





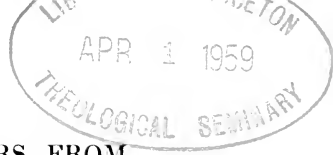
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EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM

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MR. FRED. B. SMITH

RELATING TO THE

WORLD TOUR OF THE "MEN AND RELIGION
FORWARD MOVEMENT" TEAM



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION BY

JAMES G. CANNON

1913

Mr. Smith, Mr. Robins and their associates made a tour of the world in response to invitations from Christian leaders in other nations who felt the need of the help of message and method of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

The following letters were sent back by Mr. Smith, and feeling that others interested in the campaign will profit by reading them, I have had them printed for a limited circulation among the friends of the Department.

JAMES G. CANNON,
Chairman.

THE VISITING TEAM



MR. FRED. B. SMITH
New York City



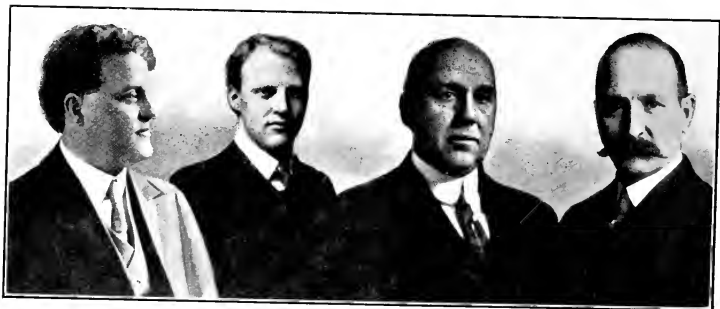
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EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM

MR. FRED. B. SMITH

*Relating to the World Tour of the "Men and Religion
Forward Movement" Team.*

I

En route to San Francisco, January 15, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. CANNON: We are now on our way, and are nearly to what may be called the "jumping-off place," so far as the actual beginning of our tour is concerned. In a few hours we will be in San Francisco, and day after to-morrow will set sail for the "far East."

Every man of the team is in fine fettle. I have worked with these same fellows now for two years in almost unbroken campaigns, but certainly never saw them when they were rendering a grander service than during these days since we left you in New York. Robins, Peck, Gilbert, Metcalf, Keeler and Lathrop—every man is practically at his best.

I am so glad we have been granted these two weeks of special campaign across our own dear country before starting with this message to the distant lands. I believe there has been a peculiar providence in our contact with the Christian workers in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Wichita, Denver, and then a whole group of towns in Oregon, including Portland, Eugene, Forest Grove, Cor-

vallis, Albany, and Salem, and now we are soon to have that privilege in San Francisco and Oakland. It has all been splendid, and will help us in the long heavy weeks to come. Perhaps of all of these experiences, no one memory will stand out so long and powerfully with us, as a constant inspiration, as the dinner in New York on the night of January 3d. There is only one regret about it, and that is that your illness prevented you from being present. It seemed as though there was a wheel off the wagon. I am sure we are going to see some days that are pretty heavy, and some days when we will be tempted, perhaps, to give up the struggle, but the memory of that dinner, and the confidence expressed by our own closest and most intimate friends will remain a compelling force and power with us to the end of the journey.

There have been lessons we have learned during the tour across the country which I believe are just the ones we ought to have to give us liberty and confidence in carrying this message around the world.

FIRST.—*The comfort of modern methods of missionary work.*

In line with a special course of daily Bible reading which I myself am following, I have been reading "Paul's Missionary Journeys" and some of his letters, and have forty times over said to myself that I believe God had directed that I should be reading of this first missionary's experiences just as we were starting on this long pull. Of course, we are going to see some anxieties; we are going to meet some hardships; we are having to make some sacrifices. If any one thinks there is any special fun in bidding your own home, family, and friends "good bye" to go out upon a campaign of this kind around the world for seven months, they ought to try it once. If the only motives are those of sentimental desire

to travel, they will never go but once. I believe every man in the party has had to use his full capacity of nerve to say "good bye" and go. The easy thing, the happy thing, the delightful thing would be to stay right at home.

Raymond Robins, in one of his speeches upon experiences in Alaska, uses this very intense statement. He says that there were more than twenty thousand who went over the pass into the Yukon, but that after all, it was a very small number who really got any gold. Not because there was no gold there, but because they were not willing to dig. He says "nobody got any gold up there except those who were willing to work for it." That same law is in Christian work as well as in gold mining, or in banking, or in any form of commercial enterprise. I have a thousand times in my life wished I could do my duty to the Kingdom of God and remain at No. 20 Ridgeview Avenue, White Plains, all the time, but God orders it differently, and just now we would be tempted, perhaps, to magnify our sacrifice, but a little renewing of acquaintance with Paul and his experiences have taken that all out of me.

In the first place, I guess Paul never had an invitation to any city he ever visited. When he went, he had to thrust himself in. He never had an advance Secretary ahead of him to organize the field, and not one committee appointed to meet him at the train. His was an unwelcome ministry. Ours is in strange contrast. We have our Organizing Secretary, Harry Holmes, on ahead of us, getting the committees ready, and he promises us an enthusiastic reception committee upon our arrival in every city. We are beckoned on by cables and most wonderful, loving letters, telling us how much our services are desired.

In the second place, when Paul traveled, he did not

have any Pullman or dining cars. There were no state rooms or shower baths. He seemed to think himself most happy when some kindly door of protection would open for him that he might have rest during his missionary work, but always expected to continue his craft and earn money enough to pay for the eggs and bacon. He was more familiar with rioting mobs, prison cells and cruel stripes upon his back than with the modern twentieth-century means of travel and service.

In the third place, Paul did not have any Lathrop with his typewriter along to take care of the letters. It is true he had John Mark for a while, and Silas the singer, and Barnabas, and I guess Dr. Luke occasionally, but I don't think any of them ever helped him very much with his correspondence. Notwithstanding the limited means of his literary work, I am a little afraid that some things he wrote down during that time will last even longer than our feeble efforts. We will be pretty lucky if anything we write lasts until we get home. Paul's have lasted nearly two thousand years.

The fact is, we Christian workers of every kind and name, at home and abroad, ought to thank God every day for the more favorable circumstances under which we labor.

SECOND.—*Latest contact with the results of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.*

For our profit and cheer, God seems to have planned that in the last two weeks at home, we should see and feel something of what a splendid general impression is left by the Men and Religion Forward Movement right straight across the land. The most essential thing in promoting Christian work is a confidence which does not have any element of doubt in it that the thing is right. The evidence that has been accumulating with us clear

across the country in every one of these cities has been so tremendous that every man in our party is ready to fight for the extension of the ideals, plans and methods of the Men and Religion Movement. I cannot help profoundly pitying the fellow who is sitting around speculating as to whether or not it is all right. The blessing of God has been on the Men and Religion Forward Movement, not in every respect in the way we expected, but when it is all summed up it is beyond our greatest hope.

THIRD.—*A winning Church.*

The day spent in St. Louis, and the privilege of speaking both morning and evening for our enthusiastic fellow-worker, Rev. William J. Williamson, D.D., pastor of the Third Baptist Church in St. Louis, gave us an index of what a real, winning church ought to be. Also a definite illustration that the church does not need to keep moving out to find a place to live. The day in St. Louis, from the standpoint of weather, could hardly have been worse. There was a rain and sleet which made the streets a glare of ice, just the kind of a day when half-hearted Christians stay at home. In the face of that kind of weather, every seat was filled at the morning service, and a considerable number of people stood up all through. At night practically the same thing was duplicated. Ten years ago Dr. Williamson became pastor of that church. Then they had eight hundred members; now they have twenty-seven hundred. And the striking thing about it is that while under his great ministry, that church has grown steadily and constantly, others in the same district have faded away, given up the struggle and gone. We could not but think of this when on that very day we saw a great sign marked "FOR SALE" in front of a near-by church.

It was peculiarly interesting for us to study the method by which this great growth has taken place in the Third Baptist Church.

In the first place, it was worthy of special note that the church undertakes every kind of good service in behalf of the people. It is also worthy of special note that they put tremendous emphasis upon the Sunday School. Of course, from the standpoint of Men and Religion Forward Movement specialists, we were peculiarly interested in knowing that they have a large men's and boys' department thoroughly organized and right up to the minute in its program of work, but behind every other element of strength, there stands this significant fact,—at every preaching service, both morning and evening, Dr. Williamson extends an invitation for those who wish to confess Christ to do so. In other words, while the church is not indifferent to forms of service that must be rendered in social life and relations, it is intensely evangelistic. I wish all the little chaps who are saying that the evangelistic method must not be pressed because it will drive people away, could spend about a month in that church and see how utterly deceived they are. The evidence from New York harbor to the Golden Gate proves that where men are brave enough and have religion enough left to press the evangelistic emphasis, crowds are in attendance. We are thanking God for this great church in St. Louis that it may help us as we emphasize this principle around the world.

FOURTH.—*Wichita, Kansas.*

I am now convinced that a tour around the world, to be intelligent and forceful upon the problem of Christian work for men and boys, would be a failure in its highest possibilities if Wichita, Kansas, were not in-

cluded in the itinerary. I am certainly thankful to God that we had this contact, for we are able to carry the message, that where the forces are properly organized, absolutely wonderful things can be accomplished.

Wichita is great in a good many ways, but especially so for three reasons. In the first place, it is great because they have organized there the most wonderful campaign of evangelism that I have ever seen carried out. One year ago last fall, the famous "Billy" Sunday held a series of meetings there which practically doubled the church membership of the town, and almost immediately following that we went there with the Men and Religion campaign which emphasized the necessity of organizing these men for definite work.

Evangelistic bands were organized, and they have visited, in one year, seventy-five of the surrounding smaller towns and communities. The evangelistic results have been simply marvelous, and the whole country there remains under the powerful influence of a great soul-winning program.

In the second place, Wichita is great because Mr. A. A. Hyde, that wonderfully modest Christian business man and philanthropist, lives there. I have always known he was great, but I learned it better in the day I spent there than ever before. Every man, woman and child in the town seems to love the man. You might expect him, and I think it would be pardonable, to be a bit dogmatic about what ought to be done in Christian work. Any man who gives such sums of money as does he to extend the Kingdom of Jesus Christ might be justified in a little more assertion of his own views concerning the how of things. Quite the reverse is true. He is apparently the most humble student of the whole lot. And the grandest part of it all is that under his leadership, this moderate-sized

town bids fair to have a whole school of prosperous laymen who will use their money in an unusual way for Christian work. Some other men are coming up there who are going to be worthy associates of Mr. Hyde.

Mr. Hyde is a great power any way you take him, and I wish a lot of men who are storing away money which they themselves can never use, and which can never do their families any good, and which in some cases will curse their children, could catch the vision that this big-souled man has, of what money is really for.

In the third place, Wichita is great because it has no saloons. It is true that you can find liquor in the back alleys, I suppose, and an old toper, who is willing to go down in the basement or sneak around in some back room, can get it, but not an open bar—not a single place where the stuff is flaunted in your face. Of course, the brewers, the distillers, the bums and the thugs will declare it does not have any effect. It is always amusing to see the type of men who will tell you that the prohibitory law does not change the situation at all. Here is the fact by the latest Government report. The amount of liquor consumed in the state of Kansas amounts to 48 cents per capita, per year; while for the whole United States it amounts to a little more than \$20 per capita, per year. Illiteracy is down to less than 2% of the population. Thirty-eight poor farms in thirty-eight different counties have no inmates at all, and for the whole state, there is only one pauper to every three thousand of the population. Sixty county jails have not had a single prisoner for a year, and twelve others have had no prisoners for eleven months. In the rural districts, grand juries are almost unknown. About the only crime left is around some of the larger cen-

ters where the law is more or less disregarded. Kansas has more wealth per capita than any other state in the union save one, viz.: Maine, and that has been for a long time prohibitory territory. Yesterday we were in Albany, Oregon, where they have had no saloons for many years, have not had a prisoner in the jail for so long they don't know when they have had one; have a little poor farm which was provided way back in the days when they did have saloons, and they are now planning to sell it, for they have no use for it.

I cannot help wondering how long this great people of ours will permit themselves to be fooled by the whiskey gang. There are votes enough of good people who are against this thing if they could ever once get rallied and made a move in unison to sweep it from the face of the earth. As we start around the world, I am glad we have this latest evidence upon the question of the legalized whiskey business.

FIFTH.—*The country as a whole.*

I wish all the men you meet down there on a certain little narrow street which has become very famous, who sometimes get agitated about a "panic" would just take one quiet unhurried ride across the country and look at the untold and utterly unmeasured possibilities in temporal resources. They would be ashamed ever to mention "panic" again; 8,000,000,000 bushels of corn is now cribbed ready for the market; 13,000,000,000 bushels of wheat is moving toward the markets and the mills. I think we ourselves have seen cattle enough to feed the whole world for the next quarter of a century to say nothing about the hogs, and out here in this great northwest, sheep—if we could not get anything else except lamb kidney stew, we would not get hungry for the next ten years, and wool enough to clothe us

indefinitely, to say nothing about the minerals unseen and almost unmeasured that are yet to be taken out of the mountains—really, it is a joke to talk about a panic in such a country as this.

A few stock gamblers and manipulators may have reason for anxiety, but every legitimate business has only one future to it, and that is one of progress.

We need not worry about the size of our bank deposits, our dividends, our stocks and our bonds. Just one thing the men of this great land of ours need, and that is more religion, more of the Bible, more of Jesus Christ, more of the Church, and we can face the future without fear.

Of course, we are all conscious in our party that we are going away from home, and that we have some long weeks ahead of us. We are going to try to be faithful to those who are sending us out, and to those who are sustaining us, but we know the days will, after all, pass rapidly, and the home-coming will be a great joy.

As you have opportunity, won't you express to all our Committeemen and contributing friends our very deep appreciation of that generous co-operation which makes possible this campaign, and be assured that by every power within us, and by the grace of God, we will let no opportunity pass of rendering the highest possible service for the Kingdom of God to the ends of the earth. I know perfectly well that such an opportunity as we are now facing cannot come again in our lives. That which we do we must do now. Pray for us that we may be faithful.

Yours very sincerely,

FRED. B. SMITH.

II

En route to Honolulu, January 22, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. CANNON: We are nearing the Hawaiian Islands. A few hours more and we will be on land, and I want to have just a little message ready to start back to you at once.

If you ask us to-day, Wednesday, about our voyage, every man in the party will respond with a chipper air of confidence and pleasure, for we are now all well, and the prospect of landing to-morrow in Honolulu makes us happy in the anticipation of the great campaign which is planned for us there. But if you had asked us how we enjoyed sea travel about last Saturday, there would have been a sad wail for your answer. We left San Francisco brave in the feeling that no flutter of the peaceful, calm, friendly blue Pacific Ocean could disturb us. Our good ship, the *China*, passed through Golden Gate at about three o'clock Friday afternoon, but only two of our party of seven could appear for dinner that night. We struck a rough sea at once, and it proceeded to do its traditional work.

Sea-sickness is a delightful joke for those on land when reciting their sea experiences, but you cannot persuade any man that there is the least semblance of humor in it when the ship begins turning summer-saults and he knows he must pay the inevitable penalty. From luncheon on Friday, at one o'clock, our next unanimous roll-call was on Sunday night for dinner. There is a deal of poetry and sentiment about the placid Pacific, with her calm breezes and gentle ripples, but the fact is, when she gets mad, she is mad clear to the bottom, and the results are just the same as those on the Atlantic

under similar conditions. It does not do much good to quote lines about the "quiet blue" of the Pacific when a poor sea-sick passenger is losing all of the meals he may have eaten since a year ago last Thanksgiving. Just to sum it up, the truth is, we got well thrashed out during our first forty-eight hours. However, it is all over now, and like the old colored man who loved to have somebody kick him in the shins because it felt so good when it quit hurting, we rather boast of our experience because the joy of quiet has been the greater since we got our "sea legs" under us.

Crossing the Pacific Ocean has some things in it that are exactly the same as crossing the Atlantic, or any other ocean. The sea is the sea, everywhere and anywhere, but it does seem to me that I have had more thoughts about its significance and about its weird life upon this voyage than any of the others which I can remember. I sometimes wonder, after all, whether God meant us to go spinning back and forth in these human-made machines of travel. The sea is so big and vast that nobody can understand it. You try to think it through in all of its mystery, and after a while you get tired and give it up. It is so restful at times, and so calm, that you wish you might always be out upon it, and then in a little while it gets so mad that you believe it to be your fiercest enemy and hope and pray never to see it again. Out here, as we move into the tropical zone and sit at the bow on moonlight nights, while the spray rushes back from the prow of the ship and a thousand ripples glisten with delight, it seems so full of music that you want always to be near enough to hear it. And then again, that long sort of distant moan has such a sad refrain that it seems as though the sorrows of the universe are wrapped up in its bosom, and you want to be free from it forever.



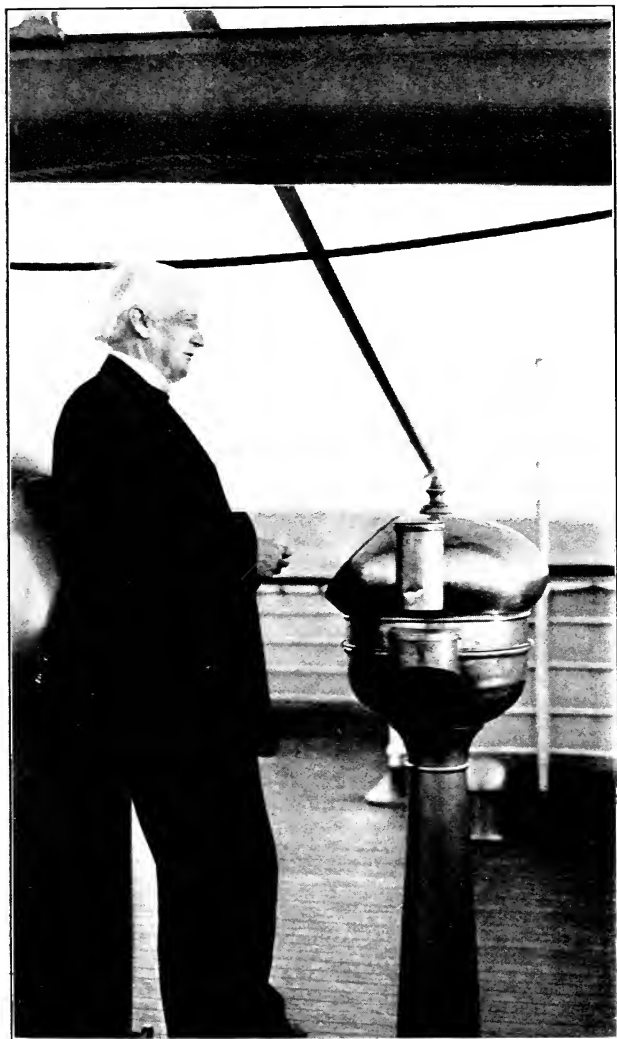
Farewell dinner, Oakland, California, Young Men's Christian Association

I am not surprised that the peroration of the Bible in its Heaven scene should declare that "the sea is no more." There are thousands upon thousands of the people of the world who would not want to go to Heaven if they had to live constantly in the memory of the sea and had to battle with its elements for all eternity as they have had to do in time. Personally, I am a sure enough lover of the sea, but I believe I would rather sit somewhere on terra firma and watch it rather than undertake to conquer it in travel. Before we can get back, we have about twenty-seven thousand miles to travel over these waves, and as I write now, it seems to me the best thing the sea can do for us is to bear us safely home.

One of the things which has made our voyage unique is the presence of a fine lot of missionaries on board. Some of them are going out for the first time, and others are going back after furlough. Most striking among the lot is the grand old Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Japan and Korea. These Christian workers form a strange and glorious contrast to the average tourist. I guess every ship has its gamblers, drunkards, blackguards, and all-around sports on board. I have traveled a good deal, but do not remember ever getting on any ship without finding that same group of brawlers. There is no place on earth, it seems to me, so sure to reveal what is really in a man as upon a long sea journey. He lets the beast out if it is in him. There is a kind of feeling that you are out of the world, and that what is done on a ship does not count. I talked with one young man who has been drinking and gambling, who assured me that these were not the permanent habits of his life, and that he would not think of such a thing on shore. The Atlantic Ocean always reveals this type, but I have an impression

that these crowds going to the far East take a little more liberty along this line than anywhere else. Certainly we have that crowd at its worst. The crew of the ship, with the exception of the officers, is made up entirely of Chinamen, and they gamble riotously. We have seen as many as seven Chinamen with their tables and dice right out in full view on the open deck of the ship playing "chuck-a-luck." They gamble with just the same zest and enthusiasm with which they eat rice with chop sticks. These coolies of the crew, however, are not more vulgar in their open gambling than a gang of young-blood Americans who are passengers.

I wonder if you ever thought of this: the loud-mouthed American can make more display of his immorality, I firmly believe, than any other man on this footstool. When the American drinks whiskey, he drinks it like a hog. When he gambles, he gambles like a glutton, and when he swears, he stands out alone. There is no other breathing human being who can so blaspheme all the names that are sacred to religion as the American. We have a kind of refrain in our blood which, when it gets wicked and vicious, is explosive. If you want to see this type, you need to observe him with his thumbs in his vest *en route* for the far East to display his marvelous talents. Thank God, these great-souled missionaries tell the other side of our American life, and notwithstanding the first type, I am perfectly willing to have the country judged by the average found on this very ship. Among these missionaries are young women, cultured, refined, and of first ability, leaving all they hold dear of human ties to go out to serve Christ in trying to penetrate the non-Christian realm with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Here again is a young man and a girl wife and baby, breaking home ties, starting for the first time, with their faces turned toward four



Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Steamer *China*, returning after furlough, just completing fifty years' service in Japan

hundred million souls in China to do their part in trying to evangelize them. Another brainy man and his wife, he from Berlin and she from one of the finest families in Canada, the holders of sufficient wealth to make them independent for life, are returning from furlough. He came out first sixteen years ago. During that time he has been home twice, and now, with the enthusiasm of a young man going to his first work, he returns to his mission two thousand miles in the interior of China because he believes that God calls him there. He has seen riots, revolutions, Boxer wars, martyrs' deaths, but none of these deter him.

Then, perhaps, towering grandest of them all, is the great old Bishop to whom I have already referred. His hair is white as snow, and his face beams like that of a young schoolboy. The foreign missionary pessimist ought to have to sit at his side at the dining table for an ocean voyage. He would be beaten into pulp by the records of the Gospel triumph which this man has witnessed. He has been almost fifty years in Japan, and knows the whole story of Christianity's challenge and triumph for that people. To hear him tell the story of what he found in Japan fifty years ago and what exists there now is a miracle. It could not be accounted for by any possible rational logic. He does not place first emphasis upon the hundreds of thousands of actual communicants of the Christian Church in Japan, although they have them, but he places first emphasis upon the social, political, domestic reformation which has been wrought. In other words, Japan is becoming Christian far more rapidly than is indicated by the mere increase of communicants in the Church. This great prophet does not entertain one shadow of doubt of the final issue. Japan and Korea

are to be Christian. He believes that with all the power of his being.

These people are paying a tremendous price for following their convictions. The cost is more severe probably than those of us who remain at home can ever estimate. But no one needs to pity them. I have been thanking God for the privilege of traveling on this ship that I might thus have the opportunity of personal relationship and acquaintance with them when they are away from home and are actually facing the long strain of years of service. Positively, they are the most buoyant, happy lot on the whole ship. They feel the sense of the high honor and dignity of being called of God to this service. As I have thought of their life and watched them, I have come to the conclusion that the people to be pitied are those who call themselves Christian, but have never known the richer joy of real sacrifice. The more I study the Gospel, the more I am persuaded that there is no genuine Christianity, either individual, church or national, without the element of sacrifice entering into it. These missionary folks know what that means.

I am sure, as I get farther on, I will have more to say about our obligations to the missionaries, and what a delightfully happy privilege it ought to be for the home Church to sustain them. But just now, I want to say to you, dear friend, and I wish you would say it to everybody you can for us, that we ought to sustain these, our representatives of the Foreign Missionary Boards, not only because of their bravery, not only because they are going to the greatest moral need of the world, but also because they are a good corrective in the far East, of that impression that the Americans are all for greed and graft. Contrasting the whiskey drinking, gambling crowd of our ship, living for what they

can enjoy for an hour's sensuous pleasure, with these folks who have seen the vision of winning the world for Christ, makes me realize anew what a grand thing it is to be a Christian. Therefore, what a glorious campaign it is in which we are engaged. If we can be used of God in the way of our travel to lead many men to know this true life, it will be worth all of our sacrifice.

Another fact which has marked our voyage across as unique has been the death of one of our passengers. This is not the first time in my life that I have been on a ship where it was necessary to have a burial at sea, but it was the first time that I have witnessed funeral exercises on a ship. I have always had an impression that it would be a sort of depressing and heart-rending scene, but really, the service we had this morning, and the burial, I think, made a profound Christian impression upon everybody. The young man who died was a Japanese by the name of Shirai Nawokachi. He had been suffering with mitral stenosis for some time, and was returning home. I think, in our terms, it is practically the same as inflammatory rheumatism. It became necessary, of course, to have the funeral at once. The ship stopped, and Bishop Harris conducted the exercises, assisted by a native Japanese minister. Our quartet sang, and then a company of missionaries and Japanese sang one of their hymns. The young man was a Christian and of a Christian family, and there was the manifest hope of the Christian through it all. Yet there was that eternal lesson that there is no escape on land or sea from the sentence of death.

I wish I could drop down to-morrow to the Fourth National Bank, go up to the dining room where we have sat so many times and talked over problems of Christian work at length, and just have a little chat with you, but that privilege will not be mine for a good many

weeks. Let me tell you this much: I do not believe there has ever been a day in my life when I faced opportunities with a keener desire to do my best than now.

The past five years have been a period of such intense and constant travel with me that I am wondering if there may not be an added Providence in this time away from the scenes of our own task for a while, not only for what we may be able to do in interpreting this larger method and message, and in winning men to the Christian life in the distant lands which we are to visit, but also that we may get a new perspective of the real issues of our own dear country. This much I know already: It will be a terrible calamity and sin if we fail to win our North American land to its highest possibilities in the Christian hope. It will be a sin because we have the men there who are ready to back up by their personal counsel, effort and money, the biggest program that anybody can dream out. When I think of how the generous-hearted Christian business men of that land have and are sustaining every type of vigorous Christian propaganda, I am prepared to say that there will be an awful sin resting upon somebody in the Judgment if the victory is not won. It will be a calamity if it is not done, because just as sure as anything of which we may know the world cannot be evangelized without the inspiring co-operation and illustration of the North American triumph. We are not very far on this world tour yet, but we have studied the problems enough from New York to Honolulu to be conscious of the fact that what takes place religiously in North America becomes immediately of world information and interest.

I believe God is leading us in this campaign around the world. I have not a shadow of a doubt concerning that fact this morning, but I also believe that by these

experiences God means to deepen, quicken and intensify our own message at home when we get back.

Robins, Peck, Gilbert, Keeler, Metcalf, Lathrop and myself send back to you and all the others there the deepest love of which we are capable. We do not forget to pray for you any day as we are sure you do not forget us.

