

# STRANGE PEOPLES and CUSTOMS

東京 京都 大阪 神戶 横濱 名古屋 福岡 仙台 札幌 函館 青森 秋田 山形 岩手 宮城 福島 茨城 栃木 群馬 埼玉 千葉 東京都 神奈川県 新潟県 富山県 石川県 福井県 山梨県 長野県 岐阜県 静岡県 愛知県 三重県 滋賀県 京都府 大阪府 兵庫県 奈良県 和歌山県 徳島県 香川県 愛媛県 高知県 福岡県 佐賀県 熊本県 大分県 宮崎県 鹿児島県 沖縄県









A Japanese fireside of the rural class. The common people live very frugally, eating little besides their rice with a bit of relish and a cup or two of weak tea.

# STRANGE PEOPLES & CUSTOMS

BY

ADELAIDE BEE EVANS

AUTHOR OF

*"Easy Steps in the Bible Story,"*

*"The Bible Year," etc.*



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TO  
IRWIN AND ROBERT  
*and*

*All the other boys and  
girls who are helping  
with their missionary  
offerings to send the  
Good News to the chil-  
dren of far-off lands.*





## CHILDREN OF ALL LANDS

There are little black children on Africa's sand,  
And yellow-skinned babes in the Flowery Land,  
    And brown in the isles of the sea,  
And white ones and red in this land we call ours.  
But they all love the birds, and the trees, and the flowers,  
    And play the same games as do we.

When Jesus, the Saviour, was here upon earth,  
He blessed little children, and taught their true worth —  
    How precious these little souls be!  
“Suffer the children,” the dear Saviour said —  
And He didn't say yellow, white, black, brown, or red,  
    But the *children* — “to come unto Me.”

In the streets of the city of cities so fair,  
Where sorrow and sin never taint the pure air,  
    The children will play, large and small.  
They'll come from the yellow, red, brown, black, and white,  
For they all are alike in His heart-searching sight,  
    And He equally loveth them all.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.



## PREFACE

This little book was written with two American boys, Robert and Irwin, in mind, to whom it is dedicated. But beyond these boys, the author saw other Roberts and Irwins of other names, and Ruths and Dorothys and Marys; boys and girls by ones and twos and threes and larger groups, scattered throughout the civilized lands of the world; girls and boys growing up into splendid womanhood and manhood, who, it is hoped, will be missionaries for God in the homeland, and perhaps in the regions beyond the sea.

The larger field of the book lies among strange peoples with strange habits and ways and dress, among the boys and girls with strange studies and work and oftentimes strange plays. From the time Mrs. Evans leaves the sunny shores of California till she bids us farewell, she is in lands strange to American people; and we are sure our boys and girls will go with her in her interesting trips through the wonderful Hawaiian Islands, "the Sunrise Empire," "the Land of the White Elephant," "where the railway trains rest at night," to the great city of Singapore, "the Tiger Town," into the ancient and now distressed "Land of the Morning Calm," among the Philippine Islands, and to far-away, little known "Beautiful Borneo."

We may be sure the journeys were not always pleasant; but the story is beautifully, pleasantly told, and the reader will enjoy it all the way. But that which many will enjoy most is the fact that among those

darker skinned children of earth, the blessed good tidings of Jesus is going, telling of the wondrous love to all, of His power to save, of the better home He is preparing, and that He is soon coming again to take all His children home, and that many are accepting the gospel. That the little book may be a blessing is the prayer of —

THE PUBLISHERS.

# CONTENTS

I. OUR GREAT ROUND WORLD . . . . .	17
II. TRAVEL A CENTURY AGO . . . . .	25
III. MISSIONARIES . . . . .	41
IV. THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS . . . . .	51
V. MISSIONARIES IN HAWAII . . . . .	61
VI. A COUNTRY OF ISLANDS . . . . .	74
VII. CHILDREN OF JAPAN . . . . .	92
VIII. MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN . . . . .	111
IX. OUR MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN . . . . .	120
X. THE LAND OF SIAM . . . . .	128
XI. EARLY DAYS IN SIAM . . . . .	143
XII. STRANGE CUSTOMS AND CHILDREN OF SIAM .	154
XIII. A VISIT TO AN ANCIENT CITY . . . . .	165
XIV. WHERE THE TRAINS REST AT NIGHT . . .	179
XV. THE LAND OF MORNING CALM . . . . .	193
XVI. BOYS AND GIRLS OF CHOSEN . . . . .	211
XVII. MISSION WORK IN CHOSEN . . . . .	225
XVIII. THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS . . . . .	237
XIX. THE ISLANDS UNDER DIFFERENT NATIONS .	245
XX. HOUSES AND PEOPLE . . . . .	264
XXI. ON THE ABRA RIVER . . . . .	277
XXII. BEAUTIFUL BORNEO . . . . .	290
XXIII. "WE HAVE WATCHED YOUR LIVING" . . .	301
XXIV. A SAGO FACTORY AND FAREWELL . . . .	310



STRANGE PEOPLES AND  
CUSTOMS





## CHAPTER I

### OUR GREAT ROUND WORLD

**O**UR train is westward bound from New York City, on schedule time. Sometimes, in these busy, rushing days, when clocks and watches and chronometers and astronomical observatories are everywhere around us, I wonder if we do not forget how people measured time before timepieces were invented. But they did measure it by their great timekeeper, the sun.

It seems strange to most boys and girls now that people in general ever believed that the earth was flat. But they did.

The Chinese said it was like a big plate, with China in the center, in the very heart of its good land.



CHINESE WATER CLOCK

Others thought it was like a great tray, or a mammoth boat, floating on the water.

Some said the earth rested on huge pillars, while still others believed that it was like an immense lily leaf with long roots reaching far down in the water and holding it fast.

There were still others who believed that it was like half of a great ball, resting upon four great elephants, and the elephants stood upon a mammoth turtle, and the turtle on a pile of rocks. When asked what the rocks rested on, they said it was rocks all the way down. But on one thing the most of them, who had never traveled, thought as did the Chinese, that their own country was in the middle of the earth, the very best place. They knew the sun went over the earth, but thought it was much smaller. Where it went at night, they did not know, and so they made up fanciful stories to explain it. But most of these stories were so foolish that the people did not long believe them.

Men, more and more, began to study about the earth and the sun and the moon and the stars. In different ways, they came to the conclusion that the world was round like a ball, and did not rest upon anything. They might have learned from the Bible that it was held up in space by the power of God. Nearly three thousand years ago the Lord's servant Job said of God, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing."

One of these men was Christopher Columbus, who declared that if he had ships, he could sail around the earth.

About the same time, a boy named Nicholas Copernicus was growing to manhood in



AN  
ANCIENT  
ASTRONOMER

Poland. He studied earnestly and took great interest in astronomy, the study of the heavens. He finally came to believe that instead of the sun and the stars moving around the earth, the earth itself moved. This was a new idea, and a true idea. Copernicus concluded that the earth turned around every day, at the same time that it passed in a great circular path in the heavens around the sun. And he began to teach this.

Later, in Italy, was a man named Galileo, who began to teach the same thing. He built a telescope, the first that was ever used to look at the stars. It was not much like our present finished telescopes, but it was a good beginning. It was like a key opening a door into a wonderful and beautiful room that men had only seen through dim windows before the telescope was made.

But when Galileo began to talk about some of the strange and wonderful things that he saw through the telescope, the people would not look through it. They said he was very wicked, and he said they were very foolish. He laughed at them, and they hated him.

Still Galileo kept on using the telescope, and studying the stars. One night he was looking at the bright planet Jupiter. This planet Galileo said had four moons traveling around it. Better telescopes have found four other members of the family, so Jupiter has at least eight moons. We cannot see all these moons, even on clear nights, when the stars, as we say, are shining brightly. But sometimes one can be seen. Looking through a telescope, four of them can be seen plainly. When Galileo saw the four moons moving around this bright planet, he was very happy. "This is the way the earth moves around the sun," he said.

Galileo wrote a book telling how the earth moves around the sun, and by and by his enemies shut him up in prison. Then they called a number of learned men together to say what he must do. After they had talked about it four months, they told him that he must either "recant" (take back what he had said) or be punished.

So the poor old man—he was seventy years old then, and feeble with age and illness—

fell down on his knees, and bowed his head, and said that he "abjured and detested" the "error and heresy" in his book, and would not teach it any more.

Every one who loves the truth is sorry that poor old Galileo said these words, for he was saying what he did not really believe. We are told that when he got up from his knees, he whispered to a friend, "It does move." And so it does. Brave men sailed around the world and home again. A great many travelers since those days have started at one place, and kept going on and on in the same direction, till finally they were at home again, and going in through their own front doors.

#### ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN

We are still westward bound, on a large ship now, on the broad Pacific Ocean. It is a big, blue ocean, the largest in the world, as we all know. We shall sail on it for eighteen or nineteen days, from San Francisco to Japan. We shall make one stop, at some lovely green islands in the sea, of which I will tell you more later.

If we kept right on going and going, traveling over the land where there is land, and over the water where there is water, by and by we should be in New York again. All the way, there would be water to sail on, or land where

people live and build houses, and work and play. We should see all sorts of children—

Slant-eyed children in Japan,  
Smiling, bowing, gay;  
Sober children in Chosen,  
Old before their day;  
Yellow children, sweet and shy,  
China's hope and pride;  
Black, and brown, and white like you,  
In this world so wide.

All these children would have homes of some kind, though not like yours; and they would have clothes, at least where it is cold, but these would be different too.

But there is one thing that is not different. They have hearts like yours. They like kindness and smiles, and they cry when they are hurt. They love to play, and they like bright-colored flowers, and fruits, and candy. They know what it is to be hungry and cold and tired, and to feel pain. The Bible tells us that God, who made the earth and everything that is in it, "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

When the Lord made this "great big beautiful world," He made it for people to live on. He made the trees and the grass and the flowers, the fishes that swim in the sea, the birds that fly in the air, and the animals that live in the forests and on the great plains. When the earth was finished, and Adam and Eve had been created, "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

It was God's plan that all men and women who should live on the earth should be pure and good. But Adam and Eve disobeyed God. Envy and hate and murder and death spoiled the beautiful world. Men and women went deeper and deeper into sin, till by and by many of them forgot all about God, and some who knew about Him did not even try to serve Him.

Still, most people in the world wish to worship something. When they do not worship the true God, who made the earth and the sun and all the stars, they often make an image of stone or wood or clay, and bow down before it, and worship it.

We call such people heathen. In the lands to which my husband and I are going, there are many heathen. These should hear the gospel, the good news that Jesus died to save sinners. All who believe on Him, and confess their sins, will some day live with Him.

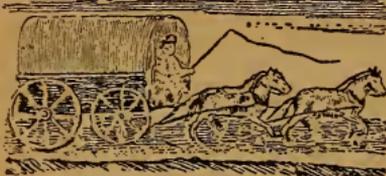
Many people in these heathen lands are happy to hear the gospel. When they learn about Jesus, their faces shine with joy. They are more kind and gentle, and love one another better than they did before. I know many boys and girls in these lands who love the Lord Jesus, and pray to Him every day, and try to keep His commandments.

## TRAVEL A CENTURY AGO

**I**T is generally enjoyable for boys and girls to ride on railway trains. It is fun to pick out the things that you will carry, with the lunch that you will eat at night. It is fun, too, to watch the smiling porter make up the beds—and, for once, it is fun to go to bed! But it is still more pleasant to get up in the morning, and, fresh and clean, go into the diner, and eat oatmeal and cream while the train rushes along through villages and cities and tunnels and woods and green fields.

Nearly all over the world, there are miles and miles of shining railway tracks, and noisy, puffing engines, and long trains where the people may ride. Everywhere the children love to ride on the cars. White children, like you, and brown children, and black children with smiling faces, and solemn-eyed little yellow children—they all like to go, though they may have different ways of showing it.

There are boats, both large and small, on the ocean, for people to ride in, and boats almost as large on the great navigable rivers, as we know. Then there are smaller boats, which get along quite well where the big boats could never go. So you see that any one who lives in one part of the world may go easily and quickly to places far away.



To the PUBLIC.

**THE FLYING MACHINE,** kept by

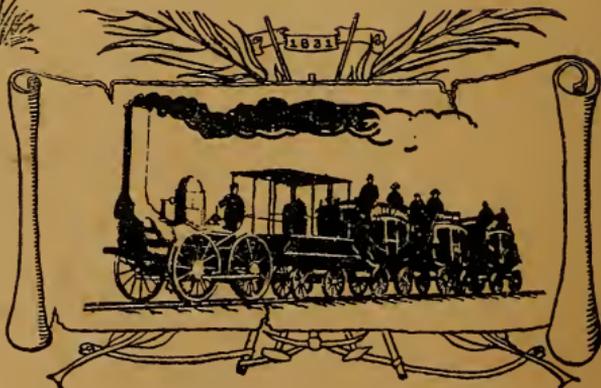
John Mercereau, at the New-Blazing-Star-Ferry, near New-York, sets off from Powles-Hook every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Mornings, for Philadelphia, and performs the Journey in a Day and a Half, for the Summer Season, till the 1st of November; from that Time to go twice a Week till the first of May, when they again perform it three Times a Week. When the Stages go only twice a Week, they set off Mondays and Thursdays. The Waggon in Philadelphia set out from the Sign of the George, in Second-Street, the same Morning. The Passengers are desired to cross the Ferry the Evening before, as the Stages must set off early the next Morning. The Price for each Passenger is *Twenty Shillings*, Proc. and Goods as usual. Passengers going Part of the Way to pay in Proportion.

As the Proprietor has made such Improvements upon the Machines, one of which is in Imitation of a Coach, he hopes to merit the Favour of the Public.

JOHN MERCEREAU.

*New-York Gazette 1771*

In 1771 John Mercereau started a stage line between New York and Philadelphia, and upon attaining a record of making the journey in a day and a half felt justified in naming his coach the "Flying Machine," and so advertised it.



THE DE WITT  
CLINTON  
TRAIN

A hundred years ago it was very different. There were no railway trains, no automobiles, no bicycles even. People traveled slowly in those days, riding on horseback, or in big, clumsy "coaches," or in lumbering carts drawn by oxen. If they wished to go a long way, they made a canvas roof for the farm wagon, and packed their clothes and beds and dishes inside. Then they climbed in, and with the children on low seats where they could see, away they rattled.

The roads were very rough, when there were any roads at all. Often there was only a bumpy "trail" through the woods or across the prairie. Sometimes, in swampy places, there would be a road of logs, called a corduroy road. Then the wagon would go humpity-bumpity, which, if there was not too much of it, was great fun for the children. In America, such a thing as a smooth paved road in the country was seldom seen in those days.

It took a long time to make a journey—a whole month to go as far as you can go in one day now, in a good train. The fathers and mothers were very tired sometimes; but the children were happy, with so many new things to see every day.

There were no steamships, either, only sailing vessels. And while those boats went to countries near and far away, they were propelled only by the wind, and went very slowly



STATUE OF COLUMBUS

at times. Often a boat sailing away from New York to the other side of the world would be gone three years. The captain would hardly know his boys and girls when he came home again.

#### A BRAVE SAILOR

I am sure you have heard the story of Christopher Columbus. When he was a little boy, he used to play by the seashore, and watch the ships. "I will be a sailor, and sail on a ship, when I am a man," he said.

His father wanted Christopher to be a weaver, like himself; but when he saw that the boy would surely go to sea when he was old enough, he sent him to school to learn all about ships, and maps, and charts,—all about navigation, which all sailors must know if they are ever to be captains. And that is what the young Christopher wished to be.

It is a long story. I cannot tell it all here. I will only tell you that by and by the happy day came when the man Christopher Columbus sailed away from Palos, a seaport in Spain, sure that he could find a new and shorter way to India. He sailed west on the great Atlantic Ocean, determined to go farther than any one had gone before. He had only three boats. They were very small, too. No one would think of starting off

across a big ocean with them now; but they were the best he could get, and he was not afraid.

This was in 1492. How long ago was that? In those days, no one had ever crossed the great Atlantic Ocean, and come back to tell what was on the other side. Columbus was going to find out, if he could; and he was very sure he could.

But the rough sailors who went with Columbus did not share his brave spirit. Week after week went by—and still there was no land. What would become of them? Their food would soon be used up; and if they did not find land, they would starve to death. Every day, they would come to their brave captain, and say:

“O sir! May we turn the boat about, and sail toward home?”

And every day, Columbus would answer: “No! *Sail on!*”

Joaquin Miller, whom we call “the poet of the Sierras,” wrote a stirring poem about this question and answer. Learn it by heart, and think about it often, so that its brave spirit may help you when you come to hard places, and feel like turning around and running back where it is easy and pleasant:



## *Sail On!*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,  
For, lo, the very stars are gone.  
Brave admiral, speak! What shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
He lifts his teeth as if to bite!  
Brave admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leaped like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he paced his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —  
A light! A light! At last a light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world. He gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

After seventy days,—a long time to be going, and not know *where*,—Columbus and his men came in sight of land. The New World was discovered. And there was great rejoicing on shipboard then, you may be sure.

In these days, large ships go back and forth across the wide Atlantic very swiftly and safely. If Columbus were alive to-day, and wished to see the New World that he sailed so bravely to discover, he could go from Palos, in Spain, to the West Indies in a week on what we would call a “slow boat.”

There was great excitement when Columbus came home to Spain. Soon many men sailed away to see what *they* could find, and some of them came home again with wonderful tales. Boys playing by the seashore heard these marvels; and some of them wished to sail to distant lands too, when they were old enough.

#### LONG JOURNEYS IN OLDEN DAYS

Fernando Magellan lived in Portugal. He had heard about Columbus, and other men who followed him across the Atlantic; and he dreamed of a time when he should go still farther than any one had gone yet. Every one was talking of wonderful islands in the unknown seas, where one could get all the gold he could bring away, and tons of spices and other precious things.

Magellan wished to find these islands, and make himself rich and great, and add riches to his king too. But the king of Portugal only laughed at him, and would not help him carry out his plans. So Magellan went to the king of Spain, who gave him five ships.

This was not really a great gift. The boats were old and poor, and their timbers were rotten. "Their ribs are soft as butter," some one wrote to the king of Portugal, who, though he would not help Magellan, still wished to know what he was doing.

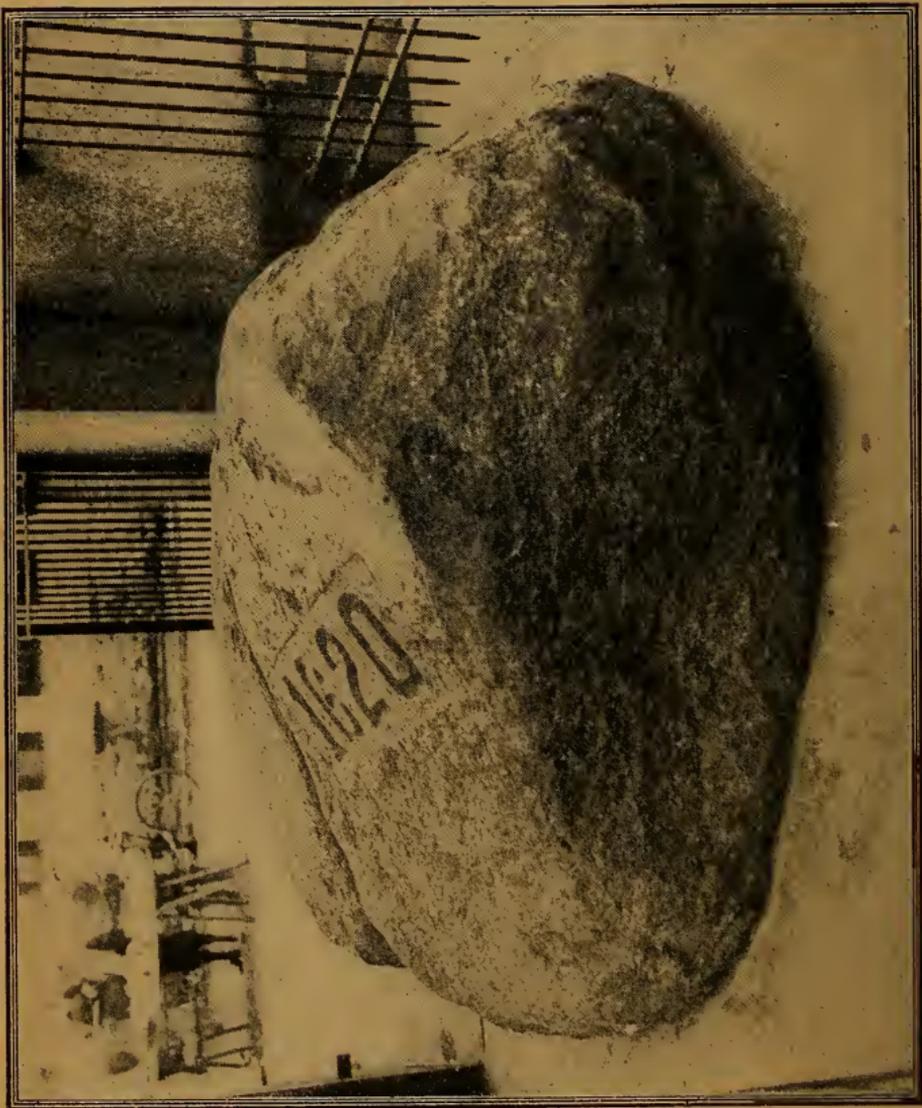
But in spite of all, Magellan thought the ships would do, and he sailed away with a high heart. Perhaps courage is better than stout ships—if you cannot have both.

From the first, there was plenty of trouble. There was a dreadful storm, and one of the poor little ships was wrecked. Some of the men were sick, the food supply got low, and they were all discouraged. The sailors so much wished to go home, that by and by they made a plan to kill Magellan. If they could get rid of him, they thought, they could turn around and sail back to Spain. But Magellan told his officers, when they asked him what to do, that he was not afraid of these sailors. "I will do my appointed work," he said. And the men knew well that he meant what he said.

After a long time, Magellan and his sailors came to the very southern point of the great

PLYMOUTH  
ROCK

Where the  
Pilgrims  
first landed.



© Boston Photo News Co.

continent of South America, and guided their ships into a long, narrow body of water, or strait. Magellan had believed that he could find a passage beyond the land known as America, and he was very proud and happy when he found it. To this day, these straits are called the Straits of Magellan, in his honor.

Five long weeks Magellan's little ships sailed in and out among the many islands of these straits, all the time keeping a general westward course. By and by the day came when they left land behind once more, and sailed out into the greatest body of water on earth—the Pacific Ocean. Magellan was very happy then—so happy that he shed tears of joy; for he knew that he had done what no man had ever done before—he had sailed from the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific.

But his troubles were not all over. One of the four ships now left to him stole away, so then there were only three. But these three sailed out on the great sea to the west. On, and on, and on, and on! There was no more food, and very little water. The men ate bits of leather, and sawdust, and even rats. Those were days to test the stoutest heart.

Ninety-eight days they sailed. Then they came to some small islands, where they found a little fresh food. Not long afterward, at

another and larger group of islands (we know them as the Philippines in these days, and now many Americans live there), the brave Magellan was killed. The men who were with him got into two of the ships, and sailed away as quickly as they could.

After a while these two ships, the "Victoria" and the "Trinidad," reached the Spice Islands, which Magellan had been so sure he could find. The sailors loaded the ships with spices; but when they started to go home, they found that the "Trinidad" was so old and poor that it would never do to take her out on the ocean again till she was repaired. So only one of the five ships that had left Spain started out for the last part of the long voyage. This was the "Victoria."

You would have thought the men on this little ship had had troubles enough, but there were more ahead. Many of the sixty men who left the Spice Islands on the "Victoria" died on the way to Spain; and when the boat finally reached home again, there were only eighteen men, weak and sad and ill, to tell the thrilling story of the long voyage, of the wonderful discoveries they had made, and of the sad death of the brave Fernando Magellan.

#### THE PILGRIMS

More than a hundred years after Columbus sailed away from Spain and discovered the

New World, a little company of men and women decided to leave Europe, their former home, and go to America to build themselves new homes. They sailed from Plymouth, in England, to Leyden, in Holland, and from there to America, and landed at a place they called Plymouth, in Massachusetts. The boat that they had sailed on was the "Mayflower" — a very pretty name for a boat, I think. But it was a sad, hard journey, and the little company were nine long weeks on the way.

Though it was more than a hundred years since Columbus had crossed the Atlantic, people had not learned to travel much faster. It took Columbus and his three little boats seventy days to reach land; and the Pilgrim Fathers, as the men who came on the "Mayflower" were called, spent sixty-three days on the way to Massachusetts. They were very tired of the "Mayflower" by that time, you may be sure, and glad enough to step out on the solid earth again.

But if they were to make the journey now, they could cross the ocean in a large, roomy boat, with a pleasant deck to walk on in the daytime, and comfortable rooms to sleep in at night. If it were hot, a busy little fan would do its best to keep them cool; and if it were cold, there would be heat to make them cozy. All the way, there would be fresh, pure water to drink, plenty of good food to eat,



With the return of the "Mayflower," the Pilgrims' only connection with their native land and loved ones was cut off. As the ship passed from their view, a sense of their helpless condition came over them, and God was earnestly petitioned for care and protection.

and a doctor to take care of them if they were sick. And the whole journey would take only a week, or even less time on a fast boat.

#### A BETTER WORLD TO COME

Do you wonder why it is that in the last hundred years, people have learned so many more ways of going *fast* from one place to another than they found out in all the thousands of years before?

I will tell you one reason. The world as it now is will not last always. By and by it will be burned up, and a new and glorious earth will be made in its place. But before that happens, Jesus will come and take all the people who love Him to be with Him in His own beautiful home.

Many people would like to live in the new earth, when it is made as beautiful as it was in the beginning; so before Jesus comes, all the people everywhere must be told that He is coming. Those who give their hearts to Him, and love Him, will be very happy when He comes, and will be ready to go with Him to His heavenly home, and to live in the new earth when it is ready.

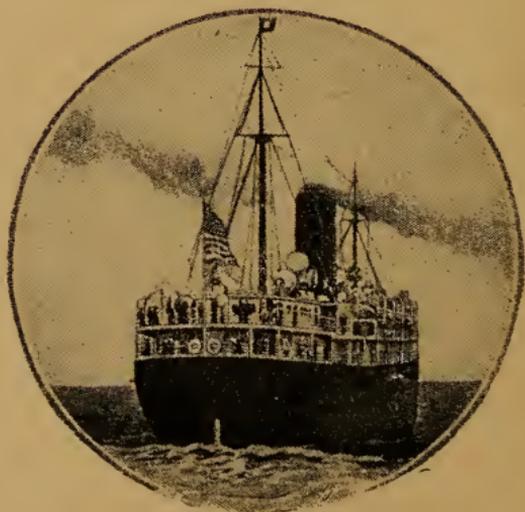
But the world is so big, you say, and there are so many people! How can they all hear the good news? Oh, there are men and women who will gladly go to them, and tell them. The fast trains will carry them, the

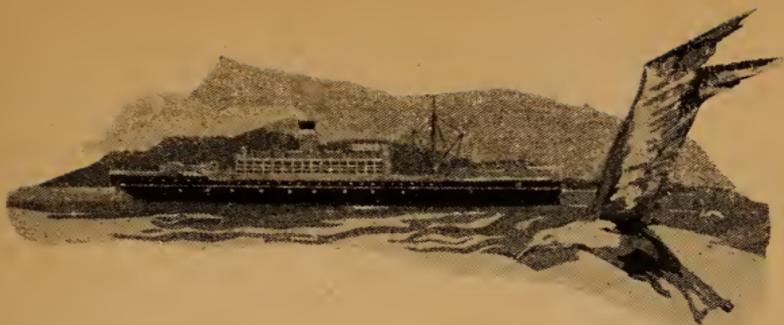
swift ships will take them safely over the great oceans, and then other trains and smaller boats will help them to go wherever they wish.

The good news that Jesus loves men, women, and children, that He died to save them, and that He is coming soon to take them to His own beautiful home, is called "the gospel of the kingdom"; for the word "gospel" means "good news." Jesus said:

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world; . . . and then shall the end come."

The men and women who carry the good news to people who have never heard it are called missionaries. In our next chapter, we will learn about some Bible missionaries.





### CHAPTER III

## MISSIONARIES

**A** MISSIONARY is One-Who-Does-Good-to-Others. Not all missionaries can go across the ocean; some of them stay right at home. They are "home missionaries,"—and very good missionaries they are, too. I have known boys and girls, younger and older, who were so sweet-tempered and pleasant and happy, so unselfish and thoughtful, *at home*, that just to see them helped others all day long.

Jeanne lived in the country. And because pink was her favorite color (all girls have a favorite color, you know), and sometimes her cheeks were as pink as the roses on the vine at the end of the porch, her father called her Miss Pink.

One day Father was going to Pleasantville with the prancing black horses and the shining new surrey; for this was before automobiles were here and there on all the country roads.

Miss Pink was going too; she was ready first of any one, with her white dress and white hat with the pink ribbons. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks were pink as pink.

But when the aunts and cousins who were going too were all ready, there wasn't room in the surrey for them all. Some one must stay at home.

"I'll stay, Father," said Miss Pink.

No; she wasn't crying or pouting. She said it just as pleasantly as if *staying* were exactly as nice as *going*.

Home is the best place of all to begin to be a missionary.

Then, too, one may be a missionary at school, and on the playground, and even at Sabbath school. How? Oh, I could not tell you all the ways. If you remember that a missionary is One-Who-Does-Good-to-Others, you will find out the ways yourselves.

The boys and girls who are home missionaries and school missionaries will be very likely to grow up into the kind of men and women who will make good missionaries for lands far away. For taking a long journey on a train or a steamship does not make one a missionary. You know, yourselves, that it is just as easy to pout or be selfish at Great-grandmother's house, on the farm in Michigan, in one of the most pleasant places in

the world, as it is in the sitting-room at home. It's how you feel *inside* that makes it easy to smile or to give Sister the biggest apple.

There have been missionaries for thousands of years.

#### BIBLE MISSIONARIES

Abraham was a missionary. Wherever he pitched his tents, when he was staying first in one place and then in another, in the land of Canaan, he built an altar and worshiped the Lord. And when he moved away, the altar was always left standing. By and by men who were passing that way would see the altar, and would talk about it.

"Who built this altar?" one would ask.

"Oh, Abraham built it—the old man who used to live in Ur."

"What God does he worship?"

"He worships Jehovah," the answer would be, "who, he says, made the earth, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars."

Wherever Abraham lived, the people knew that he worshiped the true God; and when he went away, the altar still told the story.

Joseph was a missionary. When he was only a boy, loved and petted and well dressed at home, his brothers sold him to some men who took him away to Egypt. There he became a slave, and by and by he was put into prison. There was no one to pity the lonely boy or be kind to him.



ABRAHAM WAS A MISSIONARY

But Joseph was loyal to God, and the Lord blessed him and made him a great man in Egypt. After a while there was a famine, and every one in Egypt, and in all the lands near, came to Joseph to buy food. Joseph's cruel brothers came, too, and he was kind to them, and did all he could to help them. He sent for his father, and gave him a pleasant home in Egypt.

Moses was a missionary, too. He carried a message from the great God of heaven to the cruel and wicked Pharaoh. Another name for a missionary is One-Who-Carries-a-Message, or One-Who-Goes-on-a-Mission. The king did not like Moses, and he did not wish to hear his message; but Moses went just as many times as the Lord told him to go, and said just what the Lord told him to say. And though Pharaoh was very angry, he had no power to hurt Moses, for the Lord kept him safe.

#### A MAIDEN WHO WAS A MISSIONARY

This maiden lived many, many years ago, in the land of Israel. Those were troubled days. There was war. The strong soldiers of the king of Syria came to fight against the soldiers of the king of Israel, and carried away some of their grain, and took their gold and silver.

One day some bands of Syrians came to the place where this little girl lived. I should

like so much to know her name; wouldn't you? But the Bible has not told us her name, only what she said.

We do not know what the wicked soldiers did this time, either, except that they took the little girl away from her father and mother and carried her into captivity, and gave her to their captain, whose name was Naaman. And Naaman took her home, and she became a serving maid, and "waited on Naaman's wife."

If she had been a cross little girl, or a pouty girl, or if she had been always crying because of the dear father and mother that she might never see again, Mrs. Naaman would soon have sent her away to work somewhere out of her sight. For the brave captain's wife had a great sorrow in her heart, and she did not wish to see other people sad.

But the little maid was quick and neat and pleasant and smiling and kind. When her mistress sat with her head bowed on her hand, the little girl knew of what she was thinking, and she was sorry.

You see, the mighty Captain Naaman was a leper. Leprosy is a disease so dreadful that no doctor in all the world could cure it then, and none can surely cure it now. No wonder his wife was very sorrowful.

The little maiden, who you might think had troubles enough of her own, longed to com-

fort her mistress. She knew something too, did this wise girl of Israel, something that *would help*. In Israel there was a man who could cure Naaman. He was a prophet, and his name was Elisha. The Lord gave Elisha power to do many wonderful things.

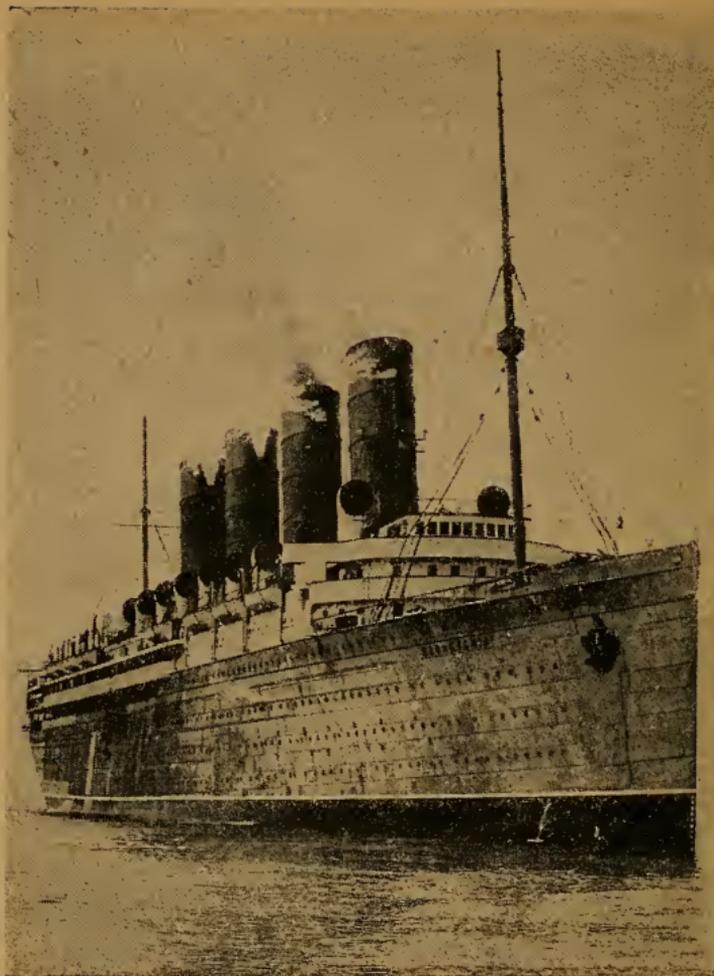
But the Syrians worshiped the sun god, and the moon god, and the thunder god, instead of the great God who made all things. They did not love the true God, and they despised His prophets. Would they listen if the little girl should tell them about Elisha?

Day by day she thought it over. When she saw the great captain, she thought she never could tell; but when she saw the tears of her mistress, whom she was learning to love, she could not keep still. Yes, she must tell her about the prophet, no matter what happened.

So one day she spoke out bravely, yet modestly, as became a young girl, and said, "Would that my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then would he recover him of his leprosy."

Some one told the great king Benhadad what the little maid had said, and he sent a royal letter to the king of Israel, with money, asking that his captain be cured of leprosy.

Then there was trouble indeed. The king of Israel had no power to cure leprosy, and he was afraid that when he said so, the king of Syria would send another army against him,



NOT ALL MISSIONARIES GO ACROSS THE OCEAN

and kill him. He thought the king of Syria was making this an excuse for going to war.

“And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive?”

When Elisha heard that the king had rent his clothes, he said, “Let him come now to

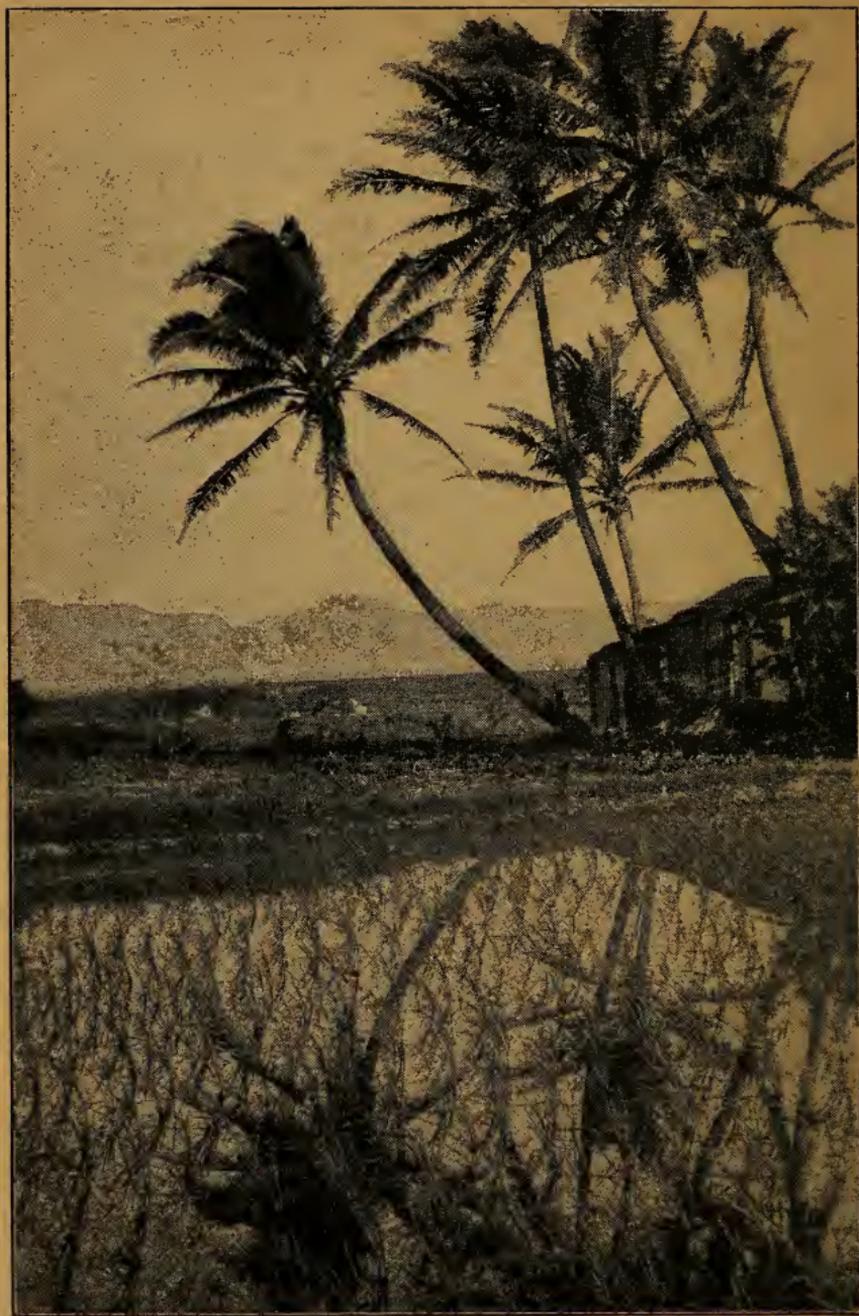
me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." "So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha." He supposed that the prophet would feel greatly honored to see the royal chariots of the great Benhadad of Syria standing at his door.

