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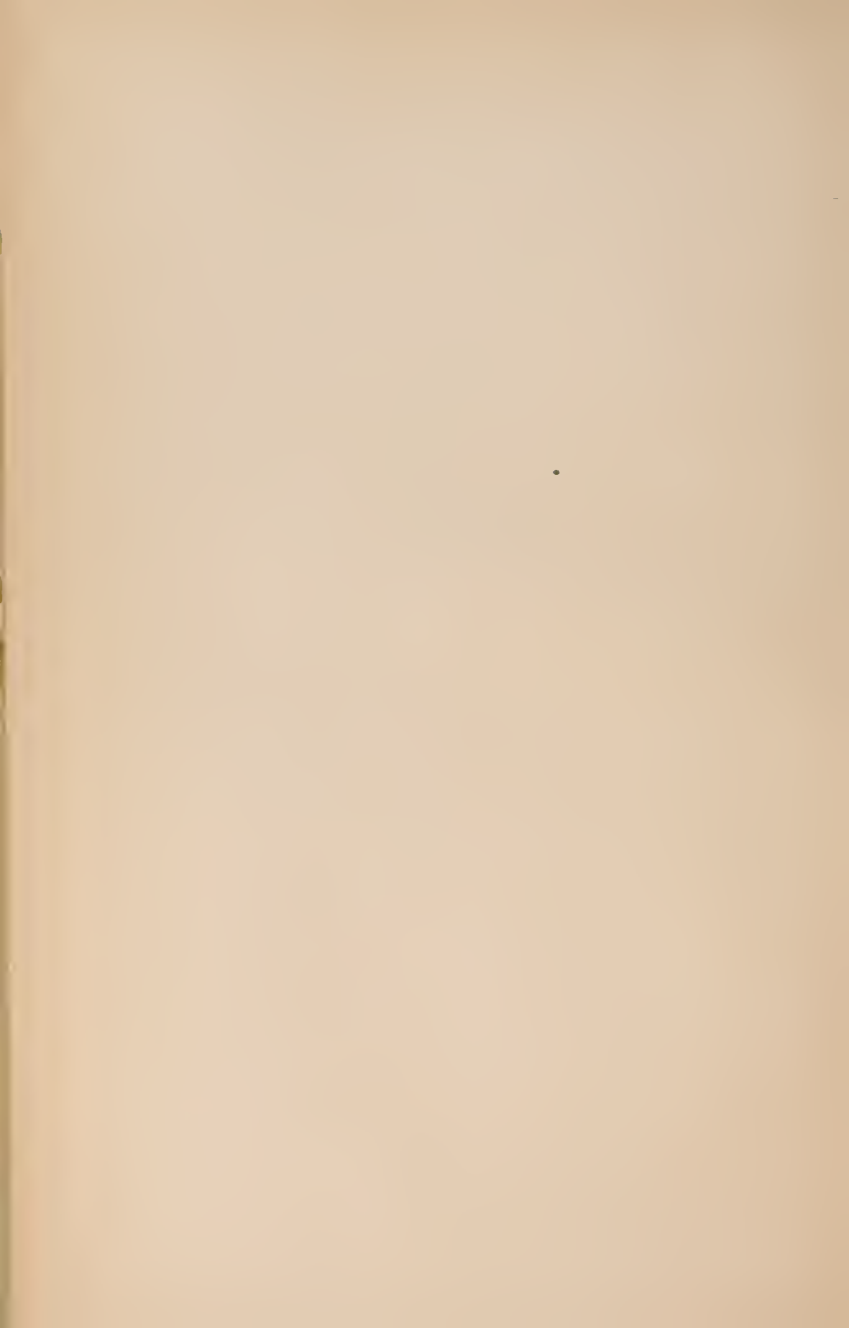
Section

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Letters from the Orient.



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HIGH CASTE LADY OF INDIA.

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LETTERS
FROM THE ORIENT

TO

Her Daughters at Home.

BY

MRS. A. W. WILSON.

Emory David (Liggett) Wilson

—*—
CAREFULLY ILLUSTRATED.
—*—

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
J. D. BARBEE, AGENT, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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Introduction.

THIS little book was not in the thought of the author when she left her home for the far East. The impaired health of her husband made the presence and service of his wife necessary to his comfort; and therefore, with sadness and some misgivings, she commended her daughters to God, bade them farewell, devoted herself to wifely offices, and drew consolation from the thought of oft writing to the loved ones left in the care of the heavenly Father.

Mrs. Wilson looked upon Japan, China, India, and other lands with a woman's eye and with a woman's sympathetic heart. Being in full accord with her husband in his labor of love, she stood by his side as he surveyed the fields, made her own observations, noted some facts which might not have arrested the Bishop's attention, and, while the inspiration was fresh upon her, recorded what she saw, felt, and longed for, in these familiar letters addressed to her children.

Mrs. Wilson brought to her pleasant task a

practiced pen. The weekly press has already made the Church familiar with her easy, unlabored style and with her graphic pictures of life and manners. It will therefore surprise no one to learn that judicious friends have requested the publication of the letters in a more permanent form.

These letters will give to a majority of readers a more satisfactory view of Oriental life, of the needs of the heathen world, and of the character of missionary service than could be gained from more pretentious volumes; and it is safe to expect, as results of them, more of the missionary conscience in the Church, more prayer for the perishing, and a more correct judgment of those who, in separation from kindred and from home, spend their strength in the attempt to raise those who have been cast down by idolatry and have lain for centuries beneath its mass of evil.

These opinions are given after a careful reading of the letters, and it is believed that they will be confirmed by those who shall read them in their present form.

SAMUEL RODGERS.

Baltimore, Md.



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Letters from the Orient.

LETTER I.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT—KANSAS CITY, DENVER, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29, 1888.

[T was no light thing to leave you for such a journey as we have undertaken, and for so long a time. The uncertainties of the separation crowd into my thoughts—not to the exclusion of faith and hope, but overtopping the pleasant anticipations which you exhorted me to cherish. Being sure that it is right for me to go, I do not expect to look through dimmed eyes all the way; indeed, already the skies are brightening, because our “Mizpah” stands above the clouds. How happy we should be that this beacon is ours in common, the Lord surely watching between us while we are absent one from the other! no more with us than with you—you at home as privileged as we who are about his business in distant climes, and we no nearer to him because our journeying may take us into his very presence; for he is alike near

his children whether they labor on earth or rest in heaven.

We had not gone a day's journey when a "washout" on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad delayed our train for several hours. "No breakfast" caused very lugubrious faces in our car: however, about 10 A.M. there was a visible brightening of the hungry crowd on finding that a little farm-house on the top of a hill near by could furnish a meager supply. What mattered it to the famishing that the amount of water for dish-washing was scant? Eighteen hours of fasting, with the prospect of several more ahead, was sufficient to remove from us all fastidiousness. *We* took our turn, and I must add that these rations were commensurate with the price, neither the one nor the other being beyond our capacity.

A delightful stay of thirty-six hours in Kansas City with Mr. and Mrs. Witten McDonald was a pleasant break in railroad travel. The delay on the route deprived us of the pleasure of looking over the city by daylight. We were partially compensated by a drive in the moonlight, bright enough to let us see how wonderfully this young city has grown into long lines of streets adorned on either side with attractive residences set in the midst of parks and gardens, restful to the eye and

suggestive, as all earthly good should be, of better things. The next day—the Lord’s-day—we worshiped morning and night at Walnut Street Church. Your father preached, and, I dare to say it, gave us an honest gospel. Monday morning we resumed our journey, leaving behind blessing and prayer for our hosts, and bearing with us, I doubt not, their best wishes.

Six hours’ delay in Denver gave us opportunity to look through the city. Mr. Brinker and Mr. Rhodes, friends of your father—long time ago from Winchester, Virginia; for these many years settled in Denver, and devoted advocates of its interests—showed us kindness. It is a great city, beginning where many of our Eastern cities have ended, and in its public and private buildings and municipal arrangements showing how grandly Western energy expends itself.

As you know, I was never before so far west: so far, it seemed to me, that I was disposed to sing, “Beyond the sunset’s radiant glow.” But the glow still keeps ahead, and I suppose we shall not overtake it until we pass to where there shall be no sun.

At Denver we were five thousand two hundred feet above sea-level. Our continued travel was down-hill, till at Salt Lake City our elevation was

less by twelve hundred feet. Here also we drove out, visiting the Temple and Tabernacle, climbed the lofty hill that gives the best view of the city and surrounding plain, as far as to the great Salt Lake; besides, we saw the houses where dwelt the many wives and children of Brigham Young, the chief apostle of Mormonism, as well as other handsome residences along the broad, well-shaded and well-watered streets. The Temple, if ever finished, will be magnificent: it is said the sound of a hammer has not been heard in the building. The Tabernacle, where ten thousand Mormons assemble every Sunday, is not surpassed in the world in seating capacity nor in acoustic properties. I pray God that some day the everlasting gospel may be preached in this great building of the Mormons.

Do you know the beginning of this city? Originally the Mormons lived in Illinois, and were driven from that State by a mob of outraged people. They were allowed to convert their property into cash, and, taking their wives and children, started west to find a new home. On and on they traveled to a land they knew not. July 24, 1847, they came through a defile of the mountain on the east side of what is now Salt Lake City. I wonder not, when they passed over and saw this beautiful valley, they went no farther. Here they

settled, and by the strong hand and organizing skill of Brigham Young established the corrupt system which has extended widely and become a festering sore upon the fair face of our prosperous West.

From thence we journeyed on without event till our arrival at San Francisco, the goal of westward travel and point of departure for "the East by way of the West." It is worthy of more notice than the urgency of our movements allows me to give. It had its rise, you know, in the greed of gold that burst into a volcanic passion forty years ago, and drove thousands of men of all classes across the plains, through weariness and want, danger and death, to seek their fortunes in the newly discovered mines of California. Then hardly more than a miner's camp, or at best a depot of supplies for the adventurers, it has now grown to be a mighty city, with world-wide commercial connections, with broad streets lined by great warehouses or adorned by princely homes and thronged by eager, busy multitudes, with every token of vast wealth and tireless enterprise—and a reputation for great wickedness second to that of no other city on this continent. I do not know if this witness be true. Unhappily, wherever great masses of our race congregate the inward corruption breaks out in hideous sores. San Francisco is, I suspect, neither

better nor worse than other cities. There is surely a righteous seed in it—men and women who fear God and work righteousness. There are churches and Sunday-schools, and earnest, honest preachers of the word, and benevolent institutions, and all the products of a living Christianity. If there seems to be an undue proportion of recklessness and godlessness in this desperate strife for wealth, we still dare hope—nay, we dare not doubt—that Christ will one day be supreme Lord here also, and assert himself by driving the money-changers out of every temple claimed as his Father's.

We went over the city, climbing its steep hills in the cable-cars, standing on the bluffs overlooking the beautiful bay, strolling through the public gardens, gazing from the "Cliff" out upon the broad ocean over whose uncertain waters we will soon venture, and passing in the midst of throngs that pressed their way along the lines of trade. Everywhere is something to interest—of God's work or man's, or both—and everywhere something to give note of the difference between the life so suddenly developed in this new land and the more staid and decorous life that has come up by orderly growth on our side of the continent.

We went to church on Sunday where Dr. Han-

non is pastor. Those who have once known him never forget him. Pure, loving, patient, unique, energetic, he does his work hopefully amidst discouragements, but sustained by the earnest prayers of our faithful band, as well as by the word of God. He was glad to have a visitor from across the continent to stand in his place on Sunday.

The hour draws near when we will sail from our native shores. The blessing of the Lord be yours! Once again I remind you that his blessing is better than life. Better that you have him, with all that his presence gives, than to have all the world without his loving-kindness.

LETTER II.

ON THE PACIFIC—A PLEASANT VOYAGE.

STEAMER "BELGIC," PACIFIC OCEAN, August 10, 1888.

WE sailed from busy, bustling San Francisco July 31st. One from the East, whom you know, was among our friends at the wharf to bid us "*Bon voyage.*" She came with a handful of roses and tender words, which perhaps we appreciated the more because of all the years that stand between us, she being as near the threshold of life as we are leaning toward its close. She did not know that after the good-by we stood at our "port" watching her as she looked on the busy crowd. "The Lord make his face to shine" upon her!

Hundreds of Chinese were there, scattering their prayers to the gods of the winds and waters in behalf of friends about to return to China. These were recorded upon squares of yellow paper, and according to expectations were to be conveyed to their destination by the spirits that wait upon *the powers.*

AUGUST 14.

I have been writing to M. from day to day since we sailed through the Golden Gate, so that



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you will hear from her the particulars of hour after hour. To most persons life on the sea is monotonous; to me it is delightful beyond my power of expression. The unquiet waters, the blue skies, the pure atmosphere, the roll and pitch of the steamer, the movements of the sailors, the sea-gulls which follow us, our books, the social environment and domestic pleasures, have given me abundant thought and employment, so that I do not suffer from *cunui*; and as in addition I have had no seasickness, I must say the Pacific has been an unending pleasure. We have had two sweet little visitors. We wonder how they came. Two tiny brown birds have been flying fore and aft for a few days. We suppose they must have been about the rigging all the time, or perhaps in the steerage. They do not seem frightened. Perhaps they will be so pleased with the "Belgic" as to make her a permanent residence; or may be they are traveled birds that have but the Japanese songs to learn in order to know all the languages under the sun.

I am almost disappointed over our quiet voyage. I had desired to see the ocean in a storm. Perhaps five minutes of a dangerous sea would suffice me, for I am not more courageous than others; but the feeling of safety under the shadow of the Almighty

is so rooted in me that though I might tremble before the angry waves I think I would feel secure. We had been spared the trial of an alarm, and though our steps have often been unsteady on account of the swell, we have not been required to omit our promenade or leave our chairs on the deck unoccupied.

AUGUST 16.

To-morrow we will see land, God willing. I am not in haste to leave the waters, which have dealt so kindly with us. Perhaps the exhilaration of these delicious days will quiet down, and we shall have renewed strength whose outcome, by the grace of our Lord Jesus, shall be a new inspiration for work.

Bishop and Mrs. Fowler, of the M. E. Church, have been fellow-passengers on the "Belgic," and very agreeable friends we have found them. The Bishop bears the same message to the East that your father does. However much we differ as to plans at home, we are agreed that the millions of unsaved heathen must have the gospel at the hands of Christian people, or sink to perdition.



CITY AND BAY OF YOKOHAMA.

LETTER III.

IN JAPAN—YOKOHAMA, TOKIO, AND NIKKO.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, August 29, 1888.

AFTER a shining seventeen days across the Pacific, the “Belgic” anchored a mile from Yokohama, in its beautiful bay. We arrived with flying colors—the colors of the Occidental and Oriental Company—the British flag and our own “Stars and Stripes.” In a few minutes a hundred “sampan” had been paddled out to us, and for more than an hour I looked on the most curious of panoramas. Perhaps two hundred or more men, without clothing, clamoring in an unknown tongue for passengers, fighting for place, and even in some cases the quicker throwing his antagonist overboard, kept my eyes busy lest I should lose some exciting event. We thought one fellow, whose vigorous adversary threw him into the sea, would not be able to make his way up through the boats. However, he succeeded, and was so industrious that his opponent was soon sputtering in the water.

In due time we and our luggage were stowed in a sampan and soon stood on *terra firma*. Then

followed a ride in a jinrikisha drawn by a coolie who trots as well as a horse. Our way was along the Bund, where are foreign residences, warehouses, and hotels. On one side was the broad ocean whence we had come, the bay dotted with stately steamers, hundreds of fishing sails, and sampans innumerable; while on the other side was the city. As our coolie trotted on we came in sight of the high bluff, whose beautiful groves are owned by foreigners. Missionaries of the various Boards occupy some of these sites, which I heard spoken of as a reproach—the idea being that they should be satisfied with cheaper locations. I afterward inquired into this assertion of extravagance, and found that these lots for missionary homes were bought long ago for less money than undesirable places now bring.

The day after our arrival in Yokohama we undertook an expedition to Daibutsee, the great bronze image of Buddha at Kamakura. Bishop and Mrs. Fowler and several members of the Japan Conference, M. E. Church, including a native preacher, took the train with us at an early hour for Fujisawa. There we found an ample supply of jinrikishas, in which we were borne at a good pace to Kamakura. Two years ago, when your father first visited this region, he and Mrs. Denny



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THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

made this entire trip from Yokohama, about eighteen miles, in jinrikishas. Since then the railroad has been built to a point within easy reach of the old town. It is now but a small place of six thousand population. It was formerly, and for centuries, the home of the rulers of Japan, and in that day of its power numbered over two hundred thousand people. It lies near the coast, and from the hills above, with the groves surrounding large old temples and picturesque native houses, presents a very attractive appearance. Here is the immense copper-bronze figure, Daibutsee, seated, as he is most frequently represented, in a lotus-flower. The image is fifty-four feet in height, and weighs four hundred and fifty tons. His head is strangely ornamented with snails of bronze, in memory of the day when hundreds of them crawled the entire length of Buddha in order to shield his head from the midday sun. In the interior of the image is a temple with shrines, incense-burners sending out clouds of smoke, and various idols in the locality where his brains should be. Around about him in the beautiful grounds are scores of exquisite lotus-flowers, whose loveliness springs from out the mud. I could not but compare the marsh where they grew to the heart of Japan, full of evil thoughts more hideous than the weeds of any neglected soil.

A new element—the seed—enters the mire, and, touched by Nature's God, the most beautiful blossom puts forth. So the heart of man, putrid with sin, receives the word of truth, accepts the blood of Jesus, and puts on new life.

On our return trip we stopped for dinner at a Japanese inn. We were shown into a large, cool room in the second story, the sight of which rested us. Some of us drank unnumbered cups of tea, and partook of various dishes to a very satisfying extent. The omelet was interspersed with onions and scraps of fish; an uncatable pickle graced the table, together with sliced green pears and uncooked beans. The whole was supplemented by the attentions of a pretty, sweet-voiced maiden, who labored in vain to perfect us in the use of chopsticks.

We had an exciting scene at Fujisawa with our jinrikisha coolies. They took it into their heads that the native preacher who accompanied us was our paid guide, and tried to compel him to divide profits with them. The contention became very sharp, and led to violence—in short, a fight ensued. Our native friend was only rescued when "the brethren" entered the field. I may say I was on the outer edge of a fight; a little longer, and I might have done as Mrs. S. did—viz., have



THE JINRIKISHA.

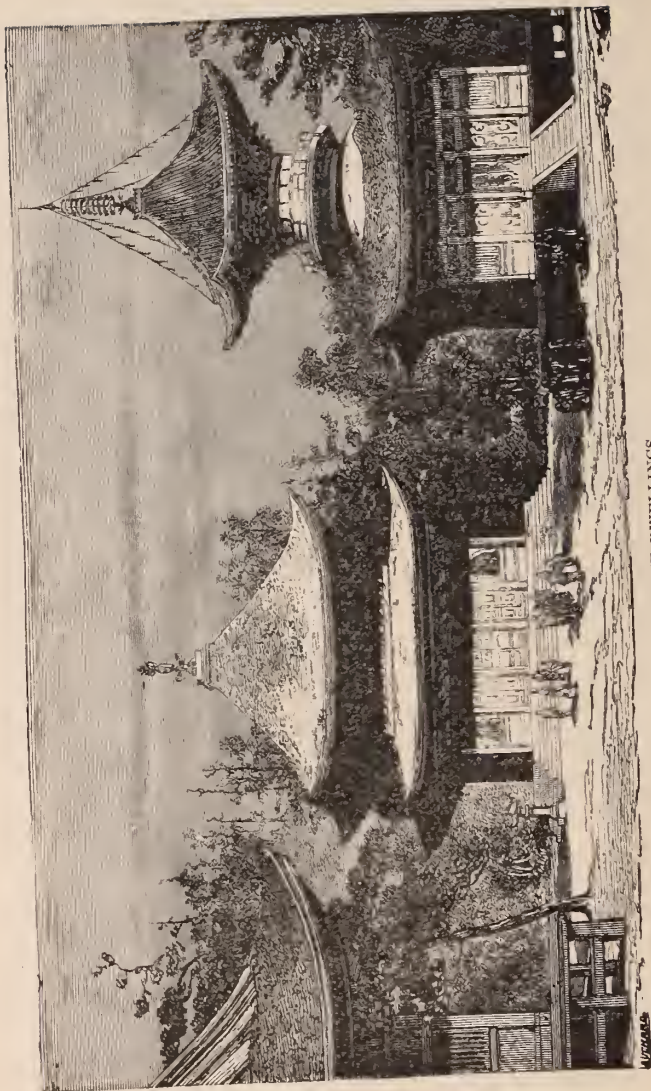
pinched the arm of one of the combatants on the other side.

I suppose you are familiar with the word "jinrikisha," the little carriage drawn by a man—or, as it has been facetiously called, the "Pull-man-car." I shrank at first, never having seen a man used as a beast of burden. Of course all over America the industrious poor toil from early morn till late in the day. The large plantations, immense factories, and great railroad interests could not otherwise be worked. The coolies are trained to *this* labor, and want nothing better: they are cheerful, ready and anxious for a job, and look upon a horse as an innovation. It is their means of livelihood, and to take it from them would be a grievance.

August 20 we went to Tokio, the imperial residence, whose population is almost a million. Here is the Biblical School of the M. E. Mission. Our Board accepted the offer of a chair in this institution, and sent out Rev. J. C. C. Newton, of the Baltimore Conference, to fill it. Professor Newton arrived three months ago, and at once began the work which already fills his heart and brain. We found Mrs. Newton in the first agonies of the Japanese language, not being able to make known her wants to her cook except by pantomime. I

do not see how one directs the kitchen, which is the hub of the household, by signs only. Mrs. Newton does it with the hope, however, that soon she will be mistress of the situation. Think of the feeling of helplessness if you stand in the presence of an unknown tongue, not knowing how to bargain for a chair, a plate, or the marketing—having no idea how to begin to train a Japanese servant in American ways, nor knowing the value of a single piece of money. Our friends in Tokio will not succumb to these difficulties. We had been with them a few days when we left for a visit to Nikko, the most beautiful town in Japan. The Japanese say, "Do not talk of beauty until you have seen Nikko." It is the surrounding country, rather than the town, that is so picturesque.

Leaving the cars at Utsunomya, we took jinrikishas for the remaining twenty-two miles, and started off with good speed upon the delightful drive. We had gone about six miles when our men set us down and entered upon a conversation with us, not a word of which we understood. A passing missionary informed us that they refused to finish the journey, suggesting that they meant to demand more pay than the bargain required. Of course our helplessness compelled us to raise their wages, and we made another start. Very soon



JAPANESE DWELLINGS.

rain set in, and when darkness came I was afraid; for what resources had we among a people whose tongue was unknown to us, if they pleased to be treacherous? I fell back on a scripture which was my refuge thirty years ago when I was a young wife. We were living high up in the mountains of Virginia, out of sight of any house. The work of my young preacher every second week took him across the mountains for two or three days. Of course I could not wish him to neglect his obligations for any small thing. I did very well during his absence till Sunday night came, when my faithful man, John, who was a devoted Methodist, went off "at early candle-light" to meet the people of the Lord. My baby and a little negro of ten years were then my only companions, and I was afraid; but I found a text which met the emergency: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." With that heavenly help, no wonder I was secure those long years ago—no wonder I was safe last week in the heart of a heathen land. We arrived at our destination soon after 11 P.M., having been nearly eight hours on a journey of twenty-two miles.

Nikko, or "Sun's Splendor," is beautiful for situation. She sits among the hills, a river rushing through the town over the rocks, while smaller streams come from the mountains in several direc-

tions. There are no foreign houses; consequently all summer visitors occupy Japanese houses, which are very pretty. The sides of these cottages are open during the day, the sliding panels being removed, thus disclosing verandas which encircle the house. A second set of panels then appears, made up of small squares of rice-paper set in lattice-work. At the season of our visit all the panels were open, leaving but little except the roof and floors. The Japanese consider it very untidy to enter their homes wearing the shoes that have trodden the streets. They leave their sandals at the door and go about the house with bare feet. Foreigners provide slippers in exchange for the street shoe, which must not be worn inside. Of course this custom is troublesome, but, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it changes not. The first thing that greeted us when we went to prayer-meeting in the house of a Presbyterian missionary in Nikko was twenty-five or thirty pairs of shoes on the *outside* of the door, where ours soon fell into line.

Something of sanctity attaches to this city, for here are scores of temples for which millions of money have been spent. The devotion of this nation in the past to its worship might well cause us to hide our faces. I noticed that no devotee

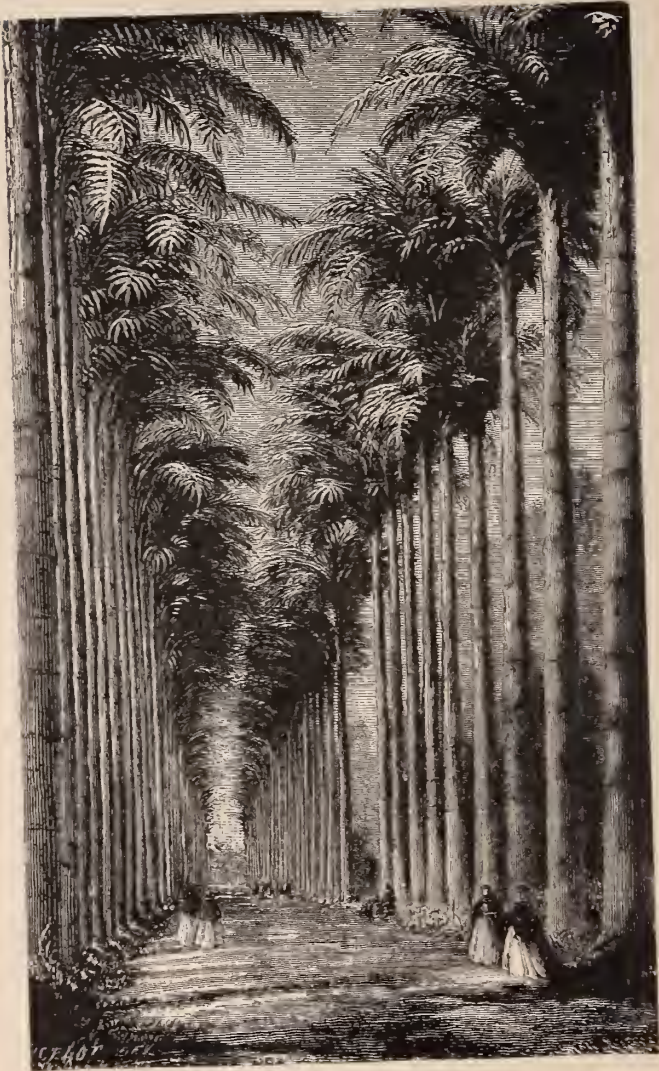
entered upon his prayers till he first cast into the treasury his offering, and also that mothers had their children of two and three years, and older, by their sides. As the mother prayed the little one was taught the attitude of prayer. They say Japan is growing indifferent to her old beliefs. If so, what must have been her devotion in the years gone by! No shoe touches the sacred floors of the temples. Perhaps the idea of purity in coming to their worship is in their thoughts when they lay aside this sign of soil—the shoe that has rested upon the earth. What Christian will not pray that from this outward token of cleanliness the Japanese may grasp the truth that only “the pure in heart shall see God?”

The temples are very handsome, both in the outside and inside decorations. I will leave to other pens the task of describing the rich carvings of the imperial chrysanthemum, the sacred lotus, bronze *candlabra*, golden lilies, gold-lacquered columns, the rich hangings, the incense-burners, tables, silken fringes, and the rich boxes containing the prayers of the saints. All these attract the eye, and cost the people in the centuries gone great self-denial. But what wonderful work does not? And if Japan lavished her best on Buddha, what shall *we* render to our God, who “so loved the

world that he gave his only-begotten Son'' that we may have everlasting life?

The choice spots of Nikko are the locations of the temples. Nature was left undisturbed to do her best, though the artisan has been at work on mountain-side and ravine. From the stately *cryptogamia* to the tender blade of grass or tiny fern, nature was allowed to please the eye. The architect went on with his building, but left the hills and trees and moss and streams to grow and run. We went to the highest point of the temple-grounds to visit the tomb of one of the Shoguns, up three hundred steps of granite stair-way with its moss-covered balustrade of the same rock. The resting-place of the dead ruler was a great mausoleum ornamented with finely wrought bronze figures of the crane and tortoise, both emblematic of long life or immortality, and of the lotus, sacred to purity and perfection. Thus the nation expressed the belief that the great man had passed into a perfect immortality.

The return trip from Nikko was under difficulties. Our jinrikisha-men failed us, and we were compelled to look about for some other conveyance. Our China friends, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Atkinson, and Miss Hamilton (who were gathering strength in Nikko), set themselves to help us in our



emergency, and sent us mules, for which we rendered them grateful thoughts, even though they came five minutes *after* we mounted the "basha," an uncomfortable wagon. Our horses were worn out, and one soon fell from exhaustion. No sooner was a new team at work than the traces broke. Afterward our driver went to sleep, of which the horses took advantage and "dragged their slow length along." These detentions caused us to lose our train: we barely arrived in time for the second, without a moment to spare. When we got to Utsunomya the driver and passengers began to share our spirit of haste, and seemed to have some pride about getting us to the station in time. Even our steeds caught the infection—the bony, jaded animals actually galloped, being excited by the yells and stamping and cracking of the whip. The conductor of the train lent a helping hand. Seeing our struggle of vehement hurry, he stopped his car which had already moved an inch or two.

Our ride, in spite of the rickety, crowded wagon, had been exhilarating—indeed, inspiring. We had come through the beautiful avenue of *cryptogamiæ*, of which travelers write with enthusiasm. On both sides of the road for eighteen miles were double rows of magnificent trees, in many places arching overhead and affording shade from the hot August

sun. The image of the shining rays through that rich foliage lingers in my memory. It is a right royal road—I know of none more lovely.

We were soon in Tokio with Professor and Mrs. Newton. Dr. Walter Lambuth and Rev. Mr. Waters awaited our arrival. We spent a few days in attending the Conference of the M. E. Church, then in session in the city. We also visited their buildings, and could not but hope that very soon our Board will be able to provide comfortable mission homes and school premises. I was moved with a not irreligious envy when I saw how comfortable are their surroundings for the great work they do; and believing we are called to the same, I look to a full equipment of our own Mission, that we too may have a share in turning this heathen multitude to serve the living God. We own no property in this land. We have a faithful band of men and women, courageous and cheerful, knowing the hinderances, but pressing on. There is no reason why we should not be abreast with the foremost in the enterprises which will bring Japan to Christ. We have but to see and use our opportunity in order to bear many sheaves into the presence of the Lord of the harvest.

Tokio is a spacious city. It extends between five and six miles from east to west, and about

seven from north to south, at the upper end of the Bay of Yeddo. The city is not so closely built but that room is found within its bounds for several tea and mulberry plantations. In the center was the old castle of the Shoguns, which was destroyed by fire soon after the restoration of the Mikado, leaving only the moats and parts of the massive walls which encircled it. In the streets around the castle are the Government Buildings, the German and English Legations, the Engineering College, and other modern buildings. Here are also two Shinto temples. Shintoism is the old national religion of Japan—a sort of nature-worship, with no God and no future life. There are many points of interest to the sight-seer—temples, palaces, gardens, and public buildings. Our time, and the special purpose of our coming, permitted but an imperfect glimpse of them. Two great and notable temples deserve a few words. The temple of Kwanon is approached by a broad way, lined on each side with toy-shops, tea-stands, wares of various kinds, and every thing to entice a purchaser. It was a bustling scene. Within, the temple was thronged with worshipers casting their coin into the treasury, paying their devotions at the main altar, or seeking the aid of the god of wealth, god of healing, or any other special idol

whose interposition they needed. The god of healing grants his favors to his own detriment. The patient rubs his hand over that part of the image which in his own body is the seat of disease; the hand being charged with healing power, he no sooner rubs the suffering member than health is imparted. All the healing gods that I saw in Japan and China had been rubbed by the believing sick till they were almost faceless, headless, armless, footless. What depraved instinct induced the makers of these gods to set them before their worshipers as the very incarnation of ugliness? This temple has a praying machine or wheel. I did not see it at work. As it revolves the prayer is put in, and the proper answer returned.

Another temple of great interest is that at Shiba—rather, it is a cluster of temples, set in the midst of a superb park, heavily shaded and adorned with innumerable granite and bronze lanterns peculiar to Japanese temples. These are among the most celebrated of the thousands of temples of this country, and must have cost immense sums of money, with their lacquered floors, columns, tables, gorgeous gilt and silk hangings and bronze-work adorning altar and shrine. Nikko alone can compare with Shiba in the elaborate and costly carving and furniture of its temples.

We took a little time to look through the shops, where there are so many pretty things, the Japanese being the most artistic of people. Yesterday we returned to this city, whence in a few hours we will sail for Kobe. We had a jinrikisha ride of two or three hours over the native city of Yokohama. The women are very sweet-looking, and their dress pretty: the skirts of the latter are too narrow for graceful walking, but as they stand the effect of coiffure and garments is attractive. A visit to one of the public gardens was interesting. I saw few flowers, but the trees and green plants were very flourishing, and trained into most grotesque shapes.

We have looked through several magnificent establishments where are superb curios. The *cloisonne* ware is quite tempting. I admired a plaque whose decoration was a gorgeous rooster: price, fifty dollars. The same, except more elaborate, in embroidery was likewise very beautiful. Lacquer cabinets inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory figures, worth from five hundred to five thousand dollars, are superb. All manner of bric-a-brac of various sizes and shapes charm the eye. I greatly admired a small ivory box representing a bag of wheat, into which a dozen carved mice had found their way: the little fellows had eaten through, and

were scrambling over and around each other in great confusion. Price, fifty dollars.