By the way, as I think of our program for each day, probably most delightful for us is our own little church service. We have a Bible Study class of our own. The quartet sings, and we have what might be called chapel exercises every day. We pile in on the trunks and the bunks in one state-room at ten o'clock each morning.

Yours with two hands to the end of the journey.

FRED. B. SMITH.

III

En route Honolulu to Yokohama, February 3, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. CANNON: Well, we are out on the big blue deep again, and this time we are to have a long stretch. It is 3,400 miles from Honolulu to Yokohama, and by the rather moderate speed of our ship, the *Manchuria*, it will take us at least ten days to make the trip. But we are happy in having this long time upon a perfectly wonderful ship. The Atlantic Ocean does not furnish anything better for comfort than this grand *Manchuria*. She is as steady as an old clock even in some pretty rough sea which we have encountered, and she is handled perfectly by Captain Andrew Dixon, our skipper, who is one of the best. He is running the ship and not entertaining the ladies in the drawing-room or the sports in the smoking-room. I always get restless at sea when I find the Captain playing the part of the gay Beau Brummel. The story of the *Titanic* might have been different if the ship had been rightly handled on that sad night. We have a man who stubbornly sticks to his post of duty, and it gives us all confidence.

Remembering our movements for the past month, we are surely the exemplars of Finnegan's idea of life as being one constant round of "off agin, on agin, gone agin."

The week at Honolulu passed so quickly that now it seems almost like a dream. We can scarcely realize that we have been there and are through with our first big campaign, and are sailing away for Japan. While it is true that the time spent there seems very short (for the days went so quickly), yet it does not strike us



Farewell mid-day meeting of the Committee of 100, Honolulu

that the time since leaving New York can possibly be but one month. Just four weeks ago, we were at that never-to-be-forgotten dinner at the Hotel Astor. It seems like three months, for since that time we have traveled 8,000 miles. Robins has spoken 57 times, I have spoken 54 times, the Quartet has participated in 70 meetings and they have sung 201 times. We have held a total of 88 meetings and conferences, with a total attendance of 20,766. These figures are very accurate, for Peck is our statistician, and he is so cruelly and persistently accurate that I think he could tell, if we gave him a little time, exactly the number of biscuits every man in the party has eaten. You can get at least some little idea from these figures that we have been putting in the full quota of work when we have been on land.

I have spent a good many years in the itinerant type of Christian work, but certainly was never more completely fascinated by any situation than by that in Honolulu. Of course, we had a unique interest in our visit to the Hawaiian Islands because they are a part of our own country, our newest territory. We felt that we had a special right and privilege there. The United States may well be proud of these islands and their people. They will do us good and not evil, and a hundred years hence the great Republic may discover that this new territory has made a big contribution to the nation's highest moral good.

Honolulu is great in agricultural products. Of course, we always think first of sugar plantations when we consider the commercial side of the Hawaiian Islands. This is now, and doubtless always will be, the big interest. They shipped \$40,000,000 worth of sugar out of the islands in 1912. That is big enough to make even Wall Street sit up and give some special attention. I

visited one of the great plantations and saw them on one side of the valley cutting cane where the stalks were as big as ten-year-old trees, and saw the steam railroads running right out into the fields, pulling long trains of flat cars heavily loaded with the cane up to the mills. Then I followed it into the mill, saw it dumped into the great crushers, then on through to the other end, where it came out the most beautiful granulated sugar ever put upon the market, and one grade of very highly refined crystal sugar, all of which is shipped to Paris for the French confectioners' use.

On the other side of the valley I saw the immense great steam plows turning the soil upside down to a depth of three feet. They made the old-time plow that I used to follow look like a Coney Island toy sand shovel.

The whole sugar operation is colossal, and it is only in its infancy. Up to the present time just the easiest valleys are under cultivation. With the rapid increase of facilities for irrigation and with larger investment of money, the coming years will see this industry multiplied many times over.

But great as is the sugar business, it is by no means the only resource. The higher fields, which, until recently, have been considered as having little or no value, are now being planted in pineapple orchards, and this product promises to run a close second to sugar before many years.

Fruit of practically every description grows in abundance, and is of luscious quality. The only really "measly" thing we saw there was the cattle. They surely have the worst in the world, at least I sincerely hope there are none worse. No one could quite explain this to me, but I guess there is something about the climate that good big short-horns and the like do not take to. That the islands have great commercial pos-

sibilities is evidenced by the fact that they have practically no poverty such as we see in other countries.

Honolulu is great in scenery and climate. It is about the only place I have ever visited where they can truthfully boast that it does not make much difference what time of the year you come, so far as the weather is concerned. There are no great extremes of heat or cold. This fact makes the climate almost perfect, and it also produces a most magnificent growth of foliage, especially in ferns, palms and cocoanut trees. I think I have seen something of tropical possibilities, but my present judgment is that Honolulu leads the world. The most magnificent growths in southern California cannot approach those seen everywhere in Honolulu. One is simply lost in wonder at the sight of the gardens with the trees and flowers which surround the homes.

Honolulu is great in Christian history. I think that if I wanted to take an honest skeptic concerning the Christian faith to some spot where I could illustrate at close range the results of Christianity, I would take him to Honolulu. Any man who is willing to accept evidence can convince himself beyond any possible question as to the transforming, uplifting, compelling power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ by the evidence of what has taken place here in a few brief years. Go back a hundred years into the history of these Hawaiian people, and it reeks with horror. The well-authenticated practices of the natives of a century ago are too frightful for thought. In all the contact I have had with missionaries of India, Ceylon, Burma and Africa, I have heard nothing so awful as some of the incidents of the old heathen state upon the Hawaiian Islands. The terror of their sins of human sacrifice which are written is the mildest part of the story. A hundred years ago

no woman was permitted to eat food cooked in the same oven as that for her husband. If any one of a man's hundred wives dared even to step into his eating room at any time, whether he was there or not, the penalty was quick and sure death. A hundred years ago there was no law known but the law of might.

In 1820 the first permanent Christian missionaries landed on the shores of the Hawaiian Islands. They were from old New England. They had religion and knew it. They preached, founded schools, translated the Bible, nursed the sick, buried the dead, and did all those more spiritual things every missionary is expected to do. They also farmed, taught the trades, launched the sugar industry, and, along with everything else, how they could *fight* when that seemed a necessary thing for the Kingdom of God! They fought the savages within the islands, and the whaling pirates from without. The early history is sad enough in the record of the conduct of white whaling fishermen from California, Mexico and England. Those early missionaries used their bullets and their fists freely with this crowd. They laid the foundations for a wonderful Christian civilization. All there is of the Hawaiian Islands and of Honolulu, the beautiful capital, which to-day is worth boasting about, is due to the beneficent service of these early missionaries. There is no such thing as Hawaiian history apart from the record of these Christian pioneers. They are the warp and woof of what is found there now. We were made conscious of the permanent power of their work in the presence of great schools and churches. Of schools for white students only, Cahu or Punchou College is the most marked. It was founded by the old missionary, Bingham, who gave the land and the first money. It was originally intended as a school for the children of the missionaries. It has steadily grown

until in educational, social and religious influence it is the Oxford of the islands. It now has seven hundred students, and sends annually about fifteen graduates to eastern universities, such as Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

The second, which is for Hawaiians only, the Kamehameha School, has over five hundred students. We had the great privilege of conducting meetings in both of these institutions. Each was of marked and unique interest, but probably all of our men will remember until they die the marvelous singing of the students at Kamehameha School. They sang "Urbs Beata," "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Aloha Oe," the latter composed by Queen Liliuokalani. As I sat on the platform, I could not restrain the tears. There is no use in trying to describe their singing; it must be heard to be appreciated. It is perfectly safe to say that these two institutions will furnish all of the great leaders in the future Hawaiian government and commercial life. Both of them are the direct, definite results of the work of the missionaries.

Among the many churches there, two stand out as perhaps the most striking indications of missionary permanence. One is the Central Union Church, which has Congregational affiliations, and the one where the older missionaries all belong. It has a membership of 1,100. In addition to a local annual budget of \$17,000, this church spends \$41,000 annually through the Hawaiian Board for missionary effort throughout the islands. I doubt whether we have very many single churches anywhere in the United States whose missionary gifts would exceed that of the Central Union Church of Honolulu. The other, the Kawaiahoa Church, the grand old bulwark of the Hawaiian Islands, has a membership of 1,050 people. This is the Old South Church

of the Boston type. It is their Faneuil Hall, their Liberty Bell, their Westminster Abbey. Here some of the later kings were crowned, and here it was that the Christian king, Kamehameha the Fourth, when being crowned, used the expression, "The life of the land is preserved by righteousness." That expression has become the watchword of the whole people. It was in this old church that the Declaration of Independence was read in 1890, when they declared Queen Liliuokalani to be their monarch no longer. I had the joy of going to this church on Sunday morning. Among the most interesting incidents was to find there one of the old residents, a Mr. Jones, a man who came to Honolulu from Boston fifty-five years ago. When he landed on the islands he had a few coins of such small denomination that he could not spend them. They had no value. They were pennies and three-cent pieces, and he now has all the coins he had when he landed with the exception of one. He has prospered; he is now a wealthy philanthropist and is seventy-six years old, but he has been teaching continuously a Bible class in this church since 1867. It was my privilege to see him with that class, and to snap my camera upon them.

Many other churches are growing strong, and are giving evidence of how the Christian life was planted by these first messengers. The Episcopalians have a great cathedral there. The Methodists have strong churches, and the Disciples of Christ have recently begun to work.

Another evidence of this abiding power is the magnificent Young Men's Christian Association building, costing \$247,000, all subscribed and paid for by Honolulu men. They have no debts, and their bills are paid monthly. They have sixteen hundred members, and ten choice men on the staff of employed secretaries. It is the equal of any Association in any city of that

size I have ever visited, if indeed it does not excel anything in any city of that size.

An additional evidence that these men planted a virile truth came to us in the closer study and knowledge of the incidents which led to the revolution, the establishment of a republic, and later to annexation. The most intense element in this is the fact that the principle which brought the revolution was not a desire for greater commercial gain, but was one essentially moral, Christian and spiritual. The men who led in that insurrection faced the possibility not only of commercial wreck and the loss of their property, but they took their very lives in their hands, for had the movement failed their heads would not have been worth ten cents apiece. They knew all this, and yet, for the sake of the Kingdom of God which they held dearer than life, they made their daring challenge, and they won out. Time servers, commercial slaves and playhouse toys do not launch reforms of that kind.

Perhaps, however, the supreme evidence that these missionaries had and lived a real Christ life is to be found in the fact that the leading Christian workers now in the islands are their sons and grandsons. We heard much about the second and third generations. This is the method of describing the families of missionaries up to date. The third generation is now pretty largely upon the stage of action. Some of them are missionaries, some are teachers, some are business men. Some are the wealthiest and most benevolent givers of money upon the islands. Practically every great benevolence has come with the name of a missionary attached to it. The money given by one of the second or third generation is often given in memory of the old folks. It is true there are some sad instances where sons and grandsons have drifted away, but they are

comparatively few. Everything you touch in Honolulu that is worth while is filled with the influence of those warring, vigorous missionaries who went out under the American Board from 1820 to 1835. Other churches have followed and are doing a grand work, but those first great saints laid the foundations, and no man can tear them up.

As I came into contact with that tremendous vigor, I could but wonder whether New England's present Christianity can send out another band who can render such service as did these. Frankly, I am afraid they cannot. If these men and women had started for that buffeting of six, seven and eight months from New Bedford around Cape Horn on old sailing ships to the heathen scenes of those islands, most of them facing the probability of never seeing their native shores again, with a big interrogation point in their theology touching the Bible as God's Word, Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and conversion as a supernatural work, they would have skipped for home with "nervous prostration," the cloak for many modern defeats, by the first returning ship. As I witnessed these marvelous results, I thanked God they had a real religion.

Honolulu is great in its strategic Christian possibilities. I was prepared for some things we were there to meet, but I was utterly unprepared to realize that we were going to stand on that small spot of ground and sound out the message of our Movement almost to the uttermost parts of the earth. I do not believe that there is another city in all the world which can influence so large a radius of the unevangelized parts of the world as can Honolulu. The addresses which Robins and I gave were in part or in full printed every day, not only in English, but in Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese.

The shores of the Pacific Ocean are to form a very

large part of the forum for Christianizing the unpossessed parts of the world, and everybody who goes to the Pacific Ocean very much will some time go to Honolulu. I was amazed at this part of the situation, for it had not occurred to me until I reached there and had begun our work. Those missionaries who started out of Boston or New Bedford harbors in the little old sailing ships to beat their way around Cape Horn through six months of peril and suffering, to find their opportunity of planting the Gospel upon the Sandwich Isles, little realized, I think, what a gateway they were evangelizing. The years have passed, and the seed they planted there so faithfully, and baptized with their blood in a good many instances, is now the ripened illustration for those who still sit in darkness looking for the light. I would be very happy if I thought we were in any little way doing a work that would live as long as the work done by those godly men and women.

As I am dictating to Lathrop this message to you, the quartet is in the next room practicing some of the Hawaiian songs. I hope we will be able to bring back to you some of that intense spirit and that beautiful life with which we there came into contact.

We were up every morning at about six o'clock, and I do not think there was a night while we were there that we got to bed before twelve or one o'clock, and most of the time was spent in meetings and conferences. I cannot begin to describe them to you, and I will not attempt to tell you much about results. I am sure some of the tidings will reach you through other channels, but I can say this without being misunderstood. In our closing meeting, such men as Bishop Restarick, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. Scudder, the great leader of Central Union Church, the Rev. Mr. Peters, pastor of the Disciples of Christ Church, and Rev. Mr.

Smith, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Pres. A. F. Griffiths, of Oahu College, Mr. Paul Super, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Mr. Frank C. Atherton, Chairman of the Executive Committee, grandson of a missionary and one of the wealthiest young men of the islands, said such words of approval and commendation about our work as I believe we have never listened to in any one city. We parted with those brethren, feeling that in no uncertain or unmistakable way God had been witnessing through us. There were, of course, many delightful incidents in connection with our days there, which I cannot and dare not try to put in a letter to you, for you would be wearied in attempting to read it, but one is of such unique interest that I cannot omit it, for to us just ordinary United States folks, where, of course, we have no hesitancy in walking up to the Chief Executive of the nation, and, with delightful familiarity, put our hand on his shoulder and say, "Hello, Bill!" or "Hello, Teddy!" it means a good deal to be given the privilege of meeting some of the royalty, Therefore you can understand with what delight we availed ourselves of the opportunity of a brief call upon the famous Ex-Queen Liliuokalani. Through her private secretary an interview was arranged and was greatly enjoyed. Of course, she is an old lady, but she received us with most beautiful and gracious courtesy, talked freely of the United States and her friends reaching all the way to Boston, had the quartet sing for her, and was evidently deeply moved by their music. She herself is the author of the most delightful Hawaiian hymn, "Aloha Oe," which, in our terminology, would be about equivalent to "God be with you 'till we meet again."

There was no time when we were so conscious of being

in the presence of the "old order" as we were while visiting here in the palace, for we were surrounded by pictures of the old kings, and she herself sat like a queen, surrounded by the emblems of her royalty. You need not be surprised if you find a kind of hitherto unknown dignity about us when we get back, for we are sure enough moving among the "upper ten."

As I close this message, I want again to tell you of how intensely and wonderfully we are all working together. Every man in the party would be quick to jump to the relief of any other man if he felt that the work was breaking down at any point. We have many delightful friends, of course, whom we are meeting all the way along, but I am sure every man of the seven would say that the happiest time in all the day is when we meet just by ourselves each morning for our little Bible study and chapel service.

We are moving on, constantly putting more miles between us and those we love best in the world, but we are continuing in the faith that God is directing and that we are to be His messengers in a very true sense.

With continued and ever-increasing love and good wishes to you and to all those who are standing with us, I am,

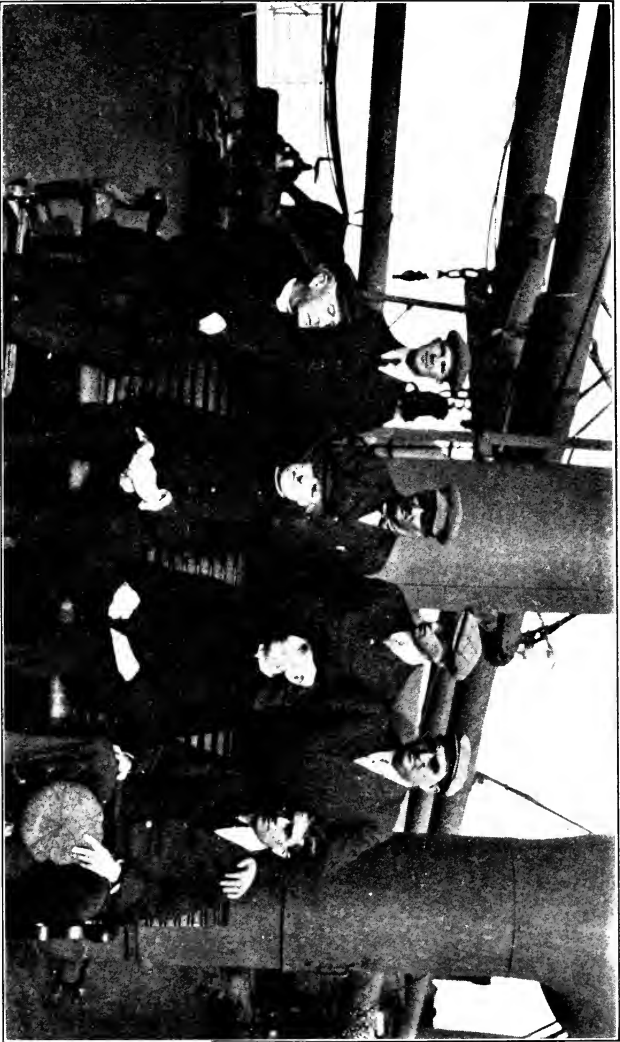
Yours very sincerely,
FRED. B. SMITH.

IV

En route Honolulu to Yokohama, Japan, February 8, 1913.

DEAR MR. CANNON: A few hours more and we will be off for our work in Japan. I will send you a brief note, although the ten days from Honolulu have been broken only by the typical ship scenes, and therefore do not contain much of special interest to write about. Counting the time from San Francisco, we have seen only one little ship in sixteen days of sailing, just *sea, sea, sea!* I cannot even report a unique incident on the ship. I wish I could make one voyage somewhere, some time, that would be different. As I think over all the years and all the voyages they seem exactly alike.

William Hodge, in the "Man from Home," says that there are just as many different kinds of people in Kokomo, Indiana, as there are in the world. That is true of a ship. There are 5,000,000 people in New York City, but I am sure we have as many kinds on this boat among our three hundred passengers as you will find there among the entire 5,000,000. We have the gay "la-de-da" boy, so dapper and cunning, sure that he is the center of the universe. We have the "fluffy-ruffles" girl, so stunning that she marvels that the world existed at all before she arrived. We have the literary man who walks the deck in a poem of precision, hair long, eyes deep sunken, a far-away stare. We have the dashing theatrical group, who have forgotten that this is not a stage. They keep "acting" all the while. We have the brazen-faced, cigarette-doped, whiskey-



Eight representatives of various forms of Christian efforts en route to Japan on Steamer *Manchuria*

Eight representatives of various forms of Christian efforts *en route* to Japan on Steamer *Manchuria*. Reading from left to right, those seated are: Father Vaughan, of the Roman Catholic Church. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago. Rev. B. Winget, Secretary Foreign Missionary Board, Free Methodist Church. Mr. Geo. Gleason, General Secretary Y.M.C.A., Osaka, Japan. Reading from left to right, those standing are: O. G. Heldring, Dutch Reformed Church, Amsterdam. Raymond Robins, Social Service Expert, Chicago. Mr. Westerway, Missionary Printer, representing Canadian Methodist Church. Frd. B. Smith, leader Men and Religion Movement.

saturated gambler. He has no respect for days, places or people. We have the grand, substantial business men and women, those who carry the hope of the world in their demeanor. We have the great Bishop, the august Father, the Evangelist and the missionary. Humanity at its best and worst is brought into review on a long sea pilgrimage.

We have had "sports" galore. The "bottle race," the "potato race," "threading the needle," the "tug" of war," and the "pillow fight." These are as customary ship events as is black coffee at a well-ordered dinner.

We have a lecture upon "The Poets." Shame on the man who first invented lectures upon poetry! That disease follows us even at sea. We have a "dance." That is the night when the baggage room is stormed and the ladies, who vowed on shore that "they were not going to fuss with dressing on the ship," go down deep for the swellest thing possible. The old grouch who wouldn't speak to anybody the first three days comes out with full dress on this evening, and is a regular chatter-box, a perfect ladies' man. Last night was the time for this great event with us, and a dear old Methodist preacher on board appealed to me to help him stop the "scandalous thing." He said that these people were going to hell before our eyes, and that we ought to protest. Still the dance went on.

We have a "concert." Great rulers of darkness, is there any punishment sufficient for the fiend incarnate who first devised the "ship's concert"? That is the night when people who cannot sing on the key sing on your nerves. It is the hour when the fellow who cannot recite for sour apples recites by the yard. It is the night when the fellow who can't talk is sure to make some "remarks." I am persuaded that sinking at sea is a terrible experience, but I am also sure that that

alone is the one thing to be dreaded more than the famous ship concert.

We have a "pool on the run." This is where the old ringer skins the lamb out of his pin money. I wonder if the day will ever come when law will reach the sea and stop gambling. Men will come from cities, states and nations where gambling is prohibited, but the hour they put foot on an ocean liner they gamble with no law to interfere. It is a pity the sea does not belong to somebody.

We have "Church" at sea. Thank God for this grand reminder of home, family, duty and destiny. I know the Christian services on the ocean have never meant so much to me as this time, for we are daily pushing our way farther from the spot where of all the earth we most long to be. Last Sunday the great Bishop Fallows preached in the morning, and our team conducted the evening meeting. I believe the people all enjoyed these services. The quartet sang, "Remember Now Thy Creator," as one of their selections, and afterwards, on deck, the "la-de-da" boy brushed up to me, and, wishing to be complimentary, spoke of Robins' and my addresses appreciatively, and then said, "That was a charming selection by the quartet. I say, sir, was that one of Kipling's poems?" I could have jiu-jitsued him. After all, that is about on a par with a good deal of deck talk. Two men yesterday debated at length whether a ship was kept afloat by the strength of the salt in the sea, or by its speed. They said that river boats floated because they were made of wood, but that a steel ship would sink in the Hudson River! And so, amid this round of life, we are plowing our way to the great far East.

If we can claim any distinction for our voyage, it might be in the presence of the Fallows party made

up of the Bishop, Mrs. E. H. Fallows, Mr. S. Fallows, Miss A. R. Fallows, Mr. and Mrs. D. Fox, Mr. Albert Stevens Crockett, Mr. Chessman Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Wise, and Captain and Mrs. C. B. Humphrey. Mr. S. Fallows is a son of Bishop Fallows, of Chicago. The old Bishop is along as chaplain. They are going out to investigate the commercial future of the Philippine Islands. There are all sorts of rumors about what great enterprises they are going to launch if they find the conditions favorable. We have found them a grand lot of high-minded people, and they have made the long days less wearisome.

Of course, our Men and Religion party of seven has furnished the opportunity for a deal of speculation also. One man asked me if we were being sent out by the Morgan interests to get a report upon the religious status of the Philippine Islands, and to decide what kind of a church would best be adapted to those people. So you can see we are still having our troubles with Wall Street!

But if we are to claim any unique factor, it must be that when we reached the 180th meridian, we dropped out a Sunday! We reached that famous line at six o'clock Saturday night, and so Sunday had to go. We went to bed Saturday night, slept about ten hours and woke up Monday morning. That is speed enough to keep the Wright Brothers and Marconi busy for some time. However, the Captain and the generous-hearted passengers decided that Monday should be observed as Sunday, and, therefore, in spirit we lost Monday instead. I wish you could hear all the wise speculations about this loss of a day. It is funny, and as mentally racking, as the old "13-14-15 puzzle." "Do the folks at home actually get the best of

us one day?" "Do they get that much more sleep, or when do we lose?" "Do we turn our watches ahead thirty minutes now instead of back as we did before?" "Will we be a day ahead or behind when we get all the way around?" One man, the most profound, thought he gave a solution by saying, "Why don't they cut out one day everywhere at the same time?" Then everybody will be even." Personally, I give it up, and as I feel to-day I shall not stop off at Fire Island to debate about the calendar when I get that close to home.

These long stretches of travel and time are severe strains, and only a sense of doing God's work could keep us patient. I have met some men who are going to the Philippines for dollars only, and are leaving their families behind. One man says he does not expect to see his family for three years. I think if it made the difference between their being hungry or being fed, I might go, but certainly not just to put some money in the bank.

When you get this, we will be pulling hard in Hongkong. It will be our most difficult city. Remember us there. We do not forget you and the co-operating friends for one day.

Very best greetings,
FRED. B. SMITH.

V

On Steamer *Chikugo Maru* of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Steamship Co., Japan to China, February 21, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. CANNON: Having finished our campaign in Japan, we are now catching our breath and getting a little rest of forty-eight hours as we cross the China Sea before beginning work in Shanghai. I send back to you a greeting, and a little message concerning the progress of the Kingdom in this far-away land. I do not know that I ever found it more difficult to write any intelligent or adequate statement concerning any piece of work in which I have been engaged. There have been running through my mind so many things about which I would like to write to you, and yet there is such a confusion in it all that I do not know whether I can state anything so that you can clearly understand it. The fact is, I believe if I would stop over here for a while without undertaking to learn the language, it would not be very long before I would go raving mad trying to make myself understood. You try to penetrate this life with an ordinary idea, and you have had a crowd of Japanese standing around listening and saying "Yes! yes! yes!" to everything you say. Presently you discover that they have not understood one jot or tittle of it all, that you have wasted your energy for nothing, and after a while you feel as though you would just like to jump up and down. We have been through so many of these experiences that I do not know whether I can dictate an intelligent letter, and I am not quite sure but that Lathrop's pen has gotten so fogged with the Japanese dialect that even that may refuse to work.

For such a brief time as we have had, it would be daring for me to say much about the country or the people. While we have been here, they have had one of their greatest national holidays, the one known as "Empire Day," to commemorate the founding of the Japanese Empire about twenty-three hundred years before Christ, and therefore a whirlwind world tourist needs to go pretty cautiously about giving out cock-sure ideas. Yet, I think there is something very beautiful about the unrestrained first impressions of any new country. I have often wished that I could be thrilled again by London as I was the first time I saw it. Those first throbs are grand experiences in any new country. This has been especially true in Japan. I think the first impression is that everything seems to be upside down and inside out. Everything at first seems to be reversed; the signs read up and down instead of horizontally; the people walk to the left instead of to the right; they wear white for mourning instead of black; at funerals they laugh instead of weep; the "back yards" are in front of the house instead of in the rear. Then to top it all off, their "zitas," wooden shoes, rattle like a regiment of cavalry coming down the road. Altogether it just seems a general confusion. And yet, when you have waited a little while, it is the old, old story—they are busy about the same things that everybody else is busy about. It is the problem of bread, life and God.