But Elisha did not come outside. He sent a messenger to tell Naaman to go and dip himself seven times in the Jordan. If he did this, he would be well.

Naaman was in a great rage when he received this message. "I thought, He will surely come out to me," he said, "and stand, and call on the name of Jehovah his God, and wave his hand over the place, and recover the leper."

But by and by he listened to the counsel of his servants, and went and dipped in the Jordan, as the prophet had said. "And his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

There was great rejoicing when Captain Naaman came home again, with no signs of the dreadful leprosy on his body. I like to think that perhaps the captain and his wife sent the little maid back to her parents and friends in the country she loved so well; but whether they did or not, I am sure there was no heart happier than hers in all that happy household.



“There is no more lovely place in all the world, I am sure, than the Hawaiian Islands. In the foreground rice is growing and the coconut trees are reflected in the water.

## THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

**B**EFORE you read this chapter, it would be a good plan to look at a map, and find the Hawaiian Islands on it. They are almost in a straight line between Panama and Shanghai, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. These islands have two names, the Sandwich Islands and the Hawaiian Islands.

On many maps and in some books, they are called the Sandwich Islands. But the people who live on them call them the Hawaiian Islands, and more and more this name is used everywhere.

About one hundred and forty years ago, in 1778, an Englishman, Captain Cook, sailing on the Pacific Ocean, found these islands. Like Columbus and Magellan, he was sailing to see what he could find, that had not been discovered before. He had two boats, the "Resolution" and the "Discovery." When he came to these islands, with their fine harbors, he was glad to stop for a time. And in honor of the earl of Sandwich, who had shown him kindness, he called them the Sandwich Islands.

They are called the Hawaiian Islands because the largest island in the group is named Hawaii. The names of the three next in size are Kauai, Maui, and Oahu. There are eight islands in all, on which people live.



Hawaiian fisherman casting his net. In the bays are fish of every shape and color you can think of.

Honolulu, the capital city, is on Oahu; and it is in the pleasant harbor of Honolulu that ships sailing from San Francisco to Yokohama often stop for a day or so. The children are very glad to get off the boat, and walk about on the solid ground again, and perhaps take a dip in the sea at the famous bathing beach.

The island of Hawaii is nearly twice as large as all the rest of the islands in the group put together. It has four high mountains, one of them almost fourteen thousand feet high. Mauna Loa, one of these mountains, is a volcano. Sometimes great jets of red-hot lava rise high in the air, and pour down the side of the mountain in wide streams that instantly destroy everything that stands in their way. Kilauea, another volcano, and one of the most wonderful in the world, is also on the island of Hawaii.

There is no more lovely place in all the world, I am sure, than the Hawaiian Islands, with their high green hills, their rugged mountains with soft white clouds resting on their shoulders, their fertile valleys, their gay-colored flowers, and their blue, blue skies. It is never cold there, and never very warm. Gentle breezes from the land and from the sea cool the air so it is always like a pleasant summer day.



The children are very glad to take a dip in the sea at the famous Wakiki Beach.

The ocean is never very far away. From the hills, one can see its shining waves stretching far in the distance. There are sheltered bays where the water is of such lovely blue and pale green tints that you would have to see it in order to believe that water could ever look like that.

In the bays and in the ocean are delicately tinted shells, and fish of almost every shape and color you can think of. Beautiful trees, bearing delicious fruits, lofty palms, bright-colored shrubs, and flowers of all kinds make the islands like a great garden.

And such places to swim! You never saw such fine beaches, sandy and smooth, with long rollers coming in from the sea, and the water just right, neither too cool nor too warm. All the little boys and girls who live in the Hawaiian Islands—and there are a

great many of them — love the sea, and most of them can swim.

But with everything so fair around them, and with so much to make them happy, the people of these islands, when Captain Cook found them, were wicked and cruel and base. It was like the place we sometimes sing about in the missionary hymn —

Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.

#### DREADFUL RESULTS OF IDOL WORSHIP

Have you ever seen an idol? Of course you know what an idol is — an image that heathen men and women and children worship. I have seen many boys and girls worshipping idols.

It seems very strange that any one should wish to make an image of clay or of stone or of wood, and then bow down to it and wor-



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ship it. But that is just what has been done ever since sin first came into the world.

The Bible says a great deal about idols, and what will become of those who worship them.

The prophet Jeremiah wrote: "One cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the ax. They deck it with silver and with gold; they fasten it with nails and with hammers, that it move not. They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not: they must needs be borne, because they cannot go."

Isaiah, another prophet, said: "The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth silver chains."

But these gods, no matter whether they are made of gold and silver, and decked with precious stones, or of wood or stone or clay, can never help men. The psalmist says: "They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat."

Suppose you were very hungry, and some one should say, "Here are two bowls; from which will you choose to eat?"

First of all, you would look in the bowls. Suppose one had fresh, sweet bread and milk

in it, and the other had a little pile of ashes — which would you choose?

Of course you would take the bread and milk, which would give you strength and life.

Those who love God, and worship Him, and obey and love His words, are like those who would choose good food when hungry; but those who worship idols are as if they chose ashes to eat. Of one who makes and worships idols, the Bible says, "He feedeth on ashes."

#### SOME OF THE HORRIBLE IDOLS

When Captain Cook found the Hawaiian Islands, there were about four hundred thousand people living on them. They had dark brown skins, and black eyes, and dark hair, sometimes straight and sometimes wavy. And they all worshiped idols.

Pele was their chief goddess. She lived, so they said, in the great crater of Kilauea. When the molten, red-hot lava in the crater burst up in glowing jets, high in the air, and it looked as if the world were on fire, the people said, "Pele is angry." And when all was more quiet again, they said, "Pele is pleased."

When the red-hot lava was tossed up into the cooler air like the waters of a great fountain, some of it was blown by the wind into fine, glassy threads. This the people called "Pele's hair."

Kalaipahoa, the poison god, was a hideous image made of wood. He was supposed to kill every one who died of poison. Even the wood of which the image was made, though it was all right before, was thought to be poison when it was made into this shape.

Tairi was the war god. This idol was twenty-four inches high—as tall as a large doll. Its body was woven of wicker, and then covered all over with red feathers. When the king went out to fight, Tairi was carried near him.

Lono was another god. This idol was just a small head, carried on a long pole. There is still standing a large temple that was built in honor of Lono. Human sacrifices were often offered in her honor.

Those who make idols and worship them are deceived. "They that make them are like unto them," says the psalmist. So you will not be surprised to know that when Captain Cook found the Hawaiian Islands, the people there did not know how to read or write. They had never heard of "two times two," and "three times three," and "five times five." Of course they had no schools. And they had no words, even, for things that we say every day, such as "*Thank you.*"

They were not kind to one another. They laughed at cripples, and killed people who were sick and a burden. Worst of all, the

mothers often killed their own babies, because they did not wish to bother with feeding them and caring for them.

This seems too dreadful to tell; but it shows what will happen when for long ages people worship false gods. It is knowing and loving the true God, who made the earth and the heavens, and who made man and loves him, that helps children to be good and obedient to their parents, and that puts into the hearts of parents a deep and true love for their children, so that they will not only care for their bodies, but teach them and train them every day to be honest and kind and loyal and true.

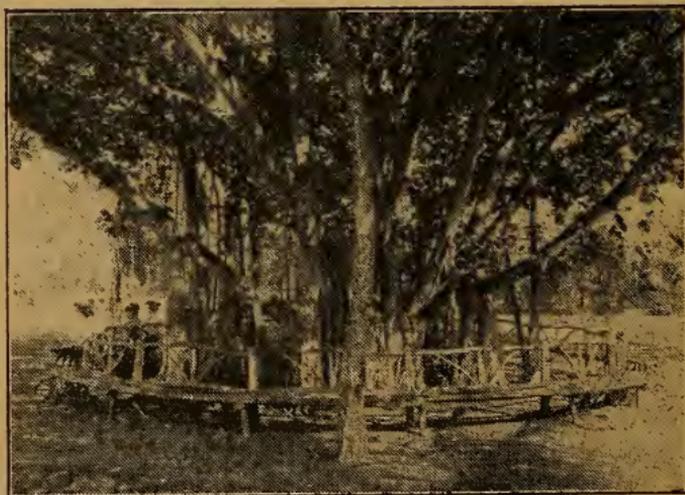
#### HOW THEY DRESSED

Most of the people in these islands wore no clothes at all in those days. Sometimes the men wore a narrow strip of cloth around the loins, and the women wore a short skirt reaching to the knees. The cloth of which this skirt was made was not really cloth at all. It was the soft inner bark of a tree, pounded into thin sheets.

Both men and women were fond of wearing wreaths on their heads and around their necks. Sometimes they made these wreaths of flowers, or again of tiny shells, or of colored seeds. Nowadays they make these wreaths, or *lei*, as they call them, of bright-colored paper, too, and come down to the boats to sell them to the passengers.

Though there were dreadful diseases on the islands, there were no doctors to tell the people how to care for their bodies or to help them to get well. Often the chief of one island would make war on the chief of another island. So in spite of the green valleys and the lovely hills and the blue skies and the delicious fruits, the Hawaiian Islands was not a place in which one would have chosen to live, in those days. Indeed, when Captain Cook went back there, on his way home to England, he was killed. For a while, then, ships did not visit the islands.

But after a time ships sailing on the Pacific began to stop there, and by and by a company of missionaries came, of whom our next chapter will tell.



BANYAN TREE IN HONOLULU



THE HAWAIIANS ARE AS MUCH AT HOME ON WATER AS ON LAND

## CHAPTER V

### MISSIONARIES IN HAWAII

**O**BOOKIAH was a Hawaiian boy. He saw his own father and mother killed in a war; and his baby brother, whom he was carrying on his back, was killed with a spear. But Obookiah got away, and not knowing where else to go, he found refuge with a kind sea captain from New England. When the captain and his boat sailed away from the islands, Obookiah was on board. And that is how the first Hawaiian boy came to New Haven, in Connecticut.

That was more than a hundred years ago. New Haven was a small city then, and its famous college was not nearly so large as it is now. One day a kind-hearted man was

walking past one of the college buildings, and he noticed this dark-skinned boy sitting on the steps, crying.

“What is the matter?” asked the man.

“Oh, I have never learned to read and write and study, and there is so much I would like to know! Other boys go to school here, but to me the door is shut,” said Obookiah.

Mr. Dwight — for that was the kind man’s name — told Obookiah that he would teach him. This he did; and Obookiah not only learned to read and write, but he learned about Jesus, and gave his heart to Him.

By and by a missionary school was opened, and Mr. Dwight was the first teacher. Five other Hawaiian boys came to this school, with Obookiah. They were studying to be missionaries to their own people.

Obookiah never went back to his island home. He died before he was through going to school. But some earnest young men had heard of him, and of the great need of his people; and the Lord put it into their hearts to carry the gospel to the people of the Hawaiian Islands.

#### THE FIRST MISSIONARIES

In 1819, over a hundred years ago now, a company of missionaries sailed away from Boston on the good ship “Thadeus,” bound for Honolulu — the very first who had gone

to these far-away islands to tell the people about Jesus. In the party there were seven young men and their wives. There were five children, too, who were probably starting off on one of the longest ocean journeys ever taken by children up to that time, since the world began. Besides, there were three young Hawaiian men, who had been taught in the schools where Obookiah studied.

Three of the missionary men were ministers, two were teachers, one was a doctor, one was a printer, and one was a farmer. You see, they not only planned to tell the people the good news of the gospel, but they also meant to teach them to read and write, and to take care of themselves when they were sick. The farmer would study how to raise better fruits and vegetables, and the printer would print primers and other books. As soon as a few chapters of the Bible could be written in the Hawaiian language, they would be printed, so the people could have them to read. Mr. Loomis, the printer, had a little printing press and some type and other things right with him in the ship, so he could begin to print, and teach the people to read, just as soon as he could learn their language.

God opened the way for these missionaries. Even before their ship reached the islands, the king said that his people should no longer worship idols. Many of the idols were burned,

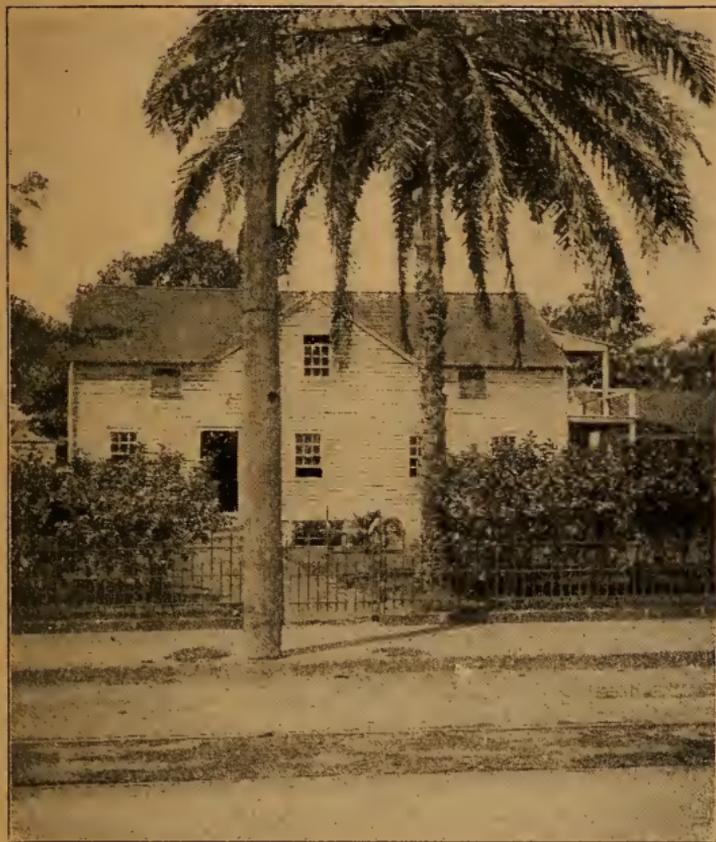
and many more were thrown into the sea. This was not because the king and the people wanted a better religion, but because they felt that they could no longer endure the burdens of the one they had made for themselves.

Five long months the boat bearing the little company from New England was on the sea. How glad they were when they neared the islands that they planned to make their home! One of the young men, Hopu, who had come with them, went on shore to ask if they might land. Soon he came back, shouting, "Oahu's idols are no more!"

This was good news indeed. Still the people were not willing that the missionaries should land, and they kept them waiting twelve days while they talked it over. At the end of that time, they said, "You may come and stay one year." We can imagine how glad the missionaries were when they set their feet on land again, after the long months at sea.

But their hard days were not ended. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston and Dr. and Mrs. Holman lived for a time in a little grass hut. It was less than four feet high in the highest place, so of course they could not stand up straight in it. It had no floor, and no windows, and no ceiling; and it was in a very noisy, very dirty village.

The first good house the missionaries had,—  
built in 1821,— was shipped from Boston. The  
lumber was all cut and fitted there and had  
only to be put together when it reached  
the island.



The first good house that the missionaries had was built in Honolulu in 1821—about a year after they landed. Some men in Boston gave the house, and had all the lumber cut and fitted so it could be quickly and easily set up. A ship called the “Tartar” brought it to Honolulu, and the men soon had it put together. Then the big mission family moved in. They were very happy to have this clean,

neat house, with windows and doors, and ceilings high enough so they could stand up straight in all the rooms.

This old house, now nearly a hundred years old, is still standing; but it will not last many years more, as its boards and timbers have been badly eaten by insects. We visited it, and we went into all the rooms, and down into the dark old kitchen. We looked at the pictures of those first missionaries, too, that hung on the walls; and we were glad that God put it into their hearts to come to these beautiful islands.

The missionaries learned the language of the people, and began to teach them to read and write. The king himself, and twenty-four of his chiefs, were among the first pupils. They not only learned to read, but they heard the good news of the gospel. The wife of a former king went through all the islands, and wherever she found any idols left, she caused them to be destroyed.

#### THE BIBLE AND HYMN BOOKS

In twenty years, the Bible was printed, and all the people who wished to do so could read it. There were schools in all the islands by that time, and churches too. Thousands and thousands of men and women who, a few years before, had never heard the name of

Jesus, had become followers of Him, and were glad to sing hymns in His praise.

Some of them became missionaries, and carried the gospel to other islands. When the Bible was all printed, a day was set apart to honor the event. The king and the queen and all the members of the royal family, with a large company of their people, came together to hear the wonderful story told once more, to sing and pray, and to tell how happy they were to have the Bible in their own tongue and to be able to read it.

Kanwealoha was an old, old man. He had been a heathen, but long ago he had given his heart to the Lord, and had become a missionary. Holding a copy of the Bible in his hand, he stood up before that great company, and said:

“Not with powder and ball and swords and cannon, but with the living Word of God and His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ.”

Great changes came to the people of the Hawaiian Islands after the coming of the missionaries. Before that time, they were almost like slaves. If a chief wanted a man's sugar cane, he stuck his spear in one corner of the field. Then the man who had planted it would not dare touch it.

In twenty years, all this was changed. Every man could own land, if he wished to work and buy it, and no one could take it from him, or what he raised on it.

But the greatest change was the interest of the people to hear the gospel. They came in crowds, fathers, mothers, and children, to listen while the Bible was read to them in their own speech.

Those were busy days, but they were happy days, too. When the missionaries looked at the people who had come to hear their words, I think they must have thought often of the multitudes who used to follow Jesus from place to place to hear His teaching. There were all kinds of people in those companies—chief men and poor men, the sick and the lame, the blind and the deaf, the old and feeble, the young and strong. There were men who had been priests in the old days, and men who had been robbers, and men who had taken the lives of others. They all came to hear how Jesus died to save *sinner*s—and that meant them. Many became Christians.

#### A BRAVE HAWAIIAN PRINCESS

Kapiolani lived on the largest island—Hawaii. She was a descendant of the ancient kings, but she was not at all what we should expect a princess to be like. She was dirty,

and ignorant, and wicked, and — she often got drunk.

But Kapiolani heard of Jesus. She loved Him, and gave her heart to Him, and this made a great difference in her life. She destroyed idols wherever she could find them — for there were still a few left in the homes of the people. She cared for the sick with her own hands. She gave up drinking liquor, and went about doing good. Her home was made clean and neat, and her manners became kind and polite.

Many of the Hawaiians still believed in the dreadful goddess Pele, who lived, so they said, in the great crater Kilauea. They were afraid of Pele, and offered sacrifices to her.

But Kapiolani was no longer afraid of Pele. She knew there was no such goddess. But this was not enough. She thought and thought what she could do to show her people that Pele had no power. At last she said:

“I will go up and stand on the edge of the great crater. Then the people will know there is no Pele.”

“Do not go, Kapiolani,” begged her husband.

“Do not go, Kapiolani,” urged her people.

“I must go,” she made answer. “I fear not Pele. Jehovah alone is my God. If I am killed, then you may believe in Pele; but if

nothing happens to me, you must believe in the true God."

So Kapiolani went on, and many people watched her go. They thought the angry goddess would surely kill her.

But she went safely all the way. On the edge of the crater, she threw stones down into the red-hot mass, and the people expected to see her fall down dead. Then she ate some of the sacred berries that no one was allowed to touch; still nothing happened.

Then she called on her people to worship the true God, who made all things; and many fell on their knees and prayed, and rose up to sing His praise.

The people on the island had little money, but they willingly gave what they had. They brought food to the missionaries and to the girls' school, and they worked hard to build churches and chapels.

#### HEATHEN TEMPLES BUILT INTO CHURCHES

When the large stone church called Kawaihāo Church, was built in Honolulu, some of the great blocks of coral that went into its walls were brought from old heathen temples. Others were quarried from a coral reef out in the sea. The lime was made from coral, too, which was brought up from the bottom of the sea by divers, and then carried seven miles to the church. The timbers came from the for-



The oldest church in the islands contains some blocks of coral in its walls that were brought from old heathen temples.

ests on the mountains, and were dragged to the place by long lines of men and women.

When the logs were hewn and ready, two lines of men and women would take firm hold of long ropes fastened to them, ready to pull as hard as they could. One man was the leader. When he called out, "Grasp the ropes! Bow the head! Blister the hands! Go! Sweat!" away they went, singing and shouting, over rocks and through mud and across streams, stopping for nothing.

Then the leader would shout: "Halt! Drop! Drag ropes! Rest!" and they would all stop to get their breath, ready for the next pull.



A HAWAIIAN BOY

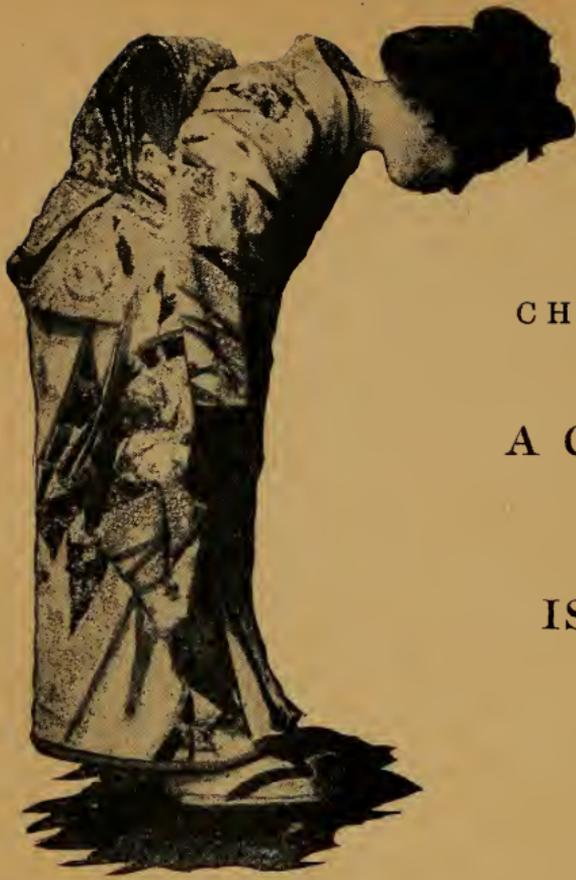
I think the people who worked so hard for their church must have loved it very much when it was finished; don't you? The church was dedicated in July, 1844.

As the years passed, and more and more boats stopped at Honolulu on their way back and forth across the wide Pacific, many people

came to live on the beautiful islands. Some came from Japan, and some from China, and some from America, and some from other places. Now there are more of these peoples living in the islands than of the Hawaiians themselves. They have schools and churches and cities and street cars and automobiles.

Twenty years ago the people living on the islands said, "We would like to belong to the United States." So the islands were annexed, or taken into the family of the United States, as a sort of younger sister.

Nearly thirty-five years ago two men, Mr. Scott and Mr. La Rue, came to the Hawaiian Islands to tell the people the good news that Jesus is soon coming. Elder William Healey came a little later, and held some tent meetings. Other men and women have come since then to work for the people, and now there is a good sized company in Honolulu who look for His coming. Every Sabbath, they meet in a pleasant little church, to sing and pray and to have Sabbath school. There is a church school, too, for the children. We hope that when Jesus comes, there will be many from these islands who will welcome Him with joy.

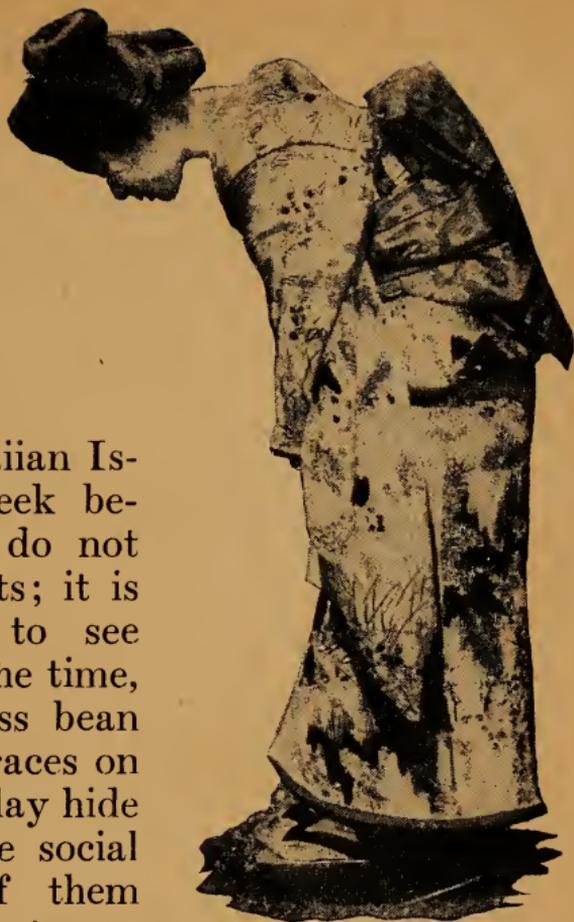


CHAPTER VI  
A COUNTRY  
OF  
ISLANDS

**A** GAIN we are westward bound, every day now sailing farther and farther and farther from Hawaii. There is no land in sight anywhere. In the morning, as far as we can see, there is only water. At noon it is the same. And at night the sun sinks down into the sea like a great red ball. The days are all the same—nothing but water everywhere.

We have come three thousand miles on the big Pacific Ocean now. New York is very far away. San Francisco too. Even the

In Japan everybody bows. When two friends meet, they both bow very low and gracefully several times. At each bow, they say something very polite, using many words that speak of one's self as humble and the other person as very great and honorable.

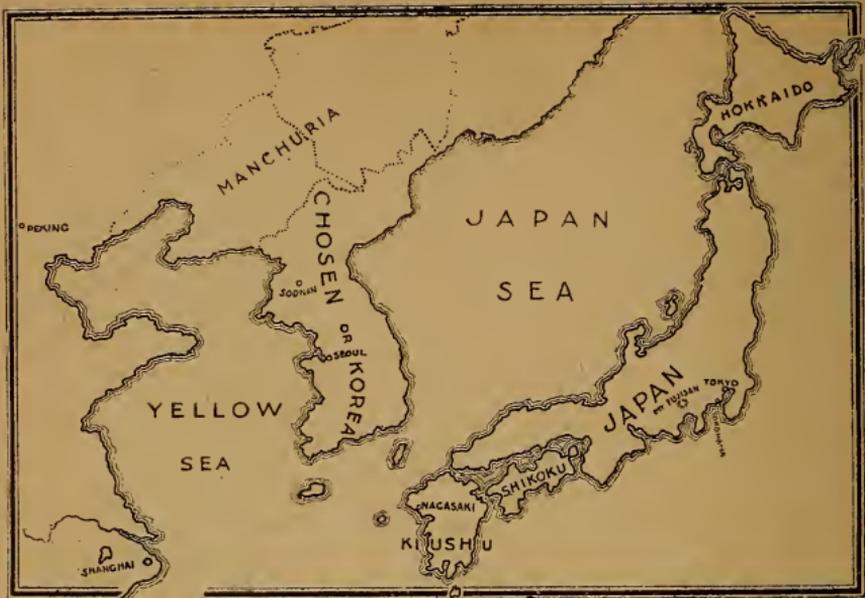


beautiful Hawaiian Islands are a week behind us. We do not pass many boats; it is very exciting to see one. To pass the time, the children toss bean bags, and run races on the deck, and play hide and seek in the social hall. Some of them swim in the great canvas tank that is filled each day with fresh sea water.

Every day, we are three hundred miles farther away from home, and three hundred miles nearer our next stopping place, Japan.

#### “THE ISLAND EMPIRE”

Japan is a country of islands. Sometimes it is called “the Island Empire.” These islands form a great chain, two thousand miles long. If we were to think of the islands as



JAPAN AND CHOSHEN

beads on a long thread, how many do you suppose we should have to count if we counted them all? Nearly four thousand!

And such queer names! Hondo, Kiushu, Shikoku, and Hokkaido are the four largest.

Look at the map, and you will see this curving line of islands. What does it look like, to you? Some persons think it looks like an archer's bow; others say it is like a lovely necklace, but to me it looks most like three embroidered scallops on Sister's best dress.

The Japanese love their beautiful country, and think it more wonderful than any other. In poetry, they call it Yamato; but in everyday talk, they call it Dai Nippon, which means Great Sunrise. From this name, we

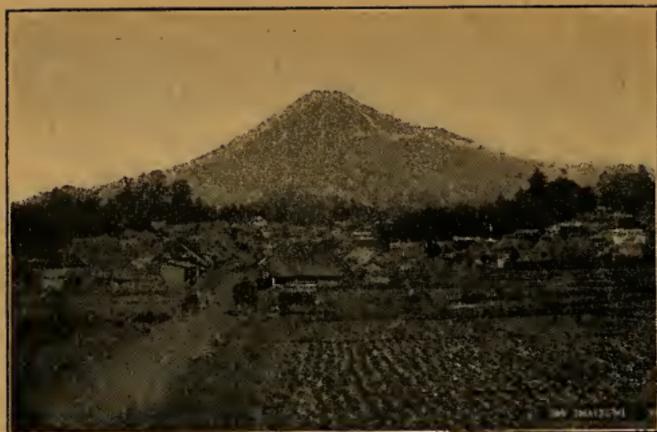
call Japan the Sunrise Kingdom, and sometimes the Land of the Rising Sun.

Japan has two flags. Both these flags are white; one has a plain red ball on it, and the other a red ball with rays. Both these balls represent the sun. You can easily see that the Japanese, who love their country so truly, are very fond of their flag. On holidays thousands of these flags flutter on long streamers above the low schoolhouses. If you should see a ship sailing up the Hudson River some day, with a white flag and a red ball on it, you would know at once that it had come from the far-off Land of the Rising Sun.

One more name that the Japanese have for their country is this: "Toyo-ashi wara-no chio-no akino, mizu-ho no-kuni." This name means, so I am told by a Japanese lady, "The Luxuriant Reed Plains, the Land of Fresh Rice Ears of Such Good Crop that One Thousand Five Hundred Autumns Come at Once." But this must be a kind of dress-up name; it is surely too long for everyday use. The Japanese often shorten this name to the words, "Toyo-ashi wara-no mizu-ho no-kuni," which would be, "The Luxuriant Reed Plains, the Land of Fresh Rice Ears."

#### JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN

Japan is a land of mountains, many of them very high. But the most beautiful



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“Like a great  
inverted fan”  
stands Fujisan.  
Thousands of  
summer pil-  
grims worship  
the rising  
sun from  
its summit.

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mountain, and the one the Japanese people love best of all, is Fujisan, generally called Mount Fuji. They have many stories about it; and every year, thousands of pilgrims climb to the top, and worship in the temples along the way.

If the day is clear, passengers on ships coming into the harbor at Yokohama may get a fine view of Fujisan; but often the mountain top is wreathed in mists and clouds that hide it from view. Often, too, it may be seen from the train; people are always looking out the windows to catch a glimpse of Fujisan, and they are very happy indeed if they see its lovely outline rising high up against the sky.

Japan does not have many thunderstorms, but it often has earthquakes. It is not uncommon to feel the house tremble, or the bed shake at night; but these small earthquakes do little harm. Sometimes there is a big “quake.” Then the earth opens in great

cracks; houses are thrown down; railway tracks are twisted and bent; and sometimes thousands of people are killed.

#### THE WATERS OF JAPAN

Japan's rivers are neither very long nor very deep. They are wide, compared with their length; but compared with such rivers as the Amazon in South America, and the Yangtze in China, they are not wide after all. Most of the year, they are only rivers of sand and pebbles and bowlders. Sometimes a narrow ribbon of water winds in and out among the stones on its way to the sea. In the rainy season, the water comes tumbling down the hillsides, filling the river beds to overflowing. Often the water floods the lowlands, and does great damage.



Little boats bringing country produce down to the city and carrying supplies back.



When I inquired about the Ainu in Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan, a Japanese, with customary courtesy, offered to go out of his way to guide me to their village. We found them living in little wooden huts, with bear cages near, and cubs playing about in the yards. They are worshipers of the bear, and hold a bear festival once each year. These aborigines have a legend of the Flood. The men wear heavy black beards; and the women, using soot, tattoo mustaches on their lips.

Lake Biwa is the one large lake in Japan, but there are a few small ones.

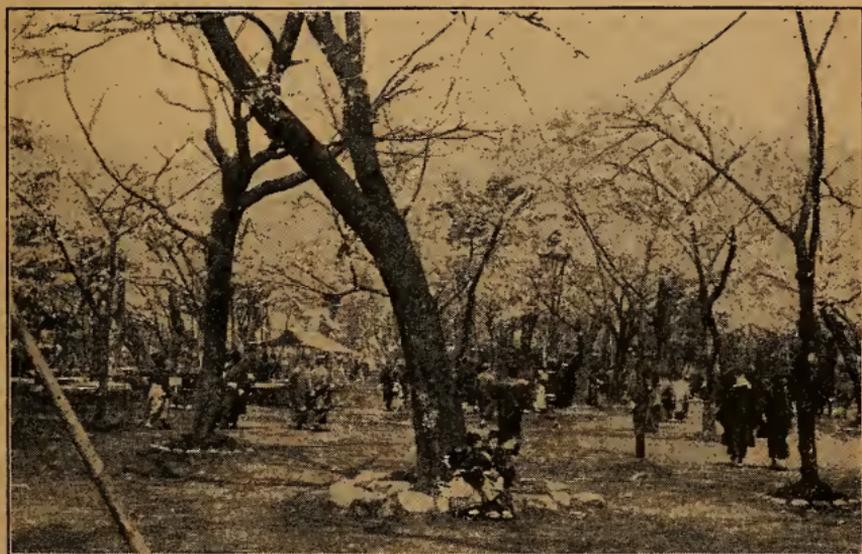
Japan has lovely flowers. In the spring comes the plum and the peach and the double pink cherry blossoms, with wisteria hanging in fragrant, graceful plumes from hundreds of trellises, hydrangeas in the gardens, and azaleas flaming from every hillside. Wherever one goes through Japan in spring and summer, one catches bright glimpses of wild flowers.

Japan has many large, busy cities, many big towns, and many small villages. In the crowded cities, many families live in a single house, just as they do in New York; but in the country, there are many little homes in the green fields. Often there is a small cluster

of houses where a number of families live, or a number of small families that are a part of one large family. In the morning, they go to the fields to work; and at evening, they return home to eat and rest. In the olden days, the people lived in groups, in order better to defend themselves against wild animals and robbers.

#### A LITTLE OF JAPAN'S HISTORY

You remember how Columbus found the New World, and how, after him, many men sailed across the sea in ships to see what they could find—new lands, and precious stones, and always, more than anything else, gold and silver.



Cherry trees in the parks and by the roadside are grown purely for their profuse blossoms.

From the very first, these men wrote about when they started, and what they found, and the places where they built houses. If they stayed long anywhere, and if the native people were friendly, they wrote that down. If they had battles with the natives,—and I am sorry to say there was a great deal of fighting going on, first and last,—they never failed to write all about that.

All this written story about the things that have happened in a country is its history. Our own country is young. It is only a little over four hundred and twenty-five years since Columbus started off on his famous voyage. Some countries, like Egypt, have a written history that goes back for thousands of years. We call these countries old.

Japan is an old country, if we compare its history with that of America. Hundreds of years before Columbus was born, history of some sort was written in Japan.

Every people have some story about how the world was made. If they do not know and believe the beautiful *true* story, told in the Bible, they invent stories of their own.

This is the way it was in Japan. Long, long ago, men told these stories to their children; and these children grew up and told them to other children, and so on.

By and by a man named Are, who had a wonderful memory, loved to hear these old



Why shouldn't they look pleasant, with such a fine grandson to care for while his parents are out in the paddy fields working?

stories. He went up and down through the country, and listened to the tales told by the old men in the villages and in the country places and in the busy towns. And he remembered all that he heard, so that after a while, he could tell them himself as well as any one else.

In time, Are himself grew old. The empress heard of him, and of the wonderful stories he could tell, all about Japan. She sent a man named One Yasumaro to write them all down in a book, so they could be kept

always. This book is called "Kojiki," which means "The Record of Ancient Things." The Japanese believe these stories, and the children read them in the queerest looking books in the world. I will tell you the Japanese story of how the sun came to be, so you can see what these stories are like.

#### STRANGE BELIEFS

Long ago, the sun goddess became angry; so she ran away and hid in a cave, and rolled a great stone in front of it, in order that not a ray of light could get out. Then all the earth became dark, and the other gods and goddesses tried to think of a way to get her to come out of the cave, so they could have light again.

By and by one of them began to dance, and she danced so long and so wildly that the rest began to laugh.

This was too much for the sun goddess in her cave. She had thought the others would be very unhappy if she went away, and not feel at all like laughing. And here they were having a good time without her. Very carefully she rolled the stone back a little to peep out.

This was what the others had been watching for. Quick as a wink, one of the gods jumped behind her, and shut the cave, and would not let her in again. She has had to stay out ever

since, and shine on Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Japanese believe, too, that the sun is ruled by a goddess named Amaterasu (Heaven Shiner), from whom the imperial family is descended.

It seems sad to think that people believe such foolish tales, but many of them have never heard of the One who made the earth and the sun and moon and stars.

After the Kojiki was written, many other books were made; and from that day to this, men have kept a record of Japan's kings, and her soldiers, and her wars.

Columbus had heard of this wonderful country of Japan. He called it Cipango; and when he sailed away with his three ships from Palos in Spain, he hoped to sail right up to these islands. But this, as you know, he did not do.

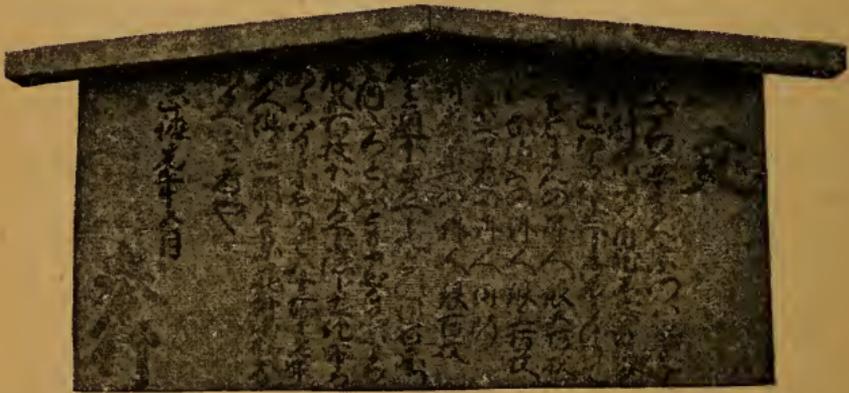
#### THE FIRST CATHOLIC MISSIONARY

About fifty years after Columbus found the New World, a Catholic missionary went to India and started a school. A young Japanese man came to this school; and by and by he went back to Japan, and three Catholic missionaries went with him. Francis Xavier was the name of one of these priests. Very soon many of the Japanese changed from their heathen worship to the worship of the

Catholic saints and images. But they did not all understand about the love of Jesus, and their need of putting away sin and leading pure lives.

For a time, all went well. But finally the Catholic priests who had come to Japan began to burn the Buddhist temples, and to put the Buddhist priests to death. Then the Japanese rose up against the new faith. They were many, and the men who had come to the island as missionaries were few; so before long, the Japanese had killed nearly all of them. Some were sent away, and others fled. That was a sad day; the name of Jesus, which should be the dearest name in every land, was despised and hated and loathed in Japan.

The king of the country made a decree, as the kings we read about in the Bible used



"So long as the sun shall warm the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan." Even the "great God of all, if He violate this command, shall pay for it with His head." This and other startling notices were posted at every prominent place in Japan until recent times.



A hill-climbing jitney. The "service station" is some mountain tea house.

to do. "So long as the sun shall warm the earth," this decree said, "let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan." If any one came, even a king, he should be put to death.