We have spent several hours in writing for the mail of to-day. *Au revoir.*

LETTER IV.

THE MISSION WORK AND WORKERS IN JAPAN.

KOBE, September 3, 1888.

WE left Yokohama August 29, arriving here thirty hours after, and were all the way on the edge of a typhoon. The sea was very rough. The steamer rolled and pitched—now up, now down, fore and aft, to the right and left—until I wondered if we should live to tell the story. I suffered from a touch of seasickness, which for a time made me very miserable; but I recall with satisfaction the effort our steamer made to surmount the angry waves. Arriving in this harbor, the storm increased so that the captain would not venture into shore. A sampan made its way out to us, and notwithstanding the heavy sea we scrambled into the little boat. At every toss of the waves it looked as though we would be swallowed in the waters, and afterward I was told we were in actual danger. In due time we were with our friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lambuth.

On Friday, August 31, the Annual Meeting convened. All the missionaries except Dr. and Mrs. Wainright were present; Drs. J. W. and W. R.

Lambuth, Dr. O. A. Dukes (Texas Conference), C. B. Moseley (Arkansas Conference), J. C. C. Newton and B. W. Waters (Baltimore Conference), N. W. Utley (Memphis Conference), and Miss Gaines, the only lady in any field under appointment of the Parent Board. Dr. J. W. Lambuth has given, since his residence here, the largest room of his house (it has but four) for the use of the Mission. Here are held the Bible classes, day-schools, night-schools, the Sunday services, and all business meetings; and here the brethren were assembled in Annual Meeting, together with Mrs. J. W. and Mrs. W. R. Lambuth, who are invited to give an account of their work which has been so valuable to the Mission. They are truly fellow-helpers in the gospel of Christ.

After a half-hour of devotional exercises the examination of the year's work and of the coming needs was begun. The report of Dr. J. W. Lambuth, oldest of the Mission and first in the field, was received with the interest and attention it deserved. His work has been chiefly in Kobe and the adjacent country, although occasionally he goes off on a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles' itinerating trip. His labor has been fruitful of good—singularly so, considering that other missions were here, and that he has had to work

through interpreters. A good membership given to faithful labor, a general religious interest, collections for mission-work, church-building, and the poor, attest Brother Lambuth's fidelity and God's blessing. A token for good was recently given him. A number have renounced their idols, and on last Sunday he baptized thirteen of these men and women.

Mrs. Lambuth's report was of like interest. She has taught daily, first a school for ladies, comprising Biblical, literary, and industrial training. Many, both married and unmarried, would have been pleased to come to her from a distance, but she had not room to receive them into her house. Her afternoons are given to a class of ladies and gentlemen—one of the latter being director of the commercial school—who study English; in this labor she often has opportunity to speak of her Bible. At night Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth have a school of gentlemen, who are eager to study the Scriptures. And fourth, a weekly Bible class interests her. I joined in the lesson of the present week, which was the account of the marriage at Cana of Galilee. The class was interested and interesting.

Dr. Dukes made a characteristic report. His work has been systematic, planned and regulated

by day and hour. Osaka is his center and headquarters, though his residence is temporarily in Kobe; and the stations on the railroad between these two cities are the appointments of his circuit. Starting in the early morning, he stops at the first station, and for an hour teaches his Bible class; then to the second, where another hour is spent in like manner; and so on through the round—and this three or four times a week. Preaching through an interpreter, the same sermon goes the round of these classes. He smiled as he remarked during the further account that he was learning to do his best work on retreat, for it had been his poor fortune to receive, when he thought himself well posted, an order to leave—a Buddhist priest somewhere behind it. We own no property in Japan, and there was nothing to do but vacate.

Mr. Utley and Dr. Wainright have so lately arrived that their reports are of course meager. The former was elected Secretary of the Annual Meeting, and the latter's written statement showed that he had impressed at least one man. He was teaching parliamentary tactics, when a student rose and nominated himself president of the class.

Prof. J. C. C. Newton, of the Biblical School at Tokio, reported his prospect good. He will have several theological students in his care next year.

Miss Gaines, sent out by the Board of Missions one year ago, has been with Mrs. Walter Lambuth at Hiroshima, and is a practical woman with "willing heart" and busy hands. She and Mrs. Lambuth have a Sunday-school of two hundred in that city. The Superintendent being on the wing all the time, any work in Hiroshima has been the result of the labor of these two ladies. They acknowledge their indebtedness to their native helper, who has a heaven-born gift in the management of children. When he speaks every eye is turned on him, and the two hundred boys and girls sit upon their heels after the Japanese fashion until he releases them. Miss Gaines is engaged in day-schools, while Mrs. Lambuth has an industrial class. They both visit among the people, and at all times endeavor to show how Christian women should live, and that nothing is worth doing or having without Gōd's blessing. They meet with difficulties, but are not cast down. Perhaps they return to the conflict with greater zeal after a struggle. The wife of the governor, a very strong woman and a determined Buddhist, opposes them on all sides. Finding their schools and literary societies very effective, she organized like work, in some cases requiring the members of our ladies' classes to join her.

Mrs. Wainright has begun teaching, though so lately arrived. Dr. Wainright is a Missouri layman whom God called to Japan: so sure was he that the "Come over and help us" was spoken to *him* that he and Mrs. Wainright are here at their own charges. The Board accepted him, but had not the money to send him and his wife. They came, and are supporting themselves by teaching in Government schools: they give every hour outside of this engagement to the service which brought them to Japan.

Mr. Moseley has been in poor health during the entire year, hence his report was not extended. He had not succumbed to suffering, but was unable to do all he had hoped. The battle is not always to the strong. Mr. Waters has stood his year like a veteran: he has had no trial of sickness, but has worked steadily. He was in Oita until Dr. Wainright's arrival, and made a considerable impression. Several told him they would study "the new doctrine." O that these men may be not only "almost" but altogether persuaded to accept the *one hope* of the world! One of them said to him: "I want to learn your religion, but not bad enough to give up some things." He does not know that he must be either *for* or *against* the Lord of life—that he cannot serve our God

with divided heart. The governor of the ken had been so attentive and helpful in many ways that Mr. Waters thought he must offer him the hospitality of his domicile, even though it were a bachelor household. His simple arrangements for the high official pleased me greatly. Notwithstanding his incomplete outfit and inexperienced servants, he gave his orders and entered upon his duties as host with as much pleasure as though a most accomplished wife were smoothing all difficulties from his way. I doubt not that host and guest passed a happy hour.

All the reports and discussions at the Annual Meeting were very interesting. Much of the work of the past two years has been made known to the Church by the stirring letters of our brethren from time to time, but neither they nor we can make vivid to you, as to us, the unrest of the people—perhaps I may say the yearning after the “Unknown God.” They have sent time and again to our missionaries, asking for teachers and instruction, and turning away with disappointment when the answer comes, “No one to go.” Hardly has a fairer field ever invited to missionary effort. Not only is the country beautiful, but the disposition of the people is gentle and altogether favorable to intercourse with foreigners. All classes enter freely into friendly

association with our representatives. No obstruction is placed in the way of Bible-teaching. True, the Bible is not in Government schools; but it is well known that every Christian who has place there founds his religion on that *Word*, and that in his private intercourse with his students he tells but one story—the story of the Scriptures. Taking all we heard during the Conference into consideration, together with the character of the natives, the facility of intercourse, and the history of our Mission during its short two years, we cannot but conclude that “the field is white to harvest.” To me it is remarkable that none of these men assembled in Kobe appear to be discouraged, although they see that they are unequal to the demand. “The laborers are few,” but each man seems determined to do his utmost. Like the woman of old, they will hear a welcome voice, after awhile, saying, “They have done what they could.”

I attended the Missionary Anniversary, which was as enthusiastic as any I have known at home. The native Church took great delight in the occasion. The organization is for the furtherance of evangelistic work, and the arranging of plans for the expenses of the native itinerant, as well as for the students who are to be educated. Every for-

eign missionary needs his interpreter and helper, which he may now hope to find in the outcome of this society. The past year two Biblical students have been sent off to school, and six more will go at the beginning of the session. The entire expenses of these eight—tuition, board, and traveling—will be met by this self-sacrificing band during the four years of study necessary in preparation for their ministry. Is not this a wonderful outcome? Not only that the native Church is thus devoted, but also that there are those who so look for the coming of the kingdom of our Lord that they are willing to give themselves to its furtherance. Not very long ago they “bowed down to wood and stone.” Now some of them “count not their lives dear unto them” for the name of the Lord Jesus. Several have been driven from home and are outcasts. One came with lacerated back.

A day or two has intervened since I wrote the above. The pressure for a man to go to one of the towns a hundred miles away, where there is a protracted call, induced the Superintendent to ask for a volunteer to hold the place till the Board is able to send out another missionary. He put it to the conscience of the Church, and called them to private prayer and faith, that God would move

upon the heart of one able to do the required work. Two or perhaps three days passed, when one of the proposed students expressed his willingness to forego the Biblical School for the present, that he might begin at once to tell the story of the cross.

Also, the Church Extension Society has done a noble work. During the last few months a sufficient sum has been raised to build the first M. E. Church, South, in Japan, which will be ready for dedication in a month's time, the cost being one thousand dollars. If the amount for furnishing is not in hand at completion, the congregation will go in Japanese fashion, sitting upon the floor. How God will speak by those seven young students in years to come! And how often will he be in the midst of these four walls, to bless his people, to convince the unbeliever, and confound Buddhism and infidelity! The glory of the Lord will fill his house! It shall be called by the name of the *one Eternal God*.

I have been stirred as I sat with these people day after day. On one side are sweet-faced women, toil-worn women, young and old, who so lately had not heard the name of Jesus, with their hearts settled in the love of God. On the other side are young men who had expected position and

money and entire satisfaction in the faith of their fathers, or poor men who never hoped for any thing but hard work, now seated at the feet of Jesus "clothed and in their right minds." One of these in daily attendance was making seventy-five dollars a month, but renounced it for pastoral work and twenty-five dollars—a successful man, exchanging the gains of secular life for the gains of godliness! Another came to Dr. Lambuth, saying he had seen the worldly side of foreign life, but hearing there was another and better, he desired to be taught it. Another was summoned to the bedside of his father, extremely ill. He went, expecting to be excommunicated as soon as he should tell of the change in his faith and hope. He found father and mother making two daily sacrifices at the domestic shrine, and when he told "the old, old story," they begged to be let alone, saying they "were too old to change." However, he continued to pray and persuade, and to-day the old people are Christians. One of the young women has lately been in an agony of prayer for her husband, and last Sunday he was among the baptized.

Two families have joined us. Not very long ago Dr. Walter Lambuth's cook prayed for that poor Methodist Church that had only one member,

and not one woman. Now, we may thank Heaven for scores of members, and also that families are coming to us. Another, a lady who kept boarders, had in her house two brothers with their sister whom they treated unkindly. After a time a change took place in the behavior of the two men: they became gentle and affectionate to their sister. The lady wondered, and on inquiry found that they had been attending Dr. Lambuth's services, and had sought and obtained the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. She decided that what had transformed them was worth having, and she too sat with us these last days.

So the work grows. No wonder our brethren come together with hope and joy, notwithstanding the "many adversaries" that oppose their entrance into this "great and effectual door." It is not easy for you to imagine the untoward conditions of work here. The bitter prejudice of race and religion; the wide-spread and deep-rooted immorality, personal and social, the result of long cycles of idolatry; the revival of Buddhism, its incorporation of new methods of aggressive movement to enable it to check and suppress the growth of Christian thought and life; the alliance with heathenism of the material philosophy of Europe and the recently imported unitarianism of America—

all these forces of evil require on the part of Christian missionaries great watchfulness, patience, labor, and prayer.

If our Board could organize a training-school for Bible-women at once, with a four years' course of the Bible, Evidences of Christianity, Life of Christ, biographical sketches of good men and women, sacred music, and some branches of industrial work, there would from time to time be sent out devout native women to work among the mothers of Japan; and given the mothers, the children will soon be the Lord's. If we are to have a permanent footing, boarding-schools for both sexes must be established. Furthermore, no substitute for education will answer. The Government schools furnish a good curriculum. We must offer the same advantages, with the addition of an open Bible. Christian education they must have, or the present generation will be confirmed in infidelity before they arrive at mature years. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation;" and in this last struggle with ignorance, vice, and infidelity, we need to exert all our powers. Much has been done, but much remains to be done. A great revolution is at hand; in the meantime, the darkness of hell begun on earth holds Japan. Con-

quered for our King, this lovely land will put on new beauty, these green hills will sing for joy.

The Church has always had the extension of the kingdom of Christ at heart. She expects every man to let his light shine. Our Lord said, "Ye are the light of the world;" and Paul wrote, "Among whom ye shine as lights." It was meant that wherever the gospel was received, from thence the glad tidings should be sent on and on till the ends of the earth shall sing of redeeming love. And in order to have a part in this work our Church must not be satisfied with what she has already accomplished. The generosity of yesterday will not suffice for to-day. The *giving grace* of last year must be continued and increased. God means us to be constantly giving, the proof being that new opportunities are constantly afforded. A fresh call requires a fresh gift



LETTER V.

FIRST TRIP ON THE INLAND SEA—THE MISSOURI LAYMAN'S
SCHOOL.

OITA, September 20, 1888.

WE left Kobe on the 13th for this city, which is on Kiushiu, next to the largest island in the empire. Our mode of traveling was on the "ko-joki," a small steamer used along the coast, and absolutely without comforts. Travelers provide bedding and lunch for themselves, finding water for morning ablutions as best they can. I expected that the primitive style of pouring water from a dipper on my hands would be my only resort, and but for the kind provision of Dr. Lambuth so it would have been. There was no gangway. Our entrance was made by climbing through the "port" into a low passage-way where a person could not stand erect. The "first-class" cabin had been engaged for us, and, having heard of the discomforts of the little steamers, I was greatly elated at the prospect of such pleasant provision. Imagine our surprise when we found this elegant accommodation to be a closet ten feet by five, so that when your father and I, the two Drs. Lambuth,

and our Japanese friend, Mr. Kinoshita, were settled for the night, our sachels had to be moved out, *so that we would not be crowded!* When I looked into the "second-class" cabin, through which we passed to reach our room, I was satisfied. It was closely packed with thirty or forty men and women, as many as could find room on the floor—for in Japan there are neither chairs nor bedsteads. The "second-class" cabin is generally the best room on the boat. Our missionaries go back and forth on the Inland Sea, glad if there is space enough for them to lie down in those crowded quarters. When we went aboard it was time to retire, and having spread our blankets we laid ourselves down and slept reasonably well. The next day was perfect. The water was without ripple, the sunshine delightful, and the air soft as in May. There was no space for promenade, so your father read, the Drs. Lambuth studied Japanese with Mr. Kinoshita, and I found some sewing very entertaining. Whatever we did, a crowd gathered about us. My light hair and eyes were very surprising to those who had never been in the port cities. They examined my dress, took my sewing out of my hands, passing it round for inspection, and seemed greatly amused at the number of buttons I used.

Another night, and at daylight we landed at Oita. After a jinrikisha ride of two miles, we were with Dr. and Mrs. Wainright, a young layman and his wife from Missouri. They begin the day at six o'clock by a public prayer-meeting. We were scarcely at home with them when the Doctor invited us to this early service, where we found an assembly of about forty. An hour was occupied in singing, conversation, and prayer. Then came breakfast and family prayer, where a half-dozen Japanese, with Bible in hand, joined Dr. Wainright in the Scripture lesson.

Immediately after this service their school-work begins; and it continues until three P.M., save an hour's intermission at noon. At four P.M., and again at seven o'clock, large classes assembled to study the Bible. Last night I counted fifty present. It must be that of this number there shall in the future be some who will bear the "good tidings" to their countrymen, and at the end have an "abundant entrance" into "the city which hath foundations."

Mrs. Wainright's cook has begun to study the Scriptures. He tried the Book of Revelation first, and having no knowledge of what went before, you will not be surprised that he went to the Doctor with fifteen questions: the wonder is that

he had not a hundred explanations to seek, and indeed I suspect this would have been the outcome had not our friend changed the order. The same man practiced praying because he liked the look of it and wanted to join us, having no idea that prayer is the outpouring of the soul before God.

One of the young men in daily attendance upon the Bible study will devote himself to the ministry, and will be sent by the membership in Oita to the school in Tokio. His call to preach came out of severe trial and persecution. He came here to the Government School, and providentially came under the influence of our friend, and very soon under the influence of the Holy Ghost. He recently returned to his father's house. A relative had just died, and the family, about to make the ancestral offerings, demanded that he join in the worship. This he refused to do. The father had him taken to the grave by force, otherwise treated him brutally, and excommunicated him from the household. He is forbidden to call himself a son. Then, in that hour of sorrow, he resolved to spend his life in telling the story of the *one* living God.

When we go on the street we are always followed by a crowd. Mrs. Wainright and I are the only foreign ladies that hundreds of the people here and in neighboring villages ever saw. Men,

women, and children run after our jinrikishas to catch a glimpse of our faces. Monsters that we are, now and then the babies are frightened and scamper away screaming for protection.

After being in Oita several days, I find myself greatly interested in the gentlemen who visit Dr. Wainright. They are men who have been well educated, and are quite equal to many of the A.B.'s and A.M.'s of the United States of America. Evidently they enjoy the society of our Missouri layman, who does not think that at this time they have any desire for "spiritual gifts." I expect this almost daily intercourse will prepare their minds so that the Holy Ghost can take hold of their hearts and make them fit temples for his indwelling. There are others, especially those who are regularly at the Bible classes, who impress me; notably a young girl of perhaps fourteen years of age—whose mother sold her for a period of two years, and whose bondage is now ended—who comes to the Scripture study regularly. O that she, like that other woman eighteen hundred years ago, may hear the Master's voice of forgiveness, with the "Go, and sin no more!"

Mrs. Wainright and I to-day called on a beautiful little lady, the wife of one of the Doctor's visitors. He speaks English, and was our interpreter.

She is not more than eighteen years of age, and is as pretty as a picture. Her shining, soft eyes, clear complexion, fine hair, and gentle expression were very attractive. She wore the blue robe of her race, confined at the waist, and was barefooted, as is the fashion with Japanese ladies when in their homes. She had her great year-old boy brought in for our admiration, and handsome as he was I admired her so much that I fear I looked less at him than she expected. Of course tea was served, and with it smoke-dried persimmons, which were very nice. I suppose she thought women are "the same all the world over:" accordingly she brought in embroidered silk robes worn by her grandmother at court fifty years ago. We admired them to her satisfaction, for they were very elegant. I doubt if I get through Japan and China without breaking the tenth commandment.

We expect to leave to-night at twelve o'clock, for Hiroshima. Our parting will be with regret. Dr. and Mrs. Wainright are both young, and are the only foreigners within many scores of miles. I am beginning to see what it is to be alone in the midst of a heathen population. More anon.

P. S.—NOVEMBER, 1888.

I must add a sequel paragraph. Letters from Oita

from Dr. Wainright give me several interesting items. First, the father of the young man who was excluded from the family because he refused to join in the ancestral worship sent a younger son, who had been a bad boy, to Oita to school. He afterward wrote to the Doctor "that for fifteen years he had worked night and day over the boy without influencing him," and asked the new teacher "how he had made a good boy out of him in three months." He said he could not understand it; nor will he till he himself is transformed by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Also, a mother is attending the Bible classes because she wants to learn about the God who has changed her son. Is it not so that the change in one will be the beginning of a work in the family which will not soon end? Also, the cook who promised to "become Christianity," and who practiced praying, is now an earnest Christian worker. And one of the gentlemen of whom I spoke is a believer in our God, though he has not yet had the courage to make a public confession. When the Doctor spoke of the boldness of Dionysius, the Areopagite, he listened with intense interest, and said, "I wish I were like him!" Will not God give him the grace of firmness? Amen, and amen!

LETTER VI.

MISSIONARY AND NATIVE LIFE IN HIROSHIMA.

HIROSHIMA, September 30, 1888.

LEAVING Oita, we were two days and nights in the kojoki on the way to Hiroshima, where the family of the Superintendent lives—his own head-quarters being “in the saddle.” Our kojoki had not improved since the former trip, being still a small space crowded to the utmost. There were seventeen young ladies on board, on their way to school. I wonder how it will be with them. Will they hear of Him who gave himself for them? University men, who mostly take on the German methods of thought, will have charge of them. Perhaps they will be told that what we call *sin* is “bad form,” which educated and refined people avoid; or, may be, they will be directly indoctrinated with the vile immorality of the day. Every missionary in this field longs to have a part in the training of these young people. Seeing their determination to be educated, and knowing the dangers that threaten them, these devoted men, together with Miss Gaines, desire the equipment needful to the prosecution of this work. *The way*

that seems open is the way through the schools. Christian education is the handmaid of the pulpit. Mothers and wives being the Lord's, the world will soon be his. Woman has the energy to influence and the tenderness to hold the position in the family and society which gives her the opportunity to see and embrace the best influences. At the Annual Meeting in Kobe it was shown that in three places our work during the past year was held by converted Japanese women for several months. They need at this time a little help from their sisters on the American side of the waters, in order to begin a work whose end shall not come till "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll."

Our missionaries in Japan have given *themselves* to this people, and spend a large percentage of their salaries in adding to the appropriations of the Board. Miss Gaines, last year, paid the rent of her school-room. She will do it again. [November 1, 1889.—Since writing the foregoing I have heard that Miss Gaines, Dr. Lambuth, and Mr. Waters put together what funds they could command in order to secure a building-lot. Miss Gaines stands pledged for the remainder.] All of our representatives in this empire are in earnest, as well as those in Hiroshima. Who will help to

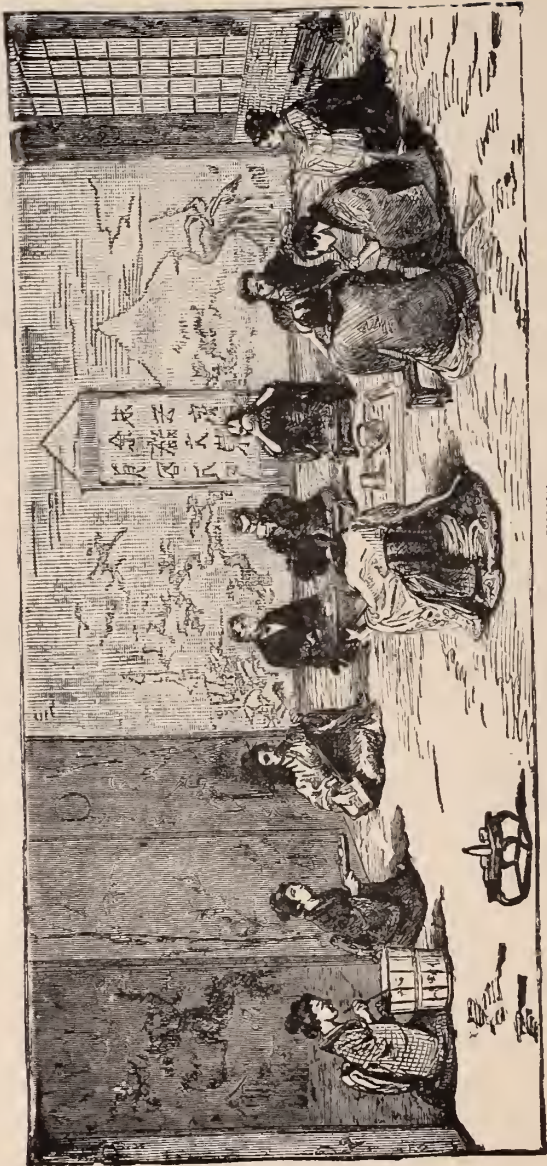
hold up these hands, which may grow "heavy" unless they be "stayed?" As Moses's hands were "steady until the going down of the sun" while Aaron and Hur held them, so that Amalek was discomfited, our friends will prevail against Satan if the Church "stand on the top of the hill" calling on the name of the Lord. But I doubt if the Church stands on the top of the hill that refuses an abundant offering to such calls of the Lord God.

Notwithstanding our poor accommodations on the kojoki, the journey was full of interest; for our way was through the Inland Sea, bounded on both sides by green hill-tops, and along whose coast I could well believe the Garden of Eden was located, if beauty alone decided that chosen spot. The channel winds in and out, around island after island, each one prettier than the last, or sharply turns at the mountain-side where terrace on terrace of rice-fields rise to the summit. In every little cove nestles a village, while in every bay float a dozen junks. I am sure if I could paint these emerald islands that rival "Green Erin," and these blue waters, our people would covet this entire region, with its hungering thousands, for Christ. To girdle this sea would be an achievement worthy of our best effort. When we took root in this soil

there was but one missionary and two or three native helpers on all the inland coast. We are here with the prospect of great success. True the outposts are scarcely manned, but all are so devoted and enthusiastic that with that help which is promised to them who go upon this warfare there can be no failure. Girded, with staff in hand, each man is preparing to move forward as opportunity opens before him. Alert and determined, failure seems impossible to these men of God.

Our stay in Hiroshima has been very delightful. The Church-members met us at Dr. Lambuth's a few afternoons ago. We sat upon the floor, Japanese fashion; and although we could not join in the conversation, we enjoyed the hour. Mrs. Lambuth retained a chair for your father, whose habits of sitting were too confirmed to be interrupted. Tea and sugar-cakes were served. The guests brought a fold of paper in their belts, to be used as a wrapper for the cakes which were taken home. Etiquette requires a guest to drink the tea, but more solid refreshment may be placed in the pocket: indeed, whatever is left the hostess must send after her friends. It was touching that these people, who lately had not heard of the Lord God, now find their joy in *him* whose love was taught me in my childhood ten thousand miles away.

The next afternoon we attended a "high tea." This was a very ceremonious occasion. Ladies only (except your father and Dr. Lambuth) were present, and were attired in fine silks and crepes. All shoes being left at the door, you will know how curious these pretty dresses appeared when finished off by bare feet. However, our friends were so entirely unconscious of any incongruity that I very soon forgot it. Each guest on arriving threw herself on her knees and touched the floor with her forehead, first to salute her hostess, and then the other ladies present. By the time fifty had assembled, I had come to think these oft-repeated salaams quite pretty. It was an undertaking to seat the company, for each one remained at the door, upon the floor, through many persuasions to enter. No lady will acknowledge herself worthy of so great a compliment as a place in the presence of her hostess: she accepts it only on finding that her refusal creates considerable embarrassment; and as she proceeds a few inches at a time to the spot designated, it requires both energy and patience to seat a large number of guests. At last, the company being located, the arrangement of the flowers was the next observance. After request upon request, and as many modest refusals, a lady finally consented to dress the vase;



A JAPANESE DINING.

and in solemn silence, and with many profound salutations after the aforesaid sort, the angular bouquet was set before us. The event of the afternoon was the making and drinking the tea, the intricacies of which I cannot describe. The process was inexplicable. The elaborate brewing being completed, there was no one who would assume or be persuaded to take the first cup—till the wife of the chief-justice, who had the precedence, desired three young ladies to drink for the company. This is the only time I ever witnessed a tea-drinking by proxy. The three went to the center of the room, where the aforementioned genuflections were repeated and the tea and little cakes accepted. The latter were laid aside for home consumption, while the tea was turned about, raised to the forehead, again shaken and twirled, and at length swallowed. It was a difficult operation, for the reason that on these punctilious occasions the tea is a mush rather than an infusion; and the rules of decorum require that not a leaf be left in the cup. You perceive, then, that the whirling of the cup before and during the process is a necessity.

Music followed (if such monotonous minor sounds can be called music), both vocal and upon stringed instruments, while the remainder of the company

had tea. I failed to give mine the proper graceful movement, at which I detected the ghost of a smile on several faces; while your father caught the precise motion, and was greatly admired. In addition, shocking to relate, I left a few tea-leaves in my cup, while he was quick enough to dispose of his. There are persons who do what they undertake.

Jinrikishas were announced at dark. I noticed that the guests paid for their jinrikishas in coming to the entertainment, but the hostess was at the expense of returning her friends to their homes. At least fifty pairs of shoes were put upon the feet where they belonged, no one by mistake donning her neighbor's; and so a pleasant afternoon ended.

Yet another invitation was sent us in Hiroshima—an invitation to a feast where we were seated on the floor for three hours, while course after course was set before us, a list of which may interest you: (1) tea and confections; (2) fish-head soup, pounded fish in a mold, yams, omelet, preserved orange-skin shredded; (3) raw fish, horse-radish, shredded turnips, red sea-weed, grated cucumber-rind; (4) the "honorable fish," two preparations of beans molded in exact imitation of pine-burrs, one green, one brown; (5) lobster and mush-

rooms; (6) a soup of eggs, fish, mushrooms, chickens, and chestnuts: this was the only warm dish—other soups were cold; (7) fish and seaweed; (8) pickled rice in fish-skin.

It was fortunate that etiquette did not require me to do more than barely look at these dishes. It was agreeable to have the feast sent to Dr. Lambuth's house, where we could dispense to those who enjoyed this style of culinary art. I must acknowledge that these viands would not have been recognized by me, if Mrs. Lambuth had not aided me in the investigation. The china and lacquer bowls and trays were very handsome. The music was indescribable—excruciating.

Dr. Walter Lambuth and Mr. Waters live in Japanese houses; indeed, there are no other houses in Hiroshima, except those lately built by the Board of the Presbyterian Church. Japanese houses are very pretty, and in summer comfortable, but must be cold in winter. The sides being removed as well as the inner panels, of course the breeze is enjoyed; and if the sun becomes unpleasant, the slides are readily returned to their places. Mr. Waters is quite at home in his little cottage. He bought a "tea-set" yesterday, like mine, and is much interested in housekeeping. I wrote you how he entertained the governor at din-

ner, with an inexperienced cook in the kitchen, and only such things in the larder as an inland town afforded, with all the hospitable intent that could be expected if he were the happy possessor of a capable wife to smooth the difficulties.

Yesterday we went shopping, and were ourselves such curios that not less than a hundred followed us, even entering the shops and filling the fronts, so that we had neither light nor air. I purchased a piece of shalli-green, with remarkable cranes stalking up and down. A Japanese gown will be the outcome. Some cotton goods which I bought was damaged. Mrs. Lambuth's "helper" made a rice-paste, and, matching all the figures, has glued the patches into place, so that it looks as well as though it had not needed repairs. The silks and embroideries are very beautiful, but do not please me more than my dress surprises the Japs. This morning I wondered why a crowd was so curious about my face: I did not think it an unusual sight. I discovered afterward that they did not understand the "invisible veil" which I wore, and thought it possible that "the net grew there."

In our walks we see curiously dwarfed trees that must have required experienced florists in their management. They are often grotesque in shape, and even after years of training I suppose

still need considerable skill to prevent them from taking the natural shape. We also see intricate labyrinths of stone—rocks strangely thrown together, the way winding through them, now up, now down, stair-ways across, in and out, till my head whirls with the complications.

The passport system is very troublesome in Japan. Any one can reside or visit at the treaty ports; but in order to go to the cities on the Inland Sea, or in the interior of the empire, a passport from the department at Tokio must be obtained. All of our missionaries (except those at Kobe), their wives and children, must have a "permit" to live here or to remove from one place to another. When the time expires at the end of the year, every foreigner with his household must pack up and go to a "treaty port," and there remain till the "red tape" is straightened. The time cannot be anticipated, no application for a new one being considered till the old passport has expired. In this way our brethren are sometimes kept from their work for a month; but I hear the time is never wasted—they find something to do.

Of course you know there is no Sabbath here. Last Sunday the hammer and saw in a shop near by were kept going; market-houses were open, and men, women, and children pursued the same avo-

cations as on any other day. I went to Japanese preaching, also to Sunday-school. Mr. Waters made his first missionary collection in the school, and received one dollar and forty-three cents. This is to be done monthly, and the proceeds to be used for the expenses of the students sent to the school at Tokio. A generous gift from our converted heathen children! A year ago they knew no god but Buddha; now they are learning of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." These pagan boys and girls were as surely meant as those in the Southern Methodist Church of my home-land. It was not an American child that Jesus took in his arms that day in Galilee when he talked of the kingdom of heaven. It was a Hebrew, and as he pressed the little one to his heart he thought of all those who were to live in the ages to come. He loved all alike, and asks the children who serve him to remember those who have the same right to his blessing, and yet who never heard of his love. If Paul and Peter had gone east from Jerusalem, teaching and preaching toward China and Japan, these people might have heard the word gladly, while to-day our beautiful continent might have been bound by "error's chain."

The Japanese are very anxious to learn the En-

glish language. I doubt not that this is one of God's plans to open the way for the gospel. How easy it would be for any of us to tell the story of Jesus if we could be understood! At present two, three, four, five years are spent in studying these hieroglyphics, with their meaning and sound, before a man can with ease preach in the tongue of his hearers. Besides, the time now given to the language could then be given to the one work which the missionary loves. Do you remember that your first reading-lesson was the story of Elijah, from the Bible itself? It was as easy to learn those words from the Holy Book as a lesson in the primer would have been. So our missionaries, in teaching English to these heathen, constantly use the Bible; and while many of them are intent upon the new language, they are, without knowing it, learning the foundation on which the way to heaven is built—just as my little girls learned a lesson of fidelity from Elijah's history while they solved the mystery of words.