I presume, however, of the more striking things we will always remember that we were here during one of the great political upheavals. I have no doubt that the New York papers, especially one I know of, had some very lurid coloring concerning the riots in Tokyo on the 11th. But we were there, and were in the Imperial Hotel, where the crowds did throw some stones through the front windows, but, after all, it was like a Sunday-

school picnic compared with getting a street car at the Brooklyn Bridge about five o'clock any night, and I would rather take my chances any time in a Tokyo riot than to be on Broadway on New Year's or election night. We saw a little of it. We saw the crowds and we knew the place was disturbed. While upon the surface it was not violent, down deep the very foundations of the empire were being moved. Nobody says out loud that it is finally directed at the Imperial throne, but around in quiet corners, there is a whispered murmur and an asking whether or not the same thing may not be happening in Japan which has happened in China. Prince Katsura, the Prime Minister, and the entire Cabinet resigned because they were not liberal enough in democratic principles to satisfy the great mass of the people. All that is lacking in Japan now seems to be a Sun Yat Sen to literally sweep them through to a full republican form of government.

I think if I were with you now and were trying to tell you some of the outstanding impressions, perhaps the first I would name would be the awful apparent struggle to live. As I remember India, I think possibly it is equal to Japan in this respect, but certainly India's struggle is not more severe than is that of the Japanese. Nearly fifty millions of people crowded upon these little islands present a food problem that is simply overwhelming. If we ever farm the United States as closely and carefully as they are farming Japan, we can take care of a billion people. It is perfectly amazing to see little plots, four feet square, that have been banked up and made into wheat and rice fields. Every possible spot of ground which can yield a vegetable or cereal is made to work. This, of course, involves a fierce labor problem.

Apparently, the cheapest labor in Japan is that of

women. We have seen them doing every kind of heavy task, which in our country would only be undertaken by modern steam and electrical appliances. Just the other day I saw about thirty women around an immense pile driver pulling the hammer up by hand to drive the piles where a new bridge was being constructed.

The next cheapest labor here evidently is that of men. One of the most frequent sights is that of a man hitched up to a load positively big enough for the best horse in New York State. The more astonishing thing is that he makes it go. He does not kick, balk or falter. We have heartrending conditions among working people, but we have nothing which approaches the situation here. Robins has investigated with care this question, and finds that children get from four to eight cents per day, women get twelve to eighteen cents and men twenty-five to thirty-five cents. There are no labor laws regulating hours, ages, compensation or conditions, although they are now being agitated. Of course, the wages paid must be considered in relation to the cost of living, which is low, but not enough to give one full meal a day upon this basis. This is one of the problems of the Church, for a missionary may preach his head off to a starving people to no avail. Great changes, however, are going to be brought about rapidly, for the best men of the nation are keen for improvement.

Then, of course, I would seem not to have been properly impressed by Japan if I failed to make mention of "Fuji." We were particularly fortunate in coming into the harbor of Yokohama to have the morning clear, bright and sunshiny, and Fuji, the great mountain, was in view at her best. I do not wonder that the people rave over it. It mounts up there high above the small buildings and rather miniature people, miniature trains, miniature everything, grand enough to challenge the

attention of the whole world, twelve thousand feet of eternal pure white snow. I am sure there is not a more beautiful sight anywhere on earth than this great mountain, and it is not at all strange that they should include it in their objects of worship.

But of all the things in Japan, that which is constantly brought to your attention, everywhere and every day, is the delightful and wonderful courtesy of the people. I venture the assertion that it is not equalled anywhere in the world. To us rather untutored westerners, it is quite amusing to see them bow and then bow again and yet again. I have watched people coming into meetings bowing and bowing to each other until I thought I would have to go outside and have a good laugh. Every Japanese speaker, when he rises, before he begins his address, makes a low bow. I think there have been twenty-five times when I have seen a speaker make this introductory bow that I have bowed my head, supposing prayer was to be offered, and then, after keeping my head down for a while, I would find out it was only the courtesy of the speaker in thus presenting himself to the audience. I assure you that this supreme courtesy is no formal characteristic. It is not affected, it is not put on, it is real and genuine, and I wish we westerners could learn some of it. It would do us good.

While, of course, we are not out here to study the commercial or economic problems, yet we are everywhere face to face with the reconstruction which is going on. Modern business methods are rapidly possessing the land. Great factories are being built for producing woolen, silk, linen and steel goods, and very soon the old order of the famous hand work by the Japanese women in the home will disappear. Their banks are modern; their rural delivery of mails and parcel-post

system make ours look a century old and out of date. They are the most thirsty people in the world for education. Any school or college, at morning, noon or night, will be crowded. You not infrequently see jinrikisha boys sitting over a charcoal fire reading books, papers and magazines.

During the year 1912, they exported \$6,000,000 worth of tea, \$7,000,000 worth of rice and \$67,000,000 worth of silk. I could not learn the amount of the ship building and steel manufacturing industries, but they, too, are large. The change is swift, and you may be sure that in all the reckonings of the future, commercially, socially and politically, as well as religiously, Japan must be given a large place in consideration.

In this reconstruction I venture to say that the greatest thing that is happening is the new birth in the realm of religion. Of all these nations that are now spoken of as non-Christian, I feel no hesitancy in saying that Japan presents the most unique situation. There is no state or national religion. While Buddhism leads numerically, it does not lead in influence, for the great men of Japan—great politically, commercially and socially, are not Buddhists. They say freely that Buddhism cannot be Japan's religion, and now, by an official act, every religion is placed upon a par. There is to be no preference shown. Not only this, but the most remarkable thing in this country happened in December when the national Minister of Education called together some picked representatives of Buddhism, Shintoism and Christianity, and said to them that what Japan was standing most in need of at the present time was a new moral awakening, and that he felt sure this could only be brought about by a vitalization of religion. He then called upon the representatives of each of these faiths to put up a more vigorous program. This pre-

sents a most overwhelming opportunity for the Christian forces to show what they can do. Buddhism is evidently seeing the handwriting on the wall, and I believe that Buddhists are rallying themselves for their last tremendous fight, so far as Japan is concerned.

Contact with this faith is not altogether new to me. I have known a little of it before, but never until the past few days have I seen Buddhist priests out on the streets preaching. Old missionaries tell us that they have not seen the like of it in fifty years. I, myself, have recently seen a dozen of these meetings. In other words, the Buddhists are so aroused over the trend of things that they have sent out a clarion call for their priests to go out on the streets and begin to evangelize, and they are at it hard. There is no minimizing the fact that there is an awful fight on here. Buddhism will contend for every inch of the ground. Shintoism is not so vigorous, and the wisest men say that it will rapidly disappear.

Over against this stands the wonderfully inspiring triumph of Christianity. I wish some of our half-hearted Christian people who go at their religion as though it were an irksome task could get a look at the ripened fruit of Christianity as it stands out here in bold relief against these non-Christian influences. It is simply magnificent!

It is true that there are only about two hundred thousand Protestant church members in the Empire, but when you think that this has been brought about, starting from nothing about fifty years ago, it is nothing less than a miracle. The first Protestant Christian convert in Japan was baptized in Yokohama in 1864. The supreme evidence of the growth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is found not in the work of the foreign missionaries who are here, unspeakably grand as that is, but in the independent churches which are springing up all

over the country. I took a picture the other day of a very beautiful Congregational church with a high spire reaching above everything around it, with a cross on top, the church facing the grounds of the Emperor's palace, and the park where only a few years ago, they were hunting the Christians down and assassinating them at sight.

I cannot begin to attempt to name the great Japanese preachers we have met out here, but many of the men with whom we have come into contact would be acceptable ministers for our strongest churches at home or anywhere. They are princely men. I think I can understand now what Mott meant when he said at the close of his recent journey that he believed Christianity was so thoroughly established in Japan that if we should let it die out in North America, these Japanese would cross the seas and re-evangelize us. I believe that thoroughly. I am sure I have met Japanese Christian leaders out here who would not hesitate to lay down their lives if necessary to evangelize any part of the world.

The other night in Yokohama, I received in one room the evidence of this romance of Christian power and growth. I stood talking to the grand old Dr. Loomis, missionary of the American Board, who came out here something like fifty years ago. When he arrived, there were known to be just twelve professing Japanese Christians throughout the whole Empire. While he stood talking with me, he turned and pointed across the room at a fine type of Japanese minister, and said, "Some years ago I baptized that young man as one of my converts, and he is now the pastor of an entirely independent, self-supporting church of 1,126 members."

Then along by the side of the growth of these independent Japanese churches, there comes the work of



Rev. C. Nakayama, thirty-eight years Methodist minister
in Japan

the great Christian schools and colleges. We have visited so many of them that I could not attempt to tell you about them all, but two have made the greatest impression upon me. One is the Methodist Episcopal School Aoyama at Tokyo, of which Dr. Agata is President. They have nine hundred students. It was just like a good old time Methodist Church when I had the privilege of speaking to them. The other school, and the one which I suppose has most influenced the Empire, is the famous Doshisha at Kyoto, founded by that marvelous Christian Neesima, who, without any doubt, burned up his life prematurely in working for its welfare, and over which Dr. Horada now presides as President. They have over a thousand boys, and I think it is fair to say that it is a pretty difficult thing for any boy to go through a four or five years' course under that influence and not come out a Christian. These, however, are only types of many more where we had the privilege of holding meetings.

Then there are hospitals and libraries and settlements. The fact is, these mighty missionaries are not forgetting anything that can possibly help to exemplify Jesus Christ.

Another token of victory is the splendid work of the Young Men's Christian Associations. There has never been a day in my life when I was gladder to be a Young Men's Christian Association secretary than in Japan. I have visited nations and countries where you were made to feel a bit ashamed to be classified as an Association secretary, but you can hold your head up high in Japan with that title. Their work, of course, is not perfect, and it never will be, but I will say that I have never seen such a volume of high grade work being done under such handicaps as I have witnessed in these Young Men's Christian Associations in Japan. They are led

and largely influenced first of all by the statesmanlike spirit of the National Secretary, Galen M. Fisher. He would not thank me for any fulsome praise, but I declare to you, I cannot help saying that he is about one of the biggest men in our whole Brotherhood, at home or abroad. And associated with him in various capacities are Andrews, Jorgenson, Phelps, Wilbur, Gleason, Hibbard, Trueman and Davis, while there is coming to the front the Japanese leadership under such powerful men as Niwa, Komatsu, Yamamoto, Kurahara, Omura, Tsunashima and Takabatake.

We have splendid buildings at Tokyo, Kyoto, Nagasaki and Kobe. There are a dozen other cities which ought to have buildings, but the two most marked needs are at Yokohama, a city of 450,000 people, and where they are now doing work in some terribly crowded and inefficient rented quarters, and at Osaka, the Pittsburgh of Japan, with a million and a quarter of inhabitants. Osaka has shops, factories and mills of every description, while the Association has an old building put up twenty-five years ago, thoroughly worn and out of date, and yet the other night in that building we had over six hundred men in the gospel meeting, and at the very same hour there were over four hundred young men in educational classes. They were crowded in like sardines in a closely packed box.

I shall come home ready to look square in the eye every man who has ever spent a dollar in any form of Christian work in Japan and tell him that he has gotten his full money's worth, and that he is an honored man.

I must say at least a word about our own work. We have visited and worked in Yokohama, Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Kobe and Nagasaki. If anybody had said to me before we started that we could make such an impression in Japan as I am told we have

made, I could not have believed it. It has been beyond our greatest faith. We have had three types of meetings. The one that has been given the most prominence has been the series of conferences of church officers, pastors and missionaries. These in every city have run to about one hundred and seventy-five in attendance, and in all except one place, we have had a fair, unhurried opportunity to discuss the whole method of the Men and Religion Movement with these people. We saw the Men and Religion program fit, as though it was made from Heaven, some of the situations in our own country, but I am perfectly sure it never seemed to fit in any situation more powerfully than out here. They have flocked around us with words of appreciation. So urgent has become the need of giving all the Christian forces of Japan this message of the Men and Religion Movement that we are having printed a pamphlet in Japanese upon the Movement, including all of the charts we used at home and some special recommendations based upon our conferences with pastors and missionary leaders. This will spread the Men and Religion Movement all over Japan. The younger pastors, especially, have snapped at it. There have been three things in our presentation which seem to be of peculiar help to these earnest Christian workers. First, we have urged upon every Young Men's Christian Association and every Church to carry on this type of work themselves by organizing the lay forces. This has been a rather new note, especially in the churches. Second, the undreamed-of way in which Robins' message has been received. I think the big-hearted fellow himself was doubting a little as to whether he could make his type of message adaptable in this country, but I believe honestly and sincerely that its unique place is even more significant here in Japan than it was at home. They have

every problem we have, including boys' work, the vice question, labor problems and welfare movements. They are all here. Robins has been sought by municipal officers, mayors, college presidents and politicians. They will long remember this Social Service message and messenger. The third is the quartet. Of course, we knew they would help tremendously, not only with their music, but by their valiant service in personal work, shop and factory meetings, but there was a vastly more significant element with which we had not reckoned. The Japanese churches are having a struggle to adapt and develop the right kind of gospel music. They are in some places organizing men's choruses. There are a few male quartets, doing some singing, but it is rather in its preparatory stage, and all along the line the missionaries have spoken in loudest praise of the influence of the quartet, not only for their immediate spiritual message, but because they are going to set the standard for a lot of work of that kind. I am satisfied that there will be a great awakening in the question of gospel music following the work of the quartet.

In addition to these conferences with Christian workers, we have had large opportunities with non-Christians, especially in the Universities. It has been our unique privilege to hold meetings without any limitations or restrictions whatever in every great University in the country. This reached its climax in an invitation to have Robins speak in the Imperial University at Kyoto, this being the first time in the history of that institution when an invitation had been extended to a professional Christian speaker. He was invited there without any strings attached to him whatever, and he gave them just the same kind of a message that he has been giving everywhere. One of the professors, a



A typical conference of Christian workers representing twenty-three different churches held in the Y.M.C.A., Kobe

Shinto, who presided at the meeting, was gracious enough to send a note down to me that evening at the hotel, thanking me for the privilege of having had Mr. Robins at the University.

Again and again we have held meetings in the largest auditorium available, and have been unable to get into it all the men who came. I spoke in the Association at Tokyo on the second night there, with the men packed in everywhere, and standing outside at the windows.

At Kyoto we had a riot. The hall will seat about twelve hundred comfortably. They admitted sixteen hundred and fifty, then the crowd outside who could not get in nearly tore down the front of the building demanding admission. They had to keep somebody at the front door during the whole evening, explaining that the hall was full and that they could not admit any more.

Thus you can see that God has opened for us a very wide door of service even in the little time we were in Japan.

Possibly you will get a little view of the spirit of appreciation manifested by our Association fellows in the following extract taken from a card which just came to us from Gleason, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Osaka:

“Dear Smith, Robins, Gilbert, Metcalf, Keeler, Peck, Lathrop and various trunks, typewriter, cameras, charts, etc., etc. A few words would fail to tell you how much we have appreciated your brief visit. But there is no doubt that it is hearty. Come again as soon as you can. You are a fine lot, roses without thorns, peaches without stones, and genuine good fellows. Your spirit of no criticism and honest desire to serve

has left only pleasant memories behind you. Our prayers go with you."

I shall not try to tell you very much about the special events. The fact is, we have not permitted ourselves to go sight-seeing very much, but we have sandwiched in visits to some of the most interesting places. We have seen some of the great temples at Kamakura and the wonderful "Shiba" at Tokyo, and then it is just temples, temples, temples everywhere. Paul Gilbert said yesterday that he hoped he never would have to look at another temple as long as he lived. You can catch something of the power of this when I tell you there are ten thousand Buddhist priests in Kyoto alone, and about as many Buddhist temples.

There has been one very amusing feature all along the way in the presence of a few women in every meeting. Of course our meetings are supposed to be for men and boys only, but these Christian women rebel against that exclusive idea, and when the secretaries remonstrate with them, they say their "inheritance" in Christianity is a right to go to the meetings. They have for so long endured the oppression of Buddhism and Shintoism that they now propose to exercise their gospel liberty, and "Men Only" signs at religious meetings do not affect them at all. Really, it is a beautiful thing, even if they have disconcerted some of our nicely laid plans. Nothing grander can be said for Christianity than the contrast between the women of non-Christian lands and those dominated by the Gospel, so we gladly surrendered.

We have enjoyed being entertained at some of the famous Japanese dinners. You ought to see me double up on the floor in front of a charcoal fire and cook sukiyaki. It is a great combination. I would give

forty dollars to see you try it. Positively all you get for implements is a couple of chop sticks. If you cannot get some rice and chopped vegetables and meat on those two sticks, you starve, that is all. I thought that some of the hosts would come to our rescue, but they do not help you a bit. And yet these are little social events never to be forgotten, and we would have been sorry enough had we missed them. We had one of them in a student hostel at Tokyo where about forty of us sat on the floor in one little room. We had fifteen of the charcoal fires going, and a chafing dish on each. We had another at Osaka with about the same number, and there had a company of pastors and missionaries who gave us the story of the Christian conquest of Osaka in a way that I suppose we never would have gotten it at all had we not been at that dinner.

We had the peculiar privilege and honor of being invited to go through the Emperor's palace at Kyoto. Our American Ambassador Anderson very kindly got us the permit.

Then what shall I say about jinrikishas? Upon my soul, I have climbed into one of those jinrikishas so many times and started out for a two or three mile run, with a boy pulling me who was about one-third my size, when I have been ashamed of myself, yet that is about the only means of transportation. There is no such thing as a hack or carriage to be had. The larger cities have street cars going upon certain principal thoroughfares, but usually it is a jinrikisha or you do not go, and how those little Japanese can pull and run! I cannot understand it. They run all the time. There is no such thing as stopping to walk until they have reached the end of the journey. The penalty for my size is usually to pay *excess* fare. I do not be-

lieve there is a jinrikisha boy in all Japan (and there are about a million of them) who cannot speak enough English to say "Very heavy man." They may not be able to say anything else, but they all have that much.

Perhaps the outstanding memory will be the little farewell tea and reception which was tendered us in Tokyo the last afternoon we were there. Our men felt that it was a most significant and wonderful gathering. The following gentlemen met us and spent about two hours in an informal conference, speech-making, and tea: Hon. S. Ebara, President of the Tokyo Young Men's Christian Association and a member of the House of Peers, Mayor Baron Sakatani, Prof. Dr. Anazaki, Professor of History and Philosophy of Religion in the Imperial University, Baron N. Kikkawa, graduate of Harvard and a member of the House of Peers, Dr. F. Uzawa, M.P., Barrister, Counsel in Korean Conspiracy Trial, Baron N. Konda, graduate of Amherst and Dean of Higher Commercial School, Dr. H. Fuknoka, graduate of Yale University and Professor of International Law, Imperial University, Prof. T. Suguiru, Ph.D., Professor of St. Paul's University, Rev. K. Tsunashima, graduate of Yale Seminary and Pastor of a Congregational Church, Dr. T. Namae, graduate of Wesleyan, Charity Expert, Department of Interior, Mr. S. Otsuka, Director, Club Work, South Manchuria Railway, Mr. A. Hayashi, Manager, Imperial Hotel, and Mr. K. Yamamoto, General Secretary of the Tokyo Young Men's Christian Association. Mayor Baron Sakatani in his remarks said: "We owe a good deal to you westerners. You have helped us in many of our ideals of government and commerce. But along with the incoming of beneficial western ideas, there has been the penalty of the breakdown of the old order of religion, and we have



Committee of officers who gave farewell tea to the team in Tokyo

Committee of officers who gave farewell tea to the team in Tokyo. Front row from left to right: Baron Kikawa, House of Peers, Graduate of Harvard University. Hon. S. Ebara, Member of Parliament. Baron Sakatani, Mayor of Tokyo. Prof. Anazaki, Chair of Comparative Religion, Imperial University

lost what restraining power it had. Now the west ought to be willing to do a great deal for us in helping to establish some form of religion which will take the place of that which we have lost." He then paid a most cordial tribute to all missionaries and Christian workers, but with peculiar commendation for the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. He is not a Christian, and spoke not from the standpoint of a man who was convinced of the truth of Christianity, but rather from the standpoint of one of their great leaders in public and political life who sees the need of some form of moral energy to take hold of this country in the hour of its awful need.

Most of our contact, of course, had been in the great crowded cities, and, were peculiarly glad to be able to get an afternoon last week in what is known as the "Mustard Seed Mission" at Hachiman, at some distance from the railroad. The missionary in charge is William M. Vories. He came out here seven years ago and asked that he be sent back to some interior place where he could begin a work right from the foundation. It is almost beyond belief to see what that man has accomplished during that time. He is an architect by profession, and like the famous Apostle Paul, he desired to earn his own way, so that he is self-supporting. He has built a hospital, a good Young Men's Christian Association building, a splendid school, and has bought and established an experimental farm three miles out in the country so that he can help the Japanese farmers in better methods. Altogether he has literally transformed the life, not of only the village but of the whole community round about.

I am sure you can understand that there is a good deal of tenderness out here as we meet those homesick, hard-worked missionaries. This has been especially

true in the singing of the quartet. When they hear some of the old hymns they used to sing and have not heard for a long time, we get a little view into the depths of their hearts, and see how hungry many of them are for home. God pity the Christian at home who is failing to share in their battle.

Yesterday, as we were *en route* to Nagasaki, Dr. J. H. Pettee, a representative of the American Board, was at the train to meet us at Okayama, where we made a little stop. He had with him four or five missionaries, and about twenty of his associate workers, Bible women, evangelists and village preachers. Some of them had traveled long distances just for the privilege of getting a look at us for that stopover of ten minutes.

I must not fail to tell you about our achievement yesterday in getting away from Nagasaki. As a part of the penalty of trying to penetrate this life with our ordinary English language, instead of being checked from Kobe to Nagasaki, my two trunks were checked in the opposite direction and were sent to Osaka, with the result that when I arrived in Nagasaki ready to sail for China, I had about two collars, one shirt and a handkerchief. We started the telegraph wires working as hard as we could, but by the closest possible connections, my trunks would not arrive at Nagasaki until 6:10, and the boat, the *Chikugo Maru* of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line, was scheduled to sail at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I put on my best smile and called upon the gallant Captain K. Sato and asked him if it would be possible for him to hold the boat two hours. I was told before going by the officers of the Company in Nagasaki, and by the editor of the paper, an Englishman who has been out here many years, that it would be absolutely useless to make the request, for it had not been done in the history of the Company, and that the

boat always started exactly on the minute, just as the railroad trains. After an interview in which I conveyed to the Captain the nature of our work, and how much I needed my trunks, he said he would hold the boat until 6:30. We were all in great glee over it. We finished our work, then I went to the railroad station, only to learn that by a later development the trunks could not arrive until 7:58. I thought then, of course, that it was all up with me, and that we would have to go on without my trunks, and it looked as though we could not get them before reaching Manila, possibly not until we arrived in Australia. Under this pressure, I went back to the ship, found all of our fellows standing with the Captain anxiously awaiting the news, and we were a rather depressed lot when I told them that the trunks could not arrive until 8 o'clock. Then, in the gentlest voice of which I am capable, I asked the Captain if he could hold the boat until 8:30, which would mean four hours and a half wait. He asked me if I had some important papers in my trunks. I thought a man was justified in saying he had, even though the most critical thing involved was a clean shirt, and so I assured him that there were important documents in both trunks. Then, with that marvelous Japanese courtesy, he quietly said that he would wait until 8:30. It created a commotion of course. I am satisfied that, way down deep in this man's heart, the real reason was that either he himself is almost persuaded to be a Christian or else that he has a son who has been in some of our Young Men's Christian Associations, or that some of his family are Christians. I am hoping yet to get the secret from him. Surely it was some touch of that kind in his life, for it has never been done before, we were told that it could not be done, and for any ordinary commercial proposition it would not have been done. Anyway, we prac-

ticed our true Americanism and held up one of the Imperial Government's steamers for four and a half hours while we hunted up some lost trunks.

I do not know whether I have written you that our party has been increased by one. Coming out from Honolulu, we were delighted to find that Mr. Alexander Hyde, son of our mighty friend Mr. A. A. Hyde of Wichita, was a passenger on the same boat. He was coming out on business, and inasmuch as he has to go half way around the world and cannot reach home in any case until June, we urged him to accompany us, and he has decided to do so. He is a royal fellow, and we are going to enjoy his company very much.

I need not tell you that sometimes we ourselves get mighty homesick. Of course our task is not to be put in the same list with that of these folks who come out to stay, but, after all, ours has its difficulties. We are constantly thinking of home, and are ever and again reminded of our duties there, yet, amid it all, as the weeks pass, I think we know more fully every day that God is leading us and that He prompted the undertaking. I think I would be willing to give five years out of my life if that were the only way by which I could have delivered this message in Japan. I am as sure as I am of life that this sounding out of the message of the Men and Religion Movement is going to go down in history to the glory of God and of the Church, not only at home, but around the world.

I am afraid I have written you so much that you will weary in reading, but I cannot help the desire to write to somebody, for I want some of these impressions to be so recorded that they may possibly live for a long time to come.

Yours very sincerely,

FRED. B. SMITH.



Lieut.-Col. Yamamuro of the Japanese Salvation Army

VI

On Steamer *Derfflinger*, Hongkong to Manila, P. I.,
March 5, 1913.

DEAR MR. CANNON: Whatever purpose God had in our being in China for a little while, is fulfilled, or at least we have closed the active personal part in it for the present, and now we are out on the big sea again *en route* to Manila. Thinking over these days and of you and of home, I have felt almost as though I would not write a single word about China. We have only seen the port cities, and that does not give any adequate idea of such a vast country. Then, too, we have just been knocked endways by what we have seen.

If I write you of present convictions, I may be in peril of giving a wrong idea, for there is another side to everything, and it seems impossible to try to interpret our experiences without injustice to somebody. I think I wrote you in something of the same refrain about Japan, but the situation is vastly more complicated here. However, there are a few convictions I am prepared to record anywhere, for I am sure they are founded on facts.

Perhaps the comment which has broken most frequently and involuntarily from our lips has been "Poor China!" Here are at least 400,000,000 people, and they seem so helpless as viewed from their contact with the powerful great North American and European nations. This is most marked at Shanghai and Hongkong. At each there is a European settlement that is as modern as London, Paris, Berlin, New York or Chicago, with massive buildings, wide streets, boulevards,

wards, parks and gardens. Then in five minutes' ride in jinrikishas you are in the "old city," where you would not think human beings could exist. Streets too narrow for two people to walk abreast; cats, dogs, pigs, chickens, men, women and children all huddled in the same rooms. There is, of course, an element of the better class who live in affluent circumstances, but they are only a drop in the great sea of the millions. Christianity has a problem of housing and helping people to know how to live, as well as of teaching the Bible, if China is to be redeemed.

Then there seems so much to be done to get really started here. There are no labor laws of any kind. We have seen little seven-year-old girls working in mills fourteen hours without a stop for a bite to eat. They must eat with one hand while they keep the spindle going with the other, and the whole for the princely sum of ten cents per day. We saw old women and young girls carrying thirty-eight bricks, at nine pounds per brick (three hundred and forty-two pounds), up a mountain two thousand feet high, to build a mansion. Every brick and board in it is being transported up there by that labor at about fifteen cents per day. We have severe labor problems in America, but if anywhere in the United States there was such a scene as I witnessed at Hongkong, the nation would be in an uproar in twenty-four hours. There is no adequate educational law. The women of all except the higher caste practically cannot read or write at all. The contrast in these respects between Japan and China is very great. The Japanese have labor laws, compulsory education, interest laws and much very progressive legislation. China has it all to do.