So the country was shut up. No ships from distant lands were allowed to come into her lovely harbors; no people of Western countries were allowed to live in her cities and towns. Japan was like a beautiful garden that is fenced all around with a high, strong wall. The people inside did not want to see out, and the people outside could not get in.

But there was, so to speak, a door in the wall around Japan—not a big one, and not

open very wide; still it was large enough to let other nations know just a little about Japan.

What was the door? It was a small island in the harbor of Nagasaki. On this island, a few men from Holland were allowed to live. Here they brought dishes and cloth and other things to sell to the Japanese; and the Japanese brought to them the things they were willing to give in exchange. For more than two hundred years, these Dutch "traders" came to Japan; and though they had to stay on the one little island, and could not go into the city, still the Japanese learned something about the great, busy world so far away; and the great, busy world learned a little about Japan.

After a while, the laws that were like a strong, high wall around Japan were changed.

#### JAPAN OPENS HER DOORS

For more than two hundred years, the rulers of Japan kept the ships and men from Western nations out of her harbors and cities.

But no country can be shut up to itself in these days, because it is God's plan that the good news of the second coming of Jesus shall go to every nation and every people.

So the time came, by and by, when the great nations of the world said: Japan must open her ports, and let our ships come to her

harbors. She must be friendly, and treat our sailors with kindness. All this was helping to carry out God's plan.

In 1853 the president of the United States sent Commodore Perry with four gunboats to carry a letter to the mikado, as the king of Japan is called.

In this letter, the president asked that American ships might stop at Japan to buy coal and to take on fresh water. He also asked that if Japanese sailors should find shipwrecked American sailors, they should treat them kindly, and help them to get home again. On her part, America promised to do the same for Japanese sailors.

The mikado was not very pleased to receive this letter; and for a time, he would not answer.

Commodore Perry waited a few days. Then he turned his ships about, and sailed away. "I will come back next year," he said, "and get the answer then."

In a few months, he was back again. This time, he had eight ships instead of four. And the mikado, who had thought it all over, said, "Yes, boats from America may come to two ports." In due time, all the promises that America made to Japan, and that Japan made to America, were written down very carefully, and signed and sealed.

In his boats, Commodore Perry had brought to Japan presents of many things that Americans were using, but which were not then used in Japan. There were lamps and sewing machines, and a telegraph outfit. The thing you would have liked best, I dare say, was a little train, with engine, cars, and track, all complete. The track was laid, the engine coupled to its cars, a fire built in the engine, and away it went.

That was the first train in Japan, but not the last one by any means. Now they have thousands of cars, and neat railway stations, and boys with red caps to carry your baggage, just as at home.

#### PREPARING JAPAN FOR MISSIONARIES

Very soon then Japan took her place among other great nations. England and France sent ships and signed treaties, and soon any one who wished to visit Japan could do so.

All this was preparing the way for the missionaries, who would come to tell the people about Jesus.

The Japanese are a "little people." That is, most of them are shorter than the men in America and Europe. Some of the women, especially the older women, are very tiny. I have seen little, old, wrinkled grandmothers in Japan that I could very easily have picked up under one arm. They were no taller than

many a ten-year-old girl at home. Nowadays all the boys and girls have dumb-bells and other exercises in school. They march and run and jump and play ball, and are very nimble and quick. All this will help them to grow straight and tall.

It is hard for us to sit Japanese fashion — but not so hard for children as for grown-ups. Look at this lady in the picture, then sit down just the way she sits. How do you like it, after three minutes? My, it makes your muscles cramp, doesn't it? But I have decided that it must be *restful* to the Japanese. In a railway train, I have seen a serious-looking woman, when she was tired of sitting as we sit on the seat, double up Japanese style, and read a book for hours. Even the babies sit this way as soon as they are old enough to sit at all.





These sweet-faced girls love dolls as well as anybody. They dress them in kimonos and "mother" them on their backs.

## CHAPTER VII

### CHILDREN OF JAPAN

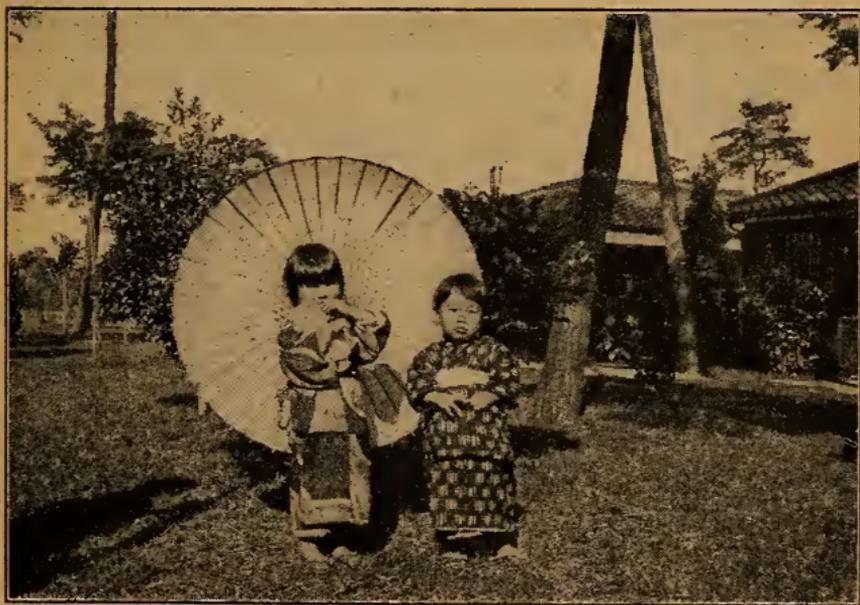
**J**APAN is a great country for children. There are babies everywhere, and toddlers, and then little folks, and bigger, and so on up to the size that is just ready to be grown up. We meet these children in the country lanes, in the villages, and in the towns; they throng the city streets, overflow the tiny houses, and travel by hundreds and thousands on the trains, going to school and home again. In the school playgrounds, we see them marching and dancing and swinging Indian clubs. They play ball, too, and tennis, and other games.

You have seen pictures of Japanese babies carried on the backs of their older brothers and sisters. I had, often. Still I couldn't help fearing that the little things would get a

tumble, the first time I saw them swaying and jiggling while their small nurses ran here and there at some game. But the babies seem to like it. Often a little girl will get a baby to sleep by gently dancing up and down, the baby's head bobbing and bobbing and bobbing like a heavy flower on a slender stem.

This way of carrying little babies is very bad for their eyes, for the bright sun often shines in them for hours. Many children have become blind from this cause.

The other day, I saw such a tiny baby, all wrapped up in padded kimonos (for the day was cool), on the back of a little girl who was hardly more than a baby herself; she could not



"Our umbrella is made of paper; but it keeps our kimonos nice and dry, because it is oiled paper."

# RICE CULTURE



The flooded fields are thoroughly worked over. When the rice plants are still tender shoots, all hands turn in on the transplanting. The sheaves are carried in on the sturdy shoulders of farm girls as well as men. At last the grain is threshed with a flail.

have been more than three years old. She was so tiny that when the baby was fastened on her back, she could not possibly get up on her feet alone. But when her mother helped her up, she could walk around.

Every time she moved, I put out my hands to catch the baby, for I was sure she would fall. The mother and the grandmother smiled to see how worried I was.

#### CHILDREN'S DRESSES IN JAPAN

In Japan, when we see a tiny black-headed baby in a gay red kimono, we know that it is a little girl; for red is the little girls' color. I know a little boy in Japan who cried when his mother made him a red sweater, because he said the little boys laughed at him for wearing a girl's coat. If the baby has on a kimono with brown and purple and other sober hues, we know it is a little boy.

Fathers and mothers in Japan love to buy soft, fine silk clothes for their children. When a child is born, boy or girl, it is the custom for the grandfather to make it a present of a set of beautiful silk dresses, or kimonos, called "ubugi," which means "the first wear." If a boy, the baby is taken to the temple in its ubugi to be presented when it is thirty days old. Girl babies are dressed in the ubugi and taken to the temple when they are thirty-three days old.

Once I saw a baby boy's ubugi. It cost a great deal of money, for the silk was especially woven and dyed for this little lad. The first kimono, worn inside, was plain white silk, very soft and fine; over that was a white kimono with large figures of a soft, light brown color; and over that was a kimono of very heavy silk, dyed black, with the crest of the family in white and black on the back, and on the sleeves, and in front. Usually the black kimono has the same figures on it that are on the kimono worn just beneath it. All these garments were long enough for a young man.

More and more, in these days, the children of Japan are wearing little suits and dresses, with socks and sandals and shoes and caps and hats and coats. They do not look so much like pictures in these clothes, but they are surely much more comfortable.

Many of the poorer Japanese do not have bathtubs in their tiny houses; but they are very fond of bathing, for all that. In every neighborhood, they have a bathhouse, and here every one who wishes to do so may go to bathe. For a few copper coins, he can have water and soap, and a tiny scrap of cotton towel about as large as a napkin. Or he may bring his own soap and towels and little brass washdish if he chooses.

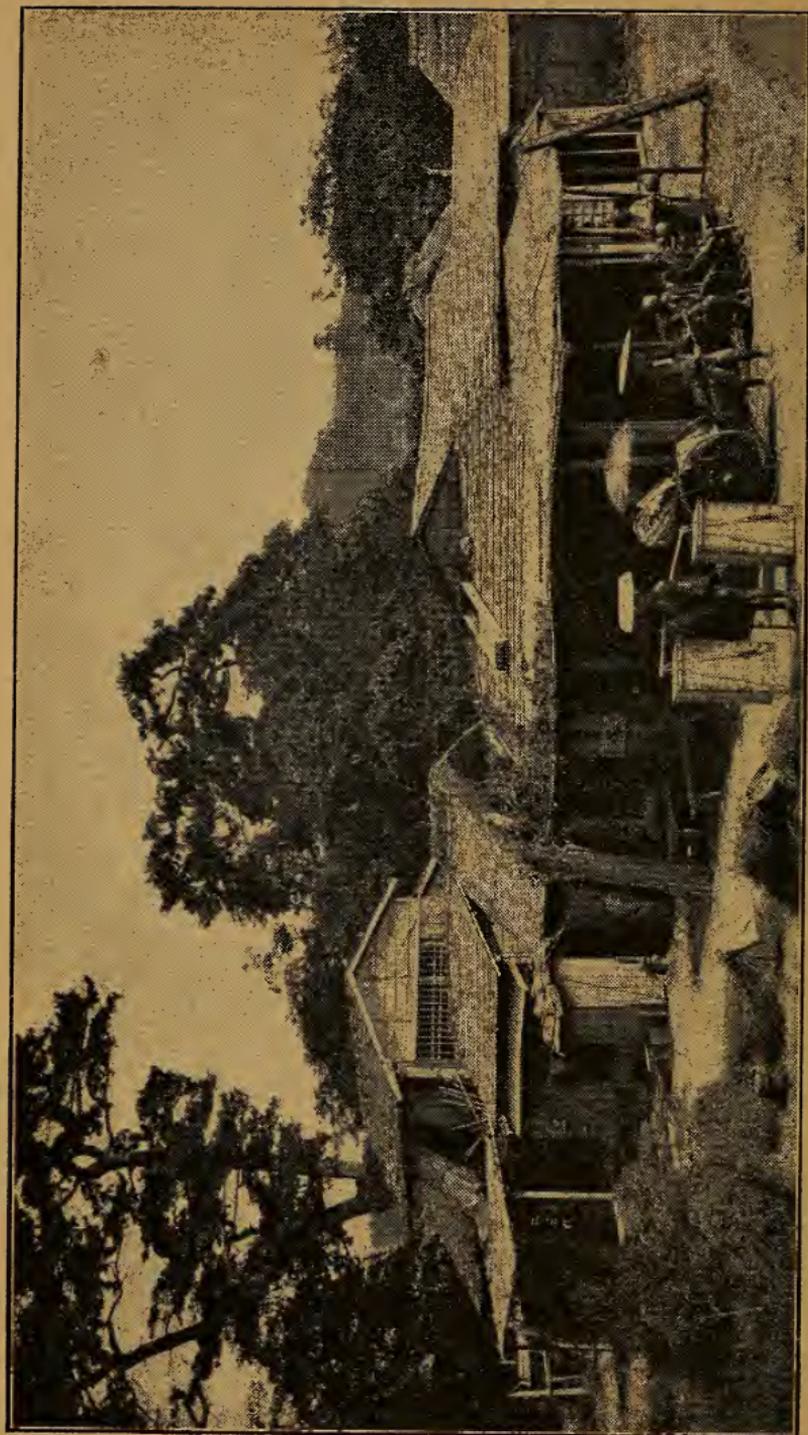
Sometimes the bathtubs in these public bathing places are made of wood, and look like the half of a large barrel; sometimes they are of cement or of marble, like a small swimming pool. There is plenty of hot and cold water.

The bathers scrub well with soap, and rinse it off with clean water; then they climb into the deep tub, with water coming clear up to their chins, and soak as long as they wish. Afterward they may cool off with cold water.

Mothers bring their children, even babies, to the bathhouse, scrub them with soap, rinse them off, and then dip them up and down in the warm water. When they have been dried with a soft towel, and sprinkled with fragrant powder, they are sweet and fresh and rosy, pictures of health and cleanliness.

#### PARKS AND TEMPLES

Japan is a pretty country, with its high mountains, and its pine-covered hills, and its green rice fields. There are lovely maple trees too, in many places, and giant evergreens, which live to a great age. In the busy cities, all kinds of work is done in factories and mills and shops. Tokyo is the capital of Japan, and nearly three million people live there. The palace of the mikado is in Tokyo, and many government buildings also. Only two other great cities of the world—New



Japan abounds with hot and mineral springs, from many of which water is piped into bathing houses. Around these springs in the mountains have sprung up villages where visitors from the cities are given accommodations.

York and London—have more people than Tokyo.

But even in the largest cities, where automobiles rush along, and street cars filled to overflowing jangle their bells, we cannot forget that we are in a land where the great mass of the people do not know and love the Lord Jesus.

Yesterday we visited Uyeno Park. The Japanese usually have temples in their parks. This is because, in the old days, whenever a rich man wished to build a temple, he chose the prettiest place he could find—a green hill, or a high wooded place on the bank of a stream, or some spot from which there was a fine view. Later, when the cities opened parks for the people, they often took the land around these temples. There are a number of temples and shrines in Uyeno, besides a museum, a library, and other buildings. In the spring, the cherry blossoms here are like a lovely pink mist, and every one who can do so comes to Uyeno Park to walk among the trees and admire the delicate pink flowers.

#### SCHOOLS AND HOLIDAYS

All the children in Japan go to school. But they seem to have many holidays. Wherever we go to places of interest, we see Japanese school children by hundreds and sometimes by thousands. In Uyeno Park, yesterday,

there were thousands and thousands of school children, all in uniforms, who had come to visit the temples and to look at a number of curious paintings that were shown in an art gallery.

In Japan, all the school children wear a uniform. The girls wear kimonos, and a dark red skirt that reaches to their ankles and is tied around the waist. The boys wear kimonos, usually of black and white cotton figured material. They wear skirts, too, often of a brownish color; these are tied around their waists. Both the boys and the girls wear skirts outside their kimonos. The boys also wear caps, and they carry their books wrapped neatly in a square of cloth, or fastened at the end of a string, or packed in a bag, which is held under the arm by a strap passed over the shoulder.

I have seen many a boy carefully carrying his ink bottle home at night, fastened to the end of a string. The little girls are almost always bareheaded, but sometimes with a pretty ribbon on their straight black hair.

Most of the school children, boys and girls alike, wear the *geta*, which is a sort of wooden sandal, on raised pegs, and is held on the foot by a heavy cord that slips over the toes, with a fastening into the wood, between the first and second toes. On the nicer *getas*, a great deal of care is given to this cord, which is

made of silk or velvet, and sometimes is richly ornamented.

You never heard such a clatter as a thousand Japanese school children make when walking along the street. And when they are running over the cement platforms at the railway stations, to get the best seats in the trains—dear, me! I couldn't tell you what it does sound like. You would have to hear it.

There is one good thing about these *getas*, though—they slip on and off very easily, and they do not come untied. The children take them off in a little hallway, and *never* wear them into the house. Even the wee girl I was telling you about, with the baby on her back, slipped out of her little red wooden *getas* when she wished to climb the one steep step up into the house.

When the children of a school visit the parks and the temples, they often go some distance on the train, leaving home early in the morning, and getting back late at night. Their teachers go with them, and count them to see if they are all there, and form them in marching lines, and arrange them in groups for the picnic lunch of rice and perhaps a few little cakes. I never saw so many children eating a picnic lunch as we saw in Uyeno Park yesterday.

Coming home, we went to Asakusa, a very famous temple, at the end of a long street.



Asakusa is perhaps the busiest temple in all Japan. One of its idols, a red wooden one, has its nose and ears rubbed away by the many, many diseased persons who have come there for healing.  
God help us to tell the people of Jesus, the great Physician.

On each side of the street were little stalls where all kinds of toys and sweetmeats were for sale. Big rubber balls and painted balloons and little aëroplanes and dolls and candies—almost everything you could think of that children would like to play with and to eat—I saw on that street. It was all gay and pretty—but to me, it was sad, for the

mothers and children walking up the street were going to the temple to bow down before images to pray.

When we came to the temple itself, and went in, we saw many mothers with their children. They would clap their hands together to gain the attention of the god, and then repeat a prayer, some standing up, and some kneeling down. Often the mothers would have the children kneel, and bow very low, and softly tump their foreheads on the floor.

Nearly every one who came left an offering, tossing it into a great box in front of the image. We watched the people five minutes and counted the offerings. There were one hundred and five in five minutes. Many mothers gave their children little coins to toss into the box, and the children seemed to enjoy this part of it.

#### HOLIDAYS IN JAPAN

I must tell you just a little about the holidays of Japan. It is said that in the old times, there were three hundred and sixty-five holidays of one sort and another in a year. That would be almost like having Christmas and Fourth of July all the year round, wouldn't it? But of course the people had to work, too, and many of them were very poor; so in spite of the number of holidays, not everybody could have been going to a picnic *all* the time.

First of all came the New Year holidays, which the Japanese celebrate with feasting and merrymaking of all kinds. Gateways and doorways are decorated with evergreens and flowers; little bamboo and pine trees, bound with ropes of braided straw, are set in front of the homes, and various emblems of good luck and long life are fastened on the lintel of the door. Friends send presents to one another; sometimes a great deal of money is spent in this way that is needed for other things. January 1, 2, and 3 are the more important New Year holidays, but the holiday season does not end till the sixteenth of the month.

January 16 is a pleasant day for all boys in Japan who have been hired out to a master to learn a trade. Such boys we call apprentices, and January 16 is the day when all apprentice boys may go home to visit their parents and brothers and sisters. In July there is another holiday for apprentices.

#### WORSHIP OF BUDDHA

In April little images of the infant Buddha are set up in the temples, and the people worship them. They pour a certain kind of tea over these images, paying a little money to the priests; often they buy some of the tea, and take it home with them to drink. They believe it will cure them of certain ailments.

Sometimes they put it near the foundation pillars of the house, to keep out ants and other insects.

In the old days, the fifteenth of November was the time when little boys and girls who had reached the age of three need no longer have their heads shaved, but might let their hair grow. But in these times, this "hair-leaving" festival is not often observed, because the old custom of shaving the heads of babies and little children is followed less and less.

From July 13 to 16 a great Buddhist festival, sometimes called the Feast of Lanterns, is held. On the first day of the feast, the people visit the graves of their ancestors; and it is their belief that the spirits of these dead relatives return home with them, and stay for three days. During this time, dainty food and lovely flowers are placed before the ancestral tablets. Food is also offered to the spirits who have no one to perform this service for them.

When the feast is ended, all these offerings, and the flowers that have been used, are taken to the river or the sea, and the spirits are supposed to go back to their graves with these things. When a member of the family has died during the year, a tiny house or boat is made, and set afloat on the sea or the river, and it is thought that the spirit goes back to the grave in it.

I must tell you that the ancestral tablets are usually small, thin pieces of wood, with the names of the grandfathers and grandmothers of the family for many years back written on them. The father and the mother and the children set offerings of food before these tablets at certain times, and worship them. If any one refuses to worship the ancestral tablets,—and of course any one who accepts Jesus can no longer worship his parents and grandparents,—he is held to be guilty of a great crime. He may even be sent away from home, and never allowed to return to it as long as he lives.

In Tokyo a festival called “opening the river” comes at this same time. Thousands of boats sail on the river, and at night the bridges are gayly decorated, and the river banks are bright with great numbers of lanterns of every color. Peddlers go here and there selling sweets and flowers and toys, and jugglers and acrobats do their tricks. There are fireworks, too, with rockets shooting high up in the air, and fiery dragons twisting swiftly across the dark sky.

#### THE HOLIDAYS LOVED BEST

But the holidays the children enjoy most of all are the Feast of the Dolls, or the Peach Fete, as it is called, for girls; and the Iris Fete, which is a great day for little boys.

The Feast of the Dolls begins on the third day of March. In the very best room in the house, shelves or little tables are set up, and covered with red cloth. On them are placed the dolls.

Some of these dolls have been kept in the family for years and years. If they can afford it, every family buys a new doll each year; and as these dolls are kept very choicely, it is easy to see that in the course of years there would be many of them. If a family has been rich for many years, there will be dolls enough to fill a number of shelves. All these dolls are beautifully dressed.

Nearly always there is at least one group that represents the emperor and the empress in old-style court costume. Near by may be the court musicians. Sometimes, in a large collection, there may be two or three groups representing kings and queens, each with their attendants. All these have their own furniture, and even little palanquins, and oxcarts, and dishes, and toilet articles.

Besides these, the family has many baby dolls, which are dressed just like babies, with all kinds of bright-colored crepe dresses.

The royal dolls are given the place of honor, and preside over the feast. Before all the dolls are tiny tables, set with the prettiest little "doll dishes" you ever saw, and in them are placed bits of dainty food.



Japanese farmers are adepts at growing rice in their flooded paddy fields. The little mothers cook it very daintily in their earthen or iron kettles. But when it comes to final consumption of this staple, no one can surpass in skill and dispatch the boy whose game of "basu bawru" has been interrupted just long enough for a hasty meal.

At the time of the Feast of the Dolls, every one wears his best clothes. The little girls look much like bright butterflies with their new gay-colored kimonos with long sleeves for wings, their beautiful wide obi, or sashes, and gay silken ribbons or sweet-smelling flowers in their dark hair. Their friends come to call, and to look at the dolls and eat the little cakes. A special sweetish drink also is served.

In the old days, this pretty festival was a kind of emperor worship; but now it is kept up to give the children pleasure.

The Feast of the Dolls lasts three days. When it is all over, the dolls are wrapped in soft paper, and carefully put away in a safe place again. Often they are kept in fireproof storehouses.

The Boys' Festival comes on the fifth of May. No one who is in a city of Japan, or riding on a train through the country, can possibly fail to remember that Japan has a boys' holiday. In front of every house where a little boy lives, a pole is set up, and from the top of it a great fish, made of paper or of thin cloth, is fastened. Some of these fish are black and white, and some are red and white. Their mouths are held open with a hoop of bamboo; and every little breeze fills their bodies, and causes them to float and "swim" in the most lifelike manner. These fish are not all the same size; some of them are four or five feet in length, others are shorter. I have counted as many as eight of these cloth or paper fish flying from one pole. That would show that there were eight boys in that house. And a Japanese family having eight sons is, according to their idea, a very happy family indeed.

These paper and cloth fish represent the carp, a fish that lives to a great age, and is

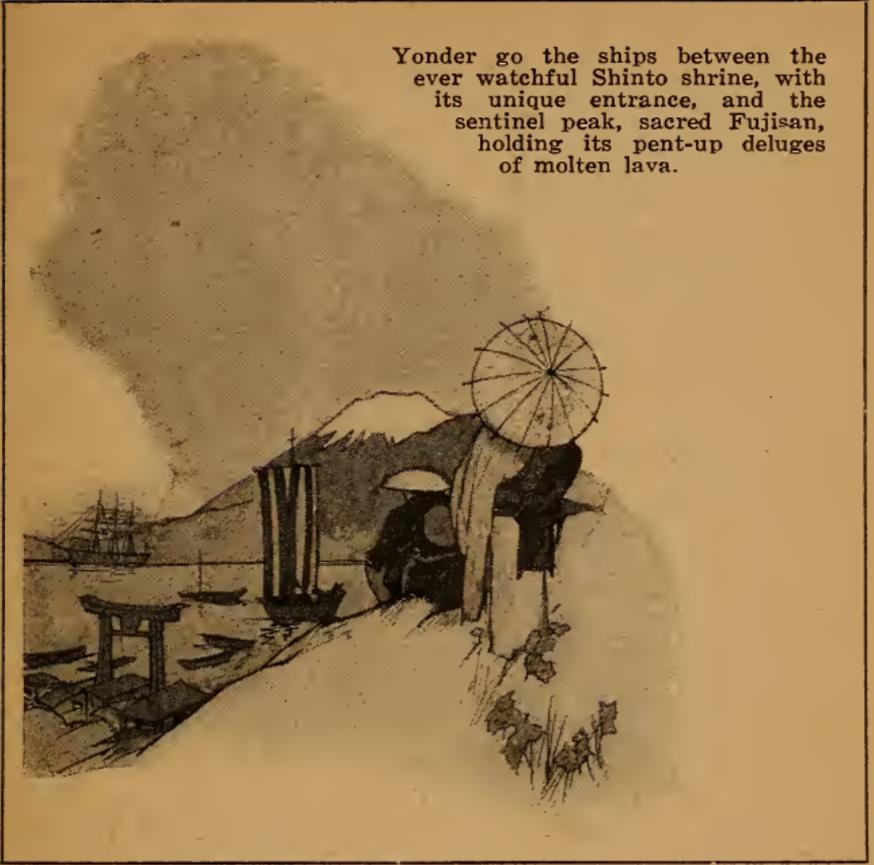
a very strong swimmer. It can even swim against the current of a swift river, and mount waterfalls, like the salmon of the west coast of America. By hanging out these paper or cloth fish, the parents are saying that they hope their boys will be strong and brave, able to do well in hard places, and that they will live a long time.

A special kind of rice dumplings, of which Japanese boys are very fond, is made for this day. Drums and helmets and banners and spears are sold in the shops. There are all sorts of little soldiers, too, marching in neat rows, or riding on horses, or standing at attention. These soldier figures, with their swords and guns, are bought and placed on shelves and tables in the homes where there are boys. Often the boys form little companies and march up and down. There are many parties and picnics, too.

The Boys' Festival does not close with one day, but the fish are left swinging and swaying in the breeze, each fastened securely to its pole, for some time. Of course the sun and the rain and the wind spoil them in a few weeks, and then they are taken down. The fifth day of May always brings a fresh supply.

I wonder if you think you would like to be a boy in Japan. Well, there are some things I might tell you that would make you think twice before deciding yes.

Yonder go the ships between the  
ever watchful Shinto shrine, with  
its unique entrance, and the  
sentinel peak, sacred Fujisan,  
holding its pent-up deluges  
of molten lava.



## CHAPTER VIII

### MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN

**A** LONG time ago, more than a thousand years, a Christian doctor came to Japan, and stayed in the court of the emperor. So even in those early years, the Japanese people must have heard the name of Jesus.

I have already told you how, in 1549, Francis Xavier (pronounced Za'vier) and two other priests, with a Japanese who had accepted the Christian faith, came to Japan, and began to tell the people about Jesus. But these men, and others who came later, wished to compel every one to be a Christian, even if he did not wish to be one. This made very bad feeling.

By and by a strong king came to the throne in Japan, and he said that all the Christian missionaries must go away at once. The Japanese Christians must give up their new religion, too, and not believe it any more. More than a hundred Christian churches were destroyed, and all the missionaries were killed or driven out of the country.

While it is true that many Japanese who became Christians did not really know much about the new religion, some of them were very brave and loyal, and truly loved Jesus. They were willing to suffer for Him, and some of them were burned, and died in other cruel ways.

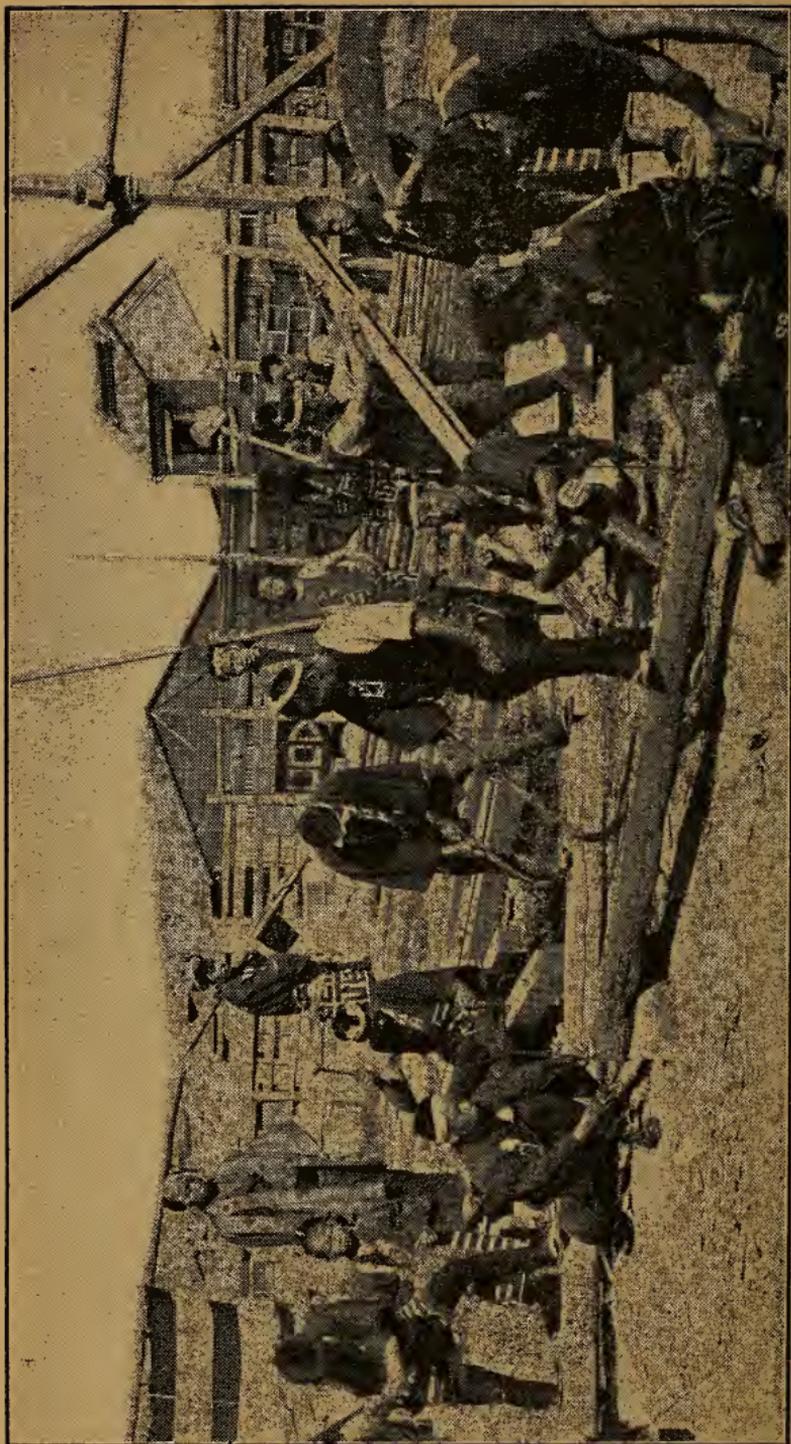
We are told that one little boy was burned to death rather than say that he would give up being a Christian. When the cords that bound him to the stake were burned away, he ran to his mother. "Look up to heaven," she told him; and he died there in her arms. For more than a hundred years the Christians

were treated very cruelly. Many of them were killed. Notices were posted in the cities and towns warning people not to come to Japan for any reason. If sailors were shipwrecked, they were not to land on the islands of Japan. If they did, they would be put to death.

After a while the rulers were sure that there were no more Christians in Japan. But all the years that Japan was shut up, as I told you, as if it had a great wall around it, there were men and women, hundreds of them, who remembered the name of Jesus, and loved it. Some met in hidden places to worship Him. But they were very careful not to spread their precious secret abroad, as they would surely be killed if it became known.

But the time came when every nation must hear the good news that Jesus is coming again. The Lord opened the way for the people of Japan to hear too. The rulers first allowed a few people to live in certain cities, and by and by men and women who loved Jesus came to teach the young Japanese to read English and to study other things. Some of these boys and girls learned the gospel, though for many years the teachers had to be very careful.

Guido F. Verbeck was one of the Christian teachers who went from America to Japan. There were still public notices against "the



Building a house in Japan. Upon its completion it is dedicated by means of a special ceremony and a feast given to the workmen.

evil sect called Christians," but Mr. Verbeck found ways to tell the people about Jesus. He worked for nearly forty years in Japan; and before he died, he had the joy of seeing thousands of Japanese boys and girls in Christian schools, reading the Bible, and singing Christian hymns. He loved Japan and her people so much that he said, "If I had a hundred lives, I would give them all for Japan."

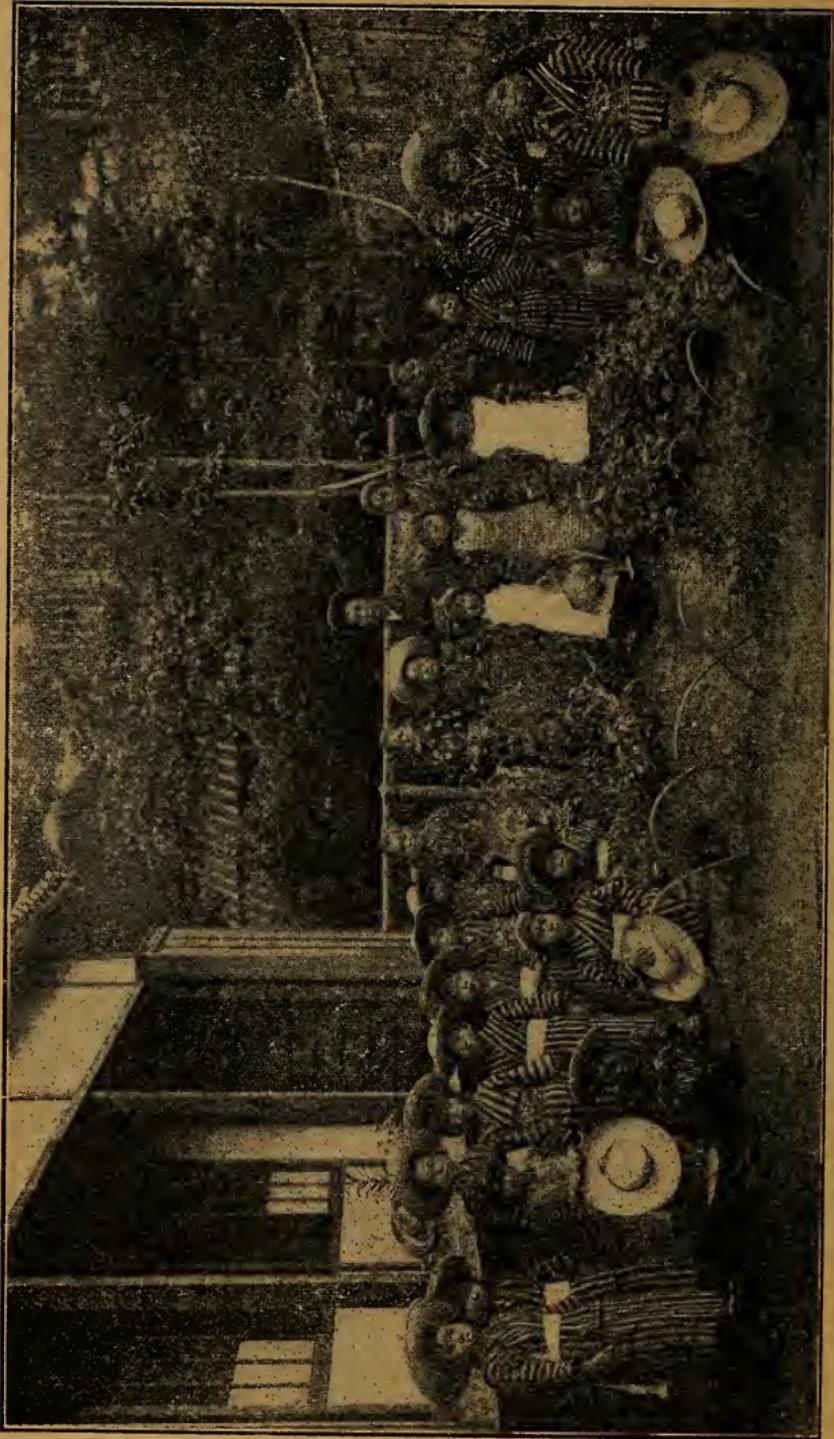
A few years before Mr. Verbeck came to Japan, the king had set watchmen in the lovely harbor of Nagasaki to see that no one from other lands came to Japan.

One of these watchmen was Murata Wakasa no Kami. One day while he was on duty, he saw a little dark thing on the water; and when his men brought it to him, he saw that it was a book. It was really a Bible, which in some way had been dropped into the water. Murata learned that it was a book that told about "the One who made all things." Then he heard that the Bible had been printed in the Chinese language, so he sent a man to China to buy a copy. This he read in secret.

By and by Murata's younger brother came to Mr. Verbeck to school. And so, after a time, Murata learned more about Jesus, whom he already loved, and he gladly gave his heart to Christ.

About this time, a young man came from Japan to Boston to study. The owner of the

JAPANESE ORPHANAGE



ship on which he sailed liked the lad, who was called "Joe," and he took him to be his son, and sent him to school. This young man, Joseph Hardy Neesima, as he was later called, became a Christian; and when his school days were over, he went back to Japan to teach the people, and to tell them the Good News.

In these days there are many Christian teachers and many mission schools in Japan, and thousands of Japanese have heard and read of Jesus, and how He gave His life to save those in every nation who would give their hearts to Him.

I sometimes wonder if children who have been born in Christian homes remember to thank their loving heavenly Father that they are taught to love Jesus when they are little.

A number of years ago a man who loved children came to Japan for a visit. He loved all children, but he especially loved the children whose fathers and mothers had died, and who had no one to take care of them. He had gathered hundreds and thousands of these children into homes, and had fed and clothed and taught them.

This man's name was George Mueller, and his home was in England. When he was in Japan, they asked him to have his picture taken; and he said: "No; let one of your Japanese Christians found an orphanage. That will be my photograph."

By and by a young man did that very thing. He did not have any money, but he trusted the Lord to supply what the children needed for food and clothes.

There came a time when the rice was nearly all gone, and there was no money to buy any more. Many people in Japan at that time had very little food. There was no one they could ask to help them.

The children ate their supper of thin rice gruel, and Mr. Ishii told them they could not have even that very long. Then he told them how, long ago, a poor man named Dobry, in Poland, had no money with which to pay his rent. It was winter, and the snow was deep, and it was bitter cold. The very next day, Dobry and his wife and little children would be turned out of doors, and they had no place to go. So they all knelt down and told Jesus about it; and when they rose from their knees, they began to sing praises to the Lord. They believed He would help them.

He did help them, in a very wonderful way. While they sang, there came a rap, tap, tap, at the window; and when Dobry opened it, a raven flew in, with a ring in its beak. The ring was worth a great deal of money. It belonged to the king, who had lost it, and who was so glad to find it that he built a new house for Dobry, and gave him other presents. And Dobry and his family did not forget that it

was the Lord who helped them in their hour of need.

