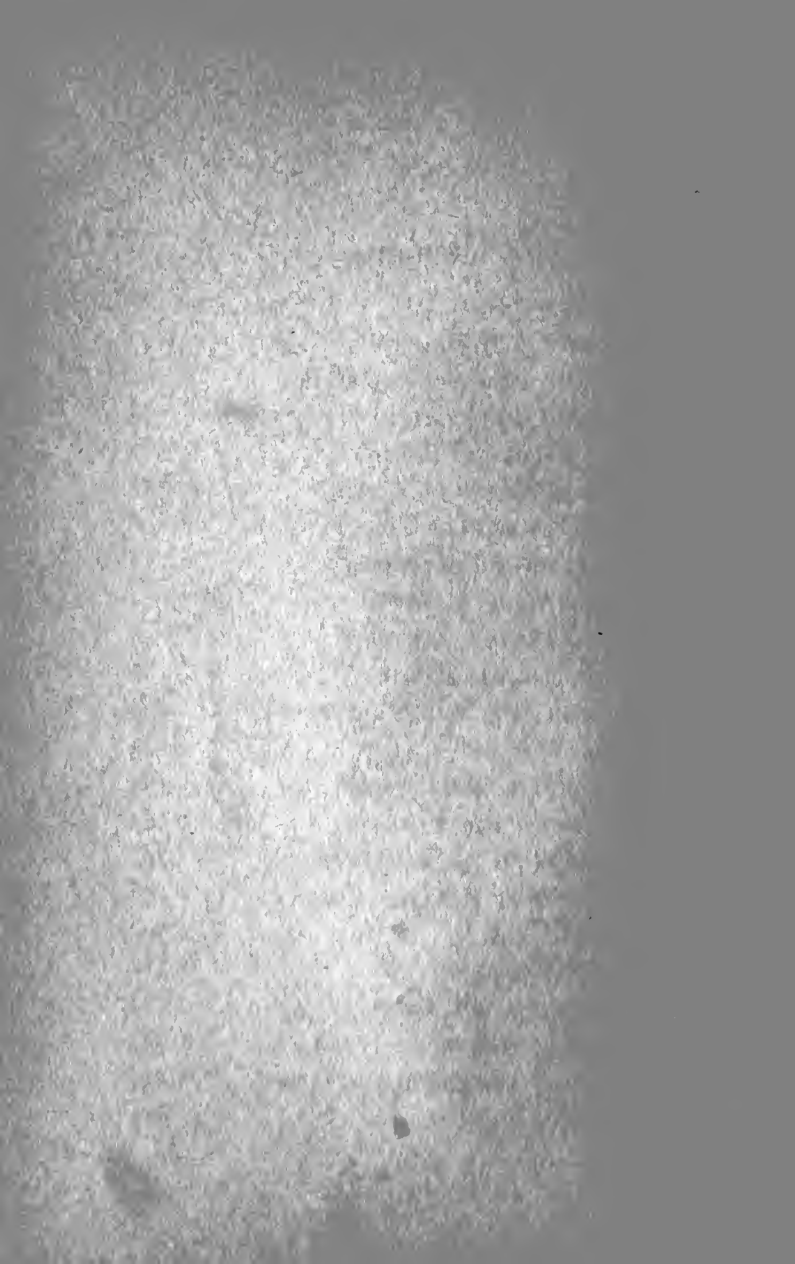
AMONG ASIA'S NEEDY MILLIONS

By
STEPHEN J. COREY

JOURNAL OF A VISIT
TO THE FAR EAST



CINCINNATI
FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY



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Among Asia's Needy Millions.

I.

A Glimpse of Japan.

Tokyo, Japan, August 6, 1914.

This afternoon, after a very pleasant voyage across the Pacific, our good ship the *Empress of Japan* sailed into Yokohama harbor. Although Tokyo Bay and the harbor were studded with quaint Japanese boats with their peculiar little sails, we were not fully prepared for the very strange and striking Japanese atmosphere which surrounded us on shore. A group of the missionaries met us on the dock and made us most heartily welcome. They were very anxious that we should catch a certain train for Tokyo, twenty-five miles away, and we occupied just eighteen minutes from the dock to the train, seven blocks away, which time included examination of our baggage in the customs house. It was between the customs house and the train that we got our first real taste of Japanese life. We made the distance by means of the famous jinrikishas or two-wheeled carriages drawn by

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men. These little conveyances were invented by a missionary years ago, and are the most common means of travel. There were eight of us all told, and we made quite an interesting procession as we raced along through the busy streets. The jinrikisha has wheels about as high as buggy wheels, a neat little body with seat for one, and two slender shafts between which the "ricksha man" trots. The wheels are rubber tired, there are good springs, and the riding is very comfortable. A strong feeling of embarrassment comes over one at first because he is being pulled by a man who takes the place of a horse. Muscular little fellows these human steeds are, with wonderful powers of endurance.

In undertaking a ride in one of these strange vehicles, you proceed as follows: The shafts are rested with their ends on the ground, you climb in, the little man steps between the shafts, lifts them from the ground, and makes off at top speed. If you are heavy you have grave fears that the first jolt on the road will tip you over backwards and suspend your man in the air by the shafts. These men are garbed in tight-fitting garments akin to an undershirt and knee drawers, and their feet are shod with heavy socks having felt bottoms. The sock is always divided so that there is a place for the large toe separate from the rest of the foot; a straw or fiber hat is worn, which has the appearance of an old-fashioned inverted butter bowl. These

JOURNEY OF THE COMMISSION OF THE FOREIGN CHRISTIAN
MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO THE FAR EAST.



The cities marked by circles are the stations of the Foreign Society visited.



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fellows charge about twenty cents an hour for their services.

The first impression of Tokyo is that you are in fairyland. Everything is so very different from anything else one has ever seen. In the first place, the people are very small, and then their clothing, appearance, and customs are quite foreign to anything one has experienced elsewhere. While there is a sprinkling of American clothes among the men, the great majority of them wear the favorite kimona, or some adaptation of it. All the women you see on the street wear the kimona and a large colored sash around the waist. The women are all bareheaded. One of the most striking things is the ceaseless rattle of the wooden clogs on the pavement. The clogs are kept up from one to two inches from the ground by little wooden strips on the under side. They are usually held on by slipping the toes under a strap, which is divided so that there is a separate place for the great toe. This is made possible by the division in the sock also. This is the hot season and every man and woman carries a fan. The kimona garb is very cool, sensible, and inexpensive. The streets are crowded with people. The women and children are especially picturesque. At night, besides the modern electric lights, the paper lanterns are much used on the streets. Even the policeman carries one in front of him on a little stick.

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August 7th.

The most interesting thing to-day has been a visit to the great temple of the Goddess of Mercy in the heart of the city. This famous temple is approached through a long temple street crowded on either side with little stores and bazaars. This street is temple property and a great income comes from the rentals. Another street near at hand is owned by the temple and is entirely taken up by licensed houses of prostitution. The entrance to the temple proper is made beneath one of the famous Japanese wooden arches. On either side of this gateway are the huge wooden guardian images, erected to keep the evil spirits from the temple grounds. These also seem to be looked upon as objects of worship. Inside the gateway the path is lined on either side with little booths where rice and grain are sold to be fed to the flocks of doves which are evident on all sides. It is supposed that much religious merit attaches itself to this feeding of the birds. The temple is anything but beautiful and the colorings are disappointing. The structure is in good repair, but dirty and spotted with the droppings of the doves.

Inside the main part of the temple is the famous image of Buddha, but hidden behind a great screen. It is stated that it has been seen by no one for over two hundred years. The sleek, shaven priests could be seen in the interior,

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sitting cross-legged on the floor, smoking their cigarettes.

Great numbers of people come constantly to worship. Before the shrine of Buddha and every auxiliary shrine is a great wooden collection box with wooden bars across the top. Into the box every worshiper throws a coin before beginning to worship. Then a low bow is made with the hands palm to palm in front while a brief prayer is uttered. To the right of the main shrine is a peculiar idol which is one of the most worshiped in Japan. It is a wooden image in a sitting posture, with a large portion of the body worn away. This image is supposed to have great healing qualities, and different parts of the body have been so constantly rubbed by worshipers that there is little left of them. One hand is completely gone, the eyes and all the features of the face are worn away, and the knees and abdomen have nearly disappeared.

While we were standing near, a group of people came up and worshiped the idol. The group consisted as it seemed of a mother and four children, one of them being a babe in arms. The place where the eyes of the image had been were rubbed by the mother and then her hand passed over the face of her babe. Then each member of the family selected a part of the body of the image which corresponded with some

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troublesome part of the worshiper's body, and there was much rubbing and massaging. The pity and depression of the whole scene cut one to the quick. No doubt this image, looked upon as the embodiment of healing, is the dispenser of much eye disease and other ailments to the people who come so promiscuously to it.

II.

A Few Days In Hongkong.

Hongkong, China, August 13th.

This has been a most interesting day in this strange Anglo-Oriental city. We reached here yesterday, late in the afternoon, after a voyage of suppressed excitement and much uneasiness. The *Empress of Japan*, on which we sailed, was under order of the British admiralty from Yokohama here, and sailed direct instead of making her usual Japanese ports and Shanghai, China. There were vague rumors about the possibility of German cruisers scouting the seas, and we had all our lights out at night. We came for the most part over unfrequented waters and only sailed through the regular channels after rounding the north coast of Formosa into the China Sea. Hongkong is a wonderful, mountain locked port, tremendously fortified by the British. The Union Jack looked good to us when we spied it on a British gunboat patrolling the entrance to the harbor. A curious but exciting incident occurred as we approached the inner entrance to the harbor. We had stopped to receive orders, as the port is under military law. Ahead of us

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was a Japanese collier, which proceeded to enter the harbor without answering any of the signals or stopping for inspection. As she came even with the forts all sorts of efforts were made to signal her with rockets and flag signals, but to no effect. A steam launch approached and called to the ship through a megaphone, but to no avail; she kept right on. Then one of the guns in the fort boomed and a projectile went over her bow and splashed in the water on the other side, but the ship sailed on still. This firing was continued until four warning shots went over the ship's bow, but the collier did not even slow up. Then the gunners at the fort sent a shot straight through the middle of the ship. This at last had the desired effect. The ship stopped, pulled down her flag, and, turning about, proceeded slowly to an anchoring place. It is difficult to understand why the captain of the Japanese boat would be so foolhardy. It is possible he had been some time at sea and knew nothing about the war, still this would hardly account for his ignoring the four warning shots. The rules of war are one warning shot and then the ship is to be fired upon if she does not stop. People here seem to know very little about the war. The papers have practically nothing in them which seems to be authentic.

Hongkong is in many ways a wonderful city. England has built her part of it in a magnificent way on the side of a mountain fifteen hundred

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feet high. The European part is expensively built with structures which would do credit to London or any of the cities of the world. The Chinese part is, of course, Oriental and swarming with Chinese. Even here, however, the buildings are better than one would suspect. We were up early this morning and went along the wharf front. It was an interesting spectacle. Hongkong has a population of about 300,000. Of these, 10,000 are English and foreign, the rest Chinese. Of the Chinese, about 50,000 live on the water in the Chinese junks and sampans. The water along the wharfs simply swarms with these peculiar craft. The sampans or smaller boats have one family on them, the junks from one to four. Each kind of craft is fitted with a sail or sails made of matting. Long sweeps or oars are also used for propelling. The women work at the oars as well as the men, and the children also if they are large enough. The small children play, sleep, or fly kites on the diminutive decks. If they are too small for this they are either tied on deck with a string, or bound to the back of mother or larger sister so that their care will not interfere with the work. These boat people are born, live, and die on their little floating homes. The junks are most curious craft with a pointed bow and a broad and high stern, cut square off.

The crowds on the wharf at the early hour were great. They were loading and unloading

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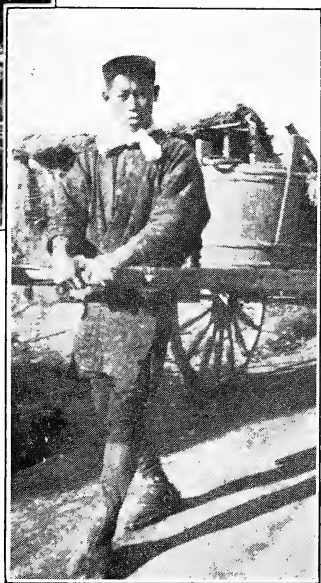
the boats and carrying burdens hither and thither. Men, women, and children were busy as bees.

The overpowering impression that comes to one here at the very first is that the Chinese are a nation of burden bearers. Every one is at work, old and young. Nearly all the transportation here in the city is done by natives with their burdens swinging from a bamboo pole carried across the shoulders. The weight of the loads swung to either end of these poles is enormous. These toilers have a swinging, springy sort of a dog-trot, which moves them along quite rapidly. The pole across their backs springs, and they seem to keep step with the up-and-down motion of the burden. If the load is too heavy for one, it is swung on a bamboo pole between two men, or even four, as the occasion demands. If the object or objects to be moved require a cart, this is pulled by men and women. Hong-kong is one of the great ports of the world.

The sedan chair and the jinrikisha are both used to a great extent here. As the city is built on the side of a mountain, it is too steep for the latter conveyance except as one travels along the water front or on streets parallel to it. For traveling on the steep grades the chair is very efficient. It is carried between two bamboo poles by two coolies, one in front and one behind. These men place the poles on their shoulders and travel quite rapidly, making use of the charac-



Buddhist idol seventy feet high at Sakata, Japan.



Japanese cart-man with his load of vegetables for sale.



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teristic trot. Their movement keeps the chair and the rider springing up and down, a motion unusual but not uncomfortable.

One at first feels not a little ashamed at being either carried or pulled by human beings, but this feeling quickly passes as one sees the eagerness with which these men do the work, and especially after one has tried the experience of a long walk in this tropical sun. The jinrikisha rate is five cents (Mexican) or two and one-half cents our money for the first ten minutes, with a diminishing rate thereafter. The chair rate is about double this.

We all took an hour and a half jinrikisha ride out to the cemeteries this afternoon. The cost was twenty cents each. We visited the Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, and Parsee burial places—all very beautiful and interesting.

There seems to be a strong feeling among the Chinese against the British, and when any of the native storekeepers, or others who speak English, find that we are from America, they eagerly ask us about the war and if Germany will not defeat the English. The British have really made Hongkong what it is, as this was practically a barren island before they took it, but the Chinese rather resent their presence here. This is not to be wondered at, especially with the increased national consciousness and advance in China. I suppose their feeling is akin to what ours would be if the British were entrenched

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on Long Island, having taken the island by force years ago, when our Nation was too weak to say nay. It seems inevitable, if China maintains her integrity and continues to advance, that Great Britain will have to relinquish her hold here at some time in the future.

August 14th.

We have had a most interesting time this morning. We got chairs and visited the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, the Congregational and the London Missionary Society stations, and a Chinese Confucian temple. We went into the heart of the Chinese quarters and saw the people as they really live. What a swarm of humanity! The American secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was out, but one of his Chinese assistants who speaks English showed us through the plant. We found a group of Chinese Christian pastors, together with the Y. M. C. A. workers, planning the evangelistic campaign which is to be held in the fall, when Sherwood Eddy visits Hongkong. They seemed to be very enthusiastic over the prospect. The Y. M. C. A. is rather an old building, but they have bought a fine new lot across the street and paid for it, and have recently raised in a two weeks' whirlwind campaign \$25,000 for the erection of a new building. This money was pledged entirely by the Chinese. The association has fifteen hundred members and seems to be doing excel-

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lent work. It was organized fourteen years ago with one hundred members. There is a good gymnasium, shower baths, billiard rooms, reading rooms, and a volley-ball court outside. There are night classes and the usual activities of a Y. M. C. A. at home. There are also quite a large number of rooms, where a number of Chinese students from nearby colleges board. It was a joy to see the bright-faced, alert Chinese helpers in the institution. There are two colleges in the city under the Church Missionary Society of London, one under the Roman Catholics, and one conducted by the British Government.

Next to the Y. M. C. A. is an independent Chinese church and school (Congregational) which was first organized by the American Board of Boston. It has a membership of three hundred, is entirely self-supporting, and has paid back \$10,000 of the original \$20,000 put into the building by the Board. We also visited the nearby Anglican independent Chinese church, which has a membership of eight hundred and is also entirely self-supporting. Next to this is a large hospital operated by the London Missionary Society.

The Chinese pastor of the Congregational church was very kind, showing us through the church and explaining his work to us with much interest. He was converted in a little mining town in California about twenty years ago, and

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seems to be a rare spirit. His face beams with good-natured sunshine.

Just between these two churches is a large Confucian temple, which we visited. There was quite a crowd in the entrance, and many in the temple. However, they seemed more occupied with trading, visiting, smoking, and sleeping, than with anything like worship. The priest in charge, who was dressed in a shabby pair of trousers and a dirty undershirt, gladly showed us through. At the close he eagerly pressed us for money, but seemed satisfied with a few cents. The temple was a filthy, ill-smelling place, hot and stifling and the air thick with the smoke of incense. We were in the temple for some time and noticed but one worshiper, a woman, who spent some minutes kneeling before the Confucian tablet and touching her head repeatedly to the floor. The priest showed a number of images representing kings, queens, and sages whose spirits also are worshiped, but looked upon as some degrees lower than Confucius. Joss sticks and candles were burning everywhere. A gaping crowd of curious people followed us into the interior of the temple and watched us with great curiosity. We were especially impressed with the lack of any reverence for the place on the part of the people. A number of people were noisily sleeping in convenient places on the floor. The temple seemed to be the neighborhood loafing place. In the entry-way a huge paper image, inflated to

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four times life size, seemed stationed as guardian of the temple, apparently deemed effective because of its horrible ugliness. The utter hopelessness and stolid indifference of the people, together with the unkempt and nauseating interior of the temple, gave us a most depressing sensation.

III.

Manila, the Pacific Crossroads.

On China Sea, August 17th.

We expect to reach Manila in the morning. We have had a fairly smooth voyage across the China Sea, but the boat is very small, and the constant pitching has made us all miserable. With one exception we have escaped visiting the railing, but only a careful tendency to lie on our backs has saved us from it. We are all in favor of coming back on a larger boat. We remember Brother Rains's injunction, "When you cross the China Sea, remember me." There are three Germans on board (one of them a consul) who were ordered out of French Indo-China when war was declared. They have had a hard time getting out, and are going to Manila for safety.

Manila, August 18th.

We entered Manila Bay at sunrise this morning, sailing through the same narrow north channel used by Dewey early on the morning of May Day, sixteen years ago. The hills at the entrance are beautifully wooded and the prospect most pleasing. The entrance to the bay lends itself

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naturally to strong fortification. Corregidor, the rugged island at the very entrance, is called the American Gibraltar. It is very strongly fortified and commands practically the whole entrance, although supplemented by two smaller fortified islands in the south channel. It is difficult to imagine how any fleet could possibly force an entrance to this beautiful bay. The situation is quite different from that in 1898 when Dewey with his fleet crept by Corregidor in the darkness of early morning, made the remaining twenty-seven miles to Manila Bay by daybreak, and destroyed the Spanish fleet before breakfast. What a new destiny his daring act brought to these beautiful islands, and what a responsibility to the United States! Probably no single military engagement in the history of the world has meant so much for a down-trodden, suffering people as did Dewey's sinking of the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor. That act meant the freeing of eight million people from the despotic and degrading tyranny of Spain and the granting to them of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for all that has been done by missionary, school, commission, and civil government was only made possible by military occupation.

What an earnest lot of people these missionaries are! Bruce Kershner, Dr. Lemmon, and Mr. Daugherty came far out into the bay to meet our steamer, and we had scarcely anchored when they clambered up the side of our ship from the

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launch in which they had found their way out to us. Far more important than even the news of the European war was their mission work, and even our eager questions about news from the homeland, from which we had so long been separated, failed to divert them from the great things on their hearts.

The West and the East come into more sharp contact here, perhaps, than in any other part of the Orient. Here is the swiftness of the United States and the slow, plodding movement of the East. Side by side with the ponderous, slow-moving, long-horned caribou, pulling the native cart with his primitive yoke and harness, is the modern automobile with its humming engine and breakneck speed.

One is strongly impressed with the wonderful improvements the American occupation has brought to Manila. It is probably the best improved city in all the Orient, and great plans are being perfected to still further beautify, improve, and harmonize it. The streets are well paved, there is a good sewer system, electric car lines cover well the city, and excellent stores are to be seen throughout the business section.

After helping us in the perfunctory task of getting our trunks and bags through the customs, our missionary friends loaded us into the little native *caramatas*, or pony carts, and drove us through the city to our central mission house. On the way we passed many interesting things.

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We saw the old Spanish city wall, moat, and dungeons, two hundred and fifty years old, and near these the great modern American ice plant. Alongside a cock-pit with its Spanish fighting cocks flourishes an up-to-date department store. The Filipino vegetable peddler with his quaint, broad basket perched on his head, sidesteps to make way for the buzzing tricycle cart of the ice-cream vender. One sees a native maid with her exceedingly wide, highly colored and stiffly starched skirt and immense crinoline sleeves, standing in her heelless red slippers, while she talks on the street corner with her sister, togged out in a very narrow American skirt, high-heeled French shoes, and a picture hat.

We found our central mission station excellently housed in a large building which was purchased some six years ago for \$6,000. It is now worth three times this sum. In it lives a missionary family, and besides it furnishes a home for the present Bible college, a native church, a dormitory for boys, a book store, and the printing press and office of the Manila mission.

This mission house is in the center of the city, on one of the very best streets, and was formerly an aristocratic Spanish home. It is well built with great cement walls and will last a century. The wood finishing in it is largely native mahogany, sawn from the forests by hand many years ago. The boards in the floors are twenty-six inches wide and fastened with wooden

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pins. The well-to-do Spaniards of olden days built in commodious and elegant style.

Bruce L. Kershner and wife are now in this house, together with Mr. Daugherty. Mr. and Mrs. Kershner have charge of the Bible college for the training of Filipino evangelists, and Mr. Daugherty manages the mission press, prints the Tagalog Christian paper, looks after the business office of the mission, and works with native evangelists in Manila and the Tagalog province. Leslie Wolfe and wife, who are home on furlough now, will be located again at this center when they return.

It is most refreshing to be here among these earnest, busy missionaries after the long and somewhat tiresome sea voyage.

August 19th.

These missionaries certainly know how to keep one going at the American pace even here in the Orient. To-day we have been so incessantly busy that it has been hard to mentally record our impressions, and becomes doubly hard to do so on paper. Our Commission only has three weeks to visit these stations, somewhat widely separated, and the workers are feverish to show us their work with its problems and opportunities. If the people at home could but know the rare opportunity which presents itself here, the wonderful results already attained, and the almost crushing amount of work that our mis-

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sionaries are trying to do, the support of the work would be far larger than it is. Missionaries make some mistakes, of course, but the wonder is that they have made so few when we consider the small resources at their hands and the rapid, almost kaleidoscopic changes in the islands.

To-day Mr. Kershner has given us the forenoon to show us the educational situation in Manila as it relates itself to the future work of training native evangelists and leaders, and this afternoon Mr. Daugherty has shown us the Filipino outposts which we have in the city. Manila has 250,000 people, and spreads over a very large area, so that we have covered much territory.

One of the most striking results of American occupation is the public school system, so carefully and efficiently introduced, which culminates in the University of the Philippine Islands, located here in Manila. The Government has obtained the property on both sides of beautiful Taft Avenue for a distance of over a mile, and here one of the most modern and all-inclusive universities in the world is being gradually built up. The grounds are most beautiful, the buildings entirely modern, and the whole plan and arrangement very impressive. The United States is school teacher to the Philippine Islands in every sense of the word. Not satisfied with the method of the West toward the East for four hundred years, in which the education has been

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superficial, incomplete, and largely through the channels of commerce and military prowess, we have undertaken to give this people the opportunity of real education leading to final graduation. This graduation proposed is not simply completion of specified instruction in educational institutions, but is likewise planned as a graduation from outside governmental direction into a full-fledged nation.

Feeling the need of a better equipment for the training of our native ministry, our mission has purchased a fine piece of land on Taft Avenue, right in the midst of the university properties. This seems to be a very strategic move and will give our training school the opportunities and prestige afforded by the university. It is proposed to build on this property very soon a Bible training school and dormitory building, a missionaries' home, and a chapel for the university church of our people. The dormitory would accommodate the Bible school as well as students from the university. This would be self-supporting from student rentals, and provide a good evangelistic avenue into the student body. It is possible that the chapel, classrooms for Bible students, and the dormitory may be provided in one building. Two of the generous supporters of the work in America have given the \$40,000 necessary for this property and plant.

The greatest need of missionary work in the Philippines is for well-trained native evangelists

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and leaders. It is easy, therefore, to see the great importance of both the location and the proposed training school on it.

In the afternoon the three of us, together with Mr. Daugherty, took a couple of caramatas and visited the two chapels we have in Manila aside from the one located in the central mission building. We found these to be very plain little buildings, one constructed of bamboo and the other of undressed lumber. In these modest structures good congregations of Filipino Christians meet, ministered to by preachers of their own race. We have a number of other places in the city where there is preaching in the homes of believers. On Sunday afternoon a group of the students in the Bible college go out for preaching and personal work in various parts of the city.

In the Tagalog field, of which Manila is the center, we have something over twenty-five congregations. Many of these are self-sustaining, where the preaching is done by the elders of the church. Leslie Wolfe, who is now home on furlough, superintends this work of evangelization. During his absence from the field, Mr. Daugherty is looking after this part of the work, besides managing the students' dormitory and publishing the Tagalog Christian magazine with a circulation of 10,000.

This evening has been most delightful. On their own initiative the Filipino brethren ar-

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ranged a fine reception for the members of the Commission. They decorated the chapel in the mission building beautifully and carried out a long program consisting of welcome addresses and music. There were over three hundred of the Filipino members of our church present, and the enthusiasm was at a high pitch. There were eight addresses of welcome, six being by Filipino evangelists and the two on the part of the missionaries, given by Mr. Kershner and Dr. Lemmon. Four of the Filipino brethren spoke in their native tongue, one of them spoke in English, and one other made his address first in English and then Tagalog. It is doubtful if any group of churches in America could have arranged a similar evening in better taste and with more appropriate addresses. Quite a large choir occupied the platform and acquitted themselves well with gospel hymns and songs in the Tagalog tongue. The tunes were the familiar ones used at home. The men were all dressed in white suits American style, but the women were garbed in their quaint Filipino dresses with the large crinoline sleeves and collars and long, trailing skirts.

The men are very ready in speech and acquitted themselves with grace and fervency. They spoke most gratefully of the work of the missionaries and the Society, and extended a gracious and enthusiastic welcome to the visitors. All through the addresses appeared expressions

MANILA, THE PACIFIC CROSSROADS.

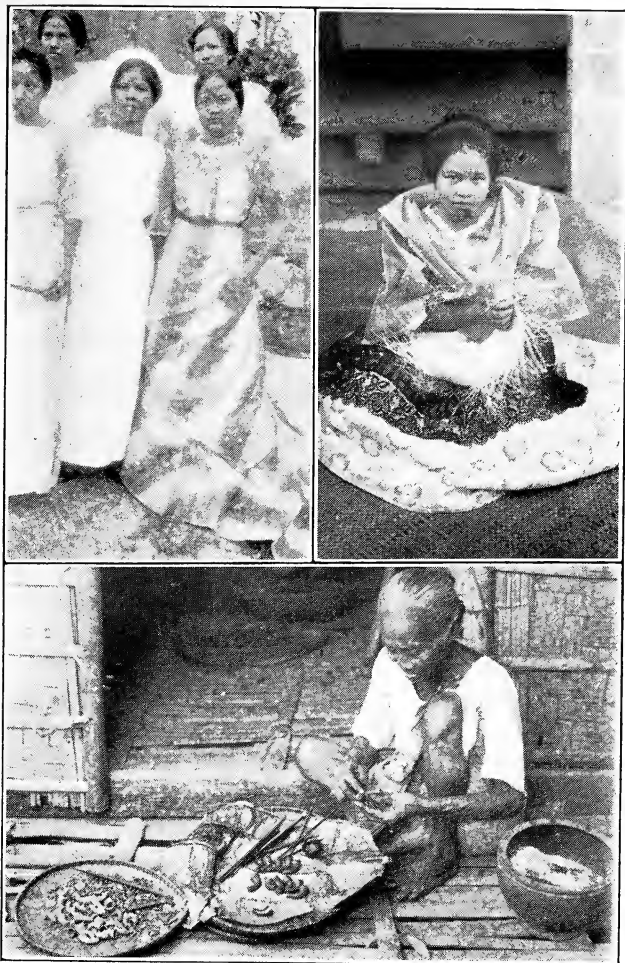
of the Filipino regard for liberty, both in church and in matters of national government. They spoke again and again of the good spirit of our own missionaries in granting them liberty in the management of their churches and the spread of the teaching. It thrilled one to hear of the meager beginnings of our work such a few years ago and the rapid growth in the island to over five thousand members. After the addresses of welcome, Mr. Doan, Professor Bower, and I were called on to reply in a brief address each. Mr. Doan greatly stirred the people by telling them of the large men's class at Nelsonville, Ohio. It seemed hard for them to understand that so many men could be gathered together in one class to study the Bible. Until recently the people here have looked upon the Sunday-school as our people at home formerly looked upon it, a place almost entirely for the children. Better work is now being done in that field here.

August 21st.

To-day we have spent most of the day in seeing the work of our hospital, called the Mary J. Childs Hospital, which is under the direction of Dr. W. N. Lemmon. With \$7,000 furnished by Mrs. Childs, he has bought a large Spanish residence right in the midst of the city and has transformed it into a gospel healing plant. Although the house is an old one, it has strong walls and construction and has been turned into an efficient

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hospital, where hundreds of people are finding healing of the body and spiritual instruction. Our first experience was to attend the morning chapel exercise, where the out-patients who had come for help, and those in the hospital who were able, met together for a gospel service. There were songs and Scripture reading, prayers, and a talk. Each patient is likewise worked with in the dispensary and wards, and each receives Christian literature printed in his own tongue. The doctor says the first requirement of a patient is that he take a bath, then he receives Christian teaching and, following that, physical help. The doctor's family occupies one side of the house upstairs, and Mrs. Lemmon is a great aid among the people in the hospital. The advisability, however, of living in such close proximity to the patients is not above question. Although of decided advantage to the work, it is most trying on the family, especially with two children in the home. A home for the doctor and family should be built at the first possible moment on the extra ground acquired at the side of the hospital. The gratitude of the patients who are healed is most touching. We saw a poor old woman whose leg was most terribly bitten by a savage dog. She went to the Philippine General Hospital and was turned away because of her poverty. She came to Dr. Lemmon, and is now almost well. Her gratitude knows no bounds. Another interesting patient is a Chinese from



Group of Christian Filipino nurses in Laoag Christian Hospital. Typical Filipino girl making a Panama hat. Aged Filipino pipe maker.

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whose eyes the doctor has removed a growth which had blinded him. He can now see perfectly, and has accepted Christianity and will be baptized soon.

A separate ward is maintained for little babies and their mothers. This is an exceptionally fine work. Sixty per cent of all the Filipino babies born in the islands die in infancy. This is due to the ignorance of the mothers as to food, clothing, and sanitation. Among American children born here the mortality is just about the same as in the United States. This proves decisively that the Philippine Islands can be made healthy when the laws of health are properly observed.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Lemmon has furnished the entire equipment of his hospital through the fees and gifts that have come in for the work. He has a very modern and complete operating room with a full set of up-to-date instruments, and although the wards and rooms are plain, they are comfortable and perfectly sanitary. There are forty beds in the hospital, an average of sixty bed patients per month, and there are from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five treatments a day. The Government has already so appreciated the work of the hospital that a grant of \$150 a month is being made, although the institution has been running but a few months.

Little did the wealthy old Spanish family that built the house thirty years ago realize that

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it would some day be turned into a Christian hospital where the poor and suffering of the city could find relief. Something of the first cost of such a building can be imagined when it is known that the material for its construction came from five countries: China, England, Australia, America, and the Philippines. There are sixteen hundred square yards of floor space in this building. The work of a Christian hospital in a land of great need like this is very appealing. One can hardly imagine a service more like the tender ministration of the Saviour himself. The work of such an institution gives great proof and strength to the other work of Christian missions.

IV.

Through Water-Soaked Luzon.

San Fernando, August 21st.