Then, again, China is terribly in the grip of the white man. There are fourteen different "settlements"



A typical Chinese coolie fisherman

in Shanghai, each one of them governed by some European or American power. Of course, among these men there are some grand men, true, honest and sincere; but the rank and file of them are out here to exploit the Chinese, squeeze the blood out of them and get back home with the spoils. That may seem harsh, but it is a fact. They hate the missionaries and Sun Yat Sen, Yuan Shi Kia, Wu-Ting-Fang, Wong Ching Hui, Ivan Chen and all the rest of the Republicans, because they are disturbing their game. One very prominent official in Hongkong has openly declared that he does not want to see anything done for the "damn Chinamen." They are having to fight their way up against great odds.

I am persuaded of this: If I were to be a missionary in any non-Christian land I would want to get clear away from the influence of the white man. That is a terrible thing to say, yet I am forced to believe it, not only by personal observation, but by the unbroken testimony of the missionaries we have met. Added to these problems is the financial crisis of the government. Here is a nation of unlimited resources. No engineer has been found great enough to give any estimate of the iron ore of the interior mountains. It is so vast that it cannot be computed. Baron Van Richthofen, who was sent out by the German government to investigate the coal deposits, says that there is enough coal in China to supply the whole world for two thousand years. Their agricultural asset is also inestimable. Yet they seem unable thus far to get their products marketed to advantage, and therefore the burden of debt threatens almost the very life of the nation.

However, I must not give you too somber a view, for notwithstanding these distressing facts, great China is arousing herself, and no power can stop her. They have mighty men; we have met some of them. They

have seen a great light and are determined that the present order shall be changed. The revolution is a marvel in itself. Other nations for a far less issue shed rivers of blood. Our own dear land purchased the liberty of four million slaves at an awful cost. Just now we are reading the story of the brutality and unwarranted murder and assassination of the Mexican rebellion and that in a land that the religious maps mark as Christian. The Chinese have carried through the most unprecedented reformation with but very little bloodshed. A nation was born almost in a day out here, and despite the jingoist, the demagogues and the white politicians, the best thinking people here have no doubt that it has come to stay.

Then upon every hand we heard the story of the break-down of the old orders of religion. I myself took a picture of the old temple in Kowloon where the idols are tumbling down and pigs had taken the place for a convenient pen. While this is going on, Christianity is blossoming in a thousand ways. Vastly more than in church buildings and members only. Hospitals, libraries, schools, colleges, universities, medical dispensaries, model prisons, homes for the blind, the deformed, the insane and other unfortunates, are springing up everywhere. Many of these are now under municipal supervision, though they freely say that Christianity brought the ideal.

Here, as in Japan, I have been most interested to learn how far the independent, self-supporting Chinese Church has been developed, and that is the deepest cause for courage and thanksgiving. Churches of three hundred, four hundred, six hundred, eight hundred and one thousand members are not infrequent, where there has never been a dollar of direct missionary money invested. They are rising to their opportunities and



Mr. C. S. Liang, of Hongkong, editor of the first Christian daily paper in China

have a moral determination that cannot easily be thwarted. This is evidenced not only by the rapidity of the revolution and the establishment of a republican form of government, but in the wiping out of the opium traffic, which is one of the marvels of the twentieth century. We of the west have but a poor conception of what was involved. Not only was there the deep-seated habit of the people, but the financial loss was terrific. The best authorities place the lowest estimate at \$144,225,000 loss in the three years necessary to readjust the land to other crops, to say nothing of the great commercial firms that were wiped out of existence in a day. They anticipated the critic who said "prohibition wouldn't prohibit," and they made the violation of the law punishable by death. Needless to say, it prohibits. While investigating this, I could not help being ashamed of my own country on the whiskey question. We are nursing in our bosom a worse devil than opium, and are dealing out maudlin bosh about the property interests involved, and the fear that the law cannot be enforced, and a lot more cheap talk too ridiculous for a country that produced Abraham Lincoln. The Chinese have answered that kind of stuff.

They have also to their credit the open educational policy which came with one sweep. Ten years ago no man could think of holding any public office except he be a member of the "Literati," a graduate of the old form of Government examination. To-day it is as open as Canada or the United States.

There must also be observed the cutting off of the "pig tails" almost in a single day. This may not be in the same class, but it does carry the same general lesson. The long cue was regarded as the insignia of the old order of politics and religion, and when they started, they finished the job. There are only a few left in

central or southern China. I was taking a photograph one day of the seven hundred students in the day educational school of the Young Men's Christian Association of Shanghai. A boy with a pig tail tried to slip into the group. You ought to have seen them go after him. They chased him clear over a stone wall into another street. Because of our distance from China we have but a poor idea of what is happening there in these lines. It is wonderful, and is an earnest of what may be expected in the years to come.

No wonder greedy commercial men are suspicious of the missionaries, for on every hand it is freely commented that these "fancy notions" are the result of the teaching of the principles of the Gospel by the missionaries. These results, plus growing churches, missions and Young Men's Christian Associations, answer absolutely the query about the final triumph of the Christian faith in great stirring China. Remembering, too, that Morrison began his missionary work in 1807, and worked until 1814 before he baptized his first convert.

You are expecting me to tell something of our own work, and I must hasten or I will have wearied you before I get to it. The message and method here again seemed to fit as though it had been prepared especially for China. I wish you men who are so vitally back of us could hear some of the comments of these missionaries and Christian workers. American Consul-General Wilder of Shanghai, in bidding me goodbye, said that he felt it to be the greatest mission of that character which he had witnessed during his stay of ten years in the Orient. Perhaps the following letter from Rev. Edward Evans of the China Christian Literature Society will give you a little idea of how our work is being received.

“ SHANGHAI, CHINA, February 22, 1913.

DEAR BROTHER SMITH: My heart is full of thanksgiving after that meeting this P.M. You have made an impression here in these days beyond my most sanguine hopes. There has been the clear note of healthy utterance throughout, with the so evident endorsement of the Holy Spirit. God bless you. I pray that you will be led to come here again, for you have a work to do in this place. I feel sure of it, and shall ask the Lord to keep it on your heart.

Yours in His service,

(REV.) EDWARD EVANS.”

Totaling our whole work since leaving, we have held 158 different meetings with a complete attendance of 37,161. Robins has spoken 87 times and I have spoken 88 times. The quartet has sung 345 times and attended 125 meetings.

Out of the multitude of impressions and thoughts that have been filling our minds during these days, there are three, I think, which take the supreme place.

First.—The responsibility of the people of Christian lands to extend the Gospel to these less privileged of the Orient is not simply a sentimental thing. It is with us as an irresistible, unchangeable law. We cannot escape from it if we would. “Bear ye one another’s burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ” will have to be cut out of our Bibles or else we must stand by this missionary program until it is finished. This is not only a Biblical injunction, but we westerners have been marvelously successful in exporting all of our vices, and ought to be equally diligent in extending our virtues. For instance, the open saloon with its music and attendant attractions was never known in China until western civilization came over here and established it. I am

told by the best authorities that chicanery in business, graft and the like were unknown elements in their life until our up-to-date western men appeared upon the scene. And there are other things I might name which are far worse. If we had no missionaries here they would utterly misunderstand us, and I am afraid we would be put down as being more heathen than any people on earth. Therefore not only from the Christian standpoint, but from the standpoint of a moral corrective, we are committed to transplanting the Christian gospel to this non-Christian land. And oh, how gladly we ought to give ourselves to it! I thank God for the privilege of being over here for what we have been able to do, but even more than that, I am grateful for this little touch because it may give me a new power in testifying at home for the whole Foreign Missionary propaganda.

Second.—The evangelization of North America is essential to world success. Just as intensely as I believe in our duty to the Orient, equally so do I believe that the evangelization of the world will never be accomplished without the evangelization of North America. I would say nothing but kindest words of appreciation for the Christian Englishmen, Scotchmen and Germans I have met in Japan and China, but after all, I do not believe that they have quite that breadth of vision concerning the indispensable place of Christianity in the lives of these people that has been vouchsafed to the men of Canada and the United States. We of the North American continent are millionaires by the grace of God, not only in resources of money, but in capacity to give it away in freedom from caste and in wise method of attack. We ought not to boast of our leadership, but with great humility to proceed to see to it that the Christian standards at home are exalted as they never

have been before. I have already expressed myself concerning the unfavorable influence of certain types of white men out in this needy region. The first night we were in Shanghai, we had the privilege of meeting with all of the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries and their families in their weekly conference and prayer meeting. The remarkable thing to me was that the burden of their anxiety and of their prayers that night was more largely centered upon the European and American men than upon the question of the conversion of the Chinese. That is, the winning of the Chinese now is comparatively an easy proposition, but when these missionaries met on that night, I thought there was some irony in the fact that they were lifting all their hearts in prayer that God would somehow overrule the distressing influences of Europeans and Americans. It is simply terrific to think that these nations which we call Christian should be sending out to the port cities of this nation of 400,000,000 people, in the hour when it is so ready to accept Christianity, some representatives of such low morals that the missionaries who are sent out primarily to work for the natives have to invest a good deal of their power in undoing the unfavorable effect of the non-Christians of their own lands.

I would not have you think that from the missionary standpoint the battle is over, or is even past its desperate stages. The strength of the Church in the great centers is only equalled by the weakness of it in some of the interior regions. We traveled with a Methodist missionary printer who is running a printing establishment on the border of Tibet, and he told us of there being 16,000,000 Tibetians without a single missionary of the Gospel among them. Only a few have ever penetrated that region, and every one who has gone in was martyred. And yet the striking part of it is that

there, on the border of that land of 16,000,000 people in absolute moral darkness and destitution, there are missionaries learning that language, waiting for a chance to get in. What a picture that is of the powerful urgency which the Gospel implants in the human heart! These missionaries who are thus waiting know what has been the fate of those who have gone before. Notwithstanding that, they are ready to be the next to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ into that forbidden territory.

I hope the time will come when our United States Government will not think of sending a man out to any form of official responsibility unless he is known to be a clean-cut, straight-out Christian man.

Third.—I am more thoroughly convinced than ever before that our religion is one of supernatural origin. A man may be a kind of a fake Christian at home, where there are plenty of churches and plenty of Christian restraints surrounding him, but he won't fake very long when you put him out in a life of this kind. It tells the story quickly. If his relation to Christ is real, he abides; if not, he soon drops by the way. It is nothing short of an undertaking that verges on insanity to come out here and expect to see conditions in China and Japan redeemed by anything less than supernatural power. It is most interesting to talk to men and see the contrast. The unconverted and worldly man sums up his whole idea by saying "Damn the Chinamen!" or "Damn the Japanese!" He sees no change taking place, and he dares hope for nothing better in the future. But these mighty warriors of God who have no doubt that they themselves have experienced a supernatural transformation, believe that that Divine influence which has worked wonders of grace in their lives, can be effective here, and they have no more sense

than simply to proceed to apply the Gospel all the time, carrying with them, by the eye of faith, the picture of a redeemed Orient. I do not believe I have ever seen a day when I had no faith in the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but I know I can testify now that it is deeper, more thoroughly fixed and more unchangeable than ever.

All along the line, mixed in with our work, there is constantly an element of tremendous humor and spice which helps very much in carrying the burden of the work. Nine times out of ten, when we are dealing with the ordinary Chinaman, he gets everything we undertake to tell him mixed up and turned around, and finally does just what you do not anticipate. While in Shanghai, Alexander Hyde, who is traveling with us, decided late one night, to go up to Nanking. He went back to the hotel while we were at a meeting, wrote me a note explaining that he would go there and would get back the next afternoon. Then he gave it to the "boy" and told him to either put it in my room or pin it on my door. He went away feeling that I would know just where he was. Fortunately, one of the clerks of the hotel told me he had gone, but I did not receive the note. When Mr. Hyde got back the next afternoon, he found the letter he had written to me in his own room, lying on the bed. He asked the boy why he did not give the letter to me and received the quiet answer "Me no find pin yet." He was perfectly honest. He fully intended to deliver the letter, and was "diligently" looking for a pin, but the idea that a question of three or four days in the time of delivery made any difference, never dawned upon him.

Then we have had great sport trying to get some suitable pictures. We have gotten a few, but it is almost impossible to get the really typical scenes. This

again is in contrast with Japan. There they would walk up with delight to be photographed. Here the lower classes are positively frightened out of their lives at the thought of having photographs taken. Women will grab their children and run. Men will hide their faces and do anything to keep away from the camera.

In Hongkong, one of the common means of transportation is to be carried on the shoulders of two coolies in a big wicker chair known as a sedan chair. This is not unique or a luxury. It is just as common as riding in a taxicab in New York City. We have tried by every kind of method to get a picture of one of our party in one of these chairs, and finally after repeated devices, we thought we had solved the problem. Robins, Lathrop and others were to stand on the side of the street with their camera and I was to hire a chair and ride past them while they snapped it. In some way these coolie boys got hold of the fact and they refused to take me. Then two policemen came up and they commanded them to go, for the law is that if you ask them to carry you they must do so. The policemen told me to get in and they would make the boys carry me. I did, and the boys got under and tried to lift it but fell flat on the ground and said that they could not possibly carry me for I was "too heavy man." We worked for days trying to get that kind of a picture, and with five or six cameras in the party we came away defeated.

Among the ordinary incidental impressions is that of the delightful dress of the Chinese women. It seems to me that the men make themselves cumbersome and uncomfortable. They wear long, heavy gowns which must be burdensome, but of all the places I have ever visited, it seems to me that the dress of the women in China is the most sensible and unique. They wear some kind of a silk kimona or mandrin, which comes about to the

knees, then loose, silk pantaloons, and now most of them have full-sized, comfortable slippers. Better than all else, they wear just a little simple cap in place of the vulgar, good-for-nothing, unscriptural, unsanitary, crazy headgear of our American women. I would be willing to raise a fund of a million dollars, and I am sure I could get it, if I could get as reasonable a method of dress for the women of the white nations as have these Chinese women. It is sanitary, it is modest and apparently comfortable, while our women indulge in the most unsanitary, immodest combination, and appear to be inflicting self-torture equal to any footbinding the Chinese ever knew.

Another one of those impressions that does not exactly classify itself anywhere, and yet one with which we are all of us equally concerned, is the folly of the attempt on the part of our various denominations to transplant their denominational distinctions into China, and indeed into the whole Orient for that matter. I had interviews with six of the greatest Chinese leaders of Christian activities. None of them wished to have their names quoted, for they did not want to seem to be out of harmony with their own denominations. Every man in the lot said that this is one of the most serious problems in the way of the progress of the Church. The whole system is so utterly meaningless to them that for the most part they are confused, and the stronger and educated ones are disgusted. I do not know that we can blame any one in particular for this, for it is only the result of a highly intensified denominationalism in the home countries, but it is positively a calamity. It would seem as though we ought to have progressed far enough to understand the real spirit of the Gospel sufficiently to call together the Protestant church forces and in some way to simplify the method of procedure

for the future. There is no more sense in having all the denominations hammering away out here, trying to propagate themselves, than there would be for the Fourth National Bank to have four different presidents speaking four different languages. Not only is it confusing and disturbing to the minds of both the Japanese and the Chinese, but the cruel waste of money in the administration is absurd.

Before closing this letter, I want once more to speak of the tremendous power and unique significance of the Associations out here. One of the greatest laymen in China, a man who has repeatedly represented his nation at foreign posts, and has figured very conspicuously in the revolution and in the organization of the republic, told me that he felt as though the Young Men's Christian Association must have been ordained from Heaven just to fit into the situation of the Chinese young men. Take just one Association, which I am told is only typical of many others, that at Shanghai. They have 1,900 members in the Association, with 700 men enrolled in day educational classes, and over 500 in systematic Bible study. Not a month passes but that they send young men to the churches for Christian baptism.

We of the North American Associations may well be thankful to God for the men who have been set apart to represent us. I have heard nothing but words of deepest appreciation for their work. We were sorry to miss great Brockman at Shanghai. He was compelled to go on north with Mott before we reached there, but from one end of the land to the other his name is the synonym for unselfish and efficient service. I do not think I am doing any injustice to any other men in Christian callings in China to say that he easily takes rank as the greatest man in the nation, so far as missionary statesmanship is involved.



Employed officers Y.M.C.A., Shanghai, and members of the Men and Religion team

If there is any time in our work when we do not have a meeting to go to, we are never at a loss for something to do, for when everything else fails, we are compelled to go out and buy some clothes to try to keep in harmony with the new style at each place we visit, or else to go out and get our "money changed." When we started, I thought we had the orthodox outfit. Each man was carrying two business suits, one cutaway, one frock coat and one full dress outfit. But, dear me, that won't get anywhere in the Orient. When we got to Japan, we had to get a certain kind of a slipper or else we could not get into half the places we wanted to visit. I lost ten pounds getting up and down, taking off my shoes and putting on those slippers. Then there has been some new angle to about every new city that had to be met, until I am now up to eleven full suits of clothes and six extra pairs of trousers. I expect to start a clothing store on Third Avenue when I get back, and I will put some of those famous clothiers who come from near the ancient Sea of Galilee clear out of business. Along with this, money changing is a fright. In some places in China you have to carry fourteen different kinds of money, for every time you cross a street, you are in a new "settlement" and that involves a different currency. You can start with ten dollars in the morning, thinking that you are going to make a small purchase, and begin to change your money to try to get in harmony with each settlement, and then decide you are going to try another place, so change your money again and you can come back to the hotel about "tiffin" time without a cent and without having made a single purchase. You simply lose the whole business with exchangers' fees. I have made one solemn resolution. When I get home I am going to put on an old flannel shirt and a pair of blue overalls, sit down on the

front porch, stick my feet over the railing, and sit there for one full afternoon without changing my money or my clothes.

In a few hours we will be landing in Manila. We have already received the advance program for our work there, and are assured of a typical eight-day campaign. They have a committee of seventy men organized, and are going to have everything that we had in any of our best campaigns at home last year. I can hardly express to you our sense of gratitude to Almighty God to-day. From the night we left New York City until this present hour, every campaign we have held, with one exception, has been up to a high point of power and efficiency. We were somewhat disappointed in Hongkong. I do not think they ever quite understood what we were trying to accomplish. With that one exception, the work has been perfectly grand. God has opened the door wide for us, and we are trying to be faithful.

With warmest love and increasing appreciation of the privilege we have in taking this message around the world, I am,

Yours as always,

FRED. B. SMITH.

VII

En route on Steamer Kumano Maru, Manila to Brisbane, Australia, March 18, 1913.

DEAR MR. CANNON: Once again we are out on the big blue sea and are having one of our longest pulls—thirteen days between Manila and Brisbane, Australia. I am dictating this message just as we are about to cross the equator. Of course, we are all more or less nervous about it, and although this is the fifth time I have been across, yet one never becomes entirely immune from anxiety, for, as you understand, we have to find one of those open places to pass through, and if the ship, through any inadvertent error on the part of the Captain, should miss one of these gateways, it may be very serious. We have been consoled all day long, however, by Peck, the optimistic member of our party, who says he has been told that the government has widened these equatorial passages and that we will probably get through with a good deal of comfort and safety. One cheerful passenger tells us that it is recorded in history that not infrequently ships have broken right in two in the middle by the severe strain in going over the line, and therefore you can sympathize with our fears. Then, of course, we have all the time to cherish the thought that when we once get over the equator, we have to get back or eternally stay, and much as we are all in love with the Southern Cross, I have the impression that every man in the party is confidently contemplating a return to the United States. Therefore, discomfoting as the thought may be, we have to think of crossing the equator twice.

In the messages which I am sending back to you, I think you have already discovered that there is some difficulty in attempting to write a report that is fair to all the people in the countries we are visiting, but I declare to you that I do not know how to tell you what is in my heart concerning Manila. One impulse is to write a letter of scathing denunciation of the old order there, and of some of the flimsy present-day methods, but I know that would be entirely unfair to all the facts, and so I am bewildered and am sure I will write inadequately.

Perhaps no one morning of the whole trip will live longer with us than that one when Robins and I were up at about three o'clock to get the first sight of the famous Philippine Islands. We have worked in beautiful Honolulu and have not forgotten those days of great privilege. We have worked under the little round red and white Japanese flag and have fallen in love with its people. We have seen something of China, and have been tremendously stirred by its need in its great port cities, but from the standpoint of American interests, we were most anxious to see and begin our work in Manila.

As the gray dawn broke over the hills and mountains, and our good ship the *Derfflinger* slipped quietly into the harbor, we renewed in memory that eventful May 1, 1898, when Dewey went in there with the fleet, and so triumphantly sunk the Spanish ships, put up the stars and stripes, and thus changed the history of the Orient. I am satisfied that the full significance of that May morning will not be understood for a hundred years to come. Dewey was the human instrument, and the sinking of the *Maine* under the shadow of Moro Castle in Havana harbor, was a part of the way of bringing it about, but I never believed more thoroughly

in my life that God led in any event than I now believe that His matchless wisdom was guiding those ships in Manila harbor that morning. It was not for national glory or American expansion, but for the sake of human liberty. Just as surely as Abraham Lincoln was needed for the four million people in slavery in our southern states, just so surely was there needed some power to be raised up for the delivery of seven millions of people who were in the vicious, tyrannical grip of an unscrupulous system. As we neared the breakwater and the docks, I do not believe I ever saw the stars and stripes when they waved more gloriously.

Words will utterly fail me, I am sure, to fully express the cordiality of our reception. We were met by the members of the local committee, led by our big two-hundred-pound Young Men's Christian Association secretary, Tener. Very soon after we were on shore, we were hustled away to the City Hall, where the Mayor, Hon. Felix M. Roxas, with the members of the City Council were waiting to give us our official welcome. After we had been properly and most graciously received, they sent us on an automobile ride through the city to visit the places of greatest interest. We were also informed that we were to spend one day at Baguio, the mountain capital, to which the Government officials move, bag and baggage, during the hot season of the year, and that Governor-General Forbes had declared a half holiday in order that all of the Government officials might be able to attend the meetings.

As though these tokens were not sufficient, we were informed that President Horace L. Higgins of the Manila Railroad Company, had granted us a special train free of expense to take us up to Baguio and return. I must a little later say something especially about the

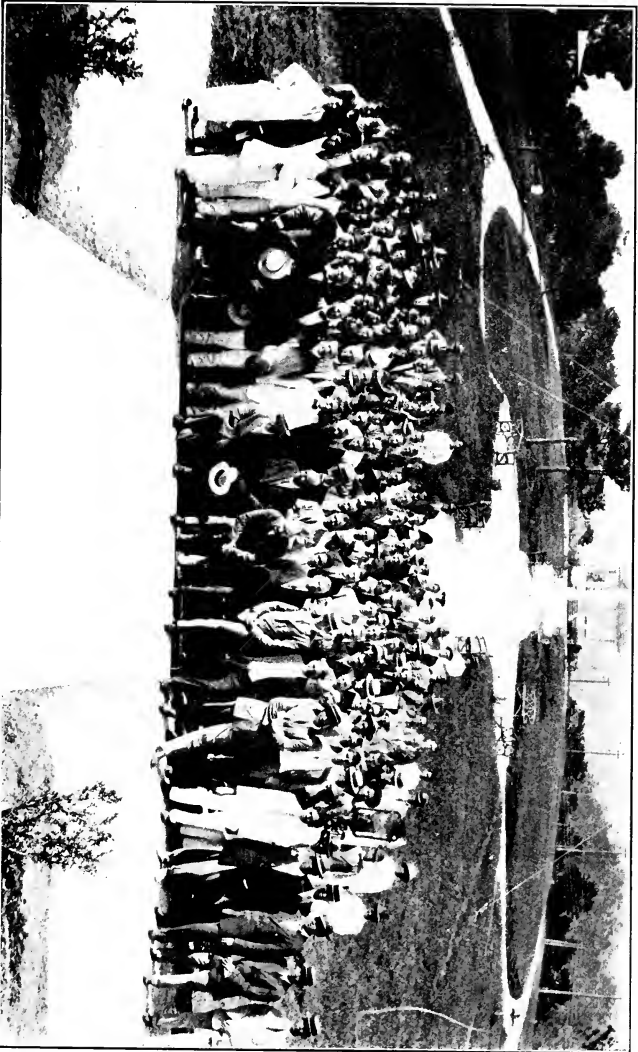
day in Baguio, but this much reference to it as a part of our welcome.

That night at the Manila Hotel, which, by the way, is fine enough to grace any city in the world, we were met by two hundred and thirty-four of the most representative men of every form of life, at the opening banquet of the campaign. Thus you can see how favorable was our entrance into this American territory of the far East.

We found it somewhat difficult after the first excitement of the reception, to get our minds down to the real issue of our Men and Religion campaign, and we also found it difficult to centralize the thought of the community upon it, for we were anxious to study the question of the Philippine Islands, and those resident there were anxious to know what were our impressions, and to learn whether we had any inside information about the future attitude of the American Government towards the islands.

Before we were granted the privilege of reading letters from home, we were handed the Manila morning paper dated March 5th, which had in it the list of President Wilson's new Cabinet. The air was charged with uncertainty, anxiety and expectation, for many of these men have staked everything upon the permanent progress of the Philippine Islands, and to them at least, this progress is only secure by the continuance of the American administration.

I have known something of the problem of colonization, having had the privilege of visiting a good many of the British, Dutch and German colonies, and I was exceedingly anxious to know how our Americans were going to appear at the end of fifteen years of such experience, twelve thousand miles away from home.



Mid-day meeting Baguio summer government headquarters, Philippine Islands

From the evidence we were able to secure, in ninety per cent of the illustrations, I was proud of them.

As accurately as we could get the story, when the American troops went into Manila, they found it in a horrible state physically, unfit for human beings to live in, in all except a small section, carefully guarded for Spanish officers and friars. This is no dream. I talked with many Filipinos and Spaniards who have lived there during all the years, and their descriptions were fierce. As you entered the old Walled City, it was surrounded by what was called the moat, filled with stagnant water, with old dirty caribou wallowing in it. The streets were heaped up with accumulated filth. No sewers, no electric lights, no decent water, and only one abandoned, unkept park. The years have transformed it into a place of beauty. The streets in all except one small portion, are cleaner than most of the streets in cities of the same size in the United States. The moat has been filled in and to-day it is a vast plot of ground covered with beautiful green grass. In the afternoons literally thousands of men and boys are playing baseball, volley ball and tennis in the location of the old foul, stagnant pools. The Luneta, the park at the water front, bids fair to become one of the beauty spots of the world. A modern system of sewerage has been installed, and an electric-light system reached into every corner of the city. While many of the old native quarters still remain with the rude bamboo cabins, yet they are clean and pure.

I will not undertake to describe some of the moral conditions, for they were indescribable. To-day there is not a gambling house in Manila—NOT ONE. The police are on the track of them as hot as anything I ever saw. To me, one of the most striking things is the fact that here in a city of nearly three hundred thousand

population, they have only twenty licensed saloons. If some of the clubs and hotels would eliminate the drunkenness which they tolerate, drunkenness would be reduced to a very small amount. Is it not enough to break your heart to note this fact—low-down, brawling drunkenness, not only in Manila, but in Hongkong, Shanghai, New York, London and Philadelphia, is coming to be found vastly more in the stylish club and hotel than in the old-time groggery? This was most manifest to us in Manila. Street drunkenness is very seldom seen there.