When Mr. Ishii had told the children this story, he said that the same heavenly Father who had sent the raven with the ring to Dobry's window was able to help them.

He was going out to a little graveyard to pray when supper was over, he said, and he invited as many of the children as wished to do so to come too.

About thirty children went with him; and after he had prayed, Mr. Ishii left the place to attend a meeting, but some of the children stayed in the little graveyard to pray.

And the Lord heard their prayer. Even while they were praying, a woman from another city came to the door of the orphanage and brought a little gift of money to buy food. The money had come from America. Mrs. Ishii sent word to her husband, and he told the people in the chapel. He had not told them of the need of the children, and now, when they heard the story, they praised the Lord who hears and answers prayer.

Our heavenly Father loves the children in every land. And in all places, those who love and trust Him have His special care. He does not look at the color of their skin or eyes or hair, He does not look at the clothes they wear, but He looks at their hearts. If kindness and love are there, He is pleased.



Cottages in the compound at the headquarters of our mission work in Japan.

## CHAPTER IX

### OUR MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN

**I**N this chapter, I wish to tell you a little about our own mission work in Japan. The first man to come to this island empire to tell the people that Jesus is soon coming again was Mr. W. C. Grainger. With him was a young Japanese, Mr. T. H. Okohira, who came to help him. They opened a school, and soon about sixty young men were coming to study English. Of course they were taught the gospel too.

When they had been there a year, a little church was organized. There was Sabbath school every Sabbath, and about sixty persons

came. A little paper called *Owari no Fukuin* (The Gospel for the Last Days) began to be printed.

By and by other missionaries came. They worked in the larger cities, and in some places in the country. It is very hard to buy land in Japan, for the Japanese law will not permit foreigners to buy it; but after a time a little piece of ground was rented in a suburb of Tokyo, and here a church has been built, and a printing office, and a school. There are some pleasant mission homes, too.

Every Sabbath, the people meet in the little church near Ogikubo to have Sabbath school, and to hear God's Word read. The little boys and girls study the Sabbath school lessons, repeat the memory verses, and bring their birthday offerings, just the same as at home. They have the Picture Rolls, too, and the Memory Verse cards, but with such queer looking marks on them for words!



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Where the  
Japanese  
*Signs of  
the Times*  
is pub-  
lished.

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It makes me happy to know that there are little children in Japan who love the Lord Jesus, and keep the Sabbath, and will be glad to see Him when He comes.

#### A BOY WHO LOVED JESUS

Iwao was born in a Japanese home. His father and mother are Christians; but his grandfather, whom he dearly loved, worshiped according to the Japanese custom. He was a rich old man, and around his beautiful home was a garden filled with lovely flowers. He was very angry when Iwao's mother, who was his daughter, gave her heart to Jesus, and would no longer worship the ancestral tablets.

Iwao loved Jesus. And he loved the Sabbath. Every little boy in Japan must go to school when he is six years old, and the school is held six days in the week. On every day but Sunday, which is a holiday in Japan, there is school.

Iwao did not wish to go to school on Sabbath. When people said, "Iwao, are you going soon to school?" he would say, "Yes"; still he did not wish to go. By and by his father talked with the head man of the school, who said, "Iwao may be excused on Sabbath." Then the little boy was very happy. "I can go to school! I can go to school, and keep the Sabbath!" he said. He was so happy, he told the good news to the neighbors.

Iwao's mother feared to have her gentle little son go to school. But he said: "Do not be troubled, mother. I will not learn bad things—only good things. If some one should strike me on my right cheek, I will turn my left cheek."

One evening Iwao in his prayer thanked the Lord that he had escaped temptation that day.

"What were you tempted to do, Iwao?" his mother asked.

"I was tempted to throw mud at a servant through the window," he told her. Then he thought, "This is a thing I ought not to do," and he ran away as fast as he could.

After a time little Iwao became very ill. His aged grandfather came often to see him. Iwao loved the old man. Often when fruit or flowers were brought to him, he would say: "Grandfather is old; he must have this. This is what grandfather needs." One day he said: "Mother, grandfather's birthday is coming. I will buy him a Bible and a songbook with my own money, then he can learn the gospel. That is the thing he ought to have."

Iwao's grandfather loved to bring things to him. Only a few days before the little boy died, the old man brought a bowl of soup which he thought was very nourishing and would make the child strong. But though Iwao dearly loved his grandfather, and was grieved to displease him, still he would not do



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In response to our call at the entrance of a certain well-to-do home in Kagoshima, the white paper door slides back, and a quiet little old lady, kneeling on the clean mat floor, bows low before us, so low that her forehead touches the mat. It is Ogura San, the sister-in-law of Admiral Togo, and a strong pillar of the Seventh-day Adventist church in her city.

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what he understood the Bible said he must not do.

“Mother,” he said softly, when his grandfather had gone, “I think I should not eat this. The Bible forbids it.”

“I must leave that to you,” his mother said.

“No, I will not eat it,” said Iwao. “Pour it out at the root of the tree; then no one will be harmed by it.”

In a Japanese home it is the custom for the mothers and the sisters to have always a smiling face. But when Iwao’s mother saw how sick her dear child was, her face was sad. One day he said, “Mother, please make a pleasant face to me;” and always after that she smiled to make him happy.

Day by day the little boy grew more thin and pale. His grandfather was very sad. As

often as he could he came to see the child, and always he said to him: "Iwao, you are a wise little boy. I wish you to be a great man when you grow up, and to be honored in Japan. You must not be a Christian."

The story Iwao loved best to hear was about Stephen, who, when he was being stoned to death, looked up into heaven and saw Jesus. He hoped to see Him too some day. Often he talked about Paul, the great missionary. On the very day that he was first to go to school he became unconscious, so that he no longer could see his mother's face or speak to her, and in three days he fell asleep.

Jesus is pleased when children love Him. He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." And I believe that angels guard the place where Iwao rests, waiting for the glad day when He who loves all children will waken this little boy and give him endless life.

We are sorry to leave the lovely land of Japan, with its dark green hills, and its beautiful valleys, and the calm waters of its peaceful Inland Sea. At Shimonoseki, a very important town where many large ships are built every year, we stopped for a few hours.

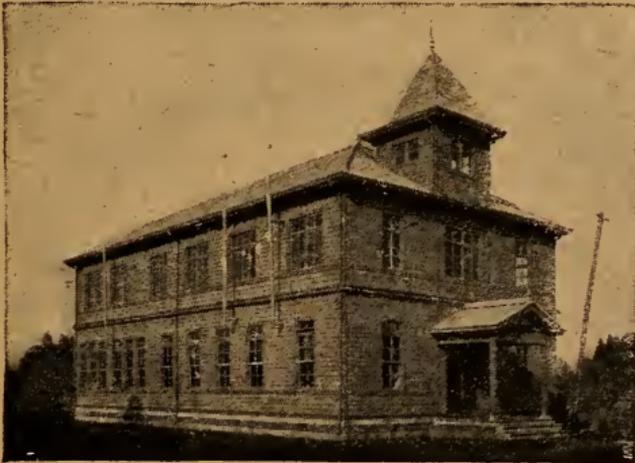
Boys and men were walking along the pier, calling out, "Dempo! Dempo! Dempo!" One of them *seemed* to be saying, "Dempo!



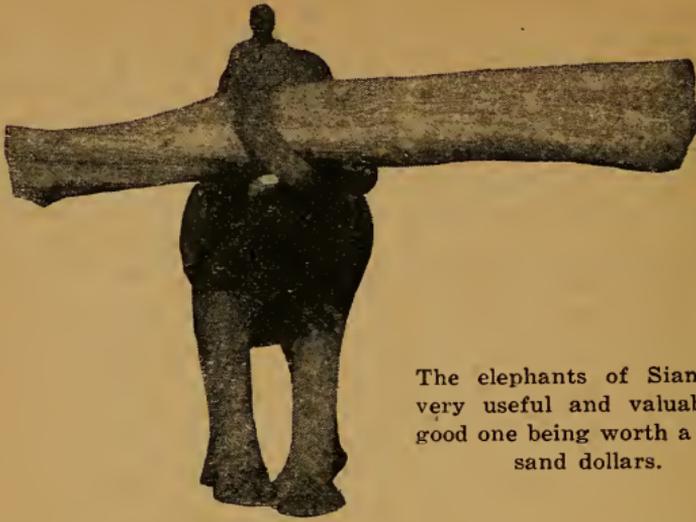
Our church at Wakamatsu is one of six that are giving the "glad tidings" to Japan.

"Dempo I got! Dempo I got!" Probably it only sounded like that to me; but anyway, these lads all had dempos to sell, and wished to get rid of them.

A dempo is a lunch, put up in small square or oblong boxes, piled one on top of another. The boxes are made of very thin strips of white wood. One box may be filled with hot, white rice, and a second box may have grated fish to eat on the rice. There is usually one box divided into several little square spaces, each holding some kind of pickle or relish. With the dempo come a pair of new chopsticks, wrapped in clean paper. Japanese children on the trains think it great fun to eat a dempo; and the children of the missionaries like them, too.



OUR SCHOOL AT TOKYO



The elephants of Siam are very useful and valuable, a good one being worth a thousand dollars.

## CHAPTER X

### THE LAND OF SIAM

**T**HIS chapter finds us a long way from Japan, "the Island Empire," away down on the southeast corner of Asia. Yesterday was Christmas. On Christmas Eve, the Chinese stewards on the boat trimmed the dining *salon* with flags of many nations, and paper wreaths, and a tiny tree. It was all in lovely order on Christmas morning.

And the Christmas dinner, served in the evening, was very nice to look at, with candles, and "crackers" to snap—but nothing tasted like home! There are only eight first-class

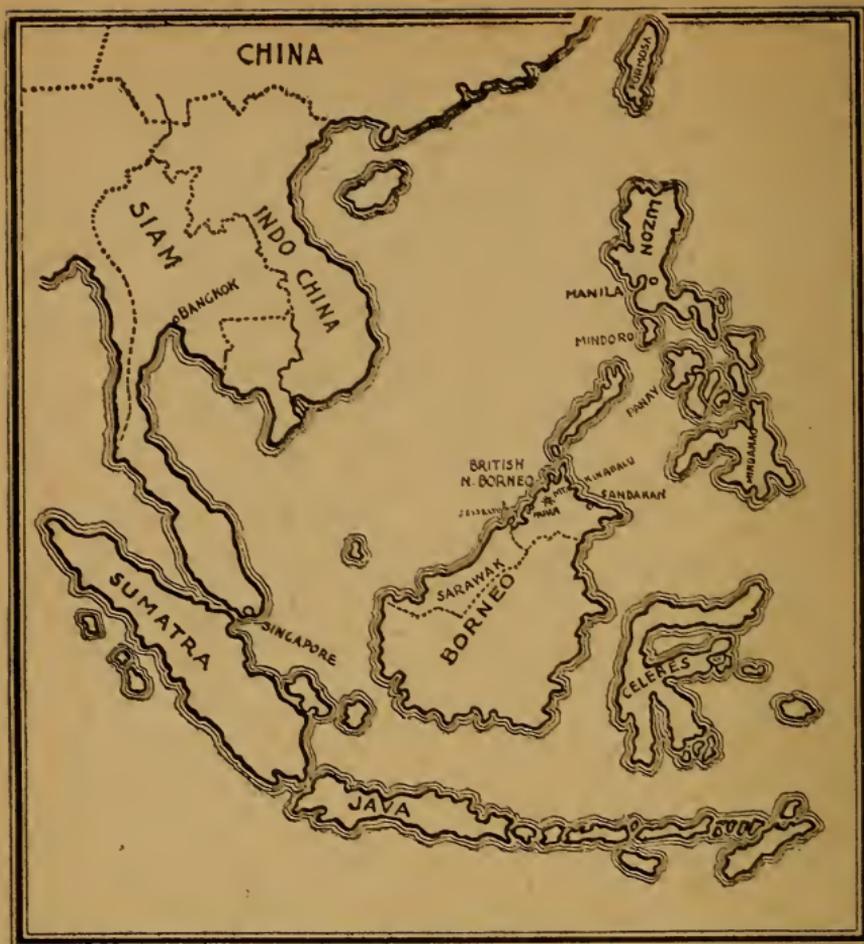
passengers on this boat; so even with the captain and the other officers, only two small tables were set.

I wish all the passengers on the "Luchow" could have had something extra on some of these days. You see, though there are only eight first-class passengers, there are eight hundred who are not even second-class. They do not have cabins, with comfortable beds, or beds of any kind. At night they sleep under an awning on the deck. Persons who travel in this way are called "deck passengers."

These deck passengers are Chinese. After leaving Hongkong, the "Luchow" went up to Swatow, on the Chinese coast, and took on eight hundred Chinese deck passengers. Most of these are men, who are going to Siam to work; but there are a few women and children.

The Chinese are great workers; and they go now, and have gone for many years, to Siam and other southern countries to earn money. It does not cost a great deal to be a deck passenger from Swatow to Bangkok, the capital of Siam; so if the Chinese do not like their new home, they can go back to the old one. However, very many stay. Perhaps you would not blame them, if you could see Swatow!

It is very pleasant in the quiet Gulf of Siam, and we enjoy looking over the rail at the light green water. To our surprise we see



SIAM, MALAY PENINSULA, SUMATRA, BORNEO, AND THE PHILIPPINES

something we are not looking for—snakes! Some are not very long, perhaps fifteen inches; others look much longer. It is never wise to tell just how long a snake is unless one has measured it. But one thing we are quite sure of—we do not wish to take a swim in the Gulf of Siam.

The Menam is the great river of Siam. As its waters come down to the sea, they bring

with them quantities of fine soil called "silt"; and where the river enters the gulf, this fine sand has been piling up for thousands of years. Of course a great deal of it is washed out by the tide, but enough remains to make a sandy bar over which large ships cannot pass.

This sand could be dredged out, but the kings of Siam have not allowed it to be taken away. If it were not there, the battleships of other lands could steam right up to Bangkok.

Small boats like the "Luchow" can slip over the bar at high tide; and so, after waiting a few hours for the water to be deep enough, we cross the bar.

#### THE WORSHIP OF BUDDHA

On a little island at the mouth of the river we see a beautiful pagoda, with a temple and other buildings near by. This is "the Shrine in the Middle of the Waters," and is the first of the temples of Siam to greet our eyes. With its tinted walls and graceful spire and overlapping colored roofs, all set in a background of living green, it looks very lovely indeed as the morning sun shines upon it. But it reminds us that we are coming to a land where the people do not worship the true God, who made the heavens and the earth.

The Siamese are Buddhists. That is, they worship Buddha, a man who is supposed to have lived about five hundred years before

Jesus was born in Bethlehem. They have many strange and foolish stories about Buddha; and in Siam and other Eastern lands, thousands of temples are built in his honor.

Sometimes a "relic," like a copy of a tooth, or a piece of bone, or a hair, is taken to some country from Siam, and a temple is built there for it. Only a few weeks ago we were in Nagoya, Japan, a very modern city, with wide streets and electric lights and all kinds of lovely things; and we were told that such a temple, costing a great deal of money, had just been finished there.

So we see that it takes more than some of these things we like so much to talk about, such as long trains of cars, and swift airships, and bright electric lights, to show that the True Light, who is Jesus, is in men's hearts. When that light is shining in the hearts of any people, idol worship of every kind and all rubbish will be swept out.

The river grows more narrow as we sail along; and oh, how it winds and twists and turns! We guess which way it will go next, and we are nearly always wrong!

On each side the green growth, thick and jungle-like, comes down to the edge of the river. In front are the graceful attap palms, their long fronds bending over to dip in the muddy water. Back of them are coconuts, for the coconut loves the banks of rivers and



BANGKOK FROM THE RIVER MENAM

the quiet shores of little bays. And here and there, rising above all, with its cluster of reddish brown fruit, is the tall, slender stem of an areca nut palm, or betel nut palm, as it is often called.

Just now we are wondering where we shall go when we land; for though there are a few Chinese Sabbath keepers in Bangkok, they do not know we are coming, and if they should meet us, we could not talk with them!

#### THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT

Finally our boat drew slowly up to the dock, and stopped, and we got off, feeling a little lonely. We thought we would go to see the American consul, and ask him to direct us to a good place to stay; but the ricksha coolies took us to a hotel instead. And as it was Friday afternoon, and we wished to have a quiet place over Sabbath, my husband and I, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Longway, who had come all the way from Boston to become missionaries to the Siamese, took two rooms there.



A water street in the outskirts of Bangkok. Bridges cross every little way, to allow people to pass from one side to the other.

Early in the week we rented a pleasant house, and Mr. and Mrs. Longway moved in. We are very glad to stay with them.

#### THE CITY OF BANGKOK

Bangkok is a good-sized city, and in some parts it is very pretty. It has many long, wide, smooth streets, which are fine for automobiles. There are many small carriages, too, drawn by one or two tiny ponies. A number of the streets are shaded by trees set on each side, and whose branches, meeting overhead, make a lovely arched green roof. The streets are white, and the sun is bright, so this shade is very restful to our eyes.

One of the things we notice first in Bangkok is the canals, or *klongs*, which run through it. Often a canal as wide as the street itself runs along one side of it. Narrow wooden foot-bridges cross these canals every little way, to allow the people to pass to and from the houses on the other side. Often these bridges are higher in the middle than at the ends, to make "head room" for the canoes and other small boats that sail up and down on the *klongs*.

Where a wide canal crosses one of the main streets, a bridge of stone or cement, with stone railings, and sometimes stone elephants for ornament, is built.

#### NAMES OF SIAM

Siam is a very old country, and it has many names. The Siamese themselves call it "Muang Thai," which means "the Land of the Free." Do you know another country whose people like to call it "the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave"? When



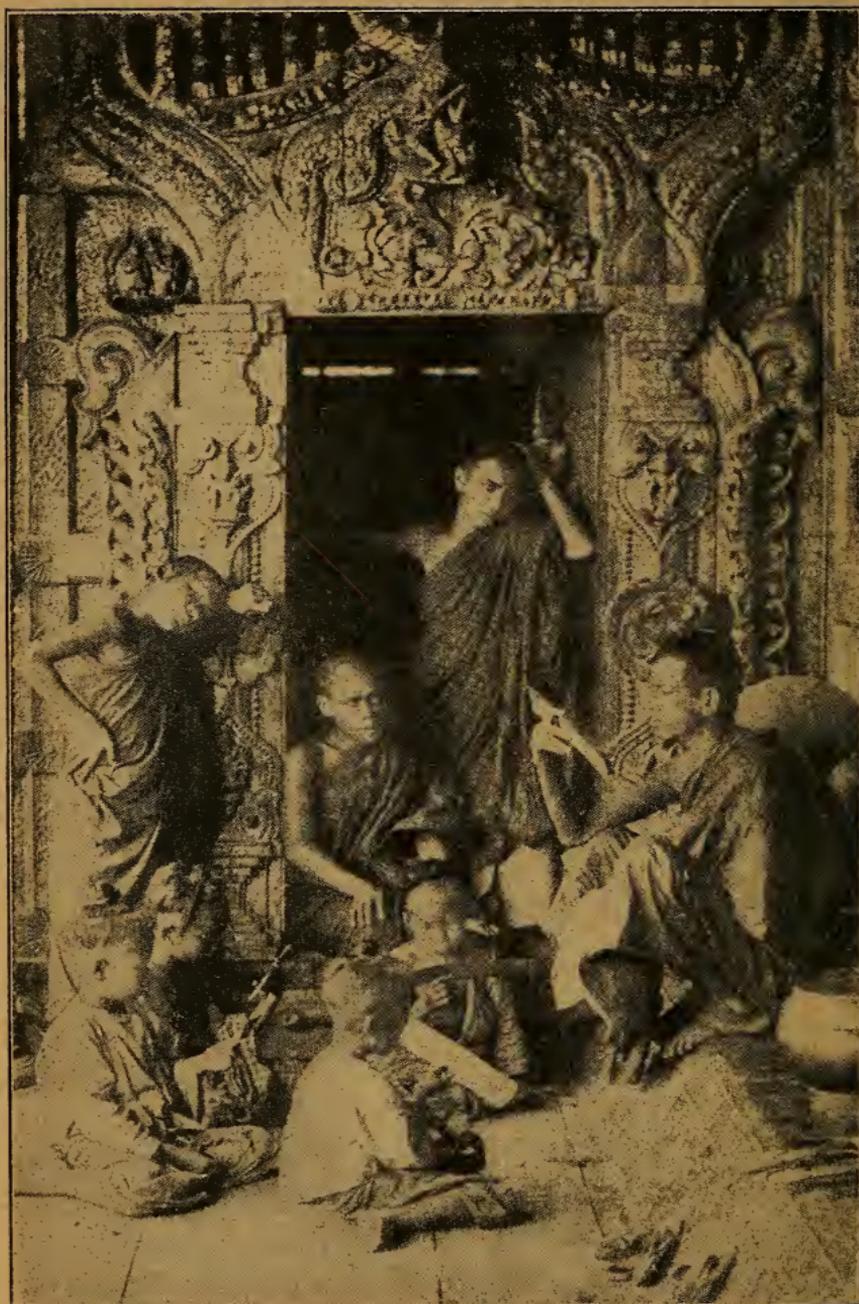
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One of the things a traveler notices first in Bangkok is the canals, or *klongs*, that run through it. Often a canal as wide as the street itself runs along one side of it.

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At some time in his life every man in Siam must enter the temple service. Sometimes little boys may be seen wearing the yellow robe; but usually they wait till they are about nineteen years of age.

we sing these words about our own land, it is well to remember that all people love two things very much. One is freedom, and the other is their own country.

The Greeks called the land of Siam "The Golden Chersonese," a name that sounds like music. Others called it "The Land of Gold," because at one time a great deal of gold was found here. Some believe that when King Hiram of Tyre was helping King Solomon build the beautiful temple in Jerusalem, he sent to Siam for some of the gold that was used in adorning it.

"The Land of the Yellow Robe" is another name that is given to Siam, because of the great number of priests that one sees everywhere, each draped in a long piece of yellow cloth. At some time in his life every man in Siam must enter the temple service. Even the king has worn the yellow robe, and with shaven head gone from door to door, begging bowl in hand, to collect his daily food.

Sometimes little boys may be seen wearing the yellow robe; but usually they wait till they are about nineteen years of age. They may stay for so short a time as two months, or many years, or all their lives, just as they choose.

Some of the first people to come to Siam from Europe were the Portuguese, and it is supposed that we owe the name Siam to these

men. The early settlers in southern Siam were called Shans. When the Portuguese tried to pronounce the word Shan, they called it Siam.

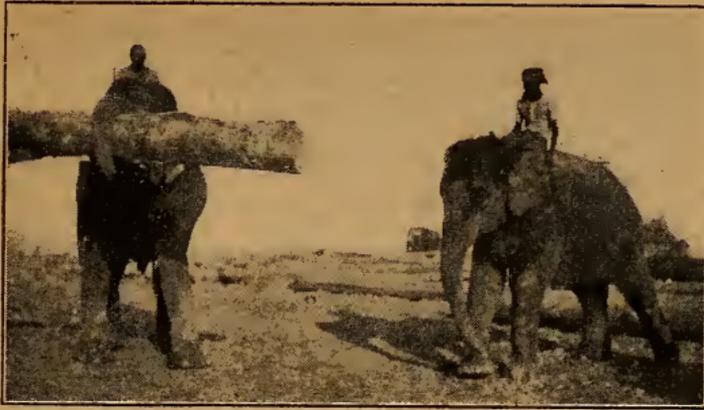
But the name by which Siam is perhaps most often called in a pleasant way is "The Land of the White Elephant." A white elephant on a scarlet ground is the national flag. Another flag that is sometimes seen has a white elephant on a blue ground.

#### WHITE ELEPHANTS THAT ARE NOT WHITE

There are stone white elephants on the bridges, and images of white elephants on certain temples, and little carved white elephants in the curio shops.

After all this, you may be surprised to learn that there is no such thing as a "really truly" *white* elephant. But there have been found a few elephants that were, when washed well, a little lighter colored than the ordinary kind, or that had a few white hairs.

In olden days, when such an elephant was found in Siam, there was great rejoicing. If a king of a neighboring country had one, it might be that the king of Siam would go to war with him to take it away. When a white elephant was found, and tamed, it was brought to the palace, and kept in the royal stables, and fed dainties on silver dishes.



If it were not for the elephants, the great logs of teak, which are so heavy, could hardly be brought down from the slopes of the steep hills where these trees grow.

But in these days, not much attention is paid to these animals. Probably an ordinary elephant in a zoo, which is well taken care of by the grooms, and fed peanuts by the boys and girls who come to see him, has a better time of it.

Very good rice is raised in Siam, the water which overflows the low country every year being just what is needed for rice growing. In the northern part of the country are forests of teak, a very firm, heavy wood that is much used in the tropics because it is not eaten by white ants, which destroy so many other kinds of wood.

#### HOW THE ELEPHANTS WORK

This northern part of Siam is called Laos. There are great numbers of wild elephants in Laos, as well as in southern Siam where the

jungle has not been cleared away. In Laos the elephants are caught and tamed, and taught to work. If it were not for these animals, the great logs of teak, which are so heavy, could hardly be brought down from the slopes of the steep hills where this tree loves to grow.

The first thing that is done to the tree is to cut a ring around it near the ground, so the sap will not run up its trunk any more, and the tree will dry out a little. This is called "girdling." If it did not dry, the log would sink when put in the water. About two years after a tree is girdled, it is dry enough to be cut down.

When the trees are chopped down, elephants push or roll them gently and safely down the steep slopes, laying them side by side in long rows. Sometimes an elephant may lose its footing, and fall down a steep place, and be killed.

When the logs have all been brought down from a cleared place to a level spot, the next stage of the long journey to the sawmills at Bangkok is begun. A log is fastened to each elephant by a dragging chain, and the great beast walks off, pulling the heavy log behind it. Sometimes it pushes or rolls the log along with its trunk.

When all the logs from a certain lot are brought to the creek or stream, they are piled up, and each one is marked very plainly, with

the owner's stamp. After this the elephants put them into the water, one by one, and start them floating downstream.

If the logs are many, and the current is swift, they may get stuck together in a "jam." Then trained elephants swim here and there, each guided by its mahout, or driver, moving one log a little here and another there, till the jam "breaks." Then they turn about and swim away as fast as they can; for a breaking jam of teak logs, rushing downstream, would be dangerous for even an elephant to meet.

Slowly, slowly, the teak logs go forward on their way to Bangkok. The elephants do not go all the way. Sometimes it takes as long as six or seven years to make the long journey of over a thousand miles.

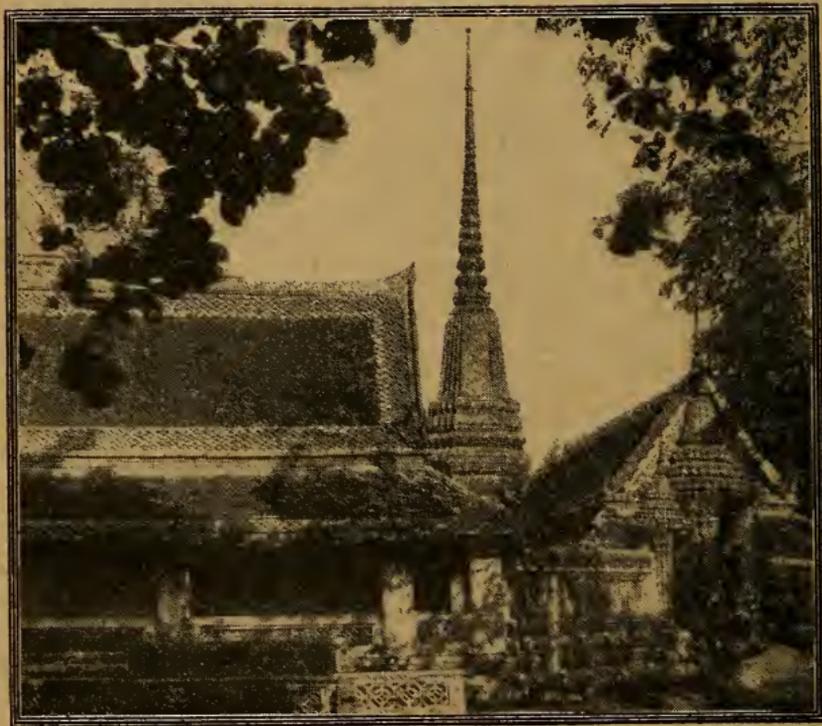
In spite of its great size, an elephant can climb steep places safely. It is very strong, and very sure-footed, and when trained, is gentle and obedient. It seems to know just what is wanted, and often will do its regular work without a man to guide it.

We are told that when a group of elephants hear the dinner bell, they will drop their logs right where they are, and rush off, much as the same number of boys would do if they were splitting wood.

If a mahout is cruel, he must be very careful. Many a cruel mahout has been jerked off his elephant's head, and quickly trampled to death. Sometimes elephants jerk their heads

in this way for fun, throwing their mahouts to the ground. To cure them of this trick, a bamboo collar with sharp points is fastened round their necks. Many stories are told of the cunning tricks of elephants.

The elephants of Siam are very useful and valuable, a good one being worth a thousand dollars. They have been known to live a hundred and fifty years.



A TEMPLE IN SIAM



OLD PALACE AT AYUTHIA

## CHAPTER XI

### EARLY DAYS IN SIAM

**W**HEN we come to a country that we have not known, we like to study about the people. Where did their ancestors come from? Who first lived in this place?

We cannot tell who first lived in Siam. There are no records of its ancient peoples, or what they did, or who were their kings. It is thought that a long time ago a hardy race of men who lived on the high plains of Tibet moved to northern China, and stayed there till they were driven out.

Then they traveled southward, and some of them came to northern Siam. These peoples

were called Shans. In time they came into southern Siam, and their descendants are the people who live in Siam to-day.

The history of Siam is divided into three periods, or parts. The first is called the ancient period. Very little is known of that early time; and such stories as are told of it do not have any real value, because they are of a kind that could not be true.

The second period began about the year 1350 A. D. At that time the capital was moved to Ayuthia, and for a little more than four hundred years the kings of Siam ruled from that city. This is called the middle period.

The modern period began when Ayuthia was captured by the Burmese, and a new capital was set up at Bangkok. This was in 1767.

King Narai was a famous king of Siam, who ruled in Ayuthia about fifty years after the Pilgrim Fathers came to America. He was friendly with men who came to Siam from Holland and France and other places, and who brought goods to exchange for the gold and tin and musk and skins and other things that Siam had to sell. A few Catholic priests were kindly received by this king.

#### A GREEK IN SIAM

About this time a man from Greece came to Siam. His name was Constantine Faulkon

—at least that is one way to spell it. I have seen three others, and probably there are still more.

King Narai liked Faulkon, and gave him the highest offices in the land. He was the king's prime minister, and friend, and adviser. He had charge of all the money that was used in ruling the kingdom, and he was the head man in charge of the king's household.

He built a wall around the city, and a fort, and a palace; for in those days, as now, Siam was a great country for palaces.

By and by the great Narai fell ill, and for a time Faulkon was more powerful than ever. But the princes of Siam did not like Faulkon. They thought he was too friendly with the French, for one thing, and that he was planning to put the adopted son of the king, Monpi Totso, on the throne as soon as the king was dead.

So the princes said they had discovered a conspiracy. Then they sent messengers to call Faulkon to court.

Faulkon knew that these men hated him, so it was with a heavy heart that he bade farewell to his wife and little sons, and set out in his Silver Chair. By and by it came back—empty. Then his friends knew that all was not well.

For fourteen days Faulkon was shut up in prison and starved and treated very cruelly.

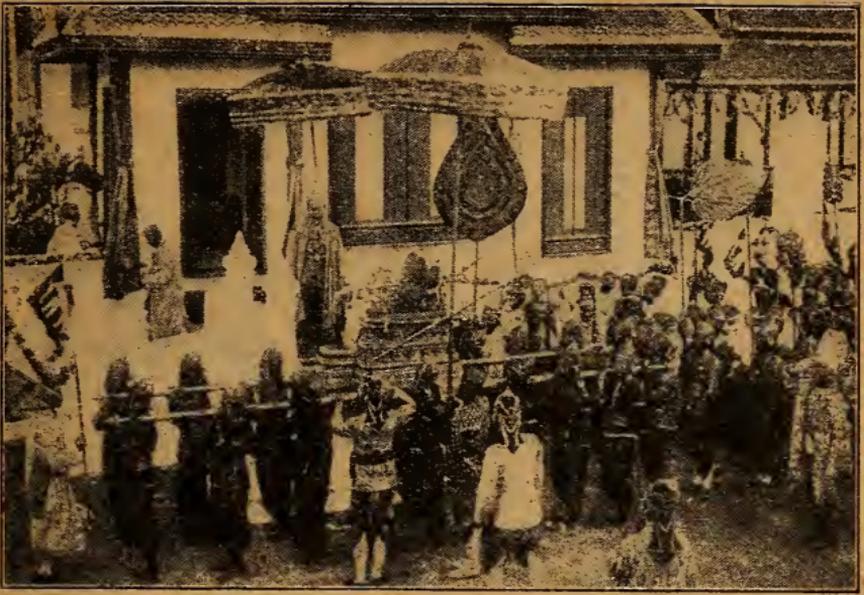
Poor Monpi Totso's head was "struck off," in spite of all the king could do, and thrown down at Faulkon's feet with the words, "See! there is your king!" Then Faulkon was taken to see his wife and child (one son died while his father was away); but his wife had turned against him, and would not allow him to kiss his little boy.

A traveler from Europe who visited Siam only a few years after all this happened tells us that before Faulkon died he "took his seal, two silver crosses, a relic set in gold, which he wore on his breast, being a present from the pope, as also the order of St. Michael, which was sent him by the king of France, and delivered them to a mandarin who stood by, desiring him to give them to his little son. Presents indeed," he adds, "that could be of no great use to the poor child, who to this day with his mother goes begging from door to door."

Poor little boy, who lived so long ago! And poor father, who unwisely tried to gain more power than he should!

#### SOME KINGS IN SIAM

Phya Tak, or Phaya Tak-Sin, was another great king of Siam. It was he who routed the Burmese army, and set up the court at Bangkok in 1767. His father was a Chinese. He ruled wisely for a while; but afterward



The coronation chair in which the king of Siam is borne around the capital city, Bangkok.

he became proud and cruel, and a new king, a true Siamese, was set over the kingdom.

For a time it was the custom to have both a first king and a second king in Siam, as we have a president and a vice president in America. The name of the last of these second kings of Siam was George Washington. His father, who had studied the lives of many great men in all lands, chose this name for his son, to show that he admired the noble American who bore it. And the Siamese George Washington seems to have been a wise and kind man, too.

The name of the present king of Siam is Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Vajiravudh Phra Mongkut Klao. As a young man, he went to school in England. When his school

days were over, and he came home to Siam, he brought with him eighty-three automobiles of different kinds. He also had sent to him a number of modern pleasure yachts for riding up and down the rivers.

King Vajiravudh, or King Rama, as he is often called, is not only the king of his country, but also the head of the church. When the crown of Siam was put on his head, he promised to "uphold, publish, and live" the Buddhist faith. So far he is friendly to missionaries, and allows them to work in his kingdom.

Things are very different in Siam in some ways from what they used to be. In the old days, when the king was going abroad, none of the common people could go on the street or the river. They had to go into their houses and shut the doors; for the king was held to be too sacred for them to look upon.

In the court of the present king's grandfather, King Mongkut, though he had traveled in Western lands, and knew Latin and English, no native could come near him except on his hands and knees. "There were men and women in the service of Mongkut," we are told, "who never stood during their whole lives, and died with knees bent and backs broken."

The first thing King Mongkut's son, the young Prince Chulalongkorn, did when he

was crowned, was to carry out the wish of his father, and make a law that there should be no more crawling in the royal presence. Chulalongkorn was only fifteen years old when he became king, and he reigned forty-three years. That is the longest reign of any king of Siam.

#### THE PEOPLE OF SIAM

If you were to take a walk with me this morning, down the street, you would see many things to interest you. First of all would be the people. The Siamese are rather short and stocky, but they are agile, and can run well when they wish to, and ride ponies, and of course they all can swim.

They have brown skins, some lighter, some darker, black eyes, and very straight, very black hair. All the people, men and women alike, wear their hair short; but sometimes the men have their hair shorter than that of the women. The women usually wear their hair a few inches long on the top of the head, and shorter at the back. It is brushed straight back from the forehead. When smooth, it looks very well; but when uneven and not neatly combed, it is shaggy and untidy.

A story is told to explain why the women of Siam wear their hair in this fashion. Long ago there was a war. All the men of the city were away, and the women and the children were afraid. They did not know how to de-



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There are very few roads, even poor ones, in Siam. Most of the traveling is done in little boats on the canals that crisscross the land in every direction.

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fend themselves. Then a wise woman said, "Let us cut off our hair, and stand on the wall with shields and bows and arrows." This they did; and when the enemy saw them, they thought the men of the city were at home. While they waited, the men came back, and so the city was saved.

#### DISPOSITION OF SIAMESE

The Siamese people are light-hearted, happy, and—lazy. They dislike work very much, but they like play. It is often said of them that they play at their work and work at their play. I have seen boys at home who were much that way. But the trouble with the Siamese is, they keep right on acting like boys after they are men, when they should know better. They are like a nation of grown-up children in some ways.

But they are pleasant and kindly, as long as things go to please them; and they are perfectly willing that any one who wishes to work should do so. Of course some one has to work

in every land, if the people are to eat; so the Chinese who are here find plenty to do, and can earn more money than at home.

In Bangkok we often pass little shops where Chinese men and boys are making white canvas shoes; and other shops where they are stitching white coats. They pull rickshas, they build bridges, they are farmers, and servants, and shopkeepers. There is hardly any kind of work one can think of that the Chinese do not do in Siam.

#### DRESS OF THE SIAMESE

The Siamese men and women wear the same kind of garment—a straight piece of cloth about a yard wide and usually about three yards long. This is called a *panung*. It is wrapped around the waist, hangs down to the knees, and is passed between the legs. Then the two ends are twisted in a certain way, and tucked in at the waist, one in front and one in the back.

When the *panung* is in place, it looks like a divided skirt or a pair of baggy knickerbockers in front, the fullness hanging down a little below the knees. In the back it is drawn up in such a way as to leave the hollow of the knee bare. There isn't a pin in it, nor a hook; but in some way it stays up, just the same. Other peoples in these southern lands wear the straight strip of cloth wrapped about the

lower part of the body, but no others drape it in this graceful fashion.

When the wearer can afford it, he buys silk for his *panung*,—bright blue or purple or pink or green. It is thought a fine thing for rich ladies to have a *panung* of a different color for every day of the week.

About the upper part of the body the women wear a scarf, called a *pahom*. Some men have *pahoms* too, and wear them on the head in the heat of the day. In these days the women are beginning to wear short jackets, made of muslin or silk, and trimmed with bright buttons, lace, and embroidery.

The young men in Bangkok are making some changes in their costume. They still wear the *panung*; and on dress-up occasions, it is very bright and gay. With it they wear tan or canvas shoes, long white silk stockings that reach above the knees, and a white coat that buttons up to the neck. With a soft white panama hat, and a cane, a young Siamese feels very well dressed indeed, and he really does look nice, too.

In the old days every one went barefoot; but nowadays those who wish to follow foreign customs wear loose slippers or even shoes and stockings. Sometimes they use them only for best. On a train I saw a wrinkled old woman who was making a journey. She was dressed in her best, and was wearing shoes and

stockings. But we had not gone very far before I saw her quietly slip off first one shoe, and then the other. By and by the stockings came off too, and were rolled up and tucked into a bag. She looked *so* comfortable, then, and *so* relieved, that I thought it a pity for her to try to change her lifelong custom.