We have had our first experience on the Filipino railroad to-day, making the trip of one hundred and fifty miles from Manila to this point through a most interesting stretch of country. Dr. Lemmon came with us. We were up early, taking the little horse-carts across to the station to catch the 6:30 train. This is a narrow-gauge road, but well equipped and doing a fine business between these prosperous towns near the west coast. The station platform was lined with little stands, presided over by Filipino women, where native cakes, colored boiled eggs, and small, green-skinned oranges were being sold. The diminutive trains are arranged on the compartment plan, and we all placed ourselves and our hand baggage inside one of these little sections. A hand-bell was rung on the station platform, the station guard blew his tiny whistle, the guard accompanying the train replied in the same kind, the little locomotive gave two nervous toots, and we were off. It had been raining most of the time for twenty-four hours, and the water was

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standing everywhere. For the first time we discovered the real reason why the Filipino houses are all built high above the ground on large bamboo legs. We went through a large section of the poorer part of Manila, and the little nipa houses looked quite dry and comfortable perched high above the puddles and ponds which covered the ground. Practically everything about a native house is made of bamboo except the roof, which is nipa palm-leaf thatch. The bamboo grows very large here, and posts four to six inches in diameter form the foundation as well as the sustaining timbers of the house. Instead of nails, a native vine of great strength is used to tie all the pieces in place. The sides of the houses are made of the outer shell of the bamboo, split off and flattened out, and then woven together in the fashion of splints in the bottom of a chair. The doors and windows are made of sections of the same material held in bamboo frames and arranged to slide back and forward between bamboo strips. The floors are of narrow slats of bamboo, laid across tiny beams of the same material. The strips which form the floor are put down about an inch apart to provide air and also openings for all dirt and small refuse to fall through. The pigs, goats, and chickens find their habitat underneath the house. The entrance to the houses, which are from four to six feet above ground, is made on a bamboo ladder.

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We came through a very fertile country where the chief product is rice and sugar cane. We also noticed some large areas of hemp. The chief product seems to be rice in this section, and as this is the early part of the rainy season, many of the farmers were busy preparing their rice fields and setting out the rice plants. The rice must be grown in water. This is provided abundantly by the rains, but must be contained permanently until the rice is almost mature. This is accomplished by building little mud walls, about a foot or eighteen inches high, between the little sections of a field. The native holdings seem to be very small, a farm comprising from half an acre to five acres. The caribou or water buffalo is used altogether for the plowing and preparation of the land. Before the water is confined on the land it is plowed with a primitive native plow of iron, attached to a crooked pole. Then the water is made to cover the ground and the caribou wallows through it, drawing the plow once more and following that with a crude harrow. This reduces the water-soaked soil to the constituency of a thin, mushy substance. After this the rice plants, which have been nurtured in a separate bed, are transplanted in this mud with the tops sticking out above the water. We could see the men and women busy in the fields knee-deep in mud. They had on very little clothing below the waist, and their heads were covered with the great bamboo hats

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nearly three feet across. As it was raining most of the time, they wore around their shoulders a cape made of palm leaf, which stuck out over their shoulders and from their bodies in curious fashion.

An interested and interesting crowd watched the train and its passengers as we stopped at each station. Nearly every one seemed to be smoking. In Manila the majority of the women occupy themselves in chewing the beetle nut, but through this region they smoke. They use a very large cigar, often fully a foot in length, which they roll themselves from their home-grown tobacco. These huge cigars last them for many smokes, and are often used by the family, being passed about among the different members.

Indications of American influence were seen in every village in the good schoolhouses, public buildings, and good pike roads. In many of the towns American rice and sugar mills were also to be seen.

We came to the end of the railroad across the river from this town and had a somewhat thrilling experience in getting across the greatly swollen stream. We made the distance from the depot to the river in little, two-wheeled, bamboo-covered carts, drawn by very diminutive ponies. On reaching the Banang River, we found it a raging torrent, fully half a mile wide. We could hear the ocean breakers booming half a mile below, at the mouth of the river. There was a

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sand bar about a third of the way across. Passengers were being taken to this island on small, bamboo rafts, and then through the swiftest current in long, heavy canoes, fitted with bamboo outriggers or floats, braced out from the sides. We feared the risk in using the rafts, and they brought over the large canoe for us. Into this we loaded ourselves and our baggage. There were six paddlers, a steersman, and four men to help with a rope if necessary. These latter walked along the bank and pulled us a long way up stream before we started across. This was done on account of the terrific current, which bore the boat down stream with great rapidity after we had started. Then the men took their places and worked with great vigor with their paddle-like oars to get us across. All of the men were obliged to leap out in the middle of the river where the water was comparatively shallow and push us far up stream again in order to make the landing place. After this precaution and a strong, rapid pull with the paddlers, we made the other side.

We were again impressed with the contradictions evident out here, when we stepped out of the primitive outrigger canoe and climbed into a big American automobile waiting to bring us a distance of six miles to this town. This run was made over a splendid stone and coral road as smooth as a floor. This is one of the Government improvements under American direction.

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The automobile brought us to the San Fernando hotel, a fairly good hostel, built of native lumber and owned by a West Indian Negro. We had hoped to go by automobile the remaining one hundred and twenty miles to our station at Vigan, but the terrific rains have so swollen the rivers and destroyed portions of the road that we cannot get through. The only way to make the remaining part of the journey now is to wait here for the steamer, which leaves Manila tomorrow and touches here the day after. We are very much disappointed in this delay for we had hoped to be in Vigan with the workers for Sunday.

San Fernando, August 22d.

We are in the midst of both the rainy and the typhoon season, and rain has fallen in torrents most of last night and to-day. The water comes down by the bucketful and it seems like a continual cloudburst. Last night when the rain began to come into my room, I got up to shut the window, and before I could get it closed I was drenched. The rivers are too high for crossing, both behind and before us, and the news of a typhoon at sea may keep the boat from sailing, so we may be marooned here for a week or so.

This morning early we went to the native market and spent an interesting hour. The market is held every Saturday in the yard of the

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municipal building. A great company of buyers and sellers gather and, under sheds and in the open, carry on the sale of their wares. These people are quiet and orderly and do their buying and selling in a mild, gentle way. They are apparently good bargain makers, but are not at all demonstrative in their manner. The list of articles for sale was a long one. The women seem to look after nearly all the trading. There was a row of women squatted on their mats selling rice, which they measured out in little square boxes; another group sold vegetables and greens, still another dealt entirely in fish. There were groups selling pottery, yams, meats, bamboo hats, palm-leaf rain cloaks, kerosene, tobacco, eggs, and many other articles. Nearly all the women smoked their long, homemade cigars. We learned to-day that these huge cigars last the users for several days, sometimes a week. They smoke them a while and then lay them aside for use when the desire comes again. We learned also that the public schools have made a great change in the school girls in this regard. They have prohibited smoking on the school grounds and taught against it until very few of the public school or high school girls now use tobacco.

We have spent several hours to-day with the missionaries of the United Brethren Church, going over their work and conferring with them. This is the center of their field in Luzon. While

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their work is not large in the island, it seems to be well organized and very effective. They have one family and two single women here, and a man and his wife further up the coast. This last missionary happened to be here to-day, and we had a good conference all together. They are devoted people and show a fine spirit. They have the prettiest church building here we have seen in the island. It is of concrete and cost \$5,000. Their press is also located here, and the two single women are conducting a girls' Bible training school and dormitory. It is very helpful and suggestive to see the work of these fellow missionaries and one profits greatly by their experience.

San Fernando, Sunday, August 23d.

Dr. Lemmon, of Manila, is traveling north with us, and there came to see him to-day a woman who has been recently treated by him in his hospital there. Her exhibition of joy on seeing him led us to inquire into the case. It seems that she and her people were poor folks of the mountains back of here, who were Catholics, but who also held to many of the pagan superstitions of the mountain tribes. This woman came to the period of childbirth and could not deliver her child. The old women midwives who attended her, finding that all their efforts failed, called in the priest, and the aid of the Virgin Mary and the saints were impor-

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tuned. The regular fees exacted by the church for such services were paid, although the people were very poor. Still the woman was unrelieved, and the case grew very critical. These people believe in the power of evil spirits and made sacrifices of chickens and offered rice outside the door in propitiation. They also made use of charms prepared by the old women necromancers of the village. All of this was of no avail, and in desperation five strong men were called in to aid by physical efforts the poor woman. When it seemed that she would die, a hurried call was sent to the United Brethren missionary here, who is not a physician, but who understands something of medicine and had dispensed remedies to many of the people. He saw the terrible condition of the woman and told her people that the only possible hope for her was to hurriedly take her to Manila, one hundred and twenty miles away. Following their Romanist custom, they gave her a little "sacred" candle that it might be lighted in case death should approach. She was too weak to hold it, so they twisted it about her emaciated fingers. She was placed in a blanket, to which a bamboo pole was attached, and thus carried on the shoulders of two men several miles to the river. Across this a fording was made in a dugout-outrigger canoe, and then the poor sufferer was placed on the train. A mat was put on one of the seats and on this she made her way, with

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her husband, the long, rough days' journey to Manila. Although the woman seemed near death, Dr. Lemmon through an operation relieved her, and a month's stay in the hospital made her a well woman. While in the hospital both she and her husband were greatly moved by the kindness and skill of Dr. Lemmon, who had saved her life, and under his direction began to study the Bible. The husband also attended every chapel service in the hospital during his stay. As a consequence, before leaving both of these people expressed their desire to be baptized. As they lived near the United Brethren mission, Dr. Lemmon advised them to unite with the United Brethren church at San Fernando. This they did, and during the few months that have elapsed they have shown their sincerity by leading others of their family into the church.

As Dr. Lemmon bade this good woman good-bye to-day, she seized his hands, covered them with kisses, and with the tears raining down her cheeks thanked him for the healing of her body and the leading of her soul to Christ. The doctor was very much moved and said to us: "Do you wonder that we love these people and had rather be here than any place else in the world. The largest physician's salary in America would not compare with the compensation this woman has given me to-day." Each of our physicians in the Philippines has many such cases in the history of his work.

V.

By Boat, Baca, and Balsa.

Vigan, Ilocos Sur. Tuesday, August 25th.

It would be difficult to crowd into twenty-four hours more varied experiences of travel than we have just had in that time. Because of the continued downpour of rain we were unable to proceed to this place overland, so yesterday evening we embarked in a tobacco steamer from San Fernando. This is a small, flat-bottomed steamer of fifteen hundred tons, called the *Mauban*. It plies between Manila and Appari, at the northeast point of the island of Luzon, and has a bad reputation as to the comfort of passengers. It was but lightly loaded, and this added to the fact that we sailed but thirty hours after a typhoon had passed, leaving a very rough sea, made our journey most miserable. Other people who have sailed the seas may have been just as seasick as we were, but it is doubtful if any one ever experienced more different kinds of seasickness than we did. In the first place, the smell of the ship gave us a certain kind of nausea; then the greasy, garlicky ship's food that we were foolish enough to try to eat before she

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sailed gave us another type. After sailing, we were conscious of a peculiar sensation of *mal de mere* from the fact that our cabins were in the stern and we received the full benefit of the bucking-broncho kind of pitching of which the ship has a sort of its own. But this was not all. We were directly over the propeller, which, because of the roughness of the sea, seemed to be out of the water fully half of the time. Every time this occurred the propeller spun with greatly accelerated speed, which made the boat vibrate like a dog shaking himself after a ducking. It is simply impossible to describe or diagram the extraordinary feeling which settled upon one when this occurred. And then, last but not least, the cabins were too stifling to be endurable, so the men in our party persuaded the cabin boys to bring our bedding to the upper deck and place us on cots so that we could have the benefit of the air. Along in the night the sea became so rough that our cots began to glide across the deck, so we placed Professor Bower in the center, where he could hold on to an iron post and anchor us by allowing us to hold to his cot. Mr. Doan and his son wisely went below, choosing the stifling staterooms rather than the rollicking deck. Along toward morning the wind blew the blanket off of Professor Bower, and in an unguarded moment he released his hold on the post and arose to rescue it. Just as he loosened his grip on the post the ship tilted rad-

BY BOAT, BACA, AND BALSA.

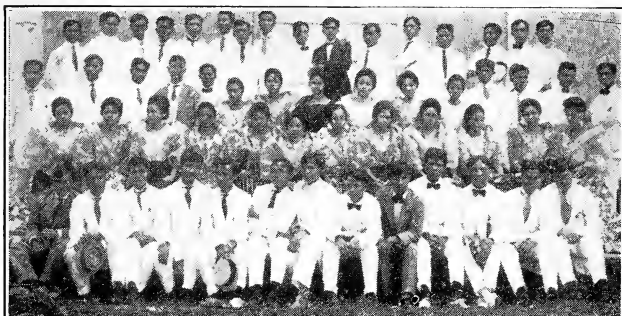
ically to port and I and my cot shot across the deck with lightning-like rapidity. The force of my flight was slightly slackened by the fact that my cot crashed into half a dozen rattan deck chairs that had preceded me toward the railing. Before I could recover myself, Professor Bower, who had wildly followed me across the deck with involuntary speed and much less dignity than he usually has at his command, landed upon my stomach with his two hundred pounds of weight, and before any apologies were forthcoming, the ship had tilted violently to starboard and both of us, piled on top of my cot, were speeding with amazing rapidity in the opposite direction. In the middle of the deck we encountered the iron post with Professor Bower acting as the cushion of contact. By some marvelous providence he escaped serious injury and, abandoning himself to the instinct of self-preservation, threw his arms wildly about the post and clung for dear life. I myself in turn felt strangely drawn to the professor and gripped him in a fond embrace. By this united action we stopped the mad game of ping-pong we had begun to play and had time to lie on our backs, gripping with our hands our improvised anchor and with our minds trying to analyze the new sensation of seasickness which this startling experience had given us.

Some people have seasickness when a ship *itches*—that is, when it teeters endwise on the

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swells or seas; other people find themselves especially susceptible to the motions of a ship when it *rolls* from side to side. The China Sea is famous for its ability to make a ship go both ways at the same time, and very few people can withstand the combination. Add to this peculiar conceit of this famous sea the weak resistance offered by a small, half-loaded, flat-bottomed tobacco boat and you have a combination of surprising motions which brings the proudest spirit to grief. The nearest description of this movement that one can think of is an accelerated *wallow*, and the approximate feeling that one has concerning his own anatomy during this motion, is that his whole body is swinging in three directions at once while his stomach is revolving entirely on a separate axis of its own.

After a little short of twelve hours of this sort of thing it was announced that we had reached the harbor of Salomague. The ship dropped anchor far out in the bay, but as the sea was running very high even here, our hasty toilet was made with lingering misgivings and we made ready our baggage for unloading with faltering steps and pale, expressionless faces. The natives had come out with crude, home-made boats, which they kept alongside with difficulty, and we were let down into them for passage ashore. The only thing which kept us from fear of ever getting safely ashore through the wildly tossing sea was the fact that we were so



Normal School graduates, Philippine Islands. Caribou cart. Irrigation system of the Ifugao, mountain tribe, Philippine Islands.



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miserable that any possibility was looked upon with indifference. The men in these strange, frail-looking boats were really skillful in the handling of their craft and got us ashore without taking a bucketful of water.

We landed at a little village composed of half a dozen bamboo houses and a warehouse of the same material. Here we found one of our Filipino evangelists, who had ridden in fifteen miles from his station to meet us and guide us on our way. He informed us that the heavy rains had destroyed bridges and portions of the road, and that we would have to make the thirty-five miles by ox-cart and pony buggies instead of automobile. He had five of these oxen and little covered carts ready for us, and we soon departed, after reading a telegram from Mr. Hanna, of Vigan, who wired to "embark" in the carts and he would meet us half way on our journey with the pony buggies.

The little carts, or *cartonas*, as the natives call them, are made entirely of bamboo, save the wheels, and the cover resembles very much a huge poke sunbonnet. You sit cramped up inside on the bamboo slat bottom, and bump along without any springs under you, while the driver sits on the front edge of the box, almost astride his oxen, and gets an indifferent speed out of it with a sharp stick. We had a downpour of rain about every half hour, and our cart drivers kept most of the rain out of the open front of our

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carts and also from their own shoulders by throwing about them their stiff, outstanding capes, made of palm leaves. The road is a good one, kept up by the Government, and we got on easily across the small streams until we reached one of the larger rivers, where Mr. Hanna was awaiting us with a two-pony buggy and a covered spring cart pulled by two very diminutive ponies. Here we dismissed all of the ox-carts save one, which was reserved for our hand baggage and Dr. Lemmon, who volunteered to follow us in the slower way. We did not proceed, however, until we had stopped for dinner, very kindly prepared for us by a Filipino gentleman and his wife, important people in their village. The good man escorted us upstairs to their living apartments, for a Filipino never lives on the first floor of his house. Although this was the best house in the town, a flock of sheep were occupying the ground floor. These good people set before us boiled rice, fried eggs, canned sardines, and fresh rain-water for drinking. We had been able to take no breakfast. This, together with our long cart journey, had put a keen edge to our appetites and we gave an exceedingly good account of ourselves, much to the satisfaction of our host and hostess.

When we came to our first river we found it a raging torrent, although in the dry season it is but a small, insignificant stream. The Government has built a large concrete bridge here,

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but the rains came on before one of the abutments could be finished and it was useless for crossing with vehicles. We crossed the bridge on foot, climbing down from the unfinished abutment on a long bamboo ladder, the lower end of which rested in a bamboo cart, to which was hitched a water buffalo, or caribou. The wheels were removed from our vehicles by villagers who volunteered to help, and then the buggy and the cart carried across by about a dozen of them, who held their burdens above their heads and waded arm-pit deep through the rushing water. The little ponies partly waded and partly swam across. We crossed the next river by having thirteen nearly naked natives around each vehicle, who pulled and pushed and yelled and struggled until we gained the other shore. Just before reaching Vigan we came to the largest stream, across which we were taken on a bamboo raft. The raft was pushed up to the shore, our vehicles driven onto it, and then we were poled across by the native raftsmen. Thus after about eight hours of varied overland and through-water experiences we reached Vigan. It was a hard day's work, but we should not complain for our missionaries are subject to such journeys many times during the year.

VI.

With the Workers In Vigan.

Vigan, Thursday, August 26th.

Still it rains. The water has been coming down for eight days now almost continually. All streams are far out of their banks and travel is impossible. The typhoon signal is up, which indicates that one is raging very near us at sea. While the wind rages at sea, the water pours down on land. This will probably mean another week of rain. Dr. Lemmon has been telling us of forty-one inches of rain in twenty-four hours, and we thought he was telling us a Munchausen yarn until he showed that the Government report indicated a fall of forty-two inches in twenty-four hours and seventy-eight inches in forty-eight hours during a prolonged cloudburst in the mountains!

We have received a warm welcome here from the three missionary families, the Hannas, McCallums, and the Klins. Mr. and Mrs. Hanna, who are our pioneer missionaries to the Philippines, live in the central mission house. Their building is also occupied by the missionary press. Mr. and Mrs. McCallum occupy the new mis-

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sionary home next to the Bible college dormitory, also new. Mr. McCallum is in charge of the college. Dr. and Mrs. Kline live in a large Philippine house improvised into a hospital and residence. This is a strong center for evangelistic work, and we have many churches in the villages and towns round about. The influence of this work also extends far up the Abra River into the hills and mountains back of here, where the real pagan people live who have never been touched by the Romanism which became the religion of the Ilocano people of the lowlands. This is a very strong Catholic center, being the residence of a bishop, who is one of the few American priests in the island. He is very bitter against the missionaries and uses every means to counteract their work. However, the efforts of our workers are splendidly rewarded here in the surrounding country. To illustrate the methods of this priest it is necessary but to recount a recent experience of Mr. Hanna's. The American Bible Society through its agents is selling and distributing large numbers of Scriptures and portions of the Scriptures among the people. Not long ago they sent their moving picture machine to this city, and Mr. Hanna gave a series of lectures on the Bible. Ten cents admission was charged, and with each admission a copy of the Gospels in the Ilocano tongue was given. In this way about twelve hundred books were distributed. The priest became

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alarmed at the number of Scriptures in the hands of the people and resorted to strategy to secure them. He also gave a moving picture lecture and charged for admission one copy of the Gospels. By this means he secured about five hundred copies that had been distributed, and burned them in the Catholic school grounds, before the children. This coup of the priest has been heralded far and wide in both the islands and in America as a great defeat for the Protestants. As a matter of fact, it appears that most of the families which first secured the books are still in possession of at least one copy, and from all indications these Gospels are being widely read. This is all the missionaries could wish, for an open Bible in the hands of the people is the best possible opening for effective missionary work.

The mission press here is doing a fine work under Mr. Hanna's direction. A weekly paper is published in the native tongue with a subscription list of about three thousand; also a small monthly paper in English, which keeps many of the people in the homeland in touch with the work. The press also turns out many tracts, leaflets, and booklets which are a great aid to the work. The Sunday-school supplies in the Ilocano tongue also go out from this press. One can hardly measure the value of a publication such as the monthly paper, which goes into such a number of the homes. The people

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have very little reading matter, and the contents of this paper are eagerly read. It furnishes a fine medium for teaching and also for suggested direction of the native churches. We have an excellent new Bible college dormitory here, built of reinforced concrete, and filled with nearly fifty students. About one half of these are young men studying for the ministry, and the rest are high-school pupils from out of town who rent rooms in the dormitory and are thus under the influence of Mr. McCallum, our man in charge of the school. These high-school pupils must take some work in Bible study in order to room in the dormitory, and a valuable work is being done among them. Professor McCallum has a fine looking group of students who are preparing for the ministry. This sort of work is one of the most important things to be done in Christianizing the Philippines. Native leadership for the church is the hope of the future here, as everywhere in mission lands. Mr. Hanna and the other workers are endeavoring to throw the responsibility for leadership and support on the native churches just as fast as possible.

One's heart is made to ache by the miserable equipment at the disposal of Dr. Kline for his medical work here. He has an old, rambling, uninviting Filipino residence which he has converted as best he could into a hospital and a residence for his family. The building leaks,

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is dingy, and he has a hard time making it sanitary. It is the best he can rent, and he is patiently waiting until the Society can provide him a hospital for this great, needy field. Dr. Pickett's hospital, at Laoag, sixty miles north, is the nearest one in that direction, and there is none south of here until you reach Manila, two hundred miles away. If the people in the homeland could see the heroic efforts of this good man to carry on the work under such trying circumstances, and could also see the pitiful need of these people for medical assistance, their hearts would surely be opened. In spite of the handicap, Dr. Kline is doing a fine work and reaching many people. We were to-day looking up a better place that might be rented until the hospital could be built, and also a separate house in which he, his wife and two little children might live, for no doctor ought to be asked to house his family in this hospital building. We think we have found a better place for them.

One who wishes to know the problems of both the missionaries and the Society should have been with us yesterday and to-day, as all day and far into the night we held our conferences together and studied and planned for the work. The continuous rain has kept us from looking about and visiting the chapels and the people, but it has shut us up to a real study of the problems and opportunities of the work.

We have studied the occupation of new fields,

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and the missionaries have pressed upon us the claims of the pagan mountain people back fifty miles from here, who formerly were head hunters, and among whom no Christian work has ever been done. We have a few little bands of Disciples along the edge of this tribe, and the door is wide open for a station and a real work among them. However, an equally strong call comes from Appari, on the northeast coast, a great, rich section in the Cagayan Valley, where we have a group of churches ministered to by Filipino evangelists for a number of years, and to whom we made the promise of a missionary long ago. It does seem pitiful that we cannot undertake this mountain work among these hardy, untouched people, who are so susceptible. The Belgian Catholic priests are already beginning work among them, and in a few years they will have an inferior and incomplete type of Christianity, which will make it so much harder to reach them. An investment of \$5,000 a year for ten years among these people would mean more than one can measure for the transformation of a whole tribe.

To-night a service was held for us in our Filipino church here, and although the rain poured down, the commodious chapel was filled and many people were standing. The work looks very substantial here, and we were impressed with the intelligence and interest of the congregation. After a number of special songs by the

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choir and an excellent male quartet, Mr. Doan, Professor Bower, and I spoke to the people through the interpretation of one of the Bible students who understands English well. All of the young people who have attended the public schools understand English, for that is the language of instruction.

VII.

Interesting Laoag.

Laoag, Sunday night, August 30th.

After an interesting but difficult journey yesterday, by pony cart, raft, and auto, we reached Laoag.

This has been a busy and a happy day. We began early with worship, happy fellowship, and a good meal at the breakfast table, then we went to the church at 8:30. Our Filipino brethren meet in a comfortable frame chapel lined with *swale*, or bamboo matting. Almost opposite this is a great, crumbling Catholic cathedral—in use, but in very poor repair. In the old Spanish days these cathedrals were built and kept up through forced labor from the Filipinos, but now, since that compulsory tax is gone, the Catholics find it very difficult to even keep them in repair.

There were about one hundred and fifty people present at the church service. A quartet of bright young people sang "Since I've been redeemed" and several other familiar hymns, and the people joined well in the congregational singing, all in the Ilocano tongue. We were impressed with the reverence and quiet gentleness of the people. The men and boys were all

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dressed in white, and the modest little Filipino girls and women presented a pleasing spectacle in their neat dresses with the big transparent sleeves and immense, high-standing collars of the same fluffy material. This peculiar dress furnished a quaint background for their smooth little brown faces and dark, sparkling eyes.

We enjoyed here our first communion service with the Filipino people, and it was very sweet indeed. One of the elders of the congregation is a devoted old man, and before his conversion was a notable drunkard and gambler, who spent most of his time cock fighting. He has four children who are active workers in the church. The congregation and the church service compared very favorably indeed with the same at home. The work in Laoag has only been established about twelve years. This church is the center for a large district in Ilocos Norte province, and we have many churches in the villages round about. W. H. Hanna was the pioneer in this field and did a splendid work in establishing the cause and evangelizing the country. Dr. and Mrs. Pickett have been here for nearly ten years, and their medical work and all-around ministry among the people has made a marked impression. Miss Sylvia Siegfried, who is now home on furlough, has been associated with them for about seven years, and she has done a very strong work among the women and children. She has worked far be-

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yond her strength, even taking long evangelistic trips into the country on horseback or in ox-cart. Mr. Saunders has been associated with the Picketts for nearly two years now. He is an enthusiastic, hard-working young man of good training, who has already enlisted much love and respect on the part of the Filipinos.

I was called upon to speak to the people, and did the best I could through Mr. Hanna as interpreter. It is a most difficult process and one feels like an automatic dummy while attempting it. One speaks a few sentences in his own tongue and then pursues the policy of "watchful waiting" while the interpreter does the real speaking intelligible to the audience.

The Sunday-school was well attended, and conducted in proper style by a Filipino superintendent. At the earnest request of the missionaries, Mr. Doan spoke to the large class of young men, telling them how the great class at Nelsonville, Ohio, was built up man by man. There were nearly forty young men in the class, most of them from the high school, and they were much moved by the talk. At the close Mr. Doan showed them the picture of the Nelsonville class, taken when there were nearly nine hundred present, and they could hardly believe their eyes. There were many expressions from them afterwards as to their determination to build up a larger class.

One of the sweetest songs used in the Sunday-

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school was "There is sunlight in my soul to-day," the first verse of which ran as follows:

Naraniag daytog aldow ita,
Tay pusoe naraniag,
Nya awan ti macapoda
Ni Jesus ti Lawag.

There is something very inspiring in listening to our familiar gospel hymns sung in a foreign tongue.

When the superintendent called for a show of Bibles, forty-three were held up. The readiness with which the people read the Bible is the most hopeful sign in the islands. Before the coming of the Protestant missionary the Bible was a closed Book to any but the friar. Even now the priests in the Romanist church do all they can to keep the Scriptures out of the hands of the people, even going so far as to publicly burn copies they can get hold of. But the public school and the freedom of American ideals are giving the people liberty of thought and action, and the old, ruthless power of the Roman church has been largely broken. No nation has yet become great in the real sense where the Bible was not an open Book. What a travesty on the Spirit of Christ it is to deny people the right to read his printed words, when the common people heard him gladly during his ministry on earth!

The leaders in the Laoag church go out in the city Sunday afternoon and conduct schools

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and classes in many different places. There were nearly eight hundred taught in this way in the city to-day. Our people have two thousand in the Sunday-schools of this province. In the midst of the Sunday-school service a Catholic funeral procession passed the church, led by a brass band playing a very noisy and lively air. The casket was supported on a highly ornamented platform carried on the shoulders of four men.

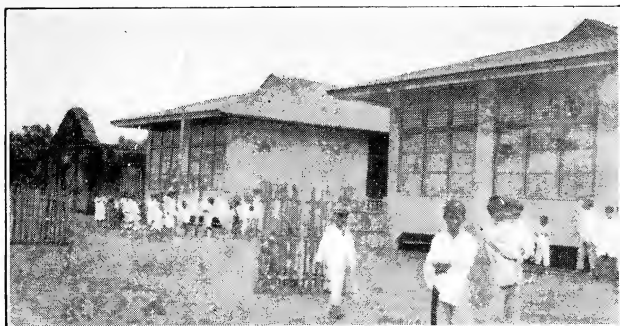
At the close of the Sunday-school a number of the young people went to the jail with Mr. Saunders and conducted a service for the prisoners.

This afternoon an English preaching service was held in Dr. Pickett's home, where about twenty-five Americans gathered. They are school teachers, Government officials, engineers, and their wives. Professor Bower preached a strong sermon on the social task Christianity offers, and paid a hearty tribute to the work of the American in the island. The American school teacher in the Philippines has been a real missionary, and what they have done is a marvel to all who observe. In the main their service has been an unselfish, altruistic one. Eighteen days after Manila fell, seven schools were opened there. The friars, realizing what this would mean for the religious freedom of the people, put obstructions in the way, but failed to stop or discourage the work. Nothing has created

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a more profound respect among the people than the work of the American Government in planting schools. While Aguinaldo was still fighting America we had established more than one thousand schools, and in 1901 there were one thousand American teachers in the islands. There are now ten thousand public school teachers, the great majority of them Filipinos, but every one teaching school in the English tongue.

This afternoon was spent in conference with the missionaries on their work and problems, and this evening a most interesting Christian Endeavor service was held in the church. The house was full, and the first on the program was a debate by six young high-school students on whether the proposed girls' Bible training school, which we hope to establish, should be located at Laoag or at Vigan. The members of our Commission were very much embarrassed by being called on to act as judges in the contest. The boys put up a strong debate in English, covering their points with quite rare skill, and certainly with ingenuity. It appeared to us that the contest was very close, but the Laoag side seemed to have made a few points over those representing Vigan. We therefore proclaimed the Laoag side the winner, not before very carefully stating, however, that our decision was simply based on the arguments of the evening, without any reference to what the final decision would be as to the location of the school.



An American public school in Philippines, with ruins of old Romanist school in background. Corn food exhibition, Philippine Islands. Group of evangelistic students, Manila.



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Following the debate, the members of the Commission spoke briefly, and Mr. Hanna closed with an address to the people in Ilocano. His visit is greatly appreciated by the people, who love him dearly, and he held the people in rapt attention while he spoke. He has mastered the language as few others have done, and has a great hold on the people. His evangelistic work in all the Ilocanos field has borne much fruit for the Master. While the larger part of evangelization will be increasingly left to trained Filipino leaders, yet for many years there will be a large work for the American missionary evangelist here. He needs to open new territory, visit outstations, superintend the work of native evangelists, and be a real advisory New Testament bishop to all the churches, much as was Paul in the apostolic days. To be sure, he must constantly, besides all this, do the regular work of an evangelist.

While the work in the Philippine Islands has been very successful, one must not think that the missionary has an easy time of it—far from it. Some of the difficulties which stand out most strikingly are the bitter and insistent opposition of the Romanists, the deep-rooted superstition of the people, the lack of initiative on the part of the people, and the long wet season, which practically ties up much of the work for about five months of the year.

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Monday noon, August 31st.

We have been much delayed in getting to Laoag because of the rains, and now because of the war we learn that the only sure way to get from the Philippines to China is by way of the steamer *Mongolia*, scheduled to sail from Manila September 5th. This necessitates our leaving to-day for Vigan and Manila, and it will be a hard task to get through on time anyway. We have spent the morning studying Dr. Pickett's hospital, and looking through the city high school with Mr. Saunders. The hospital here was provided by R. A. Long, and is called the Sallie Long Reed Memorial, in memory of his sister. His gift was \$7,500, and it is hard to imagine how such a sum could be spent to greater advantage for the help of the suffering. Dr. Pickett has constructed a large concrete building, with hospital, dispensary, chapel, and nurses' quarters in it. Here he treats thousands of patients during the year, and dispenses Christian teaching as well as medicine. His work here for so many years has secured for him a strong grip on the people, and they come from all directions for his ministrations. He has to be druggist as well as physician, and he also has a dental department with a native man in charge.

The Government has so valued his work that a subsidy of \$1,800 has been granted him for this year to help in the work. He is just now doing some remarkable work in trying to rid his prov-

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ince of the dread ailment called the yaws—a syphilitic disease which manifests itself in horrible running sores on the body, often attacking the nostrils and mouth. He treats these patients with a new remedy which is injected into the blood, and has had uniform success in healing the plague. An ox-cart load of five people, all of the same family and each suffering from this terrible ailment, came to the hospital this morning. They presented a most pitiful spectacle, and their joy was unbounded when the doctor assured them that he could heal them.

We went to the hospital with the doctor at eight o'clock, and he began his day's work with chapel, at which his five nurse assistants, together with such patients as were able, gathered. The service consisted of songs, prayer, and a talk, which at this service was given by Dr. Lemmon, who spent two years in the work here while Dr. Pickett was home on furlough. He spoke especially to the nurses, and his words were very tender as he talked of their long vigils at night and urged them to be faithful, taking as his text Jesus's experience with his disciples in the garden, where he asked them if they could not watch with him one hour.