Our teachers in the Government schools require exercises in "composition" as a part of the English training. I give you a sample or two of their work. Of course boys and girls of fifteen or sixteen could do better in their own language: while their manner of expressing themselves in ours is

amusing sometimes, yet I look on these examples as tolerably good—better than mine would be if I attempted Japanese. Here is one on Spring: “The Spring has come. The birds and other animals are singing, and the colts in the meadow kicking spiritually.” Another on Summer: “On the most longest day in the year, the sun rises on the five o’clock, and sets down on the seven in the evening.” Another on The Country: “In the country all the pupils are inhabited by little houses and the sunshines are lighter than the moonshines.”

Dr. Wainright’s cook employed an extra boy on one occasion and told Mrs. Wainright, “The boy would not work, so I gave him great anger, and he obeyed suddenly”—poor English, but conveying his meaning.

We will take the kojoki again in a few hours—its discomforts in great contrast with the luxurious entertainment recently at a Japanese inn where we were taken up a shining stair-way, no shoe being allowed to mar its beauty. Our rooms were perfect after their way. Pretty paper slides bounded the sides. The universal tea-set of beautiful china was set in the corner. When the hour for sleep arrived light blue silk-wadded mats were spread upon the floor, with coverings of the same. Our

own pillows are part of our traveling paraphernalia. Our rest was regal. We slept as became comfortably padded mortals.

We are amused at our dislike of the kojoki. It is so admirably arranged for the discomfort of its passengers that by this time it should be a joke to us who are well.

LETTER VII.

OTHER PLEASANT EXCURSIONS IN JAPAN.

KOBE, October 2, 1888.

WE had a pleasant trip back to Kobe. The sunshine and the breeze were delightful. The two children, David and Mary, were with us. They assisted materially in all we did. The inexplicable dishes, of Japanese cooking, are quite eatable to these little ones: I noticed that when the "boy of all work" brought us his incomprehensible vegetable compounds they enjoyed tasting, and would probably have eaten heartily if their father had not enjoined caution. David did me a good turn in the night. When we retired for sleep we found the seat that was placed around the cabin walls vacant. David and I gathered our shawls and pillows, and made ourselves comfortable on this bench. A man on the floor also liked the place, and arranged for his night's sleep, crowding us considerably; but the little boy dreamed, and kicked so vigorously that in a short time the space the man occupied was vacated.

Do you realize how lately Japan and China were closed to all the world? Commodore Perry,

of the United States Navy, demanded that Japan open her ports for intercourse with his country, and, after some months of diplomatic negotiation, a treaty was signed in March, 1854, which opened two ports to Americans. It was not till some years after that the great powers obtained the genuine good-will of the Government. A hatred of foreigners threatened to destroy all relations.

Nearly three hundred years ago the Jesuits were here in great numbers, but were ejected, and the edicts against Christians were not revoked till 1876. We sat at home, thinking but little of this pagan world, while Perry and the diplomats started the wedge which was to open the empire to the Bible and the preaching of the cross. *God did not forget!* Slowly the doors swung open. The Church prayed, "Thy kingdom come!" God is answering. His kingdom is established in Japan, and seems about to possess the land. Do we not ask him to stay his hand by our feeble answer to his call for men, women, and money? Rather, shall we not shout back, "Thy servants hear and see—let thy kingdom come?" And when the still small voice speaks here and there, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee," may there be from far and near the re-

sponse, "Here am I, send me." And when to some others the word comes, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," "return me that which is mine own," "freely ye have received, freely give," God help our rich men to sing with all their hearts:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my love, my life, my all."

Among our poor may there be many who shall give generously, happy if they may expect to hear their Master say, "They did what they could."

The voice of Japan, as she calls, "Come over, and help us," is the voice of God. We are able "to possess the land," but we must "go up." We can overcome the "strong cities" and "the giants," because he that is for us is greater than all who be against us. The pillar of cloud and of fire will lead the way, if we march "onward as to war." This land of "milk and honey" shall be ours unless Christian people fail to meet their obligations. A richer harvest awaits us than Canaan's "grapes and pomegranates and figs." God does not prosper our fair South that she may lavish her gold upon herself. He gives, and expects a faithful stewardship.

We went to Arima upon the mountain-top a few days ago. We tried a new method of locomotion, the "cong-o" (I give the pronunciation—not the spelling), which is a litter "shorter than a man can stretch himself in" carried on the shoulders of coolies. Your father and Dr. Lambuth made stirrups at the sides in order to rest their feet—I made them in front for my comfort. As we went up the mountain-road our men were occasionally near enough to the edge of a precipice to make one a trifle tremulous. I was reminded of the traveler who was proud of his horse because, when he stumbled on the brink of an abyss, he was able to recover foot-hold. His friend replied: "Mine did far better, for he was so sure-footed that he carried me over the dangerous places without tripping."

The way was very beautiful. Myriads of gay flowers were to be seen in the paths, under the trees and among the grass. Bright geraniums and oleanders growing wild in profusion—magnificent hydrangeas, that at home we cultivate with such care—sweet-brier, morning-glories, daisies, and many other familiar blossoms lined the hedges. Above us the heavens were blue, and away in the distance we saw the bay with its many sails. Our "bearers" were very cheerful, though it must have been toilsome work. They talked and

laughed while trotting along as though they were off on a holiday. Sometimes they intoned a rhythmical chorus, in which, though there was no music, the time was perfect with the pit-a-pat of their footsteps.

The rain poured in torrents during the entire visit to Arima. We could not enjoy the town, but we saw the basket-work, which is the prettiest in the world. The sulphur baths of the place are noted, and would have been enjoyed but that the responsible person would not run off the contents of the tank to give me fresh water. Their baths are renewed once a day, and, though a hundred persons bathe, the same water is used until the next day. In vain I insisted that our custom in America was a new supply of water for each person. I suppose his idea was that in Japan one must do as the Japanese. In Kobe I had been more fortunate. After considerable expostulation and determination, Mrs. Walter Lambuth succeeded several times in obtaining a fresh bath for me.

Our visit to Kioto was interesting. Here are great potteries, where we watched the process of making the beautiful china-ware, from the time the workman holds the clay till a handsomely decorated piece of bric-a-brac work was ready for sale. We were so fortunate as to stumble upon the artist

who was preparing the embroidered hangings for the new palace at Tokio. A gorgeous peacock strutted across a long canopy as though he were a living bird; the bark of the trees was so like bark that I could scarcely believe it to be embroidery: the lotus-flowers seemed to be growing. All appeared real.

We went through the old palace of the Mikado, where he spends about a month in the year. The severe simplicity is in great contrast with our fine residences. The hundreds of sliding panels separating the scores of rooms are rich paintings three and four hundred years old—of course all after Japanese patterns, which are very different from our ideal painting. It is remarkable how these gilded and tinted papers have stood the wear and tear of centuries. The carvings and brass-work of one of the gate-ways are very handsome.

Kioto is the seat of a Buddhist college, complete in all respects except that it lacks the teaching without which all learning is vain. Several hundred students are here at work. The Bible is in the library, because they want every thing that helps to make Western civilization. Cannot, will not God use his word to convince men who to-day scarcely expect to find the way of eternal life in that Book of books?

I mention another point of interest—the Buddhist temple now building. The old temple was burned to the ground many years ago, and at once a fund was started for rebuilding. An old priest caught the fire from the altar from the perpetually burning lamp, so that when the new temple is finished the incense and altar will be lighted from that continuous fire which was not extinguished. The new carvings of storks, the lotus, chrysanthemums, and other favorite figures are very beautiful. What interested us most were the great cables of hair, the gift of the women of Japan. These were used for lifting the heavy timbers into position in the roof and other places. We calculated from the figures attached to the hair that there were nearly six tons. I have forgotten the number of feet of cable as thick as that of the largest steamers: the amount seemed almost past belief. The women have given what was of most value to them, their hair being their chief treasure. Of course my mind reverted to the building of the Tabernacle, almost four thousand years ago. Then the women were “willing-hearted,” bringing “bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold.” They did “spin with their hands” the “blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen” which they offered before the Lord. They were “wise heart-



A PRIEST AT SERVICE.

ed;” while these women of Japan in their ignorance sacrifice to the temple of Buddha their chief beauty. The women in all ages have been devoted. Surely we of the South will not hesitate to rescue these perishing devotees. Let us tell them they are not their own, but were bought with a price, and have the right of fellowship with God in Christ Jesus. How shall we appear with confidence before our Lord at his coming if we refuse to obey his last command? He opens our way before us, smoothing out the difficulties which fifty years ago looked insurmountable.

The leaven spreads. A janitor of the imperial palace in Kioto told Dr. Lambuth when we were there a few days ago that he is reading the Bible. Another said: “There must be something in your religion, for I see your people are different: they are not the same men they used to be.” Another, who had been reading the fifth of Matthew, said in my hearing: “I can understand how one who is pure in heart could see God, but how can I with an impure heart see him? I want to see him, but I cannot make my heart pure.” A prominent merchant in Kobe fell into conversation with Dr. J. W. Lambuth, which the latter followed up until the merchant has become a constant reader of the Bible. He often comes for instruction, and

there is good hope that he will soon find "the way, the truth, the life."

Returning from a short jaunt yesterday, we met Dr. Dukes on his way to one of his outposts. He had found a "silver lining" to his last cloud. He had not seen where a new teaching-place could be found when a recent ejection occurred. Providentially, a man of social position, who is studying English with Dr. Dukes, said to him, when he heard of the situation: "I will give you a house for as long a time as you desire, and charge no rent for the first year."

LETTER VIII.

STUDYING THE PECULIARITIES OF THE JAPS.

KOBE, October, 1888.

THE annals of Japan reach back almost twenty-five hundred years. The present Mikado is in a direct line from the founder of the dynasty whose history began nearly one thousand years before Christ. His titles, "King of Heaven" and "Son of Heaven," came down to him all through these centuries, so that if he has grown to regard himself as such it need not be matter of surprise. Rein, a German historian, records the sagacity of more than one of the early rulers. Even the women were noted. One empress conducted a successful expedition against Corea, and managed national affairs creditably during her regency, while her son was a minor. And concerning the devotion of another, it is said that she threw herself into the sea, a sacrifice to Neptune, in order to secure for her husband a successful voyage.

While some of the Mikados sought their own aggrandizement, there were others who, self-forgetful, looked only to the well-being of their people. At present a strange unrest pervades all

classes. The Emperor, court officials, the schools, the people, are unsatisfied. They are asking for Western civilization. God is stirring the heart of Japan. Civilization will not meet their want. The gospel only is for the healing of the nations.

Things pleasing and curious meet us at every turn. In America our building is ended where the Japanese begin—that is, they construct the roof first. An intricate scaffolding is erected, upon which they begin at the top and work down. They reverse almost all our mechanical processes—they pull the plane and saw toward them, while the drawing-knife they push away. Even the cats are different, being without tails.

Babies are antiquated-looking. If dressed, they wear exactly the same cut of garment that their grandmothers wore a hundred years ago. They are taken out strapped to the mother's or little sister's back, where they laugh and coo, grow weary, squirm, and cry, till, worn out, the tired head falls back, and sleep comes with the poor little face upturned to the blazing sun. Sometimes the young nurse joins in a game of top-spinning, or "Puss wants a corner," or "Where's the ring?" while the baby's head is left "bobbing" up and down as though it were on a hinge working toward all points of the compass. A fine fellow, whose

back was as broad as that of the sister upon whom he was strapped, allowed me to amuse him for ten minutes the other day. Foreign baby-talk and a person so peculiar-looking as myself diverted him until he forgot his grievance. A barber was equally amazed to-day. I wondered if the customer knew the peril he escaped while the tonsorial artist gazed at the strange lady.

At night, in the native parts of the cities, the shops display their wares on the ground in the middle of the street, lighting with torches and lanterns. Whether the sales are sufficient for the outlay of strength, convenience, and expense I have not heard. Jinrikishas drive through, and no one moves out of anybody's way, which reminds me of a dance we witnessed a few evenings ago. It was raining and very dark, about 10 P.M., as we passed through a village some miles distant. A most unmusical drum beat out of time, and as we drew near we found an assembly of perhaps fifty dancing in the road, with one torch-light. Our "rikishas" passed through, and none were disconcerted.

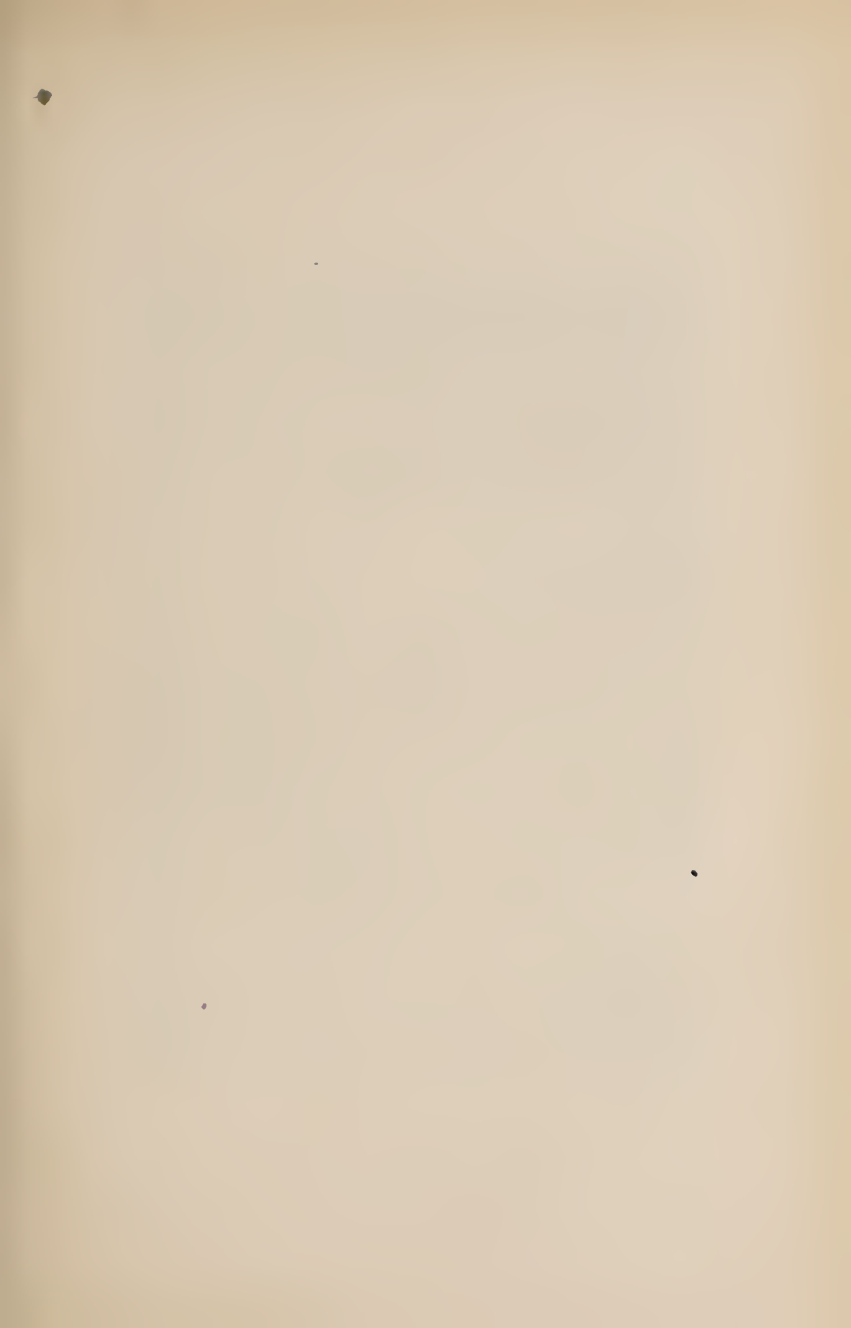
Funeral processions are striking. I watched one yesterday. Six immense bunches of gay-colored flowers, as tall as the men who carried them, came first. Then followed the coffin, borne on the

shoulders of four. This was an ornamented box, very short, and about as wide and high as it was long, the remains being placed in a sitting posture. The friends followed.

The coiffure of a Japanese lady is a wonderful superstructure. The hair is very black, and kept smooth by the abundant use of oil. I am told the hair-dresser is universally employed, very few persons being able to construct the puffs, rolls, and twists of a well-regulated head. For economy's sake only the rich undergo the process oftener than once a week. The pomatum keeps the hair in reasonable order, especially as they sleep on a wooden rest, which is hollowed out in shape and size to fit. Tortoise-shell, silver, and other pins are used for decoration. The heads of the children are shaved in circles and rectangles; sometimes the scalp is shaved, leaving only a lock on each temple which may grow as long as it will.

Married women blacken their teeth and look hideous. It is said to have been required by the husbands of long ago in order to prevent any admiration of their wives. The Empress discourages this fashion. It has been growing into disuse, and will soon be forgotten.

Hot baths are in daily use. The family tub is filled with water, up in the nineties. First the fa-





JAPANESE SLEEPING APARTMENT.

ther bathes, then the sons; next the mother, then the daughters, and last the servants—all in the same water.

As soon as a guest arrives, whether in private or public house, tea is handed, and the “hibachi” placed convenient for lighting the pipe. The hibachi is a wooden, porcelain, or bronze bowl, lined with clay and filled with ashes on which charcoal is kept burning. In cold weather it is the heating apparatus, and at all seasons is ready for use. During our wanderings in Japan we have boiled our kettle for coffee and tea on the hibachi—a necessary adjunct to our itinerant restaurant, and found on every kojoki and in every inn and hut in the country.

In all the homes one room is used as a domestic altar: before the sacred shrine are performed the devotions of the household. The Buddhist works out his salvation by following the prescribed code of morals; the Shintoist by his sacrifices to Kami—all go through some religious form, and are satisfied.

In no particular do I see such difference between Christian and heathen life as in the position which my own sex holds. Christianity only has placed woman in an exalted place. She owes her *all* to the coming of the Lord Jesus. In heathen lands she is the slave of her husband. In Japan she re-

ceives more consideration than in other pagan countries; but even here she stands till her lord is served, and does not eat nor indulge herself in any way till he is ready to dispense with her services. She must always be cheerful lest he grow weary, and be very fruitful of expedients for amusing him. Even a bride at her wedding-feast must stand behind her spouse till his meal is concluded. He may divorce her if she talks much, if she is often on the street, or if she is disobedient to him or his mother. His satisfaction is in himself, his wife being his servant. How different in a Christian land! The Christian husband knows, by the love of the Saviour of the world, how to love his wife till self-sacrifice becomes a joy. She is his earthly ideal. What other "rights" does woman desire? As Jesus drew all men to him, she was raised to her lofty height, and without fear looks into her husband's face, knowing that, next to her God, he is her strength.

I saw a Satsuma bowl of exquisite coloring a day or two ago. I wish I might transport it to you. Its measure was but a pint, and its price fifty dollars. It was very beautiful. As you know, the admiration of Satsuma is world-wide. I am so little of a connoisseur as to prefer the new to the old, as also I think the new lacquer-work more

lovely than the old, though the latter far outlasts the other.

Time and space fail me before I have told you the half. *Multum in parvo*. I was "the party of the second part" in a fight, was thrown from my jinrikisha with violence, have had a scare, was lost for an hour, have been entertained in Japanese fashion both comfortably and uncomfortably, have practiced pantomime with an expert when I failed to make myself otherwise understood, have been on short rations, have seen things more beautiful than I can describe, and, better than all, have had the privilege of joining the people of God in the worship of the Most High.

We will sail for China in a few hours.

P. S.—NOVEMBER, 1889.

Such advance has been made in our work in Japan during the past year that I must remind the Church that new help—men, women, and money—must be given, or we will be obliged to retreat. Our first native preacher has been licensed—Mr. Yoshioka, a devoted young Christian. He is the man who gave three hundred dollars to the Kobe Church. He received a pension of nine hundred dollars from the Government, six hundred of which he gave to his mother, and the remaining three hundred was used to clear

all indebtedness from the new house in Kobe, finished and dedicated one year ago.

The Japanese are so willing to help themselves that surely the home Church will not fail to supply their need, The call is to men and women both, that they shall go and send. Those who cannot go must see that the money is forth-coming, on which the work so much depends. A large proportion of the work must be done by women. They can go where men cannot, can do what men cannot, can say what men cannot. Their sphere in the homes of Japan, and in all the East, is immensely broad and practically unrestricted. Women have comparatively no opposition from any quarter, save the prejudice which must be combated in every heathen mind.

Even the children may join the men and women in helping to save this people. The dew upon the grass is distilled drop by drop, and though it soon vanishes, it does its work. The separate contributions of the boys and girls may not seem as great as the refreshment a drop of dew gives a blade of grass, but in the day of reckoning the accumulated treasures of small sacrifices will be counted to have performed grander things than keeping the "robe of green upon" the earth! And how happy the very young of to-day will be when

youth has vanished, to remember they did the work committed to them in childhood!

Not long ago Canon Taylor declared foreign missions to be a failure. He forgot that in Japan it was once death to profess Christ, and that the proclamation to that effect, which was shown to your father two years ago, has been a dead letter for some years, and that missionaries are pressing into the empire as fast as their Churches will send them. He had not studied the difference between “then and now,” but was looking rather at what the Church at home fails to do. “Darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people” —but the Sun of righteousness has risen upon Japan. God is fulfilling his promises. Hundreds have called upon the name of the Lord, and thousands are being prepared for the word of his grace.

See the call made by three Japanese ladies who three years ago had not so much as heard that our God, the Lord Jehovah, is *the only* God, and from everlasting to everlasting. Of their own motion and without assistance from our missionaries, and having heard that the work in Japan is largely dependent upon the Boards at home, they wrote the following—their original paper being sent to Dr. John, both the Japanese and their English

copy. Dr. W. R. Lambuth sent me the appeal, knowing that I would remember the faces and sweet voices and devotion of the writers. They have studied English with Mrs. J. W. Lambuth:

KOBE, JAPAN, September 3, 1889.

To the Members of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the United States of America.

Dear Friends and Brethren: Feeling inexpressibly thankful to our most merciful God for his great mercy and help in bringing us from the miseries of heathenism, and in carrying this great and glorious work of our Lord into this dark Gentile land; and bearing a deep sense of gratitude to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and especially to your honorable body, for all we have received for our good, we humbly beg leave to present to you our petition.

The field is wide open before us for woman's Christian work, and it has pressing needs of laborers to carry it on. We cannot but cry out for help from beyond the great ocean to meet the demand. Precious souls are being swept on in the broad channel of destruction. We cannot and must not lose time to win them to Christ, who died for them. Now is the time for us to do the grand work in this island empire. And it is now our most earnest request that your societies will sympathize with us and take a speeding step to send out such lady workers as they see fit into the community of our sex, in this part of our Lord's dominions.

We remain, dear friends and brethren, in earnest and prayerful expectation of a favorable response to our petition.

Your humble sisters in Christ,

MRS. Y. YOSHIOKA,
MRS. G. HASHIMOTO,
MRS. S. KINOSHITA.

And there are some who say "foreign missions are a failure," and some who will not open their hearts and purses in order to send the gospel to the heathen!

LETTER IX.

LEAVING JAPAN—FROM KOBE TO SHANGHAI.

OCTOBER 6, 1888.

WE sailed in the "Sakio Maru" for Shanghai on the 4th, and are now three days from Kobe. Our route was through the Inland Sea; we saw for the last time the countless islands, picturesque villages, and green mountain-heights on which our eyes have rested during the trips on this coast. From the middle of the sea the hill-tops and rice-fields had the appearance of velvet, rivaling green Erin in her beauty.

Our steamer is new, having left England on her maiden trip but three months ago. She is complete, having the modern improvements. There is machinery to change the air of the vessel every three minutes in case it is necessary to close the hatchways and ports, at which you will smile, remembering that "fresh air" is my conspicuous idiosyncrasy. The weather has been delicious and the sea as smooth as glass, inclining everybody to remain on deck. To-day there is a swell which banishes some to their state-rooms.

There are more than a dozen missionaries on





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HERMIT MOUNTAIN IN THE YANG-TSE.

board, among them Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, of our Church, and Dr. Woods, from Virginia, of the Southern Presbyterian Board. You know some members of the Woods family. The Doctor and I spent an hour together this afternoon looking up Scripture texts for illustrating some striking pictures: among them is one of Buddha, whose devotees are calling upon him. He gives no heed, and they strike their gongs to compel his attention. But, as when the prophets of Baal leaped upon the altar and cried unto him "from morning even until noon," so "there was no voice, nor any that answered" from the throne of Buddha. Like those worshipers twenty-eight hundred years ago, they cry still the louder, lest the god "is talking, or pursuing, or on a journey, or asleep." No word or sounding brass reaches that dull ear from "morning even until noon," and on to the "evening sacrifice" the heavy ear hears not. Disappointed and hopeless, they turn away without knowing of Him who is nigh unto all that call upon him.

OCTOBER 7.

We have left the deep blue ocean, and are in the muddy waters of the Yellow Sea. The great Yang-tse, one of the largest rivers in the world, traversing China, brings the accumulations of three

thousand miles to the sea. I have heard this explanation of the color of the Yellow Sea, but do not know how so large a body of water can be affected by even three thousand miles of filthy China.

OCTOBER 8.

We are in Shanghai with hospitable Mrs. Allen. The foreign concessions are quite handsome. As we entered the harbor the picture was beautiful. The consulates, residences of wealthy men, the hundreds of masts, with flags of various nations, made my first glimpse of the city a sight to be remembered. Our steamer was detained several hours at the mouth of the Woo Sung waiting for the tide, and again in the harbor because a man-of-war stood in the way.



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ON THE WOOSUNG, NEAR SHANGHAI.

LETTER X.

THE CHINA MISSION CONFERENCE—GLANCING OVER THE
FIELD.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, October 17, 1888.

WE enjoyed Dr. and Mrs. Allen's hospitality for more than a week. The Conference held its sessions in the new church in another part of the city. To you who have seen only the large Conferences at home it would have seemed a diminutive body. Ten foreign missionaries (two of whom, Mr. Hill and Mr. Hendry, have but just arrived) and nine native preachers composed the body. At home we number old men as well as young, while here Dr. Allen only has counted fifty years. Our Chinese brethren wore their long cues and native dress, and sat very patiently during the deliberations, not understanding English. Mr. Soon alone was able to follow all that was said or done. Mr. Dzau also understands our language, but he remained in Suchow in charge of the hospital during Dr. Park's attendance at Conference. The routine work and questions of interest were disposed of in good order. Mr. Burke was ordained deacon and elder; Mr. Hendry, elder. After a full discussion of all matters pertaining to

the work, the appointments were read and a new year begun. Not a man has grown weary of the hard life; not one would turn back, though hopes are disappointed and some failures perhaps await another year's labor. Their devotion and self-sacrifice are almost commensurate with their gigantic undertaking. There has been success all along the line, but the work grows slowly and makes heavy exactions upon their faith and patient labor. They are in earnest; and the door is effectual, although adversaries abound. On one side human sympathy is thousands of miles distant, while near by is a language without beginning or end, an atmosphere of noxious vapors, foul surroundings, and a people hating God and working iniquity. On the other hand, the Church across the sea prays for them and the Lord God reigns. They know they are part of the eternal purpose, and they expect to rejoice in the "harvest home."

During the year Mr. Reid finished and dedicated his new church at a cost of five thousand two hundred dollars. Already he has a good congregation and fair membership. He is faithful to his people, industrious in his study, and always remembers that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents.

Dr. Allen and Professor Bonnell have a large field. There are at this time eighty boys and young men enrolled in the Anglo-Chinese College, who compare favorably in appearance with the same number at home. Their features and dress are peculiar to American eyes. Loose trousers and blouse complete the costume; the half of the head is closely shaven, leaving the hair on the crown to grow as long as it will. The cue is braided and hangs down the back, the pride of every Chinaman—a strange thing, for it is really a badge of servitude. When the Tartar rulers conquered China they ordered the men to shave their heads except on the crown, and the women to button their gowns on the left side. The men obeyed, but the women fasten their garments on the right side to this day! This item of information reached me in the usual way, and appears to establish the statement that “when she will, she will; and when she won’t, she won’t!” I believe it is no longer a law, but, having taken hold, the cue is the delight of the race. We went through the college buildings. There is a fair collection of apparatus and minerals, bought with tuition fees, which last meet some of the current expenses of the school. Students from a distance pay about the same room-rent that is charged at

Vanderbilt University, the restaurant being served by a reliable man. Dr. Allen hopes to arrange for the sons of Christians who are unable to pay the fees. Perhaps some philanthropic friend will take the matter in hand.

After all "the assessments" are paid, how happy a rich man must feel who can say, "I want to give something over and above!" We attend to business, provide for our families, say our prayers, go to church, and help pay "the assessments" as part of the routine. But every earnest man does more. He loves to give his child many a beautiful surprise; he wants to pray, often longing for a "word with Jesus" in the midst of business; and after he has given all he was asked, he is glad to offer "good measure" till it is "pressed down, shaken together, and running over." *So* has God given to him, and *so* would he return to his Lord.

The two new men fill a gap, but do not help to extend the work. The Suchow Circuit has been left "to be supplied" for two or three years. Mr. Hendry is to go to that work. It cannot be considered an extension. Mr. Loehr's health having failed, it is necessary for him to have a rest at home in Georgia. Mr. Hill will succeed him at Nansiang, which is an established work. If we

push into the interior, there must be a larger force. The province which we have entered has a population of more than eighteen millions, to whom we have sent but ten men from America and nine native preachers. If we would do our share in saving this one province, the Church must rise to the summit of self-sacrifice.

Your father presided at the Ladies' Annual Meeting. I cannot tell you of all their discussions. Those on foot-binding and the "course of study" were spirited. There is a difference of opinion among the various missions on the subject of foot-binding. They agree as to its evil, but not as to the possibility of remedy.

Nearly all the missions recommend a course of study, with annual examinations. A year ago our ladies determined to follow this plan, and the first business after they met was the examination conducted by Dr. Allen and Dr. Parker. All passed creditably. After free discussion and consultation with the gentlemen, a course was decided upon, and so far as I hear, while the work laid out will employ fully the hours of study, it is not probable that even the newly arrived will be overtasked.

We have fifteen ladies at work in China. You may think these are all we will need for a long

time. I have to say that fifteen capable workers like these soon open avenues for fifteen others. How can it be otherwise? The work of *one* grows till she cannot compass it. It must be so. When these fifteen become thirty, the thirty ought soon to be sixty. Will not the Church see this and redouble her energy? The future usefulness of every new missionary is endangered if she cannot give the half of her time to acquiring the language. The channel of communication is opened and held at the desk. None can ignore this. A minor consideration is the respect given to one who uses the Chinese readily. Our missionaries cannot afford to be indifferent to the estimation in which they shall be held by those whom they hope to lead into the way of everlasting life. They look on foreigners as barbarians, and on women as inferior, soulless creatures. One barrier is removed when they find that our representatives can read and speak their language.

On the second day we were invited to Trinity Home to "tiffin" to meet all the ladies. Miss Haygood, Miss Hughes, Miss Atkinson, Miss McClelland, Miss Muse, Miss Lipscomb, Miss Roberts, Miss Reagan, Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Mildred Philips, Miss Philips, Miss Kerr, Miss Gordon, with your father and I, sat down to the table. Miss



A CHINESE ARTIST.

Rankin and Miss Hamilton were unavoidably absent. It was a delightful hour. Fair as every thing looked, I found that Miss Muse, who is housekeeper, has had her difficulties. The cook was called off during this week of company to perform the ancestral worship at the grave of his mother. She died five weeks ago, and the time for special rites for the dead had come. No persuasions nor any sense of obligation to his kitchen could hold him: away he went to his religious observance.

The ladies have had a photograph taken—Dr. Allen, your father, and myself added to the number make a group of eighteen. On the whole, it is a satisfactory picture.

I stood to-day with Miss Haygood beside Dora Rankin's grave—our first grave. It is a beautiful spot. Heaven bless those who have taken up her work, and all those who give themselves to this people among whom our dear saint sleeps! And by and by may we who love her work, and who love our Lord's appearing, stand with her to welcome the redeemed hosts of China to "the supper of the Lamb!" We covered the earthly resting-place with flowers, and I brought away a little leaf that had grown over her head.

I wish I could give you an idea of the restful

look of Trinity Home. It is on the street—I mean immediately on the thoroughfare, crowded with noisy men, women, and children. There are beggars, rough children, hard-working people, jinrikishas, wheelbarrows, hucksters with their portable ovens, and commissariats—all sorts of sounds and filth. Entered behind the wall and the gate shut, every thing unsightly is left without. The grass is as smooth as velvet; a lovely vine covers one end of Trinity Church; a few chrysanthemums grow in the borders and in pots on the veranda; and on the other side Clopton School, as clean as though no soil existed on the globe; while here and there is seen a Chinese girl walking and talking with smiling face and shining eyes. I cannot tell the difference between inside and outside. The same sun shines upon the just and the unjust; but the just are like the sun, “a shining in the darkness!” Outside are the heathen, not knowing nor wanting to know of the perfect day; inside, those whose life is “hid with Christ in God.” Outside, the demons of hell let loose; inside, heaven begun below. Outside, the hosts rushing to destruction; inside, every face turned toward Him once crucified, but now risen and ascended into the heavens. Our little band does not want to remain inside, enjoying the rest—they prefer

to be up and doing. They are about their Father's business, and of course are felt on the outside.

I was in Clopton School several times. I have listened to the recitations, not knowing a word that was spoken, but enjoying the visit. I did understand the neat sewing, the pretty embroideries, and the orderly dormitories and work-room. The girls are now making up winter clothes, which are amazing constructions. The blouse and trousers are thickly wadded, so that I am sure the wearers will be as broad as long. They have taken great pleasure in embroidering a handkerchief for me and a spectacle-case for your father. Heaven bless those dear fingers, and in the years to come may they move at the impulse of God's love!