Like all other Eastern peoples, the Siamese are very fond of gold and silver ornaments and all kinds of precious stones. Often they buy these things instead of putting their money in a bank. To them it is just the same. Many a little shop here in Bangkok, poor and dark, and with only one small window, has thousands of dollars' worth of shining gems to sell.



SIAMESE WOMEN



These Siamese children insisted on dressing up to have their picture taken.

## CHAPTER XII

# STRANGE CUSTOMS AND CHILDREN OF SIAM

### WHAT THE PEOPLE EAT

**W**HAT do the Siamese eat? Rice for one thing. That is like bread and potatoes to them. With it they eat different kinds of "greens," relishes, and curries. Green peppers and fish and eggs are liked.

When the rice is cooked, it is put in a large dish and set on the floor. Around it are a number of smaller bowls holding curry and other relishes to eat with the rice. When a person wishes to take a mouthful, he dips

his fingers into the big dish, takes a handful of rice, presses it softly into a lump, dips up a little of the relish, and stuffs it all into his mouth. Not a word to the children about table manners! How would you like that?

Ever so many kinds of bananas grow in Siam, and other fruits, some of which are delicious. The durian is a large fruit, with a thick, rough coat, and a very unpleasant smell—till one gets used to it. The inside is divided into good-sized pieces, creamy white in color, and when ripe, tastes like custard and ice cream and a number of other things. This fruit is much liked, and is high-priced.

One of the most delicious fruits in the world is the mangosteen—round, dark red balls about as large as a medium-sized orange. When you press one in your fingers, it pops open neatly, and in the center is a small white ball, divided into sections—and oh, how delicious they taste!

#### A VERY BAD HABIT

One thing that you would notice in Bangkok is splashes of red on the sidewalks and on the streets. At first you might wonder if some one had been hurt. But you would soon learn that these spots are made by the saliva of persons who are chewing betel nut.

Almost every one in Siam uses betel nut; that is the bad habit of a nation. A small

piece of the nut, a bit of tobacco, a piece of peppery leaf, and a dab of reddish quicklime are mixed together in a tiny mortar; and when the whole is just right, it is taken into the mouth and held there—not chewed as some people chew gum, but slowly. Sometimes so much of this mixture is taken into the mouth that the lips stick out in a most unpleasant way.

The red juice has the effect of making the teeth as black as jet. The people of Siam think black teeth are pretty. “Any dog can have white teeth,” they say. I suppose a dog might have black teeth, too, if he were so foolish as to use betel nut.

I was glad to see a few young Siamese men whose teeth were white and even and clean. These lads had been in school, and had learned that black teeth are not beautiful, and that betel nut chewing is a filthy habit. I wish they were willing to believe that the use of tobacco is harmful, too; but almost every one in Siam uses tobacco.

#### THE HOUSES OF SIAM

The houses of the common people of Siam to-day are not very different from what they have been for hundreds of years. They are built of rough, thin boards, usually of teak-wood, and set on stakes, or piles, a number of feet from the ground.

There are good reasons for building the houses up from the ground in this way. One is for coolness; another is to keep out the damp, and even the water, for in some parts of Siam the country is flooded for part of the year. In the dry season the buffaloes and other animals are often kept under the house.

Even the poorest house has more than one room, one for sleeping and one for cooking. Often there are three or more. Almost always there is a little platform or porch in front. A ladder stands at one end to go up and down on when the ground is dry; but when the land is flooded, the people have a boat tied handy by, and when they wish to go anywhere, they step into it.

The roof of the house is steep, and covered with the leaves of the attap palm. The floor is often made of split bamboo, held in place with strips of rattan. This kind of floor is cool. Then, too, it is easy to keep clean; all the household litter falls right through to the ground.

But it has some disadvantages. More than two hundred years ago a man who was traveling in Siam with six other men lay down in one of these houses to sleep. Here is his story:

“We had an accident with another sort of a thief, who at night had got under the house. He had laid hold of the Corner of a wastecloth, hanging through a crevice of the Floor, which



FLOATING HOUSES ON THE MENAM RIVER

was made of split Bamboos, and was pulling it through with such a force that one of us awaked, who suspecting a thief seized it, and called to his sleeping Companions for help. While they were pulling and hawling, who should have it, Core, who from former experience immediately suspected a Tyger, fired a Gun, and frightened him away."

On the river banks we see many of the "floating houses" of Siam. These houses are built on rafts made of bundles of bamboo, which are kept in one place by being tied loosely to long stakes driven into the mud. These houses rise and fall with the tide. If a man wishes a change of scene or of neighbors, all he has to do is to untie his house, and call his friends to help him move it somewhere else. If he has enough money, he can hire a steam tug to move it.

Thousands of people live in these floating houses. On the little front porch they may have a few things to sell—hats of coarsely

woven straw; crockery and washbasins and towels from Japan; red earthen pots for cooking rice; a pile of coconuts; betel nuts, with the tobacco, betel leaf, and red lime that are used in preparing the nut for chewing; or a little pile of folded *panungs*.

Here, too, they dip up some water from the river, and pour it over themselves whenever they feel like taking a bath. Here the neighbors stop to visit, and here the food is prepared.

Other thousands live on boats, with a covering of mats for shelter, and have no other home. These boat dwellers have their own market on the river, which begins not long after midnight, and lasts till sunrise. Sometimes the women come down the river bringing flowers in their little canoes. Such a boat looks like a small garden, floating swiftly past.

#### THE CHILDREN OF SIAM

The children of Siam are so plump and round and brown, I am sure you would fall in love with them, as I do. They are everywhere to be seen, bathing in the *klongs*, or rolling on the doorsteps, or sitting astride the hip of mother or of an older sister or brother. They are good-natured children, too, and take what comes, without making much fuss.

When a baby is born, it is often rubbed with a yellowish powder that is thought to



A Siamese mother rocking her babe in its cradle of coarse net, that hangs from a frame.

help in keeping off mosquitoes. Surely the Siamese babies need this help, for mosquitoes live by millions in Bangkok.

Always in a shady place in the house, even in the daytime, they are in hiding. When we open a suit case, they fly up in our faces; if we take down a garment, they come swarming out of its folds.

The Siamese baby is dearly loved by its father and mother, and is carried around more than is good for it, its little legs flopping with every step its living baby carriage takes. Its cradle is made of coarse net, hanging from a frame. The mother sits near to touch the cradle once in a while and keep it swinging.

Very early in the child's life its head is shaved, all but a little tuft on the top, which is brushed and oiled and wound up in a tight coil. If the parents have money, this little roll

of hair is held up with a jeweled pin, or a wreath of small flowers may be worn around it. When the head is shaved, a name is given to the baby, but this name is changed if the child becomes sick, or if for any reason his parents think it unlucky.

#### THE SHAVING OF THE TOPKNOT

When the boy or the girl is about eleven years old (or maybe thirteen, or even fifteen), the topknot is shaved off. You would not think this a great event, perhaps, but that is because you do not live in Siam. In this country the shaving of the topknot is regarded as one of the chief happenings in a child's life.

If the parents are rich, a great feast is held, and the feasting and ceremonies last several days. All the friends of the father and mother bring a present to the child, often of money. If, on the other hand, the parents are poor, the child is taken to a temple, and the topknot is clipped off by the priest without much ado.

When the hair of the topknot is cut off, it is divided into two bundles. One bundle has the short hairs, and the other the long hairs. The bundle of short hairs is set afloat on the water of a near-by river as the tide is going out. When they float away, they are supposed to take with them "all the bad temper, the greediness, and the pride of their former owner." Wouldn't it be easy to get rid of

all our naughty and bad ways, if we could do it in some such fashion as that?

And really, that is just what Buddhism is—it is a religion that teaches people, from their childhood, that they can make themselves good. If they do certain things, like building a temple, they gain a great deal of merit, which may offset many wicked things that they have done. But we know we cannot make ourselves good. Only Jesus can do that, and He will do it for each one of us.

#### SACRED HAIR

The little bundle of long hairs is kept very carefully. Some miles north of Bangkok there is a "sacred mountain" named Phrabat, where the people believe there is a "footstep" of Buddha. By and by the child will make a pilgrimage to this sacred hill, and give the long hairs of his topknot to the priests to use in making brushes to sweep the footprint with. But so much hair is brought that it cannot all be used in this way, so after the pilgrims go home, a great deal of it is burned up.

#### CHILDREN'S GAMES

The children of Siam like to play, but they do not play games that require much running or hard exercise. Kiteflying is a favorite game, and they like to play it in March, just as you do, when the days are fair and the winds are strong. If a Siamese boy can cut

the string of another boy's kite, by sawing the string of his own kite across it, he has won the game.

They have a kind of football that it is fun to watch. The ball is small and light, being made of rattan or cane. The players stand in a ring or a group, and one of them sends the ball into the air. When it comes down, the person nearest it must send it up again. He may send it up with his heel or shoulder or head, but he must *not* touch it with his hands. The players are very deft, and quick in judging where the ball will fall, and giving it a toss into the air again.

They play real football too, and like it. This seems to be one game that men and boys of all ages are fond of in these Eastern lands. Often they do not play a game, but just kick the ball for the pleasure of seeing who can send it farthest.

The boys of Siam go to the temple school for a few years, but they do not learn much beyond a little reading and writing. In these days the government has a number of good schools of all grades in Bangkok, and here many children are taught. For a number of years, too, the missionaries have had good schools in this city, and to these schools a few of the many children could come.

When the Protestant missionaries came to Siam, their first thought was to have the Bible printed so that the people could read it. So,

book by book, the Bible was put into the Siamese and Laos languages, and printed. Nearly two million copies of these small books have been sold and given to the people. One man spent twenty years in Siam, in this work, and died in the land to which he gladly gave his life.

ใ้พระบิตกแห่งทั้พเจ้าทั้งหลาย  
 ผู้สถิตยในมหาสวรรค์ ขอใ้พระ  
 นามขงพระสงค้ เป็นที่นับถือ  
 อันบริสุทธิ... ขอใ้แผ่เมตตาขง

Siamese writing showing about one fourth of the Lord's Prayer.



A tower in the old palace grounds, and a spire of a ruined temple, in Ayuthia. The Siamese do not take very good care of their temples. Many of these temples are falling to pieces.



### CHAPTER XIII

## A VISIT TO AN ANCIENT CITY

**I** HAVE already told you that in 1767 Bangkok became the capital city of Siam. Before that, Ayuthia was the chief city. Here the kings of Siam lived for more than four hundred years. Here they built temples and palaces and had their armies. And to this far-distant capital there came, more than two hundred years ago, an ambassador from the king of France. A great reception was held in his honor.

Of course we wished to visit Ayuthia, and see some of its ruins. So one morning bright and early we started for the railway station in Bangkok. On the way we saw something that we had not seen before—two tall poles

joined at the top by another pole, like a very high swing. And that is just what it is—a swing one hundred feet high! Once a year a great “swinging festival” is held in Bangkok, and all the people flock to the swing to see the games and contests.

The railway station is large and well built, but the trains have small engines and wooden cars. As we leave the city, we can look a long way over the plains, for all this country of southern Siam is very flat. As far as we can see, there are rice fields. Here and there, now near the track, now far away, are clusters of green trees. Every group of trees means a little village; for the people do not build their houses on their farms, but in groups. In the morning they go to their fields to work, and at night they return home. In this way they can defend themselves from robbers.

On each side of the railway track there is a ditch, made by digging out some of the earth, and piling it up to make the roadbed for the train. In this ditch are many lotus flowers, like great pond lilies, some white, others a delicate pink, among their large, flat leaves.

#### THE WATER BUFFALO

Everywhere in the fields we see the clumsy, slow-moving water buffaloes, with wide-branching horns. Sometimes these horns measure as much as nine feet from tip to



Water buffaloes draw the high, two-wheeled carts that are used in some parts of Siam.

tip. The children are not afraid of these huge, fierce-looking animals, and lead them about with a small cord, or sit on their wide backs, and drive them home at night.

The water buffalo is given this name because it loves to wallow in the mud, or to stand in any little pool where it can be covered all over, with just the tip of its nose sticking out. The usual color of these animals is mouse-color or dark gray, but here in Siam we see many of a strange light color that is almost pink! It seems queer to think of a pink cow, doesn't it? And the water buffalo is a sort of cousin to our barnyard bossy.

Water buffaloes are very useful to the Siamese. They pull the wooden plows to break up the land, and draw the high, two-wheeled carts that are used in some parts of the country to draw in the grain or to carry loads from one place to another. There are very few roads, even poor ones, in Siam. Most of the traveling is done in little boats on the canals that crisscross the land in every direction.

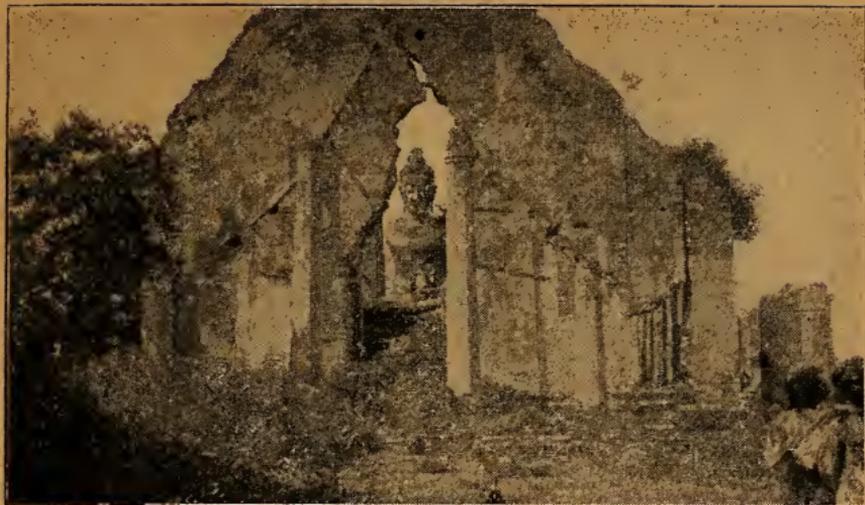
We see many flocks of white birds, too, that look like small herons. These birds are often seen sitting on the backs of the water buffaloes. They eat the insects that burrow into the thick skins of these animals.

#### STRANGE AND INTERESTING SIGHTS

Sometimes we see men and boys fishing with small nets. They seem to us to be letting these nets down into the tall *grass*; but there is a little water, and they must catch *something*.

In about two hours we come to the little railway station of Ayuthia, and hire a boatman to take us up and down the river. We cannot speak a word of his language, and he cannot speak a word of ours, so we do not get along as well as if we had thought to bring a guide, who would have known the way to every place, and told us all about everything.

But we enjoy finding out for ourselves, so when we come to a wall around a large piece of ground, and steps leading down from the

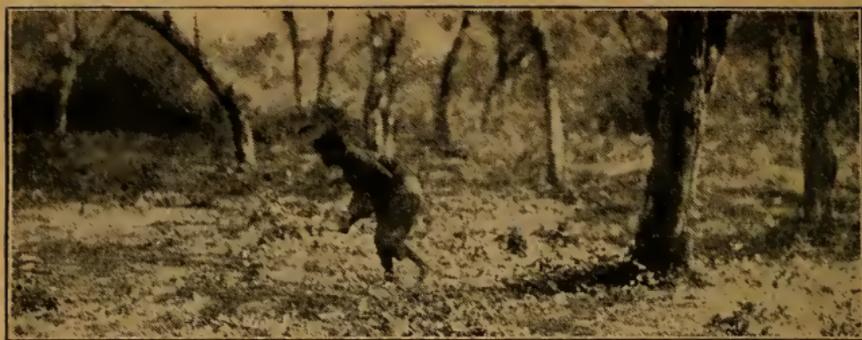


A STATUE OF BUDDHA IN A RUINED TEMPLE OF AYUTHIA

bank, we get out, and leave our boatman to rest while we walk through the grounds of an old, ruined temple.

Under our feet we feel the stones of an ancient pavement, and see some of them once in a while, but the grass is growing over them. Here are old towers, all broken and in ruins. Once a large building stood in this place, but now there are only tumbled bricks to show the outline of the wall.

We stop to look at another large building, or what is left of it. The roofs, with their colored tiles, are gone; but a little of the wall is still standing, so we can see what it must have been like. Inside there is an immense statue of Buddha. The image is built of brick and mortar, all covered over with great metal plates, which are still in fair condition.



GATHERING PLUMS ON THE OLD PALACE GROUNDS AT AYUTHIA

Two of the young men who are with us, and who are good climbers, pick their way over the fallen bricks and climb up on the image, and stand on its hand. There is plenty of room. So you can see that it is very large.

We walk here and there in the old temple inclosure. In one place a native woman is gathering wild plums in a little basket. Everywhere we look it is wild and desolate. It is a good place for large snakes, so we do not try to explore as much as we should like.

While we were resting under some locust trees, a tall, fierce-looking, very dark-skinned man, wearing only a strip of cloth about his loins, and carrying a huge knife in one hand, came up. He had some wild honey, which he wished to sell, and a little boy who was with him had another piece. Finally we agreed on a price; and we were very glad to have it to eat, for we were hungry.

On the way home we stopped to look at an old palace that stands on the river bank. This

palace has a wall around it, and a well kept lawn in front. There are small buildings near, where priests live. In a wooden barracks not far away a few soldiers stay who guard the palace. We cannot see much inside, but what little we do see is dusty and cobwebby.

The city of Ayuthia itself stands on a small island, shaped a little like a human foot. All around it flows the Menam, which curves and twists and divides into branches that join again by and by as it goes on its way to the sea. We are sorry that we have not time to visit the museum in Ayuthia, where we might see some of the relics of ancient days that are kept there. But it is nearly time for the train, so we cross over the river to the little station, and wait for it to come.

#### ELEPHANT HUNTS

In the old days an elephant hunt was held every year at Ayuthia; but now such a hunt is held only once in a long time, and is a great occasion.

Hunters are sent into the jungle to drive the elephants to the river bank; sometimes there are hundreds of them. Thousands of people are in boats on the river to see the tame elephants drive and guide their wild brothers across the river and into a field surrounded by a stockade made of teak logs, held together with iron bands.



The elephant corral at Ayuthia where wild elephants that have been captured are brought to be sorted. After as many have been chosen as are wanted, the rest are allowed to return to the jungle.

The wild elephants are frightened. They “trumpet” and scream and make a great noise. In the crush some of them are hurt. The tame elephants help those that have been pushed over, to get up and stand on their feet again.

Into this herd of angry, frightened beasts, a number of men ride on trained elephants, to pick out the young animals which they wish to keep and train. When one is chosen, it is lassoed by the leg, and tied to a strong stake. No matter how hard it tries, it cannot get away.

When as many as are wanted have been chosen, the rest are turned into a large field, where they have something to eat, and are then allowed to go back to their home in the jungle. The others are kept to be tamed and trained. It takes about three years for a

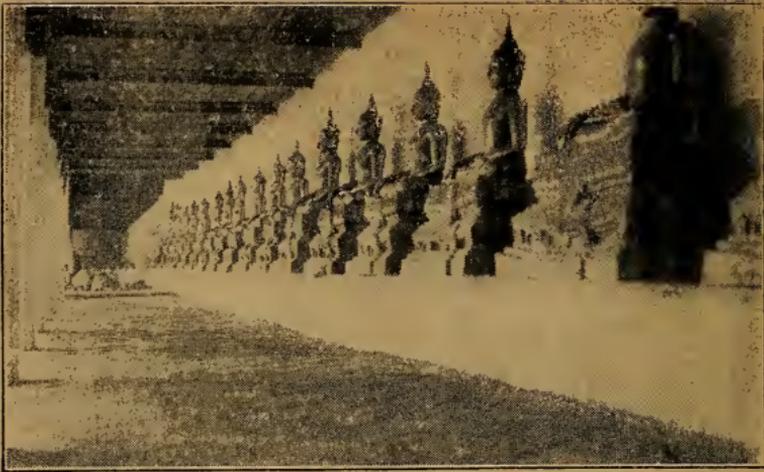
wild elephant to lose its fear, so that it can be trained to work.

The Siamese greatly enjoy an elephant hunt of this kind. They come in all kinds of boats to look on; and the more noise and excitement there is, the better they are pleased. When it is all over, and the royal barges with the king and his court have gone away, the rest of the people go paddling off in every direction in their little boats.

#### TEMPLES AND PALACES

I suppose you think it would be a great thing to live in a palace. In Bangkok there are several palaces, where the king and his relatives live. Often when a new king comes to the throne, he likes to build a palace of his own. Sometimes it takes so long to get one finished that the king who begins it does not live in it himself, but it becomes the home of the next king.

More than two hundred years ago, in the old capital of Ayuthia, there were three palaces, we are told,—the “New Palace,” and the “Ancient Palace,” and the “Palace of the Quarry of the King’s Elephants.” But while these palaces looked very pretty with their tiled roofs and gilt ornaments, they lacked every comfort that you would enjoy. In wet weather the mud was so deep around them that, so a visitor to Ayuthia tells us, “people



It is said that there are twenty thousand of these images in one temple in Ayuthia.

sometimes step in mud up to the calf of their legs, if they do not keep an exact balance in walking over the small planks that are laid for them.”

On the Siamese New Year's Day, the people of Bangkok are allowed to come into the grounds of the present Royal Palace and look at the buildings, and see its famous temple. There is a "white elephant," too, that every one likes to see, especially visitors to the city.

In Bangkok there are nearly four hundred temples, some very large, covering acres of ground, some small and hidden in out-of-the-way corners.

#### TEMPLES, OR WATS

These temples are called wats. This word means all the buildings in the temple inclosure. Often there is a high wall around the inclosure, with colored tiles on top, and with tall red wooden gates, guarded by frightful looking

images as big as giants. Inside there are long, airy rooms where the boys who come to school are taught. There are long, shed-like buildings, too, where gilded images are kept, sitting in rows. It is said that there are twenty thousand of these images in one temple in Ayuthia.

To us the most interesting structures in the temple grounds are the tall spires, sometimes gilded and sometimes covered with tiles or bits of bright-colored glass and broken pieces of dishes. Sometimes tiny plates and bowls, of different colors, are set into the cement in the form of flowers and leaves. When we are quite close, these do not look very pretty; but at a distance, when the sun shines on them, they dazzle our eyes. These spires are built over "sacred relics" of one sort or another.

The larger buildings in the wat have overlapping roofs, covered with tiles of gold color, and amber, and green, and scarlet, and blue. At each end of every roof are graceful curled horns, which represent a certain seven-headed snake, which Buddhists think once saved the life of Buddha. With their white walls and pillars, their colored roofs and gilded doors, these buildings are beautiful to look at on the outside, if we do not come too near and look at them too closely.

The Wat Phra Keo, or Temple of the Emerald Buddha, is one of the most famous

temples of Bangkok. It stands in the Royal Palace grounds, and except on New Year's Day, one must have a card in order to visit it. The floor of this temple is of bronze, highly polished, and there is a great altar fifty feet high. The image is only about eighteen inches high, and is of gold set with precious stones. "Its hair and its robes are of pure gold."

Bangkok is a very flat city. But there is one small hill in it, which can be seen from a long distance. This hill is called the Wat Sah Ket, or Temple of the Golden Mount. Diamond Hill is another name for it. This hill is two hundred and fifty feet high, and is built of brick and mortar. It is all covered over, from bottom to top, with trees and shrubs. "On the top is a snow-white spire, and under the spire, in a gilded shrine, there is a glass model of one of Buddha's teeth." For three days every year the people come to worship this glass tooth, bringing with them an offering of gold leaf, which they stick on the railing in front of the shrine. Sometimes they buy candles or a few wax flowers at the foot of the hill, and bring them. The flowers are thrown into a fire, but the candles are lighted and left burning.

Near the grounds of the Royal Palace is the Wat Po, or Temple of the Sleeping Idol. The chief building is a large, many-roofed structure built over a gigantic image of

Buddha. This image is on a long platform, and is lying down, but with the head raised on one hand. It is built of brick and mortar, plastered over, and covered with the gilt that is used on all the images. In some places this gilding is peeling off in large patches, leaving the bricks bare. In spite of the fact that this image is called the Sleeping Buddha, its eyes are open.

This great image is one hundred and seventy-five feet long, and eighteen feet wide across the chest. At the elbows the arm measures six feet through, and the feet are sixteen feet long.

#### A BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE

One of the most beautiful of the temples that we visited is Wat Chang, on the west side of the river. The chief building is a tall, bell-shaped tower two hundred and fifty feet high. Four smaller towers stand one at each of the four corners of this great building. All these are inlaid with bright-colored bits of porcelain, arranged in the shape of flowers and leaves. Very steep steps lead up to balconies on the main tower, from which we have a fine view of the city of Bangkok, the grounds of the Royal Palace, and of the Menam River, which winds among the fields and groves like a silvery ribbon on its way to the sea.

The people do not come to these temples to pray to these images. They think that "every

man must save himself by his own deeds." If, when he dies, he has more good deeds than bad deeds to his credit, he will be happy. Sometimes the people listen to the reading of their sacred books, or sing chants, or a talk may be given. But there is no prayer. They do not feel the need of Jesus, who came to save the world.

But we know that there will be some from every nation who will be saved when Jesus comes; so we feel sure that many from this land will accept Jesus.

The Siamese do not take very good care of their temples. They think it counts as a great deal of "merit" to build a new temple, but nothing is gained by keeping the old ones in repair. For this reason we see many temples which are falling to pieces. Their gilding wears away, the bright-colored flowers become loose and fall down in piles of broken fragments, and in due time they are in ruins. But the Siamese do not worry. There will always be new temples built, they say, and the people who build them will get great credit.

To-morrow we must say good-by to Bangkok, with its temples and its palaces, and its many, many people, most of whom have never heard the Good News. There are many things I should like to tell you about them, but what I have written will give you just a little glimpse into this interesting country.



The railway station at Kuala Lumpur, and  
a Tamil beggar.



#### CHAPTER XIV

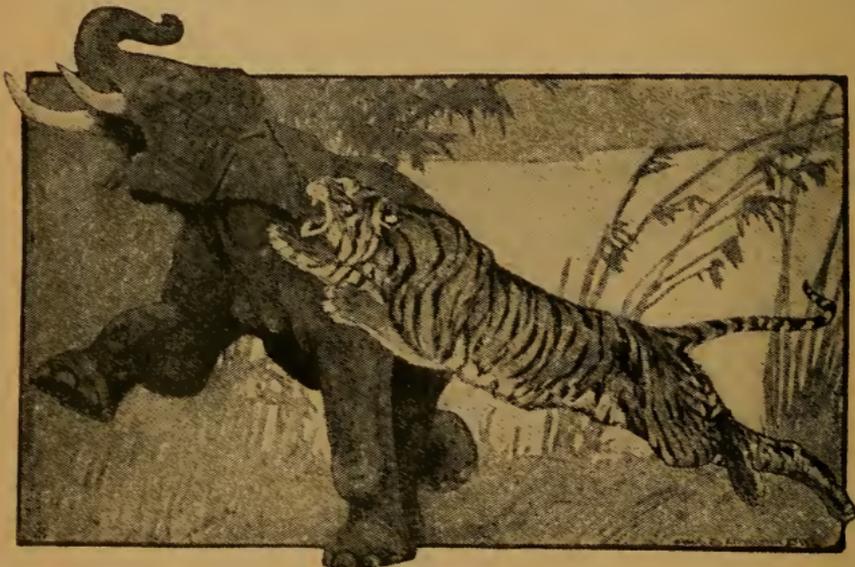
### WHERE THE TRAINS REST AT NIGHT

**T**HE next place that we were to visit was Singapore. We could go by land or by sea; and in these days it would be possible for us to go by air. If we went by sea, we should have a comfortable trip, with good food, and a sure place to sleep. If we went by land, we must travel on a new railroad, and sleep in rest houses at night. But in this way we could see the country, and we decided that even if it was not so easy, we would go by land.

So, day before yesterday, long before the sun was up, we left the newly rented mission home, on our way to the railway station,—not the fine, large station from which we started for Ayuthia, but a little one across the river. As the heels of our little ponies *click-ety-clacked* along the quiet streets, we looked at the stars, shining like jewels in the dark blue sky. We were glad to see the Big Dipper again. It was like seeing an old friend.

When the train was ready to start, the pointed roofs and spires of the temples were clearly outlined against the rosy sky, and that was our last sight of them and of Bangkok.

The railway line through southern Siam has not been finished very long, and the trains do not run at night. We ask why, and are



Because of the wild animals, the trains do not run at night.



On the "observation car" of a Siamese railway train. The woman, with her short hair, *panung*, and *pahom*, looks like a young man, as most of the women of Siam do.

told that it is "because of the wild animals." They might wander onto the track, and not know enough to get off. It would be rather bad for the train, too, if an elephant should take a notion to stand on the track and not get out of the way.

On each side of the track is the jungle. Sometimes it comes up close to the car windows; sometimes it is farther away. In some places there are clearings where rice is grown—beautiful, tall rice; but rice growing is very hard work, so the people raise only what they need to eat. They do not want any more; for if they should have money, and it became known, there would be danger of robbers.

One of the important towns to which we come is a town named Phrapatom. Nakon

Paton is another name for it. At one time, long before Ayuthia became the capital, Phrapatom was the chief city of Siam. In these days rich people from Bangkok like to come here for pleasure and rest.

The tallest spire in all Siam is at Phrapatom. Its dome is covered with gold-colored tiles, which glisten and shine in the morning sun, and make it look like a tower of gold. But we are told that nearer by we should see that these tiles are falling off in many places, and not being put on again.

In the rice fields, as we go on, we see many scarecrows, of the queerest kinds you could think of. One of the strangest is a bamboo pole about the height of a man, with a fluttering cloth tied around it, and an old washbasin on its head for a hat! This is somewhat like what we see in planting time in the eastern part of the United States.

After riding all day, we get off, just at dark, at a station called Chumplon. All the other passengers — and there are a great many — men, women, children, and babies, get off too. There are dozens and dozens of men and boys at the station, each one with a tall pole with a Chinese lantern on top. On the thin white paper of the lantern are printed in black, sprawling Chinese characters the names of different sleeping places, and the boys make a great noise urging the travelers to come with them.



THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS ON A SIAMESE RAILROAD

As the people are just as anxious to find a place to sleep, bargains are quickly made; and soon the passengers are hurrying off down the long street, each with his bundles and baskets. If a family have more than they can carry, they pile their goods on a cart, and off they go. We have our "lugs" carried to a pleasant-looking rest house near the station. In a few minutes the last stragglers from the train have passed on to the village, and the tropic dark quickly shuts out everything but a few flaring kerosene street lamps. It is very still. We are glad indeed for this good place in which to rest in southern Siam!

In the morning very early we are off again. Now we see low hills rising straight up from the plain, some of them looking like great jagged teeth. Most of them are covered with trees, and here and there are patches of red-

dish color that look like fire. These are the flowers that cover the top of a certain tall tree sometimes called "forest flame."

At the small stations, and in the country places, we see native houses, and the native people, men and women and children. We see many homes, too, where, by the clothes that are drying on bamboo poles, we know that Chinese are living. And we wonder how all these people will hear the Good News. Who will carry it to them, and show them the way to the better land?

It was quite light this evening when we came to Tung Sung Junction. The first thing to do was to find our room, and get all our things safely in it. Then, after washing our hands and faces, we walked through the town, and out to a small temple at the foot of a steep hill. Here we saw the village school, and a few boys wearing the yellow robe.

On our way back to the rest house, we stopped to look at a small gray monkey, chained to a pole. Formerly there were many monkeys in Siam. A man who sailed down the Menam two hundred years ago tells us that he saw "incredible numbers of monkeys of a blackish Colour, some of which are of a very large size, and some less, of the common sort, and a grey colour, which walk about tame, and as it were for pleasure's sake along the shore, or climb up the Trees, but toward evening perch themselves upon the highest

Trees on the shore in great numbers like crows." What monkeys there are in Siam in these days, stay in the jungle.

We pass a home, too, where a family are eating their evening meal. They are sitting on the floor or half lying down, and all dipping the food out from one large dish.

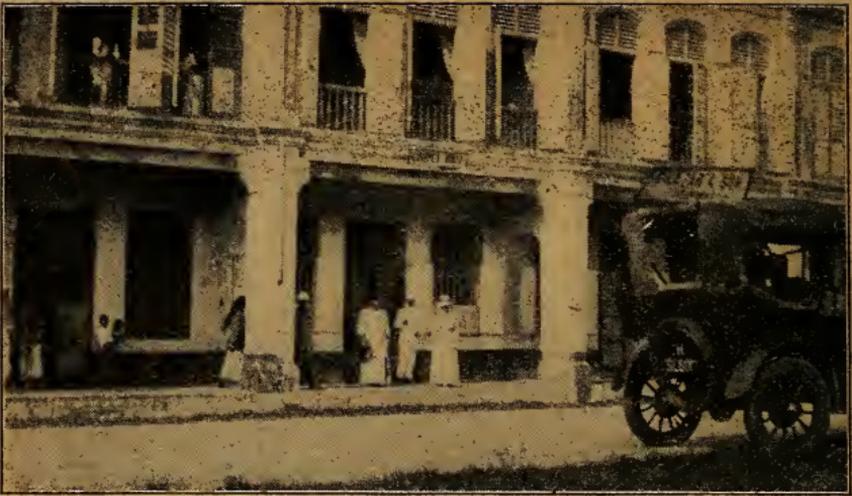
In the morning early we shall go on again. We have only about five hours' ride, then we shall come to the end of the Southern Siam Railway, and that means that we shall be at the end of Siam.

#### VISITING THE BATU CAVES

When we left the Southern Siam Railway, we walked along a platform, went through a gate, and were in the Federated Malay States! The train was all ready to start as soon as we got on, and carry us still farther on our way to Singapore.

This was good-by to Siam. All the rest of the Malay Peninsula (look at a map of this long arm of land reaching down from India and Siam toward the large island of Sumatra) is under the care of England.

We begin to see the difference right away. There are neat, pleasant, well kept towns, and large estates of rubber trees and coconut trees, and long, smooth roads from one town to another. Automobiles filled with more human beings than you ever saw in an automo-



The house with curtains is the one where we have our chapel in Kuala Lumpur, and where our missionaries live.

bile in your life, wait at the crossings for our train to pass.

Two nights and one day we stayed in Penang, a little island off the coast of the Malay Peninsula. The first thing we noticed here was the double ricksha—with a wide seat in which two persons can easily sit. But there was only one puller,—always a Chinese,—and these men looked thin and poor.

Penang was the first British colony in the Straits. The name Pēnang means Betel Nut Island, so the island is really named for this tree, which grows everywhere on it. It is also called the Prince of Wales Island, but is not often spoken of by that name.

We left Penang in the morning, and late in the afternoon reached the stately white railway station at Kuala Lumpur, halfway between Penang and Singapore. How glad

we were when our missionaries here, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thompson, met us, and took us home with them!

Our missionaries in Kuala Lumpur live in one of a long row of houses that are occupied by Indians. It is not a very pleasant place, but their little part of it is clean. Downstairs is the chapel, which we enter from the street. Back of the chapel is a small, dark room, which is used for dining room and kitchen. The tiny back "yard" is all floored over with cement, which is very hot and glaring in the middle of the day. And it is always hot in Kuala Lumpur.

Upstairs there is one long room. Curtains across one end make two places for beds. And the missionaries are quite content, waiting and hoping for a better place by and by.

On Sabbath a number of children and their fathers and mothers came to Sabbath school. These children of Kuala Lumpur are Chinese and Malays and Indians. The little Indian boys and girls have the blackest, roundest eyes you ever saw, and black hair, often curly, and very dark skins, and very white teeth. They are quiet and gentle in their manners.

Not far from Kuala Lumpur is a high, rocky hill, which the Chinese call "Everlasting Starlit Rocks." In this hill are two large caves. One of them is oh, so dark! and it is said to be "bottomless." This does not mean

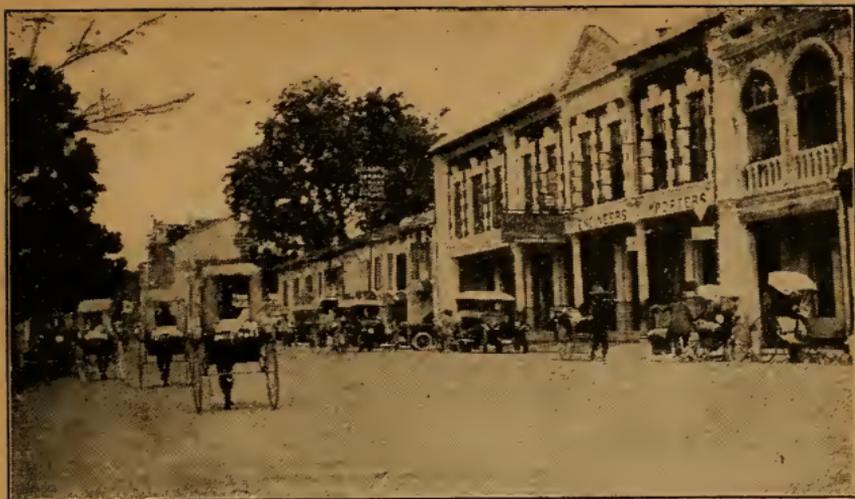
that it goes straight down in the earth like a well, but that it slopes gently down, down, under the ground. A man once went in, it is said, a distance of a mile and a half; but no one has gone any farther, and it is not likely that any one will. You see, millions of bats live in this cave, and it has a dreadful smell. In fact, the odor is so bad it is like poison gas. We went a little way into the cave, but rushed out much more quickly than we went in.

The other cave is quite light. In some places the ceilings are a hundred feet above our heads. They are covered with long, icicle-like arms called stalactites. The floors are slimy and slippery in places.

In this cave we saw a number of men who have come to this place to live. They expected a gift, so my husband offered to give one of the wildest looking of them a little money if he would allow him to take his picture. This he did; but the light was so dim that, after all, the picture was poor.

Coming home from our visit to these caves, we drove slowly through the lovely Botanical Gardens. All kinds of trees and flowers grow in this park, and the brick-red roads winding here and there are very neat and well kept. Once three gray monkeys scampered across the road in front of us—the only ones I saw running free in all this country.

Our next stop is Singapore. Here all the workers in this Malay field will meet to study



STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE

the Bible, and to plan how better to carry the Good News in this part of the world.

The name comes from two words, *singapura*, which are said to mean Lion Town. Singapore is built on an island, even as New York is built on the island of Manhattan. But there is this difference—Singapore covers only a small part of the island on which it is built.

Long ago there were many tigers on this island, and even in recent years tigers have been known to swim across from the mainland of Johore and hide in secluded places. Once a tiger came into the city itself, and hid under the steps of the largest hotel. Probably the poor beast was as badly frightened as the people who saw him crouching there. But that was no place for a tiger, fresh from the jungle, as you yourselves know; he would

have been much better off if he had not left his home in the wilds.

Singapore is a large city, with between three and four hundred thousand people living in it. There are Malays, of course, because they belong there. Then there are several kinds of Indians, and Japanese, and a few thousand white persons. But there are more Chinese than any of the others, or than all of them together. It is said that from seventy to eighty per cent of the people who live in Singapore are Chinese. That means that out of every ten persons, if they were walking past us, seven or eight would be Chinese!

In a quiet corner of this great city we have a pretty little church where the people who are looking for the soon coming of Jesus meet every Sabbath day. Then, on a pleasant, low hillside some miles away, in a country-like place, we have a printing office, or shall have by and by. It is just begun now. By and by, too, we shall have a school for the young people on our land here, and some neat small homes for the missionary families to live in.