The social vice, while not under that control which it ought to be and will be, is reduced almost to the minimum. No immoral street characters are seen.

On the afternoon we were taken about to see the city, we witnessed the exhibition by about the most perfect Fire Department system which I have seen in operation. All unknown to the firemen, Assistant Chief Samuelson, who was with us, stopped at one of the fire boxes, turned in an alarm and had the department respond. They ran three blocks with their electric engine, attached the hose, and had two streams of water in the air in less than a minute and a half. We visited the general hospital, which has been built during the last five years. I think the Trustees of Hahnemann could well afford to send out some of their specialists to examine that hospital, for I do not believe New York City has anything more perfect. It is a marvel for completeness. They have three hundred and fifty nurses and forty doctors. When our representatives went into the islands, they found a people sick, diseased and dying, and but little being done in a scientific way to remedy the conditions. The annual deaths from smallpox were over five thousand only ten years ago. To-day they are less than six hundred. Some of those other plagues and epidemics which formerly swept the islands and

carried off thousands in a few days, are absolutely unknown now.

We visited Bilibid prison, went through it, and had the same impression concerning its modern supervision. The stories of the old prison life are enough to chill your blood, and to make you feel as though the Spanish-American war did not last long enough.

So far as public schools were concerned, when Dewey's fleet went into Manila Harbor, there was practically no such a thing known in the whole realm of the islands. To-day, from one end of the country to the other, there are springing up public schools, under the remarkable leadership of Commissioner White, and his assistant, Professor McGee, which will rank favorably with those of any land under the sun.

I spoke in the Normal School in Manila to a thousand young Filipinos who are being trained there, and who will go out as the real makers of the new civilization of the Philippine Islands. I also spoke in the School of Commerce, where five hundred young men are being trained in the modern methods of commerce and business. They also have in Manila a Trades School with over five hundred boys, which unfortunately we did not have time to visit. There are a thousand American school teachers in the Islands, and they are the leaders of eight thousand native instructors, all of whom have been developed during the past fifteen years.

I would not have given you a fair statement of Manila if I failed to mention beautiful Fort McKinley. I have visited, I think, most of our largest garrisons throughout the whole republic, but certainly there is not one that excels in beauty and order Fort McKinley. We found 1,600 men there under the superb leadership of Col. William J. Nicholson. In the fort is a Young Men's Christian Association with nearly a thousand

members, and a building which looks about the size of the Young Men's Christian Association building on Twenty-third Street. It is the largest Army Young Men's Christian Association in the world. The moral regulations concerning the soldiers stationed there are the most perfect I have ever known. As an illustration, any soldier found walking the streets anywhere with a Filipino woman is placed in the guard-house for six days and fined ten dollars. The same penalty is imposed upon any soldier found in a dance hall. Other regulations are quite as binding, with the result that those attendant physical results which follow drunkenness and the like, are reduced to the minimum. Out of the 1,600 men there, only forty-nine were on the hospital list. I have been told many times that soldiers would rebel against regulations of this kind. Instead of that, they would cheer to the echo when you referred to the binding moral obligations which were being imposed upon them.

This much is positively sure. The American Government has proven beyond any possible doubt its capacity for worthy colonization. I wish other great nations which are engaged in a system of colonization vastly greater than ours, would send their representatives to Manila and see what is being done there. Observe the spirit that characterizes it, and the type of men in Government service. The contrast here with conditions in some other cities we have visited, is simply enormous. I do not mean by this that in every case the men who have held public office under our Government in the Philippine Islands have been worthy men. There are a few of them who have been a disgrace to themselves, to the people and the flag they represent, but they are in the minority. It is not my purpose to attempt to write you a symposium of the results of American

invasion of the far East. Volumes would be necessary to do that, but I do want to testify that they have "made good," and ought to be honored and not abused. I only wish that all of our home people could actually see what has been wrought there in a few years.

I am thoroughly convinced, however, that we were led of God to go there just at this time, with the Men and Religion message, because, without any question, the place where there is greatest tension, the most critical need, and in some respects the greatest unrest, is in the realm of Christian life, Christian work and the Church. It is freely commented upon every hand, both by those who are warm advocates of the Church and the Christian organizations, and also by those who are not only indifferent, but antagonistic to the Church that religious work has not developed in anything like the degree exemplified in other enterprises.

I have said a good deal about the developments along physical, educational and moral lines. If you can go back to the genesis of it all, you will find the influence of Christianity, but the sad part is that the men who are promoting these elements of real Christian enterprise do not admit that they have any relation to the Church, and in many cases seem anxious to declare an absolute independence from all such connections. We met and heard one man who takes high rank among the men who have rendered noble service in behalf of the interior peoples. He took particular pains to emphasize his non-religious attitude, but at the same time gave a graphic account of his Christian ancestry in New England. His motives, his ideals and his moral energy were imparted to him by an intense church life, but he seems to feel it entirely foreign to what he is now doing in public service. He is only typical of

many strong men we met. Therefore the Men and Religion Movement came at a critical and needy time.

We had a marvelous ten days' work, in view of all the conditions surrounding us. We held meetings of every kind and description that we ever held anywhere, plus a very unique opportunity at Fort McKinley, where I had the privilege of speaking three nights to about six hundred soldiers each night.

I do not know whether you will be interested in the complete figures, but they are very interesting to us. While in Manila, we held forty meetings with a total attendance of 13,772 people. Mr. Robins and I each spoke twenty-three times.

The above, added to what I gave you in my last letter, makes a total of 198 different meetings held, with a total attendance of 51,933 people. The quartet has sung 413 times. Robins has spoken 118 times and I have spoken 119 times.

I must tell you a little more about Baguio. It is situated in the Benguet mountains, 150 miles to the north of Manila, in a place of unexcelled beauty. To this place the Government moves its operations for about three or four months of the most heated season of the year. They were also anxious to have the Government officials come into contact with our message that, as I have already indicated, they arranged for a special train to carry us up by night, thus economizing the day for work, and a half holiday for all employees. If Tammany Hall had been in the saddle, I am afraid it would have been different. We had there 228 men at luncheon, and in the afternoon, in the open amphitheater, with the great General J. Franklin Bell acting as host, we had 494 people. You can readily see that these audiences were very influential, for we had Govern-

ment officials and men of the very highest rank in military power.

The afternoon meeting was held in what I am sure is the most beautiful open amphitheater in all the world, so far as I have knowledge. It has been built by General Bell, not for his own pleasure, but for the people to enjoy for all the years, in musical, patriotic, educational and religious assemblages. This was the first public gathering in it, and took the form of a dedication. It is a place of indescribable beauty. It must be seen to be realized. Robins and I each spoke, and in that vast place, you could hear literally to the last seat, so perfect are the acoustic properties. The whole meeting was most impressive, but reached a climax, when at the close, General Bell beckoned to the officers at the rear to send the Igorots down to him. They came to the front and stood in a line with their scant dress, while the old General stood by their side and addressed the people, telling of their faithfulness as workmen, for they were the men who really built the place. There were a good many tear-dimmed eyes as the people witnessed that grand man's unwillingness to have those poor natives who had worked so hard, forgotten in that opening meeting. Every man in our party left there that night, feeling that since leaving New York, no one single day had reached so far in influence as that one.

Had there been no meetings to be held, it would have been a wonderful trip just for the ride. The railroad runs a line within seventeen miles of the mountain. From there, "Camp One," we took automobiles up steep roads and over narrow gorges. Probably the ride from Boulder to Estes Park in the Rocky Mountains is equal to it, but that is the only one I know which is to be compared with it. We climbed 5,000

feet, and passed around great gorges and precipices where it would almost take your breath away to think of running an automobile. You can get a little impression of the condition of the country when I note that in returning, the railroad would not pick us up at "Camp One," where they left us in the morning, but made us take automobiles fifty miles farther down the line. We made this, starting from Baguio at 8:40 in the evening. You have done some mountain climbing in automobiles during your day, but even with your generalship and Thomas' sense, I do not believe you would tackle that ride.

So far as results are concerned, I do not care to attempt very much in the way of statistical tabulation, but there are some things that are worthy of peculiar comment. In evangelistic results, I would not dare tell you the number of young men who professed to accept Christ and who manifested a renewed interest in the Christian life. The definite evangelistic results were tremendous both at Fort McKinley and in the city of Manila. The churches have united in a larger federated effort. Without any doubt the strongest Christian business man in the city, and one who had not interested himself very much in this kind of work, has given pledge to leadership in the conservation work. Perhaps in the follow-up work, the two places where there will be the largest permanent results, will be in a better campaign for boys, for not much has been done in this line, and in an intensified definite Christian Social Service propaganda.

There are a thousand things I would like to say to you about the Philippine Islands—their future and our relation to them, but time, space and your patience will not permit of too much. But there are a few im-



The good-bye party at Manila, Philippine Islands. Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Philippine Islands, and Bishop White, Church of England, Australia, sitting in the center

pressions that I would not feel I had been just to myself, to the party nor to you if I did not express.

First.—*The Philippine Islands are to have a great future.* They have resources that are simply unlimited. No man can estimate them. We know now something of the commercial value in hemp, rice, cocoa fibre, tobacco, sugar cane and minerals, but not one of them has as yet been touched in its possibilities. Take just one illustration. By most accurate surveys, there are 68,000,000 acres of immediately tillable land—68,000,000 acres that could be put under cultivation tomorrow if there were workmen ready for the task. Of the 68,000,000, less than 8,000,000 acres are now under cultivation. In acreage, the Philippine Islands will far exceed the Hawaiian Islands. I do not know in what proportion, but it is very great. In fertility and favorable climate, they are fully equal to the Hawaiian group. It has not as yet entered into the mind of man what the rice, sugar, corn, cocoa fibre and mineral resources may some day become. Three days' sail to the west, three days' to the northwest and seven days to the north, places the Philippine Islands within the reach of nearly 800,000,000 people, one-half of whom are poorly fed. And here, 60,000,000 acres of rich ground are lying waste.

Does it not appeal to you as a great piece of work in the name of God and for humanity, to have these resources released that the hungry may be fed and the naked clothed?

Second.—*The American Government is essential to this development.* I am not a politician, as you know, but I am at such a point of intensity upon this question that if I thought our Government was going to be so positively absurd as to stop now its beneficent work in the Philippine Islands, I would start home to-day and

campaign the country to create a sentiment against that idea. You can go into Manila and meet a few of those very choice cultured Filipinos, spend a day or two at banquets and functions and possibly go out with the idea that they are ready for complete independent self-government. But we had a pretty good opportunity to get a fair estimate of the whole situation. I went on a ride of a hundred and twenty miles into the country in an automobile and passed through small villages all along the way from Manila to San Pablo. About twenty of them. No man could dream of anything more foolish than to think of turning over to complete self-government that district, which is one of the best in the whole Islands. Add to that the fact that they have 400,000 wild men in the north, and about 500,000 more in the south, absolutely wild, "head hunters," who would be moving on Manila inside of thirty days if they heard that the American soldiers had withdrawn, and it makes your blood tingle to think that anybody would propose to leave that situation now.

I am persuaded that not only would the great work of education and uplift stop if our influence were removed, but I am also persuaded that it would go back to a state worse than it was before the Spanish-American war. God knows the Spanish administration was bad enough, but that would not compare with the horrors of that people if left entirely to themselves at this period. And the saddest part of it all is that without any doubt, those who are most deserving would be those to suffer most. I can assure you, my dear friend, that this is not simply the echo of the views expressed by the Americans resident there, nor of a few office holders who might be suspected of an ulterior motive, but it is the pronounced view of some of the finest type of Filipinos whom we met. I talked with one native who

is a man of fine training, splendid business ability and a thorough Filipino patriot. He gave it as his unqualified judgment that such an action on the part of the American government would be disastrous to the whole future of his country. We have as a fellow passenger on the ship *en route* to Australia, Rt. Rev. Gilbert White, one of the Australian bishops of the Church of England, who has been in the Philippine Islands for a month on a tour with Bishop Brent, visiting the interior places. He, of course, is an entirely disinterested man, but he is just as strong in his statement of the necessity for the American administration remaining in the Philippine Islands as am I. I cannot quite express to you how deeply we all feel upon this question, for after our contact with that people, and with the issues involved, we feel that for our Government to withdraw would be one of the saddest pages in American history, and that inside of ten years, when some power would certainly have to go back there to carry out what has so well begun, we would be the laughing stock of the powers of the world for our folly and neglect.

I do not pretend to be a scientific man in matters of government, but I think I know a little of what is involved, and I have been trying, while writing you, to think of some plausible reason for such an action. Of course, it would sound very beautiful to say that after these years, we had withdrawn and given that people their liberty, but instead of liberty, just as sure as God lives, it would mean slavery, servitude and defeat for tens of thousands of people who are now on their way to a better life.

I am fully aware of the fact that there are some grave dangers to be avoided. When the clever commercial American gets a full realization of the many

possibilities in the Philippine Islands, his greed for gain will have to be restrained or he will go over there with commercial trickery and combinations which will wring the very juice out of the country at the cost of its people. This peril must be guarded against, and it will take a strong hand. There is also the hungry, unscrupulous politician to be reckoned with. He will have to be watched, lest public office degenerate into a bargain counter for paying off political debts. It is to be a country of such marvelous beauty in scenery that the adventurer and the man of low morals will have to be guarded against, and ought to be notified that he is not wanted there. Already our representatives are serving that notice in no unmistakable manner.

But our nation is big enough to render an unselfish service there, and to give the whole world an illustration of what can be accomplished by the best blood of our best people. China, with 400,000,000 people, is just across the little narrow stream of water, asking for a guide to better days. Japan is unfolding, but is poorly prepared for all that is ahead of her. It seems to me that the stars and stripes ought to remain at this place which seems to have been given to us so providentially, and at the doorway of these other nations, to render a hitherto unknown, unselfish service. I could plead for a continuance of the American administration, not for gain in commerce, not for a military base from which to whip the world sometime, not to boast of more acres and dominion, but in the name of God and humanity, to give a clearer illustration than history has yet recorded of a strong power giving its life to redeem a weaker people, and to lift them up. I cannot conceive of any reason why fullest autonomy cannot be granted to the Filipino people, and yet have it done under the protection of our own country. The

Filipino people need us. Their best blood responds to that fact, and I wonder if it may not be that we, as a nation, need the Filipinos. As certainly as I believe God was guiding in that hour when Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor with his fleet, just so surely do I believe that there is yet a duty to be performed in His name, and to withdraw would, in my judgment, mean the setting of the clock back upon the whole Orient by scores of years.

Third.—*The supreme need of the Philippine Islands is for a stronger demonstration of a pure Christianity.* In what I am about to say, I would not want you to get the impression that the forces of Christianity are not strong in many respects, for they are. Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church is there, and he alone is a tower of strength. The various missionary boards which are represented have some able men. Bible societies have done a wonderful work in disseminating the scriptures in the various native languages. The Young Men's Christian Association in the city of Manila is a tremendous power in the community. I would not seem to be unmindful of the faithful, self-sacrificing service rendered by these Christian workers, but as compared with the population, and as compared with the issues, the whole force combined is inadequate to the situation. They would say this even more freely than would I. I have no fear whatever in saying that, without any exception, I believe this presents the most critical situation we have faced, so far as definite spiritual Christian work is concerned.

In the first place, here is the terrible task of presenting Christianity in a country, which on the map is already marked as "Christian." When we were in Japan and China, the issue was well defined. We had there to make a presentation which would convince men

that Christianity was better than Buddhism, Moham-
medanism or Shintoism, and while we always faced a
stubborn resistance, there was never any doubt about
the result. And there was no embarrassment in press-
ing the claim. But when you get to Manila, it is a
new situation entirely. Here it is a question of proving
that one type of Christianity is better than another,
and also the embarrassment of making use of any illus-
tration or arguments which would seem to be " omnibus "
in their character as applied to the Roman Catholic
Church, for we are all the time reminded of those great,
noble souls of the Roman Catholic Church with whom
we are so well acquainted in the home country. But
the degenerate form of Roman Catholicism which was
developed in the Philippine Islands is in many ways
worse to deal with than Buddhism or Shintoism. I do
not mean that they did not do anything. They did some
things, but the record of Friar domination will stand
as one of the blackest pages in human history. If you
want to stir up a riot, all you have to do, almost any-
where in the Philippine Islands, is to mention the Friars.
Of course we know that they were not Christians in the
true sense of the word. They took the Divinest thing
on earth and made havoc for their own sensual desires.
But in the face of this terrible history, Protestant Chris-
tianity has now to make its way.

In the second place, of all the cities I have ever visited,
I think I have never come into contact with such con-
fusing ideas as to what it means to be a Christian.
Some Americans have gone out there who professed
to be church men at home, and have so compromised
themselves that it is very difficult to discover any differ-
ence between them and men of no religious profession.
Some of these nearly had a fit because I dared to refer
to whiskey, and even feigned to look with great sur-



Threshing rice, Manila

prise that whiskey drinking should be listed as one of the things not to be tolerated by professing Christians. I cannot tell how many times I was taken out in a corner by confidential advisers who wanted to persuade me that Manila was "peculiar," and that a Christian man could do things there that he would not think of doing in New York City, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago. Not all of the professing Christian men, by any means, have surrendered to this view. There are men who hold the standards just as high and pure and good and true as the day they left San Francisco. But there are enough of the other type to have complicated the whole church question, and to make it exceedingly difficult to persuade non-Christian men that there is any power or necessity in the Christian life for them.

In the third place, Protestant Christianity is very much weakened by unnecessary divisions. I do not find it easy to deal calmly with this element of the situation. Instead of one, or at most two strong churches in the city of Manila, we found four, every one of them struggling for life, poorly supported and not able to make a real impression upon the entire community. I would not censure those earnest men who have been sent out there, and I would not censure overmuch the men at home whom they represent, for all of it is the expression of a very noble and worthy desire. But the result is deplorable. Now they are trying to consolidate, but the problem is very difficult, in view of the fact that all of the machinery of the four different denominations is now in operation. Notwithstanding the noble sentiment which prompted the various Missionary Societies in 1898 to send their representatives thither, I refuse to believe that a God of wisdom, by His spirit, prompted that method of procedure. Had the forces at home been

sufficiently united, there could have been one demonstration of real spiritual power. Let the past, however, be what it is; it does seem to me that such a blunder ought to be averted in the future. Not only in Manila, but all along the way, I have been thinking of what a wonderful service ought to be rendered to the cause of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ throughout the whole earth if the Federal Council of Churches in America can be brought to its full place of power. Had it been sufficiently active in 1898, it might have been the agency to have led in a wiser propaganda throughout the Philippine Islands.

In the fourth place, the country is filled with that type of men of whom I have already written, who back in the States, got their vision of life, service and good morals from their vital church contact, and who are now in the Philippine Islands rendering most splendid humanitarian service, and yet, who are not only indifferent to but decry the Church. Some of them, of course, are embarrassed by the complicated situations which obtain with reference to the Roman Catholic Church. Some of them, perhaps, have become discouraged with the inadequate efforts being made by the present church forces, but whatever the cause, they stand as a very serious handicap to definite Christian work. Very naturally men point to them and to their noble service and say that if men live such lives and render such service without relation to the Church, why should we younger men think seriously of this question? In view of the fact that you and I know that this kind of service will not be abiding, and also that the sons and grandsons of these very men will not render that kind of service if the definite Christian motive is eliminated, I believe that there is no spot in the world which pre-

sents a greater opportunity for vital Christian effort than in our own Philippine Islands.

I do not feel discouraged about it for I am sure the program of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ and the open Bible is going to win, but it is a big job. It is worthy of big men and of loyal, generous support on the part of the home people.

I feel as though I would not be fair to all the incidents of our visit and work in the Philippine Islands if I failed to speak once more of the splendid influence and co-operation of the E. H. Fallows party. They preceded us by nearly a month. Bishop Fallows, in an interview, had commended our work most heartily, and Mr. E. H. Fallows had said such kind things to the business men whom he met that they were ready to welcome us. During the campaign in Manila, I think there were a good many men who felt that we were putting the pressure on rather vigorously, but the earnest approval of the Fallows party helped us to hold our position securely. Mr. Fallows' conduct and business methods were those of so splendid a Christian type that I am a little in doubt as to who preached the biggest sermon—the "Men and Religion team," or the "Fallows party." One thing is sure, the two worked together admirably.

As I close this letter, and we begin to get our minds fixed upon our work in Australia, I want to tell you how deeply every man in the party is feeling the sense of gratitude to God. We have traveled nearly 18,000 miles. We have been in every type of climate, on every kind of a ship, on every kind of a sea, in every kind of a hotel, which, it seems to me, anybody could find, and we have all been in perfect health. As I have already said, we have held one hundred and ninety-eight meetings, and during all the time not one man of the whole group has been incapacitated for service. Vaccination

made us a little weary and languid for a few days, but no serious thing has befallen any one of us. Therefore we are moving steadily forward and praying for yet a greater measure of grace.

As you have opportunity, say a word of greeting to every one of the dear friends at home. I go over them in my mind many times, and there is not a day passes but that, as we meet in our little daily Bible study together, we offer prayer that those behind us may be kept constantly in the love and power of God.

Yours very sincerely,

FRED. B. SMITH.

VIII

On White Star Liner *Persic*, Australia to South Africa,
May 1, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. CANNON: Once more we have closed our charts, diagrams, discussions, books and mouths, for a few days, and are at sea, resting and thinking it all over. The rapid cannonading of the great cities of Australia is over, at least for the present, and now we are actually out upon the Indian Ocean, plowing our way toward South Africa.

According to all the signs, we are booked for some new experiences too. We are "at sea" in more ways than ever before.

First of all, the waters over which we are traveling are entirely new to us. Out of all my wanderings, I have not hitherto taken this course from Australia to South Africa, and while the ocean is the ocean, yet there does seem a little new interest in the thought of crossing this unknown part of the great deep. It is about 5,000 miles from Albany, West Australia, to Durban in Natal, and this will take me farther from land than I have ever been before.

Then we are a little bit "at sea," because we are on a new type of ship. Thus far we have traveled upon ocean palaces, particularly the great *Manchuria*, the ship upon which we sailed from the Hawaiian Islands to Japan, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer, *Kumano Maru*, upon which we spent two weeks in getting to Australia. Both of them were about perfect for comfort. But now we are on the White Star Line steamer *Persic*, a one-class boat carrying three hundred

and ninety passengers, packed almost to suffocation, and we are having a touch of the real "simple life." I think you would smile to see some of our conveniences. Our party has a table on top of a hatchway down in the main dining saloon. The place is so crowded that they have had to put a special table there for us. We will not see a napkin for sixteen days, not even a paper one. No *hors d'œuvre*, caviar, French dressings, or other dainties which are usually concocted to stimulate the appetite. But we are getting plenty of corned beef, cabbage and potatoes. And better than all else, we are getting plenty of fellowship with real folks. The people are sturdy, genuine, common people, and we are enjoying them.

We are also "at sea" somewhat concerning just the real, permanent net results of our Australian campaign. There we really came into contact with some new conditions, and about everything in our program had to be revamped to fit the unique elements of their church life. We have been holding some conferences on the ship to try to find out "where we are at." Australia presents some elements which are absolutely peculiar to its own life, and we were not there very long before we discovered that fact.

However, before I get too deeply into these questions, I must first say that there is no place on earth where a Christian worker from North America will receive such a cordial welcome and hearing as in Australia. It is a joy to work with those earnest men, for I find they have more in common with us than any other living people. This is a new nation and is not rigidly set in its ways. It is open-minded and ready to revise where revision promises better returns. Its people are not everlastingly bound to traditions of a thousand years which they feel must not be altered, as is so



The Men and Religion team as they appeared the first day in Brisbane, Australia

much the case in the older parts of the world. Then they have an unbounded enthusiasm which becomes contagious when you have been there a few days. And grander than all else, they have not reached the place where they are too proud to manifest their enthusiasm. Sometimes we thought it would run away with us, but it was so genuine and hearty that it was a constant inspiration. Then, too, they are the sons of a big vast territory. Australia has 2,974,581 square miles of area. They are compelled to think and travel in great distances. This gives them mental discipline in big thinking, and it results in big men every way.

I wish you could have been with us in some of our "welcome" receptions. Governors, Prime Ministers, Lord Mayors and big politicians were in most cases the hosts. In the two greatest cities—Sydney and Melbourne—the Lord Mayor gave the opening reception and properly greeted us and commended our work. In Sydney, the Lord Mayor, Rt. Hon. A. A. C. Cocks, M.L.A., was the chairman of the whole Men and Religion Forward Movement committee, and upon several occasions, before the largest audiences, put the Christian life as the supreme issue of every man's character as strongly as any of us could do. It was a moral tonic to hear the great big powerful men entreat the young men in a vast audience in the town hall to stand loyally by the Christian life, Christian work, the Church and religion. Then in Collingwood, one of the suburbs of Melbourne, at the close of a public meeting which I held in the town hall, the Mayor sent for me to come to the Council Chamber, where they were giving a banquet to the incoming Superintendent of Police. He said they had the banquet arranged before they knew of our meeting, and therefore could not attend, but he was very anxious that the members of the Council

should hear me explain something of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, and had for that purpose invited me to their meeting. In his remarks, he called attention to the fact that the strongest drink in sight was ginger ale, and said they had not had anything stronger at any of their public functions for five years. This must not be taken as typical of all the public life, nor of the Australian life in general, for they are fearfully in the grip of "whiskey and soda," but it does show the trend of thought among many of their most prominent men. Of this I am certain—the Australians can beat the world in cordiality of welcome. It helps tremendously those who are doing the kind of work we are, at a time when we were so far away from home, and in a sense felt the limitations of being strangers in a strange land.

I believe every man in our entire party was at high tension all the time in Australia, undertaking to comprehend the many angles of life which were so intensely interesting and yet so perplexing. Remembering that the territory is almost as large as that of the United States, we were, of course, first attracted to the problem of their material resources. Notwithstanding their vast acreage, they have a little less than 5,000,000 population, of which over 1,000,000 are resident in Melbourne and Sydney, about equally divided between the two cities. Yet, with this limited population, their 1911 output of cattle and sheep amounted to \$286,000,000. Of agricultural products, such as wheat, barley, corn and rice, \$236,000,000. Of minerals, \$122,500,000. This last, of course, is pretty largely in the gold regions of the great west. Manufacturing is only in its infancy and yet, during that year, they turned out \$483,000,000 worth of manufactured articles. This you will at once see is a tre-

mendous volume, and I have not been able to mention the long list of smaller industries which were frequently quoted. As illustration, we made a stop at Thursday Island, at the extreme north, where they take out \$10,000,000 worth of pearls annually. Fruit is not listed. No one seems to have data upon that question alone, although there are no finer grapes, pears, peaches, apricots or apples in existence than those grown in Australia. Summing it all up, I doubt if there is another country in the world where there is so much produced by such a small number of people. Everything that can be grown anywhere in the earth can be grown in Australia.