"Pigeon English" is very amusing. Miss Haygood is an expert. She took me shopping, and these are some of the phrases that I remember: "Talkie one piecee man, bring come my house catchee money," meaning "Tell a man to come to my house for the money." Another: "My go top side, lookee see have got," meaning "Go upstairs and see if I have it." Again: "Missie wantchie make look see, by'm by come again," meaning "The lady wants to look to-day, and will

come again." For good-by: "After while meet." Your father is "A number one top side heaven business man"—the first four words meaning bishop, and the last three that he is the bearer of a heavenly message. It would seem easier to learn good English, but I believe they speak according to the Chinese idiom.

LETTER XI.

A TOUR OF THE CANALS—THE INTERIOR MISSION STATIONS—
INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

SUCHOW, October 25, 1888.

OUR kind friend Mr. Reid arranged for our visit to the interior stations. The commissary department of his "house-boat" (we made the journey by canal) was well regulated, himself being housekeeper and general commanding, the second officer being Mrs. Reid's cook. Besides, we had a captain and three sailors. We spread our sails on the 19th, in company with Dr. Allen, who had some adjustments to make for the Nansi-ang ladies; Mr. Loehr, who went in order to pack and store his furniture; and Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who were starting out on their untried and unknown work. We left Shanghai in the sunshine. It was a lovely morning. The canal presented a gay picture. A hundred or more boats, anxious as were we to take advantage of wind and tide, stretched out in line ahead and behind us. A mixture of Chinese jargon, the splashing of paddles, the rippling of the waters, were kept up for several hours, when we turned off to go to Nansi-ang, where we arrived in the afternoon.

We were most cordially received at "Louise Home" by Miss Roberts and Miss Reagan. Louise Home was the gift of a Baltimore lady whose generosity has not ceased. An invalid, her chief pleasure is in good works. She gave the name of a sainted sister to this missionary home.

The following morning the ladies walked with us through the narrow, dirty streets of the town. The shops were filled with all sorts of goods—clothes, uneatables, incense, peeled oranges by the score, the delicious persimmon, fine-looking vegetables, and fish of all sizes and grades. In one establishment we saw the process of compounding edibles by the use of strange machinery. A very soiled-looking man stood in a tub, working with his feet a great mass of vegetables into what he and his constituency consider a savory mess. I was told, but did not see it, that the packing of tea-leaves for market is done in the same way. Every day I see laundrymen at their wash in the canal, while within a few feet others are cleansing the filthiest vessels and making ready the vegetables for the next meal. The indifference of the Chinese to various nice points is perceptible to the traveler at every turn. Many of their habits are extremely disgusting.

We also visited a representation of the Buddhist

Inferno, situated in a dilapidated temple, a fitting spot for purgatorial exhibitions. On his throne, in full canonicals, was seated the great dispenser of destinies. Before him appeared the wretched victims. Thence they passed to their doom. One was pinned down by pitchforks while vultures preyed upon him inch by inch, another was devoured by wild beasts, another bound in a sea of blood, another held by his heels in a caldron of boiling oil, another flayed, another fastened within reach of demons fertile in torturing, one sawn asunder, one ground between millstones, one torn by red-hot pinchers, and others the victims of fiery serpents. It was a poor representation, but showed some conception of the horrors of the lost. This anguish must be endured for ages, when perhaps the condemned may be returned to earth in the form of a hideous reptile or in the body of an extreme sufferer. After many changes, more or less connected with some humiliating pain, he may be exalted and even pass into Buddha. Women have been known who accumulated sufficient merit to be allowed to return to earth in the body of a man—an exaltation most devoutly to be worked for!

Dr. Walter Lambuth told me that when a boy wandering in one of these temples he was about

to step on a caterpillar, when a priest begged him to be careful, the worm being the new body of a relative just returned to earth. I have heard that the indifference to deformity and pain grows out of the belief that these are punishments for crime in some former state of existence. China is in the shadow of death, though her history began three thousand years ago. It is an overwhelming thought that three hundred million of her present population never heard the name of Jesus—

That Name on which we build,
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Shall the “fullness of rapture” in the “heaven of heavens” be ours alone? or, shall not “the smile of the Lord” be also the feast of Japan and China? We sing and realize:

“How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!”

We exult in the thought of “the land of rest, the saints’ delight.” Shall not we teach China that there is a “heaven prepared” for all them who will love the Lord Jesus Christ?

Miss Roberts took me through her dormitories. The beds were curtained according to Chinese fashion. The coverings were folded and piled

lengthwise on the side of the mattress next to the wall, in most precise order, and, though so different from our bed-making, I liked it. The schools and church at Nansiang are greatly in need of good music. When Miss Rankin lived there she and her sister paid some attention to this branch of work, but the ladies now in charge do not sing. They are also without an instrument. Miss Rankin's friends in the Memphis Conference presented her with an organ some years ago, which is performing good service in Kiating. [Long time after, writing to Mrs. McGavock in behalf of this church requirement, I was happy to hear that the young ladies of the Nashville College for Young Ladies, some of whom were classmates of Miss Reagan, presented her with an organ. I am sure that love for the work in China will not obscure her love for her *alma mater*.] In the tabernacle service of David's time they sung with harps and cymbals, and afterward in the great temple the trained singers had their trumpets. How much more in China, where there seems so little idea of melody, and where they need cultivation through the eye and tongue and ear beyond what you conceive, ought they to have every help toward the service of the Lord!

Monday, October 22, we spent in Kiating with

Miss Rankin and Miss Kerr, who are the only foreigners in the city. Miss Rankin is a courageous woman, loves her work, and has made an impression upon these strangers. These ladies live in a Chinese house, which was very uncomfortable when they rented it. Miss Rankin secured a proper flooring and induced her landlord to build a chimney. The native Chinese houses have no chimneys, nor do the people use stoves. They increase their clothing as the weather grows cold, and sometimes burn charcoal in a brazier to warm the room. Miss Rankin's home is very pretty. A stove in the sitting-room will keep the ladies comfortable during the winter. They have no fear, though they are surrounded by heathen. It appeared a very formidable undertaking when Miss Rankin went alone to this city; but with Miss Kerr as a reminder that she still belongs to us, and neighbors whose friendliness I witnessed, I begin to see that her usefulness overbalances the dangers her friends feared. She says the time is too short for all she wants to do; accordingly she desires no holidays, but rests herself in the happiness of working among these people of her choice.

The front of her house is one large window, and is very pretty. It is composed of small bits of

oyster-shells set in lattice-work, and though giving scarcely sufficient light, yet is translucent.

Miss Rankin's Anglo-Chinese school for boys is well managed. The rented building was in beautiful order the day of our visit. She also has a few girls in her charge who look bright, and she says they are very sweet and attractive. In her court, or yard, she has flowers, and every thing around her tends to show her girls and her neighbors that a Christian household deserves imitation. I believe her house is open to the women of Kia-ting at all hours, no matter how busy or how tired she is.

We left Miss Rankin and Miss Kerr just before the gates of the city were closed for the night, and slept again upon the canal. This canal traveling must be dangerous to the health, the waters being the receptacle for all manner of filth—a word one must use often in speaking of China. The villages along the banks have no other outlet for sewage; and as they have no drainage, tons of refuse make their way to the canals: the nostrils are offended, and I suppose there is often considerable sickness. We have been well, but I understand why foreigners are subject to the various forms of malarial disease.

We have had favorable winds during our tour of

the canals. When there was a lull our crew "tracked"—that is, they harnessed themselves to the boat and took to the track by the water-side. It must be weary work. But everywhere in China the coolie must labor to the uttermost, never having a holiday save at New-year. The bridges we have passed are well-built stone structures. John Chinaman is a born engineer—that is, his bridges are perfect, without an understanding of the architectural construction of the arch.

We are now in Suchow with the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Parker. We have a band of missionaries in this city—our host and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and three sturdy boys, Dr. and Mrs. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, Miss Philips, Dr. Mildred Philips, Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Gordon. [Miss Gordon has since changed her relation, being now the worthy helpmate of Rev. W. B. Burke, stationed in Sungkiang.] We have two hospitals here: one belonging to the Parent Board, and in charge of Dr. Park; the other was erected by the Woman's Board, and is in care of Dr. Philips.

Dr. Park's work is very valuable. He is assisted by our Chinese friend Mr. Dzau, better known as C. K. Marshall. The medical department is a successful arm of the service. If we win China,

she must be touched at all points. Not the mental, nor the physical, nor the spiritual can be neglected. If the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, we must care for it, lest we do despite to the heavenly Keeper. Hence our two hospitals. Last year Dr. Park and Mr. Marshall treated ten thousand patients, some of whom were great sufferers, and all requiring intelligent attention.

The hospital is in urgent need of repairs. In this climate houses and furniture, as well as the health, become dilapidated. All of the paint and some of the wood-work need renewal; but, above every thing, new beds and bedding are necessary. That now in use should be burned: it is unclean to the greatest degree, and should not be allowed inside the hospital. For the same reason there ought always to be two clean suits of clothing to each bed. Generally the patients are poor, and their bedding and clothing are covered with vermin and filth. Also musquito canopies are requisite. Think of a sick man too feeble to brush the many musquitos from his face and hands, and you will perceive this need cannot be too much emphasized. I pray that our people may keep Dr. Park's work in their thoughts, remembering that here, as in other benevolent undertakings, there must be annual donations.

Three students having gone through five years of study, and having passed satisfactory examination in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, *materia medica* and therapeutics, practice of medicine, obstetrics, surgery, dermatology, and ophthalmology, were awarded diplomas. When the day of presentation came, one "was not, for God took him." Of the two remaining, one will be employed by Dr. Park, the other by Dr. Philips. Your father presented the diplomas. It was current in Suchow that the Emperor of America had sent Bishop Wilson to China to perform this ceremony, and consequently great confidence is expressed in the ability of the new doctors to cure. Mr. Marshall is a faithful man, untiring and sensible. He itinerates through the villages scattered about this city, preaching the everlasting gospel as he dispenses medicines. The two go hand in hand with him—surgical instruments, medicine-chest, and the Bible are inseparable in his practice. He entertained us at his home with what he called an Anglo-Chinese supper. He spent some years in Tennessee, and knows how to combine the culinary art so that one hardly knows where China ends and America begins. We found his wife and daughter hospitable and agreeable, though they do not understand English.

Mr. Anderson, the presiding elder, finds himself loving his work more and more as the years go on. He travels about this region constantly, and seems to be growing into the belief that he should make a new home in the regions beyond—that is, farther into the interior, where none but the native heathen are to be found. This would indeed be a sacrifice, for Mr. and Mrs. Anderson would thus be cut off from all “communion of saints.” We know several who have thus left friends for interior work. It is not a small thing to live alone with the heathen. To be sure, man and wife choose to be all the world to each other, and we expect them to enjoy home life above all earthly good. Notwithstanding, God’s grace alone can enable a missionary or a missionary family to give up “the assembly of the saints” and friendly ties, to have no other association but the pagan crowd that come and go without kindly thought and having no higher aspiration than success in the things of sense. We honor some who have done it, but cannot see others enter upon such self-abnegation without invoking upon them the special care of the all-seeing God.

Dr. Philips has just opened her hospital. She was delayed by an accident more than a year ago. This delay is more than compensated by the asso-

ciation of Mrs. Campbell with Dr. Philips. If God will, in its future is wonderful power. The opening was very felicitous. Mr. Reid announced the hymn and led in prayer. Mr. Anderson read from the word of God. Dr. Parker made the Chinese address, all the native Christians of the city from the several missions being present. Your father followed with remarks to missionaries of our own Boards, as well as the representatives of the two Presbyterian Boards, there being also with us a few Chinese who understand our tongue. The entire building was thrown open for inspection. The wards, drug-room, operating-room, reception-room, room for clinic, pantry, kitchen, and the chapel are complete. We went so far as to examine the kitchen range, and found it all that could be desired. A boy stands at the grate to feed it every minute, if—as when we looked—the fuel be *straw*, which makes a hot fire, but requires constant renewal.

A simple collation of tea, biscuits, ham, and fruit finished the afternoon. We were invited into the room where the Chinese guests were in full enjoyment of their feast: a separate table was necessary, because their *menu* is different from ours. An innovation was made on this occasion. The native friends, male and female, were placed

in the same room for this evening tea—for here, as in Japan, the wife eats after her spouse has been served; and also Chinese women rarely appear in company of the other sex. A husband and wife are not seen together on the street: one of our pastors said, “If I went with my wife to walk, all the boys in town would be after us.” I witnessed most extravagant mirth last week, when I took your father’s arm in passing along a very rough place in the twilight. The freedom of association allowed our young people would not be tolerated here for an hour.

OCTOBER 29.

We are now the guests of Miss Philips. She goes in and out—always cheerful, always busy, always devoted to her work. Her girls are never out of her thoughts. Some of them have already begun “to grow into Christ.” Three of them are almost prepared to teach. The school is studying Hebrews, which they read with the references. Miss Philips asked this morning, “When was Jesus a little lower than the angels?” The answer came, “When he suffered death on the cross”—a correct reply, but not what the teacher wished. She called on them to turn to Philippians ii. 6–8, that they might see his entire life was a humiliation. I have noticed at morning prayers (Chinese reading

and prayer with the servants) for several days a very forlorn-looking man, who is not a member of Miss Philips's household. I asked to-day who he was, and received the reply: "He is my cow man, and I insist if I deal with him he must come to prayers." You will understand it better when I tell you the cow—in China a very ungainly water buffalo—is led from house to house and milked at the kitchen door. This was very amusing to me when I first heard of it in Dr. J. W. Lambuth's home in Japan, where the same plan is pursued. In this way housekeepers may water the milk at their own sweet will—not the dealers.

I have also been to Miss Gordon's school, where I listened to the recitation of Mark ii. together with the Catechism. The native teachers of this school had heard I was to make them a visit, and prepared for me a dish of sweetmeats and a pot of tea which was presented steaming hot, with a full-blown rose floating in the cup.

All the women of Central and Southern China have bound feet—a deforming practice, distressing in the extreme. It is said that the smallest shoes are worn in Suchow. Every mother, notwithstanding she remembers her own suffering, binds the feet of her little daughter: the child would rather bear the pain than the disgrace of large feet

—besides, she would lose all chance of marriage, for a husband could not be found for one who disregards this fashion. I have seen here and in Shanghai a custom quite as ultra—viz., fingernails, three, four, and nearly five inches long, a shield of bamboo, tortoise-shell, or silver being worn for protection. Of course the working-man, or coolie, cannot indulge in such fashion.

Buffington Institute, in charge of Dr. Parker, is located in Suchow. There are now seventy-five boys under instruction. Of these, twelve are members of the Church, and as many more are probationers. Two of the graduates are in our ministry; two others are licensed to exhort, and are preparing to preach; two are teaching the higher mathematics for Dr. Parker, and one of these is superintendent of our Sunday-school; five others are teaching in our schools; two are teaching in Government schools; and one is Dr. Park's druggist, a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school, and promises to be a useful man: to him we were greatly indebted for attention in our rounds about Suchow. You will see that the school has made a good record. The workshop is a feature of the institution: here they learn to make and use tools of various kinds. A steam-engine and lathe and meteorological instruments have been set up and are in

constant use. Also a dynamo feeds an electric light for the instruction and entertainment of the boys. As soon as he can Dr. Parker wishes to establish a library. I discovered that all these "extras" are his donations. Are there not some who will be glad to furnish the amount necessary to fill the shelves with such books as he may select? He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He knows what to do with boys, is himself a student, and besides finds time occasionally to go with Mr. Anderson on an itinerating tour. Mrs. Parker renders him constant assistance also, having charge of four day-schools and laboring among the women of Suchow. She prepared an arithmetic in Chinese the past year, and the ladies at their Annual Meeting voted to publish it for immediate use.

A word concerning day-schools. When it is reported that four, five, six day-schools are in charge of one missionary lady, it is not meant that she does all the teaching of these schools, but that she superintends the whole. The Chinese teachers are of her selection, and are under her management. She constantly inspects both teachers and taught, all understanding themselves to be responsible to her. Her plans must be executed; and as far as I saw, the schools were happy at her presence.

The streets of Suchow—indeed of all the cities I have seen—are narrow, not more than from six to nine feet wide, and are filthy beyond words. Crowds throng them all day long. The markets are almost impassable—buying, selling, eating, gossiping being in progress from early morning till late at night. I have wondered whether our coolies would be able to bear our sedan-chairs safely through the crowds: they pressed on, the throngs were good-natured, and I do not remember that we have been jostled.

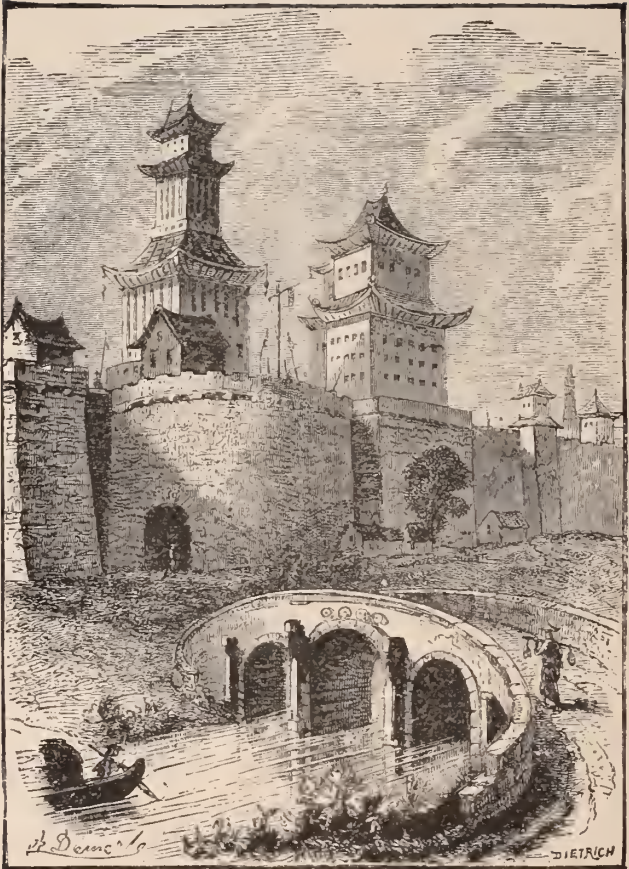
The poor of China do much of their eating in the market-house, having no fire in the home. Of course there is no regular family life in these cases. All winter many households are without heating apparatus. The abject poverty of the masses is distressing. Many families are supported on a daily outlay of a few cents, which means half-starved men, women, and children. I have seen hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pats of argol, laid in the sun to dry, which were to be used for fuel in the family cooking. Also I see women and children gathering the leaves as they fall from the trees, which are to serve in like manner to make a short-lived blaze, that will perhaps boil the water for the daily tea. I was informed by a lady living for twenty years far in the interior that it is

a common thing for the poor to eat snails, dogs, spiders, rats, and even snakes, fried in any sort of grease. Though such squalor may disgust, the heart goes out to a people so oppressed by penury. As one looks into these faces that have never known comfort, the longing comes to tell them of Him who, while "he had not where to lay his head," was Lord of eternal glory, and in whom is compensation for every ill to which flesh is heir.

Their huts betoken the same poverty. As we have sailed and paddled and "tracked" along the canals, we have passed many a mud or bamboo hovel built against the city walls, thus saving the cost of one side. The few "cash" thus spared are perhaps the only hope in the "rainy day" that comes to every Chinaman.

A copper coin—from ten to thirteen making one cent—is the only money in circulation except the Mexican dollar, which is found in the sea-ports (not in use in the interior). It is easy to see that a family of six who live on one hundred and fifty or two hundred cash per day cannot approach comfort.

Great strings of cash—two, three, four yards long—are slung across the shoulders for transportation from one shop to another: they carry their money by the yard. Our little pocket-books are



A CITY GATE IN CHINA.

of no use. Travelers going into the interior transmit the coin by the pound, requiring an extra mule, jinrikisha, or coolie for the heavy load.

A few days ago we visited one of the Suchow bazaars, where one's strength was required to stand firmly in the midst of a crowd of several thousand, pressing on all sides. Chinese wares of many sorts were on exhibition, while men of various sizes, conditions, attractions (or lack), and ages clamored for the patronage of the visitors. I am sure I should not have held my own if our young Chinese friend had not been by my side. A dozen tongues and twice as many hands assailed us at every turn. No sooner was one set disposed of than another was equally clamorous. It was bedlam. I think we spent twenty-five cents, a sum sufficient to support a family for two days.

Suchow is a walled city. This wall was built two thousand and three hundred years ago, but has passed through many vicissitudes and been battered down time and again. It is thirty feet high and fifteen (or more) thick. So you see this city dates back long before the time of Christ. When he walked up and down the hills and valleys of Judea and Galilee, these streets over which I trod were traversed by those who would have joined in the cry "Crucify him! crucify him!" had he been

in their midst. He was but five thousand miles away, and they knew him not. Almost nineteen hundred years have gone, and still they know him not. To-day Buddhist priests by the score are preaching up and down the miles I have but just traveled, until the Chinese say the very stones rise to listen; while our Church has here but nine men to preach the everlasting gospel to the eighteen millions of this one province! O when shall we reach them with the story of the Son of man, so that these deaf ears shall be unstopped and these ignorant souls rise from out the superstitions of centuries?

China is one universal cemetery. Four hundred millions are here, while we walk over the grave-mounds of as many more who lie beneath the sod. There are no public cemeteries, except those near the ports, which are laid out by foreigners. The Chinaman buries wherever the soothsayer finds a lucky place. The dead are kept in the house, often for days, weeks, and years, until the geomancer discovers the auspicious hour and location for interment. I have seen many coffined dead left in the field or on the highway to await the fortunate announcement.

O the smells of Suchow! They are beyond description. One almost sees and hears and tastes them. Our Brother Dzau calls them "celestial

odors." Only this Celestial Empire produces them. The most wonderful thing here is the smells, unless it be the Suchow belief that under this city lies the great dragon of China. He must not be offended, for the excitement of anger would cause him to move, which would shake Suchow from its foundations. His tail is immediately under the Black Pagoda, and its trembling has more than once produced earthquakes. I believe if he were to turn over, the country would be wiped out of existence. His pleasure must be consulted with the same assiduity as that given to the Fung-Shui.

LETTER XII.

AGAIN OVER LAKE AND CANAL—THE INTERIOR JOURNEYINGS
ENDED.

FROM Suchow we went to Hang-chow, a long journey on the canal. Our way took us across the Great Lake, the most beautiful sheet of water in China. Our little "house-boat" skipped before the wind. These journeys are often wearisome, but to us they are new and interesting. The weather has been good, we have eaten and slept well, and so many new things have kept our eyes and thoughts busy that the days have flown rapidly.

Many of the canal-boats have eyes painted on the bows—and indeed some on the seas follow this fashion. The sailors say: "No have eye, no see; no see, no sabe; no sabe, no walkee water; no walkee water, how go?" It is conclusive. Of course the boats must have eyes.

When we came to the "Bridge of Silence" over one of the canals our captain made special request that not a word be spoken till we had passed; otherwise great damage to the boat and all on board would have ensued! When I happened on

deck at sunrise, I saw our crew worship the sun; and several times when there was no wind they called upon the god for the great propeller. Notwithstanding we have been occupied with so many strange sights, since leaving Shanghai we have read a large work on Japan, a "Treatise on the Will," an "Early History of China," a long "Account of the Black Plague of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," a story of George MacDonald's, and have written six letters, besides talking much—I will not say how the reading and talking were divided. The tour has been delightful, Mr. Reid being a good housekeeper and host.

In Hang-chow we were hospitably entertained at the mission of our Southern Presbyterian friends. The veteran Miss Kirkland and Rev. Mr. Lancaster were our kind hosts. Miss Kirkland has been constantly at work for fifteen years, Heaven having spared her health. She is possessed of such energy and love that no missionary in this empire will have a brighter record. In the "day of the Lord" thousands will rise to call her blessed. I should have been charmed to go with her to the country on one of her itinerating tours of several weeks, when her association is exclusively with the Chinese, but we are straitened for time. Their work in Hang-chow is prosperous.

The girls' boarding-school on the premises is in fine condition. We were present during recitation hours, and enjoyed the hymns: these were the same we have loved at home save the words, which were too intricate for our understanding.

The country about Hang-chow is beautiful. We climbed the high hills, sailed over the lake, looked into the shops, walked the streets, and left with regret.

Once again on the canal, we turned our faces toward Sungkiang, where Mr. Burke is working with all his might. He was not at home, having been called away by urgent business. We looked through his school, his house, his flowers, his chapel, saw his teachers and preachers, walked to the lot which we hope to buy so that we shall be established in this city, but missed the pleasant face of Mr. Burke. We called at the house of one of the native pastors. We were received in a neat room, furnished in Chinese style—very straight-backed chairs (which reminded me of our grandmothers, who sat upright from the cradle to the grave), three or four small square tables which with the chairs are set against the wall; their ideas of neatness permit no diagonal placing, nor is the middle of the room ever disordered by any piece of furniture. The walls were decorated by paper

banners representing the seasons. There was no mat or rug upon the floor. The wife and children were tidy, with the smoothest hair and with cheerful faces. Of course tea was served. Tea and water-melon seed are always handed. I noticed they sent out for the boiling water, which meant there was no fire in the kitchen. Some corner brazier, I dare say, furnishes the families of the neighborhood with a pint of boiling water three or four times a day, for a small consideration.

Sungkiang was our last stopping-place. Shanghai was but a few hours away, when we stepped aboard the house-boat for the last time. As we neared the end of the journey, the captain was taken quite sick. His final remedy was so amazing that I record it. I afterward found that it was well known to Chinese *materia medica*. The patient was punctured with a needle over the offending surface. It may be that I am antiquated, for why should not this treatment be as efficacious as cupping, leeching, blistering, and mustard-plasters?

I do not remember the many things that interested us during this journeying on the canals. The postal-boats are rowed by the feet: a very curious arrangement, I thought.

We saw large droves of ducks, trained to obey

the movements of a long bamboo-rod in the hands of the keeper, who brings them to the water every morning and drives them back to the pen at night. Ducks being a staple in the markets, great care is taken of them. It was surprising to see them so well acquainted with the motion of a long pole, for one is accustomed to think them intent upon aquatic pursuits, knowing only their one musical sound, and how to grow fat. There were never any stragglers, all moving with the rod to the right or left.

In many of the inlets on the canal a water chestnut that is quite edible is grown. Boiled, grated, and beaten with eggs, milk, and butter, it makes a toothsome pudding.

Cormorant fishing is also one of the industries. I missed the sight, but your father had the pleasure of watching the process. A ring is placed around the throat of the cormorant to prevent him from swallowing the fish. The birds swim, dive, catch their prey, and convey it to the fishing-smack.

LETTER XIII.

THE MISSION-SCHOOLS IN SHANGHAI—THEIR GOOD MANAGEMENT—IN THE HOMES OF THE NATIVES.

SHANGHAI, November 17, 1888.

WE have been with Mr. and Mrs. Reid for the past week, in the new mission parsonage. It is a comfortable home, but not a "fine house." I heard on the steamers and in America that missionaries live extravagantly. This is not true of any household I have entered in Japan or China. There is no expensive living among our friends. The rooms and halls are large; but in the long, hot summers, with atmosphere almost as trying as that of Africa, large rooms, high ceilings, and many windows are necessary. For proof of dampness, I mention that dresses which are laid aside for a few weeks become so moldy that frequently they are ruined. Packing-trunks must be examined often, if blankets, rugs, furs, and clothing are saved. What the damp, hot summer does to household goods it also does to the constitution. The wood-work of the dwelling wears out: so does the health of our workers, unless they are carefully provided for. My needles and scissors are rusted so that I cannot use them, although we have had

no rain, but constant sunshine. Very few persons escape injury to their health, and the least we can do is to give our missionaries comfortable houses.

This morning we came to Trinity Home, to spend a few days with Miss Haygood, Miss McClelland, Miss Muse, Miss Atkinson, Miss Hughes, and Miss Hamilton. This is a busy family. All are constantly at work, in the school, among the women, or in the study of Chinese. This forenoon I spent with Miss Atkinson at two of her schools. We took jinrikishas, having a long distance before us, and went through many dirty streets to the dingy rooms where the day-schools are located. It would seem that the choice was made in favor of dark places. Here the sunshine is hardly seen, and the hearts black with sin have never heard of the "Light of the world." The schools of America are not found in such unwholesome corners. Many of us were taught in unpretentious houses, but these were open to sunlight, and perhaps were surrounded by trees, grass, and flowers. The Chinese houses where our day-schools are found have nothing in them to be desired, save souls. The windows are few and small, because the evil spirits are on the lookout for an entering place; and once in, the family has great difficulty in getting rid of them. As on

the western extremity of this continent nineteen hundred years ago the poor had the gospel preached to them, so to-day in China the lost are sought, without respect to outside attractions. *Again* the poor have the gospel.

Miss Atkinson began with the Catechism, and after great painstaking several in both schools showed a good understanding of the lesson. The Bible lesson followed. Chinese children have an astonishing gift in memorizing, having been trained in this particular from the beginning. I have been told that the main test of education throughout the empire is in committing to memory the books of Confucius; and though there are almost unnumbered volumes, many of the Chinese are able to recite perfectly the entire writings of the great teacher. One of Miss Atkinson's little scholars, not quite five years old, knows one thousand of these perplexing Chinese characters; besides, she repeats many chapters in the New Testament, both Catechisms, and page after page of the literature of her own language, such as a Confucian book on etiquette, and another on morals. She stops only when Miss Atkinson says so; and she is one of many.

The Chinese teachers set one of the schools to studying, the peculiarity of which was amazing.

All joined in chorus. They were not at work at the same lesson, but they *bawled* together, keeping good time—a howling chant, or intoning in concert. A school can be heard at a long distance. When the pupil is ready to try his memory, he “backs” his book—that is, rises and stands with his back to the book, and undertakes to repeat what he has studied. When the time for recitation comes, he “backs” the teacher. It is said that children commit the “characters,” or Chinese words, to memory, not understanding a sign: it is simply a matter of sight and memory. When about ten or twelve years old, explanations are made, and the meaning begins to dawn upon their minds. There are eighty thousand (more or less) “characters” in the language. It is wonderful that the little eyes which have been at work or play but five or six years can be trained to recognize such complicated signs.

NOVEMBER 18.

This is the Sabbath. No notice is taken of the day, except among Christians. The markets, shops, counting-rooms, the trades all going; peddlers, shoe-makers, serving-women, house-builders, “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” are at work with the same speed of other days. With our missionaries it is likewise a busy day. This

afternoon I went with Miss Atkinson and Miss Lipscomb to their three o'clock Sunday-school in a village outside of Shanghai. Their "Bible-woman" always accompanies them. About fifty poor women and children met us, in a hut, without floors, without windows, and into which the sunlight rarely shines. My heart went out to these poor creatures, who had never in their lives had a good thing. They are so poor and wretched that they do not know the meaning of joy. All the world needs the blood of Jesus, but I felt that these hopeless ones must be told the story of abounding grace. How can we claim its blessing unless we help to send the tidings to such as these? We prayed and sung and talked, rejoicing that we were chosen to give them their first glimpse of the cross. The time was too short to tell the wondrous love of Jesus. They begged us to stay all night, saying that they had a bed and would buy us beef, thus offering us their hospitality according to the fullness of their hearts. It was possible that they were without meat, because they were vegetarians, as many Buddhists are. Such will on no account eat flesh or take the life of any animal. This is reckoned highly meritorious. I met an old woman in Hang-chow who likes the "Jesus doctrine," but will not accept it because this *merit of*

hers—abstinence from meat for fifty years—must be discarded. If she could have one and hold to the other, she would gladly acknowledge Christ. When we left the hut the women and children escorted us for some distance—perhaps a quarter of a mile—beseeching us to “go slowly” and to come again. [I afterward found that the Chinese commonly escort a guest a short distance on the way home. Several times Miss Atkinson’s schools—every child, headed by the teachers—conducted us to the outer gate or door on leaving them.]

NOVEMBER 19.

I went with Miss Haygood to-day to one of her schools for boys. How she labored to impress the word of God upon their hearts! It is on the lips of the boys. They too know chapters by the score. She was not satisfied until she found they understood. Perhaps the most difficult lesson a Chinaman learns is that he is a sinner. Sin is an unknown thing to his heart. He has the right to do as he pleases, so that he is not discovered. Miss Haygood endeavored to show these boys that they are sinners, and that for them, as well as for the world, there is but one hope. Their fathers do not believe it, but God grant that the children early learn the sinfulness of sin! The Holy Ghost can and *will* “convince the world of sin” if we

are "instant in season, out of season." What hopes hang on our faithfulness? China believes herself "whole," needing no Physician: she will perhaps never "feel her need of him," unless *we* rise to the summit of self-sacrifice and devote ourselves to confronting the power of sin in that land.