After the chapel the doctor attended his clinic, prescribing and giving treatment to those who were in need. After this he showed us through the hospital. We were deeply impressed with the efficiency of this religious healing plant.

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More patients are treated here than in many hospitals at home costing fully twenty times as much, and the purpose of this institution is the healing of the soul as well as the body. The medical missionary heals people because they need healing, but he also uses his ministration to the body as a doorway into the realm of the spirit. Our own mission has emphasized medical missions more than any other Society in both the Philippines and the Congo, and the wisdom of this type of work is very evident.

After visiting the hospital, Mr. Saunders took us to visit the city schools, and impressed upon us the wisdom of dormitories for high-school students in connection with our mission work. We were much interested in the large, provincial high school located here, which is a fine example of what America has done for its island possessions in the way of education. We found a large, modern, concrete building filled with eager students taking the regular high-school work, all the classes being conducted in English. The principal and four of the teachers are Americans, and the rest of the instructors Filipinos. We found the students apparently quite as alert in geometry, English, and history as one would find students of the same grade at home. These high-school pupils come from the best families over a large district. Moving to the city to get their education, they find the little bamboo houses of the people poor places to room and board, and

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are very anxious to get into a dormitory. The mission, by providing such a home for them, can exact from them attendance at a daily religious service and also have the privilege of doing active mission work among them. They are always glad to pay for their board and room. We have such dormitories for high-school pupils at Vigan and Manila.

We have been talking some this morning concerning a very acute problem which faces nearly all the missionaries sooner or later. It is the question of the education of the children. Conditions and social relations are not such on the mission fields that parents can keep their children out here for education after they are about twelve. This necessitates sending the boys and girls home at one of the most critical periods in their lives. The eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Pickett is now in America for education, and soon their oldest boy will likewise have to go. This enforced separation is the hardest trial of the missionary's experience, and brings a heart-ache and an anxiety which the people in the homeland do not always properly measure in thinking of the missionary's task. The question of a lonely field and a strange people to work with, which are so dilated upon by many of us at home, are small problems indeed when compared with the long separation from children.

Dr. Pickett has a fine group of five nurses. Their tender ministry gives them a rare oppor-

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tunity to serve Christ among the patients. They are in constant training, studying and receiving instruction from Dr. Pickett. His plan is to pick out the very best young Filipino Christian girls for this work. Four of these nurses can be supported for \$50 each a year, and his head nurse receives \$150. Here is a good investment for some of the home folks. A similar service could be rendered Dr. Kline at Vigan, and Dr. Lemmon at Manila at the same figure. Each of these doctors have a nurse who spends all her time out among the people in the villages, nursing, dispensing medicines, and teaching the people of Christ. Where would fifty dollars go farther or do more good?

VIII.

More Difficult Traveling.

Vigan, Tuesday night, September 1st.

Again we have had some interesting travel experience which has grown to be commonplace to the missionaries. We left Laoag yesterday noon and rode twenty miles in an American auto truck to the Badoc River. The stream had fallen considerably, but was still swift and wide. We crossed the first section in ox-carts, the second by wading, and the third in various ways. Mrs. Doan was carried on the shoulders of two sturdy Filipinos, who waded almost to their armpits in the swift current. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Doan, and Austin Doan negotiated the stream by stretching themselves out on the shoulders of three men each, and Professor Bower and I chose to wade with a man on either side to help us. There were places where the current was so deep and swift that it seemed we would have to push our men aside and swim for it, but we finally got across without doing so. Mr. and Mrs. Doan and Mr. Hanna went on a distance to the town in Mr. Hanna's pony buggy, which was waiting for us, and the other four of us followed in a

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pony cart and an ox-cart. At the town of Badoc it became necessary to add another pony to the bony little animal which pulled our cart. To get the pony, mend its harness, and settle upon the price took Mr. Hanna and the Filipino men interested just an hour and a half. During this interim we ate our afternoon lunch and examined a ruined cathedral and convent in the center of the town. What was once a really remarkable structure has now become a crumbling wreck. During the days of Spanish friar control of the people, the building was constructed and kept in repair by a compulsory labor tax. Since American intervention and the deporting of the friars, the people have not even kept up the repairs. A typhoon has stripped off the roof, the rafters have decayed and fallen in, and only a very small portion of the huge structure is now used for church purposes. This is at the rear, and is roofed over with sheet iron. Across the street is a fine American schoolhouse with the Stars and Stripes flying from it.

After the second pony for our cart had been harnessed and hitched alongside the first one, we essayed to start, but our last steed was stubborn and would not go. He persisted in biting his mate and kicking at the driver. We remedied this by putting him inside the shafts and placing the other pony in his place on the outside. Although this gave the obstreperous one more pulling to do, he moved off with better grace and

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only balked when we came to a hill. On these occasions Professor Bower and I had to get out and walk. Darkness came on and it started to rain. We gave one umbrella to our driver, who sat on the edge of the cart in front of us, and put up another to keep the rain from driving into the open front of our covered cart. To while away the lonely night hours we began to sing gospel songs, and to our surprise the driver joined in. He sang in Ilocano, but the tunes were the same. We sang for a long time and the fellow knew almost every gospel hymn we sang. Occasionally he would start one we knew and we would join in. He was a stranger to us, and the songs were the only means we had of communication with each other. As we drove along the lonely road between the rice paddies, with the moon occasionally coming to view between showers, a strange sense of peace and spiritual fellowship came over us with the songs we sang together. A Christian hymn is a wonderful common denominator for all races. About ten o'clock we came to a difficult river spanned by an uncompleted bridge. We left our driver to be helped across with his horse and cart by a group of native men. We walked on the bridge till we had crossed the stream and came to the end, twenty feet above the ground. The abutment had not been completed and the only way of getting down was to find our way along a cement wing about six inches thick, which

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sloped toward the sand below at an angle of about forty degrees. It was raining and Professor Bower had the temerity to back down, while he stooped over and took hold of the top of the concrete as best he could. In the darkness he resembled a huge top slowly gliding down the incline, and once or twice I saw him sway dangerously from side to side. He maintained his equilibrium sufficiently to reach the end of the incline, however, an accomplishment which still left him some eight feet above the ground. After only a moment of hesitation, he leaped courageously off into the darkness, and I heard the thud of his feet a moment later in the wet sand below. He assured me all was well, and I also began the descent. My avoirdupois makes it rather uncomfortable to maintain so marked a stoop for any great length of time, so I had to humbly sit astride of the narrow wing and hitch myself gradually down backwards. It was still raining, and the professor had scraped a liberal supply of mud from his rubbers as he backed down, so my track was pretty well greased. The darkness proved to be a friend indeed, but the fact that no one saw me did not allay my humiliation. Having crossed this river, we proceeded about an hour and came to another. Our ponies were very tired by this time, and stopped in the midst of the stream as we tried to ford it. The water was nearly up to the bottom of our cart, and the stream very

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swift. Our driver used every means of urging the ponies at his command, but to no avail. We had begun to think that we would have to climb out and wade when we heard someone shouting from the darkness on the other side of the stream. It proved to be Mr. Hanna, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Doan, was waiting for us. We explained our plight to him, and he drove his ponies and buggy back to get us. He stopped alongside of us in the stream and we climbed from our conveyance into his and thus got across. Our man with his ponies finally got through, but we saw that his team could not go much farther. By this time the ox-cart containing Dr. Lemmon and Austin Doan caught up with us, and we proceeded to the next village, a mile away, where our ponies and spring cart were exchanged for a covered bamboo cart and a slow but sure ox. We found ourselves very thirsty in this town, and although it was midnight, Dr. Lemmon got one of the Christians who lived there to build a fire and boil us some water. Although the water was hot, we found it refreshing. One does not dare drink the water in the Philippines without careful filtering or boiling. Mr. Hanna had again driven on ahead, and we soon followed in the two ox-carts. We snatched a little sleep as we jolted along, and about three o'clock came to the north branch of the Abra, near Vigan, which is very wide and deep and can only be crossed on a bamboo raft. Mr. Hanna

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had discovered that the raftsmen were not working after night, and he and his party had taken refuge from the rain in an unfinished school-house and were sleeping on the cement floor. We were glad to join them, and slept soundly until about six in the morning, when we all crossed with our conveyances to Vigan on a large *balsa*, or bamboo raft.

We have been very busy during the day holding final conferences about the work, visiting points of interest in the city, and getting ready to start for Manila.

To-day we saw the high school here at recess time. More than five hundred bright boys and girls, all neatly clad, were out under the trees, getting a bit of fresh air and chatting in groups as they enjoyed their intermission. As we walked among them and chatted with them in English, answering their eager questions about America and her schools, we were impressed by the fact that here lies the future leadership and hope of the Philippines. This is the first generation of those who are really being educated. With these and their children lies the destiny of the islands. No wonder that our missionaries are eager to gather these bright young students into dormitories and lead them to a fuller Christianity.

IX.

Heading Toward Manila.

Dagupan, Luzon, September 3d.

It rains. It has rained every day and night for fourteen days, and with the exception of three or four days, the downpour has been almost continuous. This is what much of the wet season of four or five months means in the Philippines. Our experience for the past two days and nights gives us a keen realization of what the missionaries out here experience when they travel in the wet season—a realization that does not come to one without the real experience. The terrible war in Europe and the changes brought about by it in shipping on the Pacific seems to make it necessary for us to leave Manila next Monday on the *Mongolia*, an American ship. For this reason we were obliged to leave the northern provinces sooner than we at first expected.

Night before last Dr. Lemmon and I left Vigan, one of our mission stations, for Salomague, the ship port, twenty-five miles north, where all the coastwise ships can stop in stormy weather. An automobile makes the trip when

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the rivers are not too high, but as there were six in our party and the auto would only hold four besides the driver, Dr. Lemmon and I chose to travel on ahead by *baca*, or ox-cart. Our ship was due to stop at from ten to twelve in the morning, so we began our journey at eight o'clock in the evening and traveled all night, except two hours, during which our driver insisted on sleeping. Mr. Hanna succeeded in securing a cart with springs, and Mrs. Hanna fitted us up with a piece of matting and four pillows to soften the hard, bamboo floor of the cart. With the exception of the wheels, these carts are composed entirely of bamboo, even to the poke-bonnet like top which protects one from the rays of the sun or the rain. We placed in the cart our handbags, our bottles of boiled water, and our lunch, and proceeded to the river, just at the edge of Vigan. The missionaries went this far with us to bid us good-bye. It was hard to leave these good people, who had been so very kind to us and in whose good work we had come to be so deeply interested.

We made less than two miles an hour during the night, but as it rained almost continuously and we were fairly comfortable inside, we did not mind. We went over the Government road, and where it had not been washed out by the rains it was quite good. The *baca* was not long enough for us to lie down in, nor wide enough for us to sit side by side; neither

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was there any kind of a seat in it. By using our grips and a cushion each to lean against, another cushion on which to sit, and by disposing ourselves each with our heads at opposite ends of the cart, we were able to wedge in quite satisfactorily. Our driver sat squat on two bamboo rods just back of the ox, and by dint of much shouting and jerking at a rope fastened in the nose of his animal, he kept us on the move.

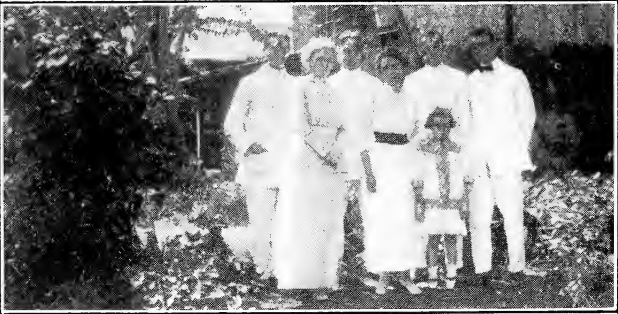
As the morning advanced our oxen became slower and slower, and the men more indifferent as to their speed. The doctor used every device of argument, but to no avail. Finally we got out and walked, thinking that the lightened load would increase the speed and that our getting ahead would shame the driver to greater effort. All of this was of no avail and we only perspired and fretted and were obliged to wait for our slow carts to catch up when we reached a stream we could not cross. These Eastern people are utterly unable to understand the bustle of the American. To them a few hours or days make no difference, and missing a boat only means sitting down and waiting for another, which is a very pleasant task to them. A traveling man who followed us on this journey, likewise with a cart, became greatly exasperated for fear he would lose his boat. He kept shouting "sigue," the native word for "hurry," but the driver only smiled and kept placidly but slowly on. Then the man said he threatened not to pay the driver

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if he did not hurry, but this did not cause any acceleration of speed. Finally he tried to explain how much he wished to catch the boat. The only rejoinder he got was a smile and the statement that if he missed this boat there was another four days later that he could get. The man stated that he was so exasperated that he seized the ox's tail himself and began to twist it. The animal responded for a few hundred feet and then seemed to get used to the sensation and settled down to its slow jog, much to the amusement of the driver. Kipling was right when he said:

'Tis not well to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the white man riles and the Aryan smiles,
And he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the strife is a tombstone white,
With the name of the late deceased;
And an epitaph clear: "A fool lieth here
Who tried to hustle the East."

Along about ten o'clock the automobile with the rest of our party, which had left Vigan at six in the morning, caught up with us. They had crossed the first river on a raft and had been pulled through the other two with ropes and about twenty men. The water had come so high that they had to put their feet on the seat to keep them dry. The auto hurried on to Salmague, and in about an hour returned for us. It seemed good to change from the oxcart to a Hupmobile and dart off at twenty miles an hour. As



Typical Filipino home, Manila. Group of Manila missionaries. Commission crossing river on bamboo raft.



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we sped along between the rice fields, Dr. Lemon gave expression to a sigh of delight and said, "This is in keeping with the American spirit." On reaching Salomague, we found that the steamer was not due until noon, and we spent the intervening hour collecting some pretty coral and shells from the shore.

Finally the little tobacco steamer, the *Yisidora Pons*, hove in sight and anchored about a mile out in the bay. We were loaded with our baggage into one of the odd native boats, made of hewn planks fastened together with bamboo bark, and rowed in a drenching rain over the choppy waves and rolling seas to the ship. We had a good deal of difficulty getting aboard, as our boat was tossed up and down violently on the waves and we had to use much agility to swing ourselves onto the inclined ladder hanging down the side of the ship.

Our experience on the *Yisidora Pons* was no more pleasant than on the *Mauban* ten days ago. We spent a most miserable afternoon and night, and reached San Fernando at noon to-day. We were taken off in small boats in another rain, and as the boats could not get to shore, we were carried quite a distance on men's backs. Mrs. Doan is a very plucky traveler and stands these trying journeys quite as well as the rest of us.

We learned that there had been several deaths from cholera in San Fernando, and that there might be a serious outbreak of it. The nearest

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doctor is sixty miles from this place, and he is a busy Government physician who looks after the soldiers in a large area of country. The next nearest help is Dr. Kline, of our mission, eighty miles away at Vigan, or the doctors in Manila, two hundred miles south. There are two United Brethren missionary families in San Fernando, and this town needs a medical missionary badly.

We took dinner at the hotel, and Dr. Lemmon personally went into the kitchen and supervised the cooking, seeing also that all the dishes and knives and forks were thoroughly scalded as a safeguard against cholera germs.

After lunch we bought some tin packages of crackers, corned beef, deviled ham, and figs from America, for our supper on the train, and a dozen small bottles of soda pop to drink. We then loaded ourselves and our baggage into two American autos, each driven by American Negroes who had married Filipino wives, and were hurried over the fine coral road six miles to the large river, this side of which the railway to Manila begins. The rain had ceased and we noticed a great many people out in the rice field with baskets at their sides and little nets in their hands, working in the ditches of water between the rice paddies. The Negro who drove our auto told us they were gathering bugs, snails, grasshoppers, locusts, and worms for food. He said, "The Filipino country people eat almost every

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living thing except snakes." He also said that grasshoppers and locusts were a great delicacy with them.

We crossed the river on three sets of rafts, each one going to a sand bar, across which we would walk to the next one. After getting across, we walked about half a mile to the railroad station and took the train to this point. We reached this town of Dagupan about eight o'clock this evening in a pouring rain, and waded two blocks over our shoetops to the hotel. This is indeed a pioneer hostel with hard, rattan beds and questionable bedding. One of our party who retired early has already reported that he has felt the bite of the "international bedfellow."

Manila, September 4th.

After a long day on the railroad, broken by a boat ride through fifteen miles of inundated track and five miles on a handcar, we reached Manila again.

The journeying through the northern provinces in the rainy season has been hard, but it has given us a very accurate idea of what the missionaries have to face in any travel during four or five months of the year. During the dry season the roads are good, but the work out from the centers cannot be entirely confined to that period.

Three years ago we had no doctor at Vigan, and Mrs. McCallum made this long journey to

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Laoag through the most stormy part of the rainy season just before the birth of her child. She and Mr. McCallum crossed raging rivers on rafts and *bancas*, or dugout canoes, and forded others in ox and pony carts. Two years later their baby was desperately ill and they carried him over the same journey under the same circumstances, almost despairing of his life. Dr. Pickett toiled with him night and day, and it seemed that he could not possibly live. Dr. Pickett needed counsel and a telegram was sent to Dr. Lemmon, at Manila, two hundred and fifty miles away, to come. After the telegram was sent, they learned that the bridges were all out and the roads absolutely impassable, so another telegram was sent to Dr. Lemmon not to come. He had already started, however, and the last message did not reach him. He traveled five days and nights through almost constant rain, by all sorts of conveyances, and finally with the greatest difficulty reached Laoag. The two doctors pulled the baby through and little John McCallum is a hearty, rollicking boy to-day!

Manila, September 10th.

On reaching Manila, we found that the *S. S. Mongolia* would not sail on schedule September 5th, but, having a very large cargo to handle and the weather being very bad, would sail on the 7th. The date has been steadily put off until now the date set is to-morrow, the 11th. This

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has given us a much needed period in Manila to study the work and help plan for the future. Had we known of this long delay, the stay at Vigan and Laoag would have been made longer. We have spent the time to much profit in studying conditions, looking into the work of other missions, holding conferences with workers of other Boards, planning with our own missionaries, and also holding a valuable conference with our Filipino brethren.

X.

A Day In Teeming Canton.

Steamer Fatshan, Pearl River, China. Wednesday night, September 16th.

Who could crowd into ten hours a greater number of experiences than we have passed through to-day? We took passage on this river steamer last night from Hongkong, and arrived in Canton early this morning. We were furnished, through the agency selling us the tickets, with a good Chinese guide who speaks English quite well, and he kept us moving at a rapid rate from place to place. We really saw too much to assimilate with anything like clearness, but still the great city has made a remarkable impression upon us. Canton is the largest city in China, and one of the largest in the world. The population is put at two millions and a half by outsiders, the Chinese claiming as high as four millions. The Chinese figure is probably an over-estimate. If one should judge the size of Canton by the swarms of people one sees everywhere as he travels for hours through the narrow streets, the population would not be below that of London or New York. Besides the teeming multitudes that live in the city, it is estimated that 300,000 dwell in the sampans or houseboats on

A DAY IN TEEMING CANTON.

the river. With the exception of the *Bund*, or river front, where jinrikishas are used, the only means of conveyance in Canton is the sedan chair, and we used these in our sightseeing to-day. These light bamboo and rattan chairs, with their boxlike bodies and canvas tops, are borne on two poles extending in front and behind for six or eight feet. Three men carry them, two in front and one behind, and the men swing along at a good gait, with the poles on their shoulders, giving the passenger an odd up-and-down springing motion. The men wear short pants, are bare-footed, and wear nothing above the waist save their broad, umbrella-shaped, rattan hats strapped under the chin.

The first place of interest we visited was the Union Christian Hospital, which is the oldest institution of the kind in all China. We reached this place about eight o'clock, and one of the doctors in charge kindly showed us through this great institution of healing. Peter Parker, the first medical missionary to China, who was contemporaneous with Robert Morrison, began the effort which finally resulted in this institution through the work of Dr. Kerr. For eighty years this great healing plant has shown forth the spirit and teaching of Christ in South China. No one can measure the power of such a work in this great city and in all the region round about. It has been often said that Peter Parker opened China to the gospel at the point of a

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lancet, and one needs only to look through an institution of this kind to see how this type of work not only breaks down prejudice, but gives a remarkable exhibition of the real genius of Christianity. This institution has a group of good buildings, three American doctors and three Chinese. The dispensary patients number about one hundred and fifty a day, and the ward patients nearly two hundred. Yesterday there were twenty-nine operations in the hospital. Back of the hospital is a self-supporting Chinese Presbyterian church of about six hundred members. Next to the hospital compound is a large Chinese Y. M. C. A.

Just next to the Union Hospital is the True Light Girls' Seminary of the Presbyterian Board. We spent some time looking through this school, directed by two young lady missionaries and the Chinese principal, Mrs. Lau. There are three hundred and twenty girls and women in this fine institution, which has been in operation for forty years. Mrs. Lau was one of the first girls that entered, and she has been with the school all her life. She has a daughter in Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts. We were much interested in visiting the classes and seeing them studying the Bible as their first lesson of the morning. From this institution have gone out thousands of Christian workers all over South China. Mrs. Lau is so honored by the Chinese that she was recently elected from Canton as a

A DAY IN TEEMING CANTON.

representative of the National Government, but she declined because of her love for the girls in the seminary.

From the girls' school we were taken in our chairs and carried into the heart of the city. The streets are from six to eight feet wide only, and are more like narrow canyons than streets. The buildings are two and three stories high, and with many rattan awnings and other obstacles along the upper stories, the sun is entirely shut out of these narrow lanes. In the heart of the city the lower street floors are all taken up with little shops, small manufacturing places, and markets, and the living rooms are above. The streets fairly swarm with people, and in many places our chair-men only got through with much difficulty. Their cry of warning, "heouw!" was constantly sounding in our ears, and when they met other chairs it was many times the closest kind of a shave to make it at all. In many places from ten to twenty people would wait in a little recess in the street that we might pass. Our first visit was to *Jade Stone Street*, where most of the little shops are given over to the grinding and selling of these stones, peculiar to China; then we visited the little section given over to the carvers of ivory, and saw their wonderful work. Then we passed through sections where every conceivable hand manufacture seemed to be carried on. Blacksmithing, iron working, brass working, wood carving, pipe making, bone

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carving, silk weaving, embroidery work, bead making, and numerous other industries. These little hand factories were all operated in very small spaces, sometimes not over six feet across and ten feet deep, with the front all open to the street. On entering any of these shops or the little stores you would find a large group of workers in each place. Every little establishment seemed to have the whole family and several of the relatives helping in some capacity.

The Chinese put physical comfort above appearance. The majority of the men who work in the shops and factories and on the street wear no shirt, and since Canton is semi-tropical and very hot this time of the year, each man carries a fan. Instead of fanning their faces, they fan their stomachs, their sides, and their backs.

The narrow streets are paved with stone slabs, and are quite clean. Every burden which is carried through them is borne on the back of some one, usually on a bow across the shoulders. If the man has not two separate articles to balance on his bow, he often puts a weight opposite what he is carrying to properly balance it.

After seeing some of the shops, we were taken to see the famous water clock, eighteen hundred years old, which is located in a temple on top of the old inner city wall. This clock consists of a series of bronze receptacles, one above the other. The top jar, which is very large, is filled with water each three months,

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and through a small aperture this drops at the rate of two drops a second into the second jar, and from that to the next, and so on down to the bottom. The lower jar fills every twenty-four hours, and each hour is indicated by a brass rod fastened to a float in the jar, which rises through the top of the jar as the process of filling goes on. For centuries this was the time standard for Canton.

After this, we saw the great Flower Pagoda, nine stories high, and then had a view from the inner city wall at the West Gate of the old city. From this point we could see for miles over the tops of the tiled houses, so massed together that no streets were visible at all.

Next our guide took us to the Temple of the Five Genii, the most historic temple in South China. After going through a series of approaches, you reach the inner temple, where these five images are placed. They are carved in wood, overlaid with gold, and are supposed to represent the north, south, east, west, and middle sections of old China. In front of each is a large stone, supposed to have been brought in a miraculous way by the spirits represented by these images from these different parts of the country. We found but two or three people worshipping in this temple, but the guide informed us that most people came on the first or fifteenth of each month.

Next we went to the Temple of Five Hun-

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dred Genii. This we found to be a well constructed, rather artistic, and well-kept temple. Two huge, ugly wooden images guarded the entrance. They are supposed to keep away the evil spirits. After passing through many courts we came to the temple proper. Five hundred different wooden images, all life-size and no two alike, are arranged in lanes on wooden shelves. These seem to represent great Chinese characters with one exception. This image is of Marco Polo, the first white man to visit China. In front of each image is a jar of ashes in which joss or incense sticks are burned by worshipers. Each person who visits the temple chooses the image he wishes to worship and burns his stick of incense before it. There were no worshipers in this temple, and our guide informed us that people came earlier in the morning for this purpose. He said there were usually about two hundred women and very few men. On being asked why so few men attended, he stated that they had heard that in Europe and America the men did not worship, so they had decided they need not do so in China! In the midst of this great temple are also three large images of Buddha.

We next went to the Temple of the God of Medicine, and found the sick people seeking health in a very curious way. They were burning incense before the god and then shaking a bamboo case, containing a quantity of numbered

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rattan pieces, until one of them fell out. The number on this slip was then ascertained and a prescription answering to the number secured from a temple clerk for a few pennies. After this the prescription is taken to a Chinese drug store and a concoction secured which is prepared from it. We were able to buy two of the bamboo cases with the prescriptions for eleven cents each, and then have the prescriptions filled at a drug store for five cents each. Our medicine consisted of some shavings from roots and woods. One Chinese who purchased at the same time secured a dozen dried locusts. Along the wall of the "drug" store we noticed a number of jars containing snakes in liquor. We were told that after the snakes were soaked in liquor for a long time, the liquid was poured off and made very powerful and expensive medicine. They were anxious to sell us a bottle, but we did not buy. They also showed us a cage of snakes which they said were used in preparing special prescriptions.

The last point of interest visited before returning to our steamer was the Kingfisher Feather Works. Here we saw the most exquisite jewelry of gold and silver inlaid with tiny, highly colored pieces of kingfisher feathers. It is the only place in the world, it is said, where this work is done. It is an exceedingly delicate kind of work, and only men with the finest eyesight can do it.

XI.

Entering Central China.

Shanghai, China, September 21st.

After a very pleasant sea voyage on the *Mongolia* from Hongkong by way of Kuling, Formosa, we arrived here at 3:30 this afternoon. Early this morning we found ourselves in the Yellow Sea, so named because of the color given to it by the waters of the great Yangtse River. Our steamer proceeded up this river about fifty miles, and at the mouth of a smaller river, on which this city is located, we took a steam launch into the city. Shanghai is a well-built city of nearly one million inhabitants, and one of the most prosperous cities in the Far East. A group of our missionaries met us at the steamer, and once on shore, we were taken in tow by Mr. Barcus and Mr. Shaw, of this station, who utilized the remaining two hours of daylight by taking us to see one of the great cotton mills near our Yangtsepoo church and school. This was an especially interesting visit because our work in that section of the city is among the people who toil in these mills. There are more

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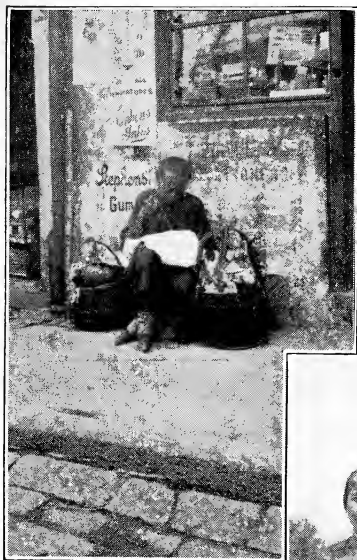
than fifty thousand Chinese working in the cotton mills in this city. Although the majority of these mills are owned by Chinese themselves, the one we visited is owned by Englishmen. It employs three thousand people, runs twenty-four hours each day with two shifts of laborers, has seventy-two thousand spindles and five hundred looms. Only one fifth of its output of yarn is woven in the mill, the rest being sold to other factories. There is no organized labor in China, and nearly half the employees of this mill are boys and girls, many of them only eight, ten, and twelve years of age. The children get about ten cents a day, the women spinners from twelve and a half to fifteen cents a day, and the carders fourteen cents. Little girls of six get six cents helping their mothers. Coolies who bear burdens in the mill get from ten to fifteen cents a day. The mill owners do not deal with the laborers direct, but secure them all by contracting through a Chinese, who pays them according to their labor. One of the most distressing things in this great mill was the large number of women with bound feet, who work at the looms all day. Although these have stools on which to sit part of the day, they must stand on their pitiful stubs of feet and endure great pain and weariness much of the time. The manager who showed us through stated that they used mostly Chinese cotton, but that they mixed a little American cotton with it to give it quality. He stated that our

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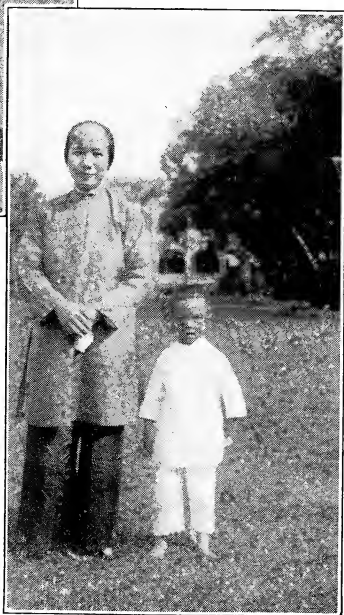
cotton was much superior to theirs and was the best in the world—also the most expensive.

This evening we first had a conference with Fletcher Brockman, the general Y. M. C. A. secretary for China, Japan, and Korea, concerning mission conditions in Shanghai, and the work of our own mission in particular. He is one of the great men of China and one of the outstanding religious leaders of the world. He spoke in the most appreciative way of the work and workers of our own mission, and paid a most glowing tribute to Dr. Macklin and F. E. Meigs, of Nanking. His counsel was most helpful to us. He has lived in Shanghai for fifteen years and knows the mission situation thoroughly.

After our conference with him, we spent a couple of hours with the Advisory Committee of our own China mission, consisting of Alexander Paul, of Wuhu; D. E. Dannenberg, of Chuchow; Justin Brown, of Luchowfu, and Mary Kelley and Guy W. Sarvis, of Nanking. It was heartening indeed to confer with these bright, alert missionaries and hear of their plans for us while we are in China. They will certainly keep us busy. Every day is packed full for seven weeks with mission visitation, conferences with missionaries and Chinese leaders, and visits to the missions of other churches. They have arranged our itinerate so that no grass will grow under our feet while here.



Aged Chinese woman with bound feet, sewing. A Western advertisement can be seen on the wall.



Mrs. Lau, head of True Light Girls' Seminary, Canton, China. One of China's greatest Christian women.



ENTERING CENTRAL CHINA.

Shanghai, September 22d.

It is now 10:30 P. M., and we have been very busy since eight this morning. At that hour we visited the Boys' Institute on Miller Road, which was started fourteen years ago by W. F. Bentley, and which is now superintended by Herbert Shaw. The work is carried on in an old building, inadequate for the work, but the Society has recently purchased a fine piece of property adjoining for a much needed enlargement. We found one hundred and ten bright-faced boys gathered for their chapel exercise under the direction of the head Chinese teacher, who has two assistants. The boys presented a pleasing appearance garbed in their long, blue shirt-coats or slips, coming nearly to the ground. They looked clean and well disciplined, and we were impressed by their alertness. Most of them are sons of shopkeepers of the smaller class who live in the neighborhood. The boys sang in their own tongue "How firm a foundation," and then the members of the Commission were introduced and we each gave a brief talk. The pupils of this school all gladly pay tuition and the expense of the teachers is covered in this way. These boys are all under Christian teaching and influence. Each morning there is a chapel and evangelistic service, and each day the Sunday-school lesson is studied. Besides this, Chinese ethics are taught daily. Practically all of these boys attend Sunday school, and their

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homes are all open to visitation on the part of teachers and Chinese pastor, as well as the missionary himself. The little schoolrooms are packed with students, and the size of the school is only limited by the size of the old building, which, significant enough, was once an opium den. The Chinese are hungry for an education; their own schools are inadequate and expensive, and a great door for Christian service is open everywhere through this kind of work.

In the church, which meets in the chapel of this building, we have sixty members. Another congregation, which is independent and entirely supported by the Chinese, has also been established some blocks away.

Shanghai is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. Along the principal streets of this great city of a million people can be seen the garb of a score of nationalities. The European section, largely inhabited by French, English, German, and Americans, and the business section, dominated largely by these nationalities, are exceedingly well built. They tell us that in accord with China's wonderful campaign to destroy the opium curse, the old Chinese part of Shanghai has no opium dens, while in the part dominated by foreign influences there are five hundred such places.