#### STRANGE WORSHIP

This week the Indians in the city have a celebration on in honor of a certain god, who, they think, was born at the time when the Batu Caves near Kuala Lumpur were first made. To-day, coming home on the street

car, we saw two or three processions. In the place of honor were tall Indians, holding above their heads heavy arches covered with leaves folded in a certain way. Festoons of the same leaves, folded in this fashion, hang before the doors of their temples.

These men wore only a strip of cloth about the waist. Their arms and chests and backs and legs were stuck full of brass pins—long pins slipped in under the skin and out again, in regular designs. The same kind of pins were stuck through their ears and through their lips. On the back of one man, attached to chains which were fastened to these pins, were ten or twelve metal balls, each one about the size of a baseball. Yet he walked straight on, in the blazing sun, holding that heavy arch above his head.

They do other things, such as walking on beds of coals, to atone for their sins, or to gain favor with their god. For they are very religious. Every time we go on the street we



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This is a common scene on the streets of Singapore—Indian oxen with a load of coconut husks.

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meet hundreds of these poor people who have been to the temple to pray. We do not see them go; but we can tell that they have been, for on their foreheads or between their eyes is a little gray mark, which the priest has rubbed with sacred ashes. Or there may be a dab of red, or a few long marks of red. They feel that they have done all they need to do. Surely they need to hear the Good News.

Many of the black and brown and yellow people who live in Singapore, and in the country around it, have one or more yokes of white or cream-colored Indian oxen. All day long they pass our mission compound, on their way to town and home again.

These oxen have kind-looking faces, with wide foreheads, and high, curved horns. At certain times their owners dress them up by painting their horns, and trimming them with brass tips and bands. They seem to like very well to paint one horn one color and one another, which makes them look queer indeed.

It does look strange to us to see these heavy, solid-looking animals walking along the paved streets, dragging their two-wheeled carts, piled high with coconuts or straw or rubber or other stuff, while side by side with them, dashing past them, and bearing down upon them, are swift-running automobiles. But the oxen do not act afraid; sedately they go along, shaking their horns at every step.



The bamboo hats are so small in the crown that they must be tied on.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE LAND OF MORNING CALM

**A**FTER leaving Singapore we went to Shanghai, the largest port city of China, and from there to Chosen. Shanghai is home to us. Here we have a large mission compound, with a school, and a printing office, and a number of pleasant gray brick houses, with red roofs, where our missionaries live. In one of these houses we stay when we are "at home in Shanghai," and we think many times of the children who have brought their gifts to Sabbath school to help build these homes.

(193)

In this chapter we will talk about Chosen.

If you will look at an outline map of Japan, you will notice, standing out in the sea from Manchuria, west from Japan, a point of land that looks a little like a horse's head. This land is the old, old country of Chosen, or Korea, as it is still called by many.

Chosen is a peninsula. An island is land that has water all around it; but a peninsula, while it may have water nearly all round it, is joined to a larger body of land.

Chosen is joined along its northern edge to the great land of Manchuria; but for many miles, the line that marks the end of Chosen and the beginning of Manchuria is a river. So Chosen is almost an island, after all!

#### A VERY OLD COUNTRY

Chosen is a very old country. Long, long before America was heard of, long before Jesus came to this world as a little babe, even as far back as the time when the elders of Israel came to Samuel and asked for a king to reign over them, some record has been handed down of things that have been done in Chosen.

Outside the ancient city of Pyongyang there is a pine-covered hill, and on this hillside is a wall, with a shrine on one side. The door is locked; but if we ask the old man who keeps the key, he will open it, and take us

through the small temple, and into the grassy inclosure. The wall is all around; it is very quiet inside.

A wide walk leads to a great mound of earth, covered with coarse grass. On each side of the walk, and at intervals around the mound, are stone images, some of them quite large, of soldiers and priests, and horses and sheep and elephants. Often in Chosen and other Eastern lands such images are set up around the grave of a king.

This green mound of earth is honored as the tomb of Kija, a great king of Chosen, who lived and died more than three thousand years ago. Of course no one knows for sure just where he was buried, but it is not unlikely that it was on this pleasant hillside overlooking the city that he built and the river that runs through it.

About eight hundred years ago the people of Chosen, wishing to honor Kija, made this mound, and they have cared for it ever since. The wall around it now — we saw it yesterday — is nearly new. When the stone images get old and black, and so worn down that one can hardly tell what they are, new ones are made after the old patterns, and set up in their places.

#### VARIOUS NAMES OF THE COUNTRY

Though Kija lived so long ago, he was not the first king of Chosen. Long, long before

Slow and patient is this Chosen "tractor," wading through the mud of the rice paddies. He turns over the soil to help raise rice for the millions of Chosen.



his day, there was a king who gave to the country the name Chosen, which means "Morning Calm." After he died, it was called by other names; but when Kija became king, he said, "We will call our land Chosen again, as it was in the old days."

Since Kija's time, Chosen has been called by other names; but now this old, old name is used everywhere in the country. Often Chosen is spoken of as "The Land of Morning Calm." When we are in Chosen, and see how still and lovely its mornings are, we understand the reason for this name.

At one time Chosen was called the Hermit Kingdom, because for more than two hundred years, like its neighbor Japan, it would not allow the people of Western lands to enter its borders.

"The Land of Treeless Mountains" is another name given to Chosen by those who have in mind its bare hills in the south; but in the northern part of the country there are deep forests of large trees.

One of the titles of the ruler of Chosen used to be "The King of Ten Thousand Islands," because of the large number of small islands around its coasts.

#### JAPAN IN CHOSEN

The history of Chosen is a long one—all about wars with China and Japan, and other

sad things. You will read it by and by. I will only tell you now that not many years ago the country passed under the control of Japan.

The people of Japan are very alert and busy. They mean to get ahead. But the people of Chosen are slow and placid. Many of the men who had to do with governing the country loved money more than anything else, so the time came when the weaker nation passed under the control of the stronger.

In many ways Japan has helped Chosen. There are better roads in the country now than there used to be; and in every village of any size there is a school where the children are taught to read and write. Every so often, too, the people must clean their houses. We should think it was a queer thing, shouldn't we, if a policeman came to inquire why on a certain day we had not taken all our carpets outdoors, and spread out all our bedding to air? But that is what happens in Chosen in these days.

Most of the people of Chosen are very poor, and they live in tiny houses, often all sleeping in one room. You know that dirt and what we call "germs" go together, and so you will not be surprised to hear that the people of Chosen are often ill. The terrible scourge of smallpox used to sweep over the land nearly every year.

If a mother was asked how many children she had, she might say, "Two," meaning two who had had smallpox. If there were little ones who had not had it, they were not counted till after the "honorable Guest," as they called the disease, had come. If the little ones lived, then they could be counted. At the present time all the children are vaccinated, and this helps to keep the dreadful "Guest" away.

Airing the bedding in the sunshine and washing the clothes helps, too. Cleaning-up day is a good thing for Chosen.

Of course you have cleaning-up day *every* day at your house. That is one reason you are so well and strong.

#### AN OLD CITY

Some of you have been in Washington, and seen its wide street that leads to the white building where men meet who make our laws, and you know that Washington is the capital of our dear country. We are in the capital city of another country now — Seoul, the capital of Chosen. The city lies in a valley, with hills on three sides. Seoul is more than five hundred years old, and the great wall that inclosed all the old city, and was fourteen miles long, was built in two years.

This great wall was from twenty to forty feet high and from ten to fifteen feet thick.



This is a very fine gate a little way from the station in Seoul.  
It was formerly a part of the city wall.

It was made of earth on the inside, faced on the outside with heavy stones. This stone facing was built up as high as a man's head above the inside wall of earth. In it were holes through which soldiers could shoot their arrows in battle.

There are eight gates in the wall, four large gates and four smaller gates. Of course they have names—those by which they are commonly known being West Gate, Little West Gate, and so on. The Great South Gate and the Great East Gate are among the important sights of Seoul to-day. In the old days they had other names, very high-sounding, such as Gate of Brilliant Splendor, Gate of Exalted Ceremony, and so on.

Not many years ago all these gates were shut in the evening when the curfew was

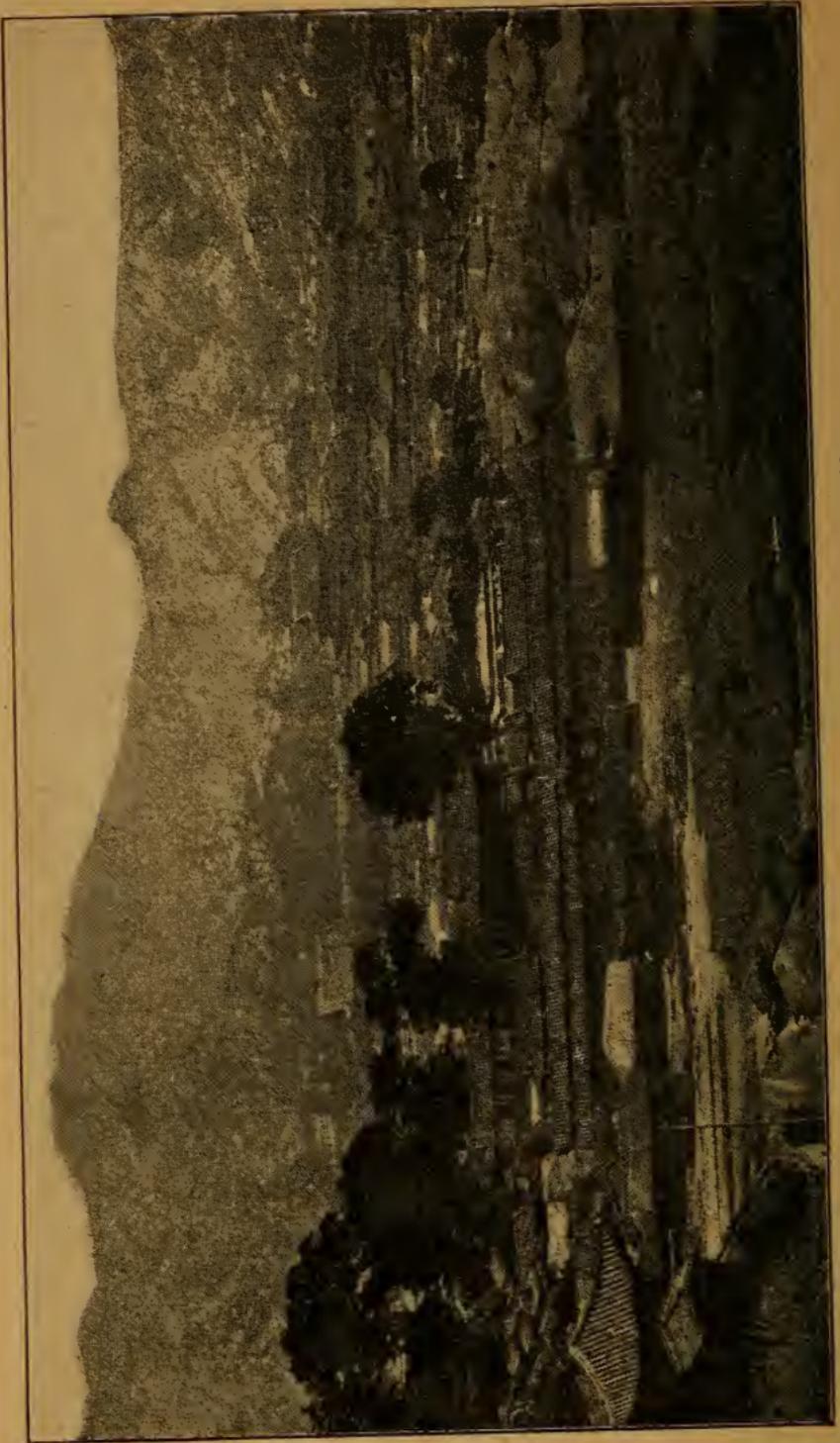
sounded. When the great bell of the city gave out its wailing notes, the heavy wooden gates were locked, and any one who was outside would have to stay out, unless he was willing to risk losing his head if he climbed over the wall.

But the city is growing fast, and wide streets filled with low houses and little shops are now built far beyond the large gates. Street cars run in and out nearly all night. The gates now serve only to remind the people of other times, like statues of great men that you have seen in the park.

Chosen is a country of mountains. No matter where one may go, he is always in sight of hills and valleys, and often high mountains seem to shut him in like a great wall. In the north there are many tigers in the mountains, and often they come down into the valleys in search of something to eat. The skins of these tigers are greatly prized, not only by the people of Chosen, but by the Japanese and the Chinese.

#### QUEER CITIES AND VILLAGES

Seoul is the largest city in Chosen; but if you were to stand on a hill and look down on it, as I did yesterday, you would think it a queer-looking city. Nearly all the houses are low, with gray tiled roofs. Seen from a distance, the city looks as much like a great



The city of Seoul lies in a valley, with hills on three sides.

paved floor as anything else. Of course there are some taller buildings, put up by the Japanese and others, but the greater part of the city is very flat.

When we climb a hillside in Chosen, and stand on its ridge, looking down on every side, it is fun to see how many little villages we can count. There are villages near and far, right at our feet and away at the edge of the valley. But how strange they look—not at all like our little towns, with white-painted houses, and red barns, and here and there a church pointing its finger-like steeple to the blue sky.

No, these Chosen villages look like—straw stacks! Dozens of straw stacks, close together. Sometimes one has to look very sharp to see them at all!

There is a good reason for the houses' looking like straw stacks, and this is it: Their roofs are made of straw. The walls of the houses are of mud, with only enough timbers to hold in place the light strips on which the mud is plastered. Small poles hold up the straw roof. Such houses burn very quickly; and when a fire is once started, often it does not stop till every house in the village is burned.

Most of the houses of Chosen are very small; but the families that live in them are large, for all the sons bring their wives home to stay.



In a Korean family the sons bring their wives home to stay.

The floor of the native house is queer. You see, it is not only a floor, but it is the stove as well. The family would freeze in cold weather—and they have snow and real winter in Chosen—if it were not for the floor. Then, too, it is the bed for the whole family, and the chairs and sofas and hammocks besides!

Would you like to know how the floor is made? First a number of flues, or tunnels, are made where the floor is to be. These flues reach clear across the room. Above them are laid thin stones. When these stones are all in place, the floor is covered with mud, very smooth, so not a crack is left through which smoke can come. Then, when the floor is dry, it is covered with thick, tough oiled paper. Those who cannot afford this paper may have straw mats.

“A paper floor!” you say, and think of your stout shoes and the scratches they sometimes make. You think a floor with a paper “carpet” would not last very long. And so it wouldn’t, in *your* house. But in Chosen all the children, and the grown-ups too, take their shoes off before they think of going into the room. There are times when I rather like the Chosen way, myself.

Very few of the houses in Chosen are large. Many of them are so small that you would wonder how the family could ever get inside. But there is almost no furniture. In one such house that I was in, there were several old chests against the wall. These were for clothes. A tiny shelf held the few paper-covered books, for this was a Christian home, and the woman read the Bible. There were some quilts too, neatly folded and laid on the chests.

#### HOW THE PEOPLE SLEEP

When it is time to go to bed, the family all lie down on the floor, and spread the quilts over them. If they are well-to-do, they may have thick quilts to lie down on, besides. When they are sick, it is just the same; there is no other place to sleep except the floor, and at night the whole family use it.

Every house has at least two rooms, this room that I have been telling you about, and



The floor of a Chosen house is not only a floor, but a stove as well.

a cook shed, where the fireplace is built. From this fireplace the heat enters the flues under the main room, and is carried along under the floor. Sometimes there are two rooms, with a little porch or platform between, and the cook shed at one side.

If the family is well-to-do, there are of course more rooms, and they are larger. Often, when there are a number of them, they are built around a little open court, and here the household water jars, ironing sticks, garden tools, and other things are kept. In pleasant weather, food is prepared here, and sewing and other work is done. Here, too, the little brown babies play in the sun, and learn to take their first steps.

Yesterday was Sabbath. In the afternoon we went for a walk on the hills back of our mission compound. They are sandy hills, with scrubby pine trees growing all over them. Sometimes bright azaleas and other flowers are found.

The people of Chosen like to bury their dead on a hillside. Their graves are very pretty—large grassy mounds, with a ridge of earth thrown up around them on three sides, and an open place in front, looking toward the valley. When you are on a hillside, there is almost always a lovely view in Chosen, and the people believe that the spirits of the dead like to have a pleasant outlook. Often these large graves can be seen for miles.

At sunset we stopped at a temple hidden in a little ravine. There was a good-sized house in front. Here the priestesses lived, and the people who took care of the temple. The priestesses had shaven heads and gray robes, and they bowed and prayed for a long time before the images of Buddha.

A real feast was offered before the ancestral tablets of some man, whose relatives had their own lunch spread on the ground outside. There were bowls heaping full of rice, white and dry; crisp little cakes, piles of sweetened and salted seaweed, some nice fruit, and other things. A bottle of beer was also placed be-

fore the most important tablet — but the men laughed when they put it there.

Little boys no larger than many of you carried the bowls of rice away after they had been set before the tablets and the images. The oldest son of the dead man took part too. He lifted the rice bowls up and down, and waved sticks of incense, and repeated prayers. It looked very strange, and very sad, to see the other relatives, in foreign clothes, going through this worship.

In the house near by, lying on the floor, was a fat baby, asleep. His face and hands were black with flies. Sometimes we wonder how it is that any of the children of Chosen live to grow up at all.

#### WORSHIPING EVIL SPIRITS

We were glad to leave this place, and walk home under the trees. The main religion of the people of Chosen is the worship of evil spirits. They believe that the hills and the valleys and the woods and the air are full of these spirits, and that all they think of is to hurt men. So they try to please them. They believe that if the spirits think they like them, they will not hurt them.

Ancestor worship and Buddhism are also united with this worship of evil spirits; so it is easy to see how much the people need the gospel of Jesus.

Nearly a hundred and forty years ago a young man from Chosen, while on a visit in China, heard of Jesus. When he went home, he began at once to tell his friends about Jesus, and many loved Him. Of course the Christian religion forbids the worship of one's ancestors, or making offerings to tablets of wood on which their names are written; so very soon the Christians in Chosen were told that they would have to give up their new religion.

In the years that followed, thousands of Chosen Christians were put to death. Others fled to the barren hills, and died of cold and hunger. From time to time good men went to Chosen to teach the people, but many of them were killed too.

In 1882, by signing a treaty with the United States of America, Chosen opened her doors to the peoples of Western lands. In the years that followed, many missionaries came; and at the present time there are thousands of persons in Chosen who have given up their evil worship, and who love and try to serve the Lord Jesus. 7

#### OUR WORK IN CHOSEN

There are schools where the boys can go to school, and hospitals where those who are sick can be nursed and cared for.

In 1904 a man from Chosen was in Kobe, one of the large cities of Japan. Our own

mission has a meeting hall in that city; and this man passed the door one evening, and stopped to read the sign. When he was invited to come in, he entered. He could not talk with the man who asked him in; but they could both read the writing that is used in China, so they began to visit in writing.

In this way the man from Chosen heard the good news that Jesus is soon coming. He was glad to hear it, and brought a friend to study with him. Before they went away from Kobe, both these men were baptized.

One of them went home to Chosen, and soon a call came from that ancient land for some one to come and teach the people. In a few weeks there were nine Sabbath schools in the little villages of Chosen.

Other missionaries came, and began to work. Now we have a school, and a printing office, and a dispensary where sick people come to get help. We have also mission homes and a number of earnest workers in Chosen. The printing office is at Seoul; but the school and the dispensary are at Soonan.



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Our Mission  
Offices and  
Publishing  
House in  
Seoul.

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These little girls of Chosen are dressed in their best. They enjoy their bright-colored hair ribbons, which are different from any you ever saw.



## CHAPTER XVI

### BOYS AND GIRLS OF CHOSEN

**T**HESSE are days of change in the ancient land of Chosen; so it does not do to say, Things are this way, or, Things are that way. Many new ways are coming into the land; but still the old ways are seen, and we like to know about them.

#### TWO CLASSES OF PEOPLE

Not many years ago there were only two classes of people in Chosen, the nobles and the low men. The nobles were called yangbans, and the common people were called hains. But of course there were some nobles whose position was a little higher than that of others, and some low men who were not quite so poor and wretched as their neighbors.

The yangbans were an idle class. Above all things they hated the thought of work, and would not so much as light their own pipes if they could help it. They considered it beneath their dignity to hurry, no matter what was the need; and as for carrying any sort of bundle along the street, they would not think of such a thing. If a low man was riding on a horse, and met a yangban, he must get off his steed, and wait till the yangban had passed. Even if he came to the house of a yangban, he must get off and walk till he had left it behind.

When a yangban went for a stroll, he was worth seeing. His full, baggy trousers and his long, flowing coat were of spotless white or of bright green or blue or purple silk. His shoes were white, with graceful pointed toes, turned up and back. Sometimes they were embroidered with great care. I have heard it said that they were "the most beautiful shoes in the world;" but they took a great deal of time to make, and soon lost their freshness, so nowadays every one who has the money to pay for leather shoes buys them.

On his head the yangban wore a tall hat of finely woven bamboo, painted black, and under this a thin, small hat of woven horsehair, and under this a tight-fitting band to hold his coiled hair in place. In his hand, in the summer time, he carried a fan, which he waved

slowly in front of his face, or held before his eyes. The crowning touch was a pair of large spectacles with bone rims.

The clothes of the nobles and of the low men are all made on the same pattern, only those of the nobles are of richer, finer cloth. The poor men wear garments of coarse white cotton; sometimes their long coats are gray. There are no buttons, but the garments are fastened together with two narrow, ribbon-like strips of cloth. These are tied on the left side in a single bowknot with long ends. In the winter these garments are thickly padded with cotton to keep out the cold.

#### THE BOYS OF CHOSEN

The boys of Chosen are a good deal like boys in other places. They like to play games, and at certain seasons all the boys seem to be doing the same thing. At one time they are flying kites; then they make swings of straw rope, and have great fun swinging. The men like this sport too. I have seen swings on a country road, near a little group of houses, where the boys would swing. Once a year, too, they have a season of "stone fights," but really this sport is too dangerous to call a game.

The oldest boy in a family is the one to whom all the others must defer. He is spoken to by the others as "my honorable elder

brother;" and whatever he says, must be done. If his father dies, he will have the little home, if there is any, and will be the one to tell what all shall do.

Chosen has also another title, which I have not yet told you—"The Land of the Topknot." This is because the men wear their hair in a little roll, or "topknot," on top of



In Chosen, meal is ground on a flat stone. The men wear their hair in a little roll, or "topknot," on top of their heads.

their heads. Over it is worn a tight band. Men of the better class wear over this band the small, finely woven horsehair caps I have told you of. Outside of this is worn the bamboo hat, which is so small in the crown that it must always be tied on. Just now the people are in mourning, because of the death of their former king, and thousands of them are wearing white or cream-colored hats instead of black ones, as white is the mourning color.

There are three kinds of talk in Chosen — “high talk,” “low talk,” and “middle talk.” “Low talk” is used in speaking to children and servants; “middle talk” is used in speaking to friends and equals; and “high talk” is used when speaking to old people or those to whom it is desired to show honor.

When they are little, the boys of Chosen wear their hair in a braid hanging down their backs; and as long as they wear it this way, they are always spoken to in “low talk.” When their hair is drawn up on top of the head, and the braid is coiled into a knot, the boy is looked up to as a man, and from that time he is spoken to in “high talk.”

But the time when this topknot may be worn does not depend on the boy's age, as you might think. If his parents have found a little girl, and have arranged with her parents that by and by their son may have her for his wife, up goes his hair, the first thing. And

then, what with his horsehair cap, and his queer round hat, and always being spoken to in "high talk," he has more honor than ever.

At a railway station the other day I saw a little boy with a round, chubby face, and red cheeks, and shining black eyes. His hair was in a topknot, and he felt himself to be quite a man, though he could not have been more than eleven or twelve years old.

The trousers and jackets worn by the boys are of white, but outside they wear long loose coats of bright colors. You would not care much for a pink silk coat reaching to your heels; but any Chosen boy of your age would think it a fine thing to have, and be very proud of it. Sometimes their coats are bright green, or red, or yellow. Sometimes they are of "many colors," like Joseph's.

But whatever the Chosen boy's clothes are made of, they do not stay clean very long; and even when they are soiled, he must wear them a long time. However, this does not seem to trouble him. All together the boys seem to have the best of it in Chosen.

#### THE GIRLS OF CHOSEN

Some of my readers were very happy when a little sister came to their house. They were taught to be kind and polite to her. She shares their toys, and plays in some of their games. They love her dearly, and so do father and mother.



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If there is in the household a little girl old enough to carry the baby, it is tied to her back instead of the mother's; and whether at work or at play, she must carry the heavy load.

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But it is not this way with little girls in Chosen. The fathers and mothers are glad for the little boys, but unless they already have sons, they do not rejoice when a little girl is born. If the family is poor,—and most of the families are very poor indeed,—and there are no boys, they are sad when a baby girl comes.

The names that are given to baby girls show how very little they are thought of. Sometimes they are called First, Secondly, and so on. Little Calf, Little Pig, Golden Rat, and other such names are common. Many little girls are called Sorrowful; but sometimes one is given a name that shows that even if her mother was not happy when she came, she loved her baby. Po Pai, or

“Treasure;” Chin Poki, or “True Blessing;” Chin Sil, or “Faithful;” and Suki, or “Clear;” are a few such names. Do Sin, meaning “A Girl Again,” is often used; so is Kun Aki, “Big Baby,” and Chokun Aki, or “Little Baby.” But any name lasts only till the girl is married. Then she is spoken to in “low talk” and called “thing.” If by and by she has a little son, she is spoken of as his mother.

Even at its best the life of a little girl in Chosen is not a happy one. All that women are thought to be good for is to work. And as little girls grow up to be women, they are taught to work too. As soon as the girl child is old enough, the baby of the household is fastened onto her back, and whether she is at work or at play, the heavy baby must be carried. This might be fun for a time, but you know that even a little girl or a little boy may get tired.

In former days not many girls in Chosen lived with their parents after they were twelve years old. At that age or even younger, the girl was sent to the home of the boy to whom she was to be married. The boy’s mother taught her any kind of work that she did not already know, and from morning till night her little brown hands were busy at something. If her parents were very poor, they might send the little girl to the home of her mother-in-law when she was only three years old.



The clothes are not ironed, but are beaten with round sticks, till smooth and glossy. Often the tumpity-tump-tump-tump of the ironing-sticks is heard late at night in the little mud huts.

Now there is a law that changes all this. No girl may be married till she is seventeen years old. But there is no law that says she must not work from morning till night.

#### LAUNDRY WORK IN CHOSEN

You might think that where the houses are so small, there would not be much work to do. But this is not true. In the first place, so many white clothes make lots of washing; and the men like very well to have their clothes white and shining, as long as they do not have to do the work themselves.

The ironing is not done with a hot iron, such as we use, but with "ironing sticks."

The dry garment is laid on a flat stone, or wrapped closely around a smooth board, and then two women sit down in front of it, on the ground, and beat it with the round sticks till it has a smooth, shining surface.

This is hard work, and it takes a long time to "iron" one garment in this way, as you can imagine. Often the tumpity-tump-tump-tump of the ironing-sticks is heard late at night in the little mud huts, where the women are getting the clothes smooth for the men of the household.

Another way I have seen the women iron is this: charcoal, glowing red, is placed in a sort of dipper, or skillet, made of brass, and having a long handle. Two or three women take hold of the edges of a garment, and hold it out tight in front of them; then another woman rubs over it with the smooth bottom of this heated skillet.

Both these ways are hard enough. I should not know which to choose.

The washing is often done by the bank of a stream, and perhaps the girls and women get a little fun out of it, when the day is warm, and the water not too cold. But sometimes in winter they have to break a hole through the ice, and dip the clothes up and down in the cold water till their fingers are blue and aching. No one thinks of using hot water to wash clothes with, for hot water means fire,

and fire means fuel, and fuel of all kinds is scarce and high-priced in poor Chosen.

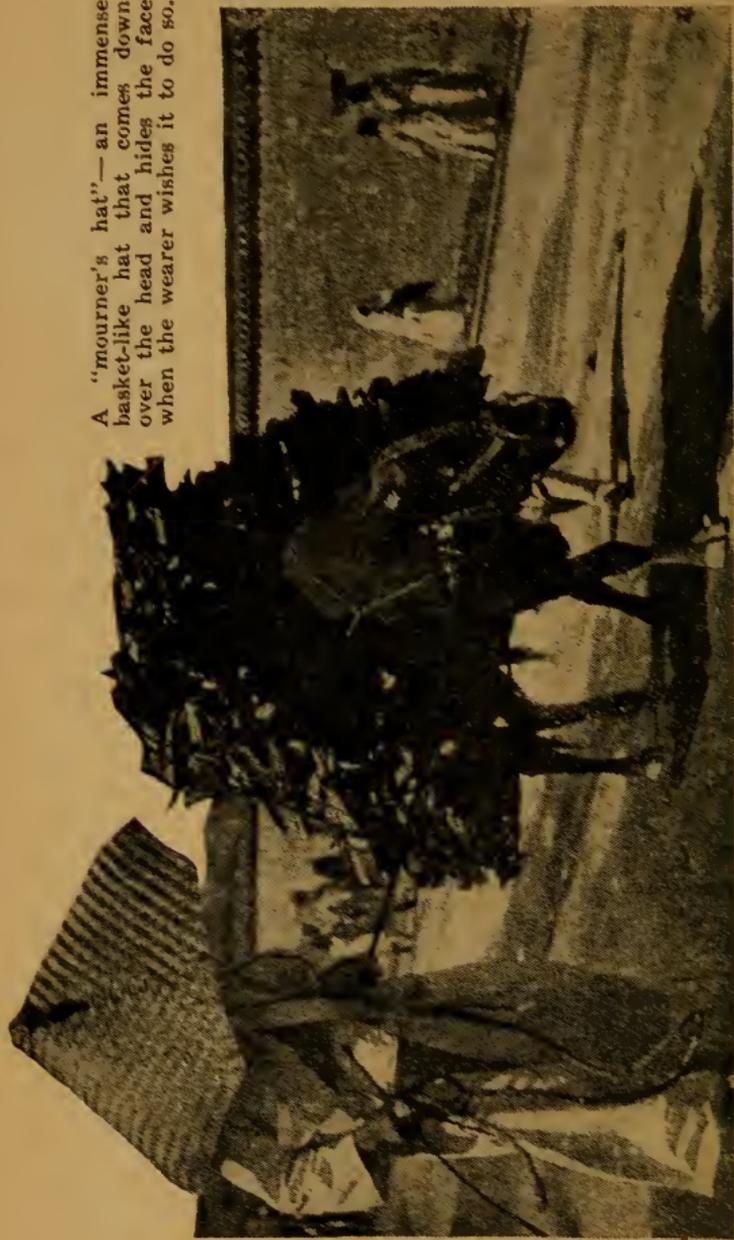
It would be hard enough, you would suppose, to keep these white clothes, which look so nice when they are clean, washed and ironed, the way the work has to be done; but what will you think when I tell you that these clothes have to be partly ripped apart every time they are washed, and then sewed together afterward! And all by hand!

#### MUCH HARD WORK

Then, too, all the water that is used to cook the food and for other things must be brought from a stream or from the village well. The women carry this water in earthen jars on their heads, and it is a common sight to see them at evening by the village well, drawing up the water, pouring it into jars, and moving away with one arm raised to keep the load steady. It makes a pretty picture, but it is very tiresome work.

Then there is meal to be ground on the flat stone mill, and a large supply of pickles and relishes to be made; for no one likes to eat his rice "plain" if he can get something to eat with it. Besides, there is work to do in the fields, getting the ground ready for the crop, planting and caring for the grain, cutting it when it is ripe, threshing it out (all by hand, too), and stacking up the straw.

A "mourner's hat"—an immense basket-like hat that comes down over the head and hides the face when the wearer wishes it to do so.



There is no end to the work, and the girls who are sent to be trained by their mothers-in-law are hardly better than slaves. The only happiness they look forward to is the time when they may have a little son; and there is not much pleasure in that, for even young boys look down on their mothers, and do not obey and honor them.

#### CLOTHING OF WOMEN

All the women dress alike. The clothes of a rich woman may be softer and finer and cleaner than those of her poorer sister, but they are made after the same style—a long, full skirt, tied on just under the arms, and a very short jacket with high neck and long sleeves. Sometimes these jackets are of pretty, colored silks; often they are plain white, like the skirt.

The little girls wear clothes made on the same pattern, with long skirts coming down to their heels. Sometimes their silken jackets are very pretty. Their hair is braided—in two or more braids when it is short, and in one braid when the girl is older. Then, if her parents love her, she will have a “hair ribbon”—but like nothing you have seen. It will be a piece of dark red silk, folded and stitched in a strip about three inches wide, and embroidered. Perhaps there will be a little fringe and a tassel at the end. When her

hair is all safely tied with a bit of thread or yarn, this "bow"—which is not a bow at all—is fastened on.

There are many queer sights in Chosen to one who has not lived there a long time. One is the "mourner's hat"—an immense basket-like hat that comes down over the head and hides the face when the wearer wishes it to do so. In the country the women who go abroad sometimes carry a still larger basket over their heads to hide them from public gaze. In Seoul the women used to wear a long green silk veil made like a man's coat, with sleeves near the top, for the same purpose. Nowadays the women carry an umbrella when they go out in the street, even if there is no rain, and the sun is not hot. It is used to hide the face, and takes the place of the veil and the basket-like hat.

But our greatest interest in any country is not the things that the people do that look strange to us, but that all who will may know Jesus.



The school and mission homes at Soonan were purchased with money given in our Sabbath schools at home.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MISSION WORK IN CHOSEN

**W**E had been riding on the train for a long time, and by and by my husband said: "Look! Here we are! There are the mission homes!" I looked out the car window, and saw on a hill two square houses that I knew must be the ones. There were no others like them to be seen. It was raining very hard, and we got our things together, and when the train stopped, he got out, and I handed them through the window to him, and got off as quick as I could, for the train does not stop very long.

(225)



The jiggy is a great help to men who must carry heavy loads for long distances. Often one sees a jiggy loaded with straw shoes, or with earthen jugs, or with grass, or wood, or fagots.

A friend who was with us said he would stay and look after the baggage (which we put in a shed), so we started to walk up the hill to the mission homes. The folks would have been glad to meet us, but the telegram we had sent to them did not reach them till the next day! That is often the way with letters and telegrams in Chosen—they come too late to be of much use.

On the way up the hill, we meet Doctor Russell. He had been called far out in the country to see a sick man, and his motorcycle had broken down, so he had to leave it, and walk home in the rain. He was wet and his shoes were muddy, but he was smiling and happy, as a missionary ought to be, no matter if he is having things hard. I wonder sometimes if missionaries are the only people who ought to be like that. What do *you* think?

The school and the dispensary are at Soonan. We pass them on the uphill path that leads to the two mission homes. A little burro with tinkling bells comes slowly down the steep hill; but when we send for our heavy trunks and boxes, they are brought up by men.

Each one of these men has on his back a *jiggy*, which is a sort of frame, made of two slender pine trees, each one having a little limb growing out of the main trunk. When the little limb was large enough, the tree had been cut down, and all the branches but this

one taken away. A short piece of this branch was left, so the tree trunk looked something like the illustration on page 226.

Two of these slender poles, each with its little branch, are fastened together with ropes. Other ropes or bands are fastened on them, so the man who is to carry the load can slip his arms into them. When it is in place, the jiggy rests on his back, from his shoulders to his hips. The jiggy is a great help to farmers, and peddlers, and other men who must carry heavy loads for a long distance. Often one sees a jiggy loaded with straw shoes, or with earthen jugs, or with grass, or wood, or fagots.

When we reach the mission houses, we are glad to stop, even though we have had no load to carry. There are fruit trees on the hillside in front of the houses, and grapes, and strawberries in blossom, and lettuce and peas in the garden. We are happy to know that the money that has been given in our Sabbath schools at home has provided these pleasant places for our missionaries in Chosen to live in.

For even with a comfortable, clean house, with a yard where the children may play, and a garden, the missionaries are sometimes lonely. Often there are not more than two families in a place, and sometimes there is only one. All the rest of the people are strange, and their ways are different. It takes a long time to get letters from home, and they



Dispensary at Soonan, Korea, where thousands of sick people come — some of them carried on a canvas or a board.

do not have much money for books, and almost none for papers and magazines. The only music they have is often a wheezy, creaky little organ.

So I am always glad when I see a garden near the house, and perhaps a phonograph inside. That means that they can have fresh vegetables in summer, and that they can hear the songs and marches and other music of home once in a while. And how cheering it is to hear "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and other songs in this way on Sabbath evenings!

Looking down on the valley from the front porch of one of the mission houses, we see the straw-roofed town of Soonan. It is a market town, and every so often the people from the country districts bring the cloth they have woven, and the brass dishes they have made,

and the vegetables they have raised, to the market to sell. It is a very busy time when market day comes.

In the center of the town is the schoolhouse, an old building that has been fixed over for the purpose. It was built for the Chinese ambassador to rest in when he came to Seoul once a year in the old days, and when he was going back to Peking after his visit was over.

We catch glimpses, too, of the road over which these ambassadors and their guards used to travel. It is said to have been at one time the only good road in Chosen, and it was surely the longest one, as it ran from Seoul, the capital city of Chosen, to Peking, the capital city of China. So this little straw-roofed town, so quiet and so far away, has an old history, and has been the scene of many a gay pageant in days now past forever.

Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of sick people come to the tiny dispensary every year. Doctor Russell and Mrs. Russell bind up these people's sores, and give them hot baths, and put drops in their sore eyes, and tell them how to take care of themselves to keep well. They also tell them the good news that Jesus loves them, and is coming again. Sick babies and little boys who have stubbed their toes till they bleed are cared for, and women who are too sick to walk are sometimes carried on a canvas or a board for many

miles. Every day is a busy day at the dispensary.

We are in another mission house here. There are two houses, one a small cottage, and the other larger and on slightly higher ground, so there is more breeze and a better view. Back of the houses is a high hill, which is green and pretty to look at. At night the shadow of the hill creeps down and down as the sun goes low and lower, till it reaches the mission home, the fields in front, and the little village itself.

Keizan is just a country place. There are no stores where foreign things can be bought; so if the folks want to get a piece of ice or some canned milk or a sack of flour or sugar (things we like to have right handy by), they have to go on the train to the town of Tai-kyu, ten miles away. How would you like that? It takes all day to go and come home—not that it is so far, but because there are few trains.

#### A WONDERFUL SPRING

On the side of the hill back of the mission homes, there is a spring that people come to visit at certain times. They believe that if they bathe in its water, they will be cured of any disease they may have. One day I saw a little procession of women, all dressed in their best clothes, walking past the house, through the fields, and up the hill. Nearly



The way Chosen women dress, and the way they carry their babies. The style of dress is the same for women of all classes, rich or poor, though the material used may be very different.



every one was carrying a child on her back. As they walked, they talked or sang.

These children were sick. Some of them had dreadful sores on their arms and backs; and their mothers hoped that by coming to this spring and dipping the children in it, or pouring a little of its water over them, they would be healed.

I think myself that water would have helped,—*any* water, if it had been just a little warm, with plenty of good soap, and a soft towel and cleansing powder afterward. But these mothers do not have these things. So they were doing the best they knew.

Some of them had walked a long distance in the hot sun, getting up very early in the morning to start, and they would not get back to their little mud houses till after dark.

They rested a while by the edge of the spring, and then came to the foreign house to have a "sight see." They always like to

look through the missionary's home, and examine the furniture, and feel of the curtains. They like especially to see the kitchen.