We wound up the morning with an arithmetic lesson. The younger boys had their second black-board exercise. How eager each boy for his turn! how laborious to catch every curve and angle of Miss Haygood's figures! Such a rubbing out and putting back, till each little fellow thought he had made an exact imitation! How they smiled at commendation! Afterward the large boys added up long columns of numbers as fast as Miss Haygood wrote. I doubt not that many of them, although they came from the poorest homes, will become useful in their generation as Christians, as citizens, as business men. If the gospel had not found them, they would continue in the darkness where they were born. The *truth* as it is in Jesus will transform them; civilization has never done it. The cross of Christ is the only power that changes men's lives: in this alone is our hope for the boys and girls who occupied our thoughts during this brief visit at Trinity Home. There is, of course, a larger outcome from the boarding-schools than

from the others. The boy must soon begin to earn money, and the girl must not be on the street much after she is twelve years old. Thus we *lose*—to our short sight it looks so—our day-scholars. But in the boarding-school the influence extends through years, and we often obtain such a hold on our girls that they are ours for life, even though they become wives and mothers. It was providential that schools became a part of missionary work.

NOVEMBER 20.

I spent to-day with Miss Muse in Clopton School. The first thought was that with which I closed yesterday's diary. The difference between the girls on the street and those in Clopton School (or in Miss Rankin's, or Miss Philips's, or Miss Roberts's care) is such that no opposer of education as a *means* to Christian training could stand against this "object-lesson." Our girls look to be a high class of Chinese, whereas they come from the same homes and training as the thousands that pass us every day on the streets. These have stepped upon a higher plane. Whereas before they knew nothing better than "envy, murder, deceit, malignity," being "backbiters, haters of God, proud, inventors of evil things, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural af-

fection, implacable, unmerciful," they begin to desire to be well-pleasing to the Lord God.

The first visit I made was to the sewing-room, where Miss Muse examined the work of the previous evening, which had been in charge of the Chinese teacher. Here our girls make every thing they wear, even their shoes, which are altogether unlike ours. The older girls sew well, very well. They are at this time making me a suit of Chinese clothing—the shoes, socks, trousers, skirt, and blouse. The little stitches are as beautiful as any American hand-sewing of to-day. God bless the dear fingers, and find them heavenly employment! After awhile may they "fetch and carry" for their country-women, leading them to Jesus Christ the Lord! From the work-room I went into one of the recitation-rooms, where we had the Bible lesson from Hebrews x. The chapter was read; then, according to custom, each read the verse she had selected and made her own comment. Miss Muse and I took our turn, she choosing the twenty-second verse and I the first clause of the thirty-eighth.

The physiology study followed. The lesson was on bones, and for an hour the class was well drilled. Miss Muse has also put the Church Discipline in the school. A new thing under the sun!

Dr. Parker has completed the translation of the Discipline of 1886. The school-girls are to commit to memory the baptismal vows, and the ritual for reception of members into the Church. Is there a school in America that studies the Discipline?

NOVEMBER 21.

I went with Miss Atkinson to two other schools, which consist of the poorest-looking children that I have seen, even in China. "Tattered and torn" though they be, they are learning the same great truths so dear to our hearts.

NOVEMBER 23.

Miss Haygood's remaining schools occupied us this morning. One of them was well filled with fine-looking boys. They do not know it, but they are reaching the crisis of life: their future is being settled, their characters forming, and soon it will be known what manner of men they will be.

This afternoon our native Christian women, and a few outside friends, came to afternoon tea with me, according to previous invitation. Well-nigh fifty Chinese were present. We chatted, drank tea, and ate sponge-cake; a little later on we had a service of prayer and song. A very few had been invited who are still devoted to their idols. They seemed to enjoy our simple entertainment,

and were even affectionate in manner toward us. I could not rid myself of the painful sight of their bound feet. They hobble about in ungraceful gait. Those who were with us to-day have passed the time of suffering; though, except the working-women, whose feet are not bound so tightly, none of them could walk, as we do, for miles. The endurance of little girls is touching: woman is taught the lesson of fortitude from babyhood. What will she be after awhile, when it becomes *Christian* endurance? She is learning patience by the things which she suffers, and when her entire being is sanctified by the incoming of a "better hope," what a power Chinese women will become!

NOVEMBER 24.

I spent the morning with Miss Hughes in her school-work. She was very earnest in her Bible lesson, and won the attention of her children. She asked, among other questions, "How is it that God sees you all the time?" and had for reply, "His eye is never tired," and, "Because he is high in heaven." They are learning, they are learning. After awhile many of these will be teachers as well as doers of the word. In the afternoon I went with Miss Atkinson to visit at the homes of some of her pupils. We found no floors—every woman whom we saw lived on the ground.

I saw no clean tables, chairs, nor beds; no clean clothes nor sunlight. The rooms were filthy and dark, because there had been no "cleaning up" for years, and no windows for fear evil spirits would gain entrance. Little do they know that their hearts are already the dwelling-place of legions of devils, and that One is waiting to flood their homes and their souls with sunshine. Poor and soiled-looking as our several hostesses were, every one presented us with the conventional cup of tea, and several with an addition of candy. I found it difficult to partake of these hospitalities, but succeeded in satisfying the demands to a moderate degree. Miss Atkinson could talk Chinese, and so prove herself satisfactory; but I had no such accomplishment to rely upon, and accordingly was compelled to take tea from doubtful china.

NOVEMBER 26.

This afternoon Professor Bonnell took us to the cemetery, a beautiful spot, where only foreigners are buried. We wished to stand once again by Miss Rankin's grave. We expect to stand with her on Mount Zion; and with us, in that multitude whom no man can number, will be many of these thousands whom I pass from day to day.

NOVEMBER 27.

I received a few days ago cards in Chinese style

—all red—inviting me to an afternoon feast in a native home. Miss Hamilton, Miss Hughes, and Miss Muse accepted for themselves and me; and to-day, when the hour arrived, we started in jinrikishas, escorted by the little son of Mrs. Psoh, who met us at the entrance of the court that leads to her house. She was profuse in her welcome, as etiquette demanded, and as rapidly as her “salaams” would permit she escorted us to the reception-room, which was highly adorned with scarlet hangings. The “most straitest” chairs awaited us, where we sat upright, without leaning to either right or left, for three hours, the period we were at the table. There were fourteen courses, besides fruits, conserves, nuts, tea, cocoa, and a hot drink made of grated almonds. We began with sharks’ fins, which were eatable; one course was doves’ eggs; another duck, cured as we do ham. Champagne was handed at one stage of the feast, which we were allowed to decline. Our hostess was cheerful and dignified. Several times she proposed, according to Chinese custom, to have towels wrung from boiling water handed us in place of napkins, but yielded to the advice of a servant who had had foreign training. However, at the close, a shining brass basin filled with hot water, and towels, were brought in for our use.

NOVEMBER 29.

To-day I made a call, where I saw what I think must be the most beautiful embroideries in Shanghai. These people have the perseverance, energy, taste, and delicate touch to become the most skilled of workmen in the things that perish. What will they be when they take hold of eternal life!

It is raining as I write. As I look from my window I see great rain-coats of straw, exactly like the pictures in my little geography forty years ago. Indeed, the hats, sedan-chairs, the immense hampers suspended from bamboo-rods resting on the coolies' shoulders, the pagodas, the fans and parasols, are the patterns used in the school-books of my childhood. Fashions in China do not change.

The chrysanthemums! The half had not been told. We have nothing of their size in America. Great *balls* of gorgeous colors, they are almost or quite as large as our sunflower. They attain to such beauty and size because one stalk and one chrysanthemum only are allowed to grow from a root; every other is pinched off.

I went to-day inside the walled city of Shanghai. This Chinese city has not improved by the great "object-lesson" in the English and American concessions. Clean streets and good order have not

impressed them. Two friends living there came for Miss Haygood, Miss McClelland, and myself, and actually led us by the hand through the streets of the old city, as though they would protect us from the soiled and rough men, the odors, the sights, the filth, and the sounds. My conductor scarcely let go of me after we entered behind the walls. Probably she thought that, pressed by the crowds, I might be lost or alarmed. They took us to the shops and helped us to make a few purchases. We bought beautifully carved peach-stones, cherry-stones, olive-stones—one set of the eighteen Buddhas is very handsome; a bamboo vase, carvings within carvings, is exquisite. Our shopping over, we went to the temples; to see a juggler; to visit a bride just arrived in her husband's house—her long, thick, red silk veil still concealing her face; to see silk-weaving; to a paper manufactory; and finally ended our sight-seeing at their home with a cup of tea. One of these friends presented me with two or three hundred "cash" strung together on a red cord, forming a sword-shaped weapon, gayly trimmed with different colored silks. She is a Christian woman, and therefore I cannot accuse her of giving it to me for "good luck." The Chinese consider this device as bringing good luck to any house-

hold. Our friends escorted us home, making themselves altogether agreeable. We had brushed against beggars in rags, men in silks, children by the score, idlers, busy people, coolies with their heavy burdens, the clean and the unclean. All sorts of smells—burning incense, which is agreeable, and Chinese odors which are execrable—met our olfactories. We saw smiles and tears, the blue heavens and the filthiest of streets. The mixture, strange as it may seem, made a pleasant afternoon. A Chinese city is a wonder.

Our stay draws to a close. We have spent two delightful months. The weather has been golden; our friends hospitable, devoted. We expect to sail on December 1, in the "Thames," for Hong-kong, Singapore, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, and Calcutta. The missionary outlook is encouraging. The harvest has not been large, but the seed are springing up, and very soon we may expect thirty-fold, and after awhile sixty and a hundred-fold. In Japan God is giving us opportunity *to-day* which, if not accepted, will be lost to us and perhaps lost to them forever. But here we can better afford to be slower, because every thing in China moves slowly. It would seem that fifty thousand converts in little less than a century is a very small return for the outlay of the Christian

world. We progress, but our advance is slow; perhaps because we have not done our best. The five loaves and two fishes fed the thousands, and there was enough and to spare; but our Lord added his blessing after *all* was given up. We must give *all* if we expect the heathen world to be gathered among God's elect.

I have been looking over a book on etiquette that Miss Atkinson translated for me. The girls and women are told that they must talk but little; they must retire to their private apartments as soon as a visitor to the men of the family arrives; young wives must be very attentive and obedient to their mothers-in-law, early and late answering their calls, even helping them to dress in the morning, and otherwise waiting upon them with cheerfulness; and never wanting their own way, nor for a moment doubting the wisdom of those who are at the head of the house. Young women must not receive presents from a brother-in-law, nor look behind when they walk, nor shake the foot when sitting; and they must always rise early enough to hear the chickens crow. The devotion of the women of olden time is recounted: One gave her life for her mother-in-law, and several died for and made many sacrifices for their husbands; one poor mother, having no books nor pa-

per, taught her son to read and write by making the characters with her fingers in the mud. The women are also taught that beautiful things—silks, satins, embroideries, gold, and silver—must be seen without being desired, unless there is money to pay for them; and that through life plain clothes should be preferred. No young wife should ask to return to her mother's house till she has been married at least six months, and not then if her mother-in-law is not willing. Much more is written in this book, much that is quite good, while much would not be of value to us. I trust that *you* will give devoted attention to the maxims of an old Book which you have studied ever since you learned to read. *Au revoir.*

LETTER XIV.

SUPERSTITIONS, CRIMES, AND BEGGARY OF THE CHINESE—
SOME OF THEIR FASHIONS AND PUNISHMENTS.

SHANGHAI, November, 1888.

THE Chinese, like all nations without the gospel, are a prey to very foolish superstitions. They have days lucky and unlucky. The breaking of a dish, a trifling slip of the foot, an unfortunate visit, are the harbingers of family difficulties. One is fortunate or unfortunate according to the star under which he was born, or the hour of his birth; and neither burial nor marriage can take place unless the geomancer declares it propitious. I have been told that children are often destroyed by parents because of coming under unlucky circumstances, and I have seen hundreds of dead left unburied because the soothsayer discovered untoward combinations of the heavens and the earth.

When Dr. A. P. Parker built his clock-tower, a family in the neighborhood was bereaved. On consultation with the necromancer, it was found that the Fung-Shui (an indefinable something that influences the fortunes of families, communities, and the empire) was offended by the tower.

Whether in the water or in the air, he moves in straight lines, and to be compelled to turn aside by an object standing in his way is exceedingly irritating to his worshipful dignity: so exasperating, indeed, that he must needs wreak his vengeance on the neighborhood, instead of blowing away the offending cause with a puff of the breath. In this instance application for redress was made to the governor, who wisely said that he who discovered the evil must find the remedy. The soothsayer was so reasonable as to counteract the disturbance without pulling down the clock. He erected several high poles in a line with the suffering household and Dr. Parker's building, which to this day remain, and continue to drive off the evil spirits which were provoked to serious mischief by the tower.

When in Suchow I tried to purchase some fans, and in one of the shops found a clerk who was singularly unwilling to show me his goods. The Chinese are usually indifferent, and it is difficult to have a sight of the contents of the shelves. One is always asked, "What color do you want? what design? what quality?" and any other questions that can be devised. Then, only the color, or pattern, or texture asked for is shown. It is not as with the American dealer, who suggests and adds to what is called for. After the customer has

looked at the article designated, if he wants to see other shades or qualities of the same he must be explicit in his description, having not the least proposition from the dealer. This Suchow proprietor exceeded in reserve any other that I had met. Our young Chinese "go-between" could not get a fan from him. At length he said we must leave the shop because the man was in terror of me. I had disturbed the Fung-Shui, and the proprietor feared the establishment would be destroyed if I remained.

Another clock-tower at the Arsenal, near Shanghai, caused great commotion. On its erection, the board of Chinese directors were notified by the priest that this foreign innovation would cause the death of all the younger brothers of the members of the board. Two actually died. Consternation seized the families. The building would have been razed to the ground had it not been found after consultation with the soothsayers that a shrine for worship and sacrifice, built in the tower, would propitiate the avenger.

Another case in a town not far distant: A church with a steeple and gilt rooster on the summit of the spire was erected. The wise men foretold ruin to the city. Soon after, the street called "Centipede" was burned from end to end. The

remedy of the priest was announced as follows: "Roosters eat centipedes, but tigers eat roosters." He caused a large painting of a tiger to be placed opposite the church. In a few months one of the walls of the building fell. Of course the tiger did it.

Our Southern Presbyterian friends at Hangchow some years ago owned property most admirably located. But the Fung-Shui became offended, and nothing less than total destruction would appease his wrath. Not one stone was left upon another, and the fair buildings and grove became a ruin. The citizens behaved with great liberality on the occasion. They presented another lot and paid for new buildings, though in a flat situation by no means as desirable as the first.

Mrs. Williamson, in her "Old Highways in China," tells how the entire side of a temple was taken down to let the gods at the altar see the dryness of the soil, and feel the heat of the noonday sun, during a long drought when famine was apprehended. I do not know whether this touch of the summer sun melted the hearts of the gods sufficiently to give the refreshing shower.

While we were in Suchow a woman entered Dr. Park's hospital in search of the spirit of her child. She had taken him there some months be-

fore, and since then he had been sick. She knew some demon had been offended, and that the spirit of the boy was detained in those four walls. She examined every corner, closet, shelf, and room, calling on the soul to return. Another took her baby to Dr. Philips, and as a precautionary measure called aloud on the soul to remain where he belonged.

Beggars and thieves are regularly organized. They have a king, treasurer, and other officers. A fixed sum is paid into the guild by each applicant for membership, sometimes as much as thirty dollars, every member having his share of the profits. A peculiar fraternity! I watched a beggar a few days ago. He seated himself on the ground in front of Dr. Park's gate. He wore several bands of white—badges of mourning—and looked to be about twenty-five years of age. He cried at the top of his voice, the tears streaming down his face: "My father is dead, my mother is dead, I am a poor orphan; help me, help me!" Thus he wailed one entire afternoon, telling over and over, again and again, the same story with a look of the greatest anguish. I wondered if he was a member of the guild!

The Chinaman has a curious plan of vengeance. He kills himself to spite his enemy—a reversal of

the American order. No injury to a Celestial is so great as when the man he hates takes his own life: for in the ghostly relation he may distress him in his family, or in his business, or *in propria persona* till the end of life. Nothing can be worse than to have the hatred of the dead. Also great ill luck comes to the house where a visitor dies. Hence if the dearest friend is taken ill from home, the host immediately arranges for his return to his own family, and the inns are unwilling to receive him on the way, The beggar who is spurned becomes a power to be dreaded to any household on whose premises he may happen to die.

A coffin is a most acceptable present to the living. John Chinaman becomes so accustomed to the sealed casket containing the remains of some member of his family, which cannot be laid away till the geomancer speaks, that he wants to have the care of his own coffin. It is a gift to be cherished with pride and tenderness. He is content to know that this provision is beyond a peradventure.

Ancestral worship stands between China and the gospel as nothing else does. This worship of the dead of generations back is Satan's strongest hold. At regular periods the offerings are made at the graves and ancestral tablets, by rich and poor, by the male representative of every family in China.

The Emperor on his throne is not exempt. He must make sacrifices of the most costly silks, of wines and edibles, before the tablets of all his predecessors. Otherwise those dead rulers would combine to send disasters and plagues upon the nation. All court officials and every oldest son in every family, down to the poorest coolie in the land, must worship the dead fathers and mothers of the generations that preceded. Whatever he may deny himself, he may not deny his ancestors any thing requisite for a comfortable living in the spirit-land. Rice, clothing, lights, servants, money, and houses are as needful there as here: notwithstanding poverty, all these things and much more must be furnished. Fire is the mode of conveyance. Burned here, the required goods arrive in the world beyond ready for use. The son may have been wayward, worthless, disobedient—a vagabond. What the living parents could not accomplish the dead exact and effect without controversy. He would not dare refuse honor to the spirit that has become so powerful an agent for evil or good. Men of the largest wealth, influence, and business obligations, down to the menial in the kitchen, must be excused from all contracts until these rites are performed, at stated periods, for all the years of his life. The desire of husbands

and wives for sons grows out of this superstition. Failing in this, an adopted son may assume the duty. A daughter cannot perform this sacred act. Perhaps the uselessness of the girls in ancestral worship led to female infanticide. They were unwelcome because they could not lighten the burdens of the dead. To be rid of them was righteous, while the wife with tears and groans and cries besought the goddess of mercy for her boy, which could be her hope both here and hereafter. Besides, the little daughters are so soon claimed by their mothers-in-law that they are really of "*no use*" to their parents.

In addition to ancestral offerings, those spirits must be propitiated who left no son or male representative, or those who died unknown, or in foreign lands, or beggars, or the drowned, or any others whose bodies were not recovered. For these the generous contribute, so that none on the other shore shall be unprovided for, and thus be tempted to cause tribulation in the world they left behind. It is not so much the charitable intent as the horrible fear of vengeance that induces the opening of the stranger's purse. I saw paper horses, boats, houses, jinrikishas, servants, and other things, carried along the streets on the way to be burned at the ancestral tablets. Is it not



strange that not one soul from the other side has even been of so gentle a disposition as to excuse his son from this heavy tax? They exact the "pound of flesh" to the utmost, or else they are unduly slow in finding a way of communication. Even in Tartarus they might find out how to spare those who come after these centuries of long-drawn-out anxiety and agony. If vengeance can be had, why not tenderness? Heathenism does not love—heathenism hates! Jesus crucified is the only power that can exalt. All praise for the promise: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Does it not mean China? The revelation of our Lord to this world of sin did not find China in more open rebellion than other peoples. There have been nations saved by repentance and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ. Why not *this* land of black darkness? Forty or fifty thousand of these four hundred millions bear the name of Jesus. Shall we "despise the day of small things?" Not Jerusalem only was it that "killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent," and not Jerusalem only would Jesus gather to himself "as a hen gathers her brood under her wings."

There is a very large boat population. Hundreds of thousands, from birth to the grave, know no other home. I have watched many of these

families. The little ones at play on deck are tied to some stationary object, and thus secured from danger of falling off. Even the family cat and chickens are comfortably circumscribed in the same way. These fleets of house-boats are little worlds having their regulations and employments, their police and municipal laws; and though crowded as London houses, each family keeps to its own quarters, and one community does not interfere with another. These many towns in the canals and small rivers do not rival beautiful Venice, but in their way are quite as interesting.

We are in the height of the persimmon season: a delicious fruit, in size like the orange, and color like a ripe tomato. Also the pommelo is a favorite fruit. I think only a Japanese or John Chinaman knows how to prepare them for the table: they are enveloped in a bitter fiber which ruins the taste unless carefully removed. The uninitiated seem unable to separate the bad from the good. The Chinese make a delightful jelly of the haw, and indeed many of their culinary productions are very nice. It is improbable, however, that Americans would learn to like eggs that have been preserved ten, twenty, fifty years. To-day's egg is to our taste, while one that has gone through many a decade is the delicacy that a Celestial seeks.

Passing a house a few days ago I witnessed a quarrel in progress between a man and woman. Their loud voices, many words, and vigorous pounding drew a crowd. At last she grabbed his cue and soon got the better of him, such an indignity bringing him to terms. I doubt if the women in China often engage in a street brawl. They are taught submission from early childhood, and have very little controversy with their husbands: I have heard that a mild type of domestic satisfaction exists. Betrothals take place at so early an age that the little husband and wife do not remember when they did not belong to each other, nor do they have opportunity to know whether compatibility is a thing possible. A betrothal is as binding as a marriage. During the time that the matter is under consideration, while the horoscopes are not yet cast, a trifling accident in the kitchen or china-closet of either family will break off negotiations. But after a favorable decision is made nothing can prevent the consummation. The loss of property, or an incurable malady, or a disgusting deformity would not be permitted to break off the marriage. Unless the little girl be taken by her prospective mother-in-law to be brought up under her own eye, the bridegroom and his promised wife never see each other till the wedding-day, when he sends

the gorgeous red bridal chair with a retinue of servants to bring her to her new home. She is closely veiled in scarlet silk or woolen cloth, which is not removed till the first meal under her husband's roof. Of course there are grievous disappointments. The young wife may have no beauty of face, or be she ever so pretty her spouse may not fancy her. It is of greater importance, perhaps, that the mother-in-law be pleased, for the future probably depends more on her than on him. If she becomes the mother of sons, she will be a person of consequence; otherwise she will be at the mercy of her new relatives, who may or may not have agreeable dispositions. As in Japan, she may be divorced if she is disobedient to her husband's mother, or is seen often on the street, or talks much. Strange it is that the young master may put her away at pleasure after marriage, but must under all circumstances hold himself bound during the time of betrothal! Perhaps she was bought; possibly the two mothers exchanged daughters, each having sons; or may be money actually passed; at any rate, *value having been exchanged*, his mother thinks they must have the equivalent—viz., the faithful attention demanded of a daughter-in-law. Should the expected bridegroom die before the marriage, the little girl is considered a widow,



A BRIDAL PROCESSION.

and becomes a member of his family, who must henceforth care for her as though she had been married. Sometimes this ceremony is performed with the spirit of the departed; and should she vow life-time fidelity to him, refusing another marriage, she is held in high esteem. I saw many substantial stone arches on the highway, erected in token of great distinction to widows thus devoting themselves to the memory of the betrothed whom perhaps they never saw. She may even commit suicide, and thus be counted worthy of all honor as the most virtuous of women.

The deformed feet keep Chinese ladies more or less confined at home. Those of the poorer class cannot afford to be secluded, for they must earn their pittance toward the support of the family. Those who need not labor are rarely seen upon the streets. Freedom of social life is unknown. I suppose that unrestricted friendliness among women is impossible: if not impossible, an intimacy is an impropriety, and an outing of rare occurrence. The dress of the wealthy on special occasions is of superb silks, embroideries, and velvets; their tiny shoes are of choice needle-work, and I am told that they indulge in an excess of jewelry, especially to ornament their glossy black hair. I see in the shops very expensive beads and pins of jade,

of gold, and silver; and on the streets elaborate imitations of the same. They wear nothing like our bonnets and hats. The top of the head is uncovered. They sometimes have across the forehead a stiff black silk band which takes the place of a bonnet. They consider our head-gear an imitation of masculine fashion.

Young men do not let their beard grow. When a man is forty years old, if he have sons he need not shave his mustache. One of our native pastors told me that he was very proud when that auspicious day dawned, and lost no time in thus showing that he had arrived at so respectable a period of life. The aged are esteemed for their years' sake. Hence it is very polite to ask a person in middle life his or her age. As youth speaks for itself, it is probable that the young are not questioned on this subject. My age has been inquired into very often. I was greatly surprised when these particulars were asked of me the first time, but I soon became accustomed to the courteous query, and learned to return the obliging attention of the natives by asking with equal complaisance concerning their "most honorable age."

The Chinaman greets his friends by shaking his own hand. They meet with the most cordial salutation of hand-shaking, but each man shakes his own

and not his neighbor's hand. Their code of etiquette, as with the Japanese, is very elaborate. While this may be tiresome to an earnest worker, I doubt not it is true that one cannot gain entrance into the most refined homes unless some attention is paid to their forms. The poor are reached by sympathy. True, the word of God can take hold of the heart with or without human aid. But also our Lord makes use of us, of our peculiarities, our talents, our failures, the words we speak, our omissions and commissions, our prayers, our faith, our money, in convincing our neighbors and those afar off of the truth of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. It may be that our missionaries will have the opportunity to carry the good tidings of God's love to idolatrous households by attention to some little detail of etiquette that will first attract goodwill and afterward gain genuine affection. If "tall oaks from little acorns grow," and "bits in the horse's mouth" enable us to guide the animal, and a "very small helm" turns about a ship "driven of fierce winds," and a "great matter" is kindled by a "little fire," may not families in China be rescued by heeding some innocent prejudice?

The Chinese are cruel in their punishments. Many illegal tortures are permitted. Those which are legal are often revolting. The thumb-screw

of the Inquisition, though in another form and by another name, is in use; also a similar compress for the ankle. Among those in use, but unauthorized, are striking the lips until lacerated, burning the fingers, chaining the hands under the knees and thus bending the body double, nailing the hands to boards, kneeling on broken glass, and many more devices that it required considerable ingenuity to invent. A common punishment which is seen upon the streets often is the "cangue," a wooden frame worn around the neck, too broad for the hands to reach the mouth, so that the criminal is dependent for his meals upon the kind offices of others. John eats, holding the bowl of rice close to his mouth and shoveling in the food with chopsticks. I suppose some good-natured person in passing helps the poor fellow bearing the yoke of the cangue to shove his rice into his mouth.

There are two modes of beheading—decapitation by a single blow, and decapitation by piecemeal. Criminals are sometimes left to die by starvation. I heard of a cruel torture "long drawn out," which I suppose was illegal. The offender is placed in a wire gauze frame fitting tightly to the person—so tight that the flesh protrudes through the wire until the blood oozes from hundreds of pores. I heard of a little girl whose mis-



IN THE CANGUE.

tress pinched her flesh from time to time with red-hot pinchers. You have read of the cruel use of the bamboo in the punishment of criminals. It is said that prisoners under sentence of death sometimes meet their doom by being securely bound down over the bamboo-shoot, which grows so rapidly that it passes through his body in a day!

How can one who believes in the love of Jesus and desires to live in constant realization of the same, and who seeks to grow up into him as the most blessed condition attainable on earth—how can such refuse to help give the gospel to China and Japan? He who made the universe commands us to “go into all the world;” and yet *some*, knowing well that they cannot make a blade of grass, nor “provide for the raven his food,” nor send rain “upon the just or the unjust,” nor “bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,” undertake to say how far God’s grace shall extend toward the workmanship of his own hands.

Time moves apace. These interesting days are fast passing. To say that I have been impressed by our mission work and its needs is a very mild expression of my sensations. Our opportunities and the failure of the Church to meet her obligations are almost overwhelming. May God stir us until we do with our might what he has placed in

our charge! The responsibility is ours, for to us have come calls upon calls to undertake new work. Besides, our missionaries need our sympathy and prayers. They give themselves and their *all* to these people, leaning upon God. No arm of flesh is near from which they may hope for aid. Their people have not learned to love. A few who have come to know eternal life are learning to love; and after awhile, when many are brought to the knowledge of the grace of the Lord Jesus, our missionaries will have near them Christian friends^o on whom to rely. *Now*, they have but their homes and their work. Outside, there are none to rejoice when they rejoice, or weep when they weep. The poorest circuit in America has within its bounds those who sympathize with the minister in joy and sorrow: if death invades his family, there are hands to help and words of affection to soothe. But in a heathen land, in the hour of anguish, unless a missionary brother be near, no aid nor love from beyond his own four walls is offered. At happy seasons of the year—Christmas and birthdays—no outside token of remembrance comes; on the contrary, our brethren give all and receive naught. Their members are poor, and must be helped. If there is a wedding or a funeral, they must aid in providing the outfit for the bridal and for

the burial of the dead. As the preacher tells of the cross of Christ he must rescue many a poor family from famine and disease. Let the Church-members in America forbear criticism and give their sympathy to their representatives across the Pacific.

When thoughtful men tell us that the best opportunities for saving China are to be found in the interior, it is not meant that the work in the treaty-ports should be relinquished. Perhaps as Christians grow from within outward—first the heart, then the life is changed—so it may be that this heathen land must be begotten from its great centers, ere we shall see the fringes of the empire becoming the “Bride of the Lamb.” But by no means can our workers be withdrawn from the coast cities. In these latter are found the heathen who, in addition to the idolatrous practices of centuries, are besotted with the sins of Western life. The workers from the various Missionary Boards of the world must stand a solid phalanx in Shanghai, Hong-kong, and other sea-ports, striving against all sin, whether native or foreign. *If they do not hold the borders,* there will soon be no centers of Christian work. I hold that while the one field must be cultivated the other cannot be left to run to weeds. Let every hill-top and hamlet of Japan, and *all* these mill-

ions and millions of China, feel the power of the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

The markets are full of fish, bamboo-roots, lotus-bulbs, sharks' fins, ducks' tongues, sea-slugs, persimmons, and very fine vegetables. Those who can afford to buy do so; but I rather enjoy walking through to see what there is and watch the buyers. The migratory kitchen is found in the market-house as well as on the streets. Foreigners cannot market successfully, because "the tricks which are vain" are "peculiar" to this trade. The cook does the marketing; and while our friends and all foreigners know that they pay his commission, yet the cost is not equal to what it would be if they undertook the business.

I add a list of boys' names—not such as are familiar to you: True Blessing, Everlasting Life, Piece of Happiness, Two Precious, Sixth Precious, Next Precious, Gold Penny, Little Brother, Heaven's Gift, Seventh Sister, Happy Nine. The last was born on the ninth day of the ninth month; Sixth Precious was the sixth son; and Seventh Sister was so named because, being a feeble infant, it was thought the evil spirit would pass him by, if he could be made to think the baby a girl. The ruse succeeded—the demon was stupid enough to believe in the name.

The girls comb their hair according to the fashion of centuries gone. Besides shaving in circles and quadrangles, they brush the entire suit of hair to one side, coiling it immediately over the ear; or dividing it in two, they have a coil over each ear. When these twists are ornamented with the fine large chrysanthemums, the face is broader than long.

In Suchow I wondered why the little children on the street so often shut their eyes, holding on to their friends. I specially remember a handsome boy who, carried astride his father's shoulder, looked at us, then closed his eyes quickly, hiding his face on his father's head; after awhile he peeped and shut his eyes, which was repeated several times. We walked behind him for a mile, the little fellow first examining the foreign lady with light hair and eyes, and then, as if frightened, hiding his face. Upon inquiry, I learned that children are taught that the "Jesus people" take all the eyes they can steal to make a medicine which affects the native mind so that the new religion is forced upon a man without his consent. They cannot believe that one would voluntarily renounce Confucius and Buddha for the "new doctrine"—there must be some witchcraft in the proceedings.

The Prime-minister of China is a man of intellect and broadening views. It is to be expected that he will elevate the State. Let us pray that the Holy Ghost may take hold of him, and enlighten his understanding so that he may with wisdom direct the great questions which must soon be settled. In all China there are but two hundred miles of railroads. The superstitions of the people have hindered, their fear of the Fung-Shui having prevailed against all attempts to improve the mode of travel. But a better day is coming. Not many years hence railroads will traverse the whole empire, and that will mean a missionary in every community. There are not a dozen newspapers in China. After awhile the press will become a power; and while infidels and politicians will have access to the columns of all publications, so also will the heralds of the cross be able to speak with confidence and boldness of the reason for the hope that is in them.

Will you not keep this great empire in your thoughts, and in the years to come let your influence be directed toward the salvation of the nations now in darkness? God's gift is eternal life. Is it not of value? Can you compute its worth to you? Would it not be of equal value to China's millions? Will not you and your friends and your

friends' friends, as you think of your blessedness in His kingdom on earth and the glory which will be revealed, also help to tell the story to those who are *so far off* that only the Holy Ghost can reach them—remembering that the Holy Spirit chooses “earthen vessels” to carry the priceless treasure? Are not you your brother's keeper?

LETTER XV.

THE VOYAGE TO INDIA—SIGHTS ON SEA AND LAND.

STRAITS OF MALACCA, December 12, 1888.

WE left Shanghai late in the afternoon of November 30, our friends going to the steam-launch to bid us *bon voyage*. They are dear to us. God bless them and cause his face to shine upon them! If the shining of his face be upon their work, it will not be long before they are a thousand times as many as they now number. China counts her hundreds of millions, and surely America will desire Christianity to count tens of thousands of Chinese converts in the near future. Do you say amen? The Lord grant that you may pray without ceasing, "Thy kingdom come," so long as you live! If you should live "threescore years and ten," how many "golden vials full of incense, which are the prayers of saints," will be stored in the Eternal Mind as part of your guerdon!

Notwithstanding the cold was very severe the afternoon we left Shanghai, Professor Bonnell, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Arthur Allen went with us to the "Thames," which was anchored eighteen or twenty miles from the city. At 10 P.M. they left

us, and by daylight next morning we were at sea, with our faces turned toward the south. The biting cold continued for thirty hours, but by the time we reached Hong-kong, almost at the southern extremity of the Chinese coast, we realized that December could be as pleasant as May. The soft air, green grass, luxuriant trees, and the gay-colored flowers quite banished the wintery blast from our thoughts.