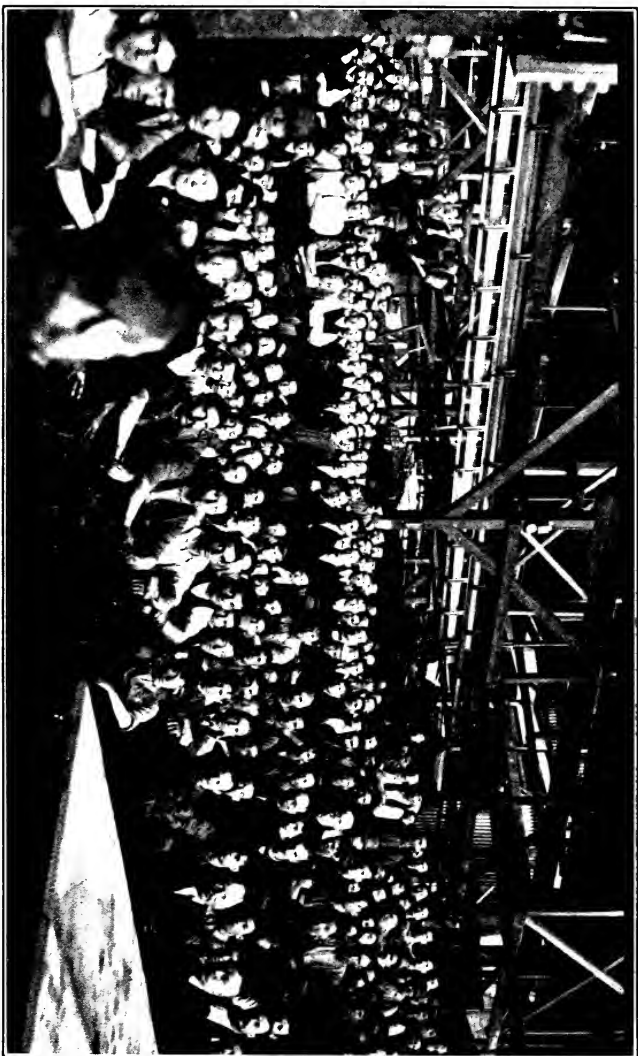
When the doors are opened a little and the population increases in some relative proportion to the extent of the country, a new standard of world prices may be necessary to take care of the output of this Anglo-Saxon nation under the Southern Cross.

In all of these figures and future possibilities, we have practically to reckon with New Zealand and Tasmania as a part, although our travel did not take us to either, and their products are not included in this statement.

Added to all of these natural resources of the soil, there is a climate which is wellnigh perfect. The north is tropical, and, of course, hot, but, swept by the sea breezes of an immense water front, it is not excessively so. The entire southern coast is a garden of beauty with ideal living conditions. From Sydney, straight around to Perth, a distance of over four thousand miles, it is difficult to think of a climate more delightful.

From the standpoint of our Men and Religion tour, we were most interested in the legislation upon welfare topics. Here we found that from the law-making end

about everything that could be dreamed of for the good of the people had been done. Robins was simply overwhelmed with the magnitude of their legislation upon these questions. They have an eight-hour day universal labor law. It applies to everybody from the cashier of a bank to the domestic servant. At Melbourne, in the Parliament Gardens, there is a beautiful shaft with "8—8—8" on the top, typifying eight hours labor, eight hours sleep and eight hours recreation. It is the first and only one of its kind in the world. Here they have a great annual festival and parade when they march around this monument in honor of Australian labor laws. They have a minimum wage law with permanent boards to determine what a living wage is in every vocation in the nation. It is against the law to work for less than a living compensation, as well as for the employer to pay less. They have an old-age pension act, providing for the care in old age of all who have served faithfully in any capacity. They have stringent laws concerning the operation of dangerous machinery without adequate protection for the workmen. They have elaborate laws for the protection of health in all shops, mills, stores and mines. As illustration, every mine, mill and shop must be well lighted, sprinkled and kept free from dust and infection. They have laws making Wednesday and Saturday afternoon half-holidays, when all stores close at one o'clock, and at six o'clock on all other days, with one exception, when they may keep open until ten o'clock. This exception is usually Saturday night. They have the strongest compulsory educational laws ever passed anywhere. No boy nor girl can be excused from school before fourteen years of age, except for pronounced illness. Of course, this carries the no-child labor law with it. Their statutes covering sanitation



Typical workshop meeting, Melbourne, Australia, in the "Sunshine" shops

and housing are such that there is not what we would call a tenement in the whole commonwealth. Then they have reached the climax in an immigration act, which practically excludes immigrants. No yellow, brown, or black man can get in at all, and white men must not come in without a good supply of money and must also be able to write forty words in any European language the Immigration officer chooses to name. This means that the officer can look the applicant over, and if he does not appear to be up to the standard, he will name a language he cannot write, and the applicant is thus excluded and deported back to his starting place. It is a prohibitory law by another name. The slogan, "A white Australia," might also be made "Australia for the Australians." It is wonderful to go through these cities day after day, crowded as they are, and not see a black-skinned man anywhere, and hear but one language spoken—English.

Of course, there is a strong feeling against this rigid legislation restricting immigration, and now the country is torn from one end to the other over an agitation to modify it, for they are in great need of more people. It is also true that there are many who feel the whole question of laws has been carried to the extreme. Perhaps that is true in some cases. It is very amusing to follow some of the ramifications of these laws. For instance if a banquet is served and you are in a hurry and want to have the speeches immediately following the dinner, you cannot do it, for the Waiters' Union makes it arbitrary that all the dishes shall be cleared away before the speaking begins. I was told that at a banquet given in honor of a visit of the Prime Minister of Victoria to Sydney some months ago, they were unable to have any speaking at all, because the time consumed in clearing the tables carried them clear

up to the hour when the Prime Minister had to hurry away to catch his train. I asked a telephone man if they manufactured their own glass insulators, and he said "No, the law won't let a man take a breath deep enough in Australia to blow glass."

The multitude of laws upon the labor question and government ownership of railroads, telephone systems, street cars, water supply and telegraph, open an immense avenue for some abuses, and there are great dangers. That no one can doubt. Individual ownership and adventure are not put at such a premium as with us in the United States and Canada. We found a strong current of criticisms concerning the attitude of many of their young men to just drift along and take it easy, for a living is almost guaranteed by the government. There is no real competition in the sense that word implies with North American business men. They would not quite admit this, for some of the men in trade think they have competition, but my observation led me to believe that they do not know what the word means. No other evidence is necessary than to observe the great warehouses and office buildings closed from one o'clock to two o'clock each day, while everybody quietly goes to lunch. Would that not be an amusing proposition in Wall Street? There is some fear upon the part of capitalists lest they will not be protected in future investments. The laws have given the political socialist and agitator a fertile soil in which to exploit his government-destroying theories, and I am fully persuaded that this has something to do with the lack of growth in population, and especially with the slow enlargement of manufacturing. There are certainly serious difficulties, but I believe they are only passing and temporary. At first, as we met men, talked over these questions and read the papers, I felt be-

wildered in trying to see through it, and do not now pretend to have more than a superficial knowledge, but I am convinced that the laws, for the most part, are good and will live, and that other nations will follow in adopting them.

There is not another land on earth with so little poverty in it. That district of destitution which is in every city of all other nations I have ever visited, is not to be found in either Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney or Adelaide, and remember, two of these cities have 600,000 population each. There is not another nation where every man, woman and child has such a good chance for a decent, comfortable life as in Australia. Those who fail and go down cannot blame society for their woes. They are self-imposed penalties. Mr. Robins, who is an expert and a scientific student of these questions, says that there is no other place where wages are so uniformly good, living conditions so favorable, prices so moderate as in Australia. From the material standpoint, they have reached a very high standard.

The striking thing is that while these men have been engaged in passing the most arbitrary industrial laws, they have permitted in many cases the loosest ones to exist upon the great moral questions. The public bars are loosely run. Men, women and children patronize them freely. Apparently the bar-maid is no small part of the attraction for many men. Gambling is permitted at race tracks and cricket matches. They need a Governor Hughes with some real convictions on the gambling question to start a crusade to bring them up to date. The laws against the social evil are so vague and technical that they practically cannot be enforced. Upon this question, in two of the cities we discovered what is absolutely the most ridiculous and absurd leg-

isolation ever known among professedly Christian people. These legislators, while intensely moved concerning the physical and economic welfare of the people, seem to have had their minds fixed on the money question, while morals were pretty well forgotten and overlooked.

I have written rather fully upon these topics, for the Men and Religion message ran right into them at once and made a unique setting for our type of work. Probably there is no place where we have worked or ever will work where the significance of the Men and Religion message was so great as for Australia, and this for several reasons.

FIRST.—*A people may pass laws until doom's day, or until the dreamer has dreamed his last dream, and they alone will not make people good, righteous nor happy.* There is no other such final evidence upon this point as that given in Australia. From the standpoint of legal benefits, they have nothing more to ask. Here young men receive the maximum pay for the minimum amount of work. They are given more time for recreation and the pursuit of elements of personal improvement than was ever granted to any other people. Then, as though a goodly Providence would put the final seal upon it, this test is being made in a climate perfectly adapted to the fulfillment of the heart's fondest desire. Yet, in the face of all this, young men are going to hell by the route of whiskey, gambling and impurity just as they do everywhere.

The last word has been spoken in answering the question whether improvement in conditions of life alone will produce good morals. Even the most intense critic of the Church and Religion has to admit that laws and high ideals do not of themselves produce good character. Only God, the Bible, Jesus Christ and the Church

can solve the moral question. This is so terribly manifest, and the developments in some cases are so distressing and so discouraging, that a cry is going up throughout the whole commonwealth for a new vitalization of the moral forces. Therefore we arrived at a strategic time, when the greatest men of every walk were ready to listen to what we had to say. It made it possible for us to declare the indispensable place of Christianity in the life of any people, and to have the illustration right at their own door every hour.

SECOND.—*The message concerning the place of the Church as a force in social life never had such a ring to it as in Australia.* I have already written quite fully of the wonderful progress of welfare legislation. It has no equal, but the sad part of it all is that this has been wrought almost entirely apart from Christian organizations, and, in a sense we had never witnessed before, has been accomplished in opposition to the influence of the Church. We are all agreed that in Australia, in a larger sense than in any other place we have ever worked, "Labor" and the "Church" seem estranged. To speak of one man as a "Labor man" and another as a "Liberal" is almost synonymous with saying that one is an anti-church and the other a church man. The greatest men among the Christian forces, both ministers and laymen, said that they believed our message would be wonderfully blessed of God in helping the Church to see its responsibility for social work, and equally in helping the labor men to recognize the need of a vital spiritual message in their work. As you will at once recognize, this in a certain degree has been one of the unique elements of the Men and Religion Forward Movement all the way along, but it was vastly more so here than in any other place of which we have knowledge. The Rev. Frederick C. Spurr, pastor of

the Collins Street Baptist Church in Melbourne, and possibly the most unique figure in the church life of the commonwealth, one night in prayer, with an intensity that we cannot soon forget, thanked God for the wedding ceremony of Evangelism and the Social Service message which the Men and Religion Movement was performing. If we ever had any lingering doubt about these two messages being the complement the one of the other, it was eradicated by the campaign in Australia. We were happy in presenting a method by which the two could be amalgamated. The remaining serious question is whether the breach between the Church and the labor world has become too wide for remedy.

THIRD.—*The emphasis upon the need and power of organizing the local men for permanent evangelistic work was most timely.* Australia has been the scene of an immense amount of mass evangelistic effort in the past ten years. I can speak freely for I have participated in it myself and must, therefore, share in any word that seems criticism. Australia has been visited by about everybody in sight upon the evangelistic question. There have been some tremendous efforts in great evangelistic campaigns. Just now, the criticism upon this type of work is more terrific there than in any place I have ever visited, and, of course, as is always the case, some extreme things are being said, for without doubt great good has followed these campaigns. And yet, after making every allowance, the permanent results have been fearfully meager and not at all in harmony with the advertisements. It is a parody on such big evangelistic campaigns if the saloons, brothels, gambling dens and dishonest public life, and class distinctions have not been disturbed in the least. This criticism is being freely and publicly made by their strongest Christian leaders. The message of the Men

and Religion Movement, emphasizing as it has all the time that the final work of evangelism is a local responsibility, and must be done by those who abide, was most needed, for in every city we visited we found the Christian forces stunned in a sense, and wondering what to do next. Following our meetings, we heard of literally hundreds of churches where they were calling meetings of their own men to organize for permanent work. In five of the greatest cities, before we left, they had called delegate meetings to organize Inter-Church Federations for the continuance of those portions of the message common to the whole community. I thank God for the spirit that was developed and was so manifest of deep determination upon the part of ministers and laymen in every one of the cities, to go at the job themselves rather than to wait for another cyclone to blow in from somewhere.

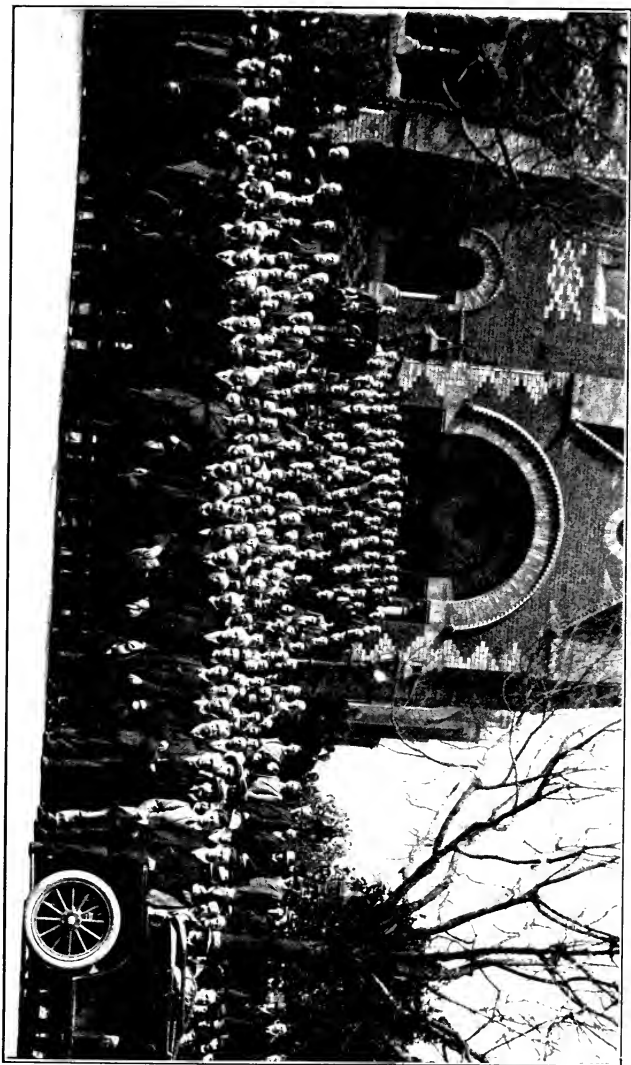
FOURTH.—*The privilege of helping to strengthen the position of the Young Men's Christian Association was one of the gladdest tasks.* Of course, we were there representing various organizations upon exactly the same basis as in the work in the United States, committees being appointed from all the brotherhoods and all the churches as well as from the Associations. Therefore we could not deal exclusively with the Young Men's Christian Association problem. But I was anxious to compare the Associations of 1913 with those of 1905, when I was there before. The progress has been simply splendid. The total membership has almost doubled; the total property value has increased 33%; the secretarial staff has doubled; the relation between the Association and the Church has immensely improved; a larger and better scope of work is being done. All along the way I found splendid returns from the visits of Dr. Warner, Messrs. Morse, Mott, Budge and

Pierce. These men, each in turn, have left a contribution that is real and abiding. Their greatest present need is for a permanent national secretary who will stay with the work for at least the next ten years. I do not know of any position in the Young Men's Christian Association anywhere in the world where a man is more needed than the right man of God's choosing for this great task. We had in every city some special Young Men's Christian Association functions where I was permitted to meet the Association men in special conference. These events reached their highest point of interest at Melbourne, the headquarters of the national committee, and I found the whole spirit of things there to be one of expectation concerning the securing of a national, organizing, supervising leader.

I think I have given you in some of the previous letters a summary of our work, but I am now glad to say that we have had the privilege of presenting the Men and Religion program to 92,651 men and boys in conferences and meetings since leaving home, and to 40,718 men and boys in the commonwealth of Australia at 113 meetings and conferences. It is interesting to note that I have spoken 177 times since leaving home, and that Mr. Robins has spoken just the same number of times.

Notwithstanding the breaks in sea travel, and the time thus lost in actual meetings, it looks as though I myself would have the privilege of presenting the claims of the gospel to more young men in total during this year than in any previous year of my life. For all of these privileges, for the constant care that is following us, and for the sympathetic messages coming from home, we thank God.

Notwithstanding an immense amount of hard work,



Final institute mid-day, Melbourne, Australia

there is plenty of spice in it all the time, and we are never permitted to grow dull. You cannot work in Australia without plenty of animation. One of the little incidents which the fellows of the team will not soon forget occurred in Brisbane, where three or four of the men were in a book store, when a woman, who was a little the worse for liquor, walked up to Alexander Hyde and said to him: "You are Mr. Robins, aren't you?" He wanted to get rid of her and half turned away, saying that he was not. Then she said, "Well, I know that Fred. Smith. He cannot fool me. He is not an American, he is a Jew from the north of Ireland. He got his education in America. I know all about it." So you see, at last I am discovered, and will have to give up talking about my New England blue blood.

Then, too, there is plenty of interest in the question of railway travel. To us one of the most amusing things is the necessity of changing cars every time you cross a state line. I believe only two of all the states have the same railroad gauge. There is the 5'3" gauge, the 4'8", the 3'6", the 2'6" and the 2' gauge. You just get nicely started and settled down when they come in and announce that you have to change cars. When you ask what has happened, they tell you that you are going "over the line," which means that you are going into another state. Of course, they tell you this is going to be modified, and I guess it will be, but they told me that eight years ago and there has been no change yet.

We got another delightful little shock the other day as we were getting onto the ship at Albany. I overheard some ladies saying that they understood that there were "some very distinguished Americans" who had just come on board. When you read this, please

emphasize the "distinguished." Another lady inquired about them, and the first said that she did not know just who they were, but she knew that they were "distinguished gentlemen," and then the second one replied, "Won't it be lovely to hear them talk?" We have felt all the way along that we were absolutely assured of good audiences in Australia, for, apparently, our accent is so amusing that when there is an even chance for a crowd of men to go to an ordinary entertainment or come to hear us speak, we win, for it is more entertaining than anything they can get for three shillings.

I had another rather hot shot one day on the ship, when a man, talking with me on the question of smoking, commented upon the fact that it seemed rather strange to him that none of our party were "smokers," further stating, "About all of you chew." I looked at him in amazement and said, "What do you mean? There is not one in the party who ever did such a dirty trick." His reply was, "Why, really, I thought you all chewed tobacco, I have seen you chewing so much." Then I thought a little more carefully and discovered that the whole Men and Religion team had exposed themselves to the suspicion of being tobacco chewers because an ardent friend in Adelaide, who evidently wanted to engraft himself in our affections forever, in an unguarded moment had presented the party with a goodly supply of spearmint chewing gum, and, American style, we have been going up and down the deck chewing our cud, and the Australian could only interpret that kind of motion to another method of handling nicotine. At the same time I have been reading John Foster Fraser's book upon "The Panama Canal," and in it he comments upon the American "gum-chewing habit" on the Canal. It may be

a little more excusable than tobacco, but I have made up my mind not to look at another piece of gum as long as I live.

I am not so sure, though, but that we could pretty nearly counter on the gum-chewing proposition, for positively there is nothing more amusing in a world tour than to see that kind of spell which comes over a Britisher at about five minutes to four o'clock every afternoon. From five minutes before four o'clock until fifteen minutes before five, I challenge any man living to talk to any Britisher upon any subject under the high heaven except "tea." Yesterday I sat in my room and laughed as much as I would at Barnum's circus to hear them outside the port holes chattering like the annual meeting of a ladies' aid society—men, women and children, all discussing tea. From early morning until late at night, the whole day's program is outlined with reference to not interfering with tea. Sports stop for tea. Those who are seasick, with marvelous magic, get out of their bunks and partake of tea. I think the Union Jack would cease to wave, and the British lion would go down to ignominious and eternal defeat if tea should fail this people.

The unkindest cut of all came to us, however, just as we were leaving West Australia. A newspaper reporter came to me and said that it was reported over the west that we were a band of "Mormon Evangelists," who were out to establish the Mormon Church in Australia. I hastened to disabuse his mind. Then, when we got on ship, we were shocked to learn that the same word had been passed on to the passengers. I am supposed to be a nephew of the great Joseph Smith. Isn't it awful? Eight men, and not one woman in the party, and then to be accused of Mormonism! This is part of the penalty of being famous.

I would not feel as though I had really written you about our Australian trip unless I told you about our three days' rest at Albany. This is a little town on the west coast where we had to wait to catch our ship for South Africa. We broke up into pairs and triplets, and went fishing, mountain climbing and anything we wanted to do for recreation. Robins and I got two riding horses, rolled up our blankets, took a few crackers and sardines and started right back into the "bush." The bush is Australia's term for describing the interior country. It is practically covered with an undergrowth and big gum trees, and their name for it is "the bush." The first night we rode out about fifteen miles into a district that seemed so wild that you would doubt whether white men had ever been there before, rode by moonlight until about nine o'clock, then we went up on the side of a mountain, hitched our horses, lay down on the ground and slept the sleep of the just. It was perfectly glorious. The night was cloudless, the moon was shining and the bright stars seemed literally to fill the sky, with the great Southern Cross in the center of it all. It was rather cold, for it is winter there now. We built a big camp fire, and I don't think I have put in a finer night in ten years. The next day we rode on, crossing the King and Kalgan rivers, circled around the mountains, sometimes following a trail and sometimes riding by the direction of the sun. The second night we saw what we thought was an approaching storm, and hunted for a "settlement" which, in our terms, would be a farm house, and put up for the night. We were out three days, scaring up wild kangaroo and playing at being real Australian "bush men." Every man we met (there were only a few of them) we stopped and visited with concerning the country, its future and its prospects. Perhaps we learned more

about real Australian country life in those three days than we could know by all the rest of our time there.

I have spoken of some of the difficulties of the country. They are terribly wrought up by the unrest and conflict between capital and labor. They are more or less in distress concerning their climate. The amount of rainfall is always an uncertain quantity. But I believe their most serious problem is the development of a real, genuine, undivided patriotism. I do not mean by this to hint that they are not in love with their country, but it seems secondary with everybody. They all talk about "going home," meaning back to the British Isles. I referred to the night we stayed at a "settlement." The man's name was Wilfred Warthwyke. He has been out there twenty-five years; came when twenty-two years of age; has two fine farms, one of 100 acres and another of 1,000 acres. His wife was born in Australia, and has never been away from it. But they are selling out to "go home." On the ship, yesterday, I fell into conversation with two young men, both of them of Australian birth. I inquired where they were going, and they said they were "going home," *en route* to England. We have a minister on board, the Rev. Victor Bell, pastor of a very influential church in Sydney. He and his wife are making their first voyage away from Australia, but in conversation with Mr. Bell he was rejoicing in the fact that he was "going home." I talked with the pastor of one of the largest churches in the whole commonwealth, with a membership of over 1,500. He has been in Australia for nearly fifteen years. He now feels that when he has completed the fifteenth year, he is entitled to "go home." There is that kind of transitory feeling, as though Australia were a probationary place, and the great goal is to "go home." I contrasted this with Canadian life. There

is no such feeling in Canada. I do not believe that Australia will ever develop as it ought until there is a larger consciousness that it is the real, permanent, happy home of the people.

I must not utterly weary you. There are about forty things more about which I would like to write you, but must not do so for fear this epistle will appear too voluminous.

Always and every day we are thanking God for our privilege, and for the wonderful care which is taking us on the long journey without any illness or accident, and best of all, for continued good news from home.

Yours as ever,

FRED. B. SMITH.



Typical advertisements in Johannesburg

IX

En route Capetown, South Africa, to London, England, June 24, 1913.

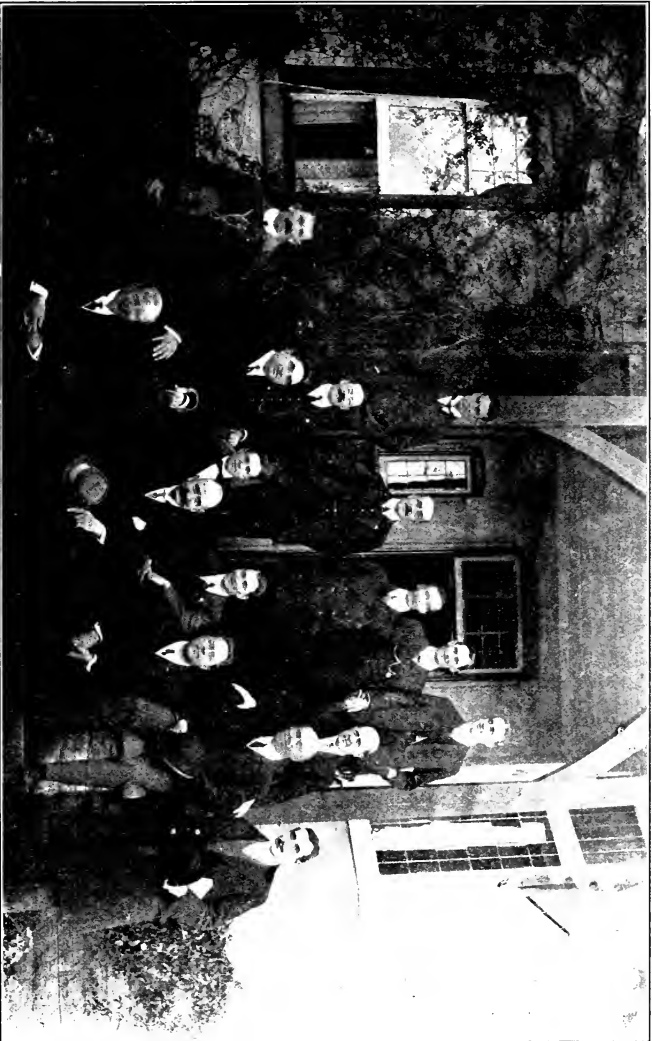
MY DEAR FRIEND: Again, after a terrific campaign of six weeks in South Africa, we find ourselves out on the big water, having just sent a cable to White Plains which read "Homeward Bound." I pity the man who stays at home all the time and never knows the joy of sending such a cable after nearly seven months away from home. I can hardly believe that we are nearing the end, and are now making our last long sea voyage.

I have this morning been looking over the pages of the copies of the letters I have written you, and remembering the volume I have sent, I almost pity you when I think that I am again writing to you, this time to try to interpret what is in our hearts concerning great, wonderful, sunny South Africa. As my memory sweeps me back over the incidents from that wonderful night in the Hotel Astor in New York City, up to this present hour, there has been only one place where we could say that our reception had not been hearty and cordial, and only one place where we have any very serious misgivings about the results. We are deeply and profoundly grateful to God for His good hand, so markedly manifest in every city and in every place, but, like that famous wedding feast, we are prepared to say that in His good providence, the best was reserved until the last.

When I visited South Africa five years ago it got hold of my affections and interest in a way that no other

country save my own had ever done. I could hardly tell why, but I am greatly interested now to note that it has had the same effect upon all of us this time. I believe every man in the party if he was to say this morning which of all the places visited he would most like to revisit would without delay say South Africa. This is not to be interpreted as in any way belittling our interest in other places, or suggesting any indifference to the issues of the Kingdom in other nations where we have shared a little in Christian work, but there is an undefinable something about South Africa that stirs one through and through.