On the streets here, as in Hongkong, one is impressed with the burden-bearing of the Chinese coolie. While in Hongkong the burdens are

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dropped off, they were anxious to get rid of her. Dr. Macklin took her and, by amputating both legs at the knees, saved her life. Mr. and Mrs. Ware then adopted her. She was sent to Miss Lyons's school in Nanking, and graduated with honor. She is now a fine Christian teacher and gets about with her artificial limbs better than do her sisters with their painfully bound feet. This school in a small rented room has about thirty-five bright girls in it. They sang very sweetly for us in Chinese, "There is a gate that stands ajar." Mrs. Ware has been in China twenty-nine years and has reared six children here. She would be very unhappy anywhere else.

Next we took the car to Yangtsepoo. Here Mr. Barcus directs the evangelistic work and the boys' school, and Miss Tonkin, who is supported by our Australian brethren, carries on a girls' school and a good work among women. This is in the great cotton-mill district of Shanghai, where about fifty thousand people are engaged in this industry. The opportunity is boundless here. The chapel is used for school and church combined and is never closed from nine in the morning until nine at night. There is school every day and evangelistic services every night of the year. The chapel is always filled, and often people are turned away.

The boys and girls of the two schools joined in the chapel and gave an exhibition of Christian

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singing, under Miss Tonkin's direction, that would have limbered up some of our listless, non-singing congregations at home. The little folks then went through some very interesting religious songs and kindergarten drills which would have done credit to any school platform in America.

We then had a good conference with these people about their needs. Their work would be made doubly efficient if they had a proper school building in which to carry on their educational work. It has been at this place that Mr. and Mrs. Ware and Miss Tonkin have carried on their good work for so many years.

It seems that these Chinese people, who are very superstitious and idolatrous, have many cases of what they term possession of the devil. It is not to be wondered at, for their principal worship is that of the devils. At these times they seem to be entirely given over to everything that is vile and filthy, and are practically insane. Miss Tonkin says that when she finds such she urges them to come into the chapel where the songs are being sung and prayer being made, telling them that the devil will leave them if they will come in. She says she has never known it to fail. The services always quiet these unfortunates, and they will say in wonder, "My heart is all right when I am in here." Then she says to them, "The devil can't come in here; there are too many people praying."

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While again going through the city to attend services in the institute chapel to-night, we saw many strange signs over the stores and shops. Over one store we saw the name in great letters, "Jelly Belly," and were told that this fat Chinaman was given the name by the sailors and was very fond of it. The missionaries told of a Chinese baker who wished to advertise the size of loaves and at the same time appeal to the foreigner in his own tongue, and had a sign painted, "Biggest Loafer." Another had up the interesting sign, "Fresh Milk and Washings." High above one of the streets we saw a huge electric cigarette sign with the display representing a Chinese smoking. The American and British cigarette companies are spending tens of thousands in free cigarettes to teach the people to smoke, and they are succeeding. Their slogan is, "Every Chinese a smoker of cigarettes!"

A few nights ago there was an eclipse of the moon, and thousands of Chinese were out with drums and all sorts of noisy instruments trying to frighten the "black moon" so that it would not swallow the "white moon."

To-night we attended a meeting of welcome made up of all three congregations. There were about three hundred people who packed the institute chapel to overflowing, and a crowd stood in the street anxious to get in. It was a fine-looking Chinese congregation. A Y. M. C. A. physical director, who was educated in our Nan-

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king school and afterwards took a course in the Chinese Y. M. C. A. training school, gave the address of welcome in English, and then interpreted for each of us as we spoke to the eager, attentive people. The crowd and the deep interest, combined with the emotion which comes when a person faces a congregation of Christians in a strange land, made one want to throw the halting speech through an interpreter to the winds and preach right on. A speaker under such conditions is like a helpless babe just learning to walk. The people sang the good old hymns from charts on the wall, and the service was one not to be forgotten. The Chinese do not shake hands with you, but with themselves, so we stood at the door when they went out and bowed and shook our own clasped hands up and down in front of us while they did the same. We met many interesting characters, among them Mrs. Li and four of her granddaughters, all earnest Christians. She has also a great-granddaughter, and this family represents four generations of Christian people. This dear old Chinese woman, who is eighty years of age, never misses a service. She has won scores of women to Christ. The old lady has very small bound feet, according to the old custom, and has to be brought to church in a wheelbarrow, a jinrikisha, or on an obliging man's back!

XII.

Among China's Rural Multitudes.

Shanghai, China, Thursday night, September 24th.

We are now on the boat which in a few minutes will start up the Yangtse River for Nantungchow, the next station which we will visit. It is nearly midnight and yet the river is filled with clamor from the Chinese boatmen who push their sampans and junks hither and thither. Somewhere across the river a crowd of coolies are merrily singing their musical yodle to keep time while they work at some burden. On the deck below us Chinese are sprawled everywhere sleeping. This is an excellent boat and the upper deck very comfortable and inviting.

All day yesterday we spent with our China Mission Advisory Committee, discussing problems and planning for our journey to the stations. They talked with the utmost frankness to us of hopes, plans, mistakes, heartaches, and victories. The glamour of mission work soon departs when one gets into the depths of it. It is the greatest work in the world, but it has no royal road to success and it is hard reality in-

AMONG CHINA'S RURAL MULTITUDES.

stead of romance. These noble workers have their heartaches, and their burdens are too great for human endurance. One who has not the gift of dependence upon the strength of the Unseen One has no business out here. Take the difficulties of religious work in the homeland and multiply them by about four and you have conditions here. And yet no one is discouraged and you could not get these men and women of God to engage in any other work with all the inducements you might offer. The gospel is winning in China, and the workers' hearts are made happy with many evidences of it. Let us not be impatient with our missionaries in China if they do not report great numbers of converts. They could have them if they would make it easy for them to enter the church, but they are trying to build up a church in an idolatrous, superstitious land that will honor Christ and command the respect of the people, and this requires slow, patient teaching. They have not had generations of Christian children growing up into the Kingdom as we have had in America, and they have discovered no way whereby numbers of people jump at one leap from heathen to Christian ideals. What our workers need is reinforcement and prayer. We have lowered evangelism in America by the passion for counting many noses; let us not discourage and weaken our missionaries by the same demands upon them. Let us give them a little time to

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train strong native leaders and to shepherd and strengthen the work already established.

Our hearts have burned within us as we have listened to the self-forgetful plans and appeals of our leaders in China.

To-day we have been very busy seeing the work of other religious bodies besides our own. We went first to St. John's University, one of the great educational centers of the East. It is an Episcopal school with 550 students, besides 200 in the adjoining girls' seminary; 160 of these students are in the regular college courses. Tuition and board is \$220 a year, and hundreds of students are turned away. This institution with its beautiful modern building and high-grade work is a fine ideal for this section of China, and has made a great impression on the Chinese.

We next went to the large Catholic institution at Siccawei. This is an orphans' industrial school and colony. Whatever one's feelings may be concerning the teaching of the Catholic Church, it is impossible not to admire the great work being done here for the Chinese. During the day there are 1,700 people in this institution, 900 of whom are housed permanently in the buildings. They have lace making and embroidery departments, where the most exquisite work is done by Chinese girls, which is sold largely in New York and Paris. There is a large wood-working department for the boys,

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where carving is done. Just now this department is working on an exhibit for the San Francisco Exposition. Models of eighty of the chief pagodas of China are being made in the shop for this purpose. These are French Catholics, and a kind-faced old sister took us through the institution. One of the most impressive departments was the ward where the poor little abandoned Chinese babies are kept. There were about thirty of these tiny little ones, all of which were from a few hours to a few days old. Practically all of them were in a dying condition, but the devoted nurses were ministering to them in the tenderest way. The elderly sister who was with us could not hold back the tears as she told us of these little ones and that nearly all of them died in spite of all they could do. She said they were all little girls and that they were either thrown out by their parents to die or were brought to them in a dying condition and left. When asked why these little ones were abandoned by their parents, she replied that their parents felt there were too many children in the family and they were not wanted. Their pitiable condition on being received was due to neglect, exposure, ignorance, and lack of nourishment. We were told that a baby was never turned away from this orphanage. Certainly this tender ministry is as sweet and Christlike a one as could be imagined.

We next visited the Baptist College and Sem-

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inary, the president of which, Dr. Frank White, was my classmate in the theological seminary. This is an excellent institution of high grade, with one hundred and fifty college students in attendance. The property and buildings cost \$100,000 in China, but they could not be duplicated in America for less than \$300,000.

At the noon hour we were given a luncheon at the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association with some of the leading Christian Chinese of Shanghai.

This work is certainly an inspiration in this oriental city. Mr. Lockwood, the secretary in charge, is a leader of rare ability, an Indiana man. There are fifteen hundred members, and eleven hundred enrolled in its school departments. In America it is the gymnasium that attracts and the Y. M. C. A. class work has to be pushed hard to make a success of it. In China the school work is the great attraction, and it is with difficulty that you can arouse interest in physical exercise. The Y. M. C. A. property here cost \$160,000, of which \$50,000 was given by the Chinese themselves. This association work is entirely self-supporting, save for the salary of the general secretary.

The luncheon was a most interesting affair, and we were much helped by being able to get the viewpoint of these Chinese men concerning mission work in China.

One of these men was Dr. Fong, a Ph.D.

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from Columbia University, and now one of the head men of the great Shanghai Commercial Press. He has spent many years in America, is an ardent Christian man, and one of China's leaders. He became a Christian in Sacramento, California, through the Sunday-school work of the Congregational Church. He spoke most appreciatingly of the interest American Christians had taken in China, and paid a glowing tribute to the strong missionary life that had been so freely given for his country. He said he felt the greatest need of the church in China was for a better trained native ministry.

Another interesting man present was Mr. Liu, a wealthy Chinese from Wuweichow, a city where we have recently established a work. This man is worth millions, and Alexander Paul, our missionary who knows him best, says that his rice, raised in his own fields, this year will bring him more than \$500,000. He is not yet a Christian, but has become deeply interested through Mr. Paul and has turned his unoccupied residence, worth \$25,000, over to our mission, in which to carry on our work. He was a very high official formerly, and during the revolution came to Shanghai for protection. He has been offered the position of Commissioner of Education for his province by the Government, but said he would only accept on the condition that wherever possible the schools should all be under the superintendency of the missionaries. The higher

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official did not agree with him, so he would not accept the place.

Two other leading Christian men at the luncheon were the Commissioner of Customs and the head of the Chinese Express Company. These men, with others who were present, are all leaders in and strong supporters of Christian work in Shanghai.

*On houseboat going north from Nantungchow.
September 26th.*

Early yesterday morning our steamer came near the landing for Nantungchow and a barge was poled alongside and fastened to our steamer. We were then transferred to this barge, with our baggage, and taken ashore. Here we found Mr. Johnson and Mr. Plopper, missionaries at Nantungchow, with sedan chairs and wheelbarrows to transport us and our baggage to the city, four miles away. A group of Chinese Christians were also at the landing to bid us welcome, and did so by shooting off about ten feet of bunches of firecrackers. These were hung to a long bamboo pole, and their popping was interspersed by the boom of large cannon crackers. We found a number of soldiers here, who insisted on opening our baggage. In explanation of this our missionary friends informed us that recently a band of revolutionists, bent on robbery, landed here and caused much trouble, and that since then there had been orders to search

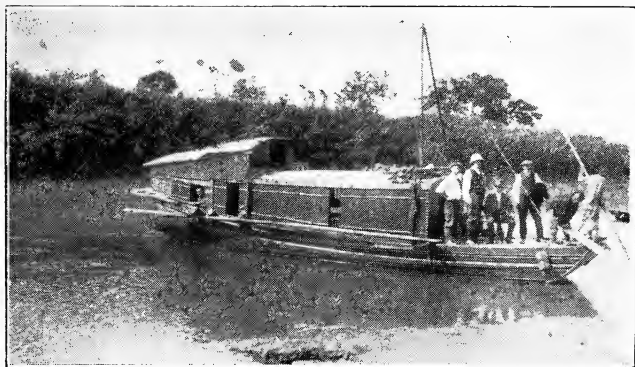
AMONG CHINA'S RURAL MULTITUDES.

all baggage. It seems that this band of sixty brigands shot down two of the four soldiers on guard, the others escaping by fleeing. The revolutionists then started for the city of Nantungchow, apparently expecting that sympathizers within the city would aid them to take and loot the place. One of the escaping soldiers, however, reached a telephone about a mile away and telephoned to the provincial superintendent of police within the city. He immediately ordered the city gate to be closed, and stationed a company of soldiers on the city wall to protect the place from the attacking party. These men soon arrived at the south gate of the city, but found it closed, and were immediately attacked by the guard on the wall. They were not only driven back, but pursued and twenty-two of them captured. Eighteen of these were shot and four beheaded just outside the city wall, less than a quarter of a mile from our mission. This experience has disturbed the Chinese very much, and the Government has now stationed two thousand soldiers in this district.

After the examination of our baggage, we climbed into our sedan chairs and started on our way to the city. We were followed by the two wheelbarrows bearing our luggage. The path on top of the dyke, over which we were carried, was lined with these huge barrows loaded with heavy burdens of various kinds. The wheel is very large, coming up through the center, and

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the load is balanced on either side. Each of these wheelbarrows has a squeak proportionate to its size, and the noise made by a company of them has a tendency to get on an American's nerves. The Chinese, however, do not mind it; in fact, they like it, and a man who has a wheelbarrow that does not squeak seems to feel that there is something the matter with it. No argument can convince them that oil would make the running easier. After we had traversed the dyke for about a mile we were carried onto a very narrow path built up between the fields. These paths are barely wide enough for two chairs or wheelbarrows to pass, and are anything but smooth. This part of China is very densely populated, the estimate being one thousand people to the square mile for the whole district. There are houses everywhere, giving the appearance of one continuous village. The land seems very fertile, and is divided up into little farms, many of them less than half an acre in extent. One is struck by the number of graves everywhere, there apparently having been no particular system in locating them. We are told that each place for a grave is selected by a necromancer. In many places these graves, usually overgrown with high reeds, occupy from one third to one half the land. At intervals we saw little shrines where the people make offerings to the god of the land that they may have lucky crops. On the way our coolies stopped to rest



House boat used on journey to Ru Gao, China.



On the way to Ru Gao, China. Missionary preaching to street crowd.

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in front of a country Chinese inn, and we all went inside the wide street opening to see what it was like. The floor was of dirt, the walls of woven reeds, and the roof of grass thatch. There was a large brick stove inside, on which a huge pot of rice was boiling, the smoke from the fire filling the room, finding its way out as best it could through the various openings and cracks. Two or three tea tables were standing about covered with teacups. The place was occupied by a large family, almost every member of which had sore eyes. Besides the ordinary Chinese house utensils, the room contained a loom, on which the cotton cloth for the family's use is woven. We were urged to have tea, but managed under the circumstances to resist the temptation. As we passed on we saw people sitting in front of the houses making curious little articles of brown paper and others cutting out little discs from the same material. On inquiry, we discovered that the former were paper shoes to be burned at the graves, for ancestors who had gone on before, that their spirits might use them in the spirit world, and that the discs were paper money to be used in the same way for the convenience of the same spirits. In one place a country school of small children, led by the teacher, lined up by the side of the path and gravely saluted us. We experienced almost a continuous line of people along the path, frankly curious, but good-natured and kindly.

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The missionaries had planned a forty-mile canal trip to the city of Ru Gao, to look over a great, new field, and immediately after luncheon we started in a little, twelve-foot boat, driven by an American Evinrude canoe motor. Mr. Yang, head police commissioner of this district, who provided the boat, also accompanied us at the beginning of our journey. During the present unrest over the war in Europe and the attack of the Japanese on the German colony at Tsing Tao, the officials are extremely solicitous that all foreigners have careful protection. The feeling seems to be that bands of revolutionists might possibly take advantage of the unrest to attack foreigners and thus embarrass China with foreign nations. This solicitude, together with the uneasiness over the recent attempted attack on Nantungchow, led the police commissioner to accompany us. We embarked on the narrow canal in front of our hospital building, and a large company of curious people lined the bank to see us off. A silk Chinese Republic flag floated from the stern of the little craft, and we must have made quite an imposing spectacle to the on-looking crowd as eight of us packed into the boat and we got under way. Our satisfaction was soon changed into chagrin, however, as we began to realize that a gasoline engine is fully as apt to balk in China as in America. We had only proceeded a little way when the engine stopped, and we were kept busy dodging house-

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boats and keeping the little, overburdened boat from tipping over. Our coolie succeeded in starting the motor again, but there were too many of us for the power of the engine, and after an hour's very slow progress, we were obliged to pull our boat to the shore, get out and walk to the next town, the commissioner having sent a policeman on ahead to secure us a houseboat and coolies to pull it. We walked along the busy canal path, lined with squeaking wheelbarrows, jinrikishas, and men on foot with heavy burdens slung on their backs. Professor Bower and I ventured part of the distance on a wheelbarrow, the squeak of which was raised to a loud wail as we balanced our weight on either side and were pushed along the path. A Chinese barrow has no spring, and with not even a sheet of paper for a cushion, we soon got enough of it and decided to walk to the next town.

We found a very good boat awaiting us, with two small rooms for passengers and extra little quarters on the stern for the family of the boatman. Word came to us from our official that he had received a telegram that called him back to the city and that his policeman would go with us bearing his credentials, so that we would have no trouble with Chinese officials.

The houseboats are pulled by Chinese, who walk along the tow-path and pull at the end of a long rope. We discovered that only three men to pull could be found for the trip and that we

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would secure three others at a town ten miles ahead. After we had paid a dollar down to seal the bargain with the men, they poled the boat around, pushed it out of the mass of other similar craft, the coolies climbed up to the path on the bank, put their shoulders into the peculiar little harness they use, and we were off at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. It was soon dark, and our men plodded on through the darkness, calling to each other with their peculiar yodle to keep up their spirits. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Plopper started up their little alcohol stove, fried eggs and warmed up some potatoes, our Chinese boatman made us a large pot of tea, and we ate heartily. About nine o'clock we pulled into the town, where we secured the three extra men, and after a certain amount of bargaining and delay, we started on the long night's run. Although the banks of the canal are lined with villages and even cities, we could see nothing in the darkness, and soon retired. The boards which formed the floor of the boat were taken up, shelves made with them along the sides of the two little rooms. After unrolling our bedding, which we had brought with us, and arranging it on the shelves, the seven of us, including our Chinese policeman, stretched ourselves out for sleep. The boards were hard, but we were tired and by turning occasionally and affording a new spot for the hard contact with our bed, we got a very good night's rest.

AMONG CHINA'S RURAL MULTITUDES.

*On board houseboat returning from Ru Gao.
September 26th, night.*

We feel that we have seen something of real China now. Just as truly as New York and Chicago would give one but a meager idea of real American life, so one does not see typical China in Hongkong or Shanghai. We have been forty-five miles into the interior from the Yangtse River, and have had a continuous panorama of busy China. Our houseboat reached Ru Gao about eleven o'clock yesterday, but we were up and walking on shore very early in the morning to see the interesting things which were constantly appearing. This is a very fertile plain formed by an old delta of the Yangtse, and the population everywhere is teeming. The saying that one cannot get out of sight of a Chinese either living or dead in China is certainly true in this region. The canal has on it a constant procession of houseboats, sampans, and barges, all pulled by coolies, and the country is covered with men, women, and children working in the little fields. One is strongly impressed with the care which the farmers take of their land. Every available thing is used for fertilizer. The canal bears barges loaded with huge stacks of straw and weeds which, after sufficient rotting, is used for this purpose. Leaves, weeds, cotton stalks, human refuse, and much other waste is carefully stacked or buried until sufficiently decayed to enrich the ground. We even saw people with their

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boats on the canal, pulling the weeds from the bottom with long rakes, that they might be used for fertilization. The country produces a great variety of crops. This is not a rice region, but we saw wheat, corn, peanuts, beans, peas, buckwheat, and vegetables of many sorts. The people irrigate from the canal a great deal here, but since it is on a low level the water must be carried to the top of the bank. The Chinese method is to raise it in a sort of elevator which revolves with a belt on a drum, after the manner of a grain elevator. The power used for this is usually derived from coolies, who work a sort of treadmill. One of the interesting things along the canal bank is the number of *pai-fans*, or monuments, erected to the memory of noted men and women. A number of these have also been built in memory of pious widows who have lived to a great age.

Early this morning we visited a little temple on the bank of the canal. Two women and an aged man were acting as keepers. The temple with its different parts was arranged around an open court with a great tree in the center. In the entrance room and in many other parts of the temple we found heavy coffins piled up. We discovered on inquiry that most of them were being stored for people who had purchased them but as yet had not needed them. A few of them were sealed and contained bodies of temple priests. In the interior was a large, gilded

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image of Buddha, before which incense was burning, and surrounding this a great number of smaller images. The temple was equipped with large drums, gongs, and bells, used to awaken the idols during worship. Along the sides of the inner courts we found recesses in which there were rows of images made to represent the tortures of purgatory. These images were fantastic and highly colored, and the types of torture presented were strikingly similar to those set forth in Dante's Divine Comedy. On leaving the temple we left a few coins with the aged keepers. They bowed profoundly and shook hands with themselves, as is their custom.

On reaching Ru Gao and having passed through the three outer gates, we came to the inner gate of the walled city. Here we were stopped by an official with soldiers, and the officer who was with us had to do much explaining concerning our mission before we were allowed to pass within. When he had shown the official the card of his superior official and assured him that we were missionaries, we were graciously allowed to pass. In China's state of unrest just now the officials in the interior are very timid. On our return to the canal we found that our houseboat had been searched by the officials in our absence.

Ru Gao is a strongly walled city of about 45,000 people. One of the best built and cleanest cities we have seen in China. It seems to

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be a prosperous place with rather good schools and enterprising officials. It is typical of a large number of cities in this thickly populated district, so open to the gospel. With the exception of a few visits from the missionaries and evangelists, this city has never been touched. From its high walls the country appears studded with towns and villages and swarming with population in every direction. We found the narrow streets filled with busy little shops and crowded with people. Almost every shop had in it a loudly chirping cricket or two, and before we had gone far we met a man with a huge rack swinging from his shoulders, loaded with tiny wooden cages in which these singing crickets were confined. Oddly enough, his pets were all chirping in unison. We found that he was selling them at two cents each, including the cage, and that the people used them as we do canaries at home. We learned that many of these crickets are trained to fight and that cricket contests are about as popular as cock-fighting in the Philippines.

Nantungchow, Sunday, September 27th.

After a very interesting day at Ru Gao, we rode all night on the houseboat with nothing of importance happening, except that officials stopped us in each large town and our Chinese policeman made the necessary explanations for us. This morning, about seven, we reached the

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break in the canal and took jinrikishas from there into the city.

Our mission here has three rented chapels in this city, the larger one being right in the center, just off from the busiest street. We attended very interesting services there this morning, Sunday-school coming at ten and church at eleven. The chapel was packed at both services, a number of people coming in from the street and standing in the entrance. The church here has about eighty members. Two Chinese evangelists preach in the city chapels and surrounding places. Services are held every night. We have a good piece of land, much larger than the chapel, where an efficient building can be built as soon as we can get the money. Next to the chapel is a small reading room, where newspapers and Christian literature are kept for public reading. Here also Bibles and Christian books are offered for sale. The reading room is well filled through the week and is much help to the work. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson opened this work nine years ago, and have won a warm place in the hearts of these people. Their greatest difficulty has been in the fact that for most of the time they have been alone. Mr. Plopper has been with them but a short time. This center should have no less than four families for this one city and immediate district.

This afternoon we all went out to visit Lang

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Shang sacred mountain and pagoda, five miles away, to see the famous pagoda and temples and get a glimpse of the country from the summit. We traveled in jinrikishas, our men pulling us the ten miles for forty cents each. Lang Shang is one of the five most famous pagodas in all China. The series of temples up the mountain side are filled with hundreds of images, the main ones being statues of Buddha. Connected with these temples are also alcoves containing many idols of a different nature, all more or less worshiped. Before each image of importance incense and candles were burning. Each temple is equipped with bells, gongs, and drums used to awaken the gods before they are worshiped. At the top of the mountain, in the base of the great pagoda, is a large temple with a huge Buddha. Before this a group of devotees were exploding giant firecrackers to arouse the deity before praying to it.

We climbed to the top of the pagoda and the scene was most wonderful. To the south of us, four miles away, flowed the great Yangtse, twenty miles broad at this point. In every other direction, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the thickly populated, level plain. The neat little farms, close-set villages, and winding canals, formed a most beautiful picture. It seemed that many of the villages were no more than from an eighth to a quarter of a mile apart. The first sensation was of delight, but as we stood with

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the three lone missionaries, gazing out over this great plain with its teeming population, and realized that they were the only representatives of Christ among five million people, our hearts grew very heavy. Never before have I so appreciated the burden which must have been on the heart of Christ as he stood with his disciples before his ascension and told them to go out into all the world—the world dying in sin. O, if our people at home could only see these things and be stirred by them as we have been, how cheap some of their wealth and selfish expenditure would seem! One of our rich men could take this district and evangelize it, and in twenty years, I verily believe, have 100,000 converts to Christ. Never have I had a similar feeling of depression and helplessness come sweeping over me as when we found our way down the mountain side through the maze of temples. Night was coming on, the temple bells were ringing, the cry of the beggars fell on our ears, and a few late worshipers were wearily finding their way down the mountain side to the valley below. Here is the religion of China at its best. Four hundred millions have nothing better, except where Christianity has gone. How long, O, how long will an open door like this remain unentered by the church of the living God?

XIII.

On To Nanking.

Steamer, enroute to Nanking, September 30th.

Early this morning we left the mission in Sedan chairs for the Yangtse steamer to Nanking. The missionaries accompanied us for the four miles and saw us off on the steamer.

Day before yesterday we took a day's house-boat journey on a canal, accompanied by Mr. Yang, the police superintendent for the district. He was very kind to us and is very much interested in our work. He is a Christian man and a loyal friend of the work, and at the same time the chief official of the whole district. His friendship is invaluable. One of the interesting things on this trip was a visit to a large country Buddhist temple which has been converted into a modern school. The idols have been moved from the main part of the temple and huddled together in an alcove to the side, while the space they formerly occupied has been converted into a modern school for thirty boys. This is the work of Mr. Chang Chien, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture for all China. He has done the same thing in the towns and in the

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country all over this region. One can hardly measure the significance of such a change. What are we going to do to shape the religion of these young lives, trained in modern learning, which is the outgrowth of Christianity, and having practically abandoned their own religion? Are we going to give them Western education without God? Are they to have learning without the Spirit which will guide that new and dangerous power?

Yesterday the day was largely spent in conference on the work and plans for the future. Prayer and discussion continued far into the night. What beautiful visions and hopes these workers had for the extension of the work, the establishment of new stations, and the coming of new workers to the field, and how cruel it was to chill their ardor with the report that the receipts of the Society could not make it possible! The missionaries face a big job out here in China, but the biggest job is in arousing the church at home to do what God has called it to do for the whole world. More difficult than the task of reaching China's idolatrous millions is the task of interesting the prosperous, highly favored Christians of the homeland.

Nanking, China, October 1st.

Our steamer landed at the port of Nanking sometime very early this morning, and before we were awake F. E. Meigs was pounding at our

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cabin doors to arouse us. It was characteristic of this tireless pioneer. He has been ceaselessly knocking at China's doors for over twenty-seven years now, and although his hair has whitened and his once strong frame has grown enfeebled, his zeal is undiminished and the same fires burn in his soul. Nanking has a population of 300,000, but its great wall might enclose five million. There are indications that in olden days the city was much larger than at present. A great deal of the space inside the wall is open country, and in the swamps and uncultivated stretches are found pheasant, wild duck, and even deer.

Nothing impresses one with the great changes that have come to China more than the old, abandoned Government examination halls, to which Mr. Meigs took us on our way into the city this morning. Here, in a great walled enclosure, are the fast crumbling booths where vast hordes of China's students under the old régime took their examination. Now the place is overgrown with weeds and is the picture of desolation. Formerly often as many as thirty thousand students suffered their tests in this great series of stalls or rooms. I say *suffered*, for the examinations lasted three days, of twenty-four hours each, and many of these students died while confined in their little individual examination rooms. The old system of education had only to do with the memorizing and reproducing of the ancient Chinese classics. Those who passed

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a satisfactory examination received a stipend and were eligible to public office. As the offices were limited, only one out of one hundred could pass, and the strain on these young students was indescribable. Ten years ago this whole system was done away and China, theoretically at least, adopted the Western system of education. We climbed to the top of the watch tower in the center of this great area of booths and surveyed the desolate scene. In this tower formerly sat the guardians and directors of the examinations, watching to see that each student kept faithfully at his arduous task. Now the tower is falling into ruins and the view from its top is anything but cheering. The tiles are falling from the long rows of booths, and thistles and rank growths of weeds choke the many passage ways. It is good to see China turning from the old to the new, but one wishes that in the transition reverence and care might be shown for the forms which held the old. One instinctively feels that a gradual climbing from the old to the new things of progress would have been better and safer than the flying leap China has endeavored to make. One admires the leap, but shudders at the institutions kicked into wreckage in the process.

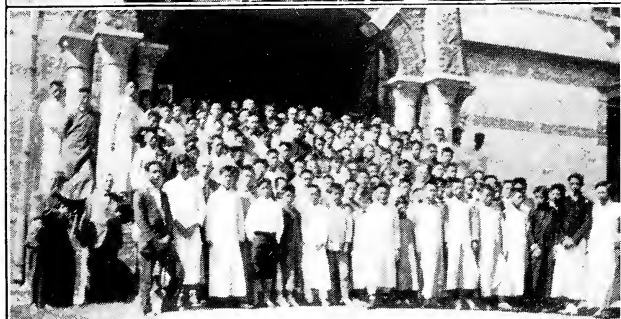
Nanking has suffered terribly both in the revolution and rebellion that followed. The latter almost left the city a wreck. The soldiers looted the city for three days, and had it not

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been for Dr. Macklin's efforts, would probably have burned it. The city is just getting back on its feet after this last terrible experience, and most of the wealthy citizens are still in Shanghai or other places where they are accorded protection.

After driving through the city we approached the famous South Gate, near which our leading evangelistic and day school work is located. Miss Mary Kelly and Miss Snyder are here in the center of one of the busiest mission points in China. Miss Kelly has been a number of years in China, and Miss Snyder is just beginning her first term. Mr. Gish, who has just reached China, will probably be located here. At the present time Mr. G. W. Sarvis is helping to direct this evangelistic work in connection with his teaching at the University of Nanking.

This mission center is on the main street leading from the South Gate through the great city wall, and is one of the busiest thoroughfares we have seen in the East. Each side of the narrow street is lined with busy Chinese shops of all kinds, and the stream of people in each direction is constant. Here, in a little rented room, Dr. Macklin began his South Gate dispensary twenty-seven years ago. There was much opposition to Christianity in those days, but his medical skill opened the way. In this little room he and his Chinese helper served the thousands who



Raw material in China. Young men of the Middle School, Nankin University. Abandoned Government examination halls, Nankin, China.



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came for physical healing, and at the same time Dr. Macklin worked on his many translations into the Chinese tongue.

The chapel room next to the dispensary has been rented for twenty-seven years, and only recently has it been possible to buy property here. Now it is proposed to put \$4,000 into a chapel and institutional plant nearby, and it would be hard to imagine a place more fitted for this type of work. This church has one hundred and ten members, and is presided over by Mr. Shaw, a devoted Chinese pastor, formerly the printer for Mr. Meigs at the boys' school. The crowds come to the meetings in this little hall, and the proposed new building with a good seating capacity will be a great boon to the work. Dr. Macklin is now in Australia recovering from a partial breakdown and visiting the churches, and his old pupil and assistant, Dr. Li, is in charge of the dispensary—a deeply devoted man. In this whole section “Malin sen sen,” the Chinese name for Macklin, is magic among the people. From forty to fifty people visit the dispensary each morning, and services are also held each morning in the chapel. There are also services morning and night on Sunday. In the rented rooms back and up-stairs, a night school, two boys' day schools, two girls' schools and one Bible training school for women are held. This poor, adapted building, is indeed

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a beehive of mission industry. The pupils pay tuition, which makes the work partially self-supporting.

Miss Kelly only had this one day to show us the South Gate work, and she has certainly made good use of the time. We were kept on the trot all day. We took luncheon at the modest little home in a remodeled Chinese building, where she and Miss Snyder live, looked over the building for the girls' school under construction, and then spent a couple of hours calling in the homes of some of the Chinese Christians. Miss Kelly goes like a beam of sunshine among these humble people, teaching, comforting, praying. Their affection for her can be measured by their beaming faces when she approaches. No call from the homeland could tempt her away from her people for a moment. She and Miss Snyder live alone in the midst of this great, teeming Chinese population, several miles distant from any others of our workers, but one would go a long distance to find any happier, more buoyant workers than they are.

The visits to the homes of the Chinese Christians was most interesting. In almost every place we were served with tea, salted watermelon seeds, peanuts, and cakes. You must at least stay long enough to drink a little tea out of the odd little cups or you may offend. With so many places and so much tea and cakes served, we found

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the watermelon seeds very convenient. Owing to the hard covering that has to be cracked between the teeth, and the very small kernel one finds after this operation is completed, a good deal of time can be thus occupied without having to eat or drink very much.