Hong-kong is a beautiful island, belonging to the English, and but a short distance from the mainland. The buildings, public and private, are massive and fine-looking. There are first-class roads and gardens handsomely laid off and cultivated. An immense amount of money has been invested. The city lies along the base and sides of steep, high hills, up which walks and carriage-drives lead to the summit. We climbed the hills, went into the shops, and walked in the shade of the avenues of trees. We took jinrikishas to the "Happy Valley," the English cemetery—a beautiful cove in the mountain-side, full of exquisite tropical trees and plants. It does indeed look like a resting-place. Next to it is a Mohammedan cemetery, of which I can only say *it is a place*.

Chairs borne on the shoulders of coolies are more in use in Hong-kong than jinrikishas, owing

to the very steep hills. The carriers trot along at an even pace, except when the road approaches a perpendicular. Some of the private chairs are very handsome, the bearers in livery. We were there but two days while our steamer was loading for England, whither she was bound.

We did not go to Canton, which is near. I should like to have seen the embroidered crapes on the spot where they are wrought, and for memory of Morrison, who in the early part of this century was hidden away for twenty years in Canton—hidden because, had he, a Christian believer and teacher, been found his life would have been forfeited. Here in the darkness he worked all those years, giving to those who have succeeded him the Chinese Dictionary. All missionaries who have come after him have built on his foundation, nor could they have built without it.

The heat increased as we steamed southward, but the sea was smooth and the skies blue. While seated at dinner the day before arriving at Singapore we were startled by the cry, "Man overboard!" In a moment the saloon was emptied, and all crowded to the taffrail. A life-boat was sent out and the steamer put back. The poor fellow, a Malay sailor, was not to be seen, though his screams were heard. He went to the bottom.

Singapore is but a little over a degree from the equator, so that the heat is intense the year round. The singing of birds never ceases, frost is not known, and perennial green crowns every hill-top and valley.

We went ashore and drove in a "gharry" to the Botanical Gardens. The road lay for three miles through groves of palms and the seats of the foreign gentry residing on the island. The Gardens are very beautiful. Rolling land, a heavy greensward shorn till it looked as smooth and as soft as velvet, lakes, parterres of flowers of the richest hues, palms of all sorts, the cocoa-nut, date, pine-apple, betel-nut, banana, fan, sago, cabbage, umbrella, bread-fruit, and other species with botanical names that I do not recall—drives and walks all in perfect order—made a picture to be remembered. Added to the lovely sight, we had a pleasant breeze which tempered the heat of a tropical sun. We strolled about for some two hours, and then returned to the town, where we bought from a peripatetic commissariat some sliced pine-apples which were more delicious than any I had ever eaten. They are totally different from those we eat in America, a thousand miles or more from where they grow. I shall never want them unless I get them directly from their native groves.

The palm-tree, in its hundred or more varieties, affords the natives in the Straits settlements, and in Ceylon, India, and other tropical lands, almost all they need. They eat the fruit, weave a cloth from its fiber, from the bark and wood make all manner of household utensils, manufacture an oil which can be used for lighting and culinary purposes, build their huts and bungalows under its shade, and of one of the varieties paper is made. Manifold are the uses to which palm-trees are put. They are seventy, eighty, one hundred feet high: the trunk is bare almost to the crown, where grow the long leaves eighteen or twenty feet in length, falling over in rich profusion—a tuft of plumes. The natives walk up the long trunks with ease. I watched them with interest as they set their feet upon the trunk, clasping it with their hands above, and thus ascended without touching the tree at other points of their bodies.

Both on land and on our steamer in this latitude everybody wears the lightest clothing—the gentlemen white duck or flannel; ladies are dressed in muslins. My one linen dress is in constant use; I scarcely spare it while it is in the laundryman's hands. I suppose it will be in constant demand until we arrive at Calcutta. The Malay mostly wears but a waist-cloth besides his turban, or a



long shirt, his body bare to the waist—the heat the year through being so intense that I suppose since the world began he has worn very little clothing. The favorite color seems to be bright red, which contrasts well with the rich brown skin. The Malay women substitute jewelry for our profusion of dress: bracelets on the arm and ankle, rings in the ear and nose, and on the fingers and toes, seem very satisfying to them; a single garment besides, and they are dressed.

The shells for sale in Singapore are very beautiful. Boat-loads of them, all of exquisite tints, and of many sizes and shapes, lay along-side the wharves. Your father loves to handle them—they are a pleasure to him as roses are to you.

We will sail to-day; and I am glad, for the temperature at sea is reduced.

DECEMBER 14.

We are in the Straits, and in a swell. There is a storm off to the south which disturbs our waters. The heat is great. Every one who has a white suit wears it. The “punkas” are going at breakfast, tiffin, four o’clock tea, and dinner. I doubt if we could eat without them, unless the meals were served on deck; but that would hardly be possible. On all the steamers, and in Southern China, in the Malay Peninsula, in Ceylon and

India, the punka is a necessity as well as a luxury. Labor is so cheap that foreigners of very moderate means often employ a boy whose work is simply to keep in motion these punkas, or fans, which are suspended from the ceiling. Men of wealth and invalids have them in use almost every night in the year, and in many of the English churches they are to be found. I should think them very refreshing to those who preach with their might, when the thermometer is up in the nineties.

To-morrow we expect to see Ceylon, the land of "spicy breezes." We were on deck early this morning, and witnessed a beautiful sunrise. I like to be out early before the steamer is awake—of course I refer to the passengers; the sailors are always at work.

We are a little farther north, Ceylon being about five degrees from the equator: the difference in the temperature corresponds, and the heat is so slightly less that one might think the "Thames" back at Singapore. In a few hours the beautiful island will be in sight.

DECEMBER 17.

We landed to-day at Columbo, and found quite a familiar look about the city. The hotels and many other buildings are similar to our own, while on the streets there are scores of people of our complex-

ion and dress. The Imperial Hotel where we are lodged is crowded with Americans and English. I have just returned from the shops, having visited them with some ladies to look at the jewels that are found there. Sapphires, rubies, and pearls are to be seen in large numbers. One of the dealers claimed to have the largest and most superb cat's-eye in the world—he asks thousands for it. I enjoyed the sparkling gems, but gave myself no anxiety about their genuineness. It is said that the unskilled should not purchase.

DECEMBER 18.

We drove out to the Cinnamon Garden, where hundreds of cinnamon-trees grow. The Museum was interesting for its collection of animals and of Ceylonese work. There were sharks of tremendous size, which I would not have approached had they been alive; and constrictors so long and large that I fear to give the figures, lest the huge proportions should be mistakes of my memory; and other snakes, very poisonous, but a foot in length and not thicker than my finger. There were birds of all sizes and colors, and the most exquisite collection of butterflies to be found. We also saw a fish with the head of a horse, exactly the thing we used to see in our childhood's picture-books. It was about ten or twelve inches long. We had not be-

lieved in the existence of this animal until we saw this specimen.

Off to one side of the Garden is the residence of Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian exile, whom the English hold in "durance vile" in this lovely spot. He has every thing his eye may desire, and yet—a prisoner of state—what he most wants is denied him. During this drive we saw many ant-hills four and five feet high, which were quite a curiosity to us. And of no less interest was the Highland regiment which we passed, in its unique and pretty uniform. The bagpipes were in full blast, and I can understand how "The Campbells are Coming" might under certain circumstances be very inspiring.

DECEMBER 21.

We have been up in the mountains. It was a pleasant change, but not so great as you might think. It was warm enough for hundreds of callas to bloom in the open air. The prettiest ferns of the globe are there; the maiden-hair is a dream of beauty, for a poet's pen to describe. The tree-fern, which grows to be quite large, is to be seen in all these regions from Singapore to Southern India. During the few days' trip we saw but one coffee-plantation. The crop having failed in the last few years, tea has been substituted with con-



A ROAD IN CEYLON.

siderable success. The planters claim that the Ceylon tea has a more delicious flavor than any other.

We spent a day in the wonderful Royal Gardens at Peradinieja, where are all the tropical plants of the world. I saw growing cloves, allspice, nutmegs, the various palms, bread-fruits, banyan, sandal-wood, rubber, camphor, the deadly upas, mahogany, cinchona, all of which are large trees; besides pepper, sensitive plants, orchids, tea, coffee, and many more trees, vines, and bushes than I can remember. Bamboos grow here in great beauty and to considerable height, as in China and Japan. In truth, almost every thing that pertains to tropical life may be seen on this island. It offers the finest scenery I have found since we left green-clad Japan (which, however, is hardly tropical), and I have heard that it is considered the most beautiful in the world. The other day the railroad took us up through the mountains, where a very wild region opened before us. The palm-trees grow everywhere, even on the high hills, while the valleys are richly carpeted in grass or cultivated in rice.

At Kandy our window looked out upon a long, smooth lawn finely set in grass and bordered all around with beautiful trees. At the other end

from our quarters was an immensely rich Buddhist temple, which was endowed with large tracts of valuable land by the Dutch when they took possession of Ceylon; and when they ceded it to the English it was stipulated that all these native rights and possessions should be respected. The temple contains a vast number of rubies and sapphires, and much beautiful ivory and silver work. To the right is an artificial lake, and beyond a mountain-range makes a background for the whole.

Adam's Peak, a sacred mountain, is in the distance. The Mohammedans claim that the footprints of Adam are to be seen on the summit. Heretical Americans are more interested in the gems found at the base and on the sides of the mountain.

As elsewhere, the coffee-plantations here are failing. An evil disease has fallen on Java, Ceylon, and "they say" on Brazil and other coffee-growing countries. If it goes round the world the coffee-drinkers will be forced into self-denial, of which let advantage be taken for missionary operations!

Here, as at Singapore and Penang, the natives are very easy in the matter of dress. The children wander around arrayed in a silver cord about the

loins, with perhaps the addition of a bracelet and anklet. The men wear their hair long and held back by beautiful tortoise-shell combs; except the Mohammedans, who are distinguished by their hats—tall truncated cones, woven of many-colored straw. The Mohammedans are making great advance in all these regions. They send missionaries—Arabs—to all the settlements in the Straits and to the islands, and make thousands of converts. Their allowance of polygamy is a force. An Arab teacher—perhaps a fine, stately-looking fellow—will settle in a community, open a school, and soon propose to a half-dozen families to marry a girl from each. They readily accede, and *all* become Mohammedans. Perhaps in a few years the contest will be between them and Christianity; and a tough contest it will be, for they are vigorous and plucky.

We sit by open windows enjoying the music of the birds and the beautiful landscape. We remember that sin changed Eden into a wilderness, so that no man knows the place. This fair land is in darkness, its beauty lost to those who do not know the God of nature. Here, where the palm grows and where the skies are so bright, we meet with sin at every turn. Perhaps because “man is vile” my thoughts turn to the “pure river of

water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," on whose banks grows "the tree of life," whose leaves are for "the healing of the nations." Some day we shall stand there, and I want Ceylon and all the Orient to join in "the new song." Sometimes I wonder how you and I could enjoy "the new heavens and the new earth" if these Eastern people are left out. But we know "there shall be no more curse." Here, where "every prospect pleases," we see the effect of the curse; but there no such sight will meet our eyes. We "shall see His face," and "His name shall be in our foreheads," and "His servants shall serve Him," and "they shall reign forever and ever." All this cannot be for America and Europe only. John wrote from the East—he saw the heavens opened, and heard them sing from "out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation." If he thought of one race more than another, it must have been those who were nearest to him—so I feel that I have the right to expect to sing the "new song" with Japan, China, the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, India, Africa, and the islands of the sea. They will be there! We must bear a part in their coming. They cannot hear unless they be told; *we* must send a messenger if we cannot bear the

message. God forbid that your ears be heavy and your hearts slow! Hear his voice and give him your best work.

Buddhism is the antagonist of Christianity in Ceylon. As in Japan and China, our gospel confronts a persistent and subtle enemy, who must be vanquished by the God of nations. No less here than there are needed men and women chosen of the Lord, and of whom the heathen "shall take knowledge that they have been with Jesus;" such men and women as shall be recognized as followers of One who must be "King of kings and Lord of lords."

DECEMBER 25.

The beauty of the day tempted the two Mrs. B.'s and myself to a drive. We had Christmas in our hearts, though in the midst of paganism; *peace and good-will* was our portion, though the many had not heard why the day is our festival of festivals. We had not driven far when we found ourselves in a strange procession: hundreds of Ceylonese carrying upon their heads immense loads of bananas, pine-apples, oranges, mangoes, flowers, cake; men on stilts, dancing-girls in wagons, artisans of many kinds followed in the train. We did not understand, but we enjoyed. On we went till arriving at a gate-way trimmed with flowers we

were invited to enter, and presenting our cards were ushered into the presence of a gentleman, a Ceylonese, who appeared to be prepared for some great occasion. We apologized for our unexpected appearance, but his hospitality was more than equal to the demand. He would not allow us to leave without a glimpse of the annual custom of a feast in his honor. He was a Christian, hence chose Christmas as a time for a great jollification, in which his fellow-townsmen delighted to do him honor; and from appearances I judged him to be a philanthropist, and these hundreds of men to have received at his hands continued favors. He introduced us to his wife and her friends, all of whom spoke English and were exceedingly agreeable. We stood upon the veranda while the procession filed through the spacious grounds, every man stopping to exchange greetings with our host. Rose-water was sprinkled over us as they passed, and rose-leaves thrown in upon the portico in profusion, garlands of flowers by the dozen were passed into our hands, and many servants were required to receive the offerings of fruit. After awhile began the entertainment by the musicians, swordsmen, jugglers, dancers, tambourine-boys, and others, each desiring above all else to give pleasure to their host and his friends. We made

several attempts to leave before he would consent. Finally our adieus were made.

When we returned to the hotel I was greatly entertained by a juggler and snake-charmer. For the second time I witnessed the trick of the mango-tree. The juggler was scantily clad. He wore but one garment, and that with sleeves to the elbows, and without pockets. There was no place for accessories—no table, nor closet, nor trap-door—nor any person near who could have assisted him to mature his designs. A small boy, attired in the same light way, was his only attendant. The two were in the open space on the veranda, the spectators at a respectable distance from his snakes. He carried three small baskets, two of which held the reptiles and the third his few pieces of machinery, all of which he laid out upon the floor. The earth for growing his mango was tied up in a handkerchief in the third basket. He placed it before us, put the bulb in position, watered it, and covered it with a soiled, ragged cloth; then began his incantations and mummerly. After a minute or two he removed the cloth, and the mango had grown an inch or more. Again he covered it and went through the same cabalistic passes, and again the cloth was raised, and the plant was a foot tall. The mystic gyrations were repeated, when lo! the

young mango had grown a yard in height. Of the fifty or more persons looking on, none detected his manipulations. His snakes were hooded cobras, the most venomous of the serpent kind. All the jugglers handle them without fear, although their fangs dart to the right and left in very threatening style. It was surprising how he packed so many and so large snakes in the two baskets. He did not seem to consider their need of space, but crowded them in pell-mell, till I doubt if any one of them knew his own tail from that of his neighbor.

We went to the Wesleyan Church on Sunday, and saw the tablet to the memory of Dr. Coke, who died so many years ago on his way to Ceylon. The tablet was erected by the missionaries with him, who survived to labor a short time, though we noticed by the inscriptions that some soon followed him. Most of the foreign workers here die early—very few live to old age. We arrived at the church rather early, and strolled on for a half-hour. On our return we found that a crowd had gathered under a tree to hear a native Christian preach. He spoke with earnestness, and we found by the singing that several who stood with him were of like mind with himself. There is response in Ceylon to the word of the Lord.

DECEMBER 26.

The temperature is somewhat lower to-day. The nights have been delightful during the week, but at midday the sun has been too hot for a walk to be agreeable or safe. The streets are full of people from three o'clock till midnight enjoying the sea-breeze and the sight-seeing. The stars shine out with wonderful clearness, many coming into view that we do not see in our latitude. Ceylon is too far above the equator for the Southern Cross to be seen; at Singapore it was visible about 3 A.M. You will be surprised to hear that I did not rise for the sight, and indeed I already regret it. Early to-day we walked along the beach for a half mile to the south of Columbo, and watched the ocean stretching out before us illimitably—nothing between us and the South Pole—the breakers beat and broke upon the sands, keeping up the measured roar that never, never ceases. Long as I have been on the waters, I have not yet wearied of the sight and sound. The spot was tempting. Your father would have liked a plunge, but was restrained by the preemption rights of the sharks, who admit no intruder into their domain, save with the understanding of an end to the present conditions.

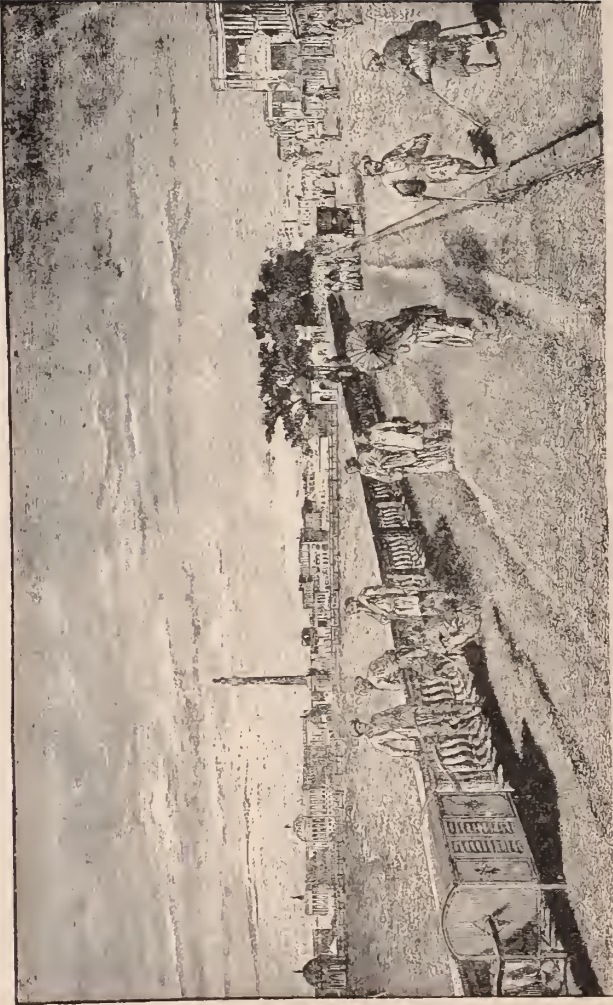
LETTER XVI.

HINDOO WOMEN—THEIR ZENANA LIFE—PRISONERS FROM
THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE—NOTABLE SIGHTS.

BENARES, INDIA, January 4, 1889.

WE sailed December 26 from Columbo in the steamer "Nepaul." Fair winds brought us to Calcutta by the last day of the year. On the way we had a vision which recalled that of the Apocalypse. The Bay of Bengal shone under the rays of a burning sun, and as far as the eye could reach was without a ripple. From horizon to horizon the broad expanse of quiet sea reflected the blazing light as one flaming surface—great belts of fire flashed into the crystal waters. We saw John's vision—"the sea of glass mingled with fire." Such an outlook from Patmos must have inspired his description of the heavenly glory.

Calcutta was so crowded that it was impossible to find comfortable quarters. Two gentlemen of our party were reduced to a dining-table for their sleeping, and four of our ladies divided one bed between them. I spent a morning in visiting zenanas, by the courtesy of the wife of Rev. Bishop Thoburn, of the M. E. Church. But for Mrs. Thoburn's kindness, I would not have had this



ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

glimpse into the life of Hindoo women, for the reason that we have no work in India. No man, except the husband, has access to a woman's apartments, so that your father was not with me.

The life of Hindoo women is well known. From the cradle to the grave they are prisoners, first in the house of the mother, and later in the house of the husband or mother-in-law. They are absolutely without outlook and have nothing in reserve, until the Sun of righteousness shines into their souls; and while the blessed light may not open the outside world to their earthly vision, they will have the liberty of God's dear children. They marry at eleven, twelve, and thirteen years of age, and henceforth know no law but the word of the mother-in-law, the husbands troubling themselves very little about the home management. Sons take their wives home to their mothers, so that in a family of many sons the household grows apace—a half-dozen, a dozen families under one roof. *Often* several generations dwell together in one zenana.

These wives, young and old, could hardly lead harmonious lives, for no change of air or scene relieves their nerves. They cannot read, so that their minds are without that sort of employment. They are kept in the strictest seclusion, never, *never* being allowed to walk upon the street. They

know nothing of the busy world outside, and never see the hills or the blue skies except as they look up from their narrow inside courts. They have no ideas of any thing but their circumscribed limits, save as their husbands may tell them a bit of news. An occasional visit to the mother's house may be permitted if the mother-in-law happens to be good-tempered—not otherwise; and this must be done in a tightly closed “palankeen” (a long, narrow sort of ambulance without windows, carried by servants), from which the poor little woman can neither see nor be seen. The palankeen is taken to the inner court, so there is no chance for a peep at the city. If there is a reason for a railroad journey, a thick veil is worn as they step from the vehicle to the coach—those for high-caste women having windows of very dark glass, or the shutters so arranged that there can be neither looking out nor looking in. I tried very hard on one of the trains to see inside of the compartment where there were some high-caste ladies, but failed entirely.

The Hindoo woman has no sewing, for her only garment is a scarf five or six yards long by one wide, which she winds about her quite gracefully. Day after day those of one household gossip together over their poor little affairs which never change. They have very little joy, even in mother-



THE CLOSED PALANKEEN.

hood, which with us is so sweet a tie to life. True, to be a mother is the only thing to which a Hindoo wife looks forward; but she has no dainty garments to stitch, bringing pleasure to her very fingers—no training of infant mind and heart, the growth of which interests our mothers. The mere possession of sons is her one ambition. A noble manhood does not enter into her calculations.

A few young wives—comparatively few—send for the missionary ladies to teach them to read, write, and embroider. It was a glad day when an English woman of rank made the first attempt to enter a zenana, and succeeded. Henceforth a brighter future was within reach of these ignorant, aimless Hindoos. The desire to be taught is growing, and before another century closes, by the help of the Lord of hosts, there will be a revolution in the homes of India.

I enjoyed my visit to some of these women very much. One young wife had finished a pair of slippers for her husband, and because he had been so gracious as to admire them she was as happy as a child with a new toy; the penmanship of another was commended by the teacher, which brought a happy smile to the young face; another was greatly pleased to have her baby noticed, and another quite interested in a new crochet stitch.

They showed me some very elegant jewelry: ear-rings of all sizes and designs, among them a handsome gold envelope for the ear, studded with precious stones; necklaces, bracelets, and anklets; rings for fingers and toes and nose; all manner of silver and gold devices that a woman could desire. I suppose that to have a new piece of jewelry is the highest aspiration of thousands of these poor creatures.

The terrible condition of the widows of India is so well known that you are familiar with the story of their misery. We saw what is said to be the place where the last suttee was performed. England has held India through a sea of blood. It was perhaps God's way to bring her to the truth. The English Government abolished this rite; but the pitiful situation of thousands of child-widows has led many of them to prefer death upon the funeral-pyre of their husbands. Married in childhood without consent of their own, they are often widows before arriving at mature years; and henceforth life is one long bitterness. There are said to be over five million widowed children in India, their condition being abject slavery in the families where they are left. No comforts are allowed them, no tenderness is exhibited toward them, nor is association with other inmates of

the house permitted. They become menials, or rather outcasts, within four walls. Their wretchedness is equaled only in the regions where hope is an eternal stranger. England has done much to ameliorate some of these evils, but the gospel only is the power which is to overcome the superstitions, ignorance, and cruelties of India.

Calcutta covers an immense area of ground, and has a great number of fine residences and Government buildings. It is more expensively built than any of the Eastern cities that I have seen, unless it be Hong-kong, and perhaps that is not an exception. The Botanical Gardens, a little way out of the city, are said to be the finest in the world. Perhaps so; but to the botanist, not to the unlearned like myself. The great banyan-tree is wonderful. It covers a space of more than eight hundred and fifty feet in circumference, has three hundred and thirty-two aerial roots, and the main trunk is forty-two feet around. It is said to be next to the largest in the world—the largest being that at Bombay, under which seven thousand of Sir Arthur Wellington's troops were once camped.

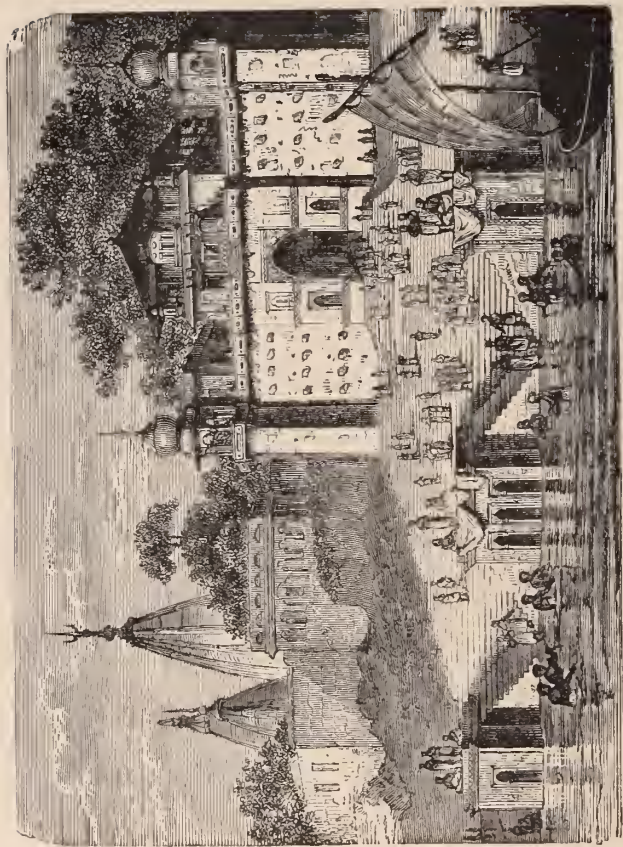
We visited the Zoological Gardens, where is the finest collection of animals I have seen: notably, the two largest tigers—splendid brutes, one of them a “man-eater”—a black leopard, lions,

large ostriches with long plumes, besides numbers of monkeys and gorillas, and birds of beautiful plumage.

We also went to one of the burning-ghats, or the place where the dead are burned. China is one universal cemetery. The living millions tread upon the grave-mounds of the dead millions every day. It is not so in India. Except those of the Mohammedans and English, there are no graves: the dead are burned. There were two burning bodies at the time of our visit. It was not a pleasant sight; and to me, the Parsee mode is equally painful. They build great towers, open at the top; the remains of the dead are placed within, and in a few minutes the vultures dispose of all that was mortal.

After all, what matters it, if at the resurrection we rise to meet our Lord in the air? These things are naught compared with the iniquitous exhibitions to be seen in Calcutta and other parts of India. How long, O Lord, how long?

We left Calcutta at night, taking the train for Benares. We would have liked to stop over at Serampore, where Carey did his work, to see the very streets he traversed almost a hundred years ago. He was a cobbler, a devout Baptist, and an Englishman. His heart was stirred while studying a



BATHING GHAT IN INDIA.

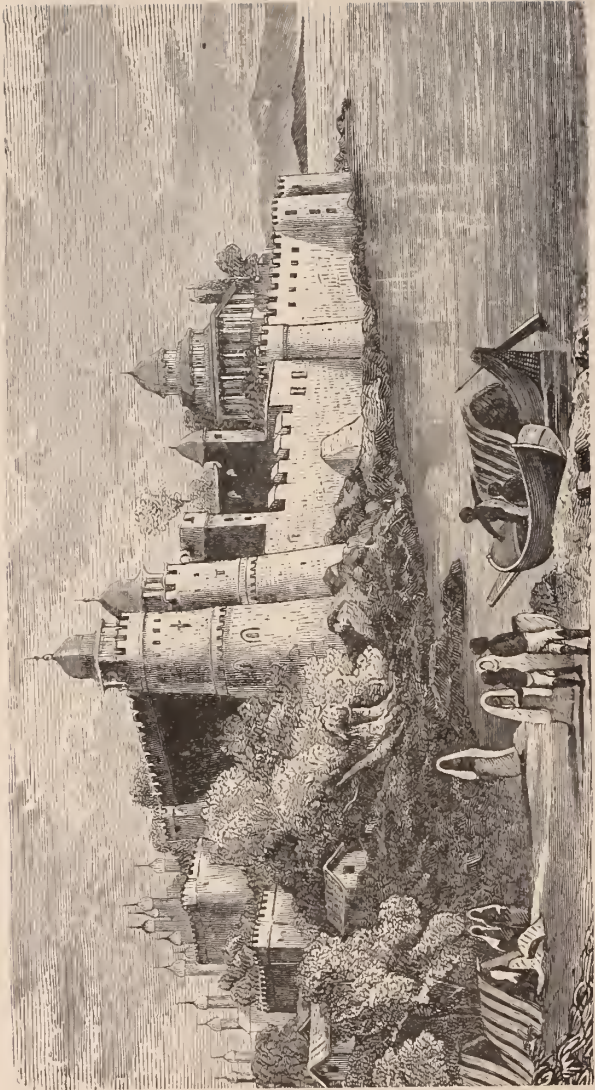
map of the world, the outcome of which was an appeal to a body of clergyman of his own denomination on the duty of spreading the gospel among the heathen. Afterward he was sent to India. About the same time, a poor boy stopped for rest in Westminster Abbey, feeling very forlorn over his poverty. He had read a little, and besides had a desire to study. The monuments to the great men of England, in the Abbey, inspired him with courage, and never after did he forget what he read that day of the good and great. Marshman kept his goal before him, and when a man he joined Carey in India, where together they worked and saw the fruit of their labors. He translated the Bible into *many* languages, while Carey toiled in other ways, having but one aim—viz., to set Christ before India. We had not time for Serampore.

We reached Benares in about twenty hours. It is the sacred city, the Mecca of the Hindoo, the holy place. By sunrise the next morning we were on the Ganges River, to see the thousands who daily bathe at sunrise as an act of worship of the dirty waters. They believe that washing in this river cleanses them of sin—this act is an atonement, and each bath is a promise of years in paradise. To die at Benares insures entrance into

eternal bliss, for it is the holiest spot in the universe, next to heaven. I have been told that at Allahabad (which is near this city), at a certain season, thousands of the pilgrims have their heads shaved in the Ganges, because for every hair that floats away in the sacred river a million years in paradise are given. We drifted up and down past the bathers for an hour and a half. It was a pitiful sight. Sometimes it is quite cold, but notwithstanding they shiver, out into the stream they go, and kneel with clasped hands and bowed heads, muttering their prayers; and so beginning the day cleansed from the stains of yesterday, and sure of an entrance into everlasting joy should death come before the next sunrise-bath.

This visit to the river gave us a view of the finest buildings in the city, which in their better days must have made a very brilliant and imposing appearance. At present they do not answer to the glowing descriptions of the past, being largely gone into decay. The Mosque of Auringzebe retains its unbroken proportions and architectural splendor.

After breakfast we went to see the temples, which are too many for minute detail. The carvings of some of them are loathsome—more foul than I had any idea of; and, what is worse, these



CITY OF ALLAHABAD, INDIA.

are exponents of the life of the people and their worship. The defilements of idolatry cannot be condoned by the rose-water sentimental attempts of some polite writers. The Christian world must hasten its re-enforcements to the heathen, if these degrading systems are to be banished from the face of the earth.

The Monkey Temple is a fine building, whose main purpose seems to be to furnish with its walls, turrets, towers, and domes a home for countless monkeys. They are sacred, and throng the place, keeping up an incessant chattering. They take the worship offered them, and whatever they can lay hold upon with composure and disregard of the ten commandments. The Cow Temple was a disgusting stable. A thorough renovation would I suppose discompose the animals, consequently no attempt is made at general house-cleaning. The pollutions and degradations of idolatry are unspeakable—no less unendurable is the soil that soap and water could ameliorate.