Perhaps this may be in part the sentiment that is aroused within us because of the fact that it seems to be a land of the most perplexing problems. I believe that there are more cross currents to deal with in South Africa than in any other place of which I have knowledge. First, you start out immediately with the English versus the Dutch situation. From the very beginning until the finish in nearly every meeting we held, some prayers would be offered in English and some in Dutch. The public schools are conducted in two languages. The debates in Parliament are in the two languages. Practically all of the signs and advertisements on the streets, over the shop windows, on the railway trains are in two languages. And there is a sharp, keen competition going on. The leaders of each group are watching the other with critical eye to see that by no means shall one language become the exclusive one. This is not to be understood as indicating any excessive bitterness, though there is some, but for the most part the two races of white people are moving together in sympathetic and fraternal relations. But there is no disguising the fact that the language question is a burning issue in South Africa, and they



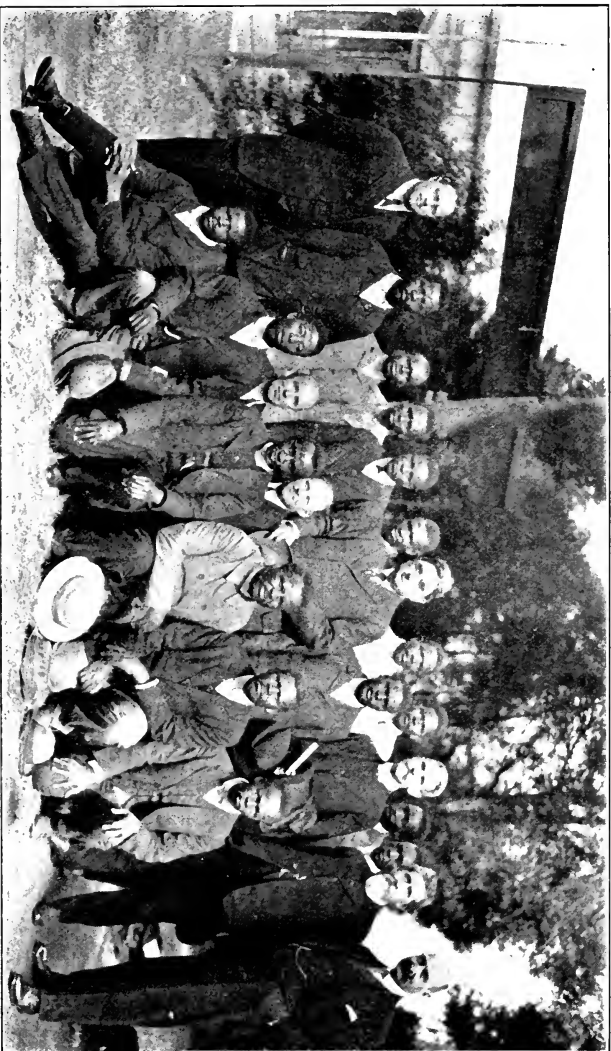
National Council Y.M.C.A. of South Africa

are all wondering what the future has in store for them in this matter.

Perhaps this unusual interest is aroused in a special way with Americans because there is so much talk of the things which have happened "since the war." It is wonderful to think that only a little over ten years ago the whole northern half of that country, which is now being brought together so happily into one union, was being baptized in war, and that 33,000 brave Britishers and Dutchmen had given of their blood in defense of what they thought to be right. It is not strange that some feel restless concerning the slow progress of reconstruction in some particulars, but to us familiar with the transition days after our Civil War it seems nothing short of a miracle that they have accomplished so much in these few years. The most striking of it all is that while the British flag waves from the Zambesi to the Cape of Good Hope, unquestioned by all, and I think practically representing a patriotic British people, yet the country is essentially governed by Dutchmen. Possibly the one item, apart from our meetings, that I shall always remember with greatest pride and a little American conceit, was the luncheon given to us in the Parliament House by General Botha, the Prime Minister of the Union. There also sat at the table General J. C. Smuts, Minister of Finance; Hon. J. W. Sauer, Minister of Native Affairs, and the Hon. F. Malan, Minister of Education. These, without any doubt the four most powerful men in the Government, are all Dutchmen. It is natural that some of the old-time residents from the British Isles should be wondering what the war was all about, and perhaps expressing themselves as rather dissatisfied with the general tendency toward the supremacy of the Dutch, but that is only a passing incident in an

almost unequalled program of building a new united nation from those discordant parts. I am sure, however, that all of this has a unique interest for Americans, for we have seen our country pass through exactly this complicated situation to a very happy solution.

Perhaps our unusual interest, however, may be more certainly influenced by the tremendous question which is there involved concerning the complications of the relations between the white men and the natives. There is no doubt that South Africa has a real difficulty to overcome in the co-ordination of the Dutch and the English, but that is only insignificant as contrasted with this other question of white *versus* black. In South Africa there is a white population of about 1,250,000. In the same territory there is a population of 10,000,000 blacks, but now they are no longer to confine themselves to the issues of South Africa alone, for the opening of the "Cape to Cairo route" is going to give them quickly the problem of Africa as a continent, and this means 200,000,000 blacks as contrasted with 2,000,000 white people. In Australia the aborigine has passed away in the presence of civilization. For some mysterious reason he could not live under its restraints. The same is true of the red man of North America. He has faded away in the presence of the white men's modern houses, railways, steamships and cities, but this is not to be the record in Africa. There is abundant evidence now that the black man will not only live in South Africa, but that he will thrive and multiply even more rapidly under domesticated life than in his native kraal. This seems to demand that a permanent method of living and working together shall be developed. Of course we felt that we had some little intelligence from the experiences of our American



Dr. Taylor and students of Theological College of Impolweni, Natal, South Africa

life with the negroes, and yet our deductions could not be accepted as final, for with us the proportion stands at one black man to every ten white men, while in South Africa there is but one white man to every twenty black men. This question, which is so acute in South Africa, is rapidly becoming a world issue. The white man is going everywhere, and the morning after he arrives he expects to *take charge* of everything in sight, and does. The final answer to the white man's supremacy is one of the biggest problems of the world in the next few generations. A few pale faces are ruling India. A few of the same color are in charge of Egypt. A few more are holding the reins in the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands. Another little group is doing the same thing for South Africa. Approximately 600,000,000 "natives" of these various soils are taking orders from about 2,500,000 whites, while a few thousand more generous Anglo-Saxons and Teutons sit on the periphery of China with its 400,000,000, kindly "advising" them, and 40,000,000 Japanese are wondering when their turn will come. What the last chapter is to be may make the wisest men pause. Will the white race finally prevail and the darker ones die out entirely? Will the races intermingle until a common new race emerges? Will the darker skins, so much greater in numerical power, awake some day and take charge of the whole earth, and reverse the order by making the white man get up and build the early fires for a few years? Will there arise a prophet big enough to call a World Conference to establish universal methods of segregation? Will the races gradually learn how to dwell together in equity? These are some of the questions which cannot be permanently evaded, but are rapidly to demand answer. Just now it is White's move, and his measure is to be taken in what

he does. It is very easy for the idealist to stand off at long range and give positive statements concerning the solution of these questions, but it is a tremendous and almost overwhelming problem.

Perhaps our unique interest in South Africa may be accounted for partly by the sharp contest going on throughout all of that country as to whether it shall be a nation controlled and governed practically for the extension of their three greatest industries—gold, diamonds and ostrich feathers—or whether there shall be taken into account the greater possibility of the agricultural realm. Here, again, we found two strong currents, the one insisting that it was the purpose and plan of the Creator that the country should be agricultural and pastoral, the other saying that it was essentially a country of the special interests named. It is to be expected that the special privileges will claim a good deal, for at present they are on top. Johannesburg is turning out \$155,000,000 worth of gold every year, and the best engineers say that it will take at least a hundred years more to mine what is now known to exist, and that the undiscovered fields present a bewildering possibility in gold. In the diamond mines they are producing \$30,000,000 worth annually, and the only question with them is that of the market. In the realm of feathers, South Africa boasts of about 7,000,000 ostriches, every one of them of plume-producing age, good for approximately \$50 per head annually, and the average age of the birds is twenty-five years. A little mathematics reveals the fact that the ostrich is a “clever bird.” It is no wonder therefore that these three interests feel pretty “uppish” concerning their prestige in South Africa. Of course we were constantly reminded of the fact that all of these are in operation because the luxurious American is bound to have his fastidious nature sat-



“Headman,” Zulu, Kraal

isfied. Seventy-five per cent of all the diamonds go to America, also ninety per cent of all the best feathers and considerably more than half the gold. If the women of the United States should have a spell of twenty years of good hard horse sense, at least the feather and the diamond business would be bankrupt. These big manipulators are just sitting down there in South Africa pouring out diamonds and feathers and cooing over the crazy American women. Notwithstanding all of this, however, South Africa's greatest future is in agriculture, and everywhere I went I was amazed to see the marvelous development. Cattle, sheep, maize, mealies and wheat will be telling their story after the others will have been forgotten.

Perhaps we may find a partial key to our great interest in South Africa in its wonderfully unique scenery, its marvelous climate and its high sunny skies. I do not believe that there is any other place where it seems as though the sky were so high and the horizon so wide as out upon that great rand of Johannesburg. It is the only place in the world where it did not seem to me as though the sky came down to the earth at all. It just seems as though there is no end to it. Then there are the Victoria Falls, the most wonderful on earth. The great stretches of veldt, dotted here and there by the Kaffir kraals, somehow lay hold upon me in a way that I cannot explain. Every time I saw one of them I wanted to go to it. I never had a better time than when I could get away for a while and drove out among them.

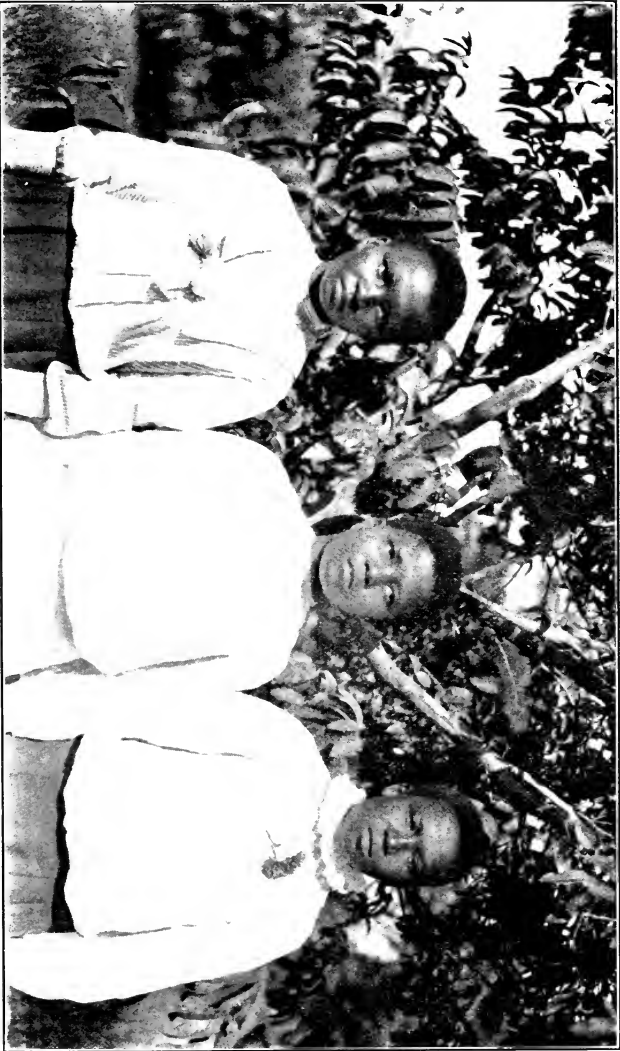
Capetown, with its wonderful Table Mountain, the Twelve Apostles, and the Lion's Head, towering up over it in majestic grandeur; Durban, with its bathing beach, esplanade, botanical gardens and wonderful clubs; Pretoria the beautiful, nestling in among the

hills like a painted picture, with its massive Government building, large enough to put our Capitol inside and never know it was there—all of these form one constant round of interest.

Of all the sea voyages I have known, the most beautiful is from the Philippine Islands to Australia, but next comes the one to South Africa. I marvel that the globe trotters have not fallen into the South African habit more than they have. There is beauty enough in South Africa to make it fascinating to a high degree.

But I think when we have given due recognition to all of these items, the one thing that to me at least commands the deepest love, greatest admiration and fondest hope is the colossal moral and religious problem. Here upon this soil I believe there is to be fought out the last great issue of Christianizing the world. We witnessed some distressing and almost bewildering scenes and problems in Japan. I can never forget them. We only touched the fringe of China, but we were there long enough to feel its throb and know something of its meaning. I have not forgotten India, with its hungry three hundred millions of people, but in every one of these there is a sense in which all the time you see education, culture and some advanced civilization. In South Africa you are immediately facing the unfathomed depths of heathendom. We were privileged to spend one day at Amanzimtoti. There we saw four hundred students in that lovely school being taught not only the truths of Christianity, but being taught also to do everything that is helpful for life. Then you could go out five miles and find people so wild and heathen that you would think they had never seen a white man or heard of a book or knew that there was such a thing as the Church in all the world.

I had the privilege of spending two days at Love-



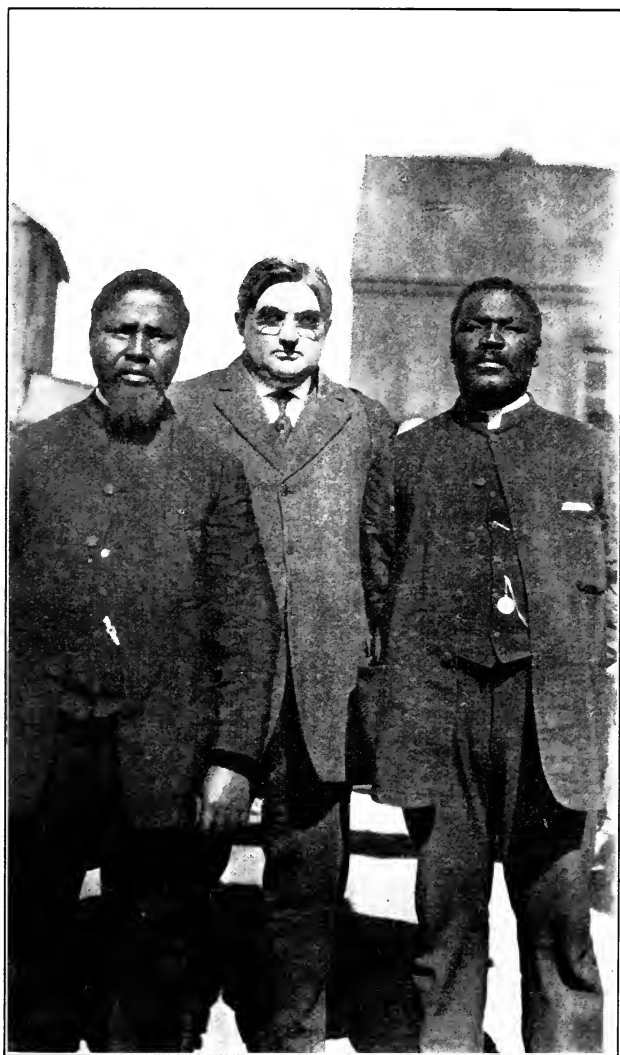
Typical students at Amanzintloti, Natal

dale, which is the great high place of missionary endeavor under the United Free Church of Scotland. Here they have over a thousand students, and I saw them teaching those boys and girls everything from gardening, horticulture, carpentering, blacksmithing, plumbing, making shoes and harness and wagons clear up to the highest mathematics and literature. Lovedale was founded by the great missionary James Stewart in 1839, and is now presided over by the Rev. James Henderson. From this great center, where this wonderful work has been going on for all of these years, producing the most splendid type of Christian young men and women, I drove out five miles and was in the center of a heathendom wild enough, vicious enough and sad enough to break your heart. I have never seen any place in the world where heathendom and Christianity are brought into such close contrast.

I cannot begin to tell you all the missions I visited, but I will add that I was proud of our American representatives, among whom some of the most powerful are Bunker, McCord and Foss, of Durban; LeRoy, of Amanzintoti; Taylor, of Maritzburg, and Bridgman, of the Transvaal. This missionary situation is itself enough to make South Africa a country of commanding interest to anyone who believes that the whole world ought to have the gospel of Jesus Christ. But this is not the only factor of intense interest in the religious condition of South Africa. The whole church question is passing through a transition. The most remarkable thing in it is the newer spirit looking toward federation. In our own work I was much impressed with two wings of the Church with which I did not have much intimate relation when I was there before, but they were conspicuous by their co-operation. I refer to the Dutch Reformed Church and the Church of England.

From the time we touched at Durban until the final meeting in Capetown, which was held in the new Cathedral, and presided over by the Venerable Dean C. W. Barnett-Clarke, we had the heartiest support not only from the laity and the rectors of the Church of England, but from the Archbishop, the Bishops and the Archdeacons who all co-operated with us with a cordiality that can never be forgotten, and this same thing was true of the Dutch Reformed Church. One of the outstanding results in South Africa, I am sure, is going to be an enlarged federated activity that will bring together all branches of the Church.

Then, too, in this religious problem, we faced anew the question of the Young Men's Christian Association and its work. I heard a good deal about what is being spoken of as the "American invasion" and its results. For the last few years there has been a rather insistent American emphasis there in the Association work. This was occasioned by the visit of Dr. Mott some years ago organizing the Student Movement. He left Mr. Owen Bull, a strong Traveling Secretary, who is still there doing grand work among the schools, colleges and universities. Then, following my first visit, we sent out six or seven men. Of these there still remain in the country Frank Howe, General Secretary at East London, and E. D. Ranck, General Secretary at Johannesburg, both doing magnificent work. The most marked of the men who have been in their secretarial ranks is our own International Secretary of the Army and Navy Department, Mr. John S. Tichenor. Everywhere we went I found he had left a fine impression. The only regret was that he did not remain as the national leader, and good words are said of the other men who have returned. They all did good work, but could have multiplied their influence by longer service. We have been



Basuta and Zulu interpreters both used at one time

most happy in this campaign in assisting in the raising of funds necessary to carry on a national work, and our Harry N. Holmes, who has been the advance guard and Organizing Secretary of the Men and Religion World Tour, bade us good-bye at Capetown, and remains there to conserve the work of the Men and Religion Campaign, and to take the national secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Associations of South Africa.

The most significant advance of the past five years has been in Johannesburg, where they have built a fine building and are pushing forward a great work. I am persuaded, however, that the deepest interest is in the men we met and their brave efforts for the Kingdom of God. Stronger and grander than buildings is the coming into the life of the Associations of some very strong new blood among laymen. I could mention many if time would permit, but the most marked is Mr. H. Wallace Soutter, President of the Chamber of Commerce in Johannesburg, and also Chairman of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations for the Union. He is simply marvelous in his leadership in that work. He has been going from city to city as a paid Secretary would go and dealing with them with scientific ability upon their local problems. I have said of him several times that I have thought of him as a sort of combined James G. Cannon and Alfred E. Marling.

I do not dare to weary you with too much detail, but we are simply filled with enthusiasm about our South African Campaign. So far as the national visits are concerned, South Africa stands first in attendance and number of meetings, although Melbourne, Australia, outstripped any other one city. Taking our whole tour thus far, we have held 487 meetings and

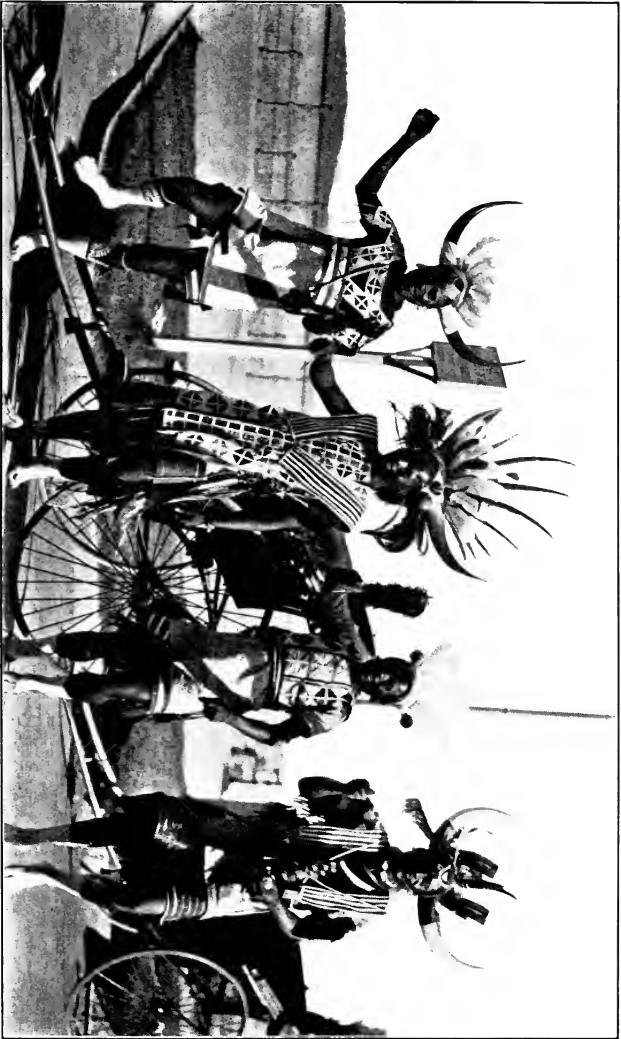
conferences, with a total attendance of 158,281 men and boys, and by the time we reach New York we will have traveled 42,308 miles. I have been rather interested to know that notwithstanding our long time between points in travel, I will have personally addressed more men in this year than in any year in my life. I have been going at about 100,000 or a little more each year. This year will reach far beyond that.

I never felt less in my life like boasting of things done than I do to-day, but I am tremendously humble in the presence of the testimonies we have heard concerning the influence of our visit in South Africa. A great company of men followed us down to the ship, and I can say truthfully that never in all my life have I listened to such words of commendation as I heard there the last day as we were preparing to leave. God has seen fit to use us and we are praying for grace enough to give Him the praise.

Every hour now reduces the distance between us and home, and we are finding it difficult to be patient.

Very, very best love,

FRED. B. SMITH.



Zulu rickshaw boys, Natal

X

Nearing London *en route* from Capetown, South Africa, July 4, 1913.

DEAR MR. CANNON: This is the glorious 4th of July, and we are celebrating on the sea, although there is rather a sombre note in the proceedings for me at least. I am not sure whether I ought to weep or sing, shout or wail. I am compelled to relate an unlooked-for incident in our world tour. We have just held one "conference" which was not on the schedule. This unexpected one promises to do more to make me famous than any one of the whole campaign. In long sea voyages one of the things which help to keep up the spirits of the passengers is the breaks in the voyage by "port of entry calls." From Capetown to Southampton the mail steamers of the Union Castle Steamship Company have one such call at Funchal on the coast of the Madeira Islands, a Portuguese possession. We looked forward to that day for a week.

Well, it at last arrived. It is now over and we are sailing on, a wiser company, and life can never be the same again. I at least am a changed man. You may take my picture out of the Chamber of Commerce, where it now hangs, and put it into the Hall of Fame. I am not sure in just which gallery it ought to appear, but it certainly should go there somewhere. I have been an inmate of a Portuguese prison, the subject of a conspiracy, the hero of a dramatic investigation, the central figure of a romantic escape.

My name may go down in the galaxy with Napo-

leon Bonaparte upon St. Helena, or Captain Dreyfus upon Devil Island, the difference being that, poor as their accommodations were, they had some provision. I had neither food, water nor a bed. Had the issues of my incarceration been a little different I might be listed with John Bunyan or the Apostle Paul, but even their "light afflictions" can hardly match my troubles. Perhaps when you have gotten the full setting you may be led to reserve a space for my portrait in the "Carrie Nation" ward or with the London Suffragettes. Some may be confused in the final decision between Darius Green, Cook the Explorer, Jack Johnson or myself. However, that is a detail—the fact is, I have been made famous in one single day. Let me tell you about it.

The incident really begins the night before we reached Madeira. We had the regulation "concert" and "presentation of prizes" for deck sports. Of the latter, I may modestly suggest that I received two prizes for having won the two most difficult athletic events. In the concert a comic theatrical performer sang a song which went as follows:

"SETTING THE VILLAGE ON FIRE"

In the village they always thought I was so quiet,

But lately they've had a big sell,

With my daredevil ways I've been causing a riot,

Since I came out of my shell.

It's the wild blood I've got in my veins I suppose,

Why, to-day I've been out and bought this suit of clothes.

CHORUS

I'm setting the village on fire,

I'm setting the village on fire,

Getting the family name into disgrace,
Into disgrace, through going the pace,
To-day I spent threepence on wine,
And then had a hike out on hire,
And I jumped off a car before it had stopped,
Oh, I'm setting the village on fire.
I'm one of the boys, I'm one of the nibs,
I'm a jolly good fellow!
I'm one of the lads, I'm one of the nuts,
Setting the village on fire.

I saw it was making a weird impression upon some of the less serious of the men, and fearing there might be some danger that they would try to demonstrate the song at Funchal the next day, I decided that I ought to accompany them on shore to restrain any superabundance of enthusiasm.

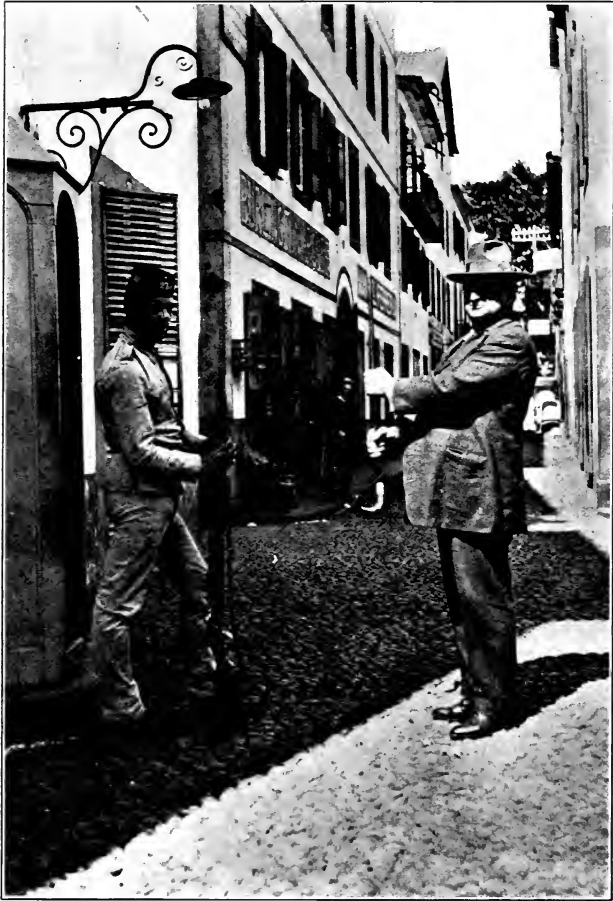
We went to the hotel for breakfast, and all went well. Our conduct was above possible reproach. Then we started down into the old city, riding in bullock sleds dragged over cobble-stone streets at the speed of $2\frac{1}{4}$ nautical miles per hour. (Special emphasis should be given to "nautical.") The *others* of the party insisted upon singing the song they had heard the night before: "We Are Setting the Village on Fire." It seemed an innocent amusement, so I did not forbid them, and thus we rode triumphantly through the "esplanade."