Practically all of the women in these homes have bound feet, and are obliged to stump about painfully on their heels, stiff-kneed and awkward. No Christian mother binds the feet of her little girls, and large numbers of the non-Christian Chinese are giving up this cruel custom, but the fashion still has a great hold on the Chinese people, especially in the remote places.

One is impressed with the fact that the Chinese lead the simple life. They are hard-working, frugal, exceedingly economical. Their clothing is very sensible, their food simple and nourishing, and their houses very plain. One sees no waste or display in China. Perhaps necessity has been the mother of Chinese simplicity, but at any rate this side of Chinese life is wholesome.

If you want to find something more interesting than a State or National convention at home, just hold a conference with a group of Chinese workers in the heart of a great, needy Chinese city. We did this late this afternoon at the South Gate chapel. There were some twenty present—the pastor, Chinese doctor, the teachers,

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Bible women, volunteer workers, and other deeply interested Christians. We gathered about tables, drank the inevitable tea, nibbled at cakes and peanuts, and talked of the Kingdom. If one has any idea that the Chinese are inferior people, he will have that notion knocked out of him at a meeting like this. Rarely have we seen more zealous, earnest people than these. There was much prayer and earnest discussion.

It does not take long in a meeting of this kind to make us forget the peculiar racial differences which often keep us from real understanding of the Chinese race. What matters the almond skin, the slanted eye, the peculiar dress, the odd cue, the bound foot, and the strange tongue, when Christ stands in the midst? He is the great Unifier, and how trivial the outward differences appear when we are united in Him!

These people at South Gate have a vision. They say: "Give us a good building where we can preach to the crowds and teach the people, and in five years we will have five hundred members as a leaven in the heart of this great city."

The great mass of the Chinese are devil-worshippers—that is, they fear evil spirits with an awful fear and try to propitiate them. Miss Kelley told of a terrible fire which occurred near the chapel a few years ago. These ignorant people believe that fires are caused by demons, and no one can take them into their homes or touch them for a number of days if their house

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is burned. In this fire a large number were frightfully burned. Those of the relatives who were less fearful of the devils carried these burned sufferers into the chapel and left them there. Not a person among the non-Christians dare touch these suffering people, but Miss Kelly and the Chinese Christians worked all night to save their lives and alleviate their suffering. This tender ministry made a profound impression on all the people of the community and did more to make friends for the work than anything that has happened. The fearlessness and devotion of the Christian Chinese in the face of the pitiful fear of demons held by the heathen people has been a remarkable testimony to Christianity.

Nanking, October 2d.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to keep this daily journal. We are pushed almost to the limit of physical endurance in the daily program of mission visitation and conference, which makes it very difficult to sit down between ten o'clock and midnight, before retiring, and set down the events of the day. One could do it with some degree of satisfaction if it only ran through a period of a few days or weeks, but when the process extends into months, as this will, so much the worse for the journal. I fear there will be considerable periods when this work will have to entirely wait.

AMONG ASIA'S NEEDY MILLIONS.

This has been a full day—too full to assimilate all we have seen and heard. We have visited the University of Nanking, our girls' school, and the Union Bible School, in which we have a share. Never before has it fully dawned on me the tremendous part which Christian education has to play in the redemption of these lands. John R. Mott was right when he said, "The future of China does not depend on the friendship of governors nor the attitude of officials, but it does depend on the number of children in the Christian schools." Because of the revolution, the counter revolution, the poverty of the people, and the unrest in the land, the Government's modern system of schools has practically come to naught. Christianity and education are inseparable, and the great majority of effective modern education carried on in China is in the hands of the missionaries.

We feel that the University of Nanking is the finest exhibition of practical Christian unity which we have seen anywhere in the East. The effort and expenditure of money has been fully justified and the school will not only prove to be the bulwark of our work in Central China, but it will have a very great part in inspiring and shaping the Chinese educational work of the future. Because of the economic and revolutionary conditions in Central China, the school has suffered many grave handicaps at its very beginning, and this will make its development

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slower than was anticipated. However, including the middle and high school and all departments, there are nearly five hundred students in attendance.

We attended the chapel services of the college department early this morning, and spoke briefly to the students. Never have I seen a finer appearing body of students gathered together. This is certainly the seed-sowing that will bring harvest. These young men are to be the leaders in the China of the future. Mr. Holman, the Christian moving-picture man, who has been out to the East with Mr. Rowland, a layman of the Southern Presbyterian Board, joined us this morning and took a motion picture of the students as they came out of chapel. We are hoping to show this and other moving pictures of the work when we get home. The university campus consists of seventy acres of fine land on the edge of the city, which has been purchased by Mr. Meigs, of our own mission. He is one of the champion mission land buyers in the East. It is a very difficult process and takes infinite patience and tact. The land has been purchased piece by piece in very small tracts and has been secured very cheaply. Our own former hospital, boys' school, and missionary homes are at one end of the tract, and those of the Methodists at the other. The union is with the Presbyterians, Methodists, and our own people. Each of us were carrying on a feeble edu-

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cational work before, which in the union has grown into what I am describing. The religious differences of the West do not perpetuate themselves to any great extent in the East, where the great wall of heathenism rears itself so high. The preaching and teaching to the Chinese in regard to Christianity must be of the simplest and most direct sort. They have no interest whatever in the creeds and formulas of the West, and the missionaries are too sensible to try to impose them upon them. The fight to implant Christianity is too big a task to waste any time trying to impart man's creedal interpretations of it. The question at the front is never "what type of church will prevail?" but "can Christianity make good among these benighted people?" So it can be readily seen how easy it is to unite in a work of Christian education like the university. Instead of weak, divided effort, with sadly inadequate teaching force, we have now united effort with a strong staff and a school that is making a name for Christianity in all Central China. Our people have stood for Christian unity in China for twenty-five years, and when the opportunity came to have this practical demonstration of it in an educational way, F. E. Meigs and our missionaries helped open the way and work out the plan. In fact, we heard on every side that Mr. Meigs is responsible for the university more than any other man.

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I doubt whether there is an individual church at home, or a single mission of any communion in China, which has in it more of the spirit of real unity than the University of Nanking. And yet our workers and every one else has the same liberty possessed before.

Christian unity is coming faster in the mission fields than at home. Christ prayed that "they all may be one—that the world may believe." It seems that in these days Christ is making the believers in the ends of the world a challenge to call us to be one at home.

The university has forty teachers, twelve of whom are foreigners (Americans), the rest being Chinese. Our representatives are F. E. Meigs, C. E. Settlemyer, Guy W. Sarvis, Clarence Hamilton, and Dr. Jas. Butchart. Besides the regular middle, high school, and college departments, there are the medical, the normal, and the agricultural departments.

The university has some excellent buildings, which have been erected at an amazingly small cost. For instance, Science Hall, a large, three-story brick building, was put up for \$10,000. At home it would probably have cost \$40,000.

One of the most striking things about the university is the spirit of the Faculty. They are men on fire with the importance of their task, from President Bowen down. The librarian held the same office at Princeton University at

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a salary of \$3,000 a year. He is now teacher and librarian here at \$550 a year, and a dozen Princetons could not call him home.

We doubt if there is any department of the university which promises to influence the Chinese more than the agricultural school conducted by Professor Bailey. When he first started it there was grave doubt on the part of many as to the possibility of enlisting Chinese students in the experimental work, which means hard labor out of doors. The students, however, are enthusiastic under Professor Bailey's leadership, and can be seen each day working with interest at their tasks. Chang Chien, Secretary of Agriculture, is much interested in this work, and has set aside for the university a large area on Purple Mountain nearby for reforestation. Trees are being planted here in large quantities. This is one of China's greatest needs. Through Chang Chien, Professor Bailey is also settling refugees on waste lands granted to him by the Agricultural Department of the Government.

Mr. Meigs, besides being at the head of the Bible teaching in the university, is head of the middle school, with one hundred and fifty students. It is too heavy a task for him and he should soon have relief that he may devote his whole time to Bible work.

It was an inspiration to go through Dr. Macklin's old hospital, now a part of the medical department of the university. This is sacred

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ground where this wonderful man has spent his life for nearly thirty years. President Bowen tells us that even now the long service of Dr. Macklin is the greatest heritage the work has. No matter what we call the hospital in the future, it will always be "Macklin's place" to the hosts of Chinese who come for healing. Here Dr. Macklin started our work in China with a little dispensary "in the shadow of the Drum Tower," standing near by. Here he learned his first Chinese, did the first preaching of the gospel, baptized his first converts, translated his first literature, and opened China for our work by serving the multitude of sick and afflicted who came to him. This work grew into a hospital, and now into a Christian medical school for the training of Chinese Christian men that they may serve their own people in the name of Christ. Dr. Butchart, who has spent seventeen years in building up the remarkable medical work in Luchowfu, is our representative in this school.

Nearby are the sheds which Dr. Macklin used as his beggar wards, for his tender heart could never bear to let the outcast and starving go unattended. He was always practical about this work, however, and made the beggars work for what they got.

The doctor has not the strength to carry on this kind of work now, but he is as busy as ever, with more freedom to do what his good judgment commends to him. He translates, evan-

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gelizes, lectures in the medical school, and uses his influence for Christ everywhere.

Our girls' school, with an attendance of one hundred, is one of our best pieces of work in China. Here Miss Emma Lyon has toiled for many years and built up a school second to none of its kind in Central China. Now that she is home on furlough, Miss Edna Dale is in charge. Miss Banta, who has recently come out and is still in the language school, is assisting. This school has been going on for seventeen years and has won rare confidence among the Chinese. The building is far from adequate, and it is almost pitiful to see how the girls who are boarders are crowded for sleeping room. Even the attic has been curtained off and is crowded with neat little beds. Very soon now this fine school should have another good building. We attended chapel and heard the girls sing, and talked to them through an interpreter, and each received from them a silk Chinese flag and banner of the school made by themselves. After chapel we called at the dining hall where they ate, but the chopsticks ceased working and the rice remained undisturbed in the little bowls when we entered, for the foreigners' presence embarrassed these modest, well-behaved girls.

On our way to the Bible Training School we stopped at a Chinese bath house, just off one of the main streets. A bath costs two cents in this place, including the services of an at-

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tendant, who cleans one's ears and shaves his eyebrows. The bathing apparatus consists of a small tub, in which one soaps and scrubs, and a large tub filled with steaming, hot water, in which one soaks as long as he likes. There were two scrubbing and three soaking when we entered. These places are very popular in the winter, when the hot water affords a cheap means of warming one through.

We also visited the Methodist Girls' School. Here they have a strong school, with fine, adequate buildings and three women in charge, although the attendance is not as large as that of our own school. Another place of interest visited was the Presbyterian Women's Bible Training School, which is doing a most commendable work. Here we met a missionary lady who had been in Nanking forty years. She and her husband preceded Dr. and Mrs. Macklin by ten years, and she had many interesting things to tell concerning those hard pioneer days, when misunderstanding and persecution were rife. Missions in China to-day owe more than ever can be expressed to the patient, difficult task of these early pioneers. Our work is comparatively new in China, and we have inherited the results of this early pioneering.

One of the most important educational centers in Nanking is the Union Bible Training School. In this group of buildings we have our own dormitory, with special classrooms for

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our own students. This building was given by Miss Myrtle Warren, of Beatrice, Nebraska. It cost \$6,000, but to duplicate it in America would take at least \$15,000. Most of the classroom work is done in a united way, and our American instructor is Frank Garrett, of Drake, who has spent nearly twenty years in China. We also have Li Ho Fu as instructor. He is one of our strongest men in China and of the Li family, famous in our China mission for having given us three preachers. His brother, Alexander Li, is a graduate of Hiram and professor of Science in the University of Nanking. The bodies represented in this ministerial training school are the Presbyterians, Southern Presbyterians, Methodists, and our own people. The Northern Baptists are now asking to come in. The combined teaching force enables the school to provide a good course and excellent training, which would not be within the reach of either church working alone. We must give to China high-grade men with good training for the ministry. No man with meager equipment can successfully face the problem of an alien philosophy and an old, non-Christian religion. There are eighty pupils, all told, in this union evangelistic training school.

Nanking, October 4th.

Yesterday and to-day have gone by with a whirl. Yesterday we visited the famous Ming Tomb, five miles from the city. Mr. Meigs went

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with us, and it was a rare treat to have him talk of the ancient days of China, of her emperors and her interesting history. No man can do it better than he.* We drove through the desolate ruins of the old Manchu city, utterly destroyed by the revolutionists and the people slaughtered. He pointed out the place where two hundred Manchu women drowned themselves rather than fall into the hands of the soldiers. We drove on through the old Forbidden City of the Ming Dynasty, which contained the imperial palace. It is all in ruins now, although much of the great wall is standing. This imperial city had five gates, most of them still standing, with five bridges across the moats leading to the former palace. The first of the Ming emperors built the city seven hundred years ago. Outside the outer Nanking city wall we approached the mountain at the foot of which the great tomb is located. China has taken no care of her ancient historical relics, especially when they were connected with dynasties that have passed from power, and this tomb and its surroundings is no exception. All that remains of the once immense and elaborate grounds is the mile-long rows of monuments, once marking each side of the royal approach to the tomb. The great memorial shaft at the entrance, mounted on the back of a stone turtle, still stands, and guardian monuments in the shape of horses, camels, ele-

*F. E. Meigs died August 23, 1915.

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phants, and other animals, besides the stone soldiers and priests, are quite well preserved in spite of the vandalism everywhere apparent. The tomb, an immense structure, like a great stone buttress to the hill just back of it, stands as it was in the year 1400, when constructed. Through the center of it is an arched passageway with an inclined stone floor, facing the slope of the hill against which the tomb is built. Beneath this floor and back in the hill the body of the first Ming emperor is supposed to have been buried. The tombs of the remaining emperors of the Ming dynasty are at Peking, to which the capital was removed from Nanking early in the fifteenth century.

The great temple which faced the tomb, a quarter of a mile away, is in almost total ruins. Closer to the tomb is a smaller temple for the worship of the emperor's spirit, where the miniature throne and the sacred tablet to his memory still may be seen. Mr. Meigs gave us a demonstration of how this worship of the emperor was carried on.

The whole place, tomb and all, is desolate, but China marches on to face the challenge of better things. She denies the sacredness of these once holy places, but will she find the really sacred and life-giving heart of what is offered her from the West? We believe she will.

To-day has been Sunday and filled with delightful experiences. Our Drum Tower church

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was filled with eager, bright-faced students this morning, with two hundred and fifty in the Sunday-school. The building is not large enough for the classes, and the girls of the school remain in their building for their part of the Sunday-school. There were fully three hundred people at the church service. Mr. Chun Li Sun, one of our strongest men, is pastor of the church. He also teaches in the school. I spoke through Mr. Alexander Li as interpreter. This church is the fruit of the labors of Mr. Meigs and Dr. Macklin. Professor Bower spoke at the university church, at the other end of the campus, and Mr. Doan spoke at the South Gate church. After speaking at the Drum Tower church, I was driven through the city in time to speak at the communion service at South Gate. There was no evidence that it was Sunday as we made our way through the busy, crowded streets. The street in front of the South Gate chapel is Nanking's Broadway, fifteen feet wide. There really seems to be as many people pouring through as traverse New York's Broadway. My driver only made his way through by constantly shouting for people to get out of the way. Everyone seemed rather accommodating and good natured, paying no attention to being jostled or pushed about. A good congregation of Christians partook of the communion at the church. This beautiful memorial has the same appeal the whole world around.

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This afternoon, early, I attended the women's meeting in the chapel under Miss Kelly's and Miss Snyder's home. There were one hundred women present, most of them stumping painfully to the meeting on their little bound feet, many of them carrying children. Mrs. Doan spoke to them while Miss Kelly interpreted. They were deeply interested in what she told them of what Christ meant to American women.

Later in the afternoon the professor gave a strong message to the foreigners at the university church. The service was attended by about fifty, mostly American missionaries.

To-night each of us spoke, my place being at South Gate. The hall was packed and many tried to get in who were not able. There was a crowd standing in the street trying to hear all through the service. Three fourths of the audience were men, and all listened eagerly. It makes one simplify his message and weigh his words when he realizes that there are people in the audience who have never heard of Christ before. Never before have I so longed to speak in the language of the people.

XIV.

One of China's Interesting Small Cities.

Chuchow, China, October 5th.

We have had a most interesting journey to-day from Nanking to this place. Chuchow is about forty miles north of Nanking, on the new Pukow-Tientsin Railroad, one of the best trunk lines in China.

We started at eight from the Drum Tower, and drove in carriages to Shagwan, the river port for Nanking. Here we took the launch across the Yangtse to Pukow, which is the railroad terminus. We were much surprised here to see the great terminal station which is being constructed. It compares favorably with many of the great stations in America, and the nearby railroad shops are certainly a commentary on China's determination to adopt Western improvements. The land was very low where these terminals are being constructed, and a distant hill is being leveled down to furnish earth enough for proper filling. We were strikingly reminded of China's changes by the wheelbarrows, don-

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keys, and jinrikishas which lined the road beside the modern train. At the terminal we took passage to the old city of Pukow, five miles farther back in the country. On alighting from the train we still had a mile to go, and we were placed in waiting jinrikishas by the Chinese pastor of our Pukow church, who had come to greet us. Our coolies bumped us along over a very rough road and we were constantly apprehensive of being overturned and rolled down an embankment or into a ditch. As we entered the city through an archway in the wall, we were met by our day school of twenty-five boys and their two teachers, who had come out to greet us. On approaching the chapel, our missionary, Mr. Dannenberg, left the paying of the jinrikisha men to the Chinese pastor and we started on. We had not gone far when our attention was attracted by a great uproar, and on looking around we discovered that the pastor was the center of an interested crowd of fully fifty people, and that those immediately about him were gesticulating wildly and shouting at the top of their voices. Mr. Dannenberg returned to see what the difficulty was and found that the pastor had insisted on paying the men only the regular Chinese rate of five cents each and they were insisting on seven cents each because we were foreigners. It looked as though our Chinese friend might have a rough time of it, so Mr. Dannenberg instructed him to pay the men the

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extra two cents. He insisted that the jinrikisha men were imposing on us because we were foreigners, but finally paid them, and the excitement ceased. As seven cents in Chinese is only three and one half cents in our money, we felt that we had not been seriously robbed.

We have a rented street chapel building with school rooms and quarters for the pastor and teachers in Pukow. The rent is six dollars a month, and although the rooms are humble, a good work is being done. We should buy property soon for a good chapel and school, for land is rapidly rising in price in this important place.

When we boarded the afternoon train for this place, we found our medical missionary, Dr. Osgood, on board. The thirty-mile ride through the rice paddies and low-lying hills was most interesting. This is not as fertile a district as Nantungchow, nor as thickly populated, and yet there are many people. Most of them are quite poor, and this year a plague of locusts and a serious flood have done great damage to crops, in many places entirely destroying them. Many of the poor people face a famine and starvation this coming winter. We saw many people out in boats in the flooded rice fields, raking the bottom for the rice stalks with the hope that some of the grains had not yet rotted and might serve as food in this time of need. We saw others pulling roots and bulbs from the bottom of the swamps to be used as food. The missionaries face heart-

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breaking work this winter in trying to care for these suffering people.

Chuchow is a city of 15,000, and in the center of a great district. We have a well-developed work here. Dr. Osgood has the hospital, and W. R. Hunt and Mr. Dannenberg are engaged in evangelistic work. Mr. Hunt is home on furlough now. Miss Margaret Darst has just come to the field and will engage in women's work.

This evening we have enjoyed a visit with Shi Gwei Biao, our oldest evangelist, who called to pay his respects. He was the first result of our China mission work, having been baptized by Dr. Macklin nearly thirty years ago. He was a Chinese story teller and an opium fiend when Dr. Macklin found him, but since his conversion he has been a noble Christian and one of the great preachers of China. He is now seventy years of age, but still strong and vigorous. He is general evangelist for this whole district and goes far and near preaching the gospel and directing the younger men. Wherever he goes the people turn out in large numbers to hear him. We asked him what he liked to do best, and he said he had rather preach than do anything else in the world. He expressed the hope that the Lord would spare him some years yet that he might preach to his people. We asked him about his hope of his people accepting Christ, and he said he believed China would become a Christian nation. He stated that the great bur-

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den on China's back was superstition, and that only Christ could lift that burden. His feeling is that the work will not be rapid in China until strong native leaders are developed who can lead the people and build up strong churches. He feels that the missionaries will be indispensable for many years to come and that one of their chief tasks is the training of these Chinese leaders. On being asked about the rapid changes in China and the attitude of the people toward Christianity in comparison with the past, he assured us that these changes were most remarkable. A dozen years ago the people used to stone him at Luchowfu, one of our stations. Now when he goes there, six hundred people gather to hear him preach. In the early days of our work at South Gate, Nanking, the people would spit upon him until his clothes and even his face were covered. Now when he preaches there the people cannot get in and it is necessary to hold a succession of services to accommodate the crowds.

We learned that he and his aged wife, who is as consecrated as he is, have recently taken in a little, abandoned baby, which they are raising. This means great sacrifice for these old people. About twenty years ago they picked up a little abandoned baby girl and kept her. She grew into girlhood, went to our girls' school in Nanking and graduated there, and is now the teacher in our girls' school here in Chuchow.

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“Brother Shi,” as this good old man is called, for short, says that the opium habit has almost entirely disappeared in China. It can no longer be grown in China, and the laws are so rigid against its use that a man must hide himself very carefully if he uses it. Formerly one addicted to the use of the drug would teach others through the treating habit, but now the risk is too great to do that. The law in this district provides for capital punishment as the penalty for the use of the drug! Mr. Shi says that there is still much binding of the feet of the little girls, especially in the smaller towns and villages. The chief reason seems to be that young women cannot marry well unless they have “beautiful” small feet. He states that Christianity and education are having their influence, however, and that the custom is bound to disappear. On asking him further about China’s evangelization, he replied: “The root of China’s redemption lies in your honorable land.”

Chuchow, Tuesday evening, October 6th.

This morning early we went through the hospital conducted by Dr. E. I. Osgood. On the way to the hospital we passed over a much-frequented stone bridge and were much interested in Dr. Osgood’s friend and competitor, the native pharmacist. He has a long table under an awning and here dispenses his strange and gruesome remedies to the people who are super-

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stitious enough to buy them. His chief stock consists of snake skins, bugs, and medicinal charms. His booth is just opposite that of an old Chinese fortune teller, who has been twenty years on the bridge, and from the attitude of the people one would think that their conception of the powers of the two men was very similar. A block from this place is the Christian hospital, which presents a vivid contrast to the cheap necromancy of the native medicine man. This institution was built by J. M. Tisdale and wife, of Covington, Kentucky, and is not only a place of healing, but a gospel plant and a social and reform center for the whole city. The hospital was built for \$5,000, and accommodates a great many patients. The doctor's morning clinic is a real study in physical and social needs. He has two excellent Chinese assistants, who look after the major part of the detail work. Each morning a chapel service is conducted, which the hospital and dispensary patients attend, together with the hospital staff. Here either Dr. Osgood or the Chinese evangelist preaches.

Dr. Osgood and his hospital have had a wonderful influence in the city and district, especially during and since the revolution. While the fighting was going on, Chang Schweng, the general of the old régime, was driven out of Nanking with his army. He marched north with his hungry and ruthless soldiers, and Chuchow was right in the track of his army. As the sol-

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diers approached the city and began to march around one side of the wall, the population was terrified because of their fear that the soldiers would loot and burn the city. The city gates were all closed and barricaded, and the frightened people expected an attack at any moment. In the midst of this great distress Dr. Osgood was let down outside the wall one night and visited the general. Through his good offices the general promised to take his soldiers on without molesting the city, and no harm was done the inhabitants. After this the doctor was looked upon as the strong friend of the city, and the officials came to him for help in many things. After the army had passed, a band of a thousand robbers broke into the city from the mountains, bent on robbing the magistrate's yamen. The people of the municipality were divided into different elements and it looked as though the city might be torn with a terrible conflict. It was Dr. Osgood's cool head that saved the day. He worked out a plan of organization through the Reform Society and so banded the right-thinking people together that the plans of the rogues were entirely defeated. After this a Red Cross society was formed with the chief official of the city at the head of it. There were many refugees in the city with nothing to eat. Our missionaries organized the forces to rebuild one of the main streets of the city, which was in wretched repair. Dr. Osgood and the officials

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raised the money through subscriptions, and he prevailed upon the new railroad to provide rock ballast for the paving. He then put the refugees to work on the street and thus kept them clothed and fed through the winter months. A street cleaning force was organized, vaccination for smallpox established, a campaign carried on against gambling, and public lavatories were constructed. Later the doctor led the city officials and Reform Society to buy property for a park and playground in the midst of the city and move onto it an old theater from outside the city wall, which is being turned into a public reading room.

During all of this time large public meetings were being held in the hospital compound, where topics of vital interest were discussed, and at the same time our church was being used for the meetings of the Reform Society. After the danger of the revolution was past, the citizens of the city erected a fine memorial tablet on the hospital grounds on which is set forth their appreciation of the work of Dr. Osgood in their time of need. The tablet was made by the man who formerly was the leading atheist of the city. The climax of it all is that now a class for the study of the Bible has been formed for the chief men of the city, including the president of the Red Cross society and other leaders.

A stroll through the city to-day proved to be intensely interesting. The main street is un-

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evenly paved with slabs of very hard limestone which have been down for centuries. Wheelbarrows are the chief means of transportation, and the large wooden wheels have worn grooves in these rocks, sometimes to the depth of two inches or more. The barbers carry their utensils with them and do their work on the open street, wherever they chance to find a customer. There is considerable wheat and corn in this country, and this is ground in the little, mud-floor houses along the street. Two small, round, limestone burrs are fitted up, one on top of the other; the grain is fed through a hole in the upper stone, and a blindfolded donkey patiently turns the little mill. In one of the houses we saw a woman harnessed to the shaft turning the mill. China is indeed a place of small industries engaged in by the many. Little stores and little workshops. Nowhere do you find evidences of great monopolies out here. The business enterprises are all small, and there is regular competition. Wealth is quite evenly distributed, and a man of small means occupies a place of considerable influence. It would seem too bad to introduce the great combinations which centralize wealth into this land where the people live the simple, frugal life.

During the afternoon we visited the home of one of the poorer families. The little, one-room house was built of stone blocks and covered with grass thatch. The floor was of

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earth, and the house was the home of the donkey as well as the family. The man was a peddler of flaxseed oil for cooking purposes, which he prepared with his little donkey mill and a large kettle, in which the oil was cooked from the flour. There were very few utensils in the house. The wife was cooking the supper over a clay stove, in a very thin iron kettle, under which she was feeding the fire with dry grass. The fuel for cooking is entirely composed of grass and reeds cut from the hills and waste places. This is true largely of the better homes, as well as those of the poor. Wood is very scarce in China, and coal too expensive yet for use. The people have no fires for heating their houses in winter, save perhaps a small brazier with charcoal in it for the hands and feet. The man in this home, although poor, was clean of face and dress, and his open, smiling countenance indicated that he was enjoying his Christian life. He courteously accompanied us some distance on our way, until Mr. Dannenberg, the missionary, urged him to return.

Another place of interest visited was the city pawnshop. This is the largest and wealthiest institution in the town. We passed through a series of courts and heavily barred doors to reach the storage department. There we found great rooms filled with racks running clear to the roof, on which were stored thousands of bundles of clothing, bedding, household utensils,

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firearms, and a great variety of other articles that had been pawned. It seems to be a very common custom for the people to pawn all of their winter garments during the summer, and vice versa. Many of the articles were of very little value, but still sufficient to provide them with a few cash for a time of desperate need.

We were inspired by a visit to our mission boys' school of ninety pupils. They were having their chapel service of thirty minutes, in which they sang songs and listened to a twenty minutes' gospel talk. These boys are in the primary and grammar grades, and are bright, energetic fellows. These schools are one of the greatest assets of our missionary work, for from them will come the principal Christians and leaders of the future. It is difficult to reach the adult people, who have always been warped by heathen superstition and ignorance, but the boys and girls are our great opportunity. This excellent school uses a rambling old grain storage for classrooms. The floors are of dirt, and one side of each room is entirely open for light and ventilation in the summer. During the winter these open places are closed with oiled paper, which is pasted over a framework of wood. A good school building for these boys could be provided for \$1,000 if we had it. Nearby is also a girls' school of forty pupils, in which excellent work is being done.

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Chuchow, Wednesday, October 7th.

"Of all born among people, none like unto him," is the gilt inscription hung high in the arched ceiling of the Confucian temple in Chuchow. A rare old temple with a long, wide approach and three courts. On the tablet of the holy of holies before which the people have long worshiped is the inscription, "The great, holy one, the supreme teacher, Confucius," and in the open court before this shrine our missionaries have marked out a municipal tennis court, with the enthusiastic approval of the city officials and elders. When the tennis court was suggested as a good means of exercise and social intercourse, the chief men of the city pointed out that the temple grounds were little used now and, being central and adequate, would afford the best place available. After studying the temple and noting its unkempt and decaying condition, we went through still another court to the large lecture hall, where the disciples of Confucius formerly taught the people concerning this great sage, whom the majority of Confucianists had deified. Here we were confronted with another surprise. The walls were covered with large placards and mottoes in Chinese, and when they were translated to us they sounded strangely familiar. The central one was, "Jesus, the Light of the world," and the others were in keeping with it. The missionaries told us that last year, when our China Christian Convention was to be

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held in Chuchow, there was no building large enough for it, and the leading men of the city offered the use of the Confucian temple, which was accepted. Dare any one say that there are no changes in China? This turning from the old things is a hopeful and at the same time a disquieting sign. If the church does not take advantage of the opportunity to teach the people of Christ, where will they go? To atheism, we sadly fear. These Chuchow people who have broken loose from the old things will have a chance to hear the Word of God, but how about the two million in the whole Chuchow district with only six missionaries and a small group of native evangelists to teach them?

After the visit to the temple we called on the chief men of the city in their large group of residences enclosed in a series of walled courts. We were received with the greatest courtesy by these dignified, gracious Chinese gentlemen, with whom our missionaries have the closest intimacy. We had a very interesting conversation together as tea was being served. All the conversation was through the missionaries' interpretation, save that of one of the younger men of the group, who is one of the right-hand men in our church, having been converted in the meetings conducted by George Sherwood Eddy two years ago. These officials are men of means and serve the city as officials without salary. Unlike the old type of official, so prevalent in most of China



Chinese farmer watering his crop. This farm was less than half an acre.



Chinese laborers pumping water for irrigation by foot-power.



ONE OF CHINA'S SMALL CITIES:

even now, these men are honest, upright, public-spirited men. Most of their questions were in regard to the European war and America's attitude in the matter. The Chinese are intensely interested in the war situation just now, and very nervous because of Japan's operations in Tsing-Tao, where they are driving the Germans from Chinese soil. They seem to be very doubtful of Japan's motives in the matter, and fearful that she is seeking Chinese territory for herself. They said, "The Chinese are eating much bitterness now because of Japan." These men were much interested in Mr. Doan's visit to China, and at another time, after asking him many questions concerning his business of brick making, they inquired if he had come to China at his own expense or that of the Missionary Society. On being told that he had come with his family at his own charges to see the missionary work, they were much impressed by such interest on his part.

Chuchow, October 8th.

Yesterday and this morning were spent largely in conference with the missionaries and Shi Gwei Biao, our senior evangelist. Yesterday afternoon a service was held in the church, at which there was a fine attendance. This building was built by Mr. Tisdale, of Kentucky, the same man who built the hospital. The church cost \$1,000, and it would be difficult to see how

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a better investment of the money could possibly have been made. How one wishes that this good man in the homeland, who has so generously put his money into the work, might come out and see for himself what an investment he has made for the Kingdom. If there is any finer monument than this to erect in the memory of a dear one, as he has done, it would be hard to discover it. How much better such a memorial than a marble shaft over the grave of a departed relative!

XV.

Busy Wuhu By the Yangtse.

Wuhu, October 10th.

This is an important city of 150,000 inhabitants, sixty miles above Nanking, on the Yangtse. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, and Miss Kate Miller are located here. After our arrival last night we attended a Chinese entertainment given at the union mission high school, in which the Methodists, the Christian Advents, and our people are united. The Advent people own the building, and the rest share in the cost of teachers and running expense. There are more than one hundred boys in the school, and the work impresses one as being very valuable. The missions could not bear the expense of separate schools, but by going together a high-grade institution has been built up.

The entertainment was most interesting and quite Chinese; the only part at all American being some selections by a small brass band which had been drilled by Mrs. Paul. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags of all nations, with large American and Chinese flags

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draped together back of the speakers' stand. A unique feature was several musical selections by a quartet of flute players with their odd bamboo instruments. We could not forego cheering when they broke into the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." The Chinese principal of the school gave an excellent address in English, in which he emphasized the physical, intellectual, and moral elements in education, and closed by stressing the point that the ultimate aim of the school was to develop men for the Kingdom of God. R. A. Doan was called on and spoke through an interpreter on "Making Brick and Making Men," a talk which was much appreciated by these alert students. Anything which has to do with American ways of doing things is most fascinating to these people.