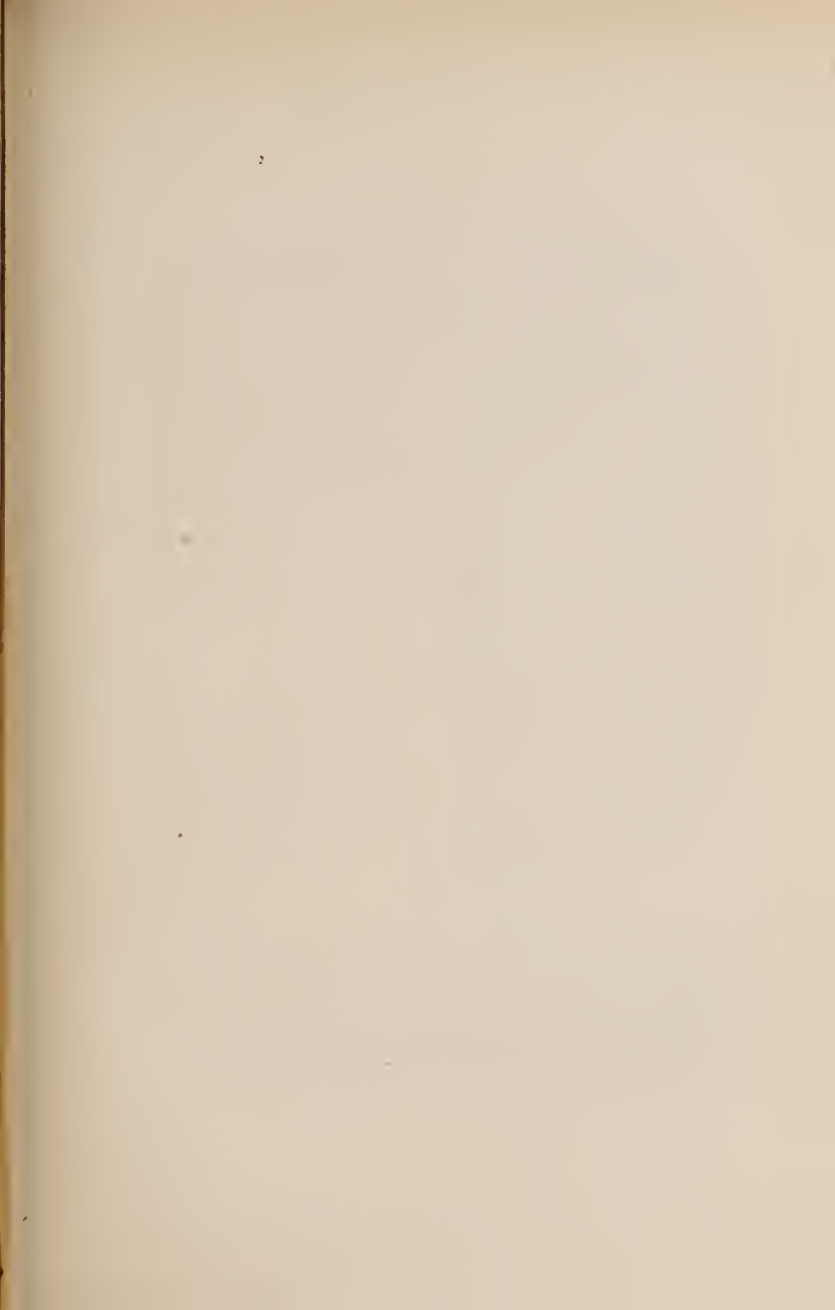
Benares is noted for its exquisite brass-work—in no other place is the *repousse* work so elegant. Your father purchased a small vase, that you may have an idea of the beauty of this ware. The two days spent in this place have given us some understanding of its sanctity, its superstitions,

and its architecture. We will leave to-night for Lucknow.

BOMBAY, January 17.

We have crossed India. The railway travel is fatiguing. Travelers carry their own bedding, the coaches furnishing only the place for spreading rugs and pillows; and if the train be crowded, there is no space for lying down, especially as the luggage is mostly in the compartment with the traveler. Even at the hotels we were expected to use our own bedding, the mattress and sheets only being furnished.

A servant is indispensable in a journey through India. He must speak English, of course. We employed a man at Calcutta to go with us until we shall sail, at a rupee (thirty-five cents) a day, besides furnishing him a blanket and a third-class railroad ticket. He boards himself. He performs the duties of a porter on the train, hires our cabs, waits on us at the table (we would not be half-fed without him), sees to the minute details of our rooms (a bath would be impossible without Abdul; I doubt if we could get a pitcher of water, for there are no bells). He sleeps on the floor outside our door, and to the best of his ability looks out for our interests. To be sure he is slow, and we are often in haste, our time being short—





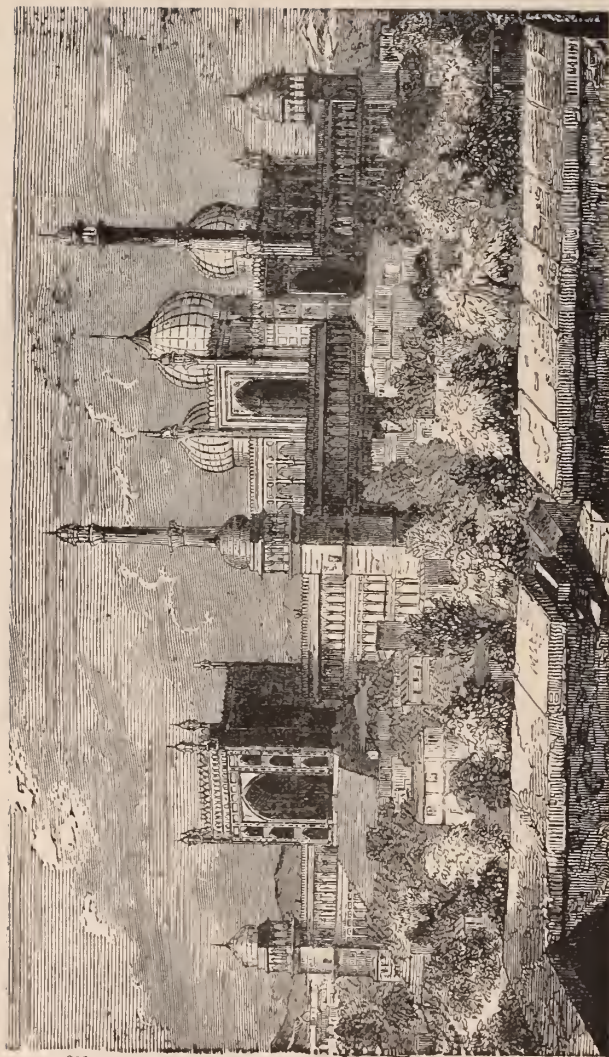
"THE WELL" AT CAWNPORE.

but I do not know how we could have managed at the hotels without him: perhaps in the railroad travels we might have dispensed with a servant. He has seen to our wants in the kitchen and linen-room, watched lest we should be despoiled, fought our small battles with the low-caste (he is high-caste) "hewers of wood" on the trains—always calls me "mistress" and your father "master," but never gives advice of any sort. He has served us well.

The chief interest of Lucknow and Cawnpore is in connection with the mutiny of 1857-8. It is a frightful story. I am sickened as I recall the sufferings of women and children—pent up in the under-ground chambers, almost without air, and with scanty supply of food, during the terrible days of a summer in India—and of the heroism of the men who defended them against all odds, till Havelock came to their rescue. The walls of the Residency at Lucknow, and other buildings, still stand, marked by the shot and shell, in the midst of grounds kept with the care and beauty of an English garden. The memorials are there in the shape of monuments and tombs to the brave men who fought and died, or were massacred. At Cawnpore every thing is a reminder in some form of the horrible siege of those days and the months

of darkness and terror. A memorial church, filled with tablets to the dead; the angel in marble, over the well into which Nana threw the bodies—many of them still living—of the treacherously massacred women and children; the monument to General Wheeler, the ill-starred commandant who, trusting in Nana's word, surrendered his men only to see them murdered; the stone plates marking the line of intrenchments; the wells from which the besieged procured water at the risk of their lives; the old barracks and the ground where a terrible vengeance was executed upon the Sepoys—are all pointed out to the visitor.

Our next journey was to Agra, one of the capitals of the old Mogul Empire in the days of its power and pride. Within the fort the remains of two palaces are standing—one of them almost entire with its courts and colonnades, its audience-chambers, its zenanas with delicately carved and inlaid marble halls, balconies, baths, and sleeping-apartments. It is not difficult to imagine the luxurious furnishing of rug and tapestry and curtains of silk, cashmere, and fine linen, and reproduce the life led by those masters of empire. The Pearl Mosque is also within the fort. It is an exquisitely beautiful building. Its pavements, pillars, vaulted ceilings, and domes are of white marble.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AT AGRA.

But the crowning beauty of Agra, the purest piece of architecture in the world, is the Taj Mahal, a mausoleum erected by the Shah Jehan to his beautiful queen. The platform on which it is built is marble mosaic, while the Taj is ornamented by mosaics in jewels, the doors and screens being wonderful marble lace-work. It cost fifteen millions, and required twenty thousand men nearly twenty years to build it. It is the noblest, tenderest monument ever erected to a woman's virtues.

The palace of Akbar, in his day, three hundred years ago, was inlaid with costly gems; and Jehan's throne, two hundred and fifty years ago, had a background of sapphires and emeralds, to represent a peacock, which cost thirty millions. These were stolen or otherwise disposed of more than a century since.

I will not attempt further description. Tombs here mean massive buildings. It is wonderful what effect white marble can produce. The shafts and sculptured figures of our cemeteries seem cold to this pure stone, which rises into domes, minarets, and palaces to the dead. But do not understand me as recommending this tremendous outlay of money. I prefer that monuments shall be institutions for the living.

I have explored Delhi to a small extent—the

fort, containing some handsome remains of a palace of Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul emperors; another Pearl Mosque as beautiful as that at Agra; a large number of English buildings; some fine old temples; and the bazaars, where are found the industries of Northern India at their best. The shawls, *gold* and *silver* embroideries, gauzes, silks, rugs, and tapestries are exquisite. Every woman enjoys looking at these goods. We find the merchants much more willing to display their wares than the Chinese—perhaps because Abdul knows how to manipulate them. We are not making purchases, though Mrs. B. buys considerably.

Delhi was also the scene of bloodshed in the Sepoy rebellion. Monuments and sign-boards locate the heroic deeds and the losses of the handful of the besieged.

At Jeypore there was much to see. It is one of the cities still under native rule, though tributary to the British Government. We did not see the rajah's palace on account of the exactions of "red tape;" but we visited his stables and saw his three hundred fine horses and his fighting-elephants, which are immense in size.

We made application to visit the Amber Palace, which is beautifully located on one of the hills five miles from the city. The last two miles of the



way were made on the elephant which the rajah always sends with the card of admission. It was a tremendous beast, larger than any I ever saw, and had a heavy, rolling, jerky gait. He knelt to receive us, and again when we dismounted. As he rose or knelt I almost thought an earthquake was shaking Jeypore—it was an astonishing upheaval and down-sitting.

The effect of tiny mirrors in one of the halls of the palace was peculiar and very pretty. We also went into the hall of sacrifice, where once a year the rajah offers a goat to Karli. In Calcutta we were in a temple at the hour of sacrifice, when the narrow entrance was thronged by the worshipers coming and going, leading their goats and bullocks to the priest. We watched the service for some time. So I have been twice face to face with this ineradicable notion of sacrifice—a notion finding its beginning in the faith of the world's first martyr, Abel, in his effort to draw nigh to God, and never since lost where men have sought him. I want to tell the world that not "by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

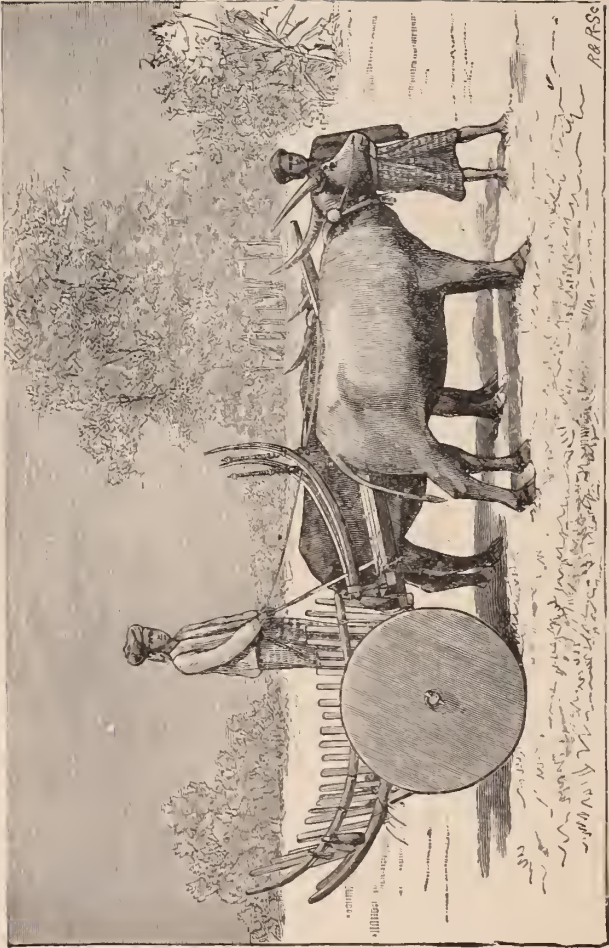
Bombay is *the* city of India for architecture and gardening. The Great Indian Peninsula Railway

has here the finest railway station in the world. It is the most notable building in the city, and the first seen as you enter the bay. It cost thirty-seven lacs of rupees—that is, one million four hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

We drove to the Towers of Silence, the place where the Parsees dispose of their dead. They are on an eminence from which Bombay looks very beautiful, as though built in a grove of palms. The Parsees are Persians and of Persian descent, and are worshipers of the sun. In their temples burns perpetually the sacred fire of Zoroaster. There are fifty thousand of them in Bombay, though they are scattered in other parts of India. They are men of wealth, and we know them by their peculiar scoop-like hats. Their women are pretty, and dress in silks of the most delicate shades, with silk hose and shoes to match.

I wish I could tell you all that we have seen, but it is impossible to keep it in mind. I have been amused at the long strings of camels—twenty-five and thirty in a line—each one tied by the tail to a rope caught in the nose of the one behind, regardless of comfort. Query: Suppose the first should start in a run, when the others would not—what would happen?

The jugglers are everywhere. I have seen the



A HINDOO CART.

mango trick several times. A curious trick was performed by a man wearing only a skirt, so that it was impossible to understand how he deceived us. He appeared to pass an egg into his eye. What he did with it I cannot conceive, for there was no place for it visible. After some incantations he ran to a gentleman next to your father, and seemed to take the egg from the leg of his trousers. I saw a fight between a cobra and a mongoose, a small animal the size of a rat. The man set the mongoose upon the snake, who soon demolished the little creature. I was sure the cobra was dead, for he lay there without any appearance of life. The charmer opened his mouth, forcing in scraps of some root, which proved a panacea. In a half-hour the reptile showed signs of restoration. The mongoose bites through the back, bringing the blood, and I heard that recovery is rare. The same man had a snake-bite on his arm while he was exhibiting to us—I saw the mark of the teeth and the blood. He took bits of the root before mentioned, several times, and did not seem to fear any danger.

The poverty of India is equal to the poverty of China, with the exception that the climate being tropical, save in the north, there is no need of warm clothing, and for food there is fruit to be had

for running up the long trunks of the palms. Five or six cents a day is the average support of the poor people. The men are tall and handsome, but must be hungry half their days. How little happiness there is among the hundreds of millions of the people here and in China! Shall we not hasten to tell them of the priceless treasure which will more than compensate for the privations and sufferings of earth?

The Salvation Army is in India in large numbers, and seems to have gotten a strong hold on many. I have seen them on the streets, and I hear they are pressing into the interior. God give grace and wisdom to all Christian workers!

The caste prejudice enters into every condition of life in India. Foreigners are compelled to keep many servants, because none will do the work of the lower caste. I asked Abdul one day to move a certain piece of furniture to another part of the room. He had been so polite that I was surprised at his noncompliance, till after awhile he said that he would lose his caste if he touched it; but he could have it done. The cook will buy the marketing, but will not carry it home; the man who washes the dishes will not black the boots; and so it is all down the line of house-work: none of them will touch food prepared by a low-caste cook.

In traveling, a rajah will do without food during his entire journey unless a man of his caste can be found to prepare his meals; and I have been told that even in the jails the cooks are Brahmans—otherwise the prisoners would starve. On the streets the passers-by are very particular lest their clothes should brush against us. I have seen many hold their gowns very close lest they touch us of the unclean nations.

LETTER XVII.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS—CAIRO AND ITS THOUSAND
ATTRACTIVEIONS.

JANUARY 18, 1889.

WE sailed in the steamer "Siam" from Bombay, for the Red Sea, where at Suez we will take the cars for Cairo. For a day or two the sea was very rough, almost every one being compelled to retire. We were unable to maintain a perpendicular, the chairs pitched from side to side, and the ship shook convulsively. I did not lose my place on deck, nor was I absent from the table, where I sat next to the captain, an agreeable bachelor of fifty. At Aden we changed steamers and sailed on through the Red Sea to Suez, at the southern extremity of the Suez Canal.

On our arrival at Suez we were informed that passengers from Bombay would not be permitted to land, on account of a cholera scare, there being more or less of that plague in India all the year round. Accordingly ten of us were ordered into a skiff, just large enough for us, our baggage, the officer in charge of us, and the two men to manage the boat. We were paddled back for nearly three hours, and landed at the Quarantine



Station on the Arabian coast, which is a desert shore. For many miles beyond vision, and far beyond the horizon, there was nothing to be seen but the vast desert, save one small oasis two miles distant. Our bungalow where we spent the next twenty-four hours was on the beach, so that but a few minutes elapsed after landing ere we were set to housekeeping in this dreary region, where seldom any but Bedouins are seen.

The steward of our good steamer "Nepaul," knowing the barren conditions of quarantine, had furnished us with luncheon for three meals; otherwise we would have fasted, for there was not a morsel of food to be had, nor fuel of any sort. There were cots (new), which we made comfortable for the night with our own blankets, rugs, and pillows. I am sure a more cheerful party never visited that shore, notwithstanding we were where we did not want to be, and in circumstances most unpropitious—having two sick gentlemen to look after.

Meal-time came, and our wits were taxed to know how to serve the viands without cutlery or china. We improvised plates of paper, and used a dirk for a carver, scissors and pocket-knives for personal use. There was not a fork among us. Cups were not needed; there was no fire, consequently no coffee nor tea. Our first meal was very nice,

the second fair, but by the time of the third we had only stale scraps which were not appetizing.

In the afternoon some of us walked through the sand to the oasis, two miles distant. The name is "Moses's Wells," and it is said to be the place where Moses sung, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;" and where Miriam answered with a hymn of praise, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

We counted five large wells. The water is brackish, but the date-palms, grass, and a few plants were very green. Camels, with their long strides, and the Bedouins passed to and fro, and around two or three huts we saw children at play. A very old man brought us hot coffee and a few dates, for which we were glad to give him a trifling *douceur*.

How could we forget the stirring events which took place four thousand years ago on these sands and in the waters of this sea? Moses, with six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, stood in this wilderness, and the Lord himself "went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night." Marvelous leading! Amazing providence! Of course we cannot say that the hosts of Israel drank



THE CITY OF CAIRO.

from these wells—it is probable—but it is almost certain that the outskirts of the camp reached to this region: the two millions passed near by, as they went on to their forty years of discipline, ere they entered the promised land.

Our slow canoe took us to Suez the next day in time to see our train steam away beyond our reach. Another twenty-four hours, and we were on our way to Cairo. The road runs for a large part of the way through the desert, crossing the line of the exodus, and then comes into the land of Goshen, which is to-day noticeable, as in Jacob's time, for its fertility and fitness for cattle. We saw them in numbers grazing, and remarked the striking contrast between this and the desert land we had just crossed. We passed Tel-el Kebir, the scene of the battle between the English and Arabi Pasha, which resulted in the dethronement of Arabi and his exile to Ceylon, where he now lives luxuriously at the expense of Great Britain. His wife refused to go with him, and lives here in opulence, while he keeps his harem at Columbo.

About fifteen miles from Cairo your father pointed out the Pyramids. Though they were ten miles off, the two large ones stood out very distinct in the clear afternoon light. Soon the minarets of the mosque of Mehemet Ali came in sight,

and then the domes of countless other mosques, and in a few minutes we were in Cairo and at Shepherd's Hotel.

The next day we went to the Boulak Museum, a wonderful collection of Egyptian antiquities. I was surprised at the vigor and life-likeness of much of the ancient sculpture. The stiffness of the pictures does not fairly represent it. But the most impressive things to me were the wonderfully preserved mummies of Sethi I., the Pharaoh whose daughter rescued and adopted Moses, and Rameses II., the king from whom Moses fled when he had killed the Egyptian. Their faces are almost life-like, the hair in good condition, and teeth as white as those of living men. They lie side by side, and it is really possible to tell what manner of men they were. A princess of their day, with her week-old infant by her side, is also well preserved. Some of the cloths in which she was wrapped have kept their tints, and her jewelry is so beautiful that one might desire a specimen or two. The history of their times as given in the Bible is verified by the monuments and scrolls whose hieroglyphics modern students are able to read. The mummy of the Pharaoh of the exodus has not been found—perhaps because he was overthrown with his hosts in the midst of the Red Sea.



RUINS ON THE NILE.

What a wonderful history was wrought out in Egypt! It was a great country when Abraham sojourned there and was admitted to converse with the king; and when Joseph, a boy, was sold to Potiphar, and was prospered by the Lord, who remained his friend through many vicissitudes, until he was Pharaoh's prime-minister, and son-in-law to the priest of On. It was in Egypt, when famine was sore in Canaan, that Pharaoh gave Joseph, for his father and brethren, "the best of the land" for their habitation; and here the old man, with his sons, and son's sons, and their wives, and all their cattle and goods, settled and grew and multiplied. Here they became a great people; and after awhile "there arose a new king," who set over them taskmasters to "afflict them with burdens," and "made their lives bitter with hard bondage." "Good when he gives, supremely good," was Joseph's refrain, I suppose, when the Lord was with him; and to-day, as we look back four thousand years and see God's meaning in the training of his people, shall we not sing, "Nor less when he denies?"

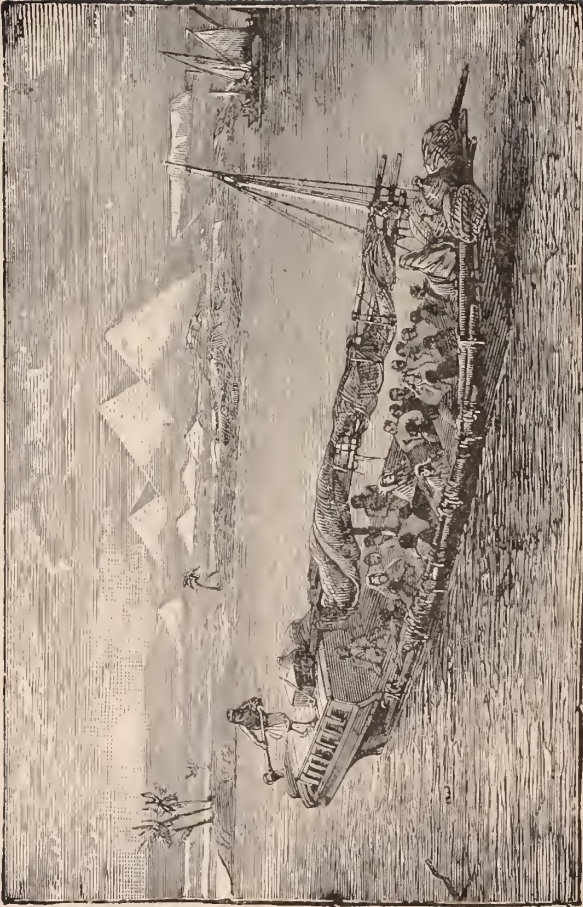
You know the story of Moses—how he stood before the king demanding the release of the people of God, and how Pharaoh promised and broke his word, promised and broke his word, many times, till at last the angel of the Lord slew the

first-born in every Egyptian household. Not till then was Israel allowed to go. How wonderful when that vast host crossed the Red Sea on dry ground, the waters being “a wall unto them on their right-hand and on their left!” The children of Abraham escaped from oppression and the deep waters, while those who defied God were never again allowed to mock at his command or challenge his wrath.

Nearly five hundred years after the exodus, King Solomon married an Egyptian wife; and into Egypt Jeroboam fled from the wrath of Solomon. Many other times there was communication between Egypt and the people of God till, centuries after, the infant Jesus—the Son of God and of man—was brought here by Joseph and Mary, to escape the cruelty of Herod, and remained until the death of the king.

We went to the Coptic Church in Cairo, which was built nine hundred years ago upon the spot where it is said Mary and the Babe found rest. I am not a worshiper of times and places, but I confess to pleasure at thought of the possibility that I stood where the blessed Child slept after the weary flight.

Of course the Pyramids are the chief interest to all travelers in Egypt. They date far back to the



THE PYRAMIDS AT GHEEZEH.

days of the Pharaohs who built them and were buried within their vaults. They stood there on the edge of the Libyan Desert in the days of Moses, and perhaps of Abraham. They are considered the oldest works of the hand of man yet discovered, though it is possible that some of the cuneiform inscriptions are older. I have heard that *Adam's contemporary* is in the British Museum. Certainly no great work of industry preceded the Pyramids. They are tremendous—beyond any thing I ever saw except the oceans and the mountains, and God made them. The ascent of the Great Cheops looked easy enough. I did not attempt either that or the visit to the interior chambers where the bodies of the dead Pharaohs were placed, though the latter are easy of access: twenty years ago I would not have hesitated.

Cairo has a thousand attractions, not the least of which is the variety of real life to be seen on its streets. It is a cosmopolitan city. There are more nationalities represented than in any city I have yet seen. I saw signs over stores and cafes that your father says are Hebrew, Greek, German, Italian, Spanish, English, Syriac, Arabic, Coptic, and Turkish. The various races live in separate quarters bearing their names, but mingle freely in the business parts of the town. In the old city

you may be reminded of the "Arabian Nights"—the open shops—the cross-legged owners waiting with Eastern imperturbability for customers, or chaffering over a trade and calling upon the voluble crowd, always gathered, to help in the transaction: the noise, the confusion, the donkeys, camels—all are there. It would not be difficult to imagine, after standing for awhile in one of the thoroughfares about the bazaars, that the Sultan Haroun and his vizier, Giaour, were passing by.

The European part of the city is well built. The garden, Esbikiyeh, of twenty-two acres, with lakes, grottoes, walks, trees, shrubs, flowers—all peculiar to the climate—and a music-stand from which a large band of natives discourse European music every afternoon, are interesting.

As you know, we have not time for the trip your father took two years ago, up the Nile; so I must be satisfied to know by hearsay about the ruins and the tombs and other historical sights.

I took my last drive in Cairo to-day. It was a delightful afternoon, and hundreds of persons were upon the streets. We passed the Khedive, a fine-looking man; he raised his hat to us, as to every one he met, whether native or foreign. Our driver had informed us of his coming, while we were yet some distance off. We were also told that the



WHIRLING DERVISHES.

carriage which followed his was occupied by his children and attended by the regularly appointed servants of the royal household. During the drive we passed a dozen carriages, full of the wives from the various harems of the city. Their veils are a poetical pleasantry—that is, instead of hiding their faces, the bright, pretty women whom we saw to-day wore veils of tulle which enhanced, rather than concealed, their beauty.

I suppose the freedom of a drive has been allowed only in late years. Time was when the women of the harems of all the Turkish dominions were kept in the same seclusion that is still practiced in the zenanas of India.

One of the strangest sights in Cairo is the religious service of the dervishes, a Moslem sect. Friday is their chief day of worship, corresponding to our Sunday. The ceremony of the dancing dervishes begins with the beating of the drums and tambourines and blowing of the trumpet, together with a chant which is an invocation to Allah. This medley of music continues through the entire service, even while the sheik prays, and during the whirling of the assembled twenty or thirty dervishes. Each dervish rises upon one foot and spins round and round till the spectators grow dizzy, his hands, long hair, and skirt

extended to the utmost. Finally the revolutions seemed to exhaust them, and a few minutes' intermission appeared necessary, which they employ in calling upon Allah: a repetition of the whirling a second and third time concludes the service. Visitors are expected to give a few "backsheesh" on retiring.

The howling dervishes present a still more painful sight. They commence with a prayer led by the sheik, followed by the musical instruments and the *howling* of the fraternity, who gradually rise to their feet, and throw themselves back and forth, to the right and left, with great force and rapidity, their long hair touching the floor behind and before. Finally their contortions and screams exhaust them, and for a minute they cease in order to breathe and rest; but again they roar and throw themselves about with such violent frenzy that I could have thought them maniacs had I not known that the howls were, "O Allah! O Allah! O Allah!" Two of the men fainted from exhaustion.

The poverty of the East! Here, as in China and India, the poverty of the millions is pitiful. I forget the amount of taxes Egypt pays Turkey—at least three or four millions; no wonder that she is impoverished. Where the population is so densely crowded as in all the East, I suppose that only



MOUTH OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

the few can be comfortably circumstanced. How terrible the thought that millions upon millions of these poor creatures have neither the life that is nor that which is to come! Lost to all enjoyment of this world by reason of grinding poverty, and lost in the eternity beyond because *we* take our ease, rather than bestir ourselves to send them the *word of eternal life!* I have sat on the hotel veranda in the sunshine, watching the people. This is a fine part of the city, and I suppose the Mussulmans that pass this way are "well to do." Many of them speak English, and I catch their words of salutation: they invariably say "Allah is good" in passing, instead of our "Good-morning." If they have learned that the Divine Being is good, why do they not know by the teaching that "the Lord he is the God?" I wonder at the patience of God. He waits for us; we are so slow, and yet he waits. If his patience were like his anger—"but for a moment"—how could we stand before him? Will he keep his patience forever? Let us not trifle with his goodness.

FEBRUARY 6.

We are in Ismailia, and about to take the steamer through the Suez Canal to Port Said. When M. de Lesseps began to talk about this canal, all the world laughed. When he set to work, only

France believed that it could be done. He finished it twenty years ago, at a cost of about a hundred million dollars. I suppose from what I have read that England saves her hundreds of thousands by this canal-route to India and Hong-kong.

FEBRUARY 8.

We are on the beautiful Mediterranean. The waters beneath us and the skies above are blue, so that I can scarcely tell where one ends and the other begins at the far-off horizon.

We steamed very slowly through the Suez Canal—it is not possible to go fast—and were delayed twelve hours or more at Port Said, which gave Mrs. B. and myself time for the shops. We saw some pretty wares, but of course not as many as in the bazaars at Cairo, where the silks, cashmeres, silver, and gold are so tempting. But none of them are as beautiful as the blue Mediterranean.

LETTER XVIII.

A SHORT STAY IN ROME—THE ANCIENT RUINS AND MODERN
GRANDEUR OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

FEBRUARY 10, 1889.

WE are in Rome, “the cradle and grave of empires,” “from the very stones of which one may grow wise.”

Rome is a study not to be completed in a few days. Her treasures cannot be counted in one winter, nor her history learned from one writer. Yet in one week her attractions so impressed me that I am sure another visit would be more profitable and more delightful. I will always remember my short stay in Rome as one of the greatest events of my life; the more so that it was a dream I hardly expected to realize till the goal was almost reached.

Rome was founded 750 B.C. The Republic was established 500 B.C. The Empire arose from the ruins of the Republic about 50 B.C. Long before, she was mistress of the world; and for centuries afterward she retained her greatness.

The accumulations of decay and dust buried the old city ages ago. Excavations were begun more than two hundred years ago, and are yet in prog-

ress; perhaps centuries hence there will still be portions of old Rome to be unearthed. As we stood in the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, they were still exploring under-ground for the treasures of the olden time. The mosaic floors, the frescoed walls, the rooms and halls of the palaces are in sufficient preservation for one to understand what manner of buildings the Cæsars occupied. I believe it is claimed that one of the unearthed basilicas is the hall where Paul stood before Nero.

I cannot describe Saint Peter's. It is the most magnificent cathedral of the world, representing many millions of money, much of which cost the blood of the faithful. It is colossal, being six hundred and thirteen and one-half feet long, the dome measuring four hundred and forty-eight feet in height. Its statues, ornaments, and paintings are of huge proportions and great elegance. It is an assemblage of sanctuaries, cenotaphs, tombs, paintings, shrines, and sculpture—all to be seen with one sweep of the eye. We rambled from sepulcher to monument, from mosaics to chapels, from frescoes to inscriptions to popes and cardinals, till we grew weary. Then resting awhile with a congregation of worshipers, I tried to understand the mass that was celebrated before my eyes but not within reach of my hearing.



EXTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

The great mosaics of the dome can be clearly seen from the pavement below. The four evangelists are in reality giants, but from the floor do not appear so immense as they are. The text, in Latin on gold ground, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven," is easily read, each letter being six feet long.

Some of the best work of Michael Angelo, Domenichino, and Canova, besides copies in mosaic of many of the renowned paintings of the old masters, adorn Saint Peter's.

In the center of the area in front of the building is the celebrated obelisk in red granite, brought to Rome from Heliopolis, the Egyptian "City of the Sun," almost eighteen hundred years ago. When taken to Saint Peter's three hundred years ago, it was dedicated to the cross, the ceremony of exorcising all pagan associations being first performed. The age of the obelisk is not certain—it may date back to the Pyramids.

The Vatican, the residence of the Pope, adjoins Saint Peter's. We had not the pleasure of an audience with his Holiness, but we saw the Sistine Chapel and Raphael's master-work. I cannot write of all in these wonderful collections, for we had not time for study. It was impossible in one

short day to comprehend the wonderful frescoes and paintings of the Vatican. What I understood and remember I will mention.

Michael Angelo's work on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is considered his best. Here are represented some of the events of the Book of Genesis: the creation of the heavens and the earth—viz., the creation of light, of the sun and moon; the creation of trees, herbs, and grass; the creation of Adam and Eve. Next are represented the fall and the expulsion from Eden. The tree of knowledge, the serpent, Adam and Eve plucking the fruit, the angel with the sword—all are there. Coming after are pictures in the life of Noah.

On the curved edges of the ceiling are the prophets and sibyls announcing the coming Saviour of the world, together with here and there a little picture of the genealogy of the Virgin.

On the wall at the end of the Chapel is Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." In one of the centers is seated the judge, surrounded by apostles, patriarchs, martyrs, the saints on earth and the saints in light. The other half shows the angels with the book of life, angels with the awakening trumpets, the resurrection, the ascension to the realms of the blessed, and hell.