#### TREATING THE AFFLICTED

Mrs. Oberg met them kindly, and took them into the kitchen, and showed them all her kettles and pans. Afterward they sat down on the wide front porch, and she talked to them about the gospel. She washed one poor little boy, who had two great sores on his back. They had been made by burning his flesh with a hot iron.

“Why did they do this cruel thing?” you ask.

Oh, he was sick, and they thought that by burning him in this way, the evil spirit that was making him ill would be driven out!

Of course his mother did not keep the burned places clean, and germs got in, and now the child was in a sad state. When his poor little back was washed, and healing powder had been dusted on, with soft white cloths to cover him, he felt more comfortable; but we knew he could not stay clean very long.

Often sick children are brought to this missionary mother, and she does all she can to help them. Her own baby girl, so fair and sweet and clean and well, shows how different is the life of a child whose parents have the blessings that come through the gospel, from that of children who live in a heathen home.

While I was writing in the little study one day, I heard a queer wailing sound; and looking out across the valley, I saw hundreds of the white, straight figures that look so much like *sticks* in the distance. These figures were moving back and forth, back and forth, and by and by I saw that they were following a bier, which was carried slowly along.

All day the wailing kept up, and toward evening we went over to see; for they had taken the bier into a yard, and the people were eating and drinking there.

The coffin was gayly decorated, and rested on a bier that was painted green and red and yellow. A canopy was held in place above. In front of the coffin was a hideous face painted on paper. This was to be carried before it to frighten away evil spirits. Long white banners, with black letters, were waving here and there.

All night the people waited; and in the morning, just as the red sun came slowly up over the gray, misty hills at the east of the valley, I saw the long procession start, and heard again the mournful wailing sound. First came the men with the waving banners, then the spirit chair, the coffin, and the chief mourners, and after them the people who were there to see, or who hoped to share in the food and the wine. There were many men and

boys with banners and lanterns, and each one seemed to do his share of wailing.

I watched them as long as I could see. They were going to walk about ten miles, we were told, where a grave site had been bought on a mountain side.

As I have already told you, the people of Chosen like to bury their dead in pleasant places on a hillside. But in these days the Japanese make burying grounds near every village, and have a law that the people shall be buried in them. This is really a sensible law, for a great deal of land that would have furnished food for the people has been used for graves in Chosen, in other days.

But the Chosen people are just like other folks; they like their own ways of doing things. The old man whose funeral I have just told you about was well-to-do, and his sons did not wish to bury him in the village cemetery. So by paying a good deal of money, they were allowed to take him far away into the hills, and bury him according to the old custom.

I have hardly begun to tell you of the interesting things that we see in Chosen; but I shall not write any more about this land just now. I hope that whenever you hear in Sabbath school a call from Chosen, you will help all you can, and I am sure you will.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



This Filipino woman washes her clothes with a washing paddle, and smokes while she works. The front steps of her house are not very easy to climb, yet even the tiny children learn to go up and down very readily.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

ON a pleasant, sunny day in October, we left Shanghai again. This time we went aboard a small boat going to Foochow, in South China. After our visit there, we went to Amoy, then to Swatow and Canton. In all these places our missionaries are working, telling the Good News to the people of this great land.

Three days ago we were in Hongkong, where we went aboard a fine large boat sailing for Manila, in the Philippine Islands.

The strip of water between Hongkong and Manila is one of the places on the sea that is always hard for travelers who easily get seasick. I am thankful for a place where I can lie very quiet, and wait till the days pass that

bring us to the wide, calm, lovely harbor of Manila, known as Manila Bay.

There is one thing we like especially about this blue bay. Floating out on the pleasant morning air from the sterns of dozens of little launches, puffing importantly to and fro, is our own "Star Spangled Banner." My husband touches his hat, and says, "It looks good, doesn't it?" For the flag of any country looks good to the people who love that country.

Manila Bay is the harbor for the city of Manila, the largest and most important town in the Philippines. Japan, you remember, is said to have more than four thousand islands, little and big. The Philippines have more than three thousand, and of these nearly eleven hundred are large enough and fertile enough for people to live on. Luzon, Mindanao, Mindoro, Cebu, Negros, Panay, Samar, Leyte, Bohol, and Palawan are the largest islands of the Philippine group.

#### STRANGE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES

A long time ago a race of very small, almost black men, with black eyes and frizzly, kinky hair, lived in these islands. We call them Negritos. They wandered here and there, and lived chiefly on roots, wild fruits, and fish. Sometimes they shot birds and small game with their arrows.

Their houses, or shelters,—for they could hardly be called houses,—were very small and

poor. It is said that a man could easily build one of them in half an hour, so you see it could not be much of a house. They had no beds, no tables, no dishes, no blankets. All they used the shelter for was to sleep under it at night, or rest beneath its shade during the day.

#### THE MALAYS

By and by, from other islands far away to the south, families of Malays came to these islands. Perhaps a man living in one of these far-off islands would decide to look for a new home. So he would take all his family into a long boat, and they would set out. If there was no storm to overturn their boat, they might reach one of these islands. Then they would go from one island to another till they found a place that suited them, and there they would build a number of small houses, made of bamboo and palm leaves.

The families were large. The grandfather and his sons and his sons' sons, and all their wives and all their children, with many slaves, sometimes belonged to one family. The grandfather was called the *datu*. He was the chief man of the little village made by the big family. Later these villages were called *barrios* by the Spaniards; and this name is used to-day, so that we say the "barrio of San Juan," instead of the village of San Juan.

As the Malays came, the Negritos went farther back into the hills to live, just as the

Indians of America went farther and farther west when the white men came to their country. Small groups of Negritos are living here and there in the different islands of the Philippines to-day.

The new Malay families grew into large groups called tribes. The men of one tribe were often fighting the men of another tribe. When some of them were defeated, and compelled to go off into the mountains or to another island, they founded a new tribe. And while for many years the people of these islands have been under a central government, still there is not always the best of feeling between the tribes, even to this day.

#### THE MOROS

One of the most warlike and cruel tribes were the Moros. They live in the southern islands. In the old days they were pirates. They would build a fleet of long, swift boats, called *prahus*, and sometimes with more than a thousand men they would sail and row along the coast to some place which they had decided to rob.

The peaceful tribes were afraid of the Moros. In Luzon they built watchtowers along the coast, at points where they could look a long way out to sea. When they saw a fleet of Moro boats coming, they sent word to the people, and they all ran off to the woods and hills as fast as they could. If the Moros

caught any one, they took him off to be a slave. After they had taken everything they wanted from a village, they set fire to the houses, and destroyed the grain and the trees, leaving the people without shelter or food. But this was not so bad as being taken off to become slaves.

#### WHEN MAGELLAN CAME TO THE ISLANDS

I have already told you about the long voyage made by that great sailor, Fernando Magellan. With five little ships he set out from Spain, and after many hardships and dangers, reached South America, and sailed through the straits there into the Pacific Ocean.

No man had ever gone so far that way before, but Magellan wished to go farther. One of his boats stole away, and another was shipwrecked; but when some of the men who were left begged to turn back, Magellan said: "No, we will go on, even if we have to eat the leather from the masts."

So they went on. And when their food was all gone, they did eat the leather from the masts, and some other things that were no better. The water was low in the casks, too, and what there was smelled very bad. Many of the sailors were ill.

But they kept on, and by and by they came to a group of islands where they anchored their ships, and went on shore to get food and



A Negrito chief and his family, and a little Igorrote girl. The Negritos are very small, almost black men, with black eyes and frizzly, kinky hair.



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fresh water. Magellan called these islands the Ladrone Islands. Here he and his sailors rested a few days; then on they sailed again to the west.

By and by they came to this large group of islands. The first one of the group that they saw was Samar. This was on March 15, 1521. Magellan did not stop here but at a smaller island. The sailors were glad to go on shore and to rest. Those who were sick grew strong again.

After a while they sailed on to another island. Here Magellan and his men, dressed in their very best clothes, went on shore, and, kneeling down, thanked God for keeping them

all the long journey. Then they fired off all their cannon, and built a cross on a hill, to show that from that day these islands belonged to the king of Spain.

Next Magellan went to Cebu, and anchored his boats near that island. He said that the *datu*, or oldest grandfather, on Cebu, should be the king of all the islands, for the king of Spain.

This made trouble at once. The people of Opon, a village on the small island of Mactan, just across a narrow channel from Cebu, did not wish the *datu* of Cebu to be *their* king. By and by Magellan asked them to send him some food. They said they would send some, but not so much as he asked. This they did to show that they did not intend to submit to him, or to his new king.

So Magellan unwisely went over to Mactan to punish these people, and compel them to do as he wished. He took forty-nine men with him. He thought he would have no trouble at all in subduing these savages.

But in the fight that followed, Magellan and his men had the worst of it. Magellan lost his spear, and was struck down in the shallow water near the shore, and died there. His soldiers quickly got into their small boats, and rowed back to their ships, and began to get ready to go away.

Before they went, the *datu* of Cebu asked them very politely to come to a feast. Twen-

ty-eight men went, but that was their last feast. They were attacked, and every one was killed.

Soon after this the Spaniards sailed away. There were only one hundred and eight men left—not enough for three ships—so they burned one of them, and thus the little fleet of five was reduced to two.

In a few years other Spanish fleets crossed the Pacific, and stopped at these islands for food and water. The captain of one of them, wishing to please the people of an island which had sent him some very good rice, called it *Philippina*, in honor of the son of the king of Spain, whose name was Philip. In this way the islands came to be called the *Philippinas Islands*, or the *Philippines*. The people who live in these islands are called *Filipinos*.

As we came into the Bay of Manila, we passed *Corregidor*, a large island which has been used from the earliest times as a lookout post. Men on this high rocky island can see for a long distance over the ocean. In the old days, if the watchmen saw a Chinese junk, or a fleet of Moro *prahus*, or a ship from some other land, they lighted fires on the hill, to tell the people in Manila just what boats were coming.

At the present time there is a strong fort on *Corregidor*. When a ship is coming, the news is carried to the city by a cable laid under the waters of the bay.



An Igorrote man going home from market, carrying his purchases in a basket on his back; and another man of the same race displaying his finery.



## CHAPTER XIX

### THE ISLANDS UNDER DIFFERENT NATIONS

**A**BOUT the first thing we saw yesterday when we stepped off the boat, and onto the long pier, piled high with boxes and bales that had come on ships from every part of the world, was a carabao (carabow) cart. And the carabao, pulling his clumsy, two-wheeled cart, is one of the last things we shall see when we go away. He is guided by a single rope fastened to a ring in his nose, or around one horn.

#### THE CARABAO, OR WATER BUFFALO

In Siam we met the carabao under another name—the water buffalo. But he is the same heavy, slow-moving beast, with tough gray hide and wide-branching horns. Only here

we do not see the queer pinkish-colored beasts we saw in that land.

There have always been many carabaos in these islands. In their wild state, they are very fierce and dangerous. Long ago the people caught and tamed some of these animals, and taught them to draw loads and to drag their clumsy wooden plows. They are gentle enough, with their native drivers, if they are kindly treated when they are young; but if they are misused, and learn to be afraid when they are calves, they are ugly and fierce, like the wild carabaos still found in some places.

Wherever we go in the Philippine Islands to-day, we see these slow, patient animals, drawing heavy loads, or turning up the land for a new crop of rice, or jogging along in front of a mat-covered, two-wheeled cart in which some country family is moving from one barrio to another. It looks very strange to see these slow animals on the same street with swiftly running motor cars. I have known of an automobile running into a carabao without hurting him much—but the car had to be sent off for repairs!

When the Philip for whom the Philippine Islands were named became king of Spain, he sent men to settle in these far-off islands. They were his islands, he said, because Magellan had found them. He wished, as a great



A STREET OF NATIVE HOUSES AT SILAY, OCCIDENTAL NEGROS

many other kings have wished before and since, to be the greatest king in the world. Already he claimed the right to nearly all of South America, to Florida, and to Mexico.

#### THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS

From Mexico came the first fleet of King Philip's ships with colonists for the Philippine Islands. A man named Legazpi was in command of the fleet, and a sailor who had already visited the islands came with him to help him. In due time the fleet reached the island of Cebu, where Magellan had come more than forty years before. The old men of the place had been boys when Magellan was there.

Legazpi was kind to these people, for he truly wished to be friends with them. At first they were afraid, for they feared he had come



AN OLD SPANISH CHURCH AT VALLADOLID

to punish them; but when they saw that he did not intend to hurt them in any way, they said they would be friends. Tupas, the chief *datu* of Cebu, said, "I promise for myself and for my children to obey the king of Spain night and day, in peace and in war."

There were five priests in the company that came to Cebu, and they began to teach the people the Roman Catholic faith. Many were baptized, Tupas among the number.

In the next three hundred years Spain ruled indeed "night and day" in the Philippines. Legazpi died, and some of the men who came after him were neither so wise nor so kind. It is a long story, and some of it is very sad.

The Spaniards brought many new and better ways to the islands. They made long roads and built bridges—or rather they forced

the people to do this work. Immense churches were built, too, in many places; and cemeteries were inclosed with high, strong walls. Near the churches were convents for priests and nuns. Often there was a high tower where were hung the great bells that were rung many times a day, and sometimes in the night, to call the people to prayer.

“Wasn’t it good for them to have churches?” you ask.

Of course it was; but you see these people were compelled to work on these buildings whether they wished to or not. All they received was a little food to eat and a nipa roof to cover them at night. If they did not work hard enough, they were punished. When people build a church because they love to build it, it is pleasing to God. But I think He must often have been grieved to see these great churches with their fine towers and wide gardens, when He knew the feeling in the hearts of the poor men who toiled at building them.

Still, all in all, the Filipinos learned many things from Spain. They learned how to mix mortar and make brick and lay up a wall; they learned how to build better houses, and how to make bridges and good roads. They learned a little about the great world that lay far beyond their islands. Some of their young men went to other lands to study, and

came home again to tell the wonders they had seen.

When the king of Spain ruled the Philippines, every man had to pay a certain amount of tribute each year. He did not always pay this in money, but more often in rice or oil or some other product. If the man who collected the tribute was dishonest, he would not give the people a fair price, but would make them bring more. Then when it was sold, he would keep something for himself. In this way the people were robbed. Often they had a sad time.

Long ago, long even before Magellan found the way to these islands, the Chinese came to them in their big junks. They brought silk and carved ivory and lacquer and pearls and paper umbrellas, and many other things to exchange for the fine mats and coconuts and woven cloth and so on which the natives had to sell.

After the Spaniards took the islands, the Chinese still came. The Spaniards traded what they had collected as tribute for the lovely silks and gold and pearls and porcelains so much desired by the rich ladies of Spain and Mexico.

Thousands of Chinese live in the Philippine Islands at the present time. Some of them are poor, but others are very rich. They are bankers, and money lenders, and merchants.

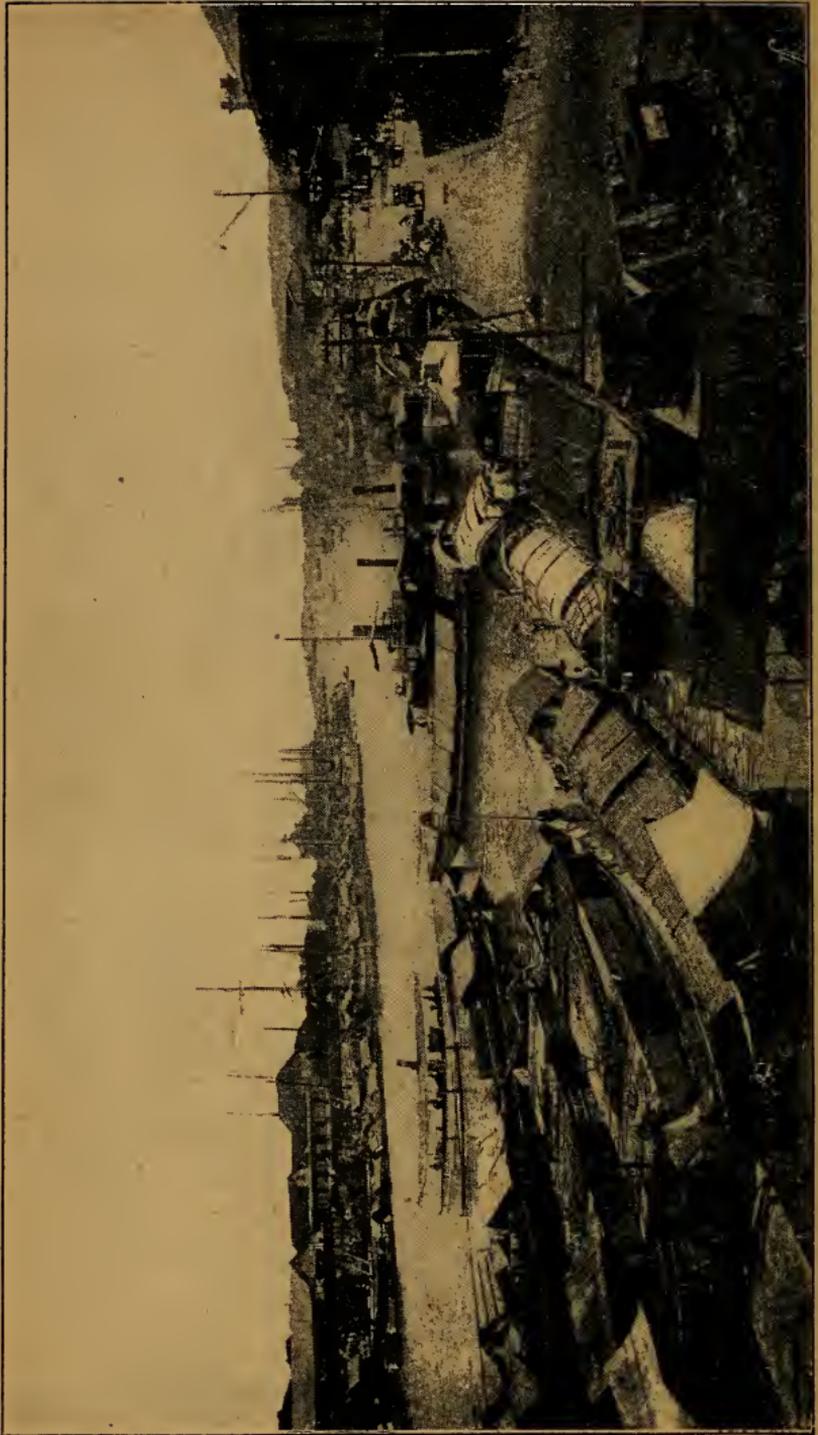
They have all sorts of little shops; they wash clothes; and they make suits and coats and shoes. They are keen bargainers, willing to work, and careful to save. So they get ahead of the natives, who are easy-going, and happy if they have enough for to-day.

#### A BRAVE CAPTAIN

You would enjoy seeing Manila, with its wide streets, and its quaint old walled city, and its wide green Luneta, or plaza, where the people stroll in the cool of the evening to hear the band play.

From the first, Manila has been the chief city of the Philippine Islands. In the beginning, though, it was only a poor little town of bamboo houses standing up on high poles to keep out of the water in the rainy season. But after the Spaniards came, better houses began to be built, and some of the low land was filled. In the year 1590 the wall was begun; and when it was finished, it was a great protection to the city.

This wall is still standing, though in these days it serves only to remind the people of other times. The city of Manila extends far around it. The part of the city inside the wall is called Intramuros. When we get on a street car marked Intramuros, we know it will go dashing in through a gate in the wall, and after running through a number of nar-



THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA

row old streets, will go out through another gate into the Manila of to-day.

Not long after this wall was finished, a Dutch captain came with two ships to Manila Bay. He wished to trade with the natives. The Spaniards did not want him there, but he would not go away. So by and by there was a battle. One of the Dutch ships, the "Concordia," was taken, and its captain and crew were made prisoners.

Six of these prisoners were only boys. They were put into convents to become priests. There were thirteen men, and the Spaniards said these men must die. But before they were killed, they must declare that they believed in the Catholic religion. Twelve of the men finally said they did, so they were buried in a cemetery when they were put to death. But there was one man, Captain Biesman, who would not say it, and after he was killed, his body was thrown into the sea.

All honor to brave Captain Biesman! He suffered and died for what he thought to be right; and we know that angels will guard the place where every faithful child of God is, no matter where.

#### COMING OF THE PROTESTANTS

For three hundred years and more, no Protestants were allowed to teach their faith in the Philippine Islands. The Filipinos were with-

out Bibles, either in their own languages, or in the Spanish, which a few of them had learned to read.

In 1889 the British and Foreign Bible Society sent two men to Manila with Bibles to distribute to those who wished to have them. These men stayed at a hotel, and when it was found what they were doing, they were poisoned. One of them died, and the other was put into prison. Afterward he was sent away, and told not to come back again.

When the Bible societies heard this sad story, they at once sent more men to the islands to sell and give away Bibles. It was not long before portions of the Bible were printed in different tongues and dialects of the Filipino people. The priests were angry, and did all they could to hinder the work, but still it went on.

And in just a few years a new order of things came about. It had to, because the good news that Jesus is soon coming must go to every nation. Spain, which had once been mistress of so much of the world, lost her colonies one after another, and by and by she lost the Philippines too.

#### WHAT THE UNITED STATES IS DOING

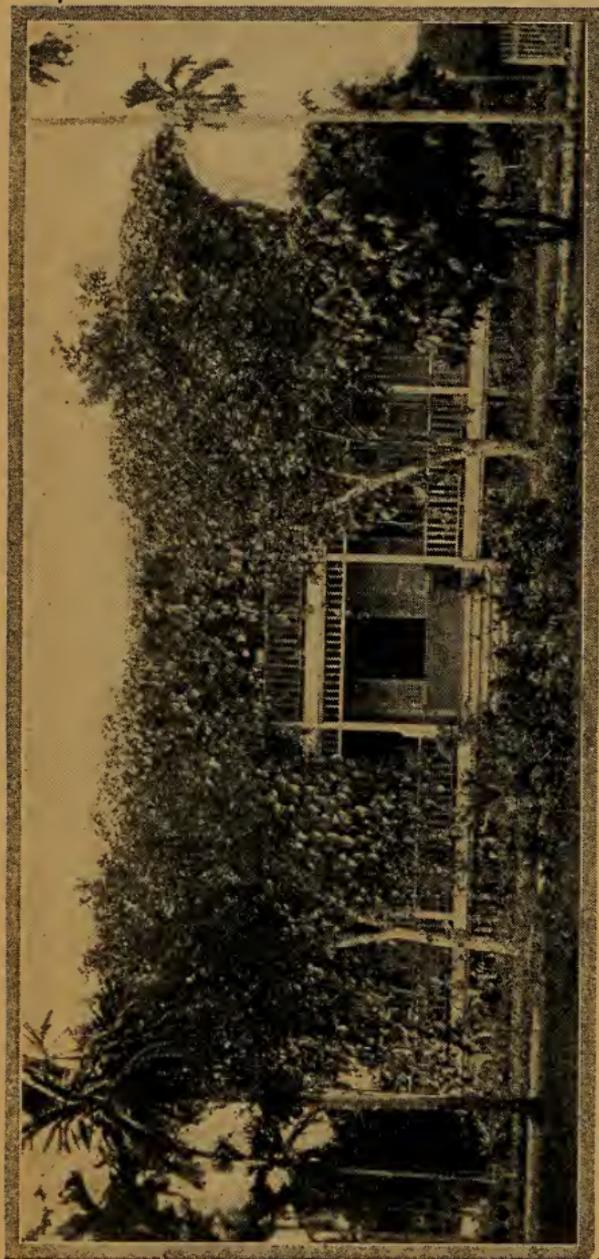
Now they are under the protection of the United States of America. Many reforms have been brought about. The people are

taught to govern themselves. There are schools in every town; even in the country there are little schoolhouses where the children may come and learn the same things learned all over the world by boys and girls who go to good schools. Children have gone to Washington from Manila, and kept right on in the public schools from the grade they left at home.

I could not begin to tell you all that America has done to help the Filipino people to better and happier lives. But the thing that will help them most is to have the Bible freely circulated. They are taught to read, they have the Bible in English and in several of their own languages, and every one who will read it may do so. All this is a great change from what used to be. Many Protestant missionaries have come to the islands, and are teaching the people, and helping them in every way they know.

#### OUR OWN WORKERS

In 1906 our first workers, Elder and Mrs. J. L. McElhany, came to Manila. In 1908 Elder and Mrs. L. V. Finster came, and soon began to work. In 1911 the first church of Sabbath keepers was organized in this old city, with eighteen members. There are now three churches in Manila, with several hundred commandment keepers. In a suburb of the city is our mission compound, with a printing



The Philippine Seventh-day Adventist Academy has for its purpose the combining of the latest and most approved methods of secular teaching with the divinely appointed methods of education. The Philippine publishing house (below) is filled to overflowing with the work of translating and printing the various dialects of the islands.



office, and a school, and a number of homes for foreign workers. From all over the islands, boys and girls come to this school to be trained to be workers among their own people, and to teach them the good news for the last days.

There are no sweeter children in the world than the dark-eyed, soft-voiced little folks of the Philippine Islands, and I know you would like to hear them sing their Sabbath songs and repeat their memory verses.

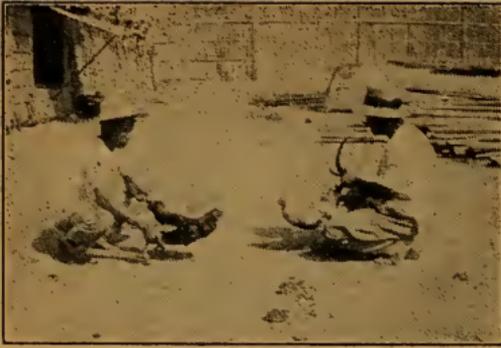
#### THE HOLY CHILD OF CEBU

A few days ago we came down to the Pasig River, which runs through the city of Manila, and went on board a small interisland boat named the "Cebu." The "Cebu" was sailing for Cebu, the chief city on the island of Cebu. I think we shall remember *Cebu*; don't you?

All the interisland boats are small, and often they are very crowded. We had the best cabin on the boat—but oh, how little and dark and dirty it was! Just outside our door was the largest rooster I have ever seen, and he began to crow very early in the morning, and did not allow us to forget for long at a time that cockfighting is still the favorite sport in the Philippines.

#### A CRUEL SPORT

The cocks are trained to fight. When the time comes for a real contest, short, very



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Two gentlemen of leisure, with their fighting cocks. The Filipinos are easy-going people, happy if they have enough for to-day; and they are more disposed to play than to work.

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sharp knives are fastened to the legs of two cocks that are to fight each other. Crowds of people come to look on, and to bet money on which one will win. Usually the fight does not last long. The strongest or quickest bird kills the other with one of his knives, or frightens him so that he retreats, and the fight is over.

It is said that the men who make the laws are planning to have this cruel sport done away with in time; but it seems to be everywhere now. One sees men carrying these cocks on the country roads, on the trains, even on the street cars in Manila—in fact, wherever one goes in these islands. Men who raise them, care for them very tenderly. The birds enjoy all this attention, and never flutter or fuss or try to get away.

The other day as we were passing along a country road, we saw *two* men giving one of these fighting cocks a bath, in a large wash-dish; near by *one* woman was washing a little boy! But he was a lucky lad to have a bath at all. Many Filipino children look as if

they were not often on good terms with soap and water.

On our way to Cebu, we were two nights and one day on the water, nearly all this time in sight of land. Mindoro was the largest island we passed. Its high hills are covered with trees, and many fierce carabaos and other wild animals are said to roam over its valleys and through its dark forests. Much of this great island has never been explored by white men.

If you will look at a map of the Philippines, you will see, south of Mindoro, a large island marked Panay. Next to this is Negros, which looks a little in shape like a baby's sock; and to the east of this, lies the long, narrow island of Cebu. The city of Cebu is on the eastern side of the island. Just opposite is a small island named Mactan. It was on the shores of this island, near Opon, that Magellan was killed.

As the "Cebu" comes nearer and nearer to the city of Cebu, we have Mactan on our left, and the island of Cebu, with its low green hills, on our right. Mactan is very flat. Soon we pass the white cross that marks the place where it is thought that Magellan fell. Back of it, on higher land, is the monument that has been set up to honor this brave man.

On Mactan are the large works of the Visayan Oil Refining Company. If you have



THE BUSY DOCKS AT CEBU

been eating "butter substitute" of almost any kind, it is very likely that you have eaten some of the sweet white coconut oil that passes through these works. The dried white "meat" of the coconut, called copra, is brought here from all the islands near, and the oil is pressed out, cleansed, and then shipped to the United States and other places.

The raising of coconuts is one of the great industries of the Philippine Islands. A man who has a thousand coconut trees is well-to-do, and will have enough money to supply all his real needs as long as he lives.

The wharf of Cebu is a busy place. Almost every ship brings motor cars (there were three nice new shiny ones on the deck of the "Cebu"), and we meet them on the streets and on the country roads everywhere in this long, narrow island.

It is not far to the mission home, so we walk, and a man brings our trunks on a cart. No house has yet been built in Cebu for our missionaries, but they are living just now in a very large and very dilapidated old Spanish house. In the basement is a chapel, a room where the sick can come for treatment, and an office, besides several other rooms.

### TWO LARGE TRIBES

The Visayans, who live on Cebu and other near-by islands, are one of the largest of the Christian tribes in the Philippine Islands. Next to them in numbers are the Tagalogs, who live in Luzon. There are seven so-called Christian tribes, and many non-Christian tribes, in these islands.



HOUSE USED BY OUR WORKERS AT CEBU

It is Christmas week, and the bells of the great church near ring and ring and ring at night. There are processions of images, too, with men and boys carrying candles and singing. Sometimes a band of musicians walks before the image, and plays in its honor.

Last night when the bells began to ring at four o'clock, I arose and looked down from our wide window to the street below. Hundreds of men and women, yes, and children too, were going to the church to pray. My husband went over, and he said he was sure there were three thousand men and women and children kneeling on the bare floor of that old church. And at four o'clock in the morning, too!

This morning I went to see an image that is kept in a large church, known as the Church of the Holy Child. The image is called the "Holy Child of Cebu," and is regarded as very sacred. It is thought to be an image of the child Jesus. Many stories are told about this image. Some say that it was given by Magellan to the wife of that *datu* whom he made king. Others say that it was found on the seashore by a soldier in the year 1565. The very day of the month is given!

The image is kept in a shrine, carefully locked, in a strong room. The priest who took us to see it opened the door, and moved it out. It is only a little wooden doll, about

fifteen inches high, with a black face. It was dressed in a gaudy silken robe, and loaded down with trinkets of silver and gold. It was not at all pretty to look at, and reminded me of idols that I have seen in heathen temples. When it is taken out in procession, the people pay it great honor.

A man brought his two little boys to see the image this morning,—such dear little rosy-cheeked, black-eyed boys, who are very probably in the third grade in school. They folded their hands before this wooden doll, bowed their heads, and said a prayer. When they went away, they left an offering in the box by the door.



A SIDEWALK BAZAAR



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The roofs of most of the native houses are thatched with the long, strong leaves of the nipa palm. For that reason they are called nipa houses.

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## CHAPTER XX

### HOUSES AND PEOPLE

I HAVE not told you very much about the houses in the Philippines. In Manila and other cities one sees many large houses, that look very much like houses at home, except that they are more summery. For, you see, any house in the Philippines does not have to keep out the *cold*. There is no cold to keep out. The great thing is to keep out the wet and the heat.

Some large houses are built of stone, and a few are made of cement. A great many are of wood. Almost all the houses in the islands rest on piles, or pillars, to raise them above the ground, and make them cool. The roofs have wide eaves, to keep out the rain; and if there is money enough, there is a wide porch.

Perhaps the first thing you would notice about these houses is the *windows*. They are not windows at all, if by a window you mean

a frame holding panes of glass through which you can look out. The windows in these houses are made of thin shells, in hundreds of small panes. These frames are not made so they can be raised or lowered, but so they can slide one behind another. The opening for the window is very large, often nearly the whole side of a room. Sometimes these windows are closed during the day to keep out the heat and the bright light, but when the sun is down they are opened wide to let in the cool air. If the owners can afford it, there is an iron grill to protect from thieves. In a driving storm, the windows are closed.

#### NIPA HOUSES

But the great mass of the people live in what are called nipa houses. A light frame of wood is set up, and the walls are filled in with mats of bamboo, with a bamboo mat on a frame for the window. Or the walls may be of bamboo poles, laid one above another, or of nipa leaves, laid on in rows. Any material that is at hand and cheap, is used.

The roofs of these little native houses are steep, and most of them are thatched with the long, strong leaves of the nipa palm. For that reason they are called nipa houses.

There is a rainy season and a dry season in the Philippine Islands. Sometimes during the rainy season so much water falls that



A FAMILY OF BELIEVERS AT BACOLOD

all the lowlands are flooded. This is one reason for building the houses on piles above the ground.

Under many of these houses, a man can walk easily. Pigs and chickens and dogs roam about under them, or stretch out to sleep when the sun is hot. Often rubbish of all sorts is stored or collects under the house. When we were in Manila last year, we saw a very large white pig under a house facing one of the city's finest avenues; but this year the pig is gone. In his place is a shiny new automobile!

Once in a while one sees a native house that is very neat and clean. There are flowers in the windows, and the ground beneath is smooth and neatly swept.

The floor of a nipa house is often made of split bamboo. When this kind of floor is carefully laid, of smooth bamboo, and becomes

polished with use, it looks very nice indeed. And it is surely easy to sweep, for all the dirt falls right through the cracks!

In some homes the people sleep on the floor, spreading a woven mat down to lie on. Many of them eat on the floor, too, all dipping into one dish. But as the people are taught, and as they have more opportunities to earn money, they are buying tables and other furniture. If they do not have a table, sometimes they fix up a box, and use that.

#### CLOTHING OF THE PEOPLE

In the old days the people of the Philippine Islands did not wear many clothes. The children wore none at all. Even now they do not wear many. Little boys are often met on the streets of the cities, and in the country, wearing only a short shirt that reaches just to the legs. Sometimes the little girls wear a thin dress, but nothing more. Of course there are many children who wear the same kind of clothes that any child living in a warm country would wear — socks and sandals, and rompers or little suits, and hats. These are the children whose parents are well-to-do, or who have been to school.

Yesterday I looked out the window, and saw a little girl perhaps seven years old. She had been sent to the market to buy some oil, and it began to rain. So she slipped out of

her new white dress, which was all she had on, and holding it high up in one hand, and the bottle of oil in the other, home she ran as fast as she could go. She did not intend to take any risk of spoiling her lovely new dress!

#### WATER POLES

The little girls do their share of work in the Philippine Islands, as well as in other lands, though they do not have to work so hard as in Chosen. They carry water from the well, sometimes in an earthen jar on their heads, but more often in a big bamboo pole, hollowed out inside. Bamboo grows in joints, each one hollow; but where the joints meet, there is a firm, tough web. When all the joints but the one at one end of a large pole are broken out, the hollow pole holds a supply of water. The children take some of these poles to the well or the river, and filling them with water, balance them on their shoulders, and carry them to their homes. Of course the poles they carry are shorter than those which are carried by their elders, but they are heavy enough.

Bamboo, you will see, is used in many ways—for the frames of houses, for house walls, for floors and fences, for mats and curtains, and even for carrying and storing water. When the people wish to make a loud noise, as we do on the Fourth of July, they heat lengths of green bamboo till they burst with a loud *bang!* At certain times of the year, too,

they cook rice and make a kind of candy in short lengths of hollow bamboo. These are much liked. Once a mother sent by us a big bundle of these queer "sticks of candy" to her son, who was working in the city some miles away.

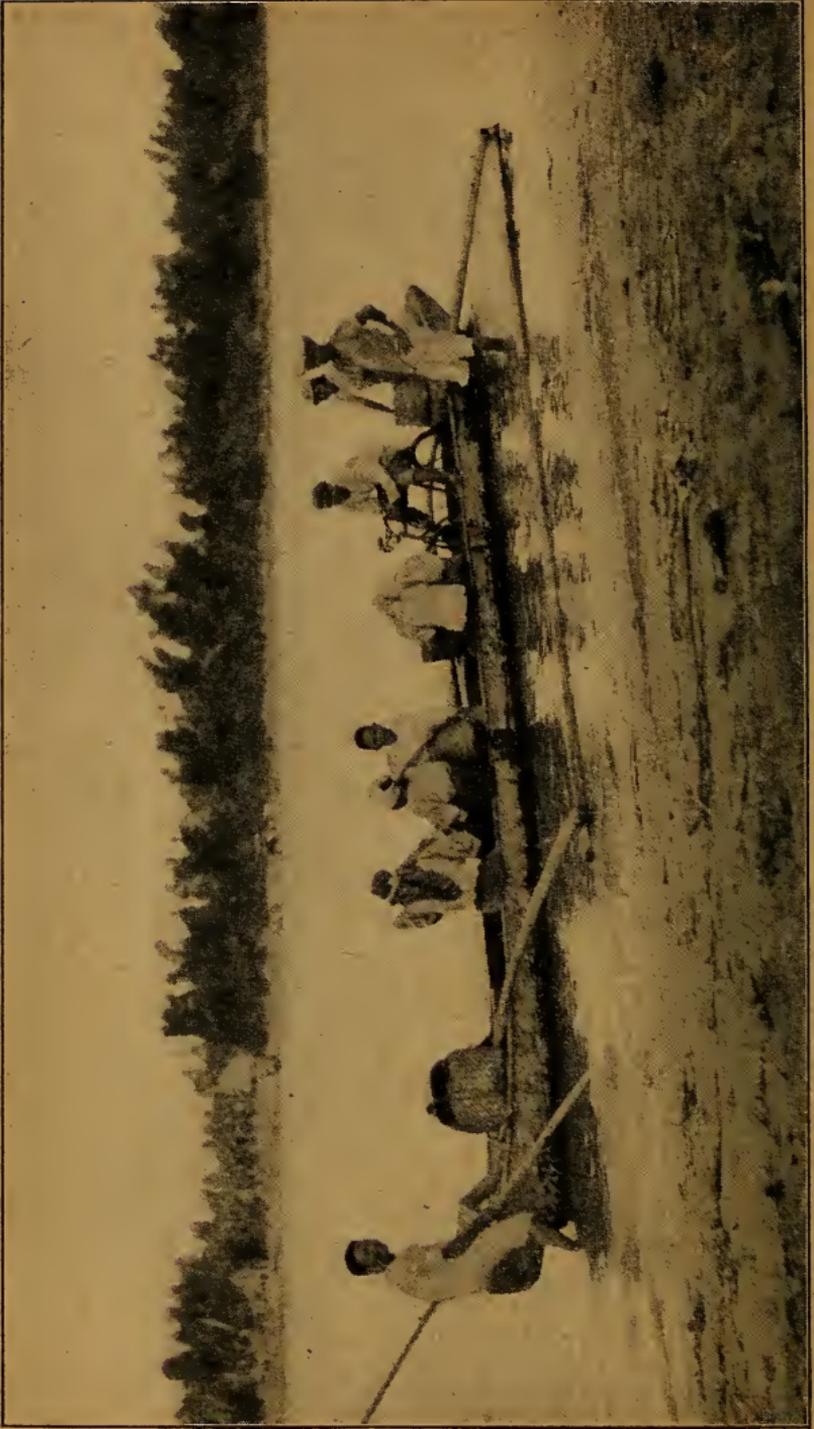
#### A BAD HABIT

One very sad thing I see wherever I go in the islands. The children use tobacco—yes, even little *girls!* This evening as I sat for a moment in the tiny park by the mission house, a girl about eight years old passed by. Very gracefully she walked along, her shoulders up, and her head erect—so that the jar she was carrying might not take a tumble.