After a musical program, tea, peanuts, and roasted watermelon seeds were passed around, and the literary part of the entertainment was then given. Although this was entirely in Chinese, it was interesting. Two young men who were down for Chinese jokes kept the crowd laughing for ten minutes each in most spirited speeches. One sally caused uproarious laughter, and the interpreter who sat next to me said that it was the statement, "The capital of Germany is called Paris." Another humorous part was the introduction of a "German machine" to the audience. A young man fixed up to represent a manikin, with a fierce upstanding mustache, was

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carried in on a chair. He was placed in front of the audience, and another young man gave a lecture on his "machine," stopping every now and then and going through the motions of winding up his invention. While he talked the machine-like young man went through a series of jerks and gestures which greatly amused the audience. The performance was a take-off on the German machinery which has been so largely introduced in China in recent years. Another selection which greatly pleased the people was a Japanese dialect piece in Chinese. Of course, this was absolutely unintelligible to us, but the fact that they all roared while it was going on made the thing really humorous, even though both the dialect and the language in which it was spoken were entirely beyond us.

To-day we have seen something of the work and the city. This day in China corresponds to our Fourth of July, as it is the day on which they celebrate the launching of their Republic. We were at the high school again this morning, where Professor Bower gave the students a patriotic address, after which we watched the boys, dressed in their finest gowns, going through their well-executed drills and marches.

The school building is outside the city, and on our way in we visited the home of Lord Li, one of the wealthiest men in all China. Because of the tax made upon him by the revolutionists, he has moved to Shanghai, but his great estate is

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still kept up by his servants. Alexander Paul, of this station, was formerly English tutor to this man's son. Lord Li is one of the sons of Li Hung Chang, the old-time statesman of China, with whom Americans became acquainted during his journey around the world some twenty years ago. This multimillionaire family has made its money largely out of pawnshops, and their great institutions of this kind are found in almost every important city of China. Because of the usury and sharp methods they have imposed on the people, this family has been most cordially hated by the Chinese.

Our church property is well located in the heart of the business section of the city and consists of a fine, adequate piece of land, covered with rambling, ancient Chinese buildings. A good-sized chapel has been improvised in the center of this property, and a reading room and boys' school are cared for in the extra spaces. A good central building is much needed here—an equipment which can be used for church and lecture hall, night school, day school, adequate reading room, and a general evangelistic center. Any time that the chapel is now thrown open with advertised speaking, it is necessary to issue tickets to keep the crowd within possibilities of accommodation.

Sometimes people at home wonder why a fine young woman of culture and refinement can think of coming out to a field where the people

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are of an alien race and religion and "bury" herself in missionary work. From the viewpoint of the world it is inexcusable. It can only be explained from the standpoint of Christian self-forgetfulness in the welfare of others. Paul felt that he was debtor to the whole world, not because the world had given him anything, but because he had been more highly privileged than the world and had the greatest thing in the world to give it. To-day I had the rare privilege of spending a couple of hours in the little, adapted Chinese home of Kate Galt Miller. In the very heart of this great city of non-Christian Chinese this cultured Kentucky woman has "buried" herself for the good of an alien people. With no other member of her own race anywhere near her she is serving in her quiet, patient way the women and children of China. She has not been on the field long; so far she has only a small group of people about her, and has met with much to discourage, and yet there is no task which America might offer that would turn her from her chosen work in China. And this fine young woman is only typical of a group of single women we have in this field. Miss Edna Dale, now in the girls' school, Nanking, has been in this city for years doing the same type of work. She has found her greatest satisfaction in itineration among the Chinese in towns and cities round about, and for months at a time has been denied the privilege of any home at all save the

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simple and often very unsanitary quarters of the Chinese themselves.

A young man of real ability, who decides to give himself to the service of Christ at home, may spend his whole life in comparative obscurity. If he is a teacher, he may serve in a comparatively unknown college, content to mold thought and character for a moderate group of students; if he is a doctor, his life may be spent in a small town, or he may be one of hundreds or thousands in some great city, touching in his faithful but limited way the lives of isolated and unrelated people. But the young man of real ability who gives his life to a great mission field like China, is one of a few factors shaping the destiny of large areas and millions of people. Comparatively, a man's influence is multiplied by at least one hundred out here.

Such a man is Alexander Paul, of Wuhu, China. At home he would gradually come to be one of the leading pastors in a city like Lexington or Columbus, but here he is an outstanding figure in a whole province. It is doubtful if there is a man in the whole province of Anwei, Central China, who has the commanding influence among the Chinese that this modest, hard-working man has attained. He has come to this most enviable position by giving himself to the real problems and needs of the people. Wuweichow district, lying north of the city of Wuhu, is one of the greatest rice-producing areas in China.

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This district alone ships from Wuhu something like eight millions of bushels a year. The rice land is made fit for cultivation by the water which is led into it by canals from the Yangtse River when it is high. Owing to the breaking of the dykes, this water has been at once the curse as well as the salvation of the country. Often during years when the water was exceptionally high the country has been flooded, the crops entirely destroyed, and famine has resulted. The dykes have been broken because of faulty and inadequate construction, and it has been impossible to correct this because of the graft and inefficiency of the officials who have been intrusted with funds for their repair. Mr. Paul has won the absolute confidence of the best officials of this district because of his integrity and unselfishness, and two years ago, when conditions became critical, the Famine Relief Committee came to him and asked if he would not take the superintendency of dyke repairs and construction. About \$40,000 was turned over to him and he organized a force of seven thousand men and put them to work. Nearly all of these men were enlisted from the district where the people suffered because of the floods, and their pay was sufficient food to keep them going while at work. So splendidly and economically did Mr. Paul carry on the work that the whole country has resounded with his praise. The people have erected two large monuments to his honor,

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with tablets setting forth his service to the province. The officials have also presented him with gold medals as tokens of their gratitude. Since the dykes were built the crops have been very fine, and the people call this missionary their benefactor. It is difficult to measure the benefit of this work to our missionary cause. It has made the best and most influential people throughout the district friends of the work. In the city of Wuweichow, one of the homes of Mr. Lou, whose family is the richest in this section of China, has been turned over for our out-station work there. Having the chapel work and other services in this leading home of the city has at once given our work standing in the community and made friends for us among the very best people in the city. Throughout the district Mr. Paul's work on the dykes has given our mission cause signal favor among the people. Mr. Paul never mentioned these things himself, and it was a revelation to us to talk with others about his work.

This afternoon the members of the Wuhu Chamber of Commerce met in the reading room of our chapel, sipped tea, ate watermelon seeds and peanuts, while Mr. Doan talked to them of business conditions in America. It was very interesting to note the keen interest of these Chinese men in American conditions. The warmest friendship for our country is manifest everywhere out here. These men are all very

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much disturbed over the European war situation and are very suspicious of Japan's aggression against the Germans at Tsing Tao, North China. They fear Japan will use this opportunity to retain a permanent hold on China territory. In this hour of trouble they are looking to America for sympathy and moral support. To-night I "lectured" to about four hundred men at the chapel on the European war. Never have I appreciated so much the value of American magazines as to-day when I went through a file of recent *Outlooks* to get ready for this address! The admission was by ticket, and a great company who were not provided with them were turned away from the doors. Many of the very best citizens of Wuhu were present, and the chairman of the meeting was a prominent business man who is the leading reformer in this section of China. He is a Confucianist, a brilliant scholar, and a very fine public speaker. For many years he has been fighting opium smoking, gambling, and graft. The audience was very attentive, and at the close of my address the chairman addressed the men with great earnestness for ten minutes. Mr. Paul states that ours is the only meeting place in the city where a gathering of any size may be held, and that a hall seating a thousand people could be filled any time a lecture or address should be announced. I took occasion in my talk to speak of Jesus the great Peacemaker.

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All services of this kind are made an entering wedge for the gospel.

Wuhu, China, Sunday night, October 11th.

It is difficult to record the impressions of a day like this, so packed with things of intense interest. I strolled out for a couple of hours this afternoon, through the rice paddies and over the hills. There is no Sunday in China. Everywhere I saw the people working. Men, women, and children were in the little fields hoeing, plowing with the quaint plows hitched to the caribou, digging with hoes, carrying huge buckets of fertilizer, mixing the same fertilizer in the ill-smelling brick-lined pits, cutting grass from the hill-sides for fuel, pulling water vines from the ponds for the same purpose, pumping water for irrigation from the canals with the odd, elevator-like machines. I saw men wheeling great loads on their huge, squeaking wheelbarrows, and men and women carrying huge loads of straw, water, and grain on their shoulders, these same loads swinging from the ends of the inevitable bamboo poles. Toil, toil everywhere. The saying that you can go nowhere in China without seeing a Chinaman either living or dead is certainly true in this district. Half of the country seems to be uncultivated and dotted with grave mounds. Many of the bodies have not been buried at all, and the coffins, with the corpses inside, stand uncovered on the ground. I saw four of these

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great coffins standing in a row on a hill and around them several small, fragile boxes which had been used for children. Some of the bodies have not even been put in coffins and are covered with bamboo matting. As I strolled through these old burying grounds, I had to watch carefully lest I should stumble over the exposed skulls and human bones. In the midst of all this depressing lack of care for the dead, I saw people offering sacrifice and worshiping at the graves of their ancestors. And near by these worshipers was a detachment of modern Chinese soldiers carrying on a sham battle from behind the grave mounds. Surely China is a land of strange contradictions. Every little distance one finds a shrine dedicated to the earth god, with offerings and burning incense before it, to bring favor to the crops, and before the door to many of the houses is a high wall, supposed to keep out the evil spirits. This wall is built at a distance of several feet from the door, and is so constructed that it extends several feet beyond the door on either side. When the Chinese are asked why the evil spirits do not go around the wall and thus enter the houses, the reply is made that they cannot turn a sharp corner.

An impression which lingers constantly with one out here is the enormous number of people. It was Minister Wu who once said, "Three inches added to the length of each Chinese shirt would increase vastly to the wealth of American

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cotton growers," and when one considers the great population out here the significance of his remark is quite evident.

To-day there have been a number of services. Professor Bower spoke to the students at our central chapel this morning and at the union foreign (English) service this afternoon. Mr. Doan addressed a special meeting in the city this afternoon, and I spoke at the union Chinese service in the Christian Alliance Chapel this morning and to-night at our central chapel on Africa.

Wuweichow, China, October 13th, night.

Yesterday we took the forty-mile steam-launch trip up a small river to this out-station, and to-day has been one of the busiest and most interesting days we have had. This is in the center of the region where Mr. Paul did the work on the dykes. He and Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, of Wuhu, have accompanied us on this trip, and the day has been filled with incidents showing the warm friendship of the officials and leading people of this city. A Mr. Lou, one of the younger members of the wealthy family in this place which has shown such interest in Mr. Paul and our work, came all the way from Shanghai to accompany us to his home city and aid in making us welcome. Our mission work is at present cared for in the large city home of his brother. As I have mentioned before,

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this wealthy family fled to Shanghai for protection during the revolutionary troubles, and have not dared to return home to live as yet.

We arrived here about nine o'clock last night, and were met by members of our church carrying paper lanterns attached to poles. They conducted us along the narrow, dark streets, through the huge gate in the city walls, to the mission headquarters, where we have been staying. This is a typical wealthy Chinese home, built at great expense, but with few comforts. The money has been expended on high walls, many courts, wood carvings, and large, barn-like rooms. The floors are roughly laid, there are no ceilings, the windows are small grated openings in the walls, there is no provision for heating, no plumbing of any kind, and the partitions are made of large, adjustable frames elaborately filled with covered lattice, and the whole covered with semi-transparent paper. With the expense put into this one home an American could build half a dozen modern houses with all that makes a home comfortable and convenient. However, this building makes excellent quarters for the mission work, and the occupancy of such a home gives exceptional prestige to the work.

With Mr. Paul and Mr. Bower we have visited points of interest in this city of forty thousand to-day, besides calling at a number of the leading homes and upon the officials and chief elders of the city. Everywhere we have been

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received with the finest Chinese courtesy and great quantities of tea have been pressed upon us. No social or business call is possible without the drinking of tea. Fortunately, Chinese tea is not strong and quantities can be disposed of without any evident harm.

I must mention just a few of the interesting things experienced to-day. The people have had good crops in this section and seem contented. The narrow business streets are crowded with baskets of rice, vegetables, and fish offered for sale. Facing one of these busy centers, a funeral service was being conducted, the whole front of the house having been removed and the coffin and family exposed to the gaze of all. A company of Chinese musicians had been engaged for the occasion and were making various discordant noises with their cymbals, gongs, and one-stringed instruments. In another place a fire had occurred the night before and we saw the unfortunate victims huddled in the ruins, with temporary straw mats put up for a roof, because no one dare take them in. Not even relatives will shelter people whose homes have been burned until five days have passed, because of their fear of the so-called "fire devils."

We visited our street chapel, where services are held each night, and back of which a dispensary is conducted by one of our Chinese Christian doctors. For this place we pay five dollars a month rental. Wherever we stopped



Mother and dying babe at Luchowfu, China, hospital. She had carried the sick child many miles in the basket.



Missionary preaching in Buddhist temple, Wuweichow, China.



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a good-natured but curious crowd gathered to watch us. We visited a large Buddhist temple, and when a crowd gathered, Mr. Paul stood on the steps and, like Paul of old at Athens, complimented the people on their interest in religious things and preached the gospel to them. A few years ago to preach in such a place would have been very dangerous.

In the afternoon Mr. Lou took us to the palace and gardens formerly occupied by his elder brother, and after showing us through this great estate, he had served for us an American meal of many courses in their old family dining room. This large place is surrounded by an immense wall and resembles very much a European king's castle of five hundred years ago. The buildings and grounds are now unoccupied, and there was much sadness in Mr. Lou's demeanor as he showed us through this wealthy and interesting home.

This afternoon about three hundred men gathered in the large room used for our services in the Lou home, and Mr. Doan, Professor Bower, and I spoke to them, while Mr. Paul interpreted. The leading men of wealth, official position, and the scholars of the city were present. The audience was exceedingly attentive, and when Professor Bower spoke of the ideals of a true Republic, there was applause again and again. Ten years ago it would have been entirely impossible to get together an audience of

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this kind at a meeting in the interest of missionary work—yes, even five years ago. Heretofore the missionaries have found the higher class of Chinese stolidly indifferent or bitterly hostile. To-day China is wide open for teaching and the church has access to the leaders, as well as the lowly people of the laboring class.

Our experience to-night will long be remembered. Our wealthy friend, Mr. Lou, gave a real Chinese banquet in our behalf, having invited about a dozen of the leading scholars, officials, and business men of the city to meet us. A Chinese feast is a wonderful institution. Much of their food is exceedingly dainty and quite palatable. After one becomes accustomed to the peculiar Chinese flavors used, the food is greatly relished. It is necessary to attend a function of this kind to really appreciate Chinese courtesy, which in itself is worth study. When the feast is ready the host takes the greatest pains in seating the guests according to their rank. As we sat at four different tables, this task was even more complicated than usual. The host, in placing the guests, took a pair of chop-sticks and held them with both hands in front of his forehead. Then with a low, sweeping bow towards the person next to be seated, he indicates what place is to be taken. When all have taken their places and while still standing, there is much bowing. In the meantime each watches the host in order to seat himself at exactly the right time.

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We had twenty-one courses, each served in a small bowl, and eighteen of these courses were meats. The Chinese way is to cut the meat into very fine pieces before cooking, and then to cover it with a gravy or stock, mixing with this a finely-cut vegetable. We ate with chop-sticks—that is, we did the best we could with them under the circumstances. We were furnished with a large chinaware spoon to drain our bowls of the broth when we had finished our meat. We found ourselves slyly using these spoons to negotiate the meat with when our chop-sticks proved unmanageable. We were each furnished with a teacup covered with the curious Chinese cup-top, which serves the purpose of keeping in the heat and at the same time holds the tea leaves in the cup while one is drinking. The waiters filled our cups with tea at the beginning of each course, and as the temptation came to both wash down the strangely flavored food with it and also to sip tea as a polite makeshift when we could not eat at all, one can easily imagine what a quantity we drank. As before stated, there were twenty-one courses, and we certainly averaged a cup to each course. It would have been impolite to have asked concerning the kind of food in each course, but from close observation and conversation translated to us by the missionaries, we learned that the following comprised some of the delicacies served: sharks' fins, sea slugs, chicken necks, duck tongues, fresh-

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water crabs, giblets, boiled chestnuts, kidneys, bits of pork, bamboo sprouts, bean sprouts, fish, shrimps, mussels, and chickens' intestines. The food was prepared in approved Chinese style and most of it was quite palatable. About two hours were consumed in the feast. There was a continuous comment on the excellency of the food, and every time this occurred the host would partially rise from his chair, make a series of short nods or bows, and answer that there wasn't any food to speak of and what had been provided was hardly fit to eat. The Chinese men were dressed in fine silk and satin gowns and jackets and wore the usual round silk skull-cap with the button at the top. The courtesy of these important Chinese men is very fine, and while a little ludicrous to an untutored American, is really very genuine. Many topics of conversation were indulged in by the guests, one of the most common being America and her greatness, together with Chinese appreciation of what America has done for China. The warm friendship towards our country and our people is remarkable.

The feast was held upstairs in our mission house, and it is a part of true Chinese courtesy to accompany the guests clear to the street when they leave. It is also necessary for the guest to stop at each stairway, door, hall, or gate and consume some time in trying to persuade his host to return. This particular house has at least half

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a dozen stopping places of this kind before one reaches the street entrance, and as we all had to make several trips with different guests, one can easily imagine how much time was consumed. Getting the guests away was almost as serious a problem as getting away with the twenty-one courses of Chinese food, and it was nearly midnight before the bowing, pushing, and talking was over.

Ten years ago the missionary had practically no access to the better class of Chinese. Their pride and conservatism kept them coldly aloof from the "foreign devil," as foreigners were then called. In fact, had it been otherwise, the missionaries would have found it very difficult to have made friends with the official class and at the same time have kept the confidence of the common people. Now all is changed. The leading men of the city were at this feast and in the mission house, too. Every home in the city is open to the missionaries, and there is not an official in the whole district who has the influence which Mr. Paul has. The problem before the church to-day is not to find opportunities for service in China, but to take advantage of a few of the many presenting themselves.

Our usual notion of the Chinese in America is very erroneous. One must come out here to really see them as they are. They are a wonderful people. Their customs are strange to us, but there is a strength and stability about them

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which marks them as the great nation of the East. No other nation of the world has existed for four thousand years as has China. The other great civilizations of the world have risen to fame and then decayed and passed into history. China has kept right on through the centuries, her unity unbroken, her race intact, her characteristics unchanged, her patience and industry increasing with the years. Let this wonderful people become inspired and uplifted by the power of Christianity, and only God can measure China's future place in the world's history.

Luchowfu, China, October 15th.

We left Wuweichow three days ago on three small houseboats. We had bedding with us and slept quite comfortably through the night, while our boatmen poled and paddled us down the canal to the junction with the river leading out of Chow Lake. At the junction we took the daily steam launch and came in two half days and a night to this place. Our night on the launch was spent in little cabins with our bedding arranged on board shelves about four and a half feet long. By curling up we managed to get a fairly good night's rest.

Luchowfu is one of our best China stations. It is a city of seventy-five thousand, in a district of fully a million and a half. We have a large hospital here, made famous in this whole region by Dr. Butchart's service of fifteen years. Dr.

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Wakefield now has charge of the hospital, and besides his family, there are Justin E. Brown and wife, engaged in the city evangelistic work; George Baird and wife, in charge of the hospital and country evangelistic work; Mr. and Mrs. Buck, looking after the boys' school and Sunday-school work, and Miss Vautrin, in charge of the girls' school and women's work. The Christian Women's Board of Missions has bought an excellent piece of land within the city walls and will soon build a building, take over our girls' school work, and establish a large girls' boarding school here. It is hard to imagine a place more strategic than Luchowfu for the work they are undertaking.

Miss Minnie Vautrin, of the University of Illinois, is living alone in the heart of this city, as does Miss Miller in Wuhu. Miss Vautrin is only in her second year in China and is still struggling with the language. In spite of this she has on her hands enough work to overburden two women. Miss Alma Favors, who has developed the women's work here in such a remarkable way, is now home on furlough, and on her return she is to marry Mr. C. H. Plopper and go to the needy field of Nantungchow. Miss Vautrin is undaunted and enthusiastic in the midst of this great Chinese population. She lives in a cozy little home, which is a Chinese house remodeled, with her school girls and the Chinese women she is training all about her. She

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is not only carrying on the school work, but also the women's evangelistic work, in which her two Chinese Bible women assist her. When the Women's Board inaugurates the girls' school here, they will take over the one now carried on by Miss Vautrin, but then there will be left more than one woman's task in the city evangelistic work among women and the Bible training school for women which Miss Vautrin hopes to conduct. We should have another woman to do country evangelistic work who could live with Miss Vautrin. No single woman should be compelled to live alone in the mission field. Miss Vautrin and our other ladies in Luchowfu have access to the best homes of the city. We are soon to have an evangelistic campaign in our new church here, and in preparation for it Miss Vautrin recently invited to her home four of the wives of the officials of the city. From them she secured a long list of the names of prominent ladies to be invited to a home meeting. Such a thing was absolutely impossible two or three years ago. No greater evidence of the marvelous opportunity before the church in China is apparent than the new accessibility of the women—for the women in any mission field are the last to be reached. Especially is this true in China, where for centuries they have been supposed to need no education or touch with the outside world.

XVI.

Last Days With the Workers.

Luchowfu, October 16th.

The notes on this station will, I fear, be very brief, for our time is taken through the day and far into the night with study of the work, conferences and wrestling with problems concerning plans for the future. If one only had a month to really study this city and the work in it, he could sit down with some degree of satisfaction and write something that might be worth while. As it is, a few jottings and impressions is all that can be put down.

The hospital work gets hold of one's sympathies quickly, because the ministry of the medical missionary is so evidently helpful and you can see the results of his work at a glance. Our Luchowfu hospital is the largest we have in the world, and here are treated annually about thirty thousand patients. At certain times during the day streams of people can be seen coming and going. Dr. Butchart toiled here for seventeen years and did a remarkable piece of work. He built the hospital and has made its influence felt for scores of miles in every direction. Probably nearly every family in the city and the immedi-

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ate region has been at some time influenced by this Christian healing plant. Now that Dr. Butchart has gone to the medical department of the University of Nanking, Dr. Paul Wakefield is in charge. He is an exceedingly busy man. We went through the hospital this morning, and the importance of the work grew on us as we studied it. There is an ordinary clinic and a surgical clinic each morning. The doctor has two regular trained Chinese assistants and eight students who are studying under him who also assist. A hospital in America, attempting any large work like this, would have at least a dozen highly trained physicians and surgeons. After watching for a moment the group of patients waiting their turn for examination and medicine, we passed into a small reading room, where Dr. Wakefield gave his morning lecture to the students. After he had finished, the Chinese hospital evangelist gave them a study in Luke. Then there was prayer together, and with this preparation for the day's work, each man went to his task. Each of these students gladly pays his own way through the hospital course. The mission simply furnishes some plain, mud-wall houses in which the students live. China has practically no doctors of her own as yet, and these young men, who take a six years' course in the hospital, are in great demand in the smaller cities throughout China. They are all Christian men and some of them will be able to do fine

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service at our out-stations in connection with the missionary work. For some years to come medical graduates like those from Nanking University and other Christian schools will all be used in Government service, so that hospital internes like these with their practical training will have to take the work of Christian practitioners.

In the middle of the hospital building is the chapel, around which everything centers. Here services are held for the patients each morning, this work being followed up by the evangelist and Bible woman.

One can judge something of the volume of the work by the fact that the hospital uses a barrel of vaseline every six weeks, and six hundred ounces of quinine during a year. One hundred gallons of alcohol lasts fourteen months, and each year fifty pounds of potassium iodide are consumed.

The poor patients who come to the hospital are charged only a nominal fee, but those who receive surgical treatment or who are in-patients with regular treatment, are charged according to their ability to pay.

One of the pitiful cases of the morning was that of a desperately sick little babe that had been carried by its mother seven miles to the doctor. She came through the hospital compound with the suffering child in a basket suspended from a bamboo pole which rested across her shoulders, with another basket at the other

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end to balance the burden. While the doctor was examining this child, a father and mother came bearing on a bamboo stretcher two of their children who had been horribly burned through an accident with scalding water. Large portions of their bodies were dreadfully burned and blistered, and one of the children was dying. There were at least fifty patients in the yard waiting their turn while we were observing these two cases.

Luchowfu, Sunday, October 18th.

China has always honored education, and although her old system was conservative and had only to do with herself and her own classics, yet this educational background of so many centuries makes her people keen for the new education, now that she has turned her face towards it.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck are carrying on the boys' school work in the city. They have a fine school in an old temple, which has been turned over to them at a very moderate rental—in fact, the officials were willing to grant it free of rent, but our missionaries thought it better to pay a nominal rent for it. The worship of the temple is now confined to a dirty little shrine in one end of the structure. This kind of religion does not seem able to withstand modern learning. Here in this ancient temple of idolatry Mr. Buck has as fine a group of forty boys as one could wish to see. They are under Christian teachers and

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present a stirring evangelistic opportunity. Mr. Buck is in close touch with them, and through his warm friendship with the teachers in the Government city schools, he has a good hold on the boy life of the city. He and his wife have some fine plans for their future work in the city, with the Sunday-school in our new church building as the center of influence. Luchowfu is an exceptional city in the development of its own schools, and Mr. and Mrs. Buck are enthusiastic over the outlook for the future. There is no finer avenue of service than this rare opening among the boys of an important city like this. Mr. Buck plans to reach the boys and young men of the city through a number of outposts for schools and night classes.

In the afternoon yesterday we had a good conference with our China workers, who opened up their hearts to us concerning their hopes and longings for the future of the work. Last night Professor Bower spoke to practically every student in the city at the hospital chapel. Mr. Buck had given out invitations through the teachers in the city schools, and the pupils turned out in delegations from each part of the city. They packed the chapel, the porch outside, and overflowed into the hospital yard. For an hour they listened intently to the professor as he brought them a ringing message concerning Christianity as the basis of complete learning. Everywhere the students of China are eager for a message.

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They hunger for that which will give them new light, and Christianity has the chance of a century out here.

The hospital chapel was packed with a large crowd this morning, with Justin Brown, our evangelistic missionary, in charge. It was planned to dedicate our new church building in the center of the city to-day, but the builders could not get it finished in time. The new building is the best church building we have in any mission field and is costing about \$4,000. It would cost several times that at home. Miss Myrtle Warren and her mother, of Nebraska, have provided the money for this fine building. It would be difficult to imagine an investment for Christ that would count for more than this. This church building will become the religious center for the work among nearly two million people. Mr. Brown is planning large things for the future of this church, and the outlook is very hopeful indeed. The building is of brick, with a good auditorium and several separate rooms. It is well located in the heart of this great Chinese population. Mr. Brown expects to make this church a radiating center for work all over the city, and is planning a strong evangelistic meeting with visiting forces immediately following dedication. Shi Gwei Biao, our veteran evangelist from Chuchow, is already here to aid in this work. We have a good membership of Chinese here, with a good Chinese pastor.

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Mr. Brown tells us that an important railroad has already been surveyed which will pass through Luchowfu, and that this city will have the shops and division center. He has large plans for the development of the work. The plan is to have four other points for preaching places in the city besides the present church, and also to open eight additional out-stations in the district where there are now but two. Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, who are now home on furlough, will do much toward the development of these plans.

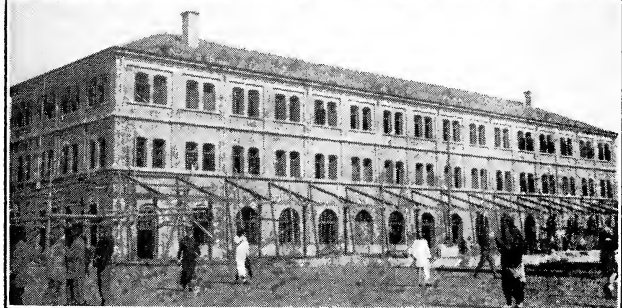
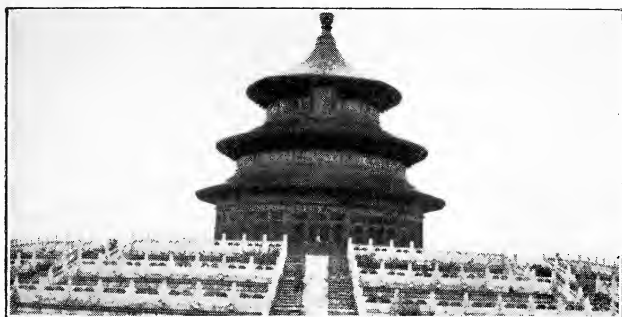
Mr. Brown tells us that when the work first opened here, Dr. Butchart did not dare operate where he could not be seen, because of the superstition of the people. He was obliged to operate before an open window so that the crowd could see that he used no strange or "devilish" power over his patients. A death in the hospital was a dangerous thing in those days. Now people of influence entrust themselves to the doctor's instruments and so great is their confidence that no question is raised if a patient dies during operation.

Chinese steamer, crossing Chow Lake, October 19th.

We are taking this thirty-mile journey on a small Chinese steamer, and these notes are being written on a little table on the stern of the boat with Chinese crowded all about. Fully a dozen

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are watching me write with the keenest curiosity. Everything the "foreigner" does seems to be of rare interest to them. They are good-natured, alert people, anxious to see everything the stranger has, and have been examining my camera with much curiosity. The greatest interest was manifested in our disposal of lunch a little while ago. We are probably far more interesting to them in our eating than they are to us, and their manner of disposing of their food is far from lacking in novelty. As we opened our can of corned beef, cut our loaf of bread, spread butter upon it, and prepared our sandwiches, they watched with open-mouthed curiosity, and when we began to bite off rather large pieces of the same and eat it with relish, they started a chatter of discussion which indicated that we were most unusual in our manner of eating. I imagine if we could have understood them, their conversation would have been something as follows: "These foreigners are very strange fellows; notice the uncivilized way of eating. They do not seem to know what rice it, but cut off large pieces of that dry, white substance and spread a yellow grease all over it. Then, see them eat meat! Instead of having it cut and cooked in very small pieces which they might mix with their rice, they have a great chunk of it, which looks stringy and greasy, sealed up in a stuffy tin can. See with what they eat! Instead of using slender, neat chop-sticks, they use large



Temple of Heaven, Pekin, China. New railroad station, Pukow, China. Guardian images near Ming Tombs, Nankin, China.



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knives and prongs, with which they tear and slash their meat like butchers at the market. Instead of eating from bowls like civilized folks, they take great pieces of food in their fingers and bite and tear at them. They drink tea, but spoil it by diluting it with a white-looking fluid which it sickens one to look at, and, not satisfied with that, they stir into it a sweet, sickish substance they call sugar."

This is a small boat, about fifty feet long, but there must be several hundred passengers on it. They are packed on in every conceivable way. There are at least a dozen of them within easy reach of my hand as I write. Directly in front of me a country woman is squatting on the floor sound asleep. Near her another woman also sitting on the floor, holding two children. Packed about these two, too thick to squat down, are a crowd of men and boys, busily chattering away about the "foreigner" and his writing. Along the center of the boat are the little, crowded, board cabins with the top about three feet from the canvas roof. In this narrow, top space are crowded, like sardines in a box, men, women, and children. On the hard boards, with not a pillow or quilt to soften their repose, they curl up and sleep without concern.

Wuhu, China, October 22d.

We are back again at Wuhu, and held here a couple of days because Mrs. Doan has con-

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tracted some malaria, and the writer is suffering from a deep cold. We crossed Chow Lake in the crowded launch without difficulty and were picked up at Chao Hsien by a Standard Oil launch, which Mr. Bowman, of Wuhu, had brought up to meet us. In this boat we made our way down the small stream to the Yangtse River a few miles above Wuhu. The wind was too rough to risk crossing, so we anchored, made up improvised beds on the launch, and slept as best we could until morning. An interesting thing occurred in the morning as we were coming down the Yangtse. At this time we met a group of men paddling down the river in tubs, driving a flock of about a thousand domestic ducks before them. We were told that these great flocks of ducks are often made to swim in this way a distance of fifty or one hundred miles. Each man as he sat in his oblong tub propelled himself with little paddles in either hand. The reason for using the tubs seems to be that they are easily guided and can be much more quickly turned in pursuit of the ducks than can a boat.

Chuchow, China, October 29th.