I will not attempt to mention the frescoes and

paintings of the various corridors. Those by the masters are worthy of hours of study. We could but glance and pass on. But I must refer to Raphael's masterpiece, "The Transfiguration." It was his last work, and is the greatest picture of the world. To my amateur eye the power of this painting is in the face of our Lord—though the coloring, especially of the flesh, is very beautiful. His face did "shine as the sun." Raphael caught a radiant expression—perhaps the highest conception of the glorified face ever put on canvas. Moses and Elijah are on either side, all in mid-air as though about to rise into the heavens while they hold converse of what is soon to be accomplished at Jerusalem. Peter, James, and John are fallen on the ground, sore afraid.

Beneath them is the child possessed of a devil, whom his parents brought to be healed. As in the Holy Scriptures the devil was cast out as soon as the Saviour came from the Mount of Transfiguration, so in this great painting our Lord returned from heavenly converse to bear its sorrows and lift the suffering into the faith of the Son of God.

I have looked into your question, as to the reason for placing these two events on the same canvas, and find in Eaton's "Rome" that it was done in compliance with the *orders* of his patrons. It

was the custom of the age to connect in one picture celestial and terrestrial subjects—oftentimes such as had no association.

“The Last Communion of Saint Jerome,” by Domenichino, is considered almost equal to “The Transfiguration.” The dying saint, carried by his disciples, is placed on the porch of the monastery chapel: his head rests within the arms of a young priest, while another administers the sacrament. His followers are about the aged Jerome, while above are the angels sent to convey him to heaven. Both of these works are copied in mosaic in Saint Peter’s.

The Church of Saint Pietro in Vincoli holds, to use the language of Hare, “the glory of the Church”—the famous “Moses” of Michael Angelo. It is the “masterpiece of sculpture since the time of the Greeks.” I am without language, and accordingly will give you the description of Gregorius: “The figure is seated, with long-flowing beard descending to the waist, with horned head, and deep-sunk eyes, which blaze as it were with the light of the burning bush, with a majesty of anger which makes one tremble, as of a passionate being, drunken with fire. . . . There is something infinite which lies in the ‘Moses’ of Michael Angelo. Nor is his countenance softened by



ARCH OF TITUS.

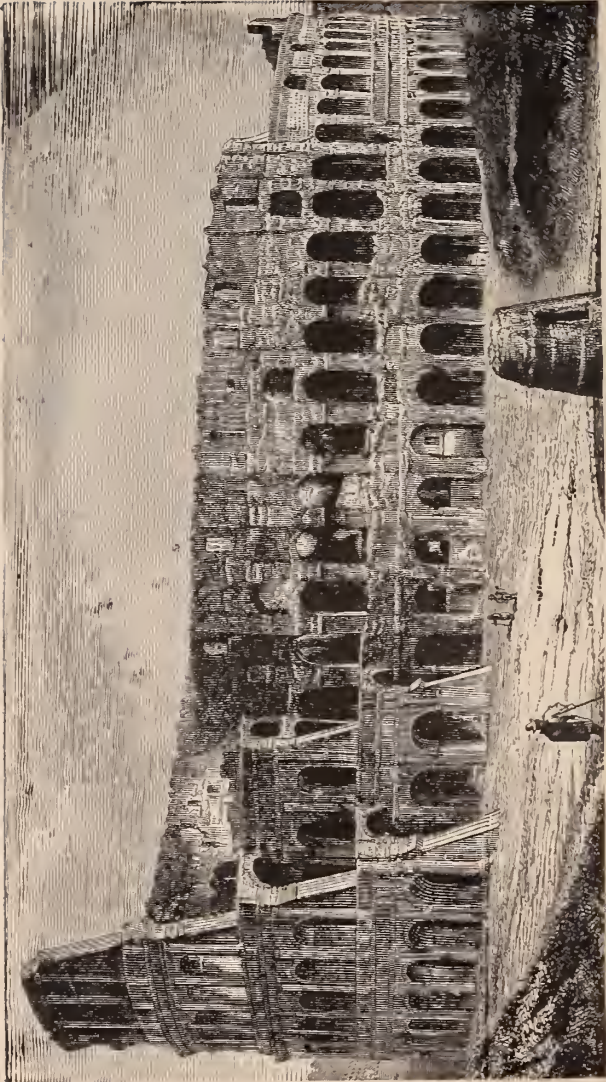
the twilight of sadness which is stealing from his forehead over his eyes. It is less touching than terrible. The Greeks could not have endured a glance from such as 'Moses,' and the artist would have been blamed because he had thrown no softening touch over his gigantic marble. That which we have is the archetype of a terrible and quite unapproachable sublimity."

The Capitol—with its history, halls, and corridors—might occupy days. The wonderful bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius is spoken of by the critics as without fault. The Hall of the Emperors, of illustrious men, the figures of the gods, the busts and bas-reliefs, and columns and statues, the history in marble and fresco, the bronzes and picture-gallery, well deserve a full description—but I must hasten.

There are no ruins more full of interest than the Roman Forum. It was buried under the rubbish of centuries, but the excavations of the last three hundred years give inexhaustible occupation to the student. Here the destiny of empires was decided, the Senate sat in solemn assembly, and the business of ancient Rome was transacted—here was the market-place, and here were held all the public meetings. "The level of the ancient soil was twenty-four feet below that of to-day." The

accumulation of each era in Roman history buried the buildings of the preceding period, so that the excavations of the future will doubtless uncover "heaped-up ruins," bringing to the light temples, monuments, columns, fountains, corridors, and statues. To-day are shown the places where sacrifices to the gods were made; the house of the Vestals and the Temple of Vesta, on whose altar was kept burning the sacred fire; the chambers where many a struggle in the Senate started the Roman army to conquest and death; and arches and columns erected in honor of heroes returning from victory. The Arch of Titus erected by the Senate in commemoration of his capture of Jerusalem, a few years after the life of Christ on earth, must have been a magnificent monument. The bas-relief of the seven-branched candlestick from the temple at Jerusalem is still very distinct.

The Colosseum is the most imposing of the Roman ruins. It was the great amphitheater in whose arena the gladiatorial combats took place, and also where prisoners of war, the slaves of Roman conquest, and Christian martyrs were given to the wild beasts. The Colosseum was begun A.D. 72, and finished by Titus after his successful siege of Jerusalem. He compelled twelve thousand captive Jews to complete the building. It



THE COLOSSEUM AS IT NOW STANDS.

was capable of holding one hundred thousand people.

We will leave Rome to-night. I have had but a glance, and consequently could only write this short letter. Every thing has been in our favor, and we have not lost an hour. I will not forget the "Eternal City." But I am traveling to another—the city of my God, the city that hath foundations, the New Jerusalem, the Eternal City! Here I am "a stranger, a sojourner;" *there* I shall be at home.

LETTER XIX.

FROM ROME TO PARIS—SPLENDORS AND MISERIES OF THE
FRENCH CAPITAL.

PARIS, February 18, 1889.

UNTIL we came to Brindisi, the weather was all that we could have desired. The sharp, chill air in which we left Shanghai soon softened into clear, mellow sunshine, and by the time we came to Hong-kong the threat of winter had passed and left anticipations of tropical weather. Warmer and brighter grew the days as we sailed on through the southern seas, until at Singapore we began to realize that the equator was not far distant. Then beneath cloudless skies and glaring sun we sailed slowly on to Ceylon. From there to Calcutta the heat was in some measure moderated; and in Northern India the nights were cool, and at times a fire was comforting. Temperature in the Red Sea, pleasant; and across the Mediterranean, delightful.

At Brindisi we begin a new phase of experience more like home. Rain and chill to Naples, with a short break in the gray monotony of the clouds as we passed along the edge of the bay, just before coming to the city, and enough sunlight to give us one of the most perfect rainbows I ever saw. It

was a complete semicircle, one end dipping into the waters of the bay, the other touching the sides of the hills to the north of us. The colors were pronounced and distinct, a gorgeous display. Cold and cloudy with occasional rains in Rome. The night we left the "Eternal City" came with a chill, damp atmosphere which turned into snow as we ran up to the mountains. How bitterly cold it was! The poor excuse for heating apparatus—cylinders of hot water on the floor exchanged once in three, four, five hours—with which the cars were furnished soon failed us. Fortunately, I had purchased in Rome a pair of fur-lined overshoes that kept my feet comfortable; but my rugs and clothing were altogether insufficient in that icy air of the mountains. I was chilled through. After shivering through half the night, your father called me to him, and uniting our wraps we sat closely side by side, and thus managed to lessen the discomfort. Reaching Paris in the early morning, the first thing we called for was fire, and I suppose travelers in a southern clime rarely enjoyed the sight of the flames more than we did.

It has been variable weather since we have been in Paris, but we have not been hindered by it in any great measure.

We have had a fair view of the city. We have

strolled along its boulevards and through its parks, have visited its churches and museums, and have looked into its stores. After seeing so much I do not wonder that it is attractive to visitors from every part of the world. It appeals to every taste and makes ample provision for every side of our nature except the spiritual.

The reign of Louis Napoleon was chiefly remarkable for its enormous expenditures in buildings and adornments. Boulevards were opened; architectural splendors, statuary, and street decorations sated the eye, while they made factitious provision for the working classes. An era of unexampled wealth and culture was promised. Bismarck and Von Moltke and Sedan broke the promise, and left a disappointed, hungry, angry crowd to wreak a fruitless vengeance upon the memorials of an ostentatious empire, which had mocked and cheated them. The reign of communism was happily brief—too brief for the consummation of the plans of its blind rage.

I suppose that those who knew Paris in the time of the last Napoleon will still recognize the plans and work of that period of gilded prosperity. The beauty of the city has not been destroyed. The Tuileries is a ruin, but the boulevards remain; the Place de la Concorde still offers its obelisk,

fountains, statues, and fine views along shady avenues; the Champs Elysees is still a delightful promenade, the favorite walk of the Parisian world. It is difficult to connect the tragic events of the Revolution with so bright and charming a scene, but here in the Place de la Concorde the scaffold of the Reign of Terror was set, and nearly three thousand people fell under the hand of the executioner. Louis XVI. was among the first of them.

To one side of the Champs Elysees is the Palais d'Industrie—an extensive building, with but little beauty—erected for the Great Exhibition of 1855, and since used for the annual display of painting and sculpture. On the other side of the river, reached by a bridge from the Champs Elysees, are the Exposition Grounds with unfinished buildings. We walked through them and saw the extensive preparation for the coming gathering in May. We looked at the Eiffel Tower, one thousand feet high, and I wished that I could have the view from the summit. Turning back to the city, we came to the Church of the Madeleine. N. has seen it, and knows its classic structure. It is surprising to our plain American mind that one church should show such lavish expenditure of art and wealth in its adornment. We were there again on Sunday

in the middle of the day, and found a multitude of people attending the service. We missed the music, but the ritual and preaching were calculated to impress the popular mind.

The finest church in Paris—the old historic church—is Notre Dame. The present building, upon the site of what was probably a pagan temple, dates back to 1163. It has passed through many changes—was restored after 1845, and again narrowly escaped destruction under the Commune in 1870. It is a magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture, dimly lighted within through superb stained glass, decorated with frescoes, statuary, carving, and tapestries, and possessing still many “treasures” in the shape of relics which escaped the fury of the mob. Napoleon I. and Josephine were crowned here with a splendor of ceremony that cost about seventeen million dollars; and here in 1853 Napoleon III. was married to Comtesse Eugenie de Teba.

It is more than we can undertake to look up the churches of Paris, though many are of sufficient interest to justify a visit. Our time is too short. We cannot go into details. The Louvre occupied us some hours. It was first a fortress, then a prison, afterward a palace, now a museum. The fortress was built in 1200 A.D.; the palace had its

beginning in 1541, and its completion, in connection with the Tuileries, under the third Napoleon in 1857. The collection of pictures began in the time of Francis I. The great Napoleon rifled the galleries and palaces of Italy, and brought in such an enormous mass of works of art that even the immense galleries of the Louvre could not contain them. The most of these were restored to their rightful owners in 1815. The bulk of the present collection has been acquired by legitimate methods. It is a wonderful array. Ancient and modern drawings, engravings, paintings, sculpture of every nation and every school; antiquities—Assyrian, Egyptian, Etruscan, and Greek; scientific museums, specimens from every quarter of the globe, in salons and corridors of ground floor and upper stories of the main building and wings, bewilder by their number and extent of space. Among the Egyptian remains I saw a sphinx, the hieroglyphics on which tell of Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the exodus.

Not far from the Louvre is the Magasins de Louvre, which is one of the two great resorts of shoppers in Paris—the Bon Marche being the other. They are immense store-houses of goods of all sorts, sold at retail prices. They are marvels of order and cheapness. I found a more attractive

place in Rue Madeleine, where a glib, English-speaking salesman beguiled me into a larger outlay than I had purposed, and was trustful enough to take your father's check on a Baltimore bank for the payment of the bill.

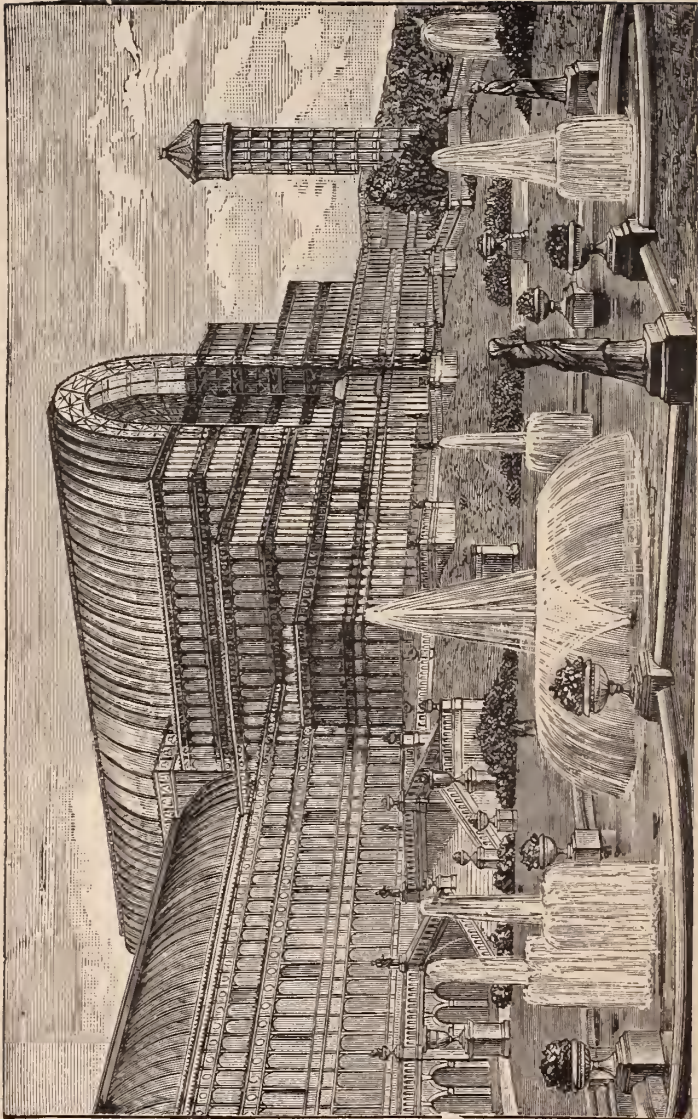
Time would fail me to tell of the superb buildings—such as the Grand Hotel, the Hotel Louvre, the Grand Opera-house—the stores with their taking display of goods of every sort, the cafes, and of the boulevards, the monuments—the innumerable appeals to the senses in which Paris abounds. A rich city, beautiful, gay, frivolous, godless, restless, welcoming alike a festival or a revolution, holding large resources for any possibilities of good and evil. It has more than once been besieged and captured, and it may yet again fall into the hands of a foreign foe. The powers of attack and defense are singularly balanced in these days of dynamite. “Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.” There is not much confidence in the “Rock of our strength” in the careless, prayerless, pleasure-loving capital. Yet there are to be found true and good men and women who are striving faithfully to inculcate the knowledge of God and gather to him a peculiar people. Protestantism has established itself here, and is “holding forth the word of life,” the anti-

dote to Romanism and infidelity. The Wesleyan Church and the McAll Mission have established posts in various parts of the city. They are not laboring in vain. We, who know the power of the gospel, have good hope that in years to come Paris even may become a stronghold of the Son of God.

I had some amusing experiences resulting from my ignorance of the language. I had a slight knowledge of French as taught in the schools of my day; but when it became necessary to make use of my attainments I was not long in discovering, what I had before suspected, that it was not current here. The artiste whom I consulted about a new costume is a true Parisian from the tip of her toes to the tip of her tongue. She knew nothing else. Not a word of English could she speak. We met each other with graceful salaams and the conventional "*Bon jour.*" Then the serious business began. I talked and she listened. Then she talked and I listened. Then we both smiled aloud. We tried it again with no better success. Her French was not my French, nor was my French her French; nor could either be translated into the other. We tried pantomime. That went a little way, but not far enough. Finally she sent for a neighbor, an American dentist, resident in Paris

for twenty years, who good-naturedly served us as interpreter. Through him we discussed, for an hour, quantity, quality, styles, prices, and all the other details, and were mutually gratified that we had conducted our business to such favorable results. "*Tres joli,*" said madam; "*Tres joli,*" replied I. "*Parfaitement,*" she concluded; "*Parfaitement,*" answered I. And our agreement was completed.

Bon soir, my dears.



CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

LETTER XX.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL—TAKING IN THE WONDERS OF
LONDON, THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY.

LONDON, February 22, 1889.

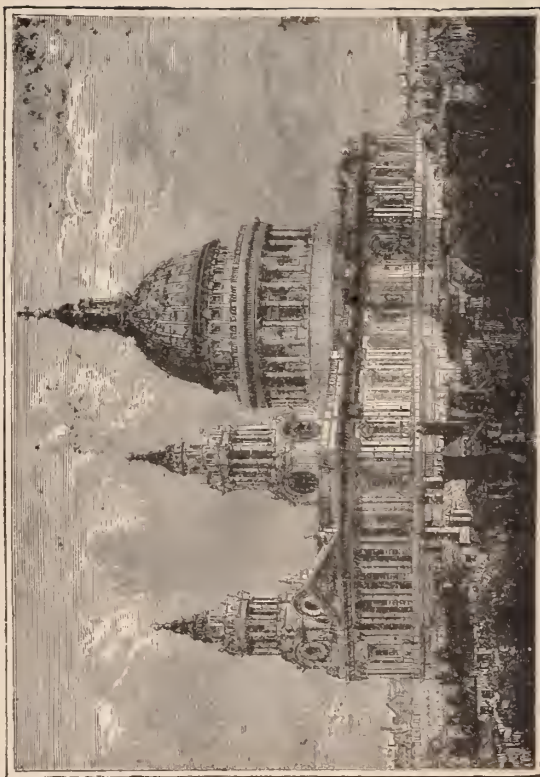
FROM Calais to Dover I expected to be seasick, because so few persons escape in that chopping sea: however, I was free, and could have enjoyed it very much but for the extreme cold.

We arrived in London at the Charing Cross Station late in the day. Hare says the name *Charing* comes from a Saxon word meaning *to turn*, both the road and the Thames making a bend at this point. There is frequently a history connected with London names which interests me greatly. Six hundred years ago this spot was one of the nine resting-places of the funeral cortege of Queen Eleanor, the beloved wife of Edward I. A devoted love existed between husband and wife. After her burial in Westminster Abbey, he erected at each of these stations a cross, that at Charing being the most imposing—hence the name Charing Cross. But three of the crosses remain. That at this place was destroyed by the Puritans, a poem of that day showing the hatred of the sect toward all images. As the destruction occurred during

the Commonwealth, I suppose their hatred of the crown and throne entered into the act. A substitute has been erected which every traveler sees on arriving at the station.

From here, parallel with the Thames, is the Strand, the great thoroughfare, a highway crowded with people and business. I have seen it stated that a million of people daily throng this street. Farther up (or down?) in the city was Temple Bar, which from 1300 to 1878 marked the city bounds. Here were kept on exhibition the heads of those who were executed for alleged treason. A pillar now marks the Bar. Near by are the Inns of Court, which have been for hundreds of years the "sanctum" of the law and lawyers.

As the Strand is the high-road of London, so Pall-mall is the fashionable street, where one may see the people of leisure, perhaps of rank; and Hyde Park is the recreation-ground for the city. Yesterday, when we drove there, it was green and beautiful as though in the midst of April showers and sunshine. The Memorial to the Prince Consort represents the British Dominions, on which the sun never sets—a contrast to this costly monument upon which the sun seldom shines, London fogs mostly intervening. Thousands of pounds were spent upon it. Prince Albert is seated under



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

a richly decorated, gaudy canopy, which rests on a marble base, the whole upon a platform of granite. The sides are adorned with sculptured figures of the leading sages and literati of the ages. At the corners of the platform stand the men, animals, and plants, in marble, of the four continents. It is a costly memorial, though its good taste is questioned—certainly the Prince has a better remembrancer in the hearts of the English people.

The Cathedral of Saint Paul's is in the heart of London. Centuries ago kings, queens, canons, bishops, the learned and great, worshiped within its walls. Five times Saint Paul has been burned, three times by lightning. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of the present building. Over one of the porticos is the figure of a phenix, in order to perpetuate the memory of a curious fact. When Sir Christopher had drawn his plans and was ready to commence work on the new building, he sent a workman for a stone from the rubbish of the old structure to mark the center of the dome. On the stone brought him was inscribed the single word *Resurgam*—"I shall rise again." So from the ashes of the dead past have come up the grand proportions of the present stately building, hardly second to Westminster Abbey in the affection and pride of the English people.

The great cathedral is no fit subject for my pen. Its dimensions are less than those of Saint Peter's at Rome, nor can it rival the church of the Eternal City in the wealth of its monuments and splendors. But standing in the heart of grimy London, blackened by the smoke and fog of the world's greatest city, enriched with the dust and the memorials of the illustrious dead of the imperial race, which has planted itself the world over, it is a perpetual reminder of God and his providence, and awes into solemnity the busy, bustling throngs that pass under its shadow.

The earliest monuments in the present cathedral are those of Howard, the philanthropist; Johnson, the literary autocrat of his time; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter; and Sir William Jones, the Oriental scholar and statesman. Later, come the splendid monuments to Lord Nelson, who was buried here in spite of his memorable cry, "Victory or Westminster Abbey;" and to Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and later still that of the Christian hero and soldier who died at Khartoum, but will be known in the years to come, as in the past, by the name of "Chinese Gordon." The building stands on an elevated level almost facing Ludgate Hill, with the narrow streets of Saint Paul's church-yard running around it, and in front



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

a statue of Queen Anne, who made here her thanksgivings for Marlborough's victory.

But Westminster Abbey is the receptacle of the memorials of England's greatness. It would take a volume to register the names of the dead who on native or foreign soil have wrought themselves into the history of their country. They were laid to rest eight, six, five, one hundred years ago, and have slept through the centuries, while the world has been busy with those who came after, who in turn have taken their places among the shadows. The very inscriptions upon the tombs tell the history of England, and one familiar with its pages could well fill days with the study of Westminster.

The first building on this site was dedicated early in the seventh century. An historian whom Hare quotes tells that on a Sunday night, the eve of the day that this church was to be consecrated, a fisherman was watching his nets near by. On the opposite shore he saw a light, and going over found an old man who asked to be ferried across. Upon their arrival the stranger went at once to the church, causing two springs to rise up on the way by a blow of his staff. A host of angels appeared, some having candles in their hands which lighted him while he performed the service of dedication, others ascending and descending as in Jacob's

vision. While the fisherman ferried the old man back, he was charged to tell the bishop of this consecration, and was promised a continual bountiful supply of fish if he would always give a tithe to the new Westminster. The bishop did not doubt the story, for were not the chrism, the marks of the cross on the door, and the droppings from the candle all there?

That building was afterward torn down—and from time to time changes were made, till but little is left of the Abbey which was finished in 1272. A portion remains—viz., the side aisles and their chapels, and the choir and transepts. Of course I could not know Westminster in two visits, but I would not lose the picture from my thoughts. The beauty of the architecture, the choir, the chapels where lie the dead, the monuments which crowd the transepts and nave, and the cloisters, live in my memory, while the inscriptions and names I have forgotten. If I should have the pleasure of another visit, I will study details, and with my own hand write you what at present you must read in the books. This much I say: The marble and the words dedicated to kings, poets, historians—the men who have ruled, lived, and died for England; the men who have built up its fortunes, and shaped its religious beliefs, and or-



SOMERSET HOUSE.

dered its destinies—have inspired in me the most solemn reflections, and I pray that my name may be kept in the “Lamb’s Book of Life.”

It was something of a surprise to find in this highest expression of loyalty to regal rule the tomb of some members of Cromwell’s family. Of two other things I will make special mention. One is the Coronation Chair, on which every ruler of Great Britain since Edward I. has been crowned—a period of six hundred years. The legend of the stone seat is quite thrilling. It is a chronicle coming down from patriarchal days. To make a long story short, it was the pillow upon which Jacob slept when he had the vision of the angels on the ladder that reached to heaven. He took it to Egypt when he went down to Joseph, and for many years it was preserved among the Hebrews. Unfortunately the story is disjointed, and I do not find why the precious relic was allowed to pass from Israel’s possession. After many vicissitudes it was miraculously conveyed aboard a boat bound for Ireland, where, some of the antiquaries maintain, it remains. Others of the wise trace its transit to Scotland, where the first Edward was crowned upon it. It was brought to England in 1296, and can be seen in Westminster any day.

The monument to John and Charles Wesley attracts the attention of all Methodist tourists. It was unveiled in 1876 by the Very Rev. Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. The upper part of the tablet records the dates of birth and death of the two brothers. Under that are their medallion profiles, life size, under which are the words, "The best of all is, God is with us." Below that, John Wesley stands upon his father's grave preaching—his own and the fifty figures representing his hearers are boldly defined. Wesley clad in a gown and bands, one hand clasping his Bible, the other uplifted, is a beautiful design. Under this pulpit in Epworth grave-yard is inscribed the words, "I look on all the world as my parish;" and under that, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." It is an exquisite piece of marble.

The Tower, the great English fortress, dates far back. For some hundreds of years the kings resided there during a part of the year, and within its walls rulers were born, lived, and died. Monarchs have languished in its prisons; princes have there been murdered; cardinals, archbishops, lords, ladies, and commoners were there confined and executed.

The Beauchamp Tower, where so many illustrious prisoners were incarcerated, was interesting



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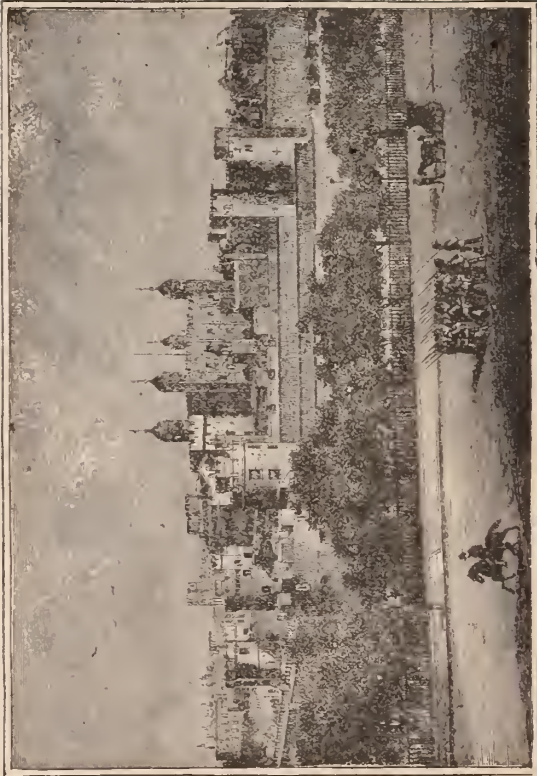
to us because the walls bear to this day many inscriptions from their own hands; some indicating suffering, others trust in God. Near this tower, in the court inclosed by the fortress, is a large stone, which marks the spot of the many executions; where the beautiful Anne Boleyn and the youthful Queen Catharine Howard—both wives of that brute, Henry VIII.—lost their lives; and where also the lovely Lady Jane Grey, “the queen of nine days,” came to her death.

Of course the Jewel Tower was not omitted. The crown jewels, the state crowns, the royal plate, the silver font used at the baptisms of the royal children, the badges of authority, the golden eagle which holds the consecrated oil of the coronations, and other valuable articles, make a magnificent show. Three million pounds sterling are there represented. Another tower is occupied by the fine collection of historic armor, which is more enjoyed in the seeing than in the reading.

The entire world is represented in the British Museum. Such a collection I never saw, though in our journeying we have seen a great deal there exhibited. Antiquarians find a paradise within those four walls, and amateur as I am I should have found great enjoyment in a week’s tour of the halls. The oldest cuneiform inscriptions have

been stored in the British Museum—some from Assyria, from Babylon, from Chaldea; some reaching back to Adam's time. It is said that there is one proved to be anterior to Adam's day, which we searched for, but failed to find. The Roman Gallery, the Mausoleum Room, the Hellenic Room, are all of great value. Of more interest to me were the specimens of the earliest printing and illustrations of the illuminated texts of the monks of long ago; and in the Manuscript Saloon, the prayer-book used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold, the draft of the will of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the agreement signed by Milton for the sale of "Paradise Lost"—an Eden of antiquities!

Being Methodists, of course we went to City Road Chapel, which is of historic interest in our annals. John Wesley, our revered founder, lies buried in this church-yard, beneath a monument in stone; besides, within the communion-rails of the chapel is a marble tablet to his memory. On the opposite side of the road is the cemetery of Bunhill Fields, where are buried John Bunyan, Susanna Wesley, Dr. Isaac Watts, three sons of Oliver Cromwell (one of whom was successor to his father for a few days), and Daniel De Foe, author of "Robinson Crusoe:" these monuments only, of the many in the cemetery, will interest you.



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OLD KING'S CASTLE.

I plucked a few blades of grass as memorials of these names. We could but pronounce ludicrous the following inscription on the stone of Dame Mary Page, who "in 67 months was tapped 66 times, and had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case, or ever fearing the operation." I copied it on the spot, and send it to you word for word.

We found the Dore Gallery worth the time we gave it. The "Christ Leaving the Pretorium" is considered a marvelous picture. The beauty of the face is celestial. He walks down the steep stair-way with gentle and majestic mien, knowing that the cross is before him. Pontius Pilate and Herod, in robes of state, are in the background; near by are the high-priests Annas and Caiaphas. In front is the mob with lifted hands and open mouths, as though crying aloud, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Mary, the mother of Jesus, with tearful eye, and the Magdalene are not far off. Dore studied the evangelists, and besides must have learned the meaning of every word that Isaiah wrote of redemption's story. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and

with his stripes we are healed.” “Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame.”

The “Vale of Tears,” Dore’s last work, was in another room. In my mind the two pictures are connected. The horror was borne to save a world. The *cross* and the *shame* were not to be compared with the “joy that was set before him.” Jesus trod “the wine-press alone;” “in all their afflictions he was afflicted: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them.” Now, in the Vale of Tears, he bears in his heart all them who turn to him. To every soul he speaks: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” These words Dore illustrates on canvas. At the entrance to the Vale of Tears stands the Saviour, bearing a cross—the cross on which he was lifted that he might draw all men unto himself—the cross that was to raise earth to heaven. Above him, stretching from horizon to horizon, is the bow, the “token of the covenant.” With upraised hand he beckons “the weary and heavy-laden.” And there they are, some lifting their heavy eyes to him, and some turning still to earth, whence came their sorrow. There they stand—king, priest, warrior, the old and young, rich and poor, prince and beggar—all alike need-

ing him. The dying mother lifts her helpless babe toward those loving arms, the deaf hear his voice, the blind eyes behold him, and the outcast leper finds One who will not shrink from his touch. These pictures produce the same effect as Charles Wesley's hymns.

LETTER XXI.

END OF THE JOURNEY—FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

LIVERPOOL, February 27, 1889.

WE are now, my dear daughters, at the last stage of our long journey. One more step—you will think it is a long one—and we shall land in New York. Dark-looking Liverpool is even more somber in this pouring rain. I can see but little of it. But have I not seen enough? The eye is filled with seeing. I wonder, as I look back over the way by which we have come. From the farthest point eastward, where sunrise and sunset are confounded in the common thought, to this extreme western edge of the Old World, we have come in safety and comfort. The facilities of travel are enough to excite admiration; but better even than the well-appointed steamers and railways are the courtesies and kindly attentions which have never failed us on the way. The white races have furnished our almost constant companions by sea and land; but even when dependent upon the yellow and brown peoples of the East, we have wanted nothing. It is true the multitude of them have had their thoughts on the *backsheesh* to be won from the strangers; but even so, their manners have

been such as to make it easy to part with a few cash, pice, or piasters in return for their active service. All the world over there are many whose courtesies can only be had when it pays.

But above all else comes the feeling of gratitude at the remembrance that through all these lands and all these peoples I have seen the footsteps of the Redeemer. The Son of God has made homes for himself wherever we have gone. What wealth of promise there is in this for the years to come! I am nearing the end of my pilgrimage, and may not see the ingathering of the nations; but you and the generation to which you belong may yet be gladdened with the vision of a regenerated world. It will not be long till the fires kindled in the East shall blaze in every neighborhood and every home, and the light that now irradiates our own shores shall flash into the jungles and deserts of the South and East, and bless all them that sit in the region and shadow of death. To this I give my daily prayers. For this I make appeal to the faith, prayer, and generosity of our home Church. By our zeal and self-sacrifice let us give meaning and constrain answer to our importunate prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

Good-by. The next salutation shall be from my lips, not from my pen. YOUR MOTHER.

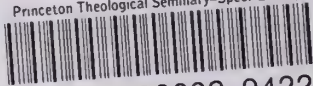






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Letters from the Orient to her daughters

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