It was a picture I should have liked to see—except that in her mouth was a long roll of black tobacco! Sometimes I see little girls taking turns smoking a long cigar, or it may be passed around among a group of women and little girls. The other day my husband was walking past a row of nipa houses, and an old woman who wished to be friendly offered to let him take a whiff from her dirty black pipe!

In the schools the children are taught how harmful tobacco is for them, so we hope that by and by they will leave off this bad habit.

Pietro is a dear little Cebuan boy who comes to our Sabbath school.



CROSSING THE RIVER IN A CANOE

“What language will we speak in heaven?” he asked his teacher one day.

“I do not know what language, Pietro,” she said, “but there will be only one language. Every one will speak it and understand it.”

Pietro thought this over. By and by he said, “I know what language it will be—it will be English.”

“Why do you think so, Pietro?” asked his teacher.

“Because the Visayans learn English,” he replied, “but not many Americans learn Visayan.”

His teacher speaks Visayan; but many Americans, even missionaries, do not take the trouble to learn to speak these island languages well. Those who do learn them are able to help the people much more than those who do not.

Surely it is worth while taking the trouble to learn these languages, so that some of the people who speak them may be among those who speak the language of heaven by and by.

#### PANAY AND NEGROS

Iloilo is a busy place; it is the largest city on Panay, and here a great many boats come bringing their cargoes, and sail away again with the products of the island.

Six or seven years ago many Seventh-day Adventist books in the Spanish language were sold on Panay. In 1914 a Seventh-day Ad-

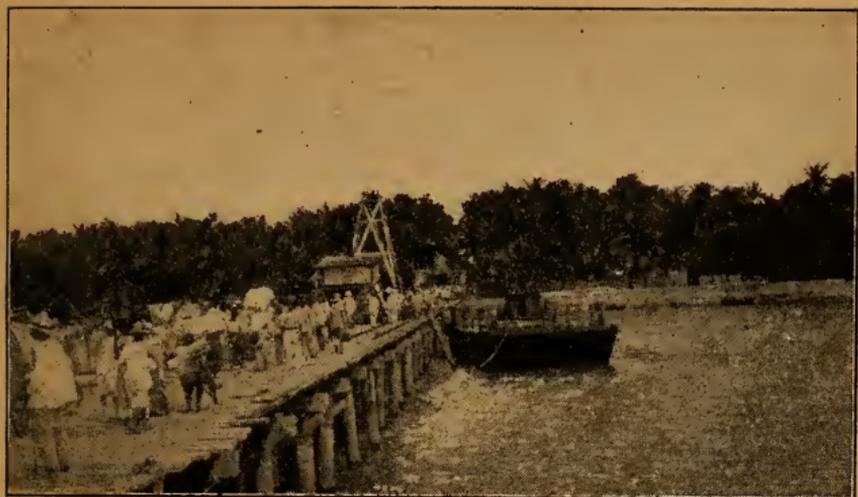
ventist mission station was opened in Iloilo. Now we have many Sabbath keepers scattered through the island. Near the home where the missionaries are living is a new nipa chapel, very neat and pretty. A few miles away there is another church building of the same kind. Here the children come on week days to the church school, where they are taught their regular lessons and learn Bible stories.

#### A DIRTY SHIP

The large and fertile island of Negros (which looks like a baby's sock, you remember) lies between Panay and Cebu. We went over to visit some Sabbath keepers on Negros the other day. The boat we sailed on is named "Hijos de Isadore de la Rama," but is called "H I R" (in gilt letters on the prow) for short. It was very dirty, and very noisy, and very full of all sorts of things, including people and carabaos.

We landed at a place called Pulupandan — which seems to be only a long pier leading to a sandy shore, a grove of coconut trees, and dozens of automobiles of all sorts, which are ready to take passengers wherever they wish to go.

We got into one of them,—old, and small, and rickety,—and away we went—through sand, at first, but we soon came to a wide, smooth, hard road. A meeting was to be held



PIER AT PALAPONDON

in Valladolid, in a pleasant nipa house near a very large old church. When we reached the place, my husband went in, but I went on "out in the country" (though it *all* seemed like the country to me) to bring another family to the meeting.

It should have taken but a little while to go the ten miles and back again; but when we reached the neat little nipa house, we had to wait some time for the folks to get ready. I wish you could have seen the dear little boy who lives in this house, and the fat brown baby, so clean and sweet, lying on a mat on the bamboo floor!

When the boy was dressed, we started; but we had to stop by the side of the road when we had gone only a little way, and send back in a field for the father, who was harvesting his rice. That took more time; and when we got

(273)



LOADING A RAFT TO CROSS THE RIVER AT VIGAN

back to Valladolid, the meeting was over! All we had time to do was to take a picture, and start for the next place.

Bacolod was the next place. When we got there, it was dark; but the ride was a pleasant one all the way. Once we came to a river where there was no bridge, and we had to wait our turn to be poled across on a raft. Sometimes automobiles run into the river when going onto the raft or getting off. This happened to one of the cars that was ahead of us. A Filipino who saw it thought it very funny. He came up the steep hill holding his sides, and laughing with all his might.

But it did not seem funny to us.

A great deal of sugar cane is raised on Negros. There are fields of it everywhere, and big mills called "centrals," where the juice is crushed out of the long stalks, and

boiled down. The dry stalks are burned to make steam to run the crushers, so nothing is lost.

While we waited for our turn, we bought some stalks of sugar cane and ate it. By and by we were safely over the river, and on the smooth road again.

At Bacolod we stayed in a Sabbath-keeping home, and had a meeting with the believers in the pleasant wooden church close by. One of our native workers and his family live near. The sister in whose home we stayed has adopted five girls, and is giving them a good home and sending them to school. The youngest girl was about six years old. "She is the light of our home," her foster mother said.

The next day we went to Silay, where the "H I R" comes every other day. There were



NATIVE CHURCH AT BACOLOD

more automobiles than ever at Silay, some of them very large and very new and very grand. And there were ever so many people getting on the little launch with all their boxes and bags and parcels. It looked as if a very little would tip the launch over, when everybody and everything was aboard.

#### AN UNSUBMISSIVE BUFFALO

When we reached the "H I R," there was a great scramble to get off the launch and onto the large boat. It seemed as if some one would be hurt, but the only accident happened to a big carabao that was being let down over the side of the ship. The carabao kicked so hard that the ropes slipped, and down it fell into the water, striking its side on the corner of a raft. But it seemed not much hurt, only frightened, and I did not blame it. By and by we were off, and after a few hours were back at the mission in Iloilo. The next day we took another boat for Manila. Christmas Day we spent on the boat, and remembered that last Christmas we were on the "Luchow" in the Gulf of Siam. The day after Christmas, early in the morning, we reached Manila again.

There are many places in these islands that we should like to visit, and many tribes that we should like to see; but we can make only one more trip this time. This will be to the northern part of Luzon.



OLD CHURCH AT VIGAN

## CHAPTER XXI

### ON THE ABRA RIVER

**I** WONDER if you can tell me the names of two men of whom all good Americans are very proud. "Of course," you say, "George Washington and Abraham Lincoln." The Filipinos have a national hero, too. His name is Jose Rizal. December 30 is Rizal Day in the islands, and the Filipinos have processions and music and speeches in honor of this man whose life they admire, whose death they mourn, and whose memory they revere.

#### NORTHERN LUZON

The day after Rizal Day, we left Manila to come to Vigan, in Northern Luzon. If you

will look on the outline map, you will find the name of this town, one of the oldest in all the islands.

We started early in the morning, and rode on the train till about four o'clock, when we stopped, for a very good reason. We had come to the end of the track! Bauang-Sur is the name of the town where the track ends, and every one who wishes to go farther north must ride in an automobile or in an oxcart, or else he must walk.

Soon we found an old automobile, and climbed into the back seat. This was very humpy, but it was not uncomfortable till the driver put a narrow wooden seat in front of us. On this seat *four* men sat, and another sat in front with the driver. Every one had his baggage tied on outside, so the car was heavily loaded when we started, and no one in it was very happy.

It was late and very dark when we reached Candon. We got out by the side of the road, and counted our packages. But we had had one package for some one else. This we did not count, for it was not there. It had gone on in the automobile—and that was the last we saw of it.

#### A SABBATH SCHOOL GIRL

Some Filipino boys had been sent to meet us, and show us to the native house where



One corner of our meeting hall at Candon, North Luzon. The two little girls at the ends of the picture learned the memory verses and references for a year.

we were to stay for several days. We were here to attend a meeting of Sabbath keepers. On Sabbath a little girl with shining black eyes repeated all the memory verses for the whole year—*every one*—with *all* the Bible references.

Eleven persons in this northern province had learned all these verses, we were told. And some of them had no Bibles, either! They had no money to buy Bibles. Still they learned the verses. One woman walked a long way every week to study her lesson and learn the verse in a friend's Bible.

You will be glad to know that a good copy of the Holy Scriptures was given to each one of the eleven who learned all the verses.

When the meeting was over, we left Candon, and came to Vigan, where our mission

station is. Only a few years ago, in 1914, more than two thousand copies of the Bible were burned as a big bonfire in the public square of this pleasant little town. This was done by the priests, who did not wish the people to have the Bible to read. But the very next day three thousand more copies were sold to the people by the agents of the Bible Society.

There are many places of interest in Northern Luzon. One day we visited a number of towns to the north of Vigan, and called at the homes of Sabbath keepers in several places. A smooth, well kept road, with good bridges over the streams, runs from Vigan northward for a number of miles. We were glad for this brief glimpse of these old towns, with their ruined churches, their walled cemeteries, and their tall towers. But we were much more pleased to see the new schoolhouses where so many children are learning to read and write.

There are not many good roads. Some of the places we wished to see could be reached only by days and days of walking over wild mountain trails. Finally we made up our minds to spend a few days in Abra. The people who live in Abra believe it to be the nicest place in the world. To reach Bangued, the chief town in Abra, we spent one day on a raft on the Abra River. This was great



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Our raft starts up the Abra River. The men who were pushing and pulling the raft waded much of the way.

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fun even for older folks. You would have liked it very much.

It was very early in the morning when we left the mission home in Vigan. The motorcycle was going too, and it was loaded with boxes and bundles. We took only the fewest things we could possibly get along with; but as there were five of us, and every one had one or two bundles, you see there were a number of them.

The swift spin along the smooth road in the early morning air was very pleasant. As we went, we passed many men and women, who had been working in their fields, and were now going home to eat breakfast and to rest.

By and by we came to a hilltop, from which we looked down on the river, cool and lovely, below. The water was a dark, clear green. Quickly we coasted down the hill, and soon we were on the shore, waiting to go aboard our raft for the day's journey up the river. The sun was just peeping over the mountain.

The raft that we hired for the trip was about thirty feet long, and twenty-one bamboo poles wide. In the middle was a little platform raised a few inches above the body of the raft, where we could sit, and keep dry. Woven mats were stretched over a low frame above this platform to protect us from the sun. Or we could sit on our boxes outside, with our umbrellas raised.

Going up the river, the men who were pushing and pulling the raft waded much of the way. Often the water came up to their waists. In some places the current is swift, and there are rapids. We seemed to be going uphill in the water.

#### A PAGAN TRIBE

I have told you that there are many non-Christian tribes in the Philippine Islands. The Tingans are one of these tribes. We had not gone far up the Abra River before we passed a small Tingan village, and in the afternoon we stopped for a little while at another. The village we visited is on top of a steep, dusty hill, and we were hot and tired when we reached it. The people hid inside their houses when they saw us coming. I dare say they had a good look at *us*, but we did not see many of *them*!

The Tingans are pagans. They believe that evil spirits are always watching to do them harm. Sometimes they build little "houses"



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Children on the bank of the Abra. I gave a handful of raisins to one little girl, and she unselfishly shared them with the other children present.

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outside their villages, hoping that the evil spirits will stay in them. Sometimes they make a little bamboo "ark," and put in it an offering of food, then set it afloat on the river, to please the spirits. While we were on the Abra, we saw two of these little arks.

It was toward evening when we reached Bangued, and quite dusk when we reached the native house where we were to stay. But though it was late, many people came to see Pastor Hay.

One mother brought her baby, who was covered with sores. Pastor Hay washed it with medicated soap, and rubbed it all over with healing ointment. Often when traveling on the country roads in Northern Luzon, he stops to help people in these ways. Many men of the mountain tribes have met him, or heard of him, and they are his friends. They ask him to send men to teach them the gospel.

I must tell you a little about the house in which we stayed in Bangued. It was built in two parts, with a little covered platform between, and steep, ladder-like steps. All the

native houses have these steep steps, often only two bamboo poles, with rungs of bamboo tied to them, very far apart. The children go up and down these ladders like monkeys, even when they are tiny, but I could not get used to them.

The folks had moved out of one side of the house, and fixed it up for us. The bamboo floor was repaired, and a box had been made into a table where we could eat. They had done all they could to make us comfortable. And no one can do any more than that.

I think you would have liked to see the children who came to the shaky little house to "welcome" us. There were as many as fifty of them, I am sure; and they stayed and *stayed*, till we put out the lights and lay down to sleep. In the morning bright and early they were back. To one dear little girl I gave a handful of raisins, and she shared them with the other children in the most unselfish way.

In Bangued there is a good school, and even far back in the country there are small schools, which are visited every little while by the American superintendent. Not all the children attend; but many go every day, and enjoy it.

#### IDOL WORSHIP

We stayed only one night in Bangued, and the next day started out for Bucay, a tiny

town in Abra. On the way we passed through a little village with a long name,—Pinarobia,—and Mr. Hay talked with the *presidente*, who is the chief man of the barrio, and asked him to show us one of the places where the people worship. At first he was timid, and said there was no such place. But by and by, when he saw we were friendly, he agreed.

So he opened a little gate in a fence on the main road, some distance from his house, and led us down a narrow path to a large tree. The great roots of this tree were partly above-ground, forming little sheltered niches. In one of these were four small stones—not carved images, but just crude stones of queer shape. The tallest was not more than ten or twelve inches high. The presidente said these “gods” were very old. No one knew where they had come from.

Close at hand were a number of strips of bamboo, pointed at one end, and sharp as knives. These are used to kill the pigs offered as sacrifices at the time of the feasts, which are held at certain times every year. Small saucers and broken coconut shells were near by to hold the blood. There were also tiny spears and shields, made of bamboo, for the use of the “gods.”

A young man who could speak English came with the presidente and talked to us. He said that at one time a “Spanish man” had



In the center of this picture is seen one of the stones worshiped by the people living near. To the left are its shield and spear.

kicked one of these stone idols with his foot. And always after that he had a frightened look, and his eyes rolled upward. His neck was twisted, too, and he was lame. Of course none of this was true, but it shows what these poor people believe.

Not far away there were three little "houses" made of poles and nipa thatch. Inside each one was a floor on which were set coconut shells or broken dishes. In these, two or three times a year, offerings of food and pigs' blood are placed. The presidente told us about these little houses.

#### HOUSES FOR SPIRITS

They are for the spirits to live in, he said,—bad spirits that the people wish to keep out of their village. The low house, in the middle, is

for the "crippled spirit," who causes children to become cripples. The house is low, because, being a cripple himself, he cannot climb, and it is hoped that he will be pleased to find this shelter, and will stay in it.

The little house with the very pointed roof, and with thatch all around, is for the spirit that causes fear. This is a timid spirit, so there is no open door to his house; he goes in quickly, and the thatch hangs down like a curtain all around, and hides him from sight.

The third house is for the evil spirit that causes headaches, and fevers, and other kinds of sickness.

The people believe that if they have these shelters for the spirits to rest in, they will not



SPIRIT HOUSES

come to the village, and so the men and the women and the children will be safe.

Surely these poor people, who are so friendly and so kind-hearted, need the gospel very much! You remember that little Iwao said he wished to buy a Bible for his proud, rich grandfather, so he could learn the gospel. "That is the thing he ought to have," he said; and the gospel is what all these people, rich and poor, old and young, wise and foolish, need and ought to have.

One night we stayed in Bucay, in a pleasant house; and the next night in a real Tin-gan *barrio*, in the house of the chief man of the place.

Then we came back to Bangued, said good-by to our friends, and long after dark went aboard two bamboo rafts, like the one on which we came up the river. By taking two rafts, we could spread out our blankets under the little rounded mat roofs, and have a good night's rest.

Soon we start, and begin to float downstream. It is very still. On the shore we see lights, once in a while, where people are camping. After a while we stop by the bank, to wait for the moon to lighten our way.

How bright the stars shine above us, as we look up into the sky! It is very quiet on the river, and very peaceful, with the little ripples lap-lap-lapping at the side of the rafts. By

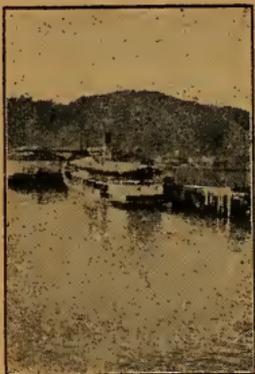
and by we fall asleep, but are wakened when it is time to go on again.

Very early in the morning, before the sun has come up behind the mountain, we are back in Vigan. If all our journeys could be as pleasant as that lovely night on a raft on the Abra River, we should wish to travel all the time.

To-morrow we are going back to Manila, and in a few days we shall set out to see another wonderful island.



IRONING CLOTHES IN THE PHILIPPINES



The "Sabah" tied up at the pier in Jesselton, B. N. Borneo, and a sailing boat at Sandakan such as the natives use.



## CHAPTER XXII

### BEAUTIFUL BORNEO

**O**N a Sunday evening, at sunset, we went aboard a little, puffing launch, which carried us very quickly to a boat sailing that night for Borneo. It was about midnight when we started. From the ship we took a "last look," as the children say, at Manila, which was ablaze with electric lights. It was "carnival week," and though most of the flimsy buildings of the great fair had burned only three nights before, repairs had been made, and many colored lights outlined the dream-like walls and towers that were left. Soon our ship turned away to the dark sea, and we lay down to quiet sleep.

For two days we sailed along, over a calm sea, the first day passing again the great is-

land of Mindoro, and Tuesday sailing down through the Sulu Sea, till we reached Sandakan, the northern harbor of the great island of Borneo.

Dust was everywhere when we left Manila, for it was the dry season; but this morning we looked out at Sandakan through a gray veil of rain. Sandakan is built largely on a hill, and our own pleasant mission house may be seen quite plainly from the harbor.

#### A VERY LARGE ISLAND

Borneo is a very large island indeed. Except Australia, which is a continent in itself, there is only one island, New Guinea, that is larger. On the map, New Guinea does not look far from Borneo. In fact, this whole region is, as one might say, an island neighborhood.

It is hard to realize the size of Borneo, simply by looking at a map. It is four times as large as England, we are told. If we were to divide the whole country into ten parts, Holland would say, Seven of these parts are mine. The other three parts have three governments. They are, British North Borneo, Sarawak, and Brunei. All three of these are really under the care of Great Britain.

No one knows how many people live in Borneo, for no one has yet gone all through the island, to say nothing of counting the

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See map of Borneo on page 130.

people who live on it. But some guesses have been made. It is thought that there are not more than two million in all the island, and perhaps not that many.

Like other of these South Sea Island peoples, the natives of Borneo are Malays. There are a number of tribes on the island. One of the best known is the Dyaks, of which there are two branches, the Land Dyaks and the Sea Dyaks.

#### EATING BIRDS' NESTS

Long, long ago the Chinese came to Borneo in their big sailing junks. Often I have seen these clumsy-looking boats out on the gray waters off the China coast on a stormy day, when it seemed as if every high wave would surely fill them, and make them sink, but they seem to have the secret of staying on top! So when the wind was right, their captains would set out, and if all went well, would by and by land at some trading point on Borneo.

Here the natives would come from the jungle, bringing the things that the Chinese wished to buy, and trading them for things that the Chinese had to give in exchange.

One thing which the Chinese like very much is birds' nests—a gelatine-like nest made by the swift, a bird found in great numbers in Borneo. These birds build their nests on the roofs of the great limestone caves found in many places in Sarawak and British North

Borneo. When they are clean, these nests are white, or light colored, and bring a very high price. The darker ones are also in demand.

The sale of these nests to the Chinese, who use them for a certain kind of soup that only the rich can afford to eat, brings a great deal of money to Borneo.

Many of the Chinese who came to Borneo in the early days decided to stay on in this beautiful, warm, quiet island. They married native women, and their children knew no other home. In later years great numbers of Chinese have come to work on the rubber and coconut and tobacco plantations that Englishmen are planting. For the Chinese are great workers, and work is one thing that the natives of Borneo, as well as other Malays, do not like a bit. So we find in Borneo many Chinese who are well-to-do.

Away from the coast, and in very many places along the coast, Borneo is a great jungle. In its deep valleys and on the sides of its high mountains are wonderful forests of hard and soft woods. But it is not easy to bring this timber, which is so valuable and so much needed, to the coast; for there are no roads, and no railways to speak of.

#### A GREAT MOUNTAIN

Kinabalu is the name of a high mountain in British North Borneo. It is said that part of this name comes from a Chinese word and



MISSION HOME AT SANDAKAN, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

part from a Malay word, and that this shows how long the Chinese have been in Borneo. Kinabalu is nearly fourteen thousand feet high, or more than a thousand feet higher than Fujisan, the famous mountain of Japan.

But while the top of Fujisan is covered with snow, the top of Kinabalu, though so much higher, rarely has a sprinkle on it. From the sea the sides of this mountain look green and beautiful; its top is often hidden in clouds. Sometimes it peeps out far above them.

Many valuable things are found in Borneo; and many more will be found, if men come and look for them, and work for them. Thousands of rubber trees and thousands of coconut trees have been planted, so that there may be rubber tires for the world's automobiles, and cooking oil in the world's kitchens. A good grade of petroleum has been found, too, and some coal. Then there is cutch, which is a sort of dye used for khaki, and pepper, and tobacco, and camphor. A great deal of sago comes from Borneo, too.

In the forests and jungles are a few wild elephants, tigers, and rhinoceroses. There are several kinds of deer, among them the mouse deer, about which the Dyaks have a number of fables. Borneo is a great place for birds of bright plumage. There are many monkeys, too, and alligators, and snakes. Pythons

thirty feet long, which can swallow a deer, have been seen often. I should much rather meet a python in the zoo than face to face in a jungle in Borneo; wouldn't you?

“WILD MEN OF BORNEO”

How I wish you could be with us on this tiny boat “Sabah” as we sail along the shores of this large island! “Beautiful Borneo” is a lovely spot in these southern seas. I am sure that if its charms were only known, and its wild men and wild jungles were tamed, thousands of people would come to see it every year.

But you see the “wild men of Borneo” are not just something to laugh about. They are quite real, and their savage customs and fierce ways do not endear them to travelers.

The Dyaks are head-hunters. They think it is a sign of bravery and strength to take the heads of their enemies, though they do not seem to care always to take the heads of men. Sometimes they take those of women or even children.

Near the coast towns, of course, this dreadful custom is not allowed; and in some places where the missionaries have worked for a number of years it is said to be dying out. But there are no roads through the island, and no railways to speak of—just paths winding off into the jungle. And back in the interior the Dyaks follow their old ways.

We are told that no farther than twenty miles from the pleasant little town of Sandakan, with its electric lights and paved streets and ice plant, there are natives who have never seen a white man, and who live very much as their fathers did hundreds of years ago. They never leave their villages except to go on a head-hunting trip.

The Dyaks have a strange religion — a religion of fear. From their babyhood, the children are taught that the earth and the air and the sky are full of evil spirits that are waiting for a chance to hurt them. Singalong Burong is the ruler of this spirit world, they say, and certain feasts are held in his honor each year. At this time offerings of food and drink are set before the heads that have been taken in battle or in other ways.

The Dyaks believe that any one who succeeds in taking the head of his enemy is doubly strong, because he has added the soul of the dead man to his own. The more heads he takes, the more strength he has. So the Dyaks prize these dreadful trophies very much, and keep them in baskets hanging in bundles in their houses, or in rows outside.

#### CHILDREN OF BORNEO

The babies of Borneo are brown, some very light in color, and some as dark as a bar of chocolate candy. They have black eyes, and

very dark brown or black hair, sometimes straight and sometimes curly. They do not wear any clothes at all until they are five or six years old, and then not many.

But they do have baths. Even a little baby is bathed. For two or three days it is bathed at home, and then it is taken down to the river for a ceremonial bath. An old man whom the people honor is chosen to take the child out in the river, and dip it up and down in the water.

At the same time a fowl is killed, and one of its wings taken off. If the baby is a boy, this wing is fastened to a spear; if it is a girl, it is fastened to a piece of wood that is used in weaving cloth. Then the spear or the stick is stuck in the mud at the edge of the stream in such a way that some of the blood will drip into the water. This is supposed to please the water spirit.

Some of the children have names, but more are called only Little Girl or Little Boy. A child's name may be changed at any time, if he becomes ill. Like other people of these southern lands, the parents think that some evil spirit makes the child ill, and that if they change his name, the spirit cannot find him, and the child will get well.

As soon as the little girls are old enough, they learn to weave mats and baskets and cloth, and to cook rice, and do other kinds of

work that they see their mothers do. A Dyak boy is very proud when he makes his first canoe, as any boy would be, no matter where he lived.

#### CANOES OF BORNEO

The Indians of North America sometimes made canoes of bark, but the men of Borneo use the whole log. A man who lived many years in Borneo once saw one of these canoes made, and he tells us just how it was done. Here is his story:

“A tree having a long, straight stem was felled, and the desired length of trunk cut off. The outside was then shaped to take the desired form of the canoe. Then the inside was hollowed out. The next thing to do was to widen the inside of this canoe. This was done by filling the boat with water and making a fire under it, and by fastening large stone weights on each side. When the shell had been sufficiently opened out, thwarts were placed inside, about two feet from each other, to prevent the boat getting out of shape when the wood dried. The stem and stern of the canoe are alike, both being curved and pointed, and rising out of the water.”

Canoes ninety feet long are made in the same way. A number of men sit in such a canoe, and when they wish to do so, they can send it through the water at a great speed.

“The only tool used for making a Dyak boat of this kind is the Dyak ax or adz (*bliong*). This is a most excellent tool, and is forged of European steel, which they procure in bars. In shape it is like a small spade, about two and a half inches wide, with a square shank. This is set in a thin handle of hard wood, at the end of which there is a woven pocket of cane to receive it. The lower end of this handle has a piece of light wood fixed to it to form a firm grip for the hand. The *bliong* can be fixed in the handle at any angle, and is therefore used as an ax or an adz. With it the Dyaks can cut down a great forest tree in a very short time, and it is used for cutting planks and doing their carpentering work.”





WE ARE WILLING TO BECOME CHRISTIANS

### CHAPTER XXIII

## “WE HAVE WATCHED YOUR LIVING”

**T**HE Dyaks, with many other heathen people, believe that there is a good and powerful God, who made the earth and the sea and the sky. They call him Kinaringan. He lives, they think, on the top of that high mountain, Kinabalu, which I told you about, and which we can see very plainly from the deck of the “Sabah.” Sometimes its lofty head is hidden in clouds; again, it looks down on us from far above them.

A man who has worked for the Dyaks a long time, and has sat in the seat of honor, under a cluster of human skulls, in their long houses, has told us some of the things that these people believe. They think that in the beginning there were four kinds of men—yellow men, brown men, white men, and themselves, who were just *men*, and of course the best kind.

The yellow men were the Chinese, and the brown were Malays, and the white were Europeans.

“The yellow men were clever with their hands, able to do anything that required skill.” And that is a very good way of describing the Chinese.

The brown men “excelled in the worship of God.” The Malays are largely Mohammedans, and they do a great deal of bowing and praying every day.

The white men were “magicians.” They could make iron ships that would float on the water, and do many other wonderful things.

But none of these men could *remember* things that happened, the Dyaks said. To help them, Kinarangan made letters, and picture writing, which he gave to them, so they could keep a record of things in books. The Dyaks did not need to know how to write. “For,” they said, “we never forget anything, and therefore have no need of writing.”

We are sorry for these poor people, who feel that they have need of nothing, and yet who need everything that the gospel has to give.

By and by this man had to go away, and a Dyak chief called him to his home, and said, “Why do you leave us?”

The missionary told the chieftain, sadly, that he was called home, and would have to go. “But,” he said, “why do you care? You have not become a Christian. Your people are not Christians.”

Now I want you to notice what this wild Dyak man said: “Sir, we have heard your preaching, and as wise men we have watched your living, and now we see that both agree, your preaching and your living, so we are willing to become Christians.”

It does not make any difference whether one is a wild man of Borneo, or a boy living in Christian America who has not given his heart to Jesus—he is watching those who *say* that they love Him, to see how they act. If they are peaceable, gentle, honest, and truthful, if they are unselfish and kind, they are winning others to love Him too.

As we sail along the coast of Borneo, we see many lovely bays, where the yellow sands run down to the clear, green water. Coconut trees wave their graceful leaves on the banks, and here and there we catch a glimpse of the

fire-colored flowers that crown the tops of the trees which are named "forest-flame." We are near enough to see the long, slim, black canoes gracefully tipped up and back at each end, on the shore. And we wonder how these people, so widely scattered, over such a large country, so hard to travel through, will hear the Good News.

For many years, now, missionaries have been working here and there in Borneo. They have lived in Dyak villages, they have taught some of the children, they have cared for those who were sick. And some of these people have given their hearts to Jesus, and are trying to live Christian lives away in the jungles of Borneo.

In 1909 a Chinese visited northern Borneo, and sold some Seventh-day Adventist books to the Chinese, and held Bible readings with them. Then there was a call for a worker, and from that time till now we have had missionaries in this part of Borneo. Now there are more than one hundred men and women in British North Borneo who are looking for Jesus.

Most of these believers are Chinese. The Good News must go to the native peoples too. Who will carry it? Who will tell them that the true God, who created the heavens and the earth, does not dwell on the top of a mountain in their land, but in the heavens, and that He



HOME OF BELIEVERS IN BORNEO

wishes to set up His kingdom of peace in every heart that will allow His Spirit to enter? These are some of the things I am thinking about as we sail along this beautiful coast.

In some ways the houses of the people who live in all these islands of the South Seas are alike. Many of them are thatched with the long, tough leaves of the nipa palm, for one thing; and they are built on piles above the

ground for another, to protect those who live in them from the damp ground in the rainy season, and from the many biting, crawling things that are always found in the jungle.

In the Philippine Islands two families may live in one tiny house; and a number of these houses may be built quite close together to make a village. But in Borneo a whole village often lives in one very long house, with a room for every family! If there are too many families for one of these long houses, there may be another long house or a number of them.

The Dyaks like to build their houses near a river; for the rivers are the only highways in the larger part of the island. It is easy to go from one place to another in their canoes.

Sometimes these long houses are built from six to twelve feet above the ground. To get into them one must climb a ladder. Often the trunk of a tree is notched with an ax in such a way as to afford a foothold, and this is used for steps.

From one end to the other of the long Dyak house there is a wide, uncovered platform, with a floor of hard wood that the rain will not spoil. Here the rice is spread to dry when it is brought home from the field, and here it may be threshed. Here, too, it is pounded out of its husk.

This is done by putting two or three quarts of the rice in a deep hollow that has been made



Dusun women pounding rice. The name Dusun means "garden," and these people are literally a garden people. The women have a fondness for girdles.

in one end of a short log. Two women or girls, or more than two, stand near this log, each with a long, round pole, smaller in the middle than at the ends. Each lets her stick fall into the hollow, and deftly lifts it again, turn and turn about. It is a pretty sight, so sure and quick are their motions, so graceful and light; but it is hard work when kept up for a long time.

Back of this open platform is a covered hall or veranda. This is a cool, pleasant place, and here the families that live in the house spend a good deal of time. The women weave mats, and do other work here. The floor of the hall is made of split bamboo, tied down with rattan, and sometimes covered with woven mats.

Back of this long hall is a series of rooms, all opening onto the hall. Each family may have one room, which is used for kitchen and dining room, and for a place to sleep. On one side is the fireplace, where the food is cooked; and on the walls are their dishes and guns, and their brass gongs, which make a frightful noise when pounded. Here, too, are their old jugs, some of which they prize very highly. Over the fireplace hang the human skulls, which they prize most of all. Some of these skulls are very old.

The family eat on the floor of this room, and when the meal is over, it is a simple matter to clear away the refuse, which falls down through the floor of split bamboo. There it is eaten by dogs, chickens, and pigs. As you can imagine, this small, dark room is not a sweet-smelling place.

In Borneo, as in Siam and other southern countries, there are many little lizards that come out in the early evening, and crawl about the ceilings and walls of the houses. They

serve a useful purpose in catching insects, of which there are so many. There is a large lizard, too, which lives in the Dyak houses. It has a very loud, harsh cry, and when one who is new to the country hears it for the first time, he wonders what is going to happen. The natives of Borneo call this lizard “*Gokko*,” which they think sounds like its call. The people of Siam call it “*Tokay*” for the same reason.

The Dyaks do not wear many clothes, especially those who live back from the coast. A man may wear a cloth about the loins, and some kind of headdress, perhaps with feathers in it. His hunting knife, in its sheath, is fastened to a belt that is worn round his waist, or it may be tucked into the folds of his loin cloth. Sometimes he carries a quiver filled with poisoned arrows.

The women wear a straight piece of cloth around the lower part of the body, and so tucked in as to look like a short, straight skirt. Sometimes they wear a scarf about the upper part of the body. On great occasions, they may wear a sort of waist made of rattan, fitting closely to the body. Each strip of rattan is covered with brass rings. Sometimes they wear a great number of these brass-covered rattans on their arms. They think they are pretty. It is very queer, isn't it, what people will wear because they think it makes them look nice?



SAGO PALM



To these little Dusun girls of Borneo, the sago palm is as common as is the maple or the elm to you.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A SAGO FACTORY AND FAREWELL

**A**LL one day and part of another we sailed along the coast of Borneo; then we anchored at Jesselton, a very clean little town, with a large hotel, and a real railroad track and a train! The track is narrow, and goes only a hundred miles or so along the coast, but it is much better than none at all, and perhaps is the beginning of better days by and by.

We stayed one night in the pleasant hotel, and then took the train for Papar, about thirty miles from Jesselton. On the way we saw large groves of coconuts and a number of rubber estates.

One of the prettiest trees of the tropics grows in Borneo. This is the traveler's-tree, sometimes called the "traveler's-palm." It belongs to the banana family, but grows sometimes to be thirty feet high. Its long, large leaves spread out like a great fan. By cutting off one of these stalks near the trunk of the tree, the thirsty traveler can obtain a refreshing drink of clear, cool sap. From our mission home in Sandakan we could look across the bay to the mainland of Borneo, and see a number of these huge fans outlined against the sky.

In Papar we visited a "sago factory." The sago palm grows wild in the jungle, but along the coast it is planted in many places. A great deal of sago is exported from Jesselton.

This factory is a low building, with a number of large, dark rooms. In one of them were ever so many of the biggest wooden tubs I had ever seen. These tubs were raised up from the floor, and filled with dirty water, in which the sago, which comes done up in sour-smelling rolls, is washed.

You would not think the sago would be helped much by this washing; but after many washings it gets lighter colored anyway, whether it is cleaner or not. A man stands before one of these tubs, or vats, with a gray cloth in his hand, in which is a lump of the raw sago, like a lump of dough. He dips it

up and down, and kneads and pounds it, and soaks it in the water. When he thinks it is clean enough, he passes on to another tub, where it goes through the same process again.

By and by, when quite light-colored, and as fine as flour, it is spread out in a long, shallow trough, which is tipped up ever so little at one end, so the water can all run off. Afterward it is spread out on mats on the ground to dry. All the paths between these washing tubs are filled with gray-colored mud, where the sago has been ground into the earth. Sometimes the mud was so deep, and the stepping stones were so slippery, that we wondered why we had ever come in, and how we were ever going to get out!

But we did get out after a while, and took a look at the sago that was drying in the sun. An old, lame dog, covered with sores, got up from his warm bed on a mat of sago, to look at us, and bark a little; but when he saw we would not touch it, he turned around and lay softly down again.

From here we went into the room where tons and tons of the dry sago is ready to send away on ships. We did not have any desire for sago pudding right then, delicious as it often is!

Tapioca is made in much the same way, and a great deal of it is also shipped from Borneo.

A Chinese Sabbath keeper has a little "farm" of ten acres up the river about three miles from Papar. We wished to visit his place, so we sat down by the riverside to wait for the boats that we hoped would come.

#### DRESS OF DUSUN WOMEN

While we waited, a number of Dusun women and girls went by, returning to their homes. They had been to the fish market, or to the little shops in Papar. They were tiny women, but some of them were very neat looking. A number of them wore narrow skirts of black velvet or velveteen, with gayly trimmed jackets of the same material. This seemed too warm a dress for the tropics; but I suppose they do not mind, so long as it is the fashion!

The tight skirts were very short, coming only to the knees, so they did not in the least impede their free, graceful walk. The jackets were made with long, tight sleeves, and came well up to the neck, with a little vest of white in front. They were trimmed with red braid and brass buttons, and really looked very pretty and quite different from anything I saw elsewhere in Borneo. Those who could not afford the velvet or velveteen used black cloth of some cheaper kind, made up in the same way, though without the trimmed jackets.

For ornament they wore rings of silver on their arms and wrists, and belts made of sil-

ver dollars around their waists. One little girl slipped off her heavy silver belt, and let us look at it. There were seventeen silver dollars in it, and with the clasps and fastenings it was valued at forty dollars. Her hat was a pointed affair of straw, finely woven, with a little trimming.

#### A "MAN-PROPELLED" TROLLEY

We waited awhile for the boats, but they did not come, so at last we decided to go by "trolley." This was great fun. The trolley was a small hand car, such as is used by a gang of men who repair and keep railway tracks in order at home. A narrow track had been laid out to a rubber estate some miles away, so the sheets of rubber, packed in boxes, could be more easily brought to the railway station.

What made the trolley go? Four men, one sitting at each corner, and pushing with one foot—very much as you have seen little boys sitting in an express wagon, and pushing themselves along.

We had a chair apiece to sit on, but most of our company sat or stood on the little space that was left. The men began to push, and away we went over the rough, narrow, curving track. When we met a carload of sago, we had to wait for it to back onto a switch. If we met a "trolley" coming toward us, one



HOME OF A CHINESE FARMER IN THE MIDST OF THE JUNGLE, BORNEO

had to get off the track, car and all, till the other passed by!

As we were pushed along, we saw a number of the long native houses such as I have told you about. Two or three times we caught glimpses, through the coconut trees, of gayly painted structures that had been built above graves. At last, we came to the home of our Chinese friend, who was pleased to welcome us, and showed us his house and his farm.

I wish I could tell you everything we saw growing in his garden! There were coffee bushes, and baskets of the coffee berries near, coconuts, rubber trees, sweet potatoes, beans, peanuts, bananas, and I know not what besides. The owner works hard from morning

till night taking care of it, and bringing water from the river to water it.

It was getting toward sunset by this time; so after having prayer with the man, we went back to the trolley. One does not like too well to be out in these lonely places after night-fall. And soon we were back in the rest house again. When I tell you that there were only two small kerosene street lamps in Papar, you will see that it is not a very large place yet—just a little oasis in the jungle.

You will be glad to know that we have a cozy mission home for a native worker in Papar. Some day, I hope, there will be many here who love the Lord Jesus.

The next day we came back to Jesselton, where we are waiting for a ship that will take us to Singapore again. And so we shall leave “Beautiful Borneo,” with its lovely hills, and its great mountain, and its golden sands, and its poor people who need so much to hear the Good News. Do you not hope they will all hear it some day?















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