A week has passed without opportunity to write a line in this notebook. From Wuhu we went by river steamer and rail to Shanghai, stopping an evening on the way for conference with the University of Nanking faculty. We spent

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an interesting Sunday at Shanghai, in our two churches there and in conference with the missionaries, and then back by train to Chuchow. We have chosen Chuchow for our final conference because it is quiet and isolated, and here there would be fewer distractions or interruptions. Here we have been having our final conference with the China Advisory Committee of our mission before starting for Japan by the way of North China and Korea. Each mission of the Foreign Society is organized on the field and administers its own work through an annual convention and an advisory committee, which has administrative powers between conventions. These have been busy days and nights as we have planned together for the future of our work in China. In the beginning of a mission the plans must largely take shape from individual initiative, as openings occur, but as the work develops and a group of stations are formed with their varied types of service, the whole mission must conduct its enterprises according to a unified policy. There must be care taken that the different kinds of work are properly balanced and that a program of development and advance be carefully carried out. It has been very cheering indeed to see how our China mission is working out a well-defined plan for future development, and how well balanced are the different phases of work. There is no place in the world where teamwork is more essential

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to success than in the mission field. The foreign missionary task is too large and complicated, and requires too much real statesmanship, to be left to individual initiative and guidance. Where such is the case you have a series of independent units built up by different personalities and the unity which is so necessary for a strong, lasting, and full-rounded work is lacking.

We have dealt with many problems during these busy days and nights. We might have taken this journey to the fields and have seen only the bright and encouraging side of the mission work. This would have been very nice and comforting, but not fraught with most helpfulness for either the work or ourselves. We came to the fields to enter as fully as possible into the burdens as well as the joys of the work. Only thus have we felt that we could be really sympathetic. We realize full well that in a brief stay like this we cannot come to anything like a full understanding of the work or its problems. Missionaries who have spent a lifetime among these Oriental peoples are not always sure of their ground. We feel, however, that we have gained much in appreciation and sympathy, and that the frank, open confidences of the workers, together with the advantage of coming in from the outside and seeing things in the large, has helped us to form something approaching a true perspective of the mission situation.

XVII.

Where the War Reaches China.

Tsinanfu, China, November 1st.

We feel more as though a war was going on in the world to-day than we have before, because the Germans and the Japanese are fighting only a few hours' journey from here at Tsing Tau, and the German railroad from here to that point is in the hands of the Japanese. However, everything is quiet here, and the only outward evidence of the conditions existing is the presence of Japanese troupes guarding the railroad property.

We left our station at Chuchow yesterday morning and traveled over the new Nanking-Tsientsin-Pekin Railroad to this place, arriving here at six this morning. There are few better roads in America than this modern line. Parts of the road are less than two years old. It is a rock ballast, heavy standard rail, Chinese owned, and German constructed road, cutting its way on almost a straight line through the hills and plains and farms and graveyards, as well as the customs and superstitions, of old China. We

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rode on a good sleeper last night, and ate our meals in an up-to-date dining car. Less than fifteen years ago the Chinese tore up the first railroad constructed in China, near Shanghai, and threw it into the river, fearing that the snorting engine, the thundering train, and the earth-disturbing cuts would anger the great earth dragon and cause China's destruction. Yesterday one of the German engineers who constructed the road, together with his wife, rode with us, and at every important station he was accorded an ovation by crowds of railroad workmen and local Chinese, while they exploded bushels of firecrackers in his honor. China is indeed changing!

We have stopped here to visit one of the strong mission cities of China. There is a population of about 300,000 in the city, and the missionary force consists of the Presbyterians and the English Baptists, who are cooperating together in a very fine way. This is a union university center for these two bodies, where an educational work similiar to that in Nanking will soon be carried on. The medical part of the school is already under way, and soon the other departments will be moved here from other centers in this part of China, where they have been built up as separate institutions. The Baptists and Presbyterians have also entered into a very interesting experimental union in their church work here. They have five different

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preaching centers in the city where the membership is both Presbyterian and Baptist, each communion carrying out its own desires in regard to the ordinances in each place.

Until about fifteen years ago the opposition was most bitter, the missionaries often being in very grave peril of their lives. For many years the women of the mission did not dare appear on the streets. Since the Boxer troubles the work has grown very rapidly and there are few more successful missions in China.

Our own work has impressed us very favorably as we have compared it with that of other boards, although ours is much newer. These older missions, like the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, London Missionary Society, English and American Baptists, and the great China Inland Mission, have pioneered the way, and to them is due great credit in the opening up of China to Christianity. The methods of work of the different boards are very similar out here. The field is so large that there is no overlapping, and the work is so colossal that differences are largely lost sight of. The necessity of presenting Christ in the simplest and most direct fashion, together with the folly of making known the theological and formal differences of the West to people who are absolutely ignorant of God, makes the progress of unity very encouraging in China.

There is a very strange tradition concern-

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ing this city. Near at hand is a great, sacred mountain with temples up the side and a great pagoda at the top. It is supposed that the city floats in the water and an unseen anchor-chain extends from the top of the mountain to the land on which the city is built, thus keeping it from destruction. The terrible Yellow River is near, and because of its devastation during times of flood, this superstition concerning the anchoring of the city has grown up. Because of the ravages of this river, much of this province is often flooded and terrible famines ensue.

There are about twenty-five missionaries of both boards here. There are two men's hospitals and a medical school, a woman's hospital, a boys' and a girls' high school, a training school for teachers, a womens' Bible training school and one for the men. One of the strongest features of this work is the provision for training of leading Christians and workers for the whole district. These people come in from the scattered churches in large numbers and stay for weeks while they receive daily Bible training and also training in the regular work of the church. The missions provide dormitories for sleeping, but the Christians themselves pay their board and all other expenses. Quite a large degree of self-support has been developed in this district. The churches in the out-stations provide their own buildings, and the primary schools, which are carried on at all such points, have the build-

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ing and one half the teacher's salary provided by the local people.

One of the great missionary agencies of this city is a museum conducted by one of the English Baptist missionaries. The building cost \$20,000, and was donated by friends in England. It is one of the best moderate-sized museums I have ever seen. Its exhibits have to do with natural history, manufactures, art, etymology, modern transportation, architecture, and a number of other subjects. From the entrance to the exit of this remarkable building one is face to face with what Christian civilization has contributed to the world's progress. Such an institution in the heart of China is a great marvel to the Chinese. The admittance is free and the visitors often number from two to five thousand a day. In the center of the building is a neat chapel, and in this almost every hour of the day while the museum is open, some one preaches the gospel to the visitors. This institution has done wonderful service in making hundreds of thousands of people for the first time acquainted with Christianity.

The missionaries in Tsinanfu have accorded us every courtesy, took great pains in showing us the work, and have made us feel quite as much at home as our own people could have done. We shall long remember the pleasant and profitable day spent with these earnest and efficient workers.

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Alexander Paul, of Wuhu, and Dr. Osgood, of Chuchow, accompanied us here. Dr. Osgood will return home after a few days, but Alexander Paul, who is chairman of our China Advisory Committee, will accompany us to Peking and help us in visiting the missionary work and studying conditions in that great city. It has been a great delight to have these two members of our mission with us. Seeing China through their eyes is a remarkable help, and the fellowship has been very sweet. Aside from this, our helplessness in travel would have been far more acute if we had not had these good men along who can speak Chinese and who understand things Chinese.

It is very interesting to compare the bitter opposition offered the early missionaries with the welcome received everywhere now. As one of the older missionaries expressed himself: "We were mobbed in the cities, mobbed in the country, mobbed in the towns. We got so used to being pelted with mud and gravel and bits of pottery that things seemed strange if we escaped the regular dose. There was nothing else to do but keep at it. Driven out of one place, we betook ourselves to another, according to instructions. We did not leave the country, as the literati desired, and we did not intend to. We wore them out as an anvil sometimes wears out a hammer."

XVIII.

In Quaint Peking.

Peking, November 4th.

It seems presumptuous to attempt to see a great, interesting city like this in two days, and still more presumptuous to attempt to write down impressions of it received during so brief a period. One ought to have at least ten days to really see things here. Peking is one of the most interesting cities in the world and as different from Canton, in South China, as New York is different from London. Canton has streets about eight feet wide while those in Peking are very broad. There the burdens are carried on men's backs, and people in sedan chairs, but in Peking everything rides in the ever-present Peking cart. Canton is ever tropical, while here we find ourselves shivering in the cold. In the former city the clothing is thin, the majority of those who toil go without shirts, and protection from the sun is secured by the wide bamboo hat. Here the people wear "layer" upon layer of padded cotton clothing, and the heads are covered with fur caps and warm ear-laps. In Canton the women, rich and poor alike, wear their hair plastered tight to the scalp and in a braid down the

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back. Here there are thousands of Manchu women and they do up their hair in the most striking way not even approached by the ingenious coiffeur of the West. The people are rather short in South China, but up here the men are tall and stalwart.

We have followed the policy of seeing a few typical things rather than trying to take in too much. The distances are very great here; there are no street cars, and without conveyances one can make little progress.

Yesterday we went first to the Altar of Heaven and the Temple of Heaven, both outside the city, where for centuries the emperors have worshiped for the people at stated periods. The temple is a remarkable building, both in its architecture and colorings, and stands out as one of the world's distinctive pieces of architecture. The lines are modest and simple, and the building well preserved, although no longer used for worship. The interior has been recently used as an assembly room for the shaping of the Chinese national Constitution, and part of the spacious grounds is used for an agricultural experiment station. The great Altar of Heaven, where the emperors formerly worshiped in magnificent state, is now neglected, the marble approaches disintegrating, and the plot of ground on which it is located overgrown with rank weeds.

After visiting the Temple of Heaven, we went to one of the large imperial palaces within

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the city. This great building is now occupied by a boys' college, in which a friend of Mr. Paul's is teaching. This friend accompanied us through the city and aided much in making our visit pleasant and profitable. In this college, occupying what was once a building sacred to the imperial family, the students are now ardently studying English, German, and French, as well as the general branches of Western learning.

Next we visited the imperial botanical garden and the empress dowager's summer palace within it. Now that the old empress is dead and the Republican régime has taken the place of her government, the place is simply preserved as a relic of the past. The palace represents the old ruler's desire for Western things, and the building is of red brick and looks very much like a small girls' school dormitory that would have been erected in America twenty-five years ago. The effect is far from as impressive as it would be if she had constructed the building according to Chinese lines of architecture. This strange looking, foreign building is quite incongruous in the midst of this great Oriental city. The old ruler was very fond of Western things for herself, although she long opposed Western civilization for her people. The house is furnished largely with Western furniture as she used it. One of the most prominent things is a set of mirrors such as we see in a dime museum at home, one concave and the other convex, made

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to distort the reflection of the people standing before them. The story goes that the empress dowager was very proud of these two glasses.

Most of the furniture is of American make, the bedsteads being of brass. The guide stated that all of the furnishings had been made in accord with the empress dowager's express order. This strange and seclusive old ruler would certainly have been very unhappy had she thought that after she was gone, her summer villa would become a museum visited by bands of hated foreigners, who would laugh before her comic mirrors and comment on the cost and style of her private bedroom set.

During the afternoon we visited the famous summer palace outside the city and some eight miles distant. This palace or series of palaces, with the accompanying temples on the side of a beautiful mountain, affords one of the wonderful sights of the world. Here we found an elaborate series of buildings of great cost, in true Chinese style of architecture. This finely preserved group of imperial Oriental buildings left a marked impression upon us. The buildings are constructed on a series of terraces up the steep mountain side, with the two great temples near the summit. The roofs are of beautiful golden, blue, and green tile, and as one stands at the top and looks down over the remarkable series of buildings and then out over the pretty imperial lake with its exquisite islands and quaint bridges,

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he can only think of a fairyland picture. We have seen no buildings in the East which have made such an impression on us as this summer palace. Two unique features are a small temple constructed entirely of carved copper, high on the mountain side, and a large, marble summer-house in the edge of the lake, constructed in the form of a large boat. One would need a great deal of time and space to properly describe this most interesting place of the departed rulers of China.

To-day we have devoted our time to visiting mission work in the city, and just before dusk we went to two of the famous temples.

The Methodists have a very strong mission here which is the center for a large district which they work from Peking. They have thirty missionaries, all living in one group where their university and its various departments is located. This mission center was entirely destroyed during the Boxer troubles thirteen years ago, the furious Chinese even going so far as to dig up the foundations of the buildings and scatter the stones far and near. The missionaries from this work all escaped to the legations in the city and were protected until the allied troops entered the walls of Peking and rescued them. Indemnity was paid for these buildings, which enabled the mission to rebuild their whole compound in uniform style, which has given them the best group of mission homes and school buildings we have

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seen in the East. The Pekin University, as their school is called, has in its preparatory schools, girls' school, and all departments, about twelve hundred students. We were able to visit the chapel exercises of the boys' school, go through the girls' school, and visit some of the dormitories and other buildings. The central Chinese church at this center will seat about one thousand, and is well filled at services. There have been about two hundred added to the church during the last year.

Later we visited the Y. M. C. A., which is one of the best associations in the Far East. There are thirteen hundred members housed in a fine \$75,000 building, the gift of John Wannamaker, of Philadelphia. The building has every equipment found in an American Association building. All departments are very popular with the Chinese. There are over six hundred in the day and night schools in the building, and this entire educational work is supported by a Chinese business man, who contributes \$4,000 a year for this purpose. This same man has recently bought five thousand Chinese Bibles, which he has distributed among the students and business men of the city. He is now erecting stone tablets, twenty feet high, in various parts of the city, on which leading Scripture texts are engraved. Strange to say, this man is not a church member as yet, but states that he is studying Christianity and is convinced of its truth. The whole sup-



Korean mourning hat. Korean women. Korean house in which a church meets.

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port of this large Y. M. C. A. is provided by the Chinese of the city except the salary of the American who acts as head secretary. President Yuan Shi Kai himself contributes \$5,000 a year towards the work. Several of the leading Chinese officials of the city likewise give generously to the work.

George Sherwood Eddy, Y. M. C. A. secretary for Asia, is in a great evangelistic campaign in China and has been in Peking very recently. His meeting here had the support of the chief officials and the President himself. Mr. Eddy was granted a large building for the meeting, inside the old Forbidden City, which has been the secluded residence quarters of the emperors for centuries and within which the President now resides. The attendance at these meetings ranged from two thousand to four thousand a night, largely students. At the last service there were twenty-five hundred, and one thousand of them signed cards expressing their desire to join Bible classes for the further study of Christianity. These results in the old conservative city of Peking certainly forecast great things for Christian work in China.

We also visited to-day the Union Medical College, which is participated in by four mission boards, has a Faculty of twelve foreign physicians and one hundred and forty Christian students. One of the buildings for the medical college was erected by the Chinese Government.

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Late this afternoon we visited two of the famous temples of Peking. The first was what is called the Llama Temple. It was erected by a company of Tibetan Buddhist priests who came to Peking to propagate their religion two hundred and fifty years ago. There are seven hundred priests and students for the priesthood in this great temple compound. We found them at their prayers in the various parts of the temple. With shaven heads and dressed in dirty, yellow robes, they were sitting upon their heels chanting their monotonous prayer. We can never forget the pathetic, almost uncanny drone of their chanted formula, as they sat for an hour, with expressionless faces, their candles burning in front of them. Their prayer consisted of a few words only, and the supposed efficacy of it seemed to be in the number of times it was repeated. A couple of the older priests, their yellow robes very greasy and patched, took us through the various courts and buildings of the temple. The huge wooden doors which formed the entrance to each part were all fastened with wooden bars, but behind each stood an expectant priest who swung the doors open for us upon the promise of a few pennies. All of the furnishings of the temple seem to have been brought from Tibet. Many of these are very rich and expensive. In the central building we found a huge, gold-covered image of Buddha, seventy-five feet high.

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The last place we visited was the great Confucian temple, one of the most noted places of worship in China. The grounds are spacious, studded with trees of a very great age, some being reckoned at over five hundred years. There is one central temple where the Chinese emperors have worshiped the spirit of Confucius for centuries and where President Yuan Shi Kai himself recently paid homage. This central temple is surrounded by a number of lesser ones containing certain relics which are held to be sacred. In an alcove of the central temple is a pile of wooden boxes which, according to the statement of the temple priest, contains the original manuscripts of the Confucian classics. This room was very dusty and the boxes old and in bad repair. Dusk was coming on and we were not able to see the interior of these temples satisfactorily. There were no lights, and the doors were the only means of illumination. The temples seemed to be very simple in their finishings. The buildings were of wood, with the characteristic Chinese architecture, many carved ornamental timbers, and the curved Chinese roof covered with ornamental tile.

From what we can learn, the President of China is not an avowed Confucianist, but an atheist. He seems to feel that China has turned so rapidly from her old religion that she is in danger of moral disintegration unless this de-

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parture is checked. For this reason he is encouraging the revival of Confucianism and at the same time is very friendly to Christianity.

From what we have seen and heard in China, it appears that the "Republic" is only so in name. Yuan Shi Kai is probably as much of a monarch as any ruler so called to-day. The parliament was long ago dismissed, and there have been no elections since. Practically all of the offices in the various provinces are appointed by officials higher up. The President, so called, rules China with a stern hand and seems to be the right man for the place in the present emergency. It is doubtful whether any other man in China could hold the nation together at the present time, and he is probably doing it in the best possible way just now.

Mukden, Manchuria, November 6th, midnight.

We are waiting in the great Manchurian Railway depot here for our midnight train to Peng Yang, Korea. There is over a foot of snow here and it is bitter cold. Canton is tropical, but Mukden has the temperature of Minneapolis. Our journey from Peking here, across the great plains of the north, was interesting. On the way we stopped at Shanhaiguan over night, and early in the morning had a good look at the Great Wall of China. This wonder of the world is fifteen hundred miles long, built to keep out the tribes of the north, and shows something of

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the persistence and resources of the Chinese. The wall is of large bricks, fifty feet through at the bottom, and from twenty-five to forty feet high. There are parapets on it about every three hundred yards, and although built two centuries before Christ, much of it is in good repair to-day. A million men were occupied ten years in building the wall.

XIX.

Among the Koreans.

Peng Yang, Korea, November 8th.

It is like stepping into a new world to pass from China into Korea. Everything is different—the country, the people, the houses, the customs, the animals, and all. When we left Mukden we found ourselves on a fine Japanese train, the cars and the Baldwin locomotive pulling them having been built in America. The second-class sleeping apartments we found quite as comfortable as the Pullman cars at home, and the dining car was patterned after the American cars, both in service and in food. The country and people were distinctly Chinese until we crossed the great Yalu River bridge, which links Manchuria with Korea. Immediately we found ourselves among a different people. The Koreans dress in white no matter what kind of work they are doing. The commonest laborer digging in the ditch is so garbed, and it is remarkable how clean he keeps his clothing. The men are dressed in immense white trousers bound in at the ankles and a white jacket extending to the waist. Unless they are engaged in rough work, they wear over this and

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coming almost to the ankles a wide-bottomed white coat or gown. They wear white cloth socks and over them a sandal-like shoe of straw, or, less frequently, of leather. In winter the trousers, socks, and jacket are heavily padded with cotton for warmth. The laboring men wear a sort of white turban on the head while at work, but at other times they wear what every Korean uses when he is really dressed up—a funny little black stiff hat, quite tall, with a stiff, horizontal rim. This is tied under the chin with a black band, and is practically transparent, being made of a very fine, open woven-work of bamboo strands. Under this hat is a sort of skull-cap, also transparent, made of horsehair, and high enough to cover the odd twist of hair which the older type of Korean always has on the top of his head.

The dress of the women also consists of huge white trousers, over which they wear a wide, stiffly-starched white skirt, rather short, the band of which comes considerably above the waist. Above this they wear a white jacket, which is very short and barely meets the band of the skirt. Often when a burden is being carried on the head which needs the attention of the hands, or when the skirt has slipped down a little, two or three inches of the woman's body is exposed. This does not seem to worry them even in the coldest weather. The women wear the same sort of socks and sandals as do the men, and

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around their heads they wind a wide strip of white cotton or linen cloth.

Korea is a very mountainous country, but has many fertile valleys which are excellently cultivated. The farms are very small and produce mostly rice, barley, millet, corn, and some cotton and hemp. The animals with which they plow and on whose backs the huge burdens are carried are bullocks and cows. One can see veritable stacks of straw and reeds for firewood moving along the roads on the back of these patient animals. The people also carry very large loads on their backs on odd-looking wooden racks.

To-day we have had an experience long to be remembered here in Peng Yang. This city is one of the greatest mission centers in the world, and perhaps the most successful mission city of its size anywhere. The population is about fifty thousand, and there are over five thousand believers connected with the ten churches of the Presbyterian and Methodist communions here. The country all about is dotted with little congregations and bands of Christians. Thirty years ago there was not a Christian in Korea. To-day there are about two hundred and fifty thousand connected with the Protestant churches. Probably no country in the world, with the possible exception of Uganda, Africa, has seen such success in mission endeavor. The work here in Peng Yang began twenty-one years ago. The Presbyterian

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Board has about twenty workers here, and the Methodists six or eight. It is the center for both a boys' and a girls' academy, a college, a theological seminary, a men's hospital, and a women's hospital. The city and the country round about are dotted with Christian primary schools.

One of the striking features of the work here is its self-support. We have been especially studying the Presbyterian work. Practically every congregation and every school pays its own way. The students in the academy, college, and seminary are self-supporting.

This morning we visited a country congregation with Mr. Smith, one of the missionaries, and this afternoon we attended services at the central church here in the city. This gave us touch with both types of work. We walked about two miles in the country to see the country work. The congregation at that point consists of about thirty members. Since the beginning of the work there the people have met in one of the member's houses. Just now they are building a meeting house which will cost them about \$75, besides the work contributed on it. The little chapel has a tile roof, mud floor, sides plastered with clay, and windows of oiled paper. As the building is not completed, we went to the home where services were held. The house was a typical one with one long room and a kitchen. The main room was cleared for

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the service and a little pulpit had been placed in the center next to one wall. The floor was covered with mats, and as the people came in, the women seated themselves on one side and the men on the other. The sandals were left outside, and each person sat on the floor with feet curled underneath the body. As each person took his or her place, the head was bent forward until the forehead rested in the hands on the floor and a moment was spent in prayer. Each person carried both a Korean Bible and a hymn book. The preaching was done by one of the elders of the congregation. These people are not yet able to pay their own settled preacher, but they help support an evangelist who has several like congregations under his charge. The missionaries here confine their work largely to teaching and superintending together with much widespread evangelism in new territory. Chapels are never built for the people, but from these little groups in the homes the work grows until the people are able to build a meeting house and pay their own regular preachers. Every church has in connection with it, a school, which is likewise supported by the people.

The devotion of these people is quite remarkable. They are very poor, but the support of the church seems to be the first thing in their consideration. If they have no money, many of them will take out a portion of rice from that which is to be cooked and put it aside for the work, thus

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denying themselves the full amount of food for Christ. Many men have given up their own houses for the church and have built others at real sacrifice for their own use. The women give their jewelry and little trinkets gladly, when they have no money to give. Nearly all of the people volunteer much of their time for personal work or pioneer preaching, and nearly every convert added to the church is brought through personal effort. As we came back toward town we met people out in the country with their Bibles and hymnbooks and their lunch, spending the day in house-to-house preaching. These people not only go far and wide evangelizing their own people, but they have sent four of their own missionaries into China, and are planning to send more.

This is a cold November day, and it was interesting to see how the home in which the congregation met was warmed. The floor was some three feet above ground in the living room, and under it were conduits made of stone and clay. At one end of the house was the kitchen, with the ground for a floor. Along the side of this, next to the living room, was built the Korean stove, made of stones and clay. It was a sort of furnace arrangement with four or five large cooking kettles plastered in at the top and a place for feeding the fire under each kettle. The fuel is dry grass and reeds, and, being constantly fed in during the cooking of the meal, a

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very hot fire is made under the kettles. Both the smoke and the heat pass under the floor and through the conduits, and the smoke finds its way out through an odd clay pipe at the other end of the house. Thus the floor and the tightly closed room are slightly heated while the meals are being cooked.

The Sunday-schools here in the city are so large that all cannot attend at once, so the men and boys meet from nine-thirty to ten-thirty and the women and girls from eleven to twelve. The people seat themselves in circles on the floor and the teachers teach the lesson.

This afternoon we attended worship at the central church, which has a membership of about one thousand. The church was being repaired and half the roof was off, but there were between eight and nine hundred people present. They sat for an hour on the floor, deeply interested in the service and the sermon, while we shivered in our heavy overcoats. We could not help but wonder how many people would attend services under like conditions at one of our strong home churches. The large auditorium, seating with galleries fifteen hundred people, is built in two wings, at right angles to each other, the women occupying one section and the men the other. The pastor stands on a platform at the junction of the two wings and speaks to the two congregations at once. The men all wore their curious little black hats, even the preacher having his on.

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The people followed the frequent reading of the Scriptures very closely, from their own Bibles, and joined heartily in the singing of the songs. This large building was almost entirely constructed with Korean gifts.

Thirty years ago there was scarcely a Christian in Korea. To-day there are three hundred thousand adherents to Christianity, and Korea bids fair to become a Christian land.

Japan in City and Country.

Osaka, Japan, November 13th.

We are now on the final lap of our journey through the Orient, and have come to the beautiful land of Japan, not unfittingly named "The Sunrise Kingdom."

We stopped for two days in Seoul, the capital of Korea, studying the missionary work there, and then took the Korean railroad south to Fusan, where we embarked in a little Japanese steamer, or ferry, across the Straits to Shimono-seki, the eastern tip of Japan. From thence we came by rail on the excellent Japanese railroad to Osaka.

Japan is the prettiest country I have ever seen. Your first impression is the remarkable beauty, symmetry, and artistic appearance of everything. Even the poor peasants in the rice and tea fields, although ragged and perhaps dirty at close range, appear artistic in the distance. The houses are fragile, but orderly and pretty; the tiny farms are clean and neat, the tea fields dot the mountain slopes with brilliant green, the villages are close set and orderly, the mountains are beautifully towering and green to the top. Japan at first blush is fairyland. Two things

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are very apparent, industry and idolatry. Everywhere the people are busy about their little tasks, and everywhere are well-kept temples filled with devoted worshippers.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Madden and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Erskine have given us a warm welcome to Osaka. This city is the Pittsburgh of Japan, with a million souls in it. It creates the strange impression of modern enterprise coalescing with Oriental architecture, customs, and people. Our days will be packed with work in Japan.

This afternoon Mr. Madden, Professor Bower, and I went twenty miles into the country to visit some village evangelistic work. We went into a town of twenty thousand and found our rented chapel on a quiet street. The Bible woman in charge greeted us with many bows and grave courtesy, and served to us an interesting meal of Japanese food as we sat on the floor. The food was brought in little bowls upon tiny trays, and we ate as best we could with chop-sticks.

Mr. Madden thoroughly enjoys the Japanese life; eats their food with a relish, and manipulates the chop-sticks quite as well as the people themselves.

An earnest audience filled the tiny chapel, each leaving his sandals at the door, and all sitting quietly down upon their heels. The night was cold, and in the center of the floor was a brazier

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with some charcoal burning in it. Around this the audience warmed its finger-tips in rotation. Besides the audience within, an earnest company of silent auditors crowded the little hallway and part of the street entrance, and listened to the speaking and songs. Many Christian hymns were sung in Japanese, and then Mr. Madden spoke to the people and afterwards interpreted for Professor Bower and myself. As we left, the members of the little congregation, with much courtesy and many expressions of gratitude, bowed us out and off on our journey back to Osaka.

Sunday, 15th.

This has been a busy day. This morning we all attended services in our Tennoji church, which is under Mr. Erskine's direction. The small audience of gentle-mannered Japanese gathered to hear the gospel preached. The Japanese evangelist conducted the opening exercises, and then a visiting preacher, who understands English, translated for Mr. Doan and myself as we spoke to the people. The communion service was very sweet and helpful. The little Sunday-school seemed deeply interested in the lesson. At the close of the services the officers of the church met us in a tiny back room, where tea and cookies were served to us as we earnestly talked together concerning the work and plans for the future.



Members of the Commission in Oriental garb. R. A. Doan as a Japanese, S. J. Corey as a Korean, and W. C. Bower as a Chinese.



Kawamura and Kuto, two old evangelists in Japan. Kuto was one of the first five Christians in Japan.



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This afternoon I went with Mr. Madden to a beautiful stream some miles from the city and saw him baptize three fine young business men. Several of the Bible women and one of the evangelists accompanied us. We stood at the edge of the stream and sang "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow" in Japanese just before the baptisms.

November 16th.

To-day we have had a long conference with our missionaries here. Plans are on foot for an institutional church, for which the money has already been pledged, and the building of another chapel on the industrial side of the city, where Mr. and Mrs. Madden's work is carried on, and the enlargement of the work all around. Our work is small for this big city, and there should be more workers and more investments for Christ for this great population.

This afternoon we spent in visiting the kindergarten for poor children at Kizukawa, conducted by Mrs. Madden and her Japanese kindergartner. In a tiny, rented place, off a busy factory street, fifty-four little tots are gathered each day in this kindergarten. The room is overcrowded, and there is a long waiting list for those who would like to come. This kindergarten gives Mrs. Madden access to many homes in this part of the city. The little folks pay ten cents a month tuition, and this supports the

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Japanese teachers. This kindergarten also forms a preaching place, and to-night Mr. Madden spoke to a large crowd of Japanese, who filled the hallway and the street, as he earnestly preached the gospel to them. This great industrial section affords a fine opportunity for Christian work.

News came to us to-day that the emperor has just given \$25,000 for the enlargement of the St. Luke's Christian Hospital, in Tokyo. Christianity has made itself felt in this little kingdom.

November 17th.

We left Osaka last night, and had a fairly good night's rest in the diminutive sleeper of the Japanese railway. We arose early this morning, and for a couple of hours sat in our train, dazed by the beauty of this wonderful country—beautiful little valleys, neatly terraced hills, multitudes of little villages, and tiny little farms stretched in every direction. Back of this, towards the interior, stood great Mt. Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan. Chaste and regular, this wonderful mountain towers directly from the plain, with only small foothills about it. The hills are terraced to the top for the tea, rice, and mulberry fields, and hardly an inch of space seems uncultivated.

Fred Hagin, of Tokyo, met us at Shisuoka, a charming city of seventy-five thousand, where

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we have a good evangelistic work. We climbed into a little jinrikisha, and our trotting "pull-men" hurried us through this quaint city. We stopped at the temple of "The God of Good Fortune," and saw the thousands of paper prayers tied all over the railings of the Shinto shrines. We visited the Canadian Methodist Orphanage, with its little cottages nestling under the hills, and saw the numerous little homeless Japanese they are rearing and teaching for Christ. Our work has been established here for a number of years, and we have an earnest group of Christians.

After a few hours we left Shisuoka for Tokyo, and spent a number of hours in earnest conference with Mr. Hagin. He has been in Japan for about fifteen years. At the present time his wife and family are in America for the education of the children. These separations are the hardest experiences in a missionary's life. Mr. Hagin told us of his work on a little island to the south of the main group. It is an isolated island, fifty miles from the mainland, thickly inhabited. No Christian work had been done there until Mr. Hagin visited the place. He has had nine baptisms, and is enthusiastic about the work there.

November 18th.

To-day we visited the town of Chiba, an attractive little city of twenty-five thousand,

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twenty miles from Tokyo. Mr. Hagin has charge of the work here. We have a neat little rented preaching place, and the evangelists and group of Christians gathered to greet us. We should have property and a good chapel in this fine center.

To-night, after returning to Tokyo, Mr. Hagin took us through the densely populated and degraded section of the city, where he has hoped to open an institute. Here we found the streets packed with people seeking amusement. Moving picture shows were evident everywhere, and vile places of shame crowd this part of the city. After passing through many of the streets and looking at several possible locations, we took our supper in a real Japanese restaurant. We removed our shoes at the entrance, sat on little mats on the floor. A waiter brought us charcoal cooking stands, and on these he placed little skillets, in which were poured a delicate bean oil. In this we cooked thin slices of beef, with bits of onion and celery, and other vegetables. Bowls of rice and chop-sticks were given us, and we alternated between rice and the bits of meat; in the meantime drinking much Japanese tea. We were hungry, and the supper was delicious. It does not take long to accustom oneself to the strange manners of these Oriental people.

Traveling in Northern Japan.

Akita, Japan, November 21st.

We have had a wonderfully interesting experience in northern Japan. We hurried away from Tokyo on the eve of the 18th for this northern visit, and will go back to the capital for a longer stay later. Professor Ishikawa, of our Middle School in Tokyo, has accompanied us as interpreter. After a pleasant night on the train, and having eaten an interesting breakfast of boiled rice and broiled eels, we alighted at Shinjo, and there were met by Mr. C. F. McCall and Miss Garst, of Akita.

After a warm greeting and a cup of tea at a little wayside inn, we were hurried into jinrikishas and our whole party sped across country, seven miles, to Sakata, where we have a church. Our jinrikisha men trotted at good speed all the distance and did not seem to mind it. The air was bracing and frosty; the mountains were beautiful, and the little rice paddies stretched away through the valleys on every hand. We were impressed with the wonderful frugality of the Japanese people—every inch of ground is

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carefully turned with a spade, every particle of fertilizer is scrupulously saved, the crops are often changed, and the most possible is secured from the land. The average Japanese farm is between one half acre and an acre in extent. It is wonderful what these industrious people wrest from the soil.