Down in the heart of the great "metropolis" we came to a kind of fort or garrison, where a Portuguese sentry stood on guard. He looked like the last page of the explorer Cook's diary—sort of incomplete. The "boys" wanted his 'photo, and to make a striking illustration of the new world *vs.* the old, or of the Twentieth Century *vs.* the Sixteenth, or of

a roast beef diet *vs.* cigarettes and wine, they over-persuaded me to go up to him and “present arms” with my cane, which I did—thoroughly innocent, and in a perfectly kind and gentlemanly manner, as you know I would do.

The change was something awful! I was arrested, and in five minutes found myself before the Commissioner of Police. Then the vexed question arose as to what I was charged with. One of the Court proposed it should be for “exceeding the speed limit” in the bullock sled. After deliberation, that was dismissed. Another proposed that I be charged with blocking the streets and delaying traffic. Some of the main thoroughfares are 2 feet 8 inches in width, and I trembled for the result of a trial for this offense, for I still weigh 235 pounds, and if I went through any street I was of necessity guilty on this indictment. Fearing too much notoriety, however, this also was withdrawn. Several other possibilities were proposed, but finally it was decided that I was to be tried for “insulting the Portuguese Army.” As soon as I heard this I knew I was safe, for no matter what the evidence was, I would be exonerated. It was an impossible charge. During the excitement some of my friends hastened back to the ship to request Captain Becher to hold the ship till I could “get out,” which he consented to do if my liberty could be secured within an hour or two.

Others went for the American Consul, Mr. John Correia, who arrived promptly and took charge of my case. It was soon discovered that mine was no ordinary affair for the common police court. I had to deal with the Presidential Chair of Portugal. Of course as soon as they got me they knew they had a prize, and wanted to give me every possible dis-



Interviewing a Portuguese sentry

tion, and so passed my case up to the highest possible authority. I ought also to say that to strengthen the dignity of the case one of my friends, a Britisher, went for the British Consul, who had heart disease, and could only come as he was able to find shaded walks to pass through, and therefore did not arrive in time to share in the festivities.

Well, after long debates about jurisprudence, jurisdiction, local venue, misdemeanors, felonies, high crimes and treasons, by the faithful good offices of the American Consul I was declared a free man. Mind you, not a guilty culprit punished and set free—not that. They officially gave me back my character, which had been temporarily taken away from me, and I walked out free! My dear Mr. Cannon, you Wall Street men can sympathize with my feelings. You know what it is to be in doubt about your standing, and then by a small margin to get your freedom. Well, that's how I felt. I went back to the ship, and I must say that there were some rather sarcastic things said by some about the leader of the Men and Religious Movement getting into jail at the finish. I consoled myself, however, by answering that Peter, Paul, John and James had similarly suffered. Others were unkind enough to remind me that I had been the ship's preacher on the Sunday night before, and had highly commended good conduct as the best policy, but I only replied to these unnecessary comments that a man to be a good preacher needs to have sympathy with the unfortunate, and that I was getting valuable experience.

Thus the incident closed, but there is a solemn lesson in it which I want to pass on to you, for I feel you need its warning, and through you have it passed

on to many other men who are in peril at the same point.

Really, what think you is the secret of this fall? You and all my other friends will refuse to believe that I was deliberately bad. My record dispels such a thought. I was reared by a good father and mother. I went to Sunday-school regularly, and learned the golden text. I joined the Church and the Young Men's Christian Association early in life. I sang in the choir (once). I have an Irish wife with whom I have lived twenty-seven years. No stronger testimonial of my character can be asked for than that. I have been a Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association for years, and in the Religious Work Department of which you are Chairman. It is impossible to give more weighty evidence of strong moral qualities than this. The whole tale is told by the old, old story, "bad company"—that's it. I fell in with the wrong crowd, and they were my undoing. They led me astray.

Let me give you the full setting: In the party there was a Mr. William Campbell, a strict Scotch Presbyterian elder, a Director of the Young Men's Christian Association of Johannesburg, and a member of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations of South Africa. He was without doubt the worst influence of the whole lot, for we expected better of him. There was a Mr. William Cuthbert, an Irish Presbyterian elder, one of the old famous Covenanters, who sing only Psalms. That is the reason he insisted upon singing "We Are Setting the Village on Fire." There was a young man, a strict Quaker, from Brooklyn, by the name of F. C. Whitney. He is one of the kind who thinks it wrong to laugh. There was a very pious Wesleyan, an Englishman,

by the name of Lynn Henwood. He is an ardent follower of John Wesley. Then there was our own C. M. Keeler of the quartet, the son of a Methodist minister and a zealous advocate of all missionary undertakings. Also Paul J. Gilbert, the tenor singer and theologian, the watchdog of personal conduct, and P. Harlow Metcalf, the Oberlin graduate of the strictest sect. Also James E. Lathrop, the private secretary of a religious worker. He is soon to marry a minister's daughter. Then, to crown it all, there was Mr. Alexander Hyde from Wichita, Kan., the "prohibition" State. He is known as the stickler for law and order. He boasts of never having been arrested, although he also tells of unusual intimacy with the Chief of Police of his home town. Raymond Robins was not at the immediate scene, having remained behind on the ship, but nevertheless he was a factor in the general atmosphere in which I was moving. He has been the most violent participant in the Progressive Reform party, advocate of law enforcement, but has himself been arrested so many times that he has given up the count. Edward W. Peck also stayed behind. I think he anticipated some kind of trouble, financial or otherwise. He, too, shares in the unsavory influence which dominated me. He is a typical Puritan. In his boyhood, when a teacher once displeased him, he made up a gang of hoodlums who took the poor chap out into the cornfield and tarred and feathered him. Therefore, when this incident is fully known, charge it to bad company. When you look over the list of persons with whom I was associated, the wonder is not at what actually happened, but that it was not worse.

Anyway, we got back to the ship and are sailing on. As a fitting finish to the day in sport, which we begun by singing "We Are Setting the Village on Fire,"

the crowd came to my room late that night and sang to the tune "In the Sweet Fields of Eden" the following which Alexander Hyde had written:

CHORUS

Dare am res' fo' de unwary,
When yo' visit old Madery,
If yo' monkey wid de sentry,
Dare am arres' fo' yo'!

Don yo' go asho' wid Fred. B.,
If yo' really 'spects to sightsee,
Fo' he's gwine to 'sult de Army,
And dare'll be arres' for yo'!

Does yo' really think yo' otter,
Make yo'self out as a Mater,
De servin' Star and Gater
Caus' dey 'rested yo'!

Dey let yo' go at roll call,
And yo' make us b'l've dat dat's all,
But dere's anudder tale in Funchal
'Bout dat arres' of yo'!

Now we's gwine to take yo' word, sir,
But it ain't just wat we hurd, sir,
As to 'zakly wat occur'd, sir,
When dey 'rested yo'!

Now a-let dis be a warnin',
'Gainst dis regulation scornin',
Or some day we'll be in mournin',
Caus' dey 'rested yo'!

I have known for weeks that there would be great joy in getting back to the "land of the free," but it has a new significance now.

Sincerely appreciating my liberty to write you, I am,

Very cordially yours,

FRED. B. SMITH,

An American Subject.

XI

Four Days on the Continent of Europe and the World's
Sunday-school Convention. London, England,
July 12, 1913.

DEAR MR. CANNON: Little by little we are cutting down both the space and time which yet separate us from the happy consummation of the campaign.

A world tour would hardly be complete without including historic Continental Europe. I therefore set aside four days that I might give this part of the universe unhurried attention. In the conscious remembrance of the criticism passed upon "globe trotters," and especially those from America, that they go too hurriedly over the route, and do not, therefore, have time to really catch the full sentiment of the historic spots, I decided to avoid this criticism and take time enough for an exhaustive study of this portion of the world, and set aside four full days to that part of Europe which lies to the north and east of the English Channel. Peculiar attention was given to Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium. I am sure you will appreciate what a liberal education this was, for it involved an exhaustive study and understanding of the life and work of such statesmen as Bismarck, Napoleon, Louis the XIVth and Leopold. I found that a complete understanding of these made it necessary also to include Cromwell and Wellington in my investigation. It also involved a new study of Church history, with special attention to Martin Luther, Zwingli, John Calvin, John Huss and John Knox.



Officers of World Sunday-school Convention at Zurich, Switzerland

Officers of World Sunday-school Convention at Zurich, Switzerland. From left to right: Mr. W. S. Withan. Sir Robert Laidlaw, London. Hon. Justin MacLaren, Toronto. Mr. H. J. Heinz, Pittsburg. Bishop Vincent, Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. E. H. Nichols, Chicago. Sir Francis Belsey, London. Mr. Marion Lawrence, General Secretary, World Sunday-school Committee, Chicago, Ill. Mr. F. H. Brown, Assistant Secretary, World Sunday-school Committee. Mr. Heinz, Jr., of Pittsburg.

I am sure some Americans will feel that there was a touch of extravagance in giving so much time to this. I met one who was trying to cover it all in one afternoon. He admitted, however, that he was a bit hurried, but thought he would succeed. But for me, I am glad I took ample time, and can henceforth feel that sense of confidence which rests in knowing all phases of a subject.

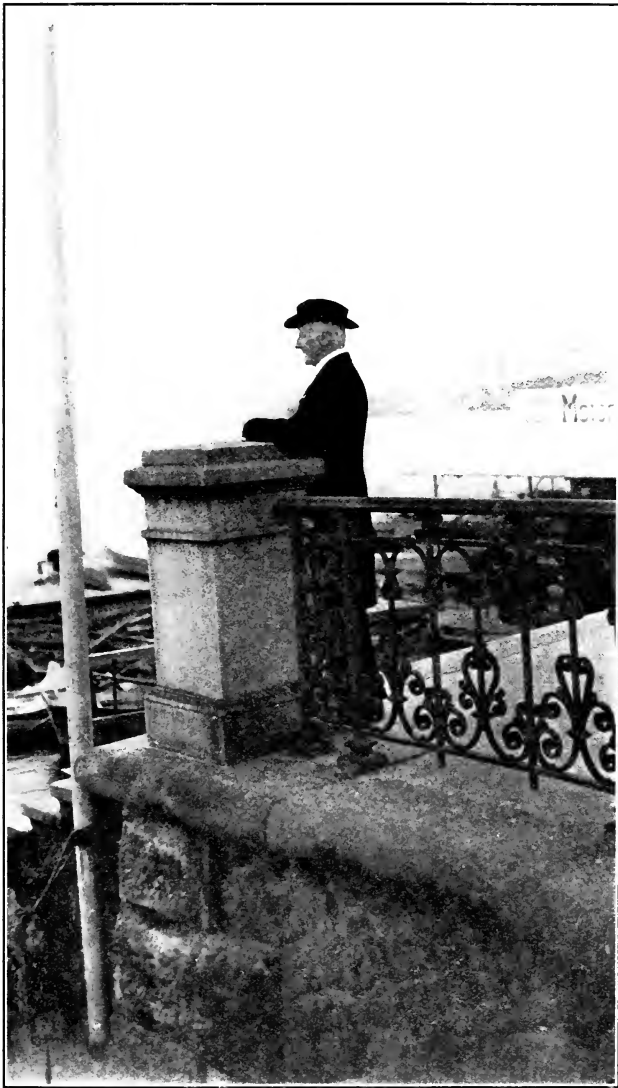
Seriously, my main objective was the World's Sunday-school Convention at Zurich, Switzerland, in the foothills of the Alps. Certainly no one event can stand out more delightfully than the privilege of seeing and sharing in this great world gathering. I am fully convinced that it will mark a mighty advance in Sunday-school work everywhere. It was worth going a long way for, and was great any way you approach it.

It was great in the first place because of the city in which it was held. Zurich is the ideal spot for a World Sunday-school gathering. Here, just a night's ride from Rome, Protestantism had its birth, and today stands, after more than four hundred years of testing, ready to be judged by the law—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Luther, Zwingli and Calvin did not labor, pray and suffer for naught. Zurich in every way is a worthy illustration of the power of religious liberty. It has beautiful churches filled with people. But I know cities where there are beautiful churches filled with people, while the mass of the folks outside are in filth, dirt, squalor, vice and unspeakable destitution. Not so in Zurich. The city is clean, well built, well governed and prosperous. The people are prosperous, happy, and, as a rule, morally good. If what any given doctrine produces in the lives of people is an index of its worth, those founders of the Zurich faith had the right thing.

The Convention was great in the second place because of the world optimistic view of Bible Study which it afforded. It was no place for a pessimist. The air was charged with hope. It would have been great fun to have taken one of the real downright muck-scraping journalists, who insist that everything is going bad—religion dying out, the Church failing, and most men going to the dogs—into that Convention, and held him under that fire for twenty-four hours. He would have been either dead or converted.

There were delegates there from at least 46 different nations. They reported an enrollment of 28,000,000 students. They brought the message that the Bible, the prophesied "obsolete" book, is being sold at the rate of 11,000,000 copies per year in 540 different languages. The biggest sale of Scripture in the history of Christianity, according to the two greatest Bible Societies, was in 1912. The announcement was made that the "Adult Department" alone was increasing in enrollment at the rate of 2,000 per week. The Convention revealed the fact that the Bible is still the most popular book in the world.

It was a great Convention, in the third place, because of the tremendous emphasis upon specialized work for men and boys. There have been those among the leaders of the Sunday-school work who have contended for a co-educational basis. For the first time in the history of the World's Convention topics dealing with men and boys only were introduced. Our own W. C. Pearce, W. A. Brown and John L. Alexander were pleaders for this topic. In all the world tour I have not met greater enthusiasm than when I spoke there urging the Sunday-school to make room for a men's and boys' special organization to carry out the Men and Religion program. The great F. B. Meyer, in his



Fredk. B. Meyer, London, at Zurich, watching Sunday-school Convention

opening address, pleaded for Social Service as a part of the Christian program, and in a most delightful personal conversation with me said we ought to be urging our Christian men to get into politics and public affairs. Our beloved Floyd Tomkins, who preached the Convention sermon, in the same manner pleaded earnestly with the men of the Sunday-school to participate in the social awakening of modern times. I came away feeling that the most marked note of the whole session was the new accent upon masculine work.

The Convention was great, in the fourth place, because of the American enthusiasm. If I may be permitted modestly to say it, the "North American" badges seemed to outnumber any other by two to one. We have a good many things to make us humble, and sometimes to make us ashamed, in contact with some types of Americans who travel abroad and swagger and swear, but North American stock was above par at Zurich. I have not the full report of the Credential Committee, but, notwithstanding the distance and cost of travel, I am persuaded that more than half the delegates were from North America. The Treasurer reported that he had issued 47 "Life Memberships" during the past three years. A life member is one who subscribes \$1,000 or over in any given year. Of the 47, I was interested to observe that 39 of them came from our side of the sea. Then, too, our American side bulks big because the General Secretaryship of the World's Sunday-school Association is held jointly by Rev. Carey Bonner, of England, and the big-souled, generous-hearted Marion Lawrance, of Chicago. He will offset the unwholesome influence of a hundred cheap American buccaneers who go brawling around Europe. The North American was a very conspicuous part of the whole Convention.

For these and many other reasons, it was a mighty Convention, and one that will advance the Kingdom of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth. There were many most interesting features, the variegated colors of the delegates, the peculiar dress—all sorts, kinds and descriptions were there. The language question, however, was most vital. All the reports and addresses were submitted in three languages—French, German and English. But when you got down in the lobby of the great hall there seemed to be a hundred going on at the same time. It reminded me of the remark of the old stewardess on the ship coming up from South Africa, who came up to me after she learned who I was, and congratulated me upon the work I was engaged in, and then said: “Do you know about the Congregationals? I joined them last winter out at Wimbledon. But I am not sure whether I like it or not. It seems to me the preacher out there at the Congregational don’t know where he is going. He seems to know a lot of things he don’t know, but I never heard him tell about any he does know for sure.” Then, with a good amount of English assurance, she said: “I think our preacher is just building the tower of Babylon.” Well, Zurich seemed sometimes like the first morning after that famous tower went over.

This is sure—the Sunday-school is a great institution. It has been a great power, is now, and is yet to be a greater one. I did my first Christian work in a little country Sunday-school out in Dakota, and I have never been accused of indifference to it, but I believe in it now more than ever before.

Just closing the long appeal for a bigger, better work for men and boys all the way around the world, I thank God for having given me this view of the world-

wide Sunday-school awakening. It gives great hope for the future.

Once more I bid you good-bye, although I hope to be under "Old Glory" myself when you are reading this.

Yours as always and everywhere,
FRED. B. SMITH.

XII

England and Homeward Bound, July 17, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. CANNON: The writing of reports and home letters, cabling, watching for "the mail," and counting days, are about over. If nothing unforeseen happens, in twenty-four hours more I will be standing on the old sod and under the grandest flag that ever waved.

Our return to the British Isles, coming in midsummer, made it impossible to do very much in the way of constructive Men and Religion work. As in New York, everybody seems to be away from London on a vacation during July and August. We were there long enough, however, to feel a little of the throb of the dominant religious note, and to know that the same powerful tides are running there which we have found in other nations. We found the pulpit and the religious press discussing the question of how to interest and hold men and boys in the Church.

On Sunday, July 6th, I had the privilege of speaking in the famous Whitfield Tabernacle, where the fighting parson, theologian, parliamentarian and statesman, Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P., is pastor. Raymond Robins also spoke in the same church in the afternoon at the wonderful men's gathering, which has been running for nearly ten years, always with an immense audience. Silvester Horne is the embodiment of the essential Men and Religion message, and, of course, gave us a grand reception. At night, I spoke at the old Christ Church, made world-wide in influence by the ministry of Rev.

Frederick B. Meyer, and where our own Rev. Len Broughton is now pastor. We had worked with him in Atlanta, and he knew the whole message and result. No argument was needed to convince him of the value of the Men and Religion campaign. He had tasted it before and gave us a never-to-be-forgotten greeting of cordiality to his great church and people. Indeed, he is a whole Men and Religion Movement in himself. We found him doing in Christ Church the same splendid work of organization which he carried out with such marked skill in Atlanta. With a good deal of certainty he said that his church was going to have a forward movement in men's work, no matter what the rest of England might do.

In the afternoon of the same Sunday, I had the joy of speaking to a magnificent audience in the central Young Men's Christian Association building, where our mighty friend of many years, John James Virgo, better known as "Jack," presides as General Secretary. I do not think the Association anywhere can boast of much better work than is now being carried out here. July is not the best month to see it in action, but the whole comment about it is one of cordial approval. There is a good educational work, a splendid physical department, great social activities. They have one of the best billiard rooms in any Young Men's Christian Association building in the world. There were those who prophesied that the 'buses would stop running if ever the London Association put in billiards. But they are there and still the world moves right on. I do not believe that there is another such meeting in the entire Brotherhood as the "Social Tea" following the Sunday afternoon men's meeting. Two hundred young men sat down at the tables the Sunday we were there, and at the roll call of nations from which

they came it seemed as though the ends of the earth responded. The organization may well be proud of the work now being carried on by the original Association.

I had frequent conferences at the national headquarters, No. 13 Russell Square. Here, too, they are making fine progress, and are adding some very strong men to the staff. The central topic here is the anticipated special united forward movement in which Mr. Basil Hewer, the Secretary for Religious Work of the National Council, is to lead. It is practically the Men and Religion Movement, but they have decided to call it the "Christian Manhood Campaign."

In all of these meetings and interviews the Forward Movement in men's work was the theme. There are unique difficulties in such an effort in the British Isles, but I venture the prophecy that if it is carried out earnestly, it will make the most profound impression there of any place in the whole world. Their religious conditions are just ripe for it, and when the Britisher sees the real significance of this type of masculine Christian emphasis, he will, as usual, do it well.

At the close of these months, and almost within sight of the dear old United States, I am going over the experiences and trying to summarize my impressions. It is not an easy task, for we have been through so many, many varied scenes. Some, however, stand out above all the others:

The marvel of the perfection of ocean travel is not the least. Although it may not have any immediate bearing upon our work, it is nevertheless one of the very impressive facts. We have put in over eighty days on the sea, traveling upon thirteen different ships in all kinds of seas and climates and among all kinds of people. There has been not one jar or accident all the way. The modern skipper sails through wind, rain,

snow and fog up to the exact spot at the exact hour. We have not been an hour late anywhere. Ocean transportation is more reliable, I believe, than are the railroads upon land. We are closing this part of our wanderings upon the *Mauretania*, the queen of all the ships afloat. She is just one great city. We get up in the morning, read the daily paper, answer correspondence, send a few telegrams and then have luncheon. In the afternoon the ladies don their walking or street gowns, the gents their neatest business suits and all promenade. Fifth Avenue is not finer than "B" deck of the *Mauretania* on a fine afternoon. At night, dinner at about eight, music in the drawing-room and the day is over. If anyone on this voyage had not looked out, they would not have known we were at sea at all. All the way from Liverpool, not a motion more than one would get on the Hudson River. Wouldn't Lief Erickson, Christopher Columbus and Sir Walter Raleigh like to be Captains now?

The world-wide influence of the Men and Religion Movement has amazed me. I do not say this merely as related to the nations and cities we have visited, but in a large sense based upon the messages coming from so many other quarters of the world. Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Australia, South Africa and England are deeply stirred, but I am even more impressed by the impression made in other places. I have already written of how deeply the World's Sunday-school Convention was aroused over the need of this type of work. I have never in my life had a more pressing invitation than one which comes from Holland for a campaign of this kind. I was surrounded at Zurich by the delegation from Sweden, determined that I should go straight to Sweden with them to launch a campaign. The last hour in London brought a stir-

ring appeal from Belfast for a series of such conferences and meetings. I do not write this in a sense of conceit, but I hope more in humility than otherwise, for I believe God Himself has been guiding these developments, and this appeal is being made in just the exact period when He ordained it should be. If I were back in that "state room" of the Hotel Manhattan, May 18, 1911, and knew in advance all the anxious days and nights, all the hard work and all the heart aches that would be involved in carrying out the program, I would go straight forward. It has been used of God permanently to change some things in organized Christianity. I believe in "Movements" more than ever. I am grateful to God that Moody led out in that great evangelistic movement. I am glad for the Laymen's Missionary Movement. I am thankful for the Men and Religion Forward Movement. I am rejoiced to hear of the United Missionary Movement. I am happy in the anticipation of the Movements yet to be born. *Anything but a calm!*

The loyalty, love and devotion of the members of the team will live forever with me as one of the outstanding impressions. I would not be true to myself in this last letter to you if I failed to speak of my associates in these hard months of work. There have been breaks in travel, but the pressure has been indescribable at times. I am built for a good deal of hardship, and am always in danger of going too fast. You may know that it has been pretty earnest when I sum up the whole tour by telling you that we have held 476 different meetings and conferences, have addressed 147,181 men and boys in eight different Nations, and have traveled 43,308 miles. During it all, every man in the party has been true, and ready to do his utmost. At the close, instead of being ready to separate, I believe

they would rather be together than with any other similar group of men on earth. I cannot go over them one by one, but I do want to testify to their tremendous work throughout the whole year.

The necessity of evangelizing our own North America is upon my heart more than anything else to-day. Of all impressions, this is the most dominant one. I am thoroughly convinced that we of Canada and the United States have an obligation to the religious world everywhere. I am persuaded that this does not apply simply to our general Foreign Missionary responsibility, but has an equal bearing upon the welfare and progress of the Kingdom of God in lands called Christian and non-Christian, and I think we would be untrue to the vision which has been vouchsafed if we did not from time to time make our contribution to the extension and development of the Christian forces throughout the world. Our commerce is going everywhere. I have not found a place in all our wanderings where I did not see American farm machinery, kerosene oil, soaps, perfumery, pickles, razors, cough-drops, boots, shoes, sewing machines, automobiles, mentholatum, bicycles, wind-mills, wagons, chewing-gum, flour, oatmeal, canned fruits and meats. By the law of honorable return, any nation which is drawing so much, both in people and financial gain from the remotest corners of the earth, ought to expect to share in the great moral battles of the world. Of this principle I am firmly convinced. But I am even more convinced of the fact that notwithstanding these distant responsibilities, our primary, fundamental and immediate necessity is to see that the work of moral preservation, Christian energizing and evangelizing are carried out in our own North America. This is forced home upon me for so many reasons that I would not dare attempt to write you all of them.

I am sure it is true because we are here working out the illustration, it seems to me, of the final method in religious work which must be applied to all people everywhere. I have been repeatedly made to tremble as I have realized how continuously the American method in religious work is finding its way into all the nations of the world. It has been rather amusing, in some places, to hear them speak of the danger of the American methods, and not infrequently even argue against them, and then turn quietly around and adopt them. We are bearing a grave responsibility in that from the standpoint of the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, leaders of every nation of which I have knowledge are anxiously awaiting our developments.

I am sure that there is also a great responsibility to evangelize our own country, because notwithstanding all the arguments concerning the needier places of the world, we have to bow our heads in humility as we face a good many bad situations in our own home land. I do not think I found any kind of sin anywhere but that in some form it exists in New York, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, San Francisco and all the rest. I remember hearing an old theological professor in a Young Men's Christian Association Convention some years ago say that he believed every man in the world ought to have a fair show for his salvation. It sounded very commonplace at first, but it has been with me ever since as a powerful statement. It is upon this principle that the Foreign Missionary appeal becomes irresistible, and every real Christian has to accept his part in that responsibility, but it is equally true that the young men of our own country ought to have a fair show for their salvation, and that a good many of them are not having

it. No lessening of force at home can be thought of or tolerated so long as present conditions obtain.

I feel the sense of this home responsibility as I never felt it before, for we have in our land, as perhaps in no other in the world, the available resources to do the work. Somewhere I have either written or said that I believe that there are ten dollars of money ready for every dollar of need if the Christian business men of the United States and Canada can be assured that their money is going to be economically and efficiently administered. If we cannot win this contest in the United States and Canada, it cannot be won anywhere. I believe that the Kingdom of God is going to be established, and that the ushering in of this day with us is a sort of advance movement in the interests of the whole world. I am coming home to give myself to this task of the religious life of the young men of our own North American continent as I have never done before.

As I think about what it will mean to step on those shores to-morrow, I cannot help a sense of great pity for the men of our land who are whining about "conditions." The man who cannot make a reasonable success of life in the United States or Canada would be a wretched failure anywhere you put him, and the religious organization which does not do a great work there ought to surrender its charter and go out of business. I am afraid I will be found preaching the doctrine of North America patriotism a good deal during these coming months. To-day I feel as though I wanted to get off this ship, and get down on my back and roll over on the ground of our own soil.

For all the journeying mercies that have surrounded us, for all the unparalleled blessings which have attended our labors and for the good providence of God which brings us back safely, we render unspeakable

thanksgiving, but in this oratorio of gratitude nothing else at this moment impresses me so profoundly as the sense of home, with my own family, the circle of Christian men with whom I work, and my native soil. I shall sing, as I have not hitherto sung, Dr. Barbour's favorite hymn:

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Yours with everything I have for the
Kingdom of God,
FRED. B. SMITH.

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