Sakata is a great idolatrous center. We visited a famous Shinto shrine, and were shown the sacred image of worship by an old, bald-headed, white-bearded priest, dressed in a flowing gown. He requested us to remove our shoes at the gate of the shrine. The old man reverently knelt before the shrine, lighted a number of candles, chanted his prayers, fingered his beads, and then, ringing a little bell, he pulled on a silken string and the curtain in front of the image was slowly rolled up. Before us crouched a hideous, shriveled mummy, or skeleton, of an old, ascetic priest, who had starved himself to death in religious penance one hundred and sixty years before. This dried-up body was the object of worship, and to this shrine tens of thousands come every year.

What a vivid contrast between this idolatry and the simple worship of our Christians at the little chapel at night! Seldom, if ever, have I attended a sweeter service. The church meets in a little, rented house, off a quiet street. We first sat down on a matting covering the floor, and had supper together in Japanese fashion.

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Then the people began to gather. The sandals were left in the hallway, and the people came in in their stocking feet. The evangelist and his wife seemed to play the part of host and hostess, and as each one came in, he or she would approach the two who sat upon the floor, and then also kneeling down before the pastor and his wife, the newcomers would each put their hands to the floor and bow their heads low between them. This would be repeated three times by both the visitor and the pastor and his wife. When any one addressed another person in conversation, he would first bow very low, and when closing the conversation he would again bow almost to the floor. Many of these people had walked a long distance. By service time the little hall was filled with people closely crowded together, sitting on the floor. The service was long, and everybody was quietly attentive. After each one had preached a little, a conference was held with the principal members and the evangelist and his wife. The people were enthusiastic about buying a lot of their own and then asking the mission to help them in erecting a little chapel.

That night we stayed at the Japanese hotel of the little city. Mrs. Doan and Miss Garst were shown to the Ladies' Room, and the six men of us occupied one large room. The walls and partitions were of rice paper stretched on wooden frames. It was cold, but no heat was provided save the charcoal braziers, over which

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we could warm our fingers. The room was very neat, and the matting on the floor very clean. There was no furniture. We had provided ourselves with heavy woolen oversocks, so we would not catch cold on removing our shoes. The beds, consisting largely of heavily padded comforters, were made upon the floor. We were each provided with a padded kimona in which to sleep.

There was one bathroom in the hotel, and one tub, in which everybody seemed to bathe. The tub was made of wood, was oblong, about three and one half feet deep, and filled with water almost hot enough to blister. The Japanese method of bathing is to carefully cleanse the body from a little tub, and then, after this process, to remain a good long while in the large, hot bath and heat the body thoroughly. The large bath is not for cleansing purposes, but is greatly enjoyed as a heating and soothing process.

In the morning we were awakened by a servant pushing the many sections of the light, outer partition along a wooden runway. Thus the whole side of our room was open to the sunlight and likewise to the cold.

Early in the morning we rode across country about fifteen miles in an American Hupmobile, to Tsuruoka. We were again housed in a Japanese hotel. This is the town in which Charles E. Garst and his wife located years ago, in the

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early days of our Japan mission, and where Miss Gretchen Garst, who is with us, was born. We have a neat little chapel and parsonage, and a located Japanese evangelist. We spent some of the day in going through the excellent Government schools of this little city. Japan has a well-developed educational system, which in plan is a combination of the German scheme and our own. Their schools are modern in every respect. We visited the boys' high school, which lacks a year of being equivalent to one of our American colleges, and also a large girls' school with four hundred and fifty charming Japanese maidens in attendance. This school has all the departments you would find in an up-to-date school in America. Besides the regular studies, the following courses are offered: Art, music, domestic science, needlework, and physical culture.

At night we enjoyed a stirring service at our chapel. The house was packed with an earnest audience, largely students. We each spoke through an interpreter; then Professor Ishikawa gave the people a ringing sermon in Japanese, and Missionary McCall closed with an exhortation.

Early this morning we took a motorbus from Tsuruoka across to Shinjo, calling on our pastor there in his little, modest home, which he likewise uses as a meeting place. We sat with him on the floor and conversed about his hopes for the future for his new work. Then we had a

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prayer together and he bowed us on our way. This lonely widower and his niece are the only workers in this large district, and he is toiling earnestly for the extension of the Kingdom.

Here in Akita we are where our work was first inaugurated in Japan. Here the Garsts and Smiths came thirty years ago, and here in the little cemetery is Mrs. Smith's grave. This is a city of some forty thousand, and one of the most important centers in northern Japan. Our workers have established outposts all through this district, and here in this city we have one of our strongest Japanese congregations.

After reaching Akita, we spent the rest of the day in conference with the missionaries concerning their work and their plans for the future. Besides Mr. and Mrs. McCall and Miss Garst, Miss Rose Armbruster is located here.

Sunday night, November 22d.

Another interesting day. Quite a snowstorm swept this part of Japan this morning, and the forenoon was cold and raw. We attended one of the Sunday-schools conducted by Miss Armbruster, and in spite of the snow and the thinly-clad condition of the children here, there were forty-five in the little school. She had to keep them quite busy in exercises to keep them warm. Most of the children were barefooted, with the exception of the high, wooden clog worn on the feet, and held by a string running over the toes

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and gripped by the large toe and the second toe of the foot. These clogs have wooden strips on the bottom to keep the foot out of the snow and wet. The little feet and ankles were blue with cold, but no one seemed to mind it. The Sunday-school is a great agency for preaching the gospel in Japan. It not only teaches the children, but opens the homes to the missionaries.

One of our best Japanese kindergartens is in this city. Miss Gretchen Garst is in charge and conducts an excellent work, with many of the high-class children of the city in attendance. We have an excellent building, which was erected largely through the labor of Mrs. Nina Stevens, former missionary at Akita, who interested a number of friends in the building. This is a well equipped kindergarten with four Japanese teachers, and is graded high by Japanese school officials.

The services at the church to-day were interesting, and the congregation about filled the house. This is a very homelike and apparently enterprising little church. The people support their own pastor. Mr. Doan spoke at the evening service concerning his men's Bible class work in America, and at the close an excellent Bible class was formed.

Our people have a great district in this part of Japan in which to carry on their work. Charles E. Garst, our pioneer missionary, traveled all over this country preaching the gospel

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in many places. He was a great missionary, a noble worker, and the people remember him with love and respect. He was followed by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stevens, who attained a warm place in the hearts of the people. His illness made it necessary to return to America.

Fukushima, November 23d.

This is a city of about thirty thousand, where our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Young, are located. They live in a Japanese house, and have a very interesting work. Early this afternoon we took a five-mile jinrikisha ride to a nearby town, where our missionaries have a "Sunday" school conducted on Thursday, because this is the best day to reach the children. This is a school of girls, and there were one hundred of them packed into the little chapel. Many of these little girls had their baby sisters fastened to their backs, underneath their kimonas, for the weather is cold. Eight young men have recently been baptized in this town.

We rode in our jinrikisha through the beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. We could see a volcano smoking in the distance, and on every side of us were extensive mulberry orchards, for this is the silk-growing district of Japan. These Japanese children are very interesting. The little girls are extremely fascinating and sweet with their demure little ways and artistic kimona dresses.

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At night we enjoyed an interesting service at our church, which has two hundred members. We found the American and Japanese flags entwined in the chapel, and after the service was over the workers served us with tea and cakes. This is a very encouraging work.

Sendai, Japan, November 25th.

This is a city of one hundred thousand, where we have had a church for some time. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Robinson, of Missouri, are located here, and also Miss Jessie Asbury. The German Reformed Mission is very strong in this city. They have fine girls' and boys' schools, and several churches. There is also a Union Orphanage here with two hundred little Japanese children, conducted by the combined boards. The Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal, and Baptist Boards also have work here. This was the home of John H. DeForrest, the great Congregational missionary, who spent nearly forty years in Japan.

We have six out-stations from this city, with three located Japanese preachers, who cover many other points. Here we met Kawamura, one of our oldest evangelists, who came forty miles to invite us to attend a special service in his town. He was much disappointed when we told him we could not go. He is an interesting character, called by many "John the Baptist," and has been preaching for our mission nearly

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thirty years. He is a typical Japanese, dressing in the flowing kimona, and wears the Japanese clogs. Japanese men have no pockets, and Kawamura carries his Bible and his notebook in his large kimona sleeves.

We had an interesting conference with the Japanese workers here to-day. One of their strong points was that while there was much written about Christianity in Japan, yet knowledge from reading about Christianity does not make Christians. They insisted that Christianity is a *life*, and that it takes a *Christian life* to produce it. Mr. and Mrs. Young, of Fukushima, came up to-day, and we had a long conference with them and the workers here. It makes one's heart ache when these missionaries express themselves concerning their problems and their needs, and we feel our inability to help them as they should be helped. This field is not as needy as some, because it is fairly well covered between various missionary societies working from this city.

In Important and Populous Tokyo.

Tokyo, November 27th.

We have spent two busy days in Tokyo. Much of this time has been spent in visiting the work of Miss Mary Rioch and Miss Lavenia Oldham. These two missionaries have lived together twenty-one years in Tokyo.

Miss Rioch has an excellent kindergarten and a primary day school in the midst of one of the most populated sections in the city of Tokyo. Her work is supported by the Canadian women, and the building has also been constructed by them. Miss Rioch needs very much a larger playground and building, and also a chapel near her work. We were at her schools when the recess was announced, and the more than two hundred pupils fairly jammed the little backyard where they are obliged to play. These schools are recognized by the Japanese educational authorities, and have high standing. On Saturday, Miss Rioch has a "Sunday-school" here, with two hundred and twenty-five in attendance. It is hoped that a new lot can soon be secured to give this excellent work better equipment. Miss Rioch also conducts a smaller kindergarten in another part of the city.

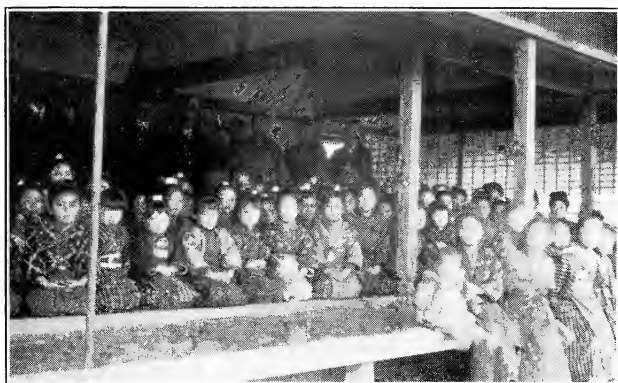
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To-day we went out thirty miles with Miss Oldham to one of our out-stations, a town of twenty thousand. She superintends this work, and has a Japanese pastor. The church has twenty-two members, and the people meet in a little rented hall. The country is filled with cities of this kind, where much work could be done if we had the workers and the money. The Japanese evangelist who serves in this small church receives a little more than \$100 a year. He has been trained in our Bible school in Tokyo. Miss Oldham also has charge of a chapel and its work in the city; the chapel she built with her own money, and a Japanese pastor has charge of the work. These women also superintend various Sunday-schools in other parts of the city. They have a group of eight Japanese orphan girls in their home, whom they are rearing and educating for Christian service.

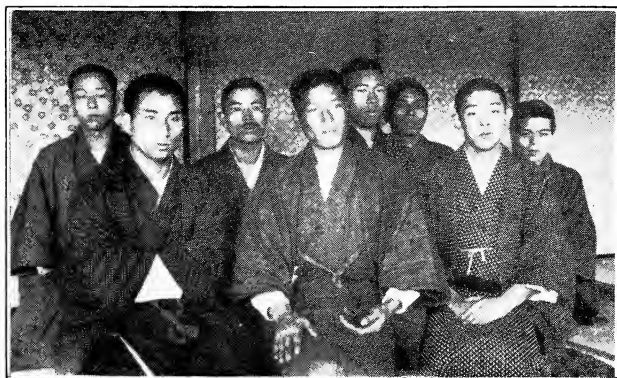
November 28th.

This morning we had the rare experience of an interview with Count Okuma, premier of Japan and head of the Japanese Government. Through Mr. P. A. Davey, one of our missionaries, and Mr. Seki, one of our own Japanese Christians who is private secretary to the count, we were granted the interview.

We found the count very democratic, and he kindly gave us an hour's interview, conducted through the Japanese interpreter, one of the pro-



Country Sunday-school near Fukushima, Japan.



Beginning of a church near Fukushima, Japan. These young men, recently baptized, are all students.



IMPORTANT AND POPULOUS TOKYO.

fessors in the Waseda University. This is called Count Okuma's school, and his residence is within the beautiful grounds. He was having a meeting with his Government leaders, and during the hour we were waiting for him we strolled about the beautiful grounds and visited his wonderful greenhouses and fern garden. The professor who interpreted for us is a Christian man and a graduate of Oxford, England. He told us that a large number of professors in Waseda University were Christian men.

The count impressed us as a very vigorous old man. He has an artificial limb and walks with some difficulty. He smoked a cigarette while he talked to us. He told us that while he was not a professing Christian, he had studied the Bible fifty years ago under one of the pioneer missionaries, and that he was deeply interested in Christianity. He said, "I have never been baptized, but I am trying to live up to the principles of Christianity, and feel that I do quite as well as some who have been baptized." He spoke of the great influence of Christianity in Japan, and urged us not to accept what we could see with our eyes as all that Christianity had done for his country.

When asked by Professor Bower what he deemed the most striking influence of Christianity in Japan, he said that there were many hidden influences that men could not see unless they lived in Japan, but he said he thought the

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greatest influence upon Japan was its effect upon the life and standing of women. He went on to say that formerly Japanese looked upon women as having no worthy station in life, as being practically without souls, and having no destiny. He said: "Before the coming of Christianity, one philosopher had said our two greatest curses in Japan are thieves and women. But we have learned differently now. Your Christian missionaries have taught us to revere women and put them in their proper places. We know now that they have a destiny, that they have souls, and that their place is quite as important as the place of a man. We are introducing the principles which Christianity stands for with regard to women into our laws, and while we have not obtained for women what your land has, our ideals are being constantly purified and uplifted by the teachings of Christianity. We have come to honor our women and to hold them in great respect."

The count talked to us about the contribution of the East to Christianity, and said he thought there was a great similarity between the life and religion of the Hebrews and the life and ideals of the Orientals. He said he felt Christianity needed to absorb all the great religious truths of other religions before it became a truly universal religion, which he believed it eventually would be. He spoke in the highest terms of the missionaries and their work, and

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mentioned their great services for education and reform aside from their distinctly religious work.

We led the count on to speak of the relationship between Japan and America, and he spoke with the utmost frankness on this point. He said he did not feel that the relationship of any two nations had ever been more beautiful than that sustained for so many years between Japan and America. He went on to say that Admiral Perry and Townsend Harris first brought Japan to a world appreciation and made her feel that there was an outside world worthy to have fellowship with. He stated that America had come to Japan with the utmost frankness and sincerity, and had from the very beginning shown Japan that she wished to help her. He said he hoped there would never be trouble between the two nations, and that he felt each had a wonderful destiny before it in the Pacific. He said he had every confidence in President Wilson, and felt that Japan and America would eventually understand each other. He stated that he felt in recent years America had somewhat changed from her old frank and friendly attitude, and that the prejudice of some people in America had kept this country from doing her duty toward Japan. He believed, however, that education and patience on both sides would clear the difficulties. He said what his countrymen disliked about America's attitude was the apparent discrimination against his people, and that while

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the eastern gates of our land were wide open to the immigrant citizen, the western gates had been closed, even to the finest and best educated that Japan could afford. He said he thought it would be well for Americans to have republished the beautiful statements of America's attitude toward Japan as expressed by Admiral Perry and Townsend Harris. He said he thought if Americans would read these documents carefully this would open their eyes and tend to change the spirit which has been evident in California and some of our other Western States.

November 29th.

These last two days have been fairly seething with activities. Aside from the school center at Takinogawa, each of our missionaries in Tokyo has a district of his or her own. We spent a part of Friday with Mr. P. A. Davey, who has been in Tokyo for two years. He has a church in a section of the city called Koishikawa, in the center of a great student population. He conducts student Bible classes, and has access to several of the schools and a number of the student dormitories. His church is largely engaged in student work.

In our conference with him we discovered a number of very interesting things, one of them being that our work in Japan has been quite largely among students. These have been baptized and become leaders, but have scattered,

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and problems of self-support in our churches have been difficult because the converts were largely in this class. Mr. Davey also told us that at least forty per cent of the Christians in Japan are moving about. It seems to be quite the thing for the more enterprising people in Japan to change their place of abode for better industrial conditions. We have a great need for more evangelistic missionaries in Japan.

Mr. Davey is from Australia, and communicated to us the interesting news that we did not have a single congregation in Australia which is not contributing to all missionary purposes.

We learned that one of the members of the House of Commons recently elected from Hokkaido, the northern island of Japan, is one of our own members. In the midst of his duties for his Government he calls in his neighbors each night for prayer and Bible study. One of the Japanese members of Mr. Davey's church has recently given \$250 as a special gift to the church. Out of eighty thousand converts to Christianity in Japan, at least ten per cent of them are from the well-educated class.

In the afternoon of yesterday we had a conference with our Japanese leaders in Tokyo which was exceedingly interesting. These men are earnest and capable leaders, longing for the redemption of Japan.

To-day has been a busy Sunday. We divided up in the morning—Professor Bower going to

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the school center at Takinogawa, Mr. and Mrs. Doan attending services at Mr. Hagin's center, and I went with Miss Oldham.

She first took me to a little Sunday-school of forty children, in a place where Miss Wirick used to work before her death. Then I went to her church at Ushigome. This building was constructed out of money which she saved from school teaching before going to Japan twenty-two years ago. There was an earnest congregation at this church. Miss Oldham tells me in the early days of its establishment there was much persecution.

Professor Bower reports seven baptisms and forty inquirers at the Takinogawa church this morning, with a fine audience.

This afternoon and evening we spent with Miss Kate Johnson, who has been longer in Japan than any of our missionaries. We rode across the city to her home in jinrikishas, and found her living in a Japanese house with eleven orphan girls whom she is caring for. She has taken in many little girls of this kind during her missionary career in Japan, as has Miss Oldham and Miss Rioch. They are being trained and educated, and some of them become Bible women. These children are supported by individuals in the homeland, who pay \$50 a year for their expenses. These bright little girls in Miss Johnson's home sang us a number of songs—some of them in English.

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To-night we attended the chapel where Miss Johnson directs the work. It was well filled with people, and a visiting preacher spoke. This was one of the series of meetings in the Three-Year Evangelistic Campaign among the Japanese churches. Mr. Doan gave a short talk at the close through an interpreter, and one of his remarks was, "What a wonderful thing it is that God understands all languages!"

We have been interested in talking with Mr. Davey about the attitude of the Japanese. Their viewpoint is largely that of the critical examiner. While the Koreans are undoubting in their acceptance of the Bible and lean toward a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, the Japanese always ask pointed questions, and their faith comes with difficulty after much investigation. The students in Japan are quite modern in their point of view, and they insist on getting at Christian truth largely from the scholar's viewpoint. Mr. Davey thinks that while Buddhism is still the strong religion of Japan, the influence of Christianity on the nation is much greater than the influence of Buddhism. In comparing the Korean Christians with Japanese, he spoke of a Korean girl journeying all the way to Honolulu to marry a Korean boy, and then refusing him because he did not know enough about his Bible. She went back home alone, and he is now using the \$200 he had saved as a wedding payment for her parents, in studying

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for Christian service and equipping himself sufficiently with Scriptural knowledge that he may marry.

November 30th.

We took luncheon to-day with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, independent missionaries, who are located near Mr. Davey. They are fine young people, and have recently come to Japan. They spoke of recently baptizing a Japanese eighty-three years old, and his wife, who is seventy-six. This evening we enjoyed a visit to the work of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cunningham, who have spent about fourteen years in Tokyo in independent missionary work. They have an interesting work with three chapel centers where Japanese preach, and are soon to open another. We enjoyed very much meeting with these earnest people and their group of Japanese workers.

Takinogawa, Tokyo, December 1st.

We are now at our school center here—one of the best educational centers in all of our mission fields. Here is located the Drake Bible College and Middle School, the first building of which was constructed by Governor Drake of Iowa, now deceased. The Margaret K. Long Girls' School is also located here, and a kindergarten. Mr. and Mrs. McCoy are in the Bible school and the middle school. Professor Ishikawa is dean of the middle school and also helps

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in the Bible college. He has studied in America, at the Ohio University, and is one of the strong men of Japan.

A good school center is absolutely essential to efficient missionary work in a land like Japan.

There are one hundred and fifty students in the middle school, and about twenty in the Bible college. The middle school is one of the best in Japan and fully recognized by the Government. In the girls' school we have sixty-two students—all are Christians but thirteen. There were forty baptisms in our schools here last year. Miss Bertha Clawson is at the head of our girls' school—she has been here seventeen years. Associated with her are Miss Edith Parker, Miss Mary Lediard, and Miss Winifred Brown. R. A. Long has contributed most of the money for the girls' school buildings. A fine new domestic science department has just been completed.

We have largely spent the day in conference on the girls' school, its prospects and outlook. This seems to be a very promising center for the future, and in this part of Tokyo we are surrounded by city and Government schools, especially of the primary grade. The high grade of our institution appeals to the best class of people. The majority of the girls in the school here support themselves. The Bible is used in the regular courses, and practically all are converted to Christianity before they leave the institution. The school started eight years ago

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with twelve, and now has sixty-two in attendance.

This evening we spent much time in conference on the Bible college and in talking over plans for the future.

We need a larger teaching force in the Bible college. There should be another man associated with Mr. McCoy, and another Japanese teacher or two added. The present force is attempting to carry on teaching in the Bible college, middle school, and also in the night school. Some fine young men have been turned out of this institution who are now preaching in our churches throughout Japan. Professor Frank Otsuka is just leaving this school. He has been appointed by the Japanese Government as interpreter for the Red Cross corps of nurses and doctors who will soon sail for England and the continent to help in the war. It is quite a recognition to have a Christian man and one of our Japanese professors appointed for this position. Mr. Otsuka is a graduate of Bethany College.

The school church here has two hundred members, and is planning to become entirely self-supporting. Nineteen have been added to the membership in the last few months.

We discovered there are five Korean boys in our middle school here—one of them was baptized by Mr. Rains while he was in Korea three years ago. He plans to finish his training and go back to his own people to establish a church.

XXIII.

Closing Days.

Tokyo, Japan, December 2d.

To-day has been spent in conference on our girls' school and in meeting a large delegation of missionaries to confer about the proposed Union Girls' College for Tokyo. The Japanese have fine schools of their own, and the majority of the institutions must be of high grade. We learn that out of twenty-seven graduates of our girls' school here, all have been Christians but one. The girls in this school carry on four Sunday-schools in the surrounding portions of the city. A strong course is offered in Bible training. Girls of the Bible course call frequently on the parents of all the Sunday-school children. On Wednesday evening there is a religious service, of which the girls in the Bible training department have charge. The new domestic science department is giving the school a wider and more favorable acquaintance.

Tokyo, Japan, December 5th.

We have spent three days in continuous session with our Japanese missionaries on the work, its problems and plans for the future. These have been illuminating conferences.

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I doubt if the President of the United States and his Cabinet have discussed more serious and important problems than have we during these three days, and I am sure the President and his Cabinet could not feel more intensely the importance of all they were discussing than have these earnest workers here. The foreign missionary's task is no simple job. The work must be carefully planned and directed. It would be futile to attempt to carry on work in this land without careful provision for the future. Besides this, the work must be so articulated in its evangelizing and educational phases that a strong Japanese leadership may be built up for the days to come.

December 9th.

We spent Monday and Tuesday in conference with our Japanese evangelists and workers. There were about fifty gathered together, and we talked intimately about the work, the future of Christianity in Japan, and plans for our missionary enterprise. These were very helpful days. The Japanese workers are an earnest group, and are longing, praying, and working for the redemption of their people for Christ.

To-day we have enjoyed the dedication services for the new Bible college building and the new domestic science building of the girls' school. A large company of visitors were in attendance, including a number of missionaries of

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other societies, and it has been a high day for our people. The buildings were dedicated to the work of God, to the equipment of leadership for Christ, and to the blessing of Japan in intellect and soul.

December 12th.

To-morrow we sail on the steamship *Mongolia* for San Francisco. It has been five months since we left our homes in America. The time has passed rapidly. These have been months of happy fellowship, interesting experiences, heart-aches, and joys. The missionaries have been very good everywhere, and have made our stay most pleasant. Our Filipino, Chinese, and Japanese brethren have been courtesy itself. Our conferences together have been frank and direct. We have seen both the successes and the mistakes of the work. Our hearts have been cheered and enthused by the ardor of the native workers, the missionaries, and the success of the work. They have likewise been wrung with pain at the problems and the abundant, wide-open doors which we are unable to enter. Our people must come to the relief of the workers at the front. We have prayed for open doors, and the Lord has given them unto us. Thrice shame upon our people if we do not enter them now! The missionaries need reinforcement—men and money and buildings and all kinds of equipment. We have sent the workers forth, the Lord has opened

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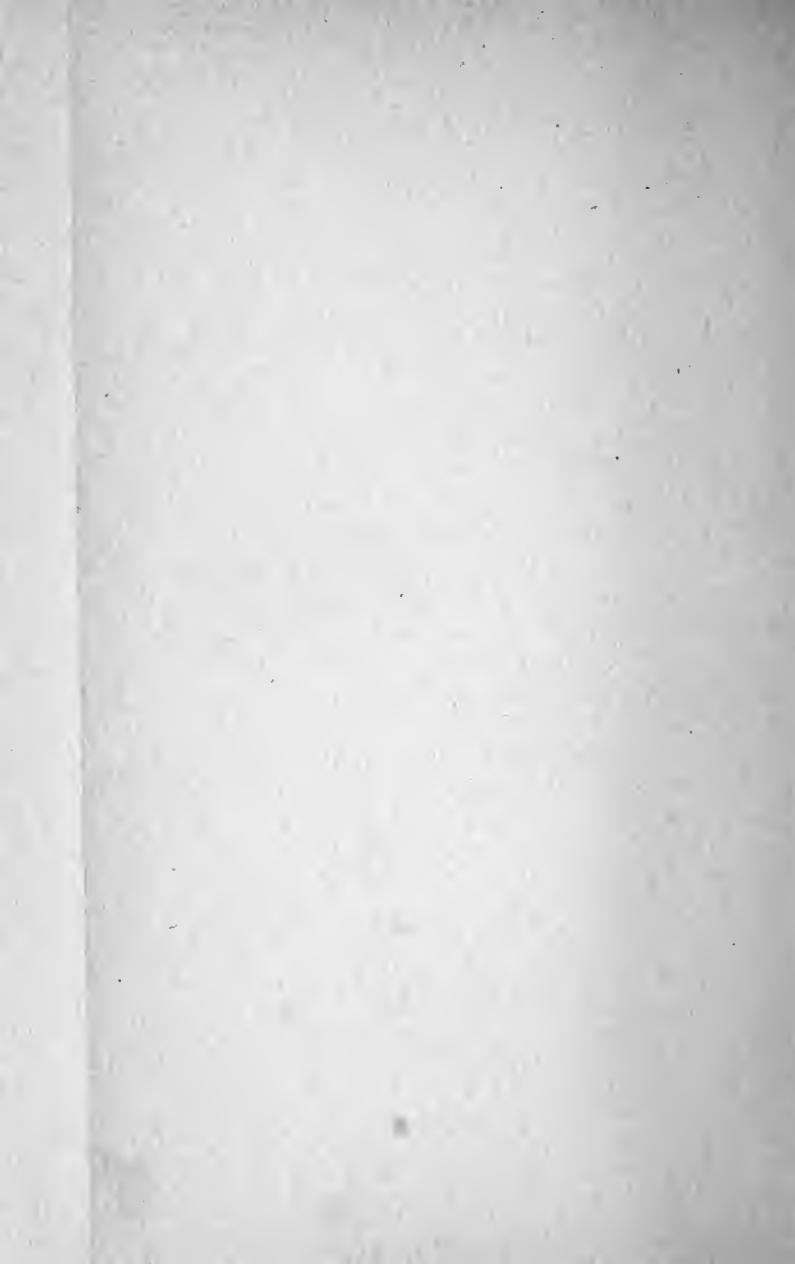
the fields, and we will be disloyal to Christ and to the workers if we do not make possible the success of the effort they have so patiently begun. These are the days in which things must be done well upon the mission field. When the doors were unopened it seemed wise for the missionaries to go everywhere preaching the Word. Now all classes are accessible, and the missionaries must largely concentrate their powers upon the building up of permanent work in central places, which will have radiating influence in the future. They must likewise bend their energies toward raising up and training a large force of competent native leaders who can enter the wide-open doors and convert these lands for Christ. The missionary task in non-Christian lands must be full-rounded. At home we are surrounded by the by-products of our religion because of our Christian civilization. In these lands we have visited, the missionary must be preacher, teacher, healer, educator, and trainer. Our Foreign Society with its meager income has a herculean and diversified task.

The fellowship with the members of the Commission has been most helpful. Six months' intimate travel together, such as we have had, has developed a friendship very sweet and very tender. It would be hard to measure the service of these two men of God, Mr. R. A. Doan and Professor W. C. Bower. They have worked night and day. They have given their most ear-

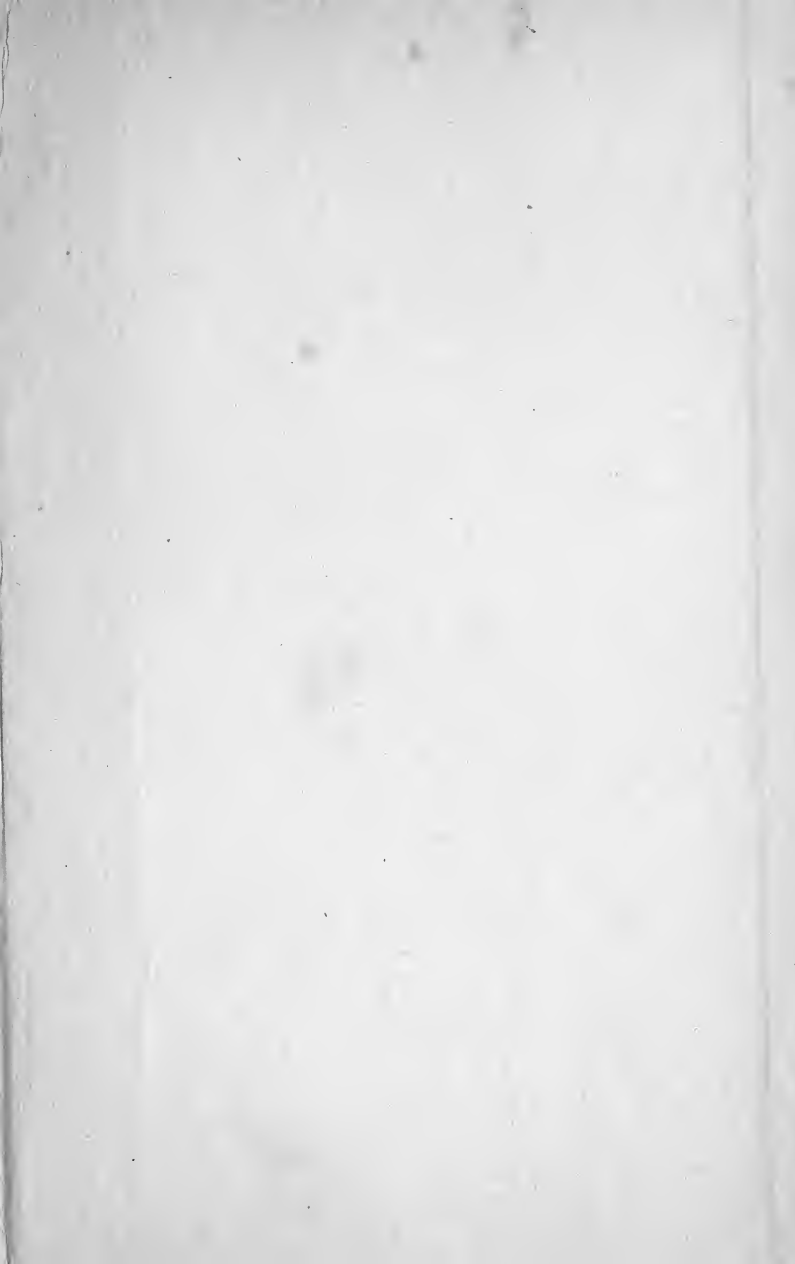
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nest thought to the problems. They have prayed and advised and helped bear the burdens of all. Mrs. Doan and Austin Doan have contributed largely to the work of the Commission. Mrs. Doan with her kindly spirit and deep interest in everything, and Austin with his youthful enthusiasm and yet his fine judgment, have helped to make the visit a success.

We hope we have helped the missionaries, and we know they have helped us. We will go back to the homeland with greatly increased sympathy and love in our hearts for these fields, with a new joy and fellowship in the work of the native Christians, and an appreciation and love for the missionaries which we have never had before. We now know something of their problems and disappointments; their delights and their loneliness. We have learned from them more of both the joy and sufferings of Christ. O, that we might take back to the people of the homeland the keen interest and sympathy which has come to us! God bless the workers, and God save these needy people of the Orient!







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